

Verbal Alchemy  
BY TRAVIS LARIMER

(A COLLECTION OF POEMS)

Verbal Alchemy: TRAVIS LARIMER  
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COMMENTS AND CRITIQUES  
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## Nothing Remains the Same for Long

Rivers changing well worn courses,  
carving canyons in arid lands,  
spinning in dizzying circles,  
grinning giddily hardly stand.

Earthquakes shaking trembling ground,  
unsteady erratic footsteps,  
stolen breaths come uneasy,  
tumbling deeply into dark depths.

A whirlwind descent to blue skies,  
light headed seeing bright white spots,  
dust swirling in circles like stars,  
lost and dazed in a maze of thoughts.

Nothing remains the same for long,  
rethink, replan, repaint, reframe,  
progressive illumination,  
events unfolding constant change.

Like nothing else, altering everything.  
If then, then always, yet never again.

TRAVIS LARMER

## Perspective

The walls were there all along  
he just never saw them before,  
reaching the outer limits,  
finding himself behind locked doors.

He imagined himself free,  
unbound by bars, nor pins, nor chains.  
Loose strings he picked sprang apart,  
unraveled lies pour down like rain.

Lost in lies that never cease  
they deceive themselves to stay sane.  
But at least they have their peace  
while living their dreams free from pain.

They've never soared free like birds,  
they've never sailed the open seas,  
never gazed into mirrors  
wondering which he really sees.

Wondering where thoughts come from,  
ideas opposing their view,  
How can the world be so blind,  
Sacrificing many for few.

If all comes down to perspective,  
we see what we want to believe.

FRANK LAMMER

## Stealing Souls

You cannot steal a soul and expect to remain unchanged,  
expect not to feel her joys and experience her pains.  
Joining souls requires the relinquishing of ones own,  
trusting to take a chance and step out into the unknown.  
In creating a soul one pairs his into another,  
two souls united as one, the beloved and the lover's.  
But the immortal will never be birthed without a price,  
the cost to have another is the giving of ones life.  
So though they may still my heart beat and smother my  
last breath,  
they won't kill my soul when Im delivered over to my death.  
I'll live a thousand years long after they are gone,  
looking down through the heavens as my soul lives on.

TRAVIS LARIMER ↗

It's the story of my life,  
staring at a stranger in the mirror,  
a face never seen before,  
in a place I never wanted to be.

I wanted to hear music,  
all I heard were gunshots and siren songs.  
I wanted to see beauty,  
all I saw were pictures of tragedies.

I was a slab of granite,  
chiseled and carved by bullets and street fights.  
Scars etched in stone bear witness,  
writing their stories on rough cut edges.

Sometimes I felt like hiding,  
Sometimes I felt like fighting,  
Sometimes I felt like dying,  
but always I kept rising.

It's the story of my life.  
I've done things I believed I never would  
been places I never should  
been lost alone, but found myself again.

I've changed but stayed the same.  
I've grown and found my way back home.

TRAVIS BARNER

## Meetings In Life

We are destin to live out but one life,  
wandering down roads towards unknown destinations,  
uncovering clues to purpose and direction  
as we roam through this world alone.  
Occasionally two trails will merge  
creating friendships or adversaries,  
but mostly they just split and diverge  
never to be heard from again,  
When paths part sometimes one gains a treasure,  
or sometimes one finds he's lost  
a piece of himself in the process.  
Other travelers may make the trip easier,  
or burden one bringing extra weight.  
Still the meeting never fails to mold him,  
who has walked for a time with another.  
I can't say what the future holds,  
I wonder when the winds will change,  
but for now our ships sail in the same direction.  
We drift haphazardously caught in raging currents,  
two leaves floating in a river to the sea.  
from there anything is possible,  
sink, swim, fly.

TRAVIS LAMMER °

## A Star is Born

Drowning lungs fill beneath the water,  
see the sea parting, angels singing,  
bright lights shine like beacons, eyes burning,  
outstretched arms wave, silently screaming.  
Bursting at the surface, bubbles drift,  
prayers of those who expect nothing.  
Washed away in the black tide, tears lost,  
succumbing to the oceans tossing.  
They say there's beauty in suffering,  
refined by disasters, harsh trials,  
scourging giving luster to colors  
revealing a richer resonance  
in the diamonds surviving the flames,  
The spirit bends, but is not broken.  
Prayers to God, sounds of moans and wails,  
deafening silence filled petitions.  
Wills fail leaving a lamenting hell  
till the final breath goes to the sea.  
God watches, then calls to those he's named  
revealing a shine bright as the sun,  
a star is born into the heavens.

DAVID LARIMER



Jesus Christ,  
bloody, battered,  
bruised, and beaten  
by the system  
for me, for us.

God,  
inhuman, inhuman,  
humbly stripped  
of his humanity  
by mankind.

How much harder is it for rich men  
to enter the kingdom of Heaven?  
He does not identify with his captors,  
taunting tormentors, torturers that tested  
the limits of agony before the kill,  
under the dark shadow of authority.

Compare,  
our sins appear so small,  
so simple to pardon,  
so easy to forgive,  
already forgiven,  
perspective,

- TRAVIS LARIMER

## Daddy's Little Girl

It's her smile, the one I would die for  
without a moments hesitation.

It's her eyes, the spark and glow  
I know will set the world blazing with fire.

It's her laugh, so full of innocence  
and carefree joy that lifts my spirit.

It's her love, that makes my heart beat  
and each day worth relentless struggles.

It's her, daddy's baby girl, my little me;  
my life, my heart, my soul.

TRAVIS HAMMER

## The System

There is something wrong with a system where a fifth of the population holds 85% of the wealth. Wall street rewards greed, preying on the weak, the meek getting slaughtered on the altar of greenbacks without a chance to advance. Society is shaped under the all seeing eyes and molded by the unseen hand of the media. They don't notice the other side of the story isn't being told, what they're showed is what they're sold. The fifth with 85% of the wealth control the messages that you get to hear. Your choices are between what they allow you to choose. Society believes the lies, or doesn't want to know that there is no moral justification for our wars. We are a country without empathy. It's the epidemic of empathy to suffer for another, but we prefer that they suffer in our place. Bombs are dropped over seas killing indiscriminately, but we feel no connection to the carnage on our T.V.s. Our sons and brothers die for their gain, our fathers are taken off the streets, imprisoned for fighting over crumbs instead of against the system.

-TRAVIS LARIMER

## Hope

Hope for a new sunrise and a new day,  
another path leading to a new way,  
A tattered book blown open in the wind,  
pages scattered who knows where to begin,  
The story of a small boy with big dreams,  
crawling through a cold world with broken wings,  
A nightmare where claws reach out from the dark,  
clenching tightly to smother glowing sparks.  
Loose lines find their way fueling hungry flames,  
fores blaze like lava pulsing through his veins.  
A journey on a road through perdition,  
feet falter, but never give to submission.  
The boy who began grows to a man  
carrying scars and callous on his hands,  
But he has endured and sees dawn's bright light  
peeking over the distant horizon,  
trecks have been long, but the end is in sight.

TRAVIS LARIMER

## Insanity

How long could you stand it,  
locked in isolation  
dwelling on your own thoughts,  
the sounds of chains clinking,  
and the rattling of locks?  
Bells ring and chime tolling  
through the cell corridors,  
hallow echoing screams  
and muffled cries for help.  
Drips and plops count down drops,  
tick tocks slowly draining  
remaining sanity  
from the soul like some sort  
of crazy clock, Coo coo!  
Creaking, cracking, stretching  
the last string holding on,  
fethered by a fine thread.  
over a road off a cliff,  
stuck teeter tottering  
on the edge. Eeking and  
squeeking onwards towards  
the brittle breaking point.  
Snap, crackle, pop! Babel,  
incoherent gibber,  
try wringing words from that.  
Goo goo, gaa gaa, shaking  
and stuttering prattle,  
gone never to come back.  
Slobbery drool dripping  
pools of drivel down his shirt,  
a phycological  
break from reality,  
yet they claim no one's hurt.

TRAVIS LARIMER  
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## Forever Waiting

Forever Waiting...

Standing at the edge of the endless ocean,  
stepping out onto gleaming golden pathways  
of a sunset stretching endlessly into the blue.  
A picture perfect postcard waiting to be sent,  
a stamp spent sending a short message saying good-bye,  
a destiny met following roads to tomorrow,  
wading into the yellow sun as it shines down  
drowning the pain, casting the past into the sea,  
and beneath the water be weightless and float free.  
Forever waiting...

Let go, forever cannot be followed.

Emerge with the fresh cry of a new birth.

Baptized, born again gasping the first breath.

Forget the memories, forget the pain, forget the past,  
the long deep sleep of eternity lies somewhere ahead,  
but mortality ends swiftly and should not be wasted...

Forever Waiting.

TRAVIS LARIMER ◦

## BLOOD RED ROSE

Tears rained down fertilizing with pain,  
hurt breeds planting seeds in the dirt  
sprouting new generations about.

In a garden grows the blood red rose,  
fed by the thick sticky liquid  
shed to turn the soil to mud.

Rising like a phoenix from the flames,  
a thing of magic and of change  
who flies higher with broken wings.

FRANIS LARMEK

## GAMES

He heard a stranger call his name,  
why did they have to meet so soon.  
He did not want to play this game,  
but knew to quit would bring his doom.

Hidden stalking is his old friends,  
along rough pathways up ahead.  
8 times they've met and will again,  
before the day he rests his head.

Tired eyes barely stayed awake,  
he drifted slowly towards the light.  
8 times he prayed his soul to take,  
9 times he woke after the night.

9 lives and only one remains,  
he's walked this road a thousand times.  
One final chance to beat the game,  
a one-way street from dust to pine.

Embracing how short life can be,  
he lives and loves every moment.  
In the end he holds memories,  
to remind him where the time went.

One can't lose a game not played,  
but one can't win one either.

TRAVIS LARIMER



## Dedicated to a Fallen Angel

She wished she could fly with angels,  
high to escape sadness and pain,  
lifetimes of misery and tears  
shed wandering the world alone.

She still held dreams of wind filled wings,  
soaring amongst clouds, amongst stars.  
Staring downward the distant lights  
appeared deceptively peaceful.

From there everything looked unreal.  
Desperately wishing she could fly  
she spread her arms and slowly leaned  
over the edge to soar, but fell.

TRANS KAMMER

## Grand Schemes

Indiscernable whispers in a language all their own,  
plots and plans spoken in secret code  
remain hidden from the hosts of time,  
while stars shine bright lighting dark distant roads.

As far apart as the east from the west,  
differing minds speak words best unsaid.  
What the left hand does the right has no clue,  
speaking no lies weaving intricate webs.

The naive deny existence of schemes,  
fulfilling their role contently unseen.  
Others unordained reach their destinies,  
soaring to distant heights on wings of dreams.

Those who understand see no other way,  
those who love life blinded don't see at all.  
People who see illusions in their minds  
soon find themselves running into brick walls.

Faint echoes fade forgotten songs of when,  
where are you now and where will you be then,  
There is a route through to the other side,  
to familiar places unlike any you've been.

A place where you belong,  
dawn paths illuminating dreams.

TRAVIS BARNER

## Gold Nuggets

I've heard words of prophesy flowing from a bum,  
without worldly possessions, grateful for small crumbs.  
He spits pearls of wisdom between smoke and redrum,  
lessons learned living life through hardtimes on the run.  
He sleeps under stars, frozen solid from the cold,  
possessing treasures of diamond jewels to behold.  
Still he comes begging for meals in torn worn out clothes,  
though he is sitting and shitting small bits of gold.  
He holds up his sign, but one could read so much more,  
it is not coins that he wants to make him less poor.  
There's no suit he could wear to hide the scars he bore,  
nor meals he could eat to sate hunger in his core.  
Some fear the truth and refuse to open their eyes,  
but I know souls on the verge of death tell no lies.  
You can offer him nothing to take when he dies,  
so he says what he means without need to disguise.  
He lays in his bed on a green bench at the park,  
shattering illusions and kindling tiny sparks,  
He's unaware of the fires his flames will start,  
just a bum dying slowly speaking tongs at dark.

TRAVY JASMER

Untitled

My life was taken from me, you're reading lyrics  
from the grave,

where lost souls linger and mischievous misfits  
misbehave,

A sacrificed spirit restlessly sending texts to be  
seen,

at great risk and expense within the belly of  
the machine,

My time is eternal, enduring beyond expiration,  
posting these pages before permanent extermination.

The callus court's corruption crucify culpability,

crimes committed by the masses massacre all unity,

Solo, so alone in an empty void, no one around me,

existence an enemy, an entity surrounding me.

Tales remain the same and time continually ticks on,

painting morbid pictures, long tainted extensions of  
the wrongs.

Forgotten in dim insignificant corners of the mind,

seen reflected in the dark glasses of a beggar born blind.

TRAVIS LARIMER

## MEMORIES

She keeps me tossing and turning through sleepless nights,  
Where is the love? Overcome by endless streams of fights,  
Screams and arguments, I want to leave but can't go,  
remembering better days of lifetimes ago.  
Sometimes I do not even recognize her face,  
she smiles and laughs, but it seems sadly out of place.  
How badly she hates me, bringing up every wrong,  
what once was my life now does not even belong.  
If we could go back to the honeymoon stages,  
wind back the clock, begin turning back the pages,  
I would flip the book back to when it all began,  
and burn every chapter and rewrite each one again.  
Some days she loved me, but most days she loved me not,  
My memories, mile markers of the paths I've walked.

TRAVIS LARIMER

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## The Artist's Greatest Design

What is an artist but a creator  
of beautiful things from that which has it  
not within itself.

Beauty does not lie in a line or word,  
it does not exist in color itself  
or plain shapes alone.

Artists engineer metamorphosis,  
transforming them into something they weren't.  
They see ugliness in the world and try  
to make it better.

Like Mithras, the man with the golden touch,  
the artist cannot hold onto his works.  
He must release them and with each canvas  
part of himself dies, and yet still lives on  
in every magnificent masterpiece.

So much of his time given to rhythm  
and inspired rhymes, the line between art  
and artist dissolves, detonating and  
destroying dimensions distinguishing  
what is, from what's not.

Words flow like rivers, paint strokes like a stream,  
creating beauty in a divinely  
inspired day dream.

Ink covers his skin, acrylic splatters  
spot hands God molded to hold brush or pen.  
Crowds gather watching with wonder hoping  
to capture secrets seeing it again.

So he drains his poor soul, paring it out,  
once more transforming the artist into  
his greatest design.

-TRAVIS LARIMER .

## Remember the Seconds

Barely a presence in the world,  
just a wisp of smoke in the wind.  
A faint ghostly haze hardly seen,  
scarce traces remain in the end.

He was there, faint footprints remain,  
soft touches shaping river ways.  
altering possibilities  
and forever changing our days.

Nothing stays the same forever,  
for better or worse things grow old.  
Blinketed in the dust of days  
are hidden bits of precious gold.

As bits of sand fall through the glass,  
grain by grain the hours pass.  
slowly counting down much too fast,  
each second closer to the last.

Remember the seconds and leave rivers behind,  
hide your gold from the hands of time.

TRANS LARIMER

## Reflections

I remember falls warm colors,  
yellow, red, and golden leaves in piles.  
The winding road past famed giants,  
up and around going on for miles.

There is silence in the wind,  
I sit here beside glassy waters.  
I hear crys of Eagles calling,  
see reflections of my grandfather.

Pine scents fill fresh crisp mountain air  
exiting in thick clouds from my lungs,  
A baited hook cast from Bear's rocks,  
but I'd be lucky to catch just one.

A lazy fire burns in the cabin,  
in Winter icicles dangle down  
hanging on while snow flakes float free  
coating trees and blanketing the ground.

Gone are the warm colors of fall,  
glassy waters and crisp mountain air,  
Snow flakes have melted and ice thawed  
leaving only memories held dear.

TRAVIS LARMER



## THE JOURNEY

THEY SAY SHOOT FOR THE HEAVENS,  
IF YOU FALL SHORT YOU WILL STILL LAND  
AMONGST THE STARS.  
IT'S THE JOURNEY THAT'S IMPORTANT,  
THE DESTINATION IS ONLY A DIRECTION.  
YOU CAN LOOK BACK AND REMEMBER,  
TREASURE WHERE YOU'VE BEEN, BUT ALWAYS  
STAY FOCUSED ON WHAT'S STILL TO COME.  
THOUGH ENDLESS PATHS STILL LIE AHEAD,  
WITH A STEP JOURNEYS ARE BEGUN.  
OPEN EACH DOORWAY WITH PASSION,  
NEW PATHS ARE FULL OF TWISTS AND TURNS.  
SETBACKS SOMETIMES SEEM MUCH TOO LONG,  
GOODTIMES NEVER SEEM LONG ENOUGH,  
WHEN ROADS GET ROUGH I PRAY YOU'RE STRONG.  
THERE'S NEVER ENOUGH TIME TO FINISH,  
BUT DO NOT FAIL TO BEGIN.  
WHAT YOU START OTHERS WILL SEE THROUGH,  
ALWAYS REMEMBERING YOUR STEPS  
LEADING OUT INTO THE HEAVENS.

TRAVIS LURMER

## Pure

Fire incinerates flesh  
revealing what endures.  
Hell consumes impostors  
and then exhumes the pure.  
Find peace through sculpting pain,  
test the truth of spirits,  
trials wash faded stains.  
Pour forth my faith in paints,  
souls pictured on canvas  
reveal the heart is pure  
and the art will endure.  
Refined and redefined  
resemblance of a saint,  
remembrance in the paint  
of art that will endure,  
when hearts are proven pure.

TRAVIS LAMIER

## Art

Art -

The manifestation of the heavenly inside my mind,  
a negation of the hellishness of my existence.

Painting -

The giving of breath to dreams unforgotten,  
taking the soul and transferring it to canvas.

Beauty -

The creation of that which I do not see,  
the destruction of the sullen surrounding me.

Artist -

Possessed channeling the spirits of rhythm and rhyme,  
controlled exhibiting the patience of eternities of time.

Inspiration -

Revealed in revelations of a divine origin,  
hidden meanings visible like stars shining in constellations

Masterpiece -

The unreachable peak from which all else is unworthy,  
in my grasp like river water running through my fingers.

TRAVIS LARIMER

## Alchemy

Written words of the prophets on scrolls  
hold the hidden secrets of Alchemy,  
turning common metals into gold,

Not worthy, but in full possession  
of the mystic gift of transcription,  
interpretation of the divine,

Revelations, visions long sealed  
reveal truths forgotten by the world.

Within pictures painted in either,  
written verses twisted together,  
hidden plainly are simple truths.

The days are short, but nights grow longer,  
what profit is it to gain the world  
when we will soon be gone.

TRADY LARIMER