

*Mogolehir:*

Lost Words



Dedicated to Arnie  
Without whom, the shape of my soul would be  
unrecognizable.



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# To Lose Us, Together

Our path together lead to paths apart,  
yet not rejoined by chance or by heart.  
With the Moon's eye, I can glimpse your trace,  
some thought we denied or a glance of your face.

We chose absence of words over words of absence,  
so silence we each hear when here each we silence.  
Since years last we met, still we meet last year's sins.  
Twins now that have part, a lonely part that now twins.

How I shiver out here in moonlight,  
but this is the safe way for us to reunite.  
Am I alone how I mourn how alone I am?  
Must the water's calm show me a sham?

We were too different, I must admit we were told;  
the warmth of your hand would steady my hold.  
Have you hands wanting to reach out for another half,  
or felt a shadow outreach too, wanting hands you have?

Then we became each other's most strange stranger,  
every exchange tinged with unease and danger.  
Now I want us to change but not to estrange her,  
is our mutual silence a fear to endanger?

My slightest caress to the water's edge,  
your mirage scurries away from my dredge.  
*You are all alone! I am here for you!* I allege,  
as the moon laughs at the flaw in my pledge.

All these reflections leave me nowhere to go,  
mirrors are walls despite what they show.  
The most pained question in my nightly ordeal,  
how can I leave these mirrors to finally heal?

# Cry On Colors

The pillow that I lie on  
is a burdened coral pink,  
from not quite a friend,  
years have torn that link.

The webbing by my right thumb  
is peppered with red specks;  
how I chewed upon that muscle  
from young emotions too complex.

The fur strewn on my laundry  
from my dearest ocher chum,  
I've brushed away a thousand times,  
now precious few are therefrom.

My old lenses have yellowed,  
the frames ooze a sick sea green.  
I could wipe away time and again,  
it wouldn't change what's seen.

Every shade my light touches  
slowly fades, shifts and stains.  
There beyond my sight must be  
the fresher vibrant plains.

But in this tarnished place  
is my fading orange friend,  
until your light does go out  
here our shades shall blend.



# The Aspen Core of Orpheus

How unfair we have so few hues  
that my memories touch and transfuse.  
Why did your hair share its colors with rust,  
to remind me all love turns to dust?

How do my neighbor's roses  
already know  
all the same tones  
as your blood in the snow

Your wretched briquette  
I wish to forget  
And yet I'm still met  
with this debt at sunset

I won't hide away from the wonders of world,  
can't I avoid having my shades of sorrow swirled?

Each morning I see,  
my neighbor how she  
bends down on bruised knee  
tends those blood blooms I flee.  
And so those secrets stay with the flowers and me

# Dominos of Minos

Hurt people hurt people  
and flee for the steeple,  
far from their shared woes  
still do they sleep ill.

Too close to close  
hurt hearts to all those,  
those poor hurting people  
through whom hurting flows.

Another brews another bruise,  
echoes, excuses and booze.  
Nothing changes always  
for whom the hurting did choose

Mourning days, morning daze,  
how dared I set them ablaze?  
Compassion for a short fuse  
in a weaving hurting maze

Hear their ode, here they're owed,  
those from whom hurting flowed.  
Wretched hurting people  
with pain they saved and sowed.

# Dear Dead Daedalus

Dear Dead Daedalus,  
how did you handle this?  
Doubt if I can dismiss  
what's derived from my calculus

I'd call it aftermath if I wanted to be cute  
But we're not here for that,  
and my point would just dilute.

How can I long for that maze I made,  
after I worked and wept and weighed and prayed  
until we escaped that damn decade?  
Should we have stayed in the shade?

We learned how to fly,  
yet couldn't devise good bye.  
Only our tears as rainfall  
could reach them at all.

These golden threads and wings  
only solve the simple things.  
How often I've found nothing  
to resolve my tense heartstrings.

The path out of the maze  
is that which I'd take back in.  
Of all the ways to get to you,  
why must the dark beckon?

Dear Dead Daedalus...  
is darkness where we find bliss?  
I'll trade the sun's shine for a Kiss  
to return to them and the abyss.

# Small Frogs, Big Pot

Oh how I savored my young summers seen,  
soiled slush submitted to sweetened green.  
Sleeping snug in a shaded simmered scene,  
crawling over rocks or exploring the ravine,  
I relished my carefree fun with no between.

But bit by bit... it began to begin  
a spoiled smell from near within.  
Springs and falls taste more thin,  
and the melting snow less a win.  
A subtle sense that something's broken

I tried to not to notice it back then,  
to enjoy summer's presence again.  
Rejoice in the sun's strengths risen  
That was the plan  
I was but a man.

I couldn't not scan  
*Was the water warmer than...?*  
Soon, my summer fancies were done.  
The searing season's flavor I did shun  
A trace of its stifle, I stomached none.

My distaste for summer helped no one.  
Nature didn't change its tune,  
even winter was not immune.  
My rite, I mourned each noon  
The world moved on

I wish for a fresh dawn  
To savor seasons all yearlong  
But the seeping taste does prolong  
And still my days continue to simmer wrong

# Something something...

My thoughts

Don't float like a wood thrush's song  
Too heavy, too steady, too many, too wrong

My eyes

Don't share how I did when I was young  
Too deep to seep beyond my tongue

The machines can dream  
more than I can;  
Unsure if that makes me  
more or less of a man?

My words

Come out as cubes and spheres  
Shapes too simple to represent fears

My words

Cling to me like sweat from my pores  
Until I'm done, how my poor portals pour

These edges of my mind  
are ever so defined.  
Can I ever say  
what I'd like to convey?

I don't know if I can cry like I used to  
I don't think I should sigh like I'm used to

Lonely days, months and years I refused to  
Admit these heavy chains I've been fused to

Here I am, one more year, having used two  
Here I am, all the pain, what I'm reduced to  
Here I am, still unsure how to choose to

# Bars

Skeletal wall I'm peering through,  
glass half empty, I'm the zoo.  
Would be grateful for the view  
but caged behind this lattice,  
these days, all I can see are...

Bottles became my closest home,  
glass now empty, time to roam.  
Another drunk within this tomb,  
it repels thoughts of status,  
these days, all that I seek are...

Drifting through another store,  
all I can't pay and can't ignore,  
black stripes encode what for.  
Would I feel better if I had this?  
These days, all that I fear are...

Sea level, weighing down one;  
stars in space, equaling none.  
Thought I too could soar by the sun,  
dreams fly high above the stratus.  
These days, all that I feel are...

By storm and shore all alone,  
no connections in my phone,  
delete what was left at the tone.  
Thank you my modern apparatus,  
these days, all that I thirst for are...

Afraid to be asked what's wrong,  
still unsure where I should belong  
I only share what's shaped in song.  
Trapped in madness and sadness,  
these days, all I can think of are...

# Christ's Sake

I am the last in this sushi place.  
The server avoiding my face,  
uncensored CeeLo Green,  
six scenes on one screen,  
and me, myself and I, on a Sunday night.

I miss my dad, more the old presence He was,  
not just the sake keeping me abuzz.  
Asked if I want more;  
if not, it's the check and the door.  
*Another round then*, on a Sunday night.

I miss my dad, even the fresh husk he is.  
Cannot tell what's mine or what's his.  
Made me a martyr,  
renounced us as nonstarters,  
and me, less and less, on a Sunday night.

The hard stuff weighs on my beer gut,  
but my flesh is not one to spare it.  
Such duels and trials  
frequent my distant exile,  
*My last one, I swear*, on a Sunday night.

*What would he say? What have I missed?*  
Tapping my right knuckles, a soft fist  
My weak end almost gone,  
lies darkest night before dawn.  
Me, and the long tail of a Sunday night

Can't recall past drink five,  
by the dumpster, I revive.  
Brush aside gravel on my cheek,  
as the Monday sun starts to peek.  
Me, and the stale silence of my Sunday night.

# Symbiont Woes

Watching me, there sat an aged Hispanic,  
one cork away from a wine barrel casket.  
He spoke two days with strange syntactics,  
to whom he whispered I dared not ask it.

He wasn't alone, that much I could tell.  
In this house holding me, another did dwell.

A servant, a lord, a one to consult,  
the pair worked together on projects occult.  
And by my own fault, I was there as well.

From allure of love to passionate sex,  
vile his stories the elder commenced.  
Mentioned his beau attempts of adolescence,  
laughed how sweethearts learn their life lessons.  
His amusement pierced me with nauseous effects.

Forcefully, that foul sir pinned taut my flesh,  
could sense the deviled eggs on his innkeeper suit,  
commanded for sakes whose mortal truths died fresh,  
madness 'til I myself was sobbing for him to come mute.

Echoes louder than one room or soul should be,  
his accounts so descriptive I myself could see  
how I'd believed with him and stood we,  
to commit myself to the evils I would free-

No, NO! Still I was chained down in that basement,  
bleeding body and soul under some cursed debasement,  
my skin writhing off, aghast as oozing my face went,  
crawling up over his body, settling into its placement,  
until I saw myself staring at my replacement.



*SET ME FREE!* I thrashed and raged against my snare  
whilst my mirror poured me wine and tipped my chair,  
*The evil you evaded grew stronger by each passing day,*  
he whispered, as you chose only to ignore and to pray.  
*Save yourself and recall your godson to know where.*

Here I remain, buried in this pit of my home.  
*What is of mine, this wine, chair, tomb?*  
*Which godson's name, face I have lost?*  
*Of whom's divine line have I crossed?*  
*What of my years incurred the weight of this cost?*

# It Follows

*A difference in quantity is a difference in kind,  
it whispers through the seams of my mind.*

A moment of weakness is nothing to fear,  
what of ten moments, a hundred, a year?

As the faucet drips, you lose just a drop  
A torrent shall follow, lest put to a stop

A sunny month browns,  
a rainy month drowns,  
a morning of either ain't worth a frown

I can handle this struggle, a couple, a bit more  
With another compounding,  
the menace surrounding,  
The Difference approaches, too close to ignore  
Its features grotesque as it whispers the score.

# Monkey Kings

They wanted to be Elon but ended up alone,  
misguided miscreants dreaming of a tacky techno throne.  
When thorns grow ceaseless from head to heart to phone,  
where can I find solace in this forest overgrown?

Typewriters chime and chatter in constant rings and dings.  
Only the drunken chimps screech louder, who spill out as they sing  
*Our skills are un-paralleled, we are monkey kings!*  
*Monkey see! Monkey do! Monkey take over everything!*

Heavy scrolls of paper scattered through the trees,  
tangled paper curtains, shivers in the breeze.  
Insects frightened quiet, creatures ill at ease,  
for we are all surrounded by artificial disease.

Trees dressed in fallen kin, sprouts knowing only shade  
all which eats or grows, something else must trade,  
call it apex predator, a plague, a curse, a raid  
these monkeys want it all, and for that I am afraid.

I am too a monkey, sitting down to write.  
This another could generate, without wit or fight.  
I shall not shed struggle, I will not feed a blight.  
To make with monkey mind, that is my delight.

# Your First and Only Responder

Sing sincere soon, oh sinful simpleton;  
for sweet synonyms of cinnamon  
cannot save your skin again.

So your serpent schemes seemed to serve you more,  
but alas! Here we are, your throat pinned to grime and floor.  
I'll smack you with a metaphor  
one you've never met before  
Whatever clever game you score  
I'll match you with stalwart wit in store!

Such sweet songs sung to ooze besotted,  
but seeped a sport that skews so squalid,  
your flesh the worms refuse though rotted!

For your intellect is derelict,  
wasted on the plots you picked,  
torching trust from those you tricked  
and leaving yourself a con addict.

Now you've got no fibs to fob, no bids to bob,  
nothing but your wretched sobs,  
I won't spare you the space to rob  
this mob their justice for your glib gob jobs!

Wiled your years and wild your youth  
left you naught but guile uncouth.  
How your slick syllables did twist and turn  
and now, we have but you here to burn.

# Hate The Had Matter

See thee the Seethe  
Hate the very air which they breathe  
White wall in flashed teeth  
As they reckon us beneath

Examine the min-max machine  
Hate the blood which makes all seen  
Not all deceit can you read  
But ask which side goes to feed

Sink in the skin of sin kings  
Hate the earth they mold with strings  
Their tin crowns are hollow through  
All the better to foil you

Follow where the wolves flow  
Hate the fire that wards the woe  
Even I'm swayed by elements untold  
Most prefer a warm stronghold  
To loneliness and mild cold

Realize where the reel lies  
Wise fish can spot the why's  
Hooks do not deserve replies  
Our vast pond needs deeper eyes

# Men and Mice Of

The blue bird chirps its hopeful song,  
when a hungry hawk ends it wrong.  
But to her nest she carries whole  
to feed her chicks with its soul.

The worms do sing  
of all such things,  
within the ground  
it can be found.

The squirrels gossip of a thief,  
that clever rodent Reepicheep!  
More than mouse, more than man,  
was he part of Aslan's plan?

Mushrooms did cry  
at his goodbye;  
was made of earth  
but found new worth.

Ostrich wings blithely flap among  
grounded hooves and fallen dung,  
but Nature will welcome home  
all birds to earth and loam.

If clouds can fly free,  
sky views I could see,  
have thought the bats,  
bugs, birds and me.

The best-laid plans are those akin  
to the trailing world and its whims,  
but only fools never strive to cause  
more than all that is or was.

# Made In Voyage

I wish I could ignore  
The clothes strewn on my floor  
But they reveal so much more  
Than I can

Oh how my scattered socks  
Do prove our walks and talks  
So when the clocks flummox  
They deadpan

My pants and T's  
Dance as they please  
My pleas  
But a breeze

Though they defy my appeal  
After Twilight I know that we'll  
Enclothe our ordeals  
The floor feels

Threads worn til we're worn  
I hug them and warn  
Though others may scorn  
We're Real

# Love Language of a Gemini

Do you think that it's stupid  
trying to pair with Cupid?

Although I love you deeply,  
no matter how I coax,  
I can only finish cheaply;  
you will always hear a hoax.  
I'm caught inside your vortex  
and my romantic neocortex.  
What more do I need to say?

I'll resort to using gerunds  
and obtuse jargon in herds  
if they aid my love errands.  
Please take my bargain bin words.  
My brilliance, resilience,  
I don't dispense a lick of sense  
but for you I'll plead some way.

I would cherish you 'til we perish too,  
the only two free of a lonely view.

Although this language medium  
traps me in some tedium,  
when your eyes illuminate  
I can't help but to ruminate.  
If English interrupts my veneration,  
I'll forge another lovestruck generation.

There's only one rhyme for me,  
and I'll phrase it so it's you.  
A fool for love I'll be,  
but at least I'm foolishly true



# Too Out There

Dust gathers over on the moons of Neptune,  
you'll find sweeping and mopping around noon.

Alpha Centauri is home to umbrellas, mirrors and rust,  
much I cannot name, but in principles we share and trust.

In Andromeda, there are endless stories of our Milky Way,  
eclipses, rainbows, miracles, and overcoming a bad day.

Distance changes many things, but not all,  
we each learn what it means to fall.

You can focus on how we differ, how we mirror,  
but look where you like, we are always nearer.

Even when we're lonely, we are never alone.  
What's unknown is full of what you've known.

Somewhere, another soul rhymes the same,  
could you take a moment to share in our aim?

# My Angel Is

Before you died, I rehearsed for when you were gone.  
I'd hide from you, tell myself you had passed on,  
too scared to imagine my world without you.  
While my preview was heartfelt through,  
this practiced pain I could subdue  
when you came back to view.

When you died, I held you close.  
My world drew to our last engross.  
You got up and approached the door,  
was it your adieu? Was a fight for more?  
But so I was soon alone wondering what for.  
I have no regrets, I gave you my absolute most.

After you died, my mind was left fraught,  
a thousand demons emerged in thought.  
Our bond shielded me while you still could,  
but now, I had only this carved box of wood,  
covered in angel eyes I alone could spot.

Before I died, I missed stroking your hair,  
tripping over your things, cooking your meals.  
I fell apart in endless new ways.  
I changed, but you'd still find me there.  
I returned to you again and again.  
I'm so grateful for all the time we shared.

When I die, I hope it will be with laughter,  
that I've lived a life of kindness and worth,  
that I've cared for all upon this Earth.  
Mostly I hope to be with you after.

# I Never Etched On Blades

*I hope God pauses  
long enough to sense your warmth  
before the doors close.*

## A New Rhythm

My form withered away, as fallen dead leaves.  
Every strand and root under my skin,  
all I am that interweaves,  
slowly pulled in.

My body rumbled fiercely, as floodgates open.  
We gathered together, silent but hoping,  
for what would happen.

My head bloomed as if a blood red rose.  
There I, everything I had composed,  
shaking and flowing, going and

gone.

## Notes:

Every poem in *Mogolehir* is grounded in the author's personal loss and carefully crafted with diverse worldly connections, including Greek Myths, Classic literature, modern politics, religious imagery, linguistic and rhetorical techniques, and varying poetry forms.

I've intended to provide my readers the opportunity for satisfaction in exploring its creative layering, while being approachable and compelling even during a first read. Every piece was originally written to stand alone, but have been deliberately revised and organized to form the narrative of *Mogolehir*.

Thank you.