Palisade

The walls we build
Around our hearts,
So easily broken,
For protection?
To keep feelings in?
To keep others out?
It matters not.
There are always infiltrators.
They sneak their way in,
Walk out with your secrets.
Strengthen the walls.

Soleil and the Lune

Soleil, she shines,
A smile of warmth,
A symbol for hope.
The Lune, he glows.
Shimmering and calm.
The tides reflect
An image of beauty.
They cannot be
Without eachother.
They take their turns.
They revolve and cycle.
Opposites, but the same.
Beholder

I’ve beheld the darkness,
We all have at some point.
   Within our minds,
   Visions of abyssal things.
   Nightmares;
That is the name we give them.
Dismiss them as imagination.
   But, they are real.
   Real and always there.
   Lurking. Waiting.
And when you do stare into the abyss,
   It stares back, with your eyes.