

A free preview of

Behind the Masks

A compilation of poetry by

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Telemarketer Of My Heart

I've been forever basking,
in this moonlight everlasting,
never thought I'd still be lasting,
In this wilderness I roam.
I've met dozens of faces,
visited hundreds of places,
and I'll still be leaving traces,
'till my journey leads me home.

I need no destination,
nor a certain occupation,
just an unexplored location,
and a path beneath my feet.
I'll be happy just travelling,
a few mysteries unravelling,
with friends and memories gathering,
and no need for things concrete.

I've travelled wide and far,
since I left that humble bar,
though the door is still ajar,
should I ever want return,
to the friendly faces there,
get out of the sun's hot stare,
with a tale or two to share,
but adventure's what I yearn.

You would think it sounded grand,
journeying far over land,
through forest, cave and sand,
living free from old regret.
Truly it rarely ends the same,
I've been wounded, allies slain,
pointless hurt for no real gain,
and there'll still be more loss yet.

Yet no matter how I fall,
I still hear adventure's call,
and I'd still endure it all,
than go back to my old ways.
So when my wounds done mending,
there's journeys I've been intending
and the nights, never-ending,
will make up for harsher days.

Though The Radio Won't Play It

There's a beat, there's a flow
Hear it wherever you go
Hard to find, but it's there
And you'll find it everywhere
In the town, the city
In the entire country
And the park, and the street
Resonating to the beat
In the ground, in the sky
In the traffic passing by
When you stay, when you run
It is within everyone
First it starts, then it ends
To begin over again
Never stops, never dies
Though others may pass it by
Ignorant, unknowing
But still wishing they could sing
For a while, they'll return
To the music we all yearn
Not a tune, not a song
But you've known it all along
Not a pitch, not a tone
Just never being alone
When you dance, others too
The whole world dances with you
Move your hands, move your feet
To this invisible beat
All your friends, enemies
And strangers along with these
And the poor, and the lame
You'll find they all dance the same
Not your birth, not your skin
Not the clothes that you are in
All the same, no small range
The music will never change
Any time, wherever
Listen and dance together

Open arms, open heart
And you'll never be apart
No worry, no danger
In dancing with a stranger
You are one, through the beat
With every person you meet
All human, all alive
All with some reason to strive
Forget self, forget cool
Dance around and act a fool
Who would blame? Who would care?
Once they too are made aware
If they can't, never mind
One day they'll respond in kind
Not just them, everyone
Before this music is done
No hatred, no sinning
Just back to the beginning
With a beat, and a flow
That's heard wherever you go ...

Then it stops
Then it ends
And there's no more wounds to tend
An echo
That shall cease
And the world might live in peace

Not Disfigurements, But Victories

Fair lady, shadow clad
The world has missed you enough
Changed outside, but you're still there
In truth, who do you bluff?
Do not hide your scars
Would you hide your past?
What's done is done
The pain will no longer last
Unless you chose it
Over yourself; over me?
Do not forget, but pray not dwell
You are free
Don't give that up
You are alive
Embrace what's left
You have survived
There is no disgrace in that
Fair lady, end your guise
Let the world see your face
You're still beautiful in my eyes

The Myth Of Surrender

Across a scarlet sunset I will be watching
Flowers turn in vain to face the falling sun
But drinking in the moonlight of defeat
In the darkness their failures will dawn
And the worst emerge from hiding
We have all become chasers
Of things we know must end
It never stops us
We can't help but
Defy fate

On a lone old wooden bench I will be waiting
The last stronghold of nature in the city
Now towers grow like trees in the summer
Standing as shepherds of our downfall
The stars burn themselves out slower
When nothing can be salvaged
Hope is all we have left
It's never enough
But we still try
Even now

Each tired Sunday morning I will be wasting
Some little amount of the time we have left
Praying to some god to make it all right
When church is as silent as mourning
We have been abandoned in turn
Lost as a chick returning
The nest isn't empty
It was never there
We build alone
All the same

From the heart of disaster I will be wanting
For somehow everything to come to an end
And spare us the agony of waiting
The race itself is against madness
You don't win prizes for trying
Only perception changes
The game's rigged then it's done
Even knowing this
Nothing differs
We still fight

In a place all to myself I will be wishing
That I saw the reason for futility
Others think to hold back death with laughter
If clowns were angels we would be saved
But I deny the sun it's light
For what I see in the day
But who would dim the stars?
And even in this
Ironically
I too strive

On the curb outside your house I will be weeping
Through a broken heart all things seem a drama
And if the world won't end it feels that way
Doomed from the start, but I still want you
Out of sight is not out of mind
For the night kisses the day
And still the faithful pray
They were all right, though
I won't give up
Not this time

Midnight Familiar

In the moonlight of the morning
 Where nobody sleeps a stranger
 And the secrets sometimes subtle
 Are subdued under the starlight
 For freely feasting of the flesh
 Does dub doubts as fresh desires
 Love and lust are interchanging
 In intimacy only one
 That while words will work with lawyers
 'I love you' still sounds so simple
 While nobody else is watching
 Strangely senseless but still our soul
 Stays snug inside our bodies so
 Kisses create a connection
 Far deeper than the darkest dusk
 Primitive proving perfection
 Perchance a pair at party's height
 Alcohol allowed ambitions
 Shall share sweet nothings after sex
 And for finding there a friendship
 Human hearts have differed elsewhere
 But softened in those sweet seconds
 For all to live life as they love
 Laughable watching our own world
 Forgotten in the night's freedom
 Romance rues rules but too little
 is now left untouched by lawyers
 Or worse injunctions inflicted
 By sagacious society
 Who have long lost their own real love
 So the sunrise oft starts sorrow
 Doubts draw the darkness from the sky
 Guilt was always the greatest goad
 Worn out if were examined why
 There are no sins in what was said
 All things told were true at the time
 No lies would linger quite as long
 In memories made mutually

No, a lack of what's lost in light
Fantasy never could find flaws
Fickle perhaps, but perfection
Proves impossible for people
We only see during the day
Sadness that we shall see the faults
For we are fools and always were
Beginning now ever shall be
So we call night clouds as cover
A preplanned chaos confusing
What we have wrought the wrong from right
Both meaningless, as most things are
But meaning made does drift over
Time shall tell whose tales will remain
The happiness that was had here
In shadows on a summer night
Alone but for the weeping waves
I wish ... Well wonder was always
Short salvation from surety
Perhaps it's best to let lie, but
I dare the darkness, dance with me
Let daylight sleep so she and I
Shall wake for one last unison
Then I will grant the grace to go
Into the life I left, as you
Die with the dawning of the day
To me, moreover I to you
But one evening we existed
That reason could never ruin
A farewell so we might be free
Parting gift granted as I go
Under the sun, strangers once more

What No Longer Remains

This world and I, we live in
a map; all else is given
names that were to learn alone
impossible, but all known,
answers there for the asking;
no longer is the tasking
to search but now e'er to find
what first by some other mind
thought perhaps some age ago
when it didn't matter, so
it was another reason
they struggled every evening.
What still remains now? Only
data for a man which he
forgets with booze, for he knows
this was not the life he chose,
but the machine must be manned;
how else to rely on plans
so the future we too see
a better place, so we be
careful with the paperwork
but if dangers really lurked
I think we would sleep the same,
wake each day a touch more sane,
and maybe the paths are safe
but there's one thing we are chased
by: memories and tales told
of mysteries left unsolved.

A Different Song

She had spoken in the streets we
had nothing left to retrieve from far too long

But a token effort meets he
who from comfort won't concede a different song

Once I've woken in defeat seeing
truth too hard to believe that I was wrong

Now her broken spirit greets me
in this house of memories where I belong

Truth Lingering In Shadow Cages

One hand claps, eerily

An echo
of silence

If you listen
you can hear it

Life, waiting

Beyond
Out of reach
Where am I?
Untouchable
Here

This reflection
of a mirror
turned on itself

Forever
repeating
Nothing
Can you hear me?
Repeating

Distortions of distortions
of a fallacy
that could never be
That isn't
That holds meaning

The water ripples strangely
I think I'm trapped
Shadows cast from nothing
Help me

Whispers are everywhere
repeating

Do not ask how
Do not ask why
Or if
Accept
or perish

Daughter?

I speak in riddles
Others will kill for the truth
Be safe
repeating

Spectres of lies
bring comfort
in escape

Wake up, daughter

You will not feel it
You will not see it
You will not taste it
You will not smell it
You will not hear it
You can only know it

Only here with the whole world watching
unknowing
could you understand
loneliness

Why won't you wake up?

He was dead
They were all dead here
even as they lived
Repeating

Oh god

Drifting apart
the two become one
You can't tell the difference

It matters
This is why

I speak
of dreams
and what they mean

Stay with us

The credits have rolled
The story is told
Am I with you?
The game is lost
The show
has not
gone on
repeating

The path diverges here
His shadow darkens both
There is no right answer

We can help you

A cacophony of screeching
is reaching
Run

Only in the fog
can I see clearly
Chains

Everywhere chains
And that was all it took

We will
help you

The void beckons hungrily
You fall
as you flee
Forever
repeating

Hold on
a little longer
for what cannot be
But will
We promise

It was always the wrong way around
Usually it didn't matter
Or they never knew how much it did

A light in the darkness
a feeling
of truth

I
Am

...

And the strange thing was
right before the end
she laughed

No Darker Blessing

A young man's deliberation
 I saw all others; I saw you
 A sickening revelation
 Worse; one that felt too far from new

I curse this love, I love this curse
 A dark blessing for it can't be
 Love mistaken; this lust far worse
 The sweetest fruit denied to me

No one must know, not even you
 These cruel feelings left unspoken
 For who would think? Though I know true
 I would leave your heart unbroken

I watch you sleeping unaware
 And curse that things must be this way
 A sudden toss of silky hair
 Heart pounding; what lie must I say?

Your naked body on display
 So perfect in its flawless youth
 You taunt me with what you don't say
 So be it then; partake the truth

Our feelings mirrored, you'd revealed
 Two ways our fates have been twisted
 Emotions I'd thought long concealed
 Come rushing back unresisted

We meet in a sinful merging
 Oh, but how I wish you would stop
 Even as I can't stop urging
 Your glistening body atop

Pain wrought from pleasure wrought from pain
 This fulfilment of desire
 A punishment I can't sustain
 Still my dark longings grow higher

No! Stop! I tear myself away
Even as you lie with limbs spread
Perversions I must not obey
The worst has come; my filth has spread

Don't chase me! This is not for you
This is how I shall make amends
See here what I've reduced you to!
A crescent arc; the knife descends ...

Masks – Part I

What you never understood
And I deigned not to tell you
For the knowledge would ruin
What little we claim to have
And the solitary comfort
That it was not for nothing
Would in truth be as false as
The falsity you think true
Everything you still believe
To understand about me
Is but careless lies built up
Into a distorted mask
That I pretend not to wear
While flaunting its appearance
As if somehow it were me
And while others may be fooled
Whom I sought to fool the most –
Myself – knows it to be lies
And though I fight to tear it
I know I will not, for you
Who in ignorance loves it
Even as what's hidden dies
Choked while the lies keep living
And the worst part in my mind
Even could I free myself
You would find another mask
For simple lies exist not
And while layered on my heart
I can not even be sure
If I still exist beneath
Or if it even matters
And do you wear a mask too?
Have I wasted lies on lies?
If I can not know myself
What are lies and what is me
I can never know for you
Sometimes I find I can't care
And somewhere under these masks

That scares me the most of all
Yet conversely fear brings hope
That perhaps I still exist
Somewhere below these trappings
That I willingly inflict
And even as I still play
This nameless act nought but lies
I wish with what heart remains
That for even one moment
All our lies could be revealed
And what we had both hidden
Could be brought forth into sight
So that when we made judgements
On everything seen after
We could, at least, know that we
Do not judge each other true
But only these hated masks
That even as we despise
We and them forever joined
For though we can't live with them
We would die should others gaze
Upon unprotected selves
And if I speak in riddles
Forgive me, for this belief
Is the greatest mask I wear
So then why do I still hope ...