

# Who's Listening?

Thirteen  
Years of  
Poetry

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Vol. 1

Les Dillon

2011

2011

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## Acknowledgements

First, I'd like to thank the most important person in my life right now, my mamma - Dorothy. Thanks for always having my back and believing in me. And thanks for allowing me to use your poem in this book. This first volume is dedicated to you and I promise there'll be more of your work in Volume 2.

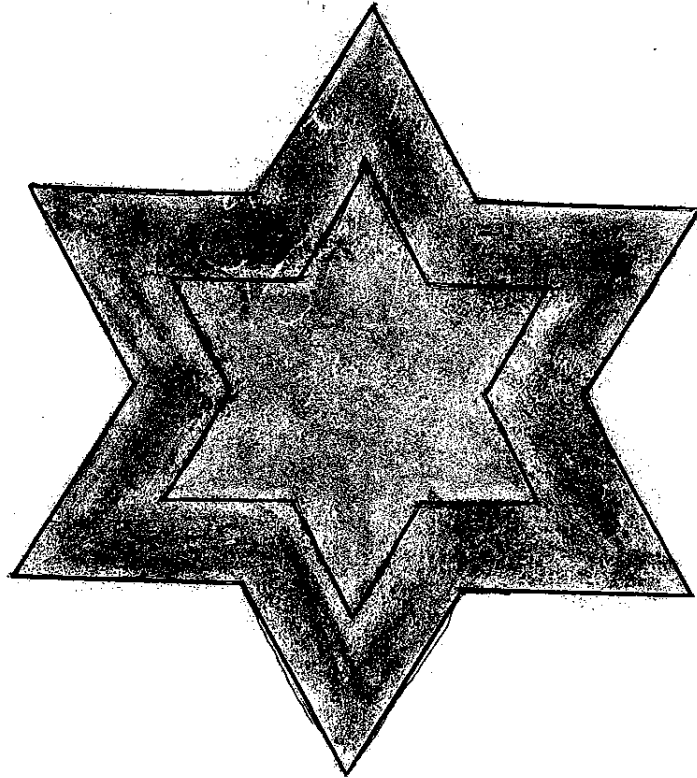
Next, I'd like to say thanks to my baby sis - Starr. I love you and your belief in me has always helped keep me going. I'm glad to have someone like you as my sister.

Thanks to Sarah, my darling first true love. Your passing broke my heart. You'll always be a part of my life and your memories will live on through me.

To Tasha, I miss girl! Things haven't been the same since God called you home.

And finally, thanks to my sisters - Amanda and Crystal - for the use of your poetry; and to my cousin - D.J. - for understanding who I am and being able to put it into words.

You have all influenced my life in some way, THANK YOU!!





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## Revelation of Circumstance

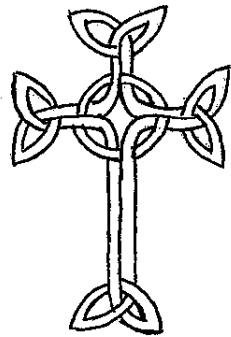
by: Les Dillon September 2001

Revelation of circumstance, enduring yet another dose,  
Days overwhelmed with anguish, but it's the love I hold close,  
Fully unarmed, I journey deep through my soul,  
Is this a passionate awakening or just prison taking its toll?  
The questions that accompany no answer stretch me thin,  
Through a blanketed fear of reprisal, I keep them within,  
A desired completeness, this man may never receive,  
The proverbial light at the end of the tunnel,  
I so desperately want to believe.  
Embraced in resenting decisions that I cannot take back,  
Alone with the misery they always seem to attract,  
Reality is a cruel mistress, we lay awake at night,  
Eagerly awaiting our chance, to one day make things right.

## True Life Judge

by: Les Dillon September 2001

The Lord is the only true life judge,  
He truly holds no tempered grudge,  
I'm sorry for all the pain I've brought,  
This is a lesson I must be taught,  
Walk in the light of the Lord,  
Offer your faith and welcome aboard,  
I really regret this awful tale,  
Only nineteen and already in jail,  
The Lord is there to guide me,  
I pray every morning on bended knee,  
Momma, I want you to know I miss you,  
I'm sorry for all the pain I put you through,  
Don't worry 'bout me, I'll be fine,  
The Lord has given me a positive sign,  
I walk at peace in his light,  
Protected every day by his might,  
I love you mamma with all my heart,  
I'm so lost when we're apart,  
But the Lord is here to hear me say,  
"I'm so sorry", when I pray.

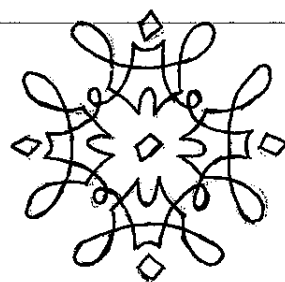


## Never Be Forgot

by: Les Dillon September 2001

Ballin' my fists beside my orange jumpsuit,  
'Cause me and this fool just got in a dispute,  
I told his ass, "better recognize",  
'Cause no man'll put fear in these eyes,  
I'm gettin' real close to the end of my rope,  
Slippin' and slidin' down this slope,  
Dude must be suicidal to call my girl a ho,  
Needs to quit talkin' shit and I'll let it all go.  
All this happens within an hour,  
During the time I'm let out to shower,  
Thinkin' to myself, "should I throw a punch?"  
"Knock his ass out and eat his lunch?"  
I slip off my shirt ready to go rounds,  
he's got me beat by bout fifty pounds,  
But he looks like a crackhead, can barely speak,  
All those drugs done made him weak,  
Won't look at me, not even a glance,  
So I settle down and offer a chance,  
Now he knows what I'm all about,  
One of the smallest but I earn my clout,  
From day one I had to fight for respect,  
Got this punk bitch checked,  
Giving me all his time on the phone,  
Got this shit on lock like Al Capone,  
They call me Drako,  
Sittin' in the hole 'cause I punched a C.O.,  
I know this may sound like a ghetto tale,  
But it's an average day in jail,  
I just want to be a nice guy,  
But gotta watch my back with an unblinking eye.

Today I took my frustrations out on you,  
I'm sorry baby, that's not what I meant to do,  
I could never mean the things I said,  
I love you Angel, 'til the day I'm dead,  
I must need some magic potion,  
To deal with all these awful emotions,





One thing I know is true,  
I'll never get over you,  
When I said, "now or never", it was really blunt,  
But I need to know what you really want,  
I think about all the times we shared together,  
When our lips met soft as a feather,  
That's something that will never be forgot,  
All day long you're my number one thought,  
I can't get you out of my dreams,  
But it's for the best, or so it seems,  
Our love will never be forgot!

- To my beloved Sarah Elizabeth Kinney -

### Moonlight Ride

by Les Dillon October 2001

Car shut off and chillin' in the moonlight,  
Ain't nothing like the dark of night,  
To bring on a passionate heat  
My baby beside me lookin' sweet,  
Seat laid back with feet on the dash,  
Moaning softly when my tongue hits her snatch,  
Body glistening as starlight plays across her skin,  
Slide in slow - personal zen,  
Nibbling and sucking on her beautiful rack,  
Bucking, shuckling, and scratching my back,  
An explosion like gunfire, a swimming head,  
Perhaps one day we'll use a bed.

- Remembering my shorty Sarah E. Kinney -



## Far Away From Each Other

by: Les Dillon October 16, 2001

Your hair is like silk, your eyes are so kind,  
Your lips of satin are my sweetest kind,  
Your legs of beauty, your body divine,  
I look to the heavens and thank God that you're mine,  
T'is been only two years, a short but long time.

- To my True Love Sarah E. Kinney -

## Untitled

by: Les Dillon October 20, 2001

Tension so thick, could be cut with a knife,  
'Cause one day in court decides 25 years of my life,  
I pray for the best but think of the worst,  
All will unfold on October 31<sup>ST</sup>,  
I'm so nervous it's hard not to cry,  
I try to keep my spirits high,  
And hide from you how I feel inside,  
I've just got too much pride,  
I struggle for all this to be done,  
It's a feeling I would wish upon none,  
I've dealt with more than I thought I could endure,  
God, I pray, "make my heart pure",  
I ask for your concern, not your sympathy,  
Now you know how much you really mean to me,  
Please realize how much strength it takes,  
When the envelope seals and my heart breaks,  
Having someone like you eases the strain,  
And helps me forget the pain,  
I love you mom - I hope you know,  
That 'll never change, no matter where I go.



- To the most wonderful momma in the world -

## Past/Future

by: Les Dillon November 2001

Memories of the past flash through my head,  
The pain is obvious by the tears I've shed,  
I ask myself why? where'd I go wrong?  
I guess I was weak when I should have been strong,  
Living for the drugs and the wings I'd grown,  
My feelings were lost, afraid to be shown,  
As I look at my past its so easy to see,  
The fear I had, afraid to be me,  
I pretended to be rugged, so fast and cool,  
When actually lost like a blinded old fool,

I'm getting too old for this tire some game,  
Of acting real hard with no sense of shame,  
It's time I change and get on with my life,  
'Apologize to my would be wife,  
What the future holds I really don't know,  
But the years I've wasted are starting to show,  
I live for the day when I'll get a new start,  
And the dreams I still hold deep in my heart,  
I hope I can make it, I at least have to try,  
Cause I'm heading toward death, and I don't want to die.



## If I Knew

by: Les Dillon November 2001

If I knew it was the last time I'd see you,  
I'd stick us together with superglue,  
If I knew how much you truly loved me,  
It would ease my heart my beloved be,  
We belong together, there's no doubt,  
You just want to take the long route,  
If I really knew you loved me, If I knew,  
Unfortunately, presently I have no clue,

- To Sarah, my love -

## Wasted Time

by: Les Dillon November 26, 2001

The time that I've wasted is my biggest regret,  
Spent in these places that I'll never forget,  
Just sittin' and thinkin' 'bout the things that I've done,  
The crying, the laughing, the hurt, and the fun,  
Now it's just me and my hard driving guilt,  
Behind a wall of happiness I allowed to be built,  
I'm trapped in my body wanting to run,  
Back to my youth, away from this bum,  
But the race is over, there's no place to hide,  
Everything is gone now including my pride,  
With reality suddenly right in my face,  
I'm scared, alone, and stuck in this place.

## Mail Call

by: Les Dillon December 2001

Darkness and loneliness fill my cell,  
With pain and fear too great to tell,  
I wait to be delivered to me,  
A letter for me only to see,  
I pray so sincere with head raised above,  
"Please God, soon, send me a letter of love."  
I long to gaze upon pages so dear,  
With riches to bring my loved ones near,  
Words of diamonds on pages of gold,  
A message from heaven as their story is told,  
"We love you, miss you, pray you'll be free,"  
A treasure filled envelope just for me,  
Please bring memories of joys I once knew,  
Family, friends, and things I would do,  
The darkness and pain of my cell will prevail,  
As my name, again, was not called for mail.



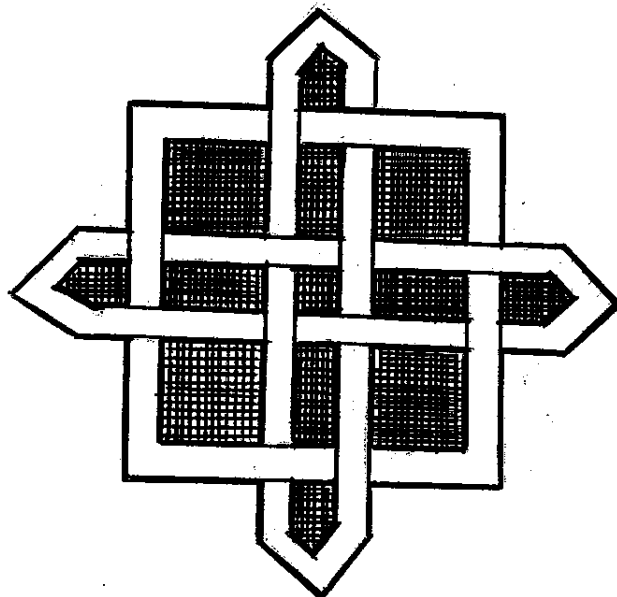
# SARAH

by: Les Dillon December 12, 2001

Sweetness is what describes you,  
An angel is what you are,  
Rarely I don't think of you,  
As miles between us are far,  
Heaven must have sent you,  
Especially to me,  
Loving you is all that matters,  
I hope that you can see,  
Zealous describes your nature,  
As perky you'll always be,  
Because of your beauty,  
Eternal love you'll always see,  
Today I can't be with you,  
Hope someday that's not true,  
Knowing that you love me,  
It's all that matters, I have you,  
Nobody can hold a candle,  
Need not even try,  
Everybody else comes in second,  
You are the reason why.

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-To my Fiancée -



## Will I Find Her?

by Les Dillon December 30, 2001

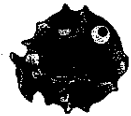
I'll build my life around her pillar of affection,  
She's far from flawless but owns her own unique perfection,  
Her eyes grasp me as they reflect the moon's light,  
Paralyzed in her presence, she owns the night,  
Arms draped softly around my neck as we embrace,  
Her body is a canvas my hands begin to trace,  
Each curve signifies her imminently as a whole,  
Softly panting in my ear she captures my soul,  
She turns to leave smiling as she walks away,  
Kisses her hand, draws a breath and blows it my way,  
Will I find her? the one for me it seems,  
The one that fills my thoughts and surrounds my dreams.

## When You Left

by Sarah E. Kinney March 2002

When we met I said I'd give you the moon,  
Serve it up on a silver spoon,  
If I'd only known my promise would go wrong,  
You might be gone, now it's easy to see,  
The only thing you needed from me,  
More love, more time,  
More of you knowing you were on my mind,  
More of my heart would suit you fine,  
That's what you were dreaming of,  
You needed more love,  
You tried telling me time and again,  
But I didn't listen back then,  
Oh, it took you saying good-bye,  
If my prayers come true,  
I know just what I'll do,  
You need more love, more time,  
More of you knowing you're on my mind.

- To one and only, Les -



## A Cowboy Song

by: Les Dillon April 2002

There's something in Autumn that's native to my blood,  
Touch of wood, hint of mud,  
And my heart beats a rhyme,  
With the yellow and crimson keeping time.  
The scarlet maples like the cry of bangos,  
My lonely spirit thrills,  
To see the leaves upon the hills.  
There's something in Autumn that sets redneck blood astir,  
We must rise and follow her,  
From every hill filled with game,  
She calls each cowboy by name.

## Because I Love Her

by: Les Dillon June 2002

Why can't I think of her and not get misty eyed?  
Why can't I fall asleep without regretting the times I lied?  
Why can't I speak her name without visualizing her smile?  
Why does her beauty make me forget my trials?  
Why? because I love her.

How can such happy memories now inspire me to cry?  
How can pictures on a cell wall beg the question why?  
How can one girl still consume my suffering heart?  
How can I ever love another when we'll never truly part?  
How? because I love her,

Why does hearing her name hurt me so much?  
Why do I awake at night yearning for her touch?  
Why can I see her silhouette through my falling tears?  
Why do I even still care after all the painful years?  
Why? because I love her!

- for my friend, to his ex-wife -



## Never Alone

by: Les Dillon June 2002

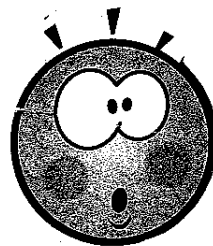
Life can be so cruel, sometimes I can't explain,  
but we must stay tough, push aside the pain,  
for we have been dealt a hard hand to play,  
for twenty years and double, forced to live this way,  
never lose faith, stay strong at all costs,  
always remember, not all is lost,  
We're in this together, so we're never alone,  
brother's at heart, that we've shown,  
We shared our deepest thoughts,  
all fronts aside, we revealed our plots,  
this shit hurts brother, trust me I know,  
I try to hide the sorrow, but its starting to show,  
please take advantage of my open ear,  
don't forget you're never alone, I'm always here.

-To Ghostman, the brother I always wanted-

## Merry Christmas From Lebanon Correctional

by: Les Dillon December 2002

T'was the night before Christmas and all through the cells,  
The prisoners were all locked up madder than hell,  
Except for the lifers who were kicked back on their bunks,  
Having daydreams of cute little punks,  
When out of the silence there came such a roar,  
It must be a break out they thought for sure,  
"It came from the roof top" screamed some fucking snitch,  
"Its an escape, hurry, catch that son-of-a-bitch!"  
The guards rushed the roof by way of the stairs,  
And there stood a fat little freak in his red underwear,  
"Hee hee, hee ho, I bring to all of you good cheer!"  
"Mother fuck" screamed the sergeant, "we caught us a queer!"  
They slammed him hard up against the wall,  
And strip searched him good, asshole and all,  
Then into the hole they booted him with a kick,  
And there went Christmas for Lebanon, they busted Saint Nick.





## Tears

by: Les Dillon March 2003

We've been friends for many years,  
Some have brought us tears,  
There are no tears of sorrow nor pain,  
'Cause each one speaks your name,  
They remind me of times we shared,  
Of how much we cared,  
The thoughts and feelings so strong,  
How could it ever be wrong?

Then I get up from where I lay,  
Wipe away the tears, begin my day,  
The last drop trickles down my cheek,  
My knees feel weak,  
So don't cry in sadness  
Only shed tears for pleasant memories,  
Like I do for you,  
Remember - real friendship holds true.

- To Sarah Elizabeth Kinney -

## Love

by: Dorothy Dillon June 2003

Where there is love there is light,  
Where there is light there is wisdom,  
Where there is wisdom there is understanding,  
Where there is understanding there is love.

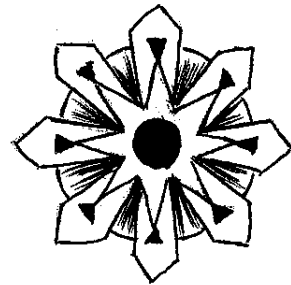


## Remember

by: Les Dillon June 2003

I sit all day and think of the past,  
I wonder if my life can last,  
I dream at night of those I love,  
Innocent as a beautiful dove,  
Sometimes I sit alone and cry,  
I can't help but wonder why,  
Doing twenty-five in jail,  
Living in a cold dark hell,  
It's hard for me to see,  
How they could leave me,  
The ones I thought were my friends,  
Left me lonely in the end,  
But you'll always see me smile,  
When you visit for a while,  
Never forget the time we shared,  
There's lots more that I've prepared,  
No matter what we go through,  
Remember Momma, I love you!

- To my Momma -



## Pale Faces

by: Les Dillon March 2004

One of these days the world will see,  
There's no difference - You from me,  
All black clothes, our faces white,  
Creatures of the night,  
Some live in emotional caves,  
Heading for early graves,  
We'd rather be weirdos and freaks,  
Then preps and geeks,  
We're never still - ever restless,  
We rise at dusk coming from darkness.

## Cry for Me

by: Amanda Dillon April 2004

I am a doormat, everyone walks on me,  
Honestly how stupid do you think I can be,  
I keep getting walked on because I'm so nice,  
I thought it was the right thing but now pay the price.  
My sister steals from me and then she lies,  
My parents don't want me any more because I'm bi,  
My best friend hates me even though she don't know,  
I'm stuck inside myself, I have no place to go.  
God doesn't want me any more, I broke a big rule,  
Why does life have to be so incredibly cruel,  
Don't hate me because I'm true, I just want to hide,  
You spit out words that make me want to die.  
Sister, please don't take advantage of me,  
Mom and dad, I love you, so please love me,  
My friend, I need you so much, don't hurt me this way,  
God, for all my sins I know I'll have to pay.  
My soul-mate only wants me because I have a weak heart,  
It is aching - I'm falling apart,  
It's all ruined, I'll never be the same,  
My heart is eternally bleeding filled with insecurity and shame.  
When I look in the mirror I always avoid myself,  
I never look myself in the eye, I need so much help,  
I sit here writing this as I cry,  
Wishing and hoping that I would just die.  
Pouring my heart and soul into this poem,  
Telling you strangers things you've never known,  
I ask one thing of you and only one,  
Then you can go on with your life your part will be done.  
God isn't going to help, he doesn't understand,  
You may not either but I'm asking with no demand,  
Please, oh please, just cry for me.

- In response to the worlds intolerance -

## What I See

by: Crystal Ward May 2004

When I wake up in the morning,  
I see the sunlight through my window,  
When I look outside,  
I see the earth God hath made,  
But when I imagine you, I see something other  
than the sunlight and the earth,  
I see sadness all over,  
So the next time I see you,  
I better see...  
... something new.

- To Les, I love you -

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## Alone

by: Sarah E. Kinney May 2004

Sex is good!  
Sex is great!  
But why have sex,  
When you can masturbate?



## Inner Harvest

by: Les Dillon August 2004

Summer's blooms have faded away,  
The leaves are turning brown,  
It won't be long now,  
Before they glide to the ground,  
Our earthly harvests come and go,  
As the seasons pass away,  
But there's the harvest of inner-self,  
We should work-toward every day,  
So let's go and harvest,  
All the ready seed,  
That's been planted by the spirit,  
Inside of you and me.

## Why?

by: Amanda Dillon May 2004

Why do people hurt me,  
Why do they make me cry,  
I'll never be able to see,  
All the reasons why,  
I may hurt them,  
but I would never intend to,  
I just want to die in a den,  
I wonder what they would do,  
Would they miss me,  
or not even notice I'm gone,  
They'd probably be dumping with glee,  
or should I drown in a pond,  
It really wouldn't matter,  
I'd be in a heavenly place,  
Where the people are flattered,  
To see my lovely face.



## Ancient Christmas

by: Les Dillon December 2004

Years ago Christmas became a holiday for giving and receiving presents.  
All in the world got involved.  
But did you know, long before this, Christmas about being with the people  
you love and celebrating the Yule Tide season.  
Nowadays it takes something or someone very special to make us realize.  
You are my someone special!  
And although we cannot be together right now, we will always be together  
in my heart.  
I LOVE YOU!!  
MERRY CHRISTMAS BABY!

- on a handmade holiday card for Sarah Elizabeth -

## TASHA

by: Les Dillon January 4, 2005

Today I sit here missing you,  
And tomorrow will be the same,  
Some day we'll be together,  
How ever long it takes,  
After all that we've been through,  
Mourning will not do,  
As another day passes,  
Always me and you,  
Rare is my love for you.

- To my best friend Latasha -

## An Innocent Man

by: Les Dillon March 2005

I was there in that room,  
Life swept away with a Judges broom,  
He said "you did it, I have no doubt",  
I asked, "where's your proof", I laddled about,  
"Here's our proof, this twelve year old",  
I didn't understand, my blood ran cold,  
"We can't prove you killed those men",  
"But hurt this kid, yes we can",  
"He said you did, why would he lie",  
I opened my mouth, lips dry,  
"It wasn't me" I will dispute,  
"Wrongful imprisonment, I'll file suit",  
They did not care I soon would see,  
I don't get it, how could this be,  
"Civility", he spoke it aloud,  
A joyous roar from the crowd,  
But still today my voice will call,  
"I didn't do it, I tell you all,  
It's those like me that need a hand  
A word or two, someone who understands,  
I've seen first hand what the courts will do,  
To hang an innocent man, me .... and you."



## War

by: Les Dillon April 2005

Sex, drugs, politics  
President - appointed dick,  
Daughters? badass chicks,  
Made up like Saturday tricks,  
Rock n' Roll, heavy metal,  
Melting crack in a Kettle,  
A twenty piece, a twenty bag,  
A little green is all I had,  
Prison walls and prison bars,  
Lost my company and my cars,  
A concrete floor and metal bed,  
Electric doors - screwed up head,  
Mr. Bush, you fucked us all,  
Resistance fighters never fall,  
Grab your guns - fight 'til death,  
United soldiers in the flesh.



## Confused

by: Amanda Dillon June 2005

I feel so confused,  
All because of you,  
To leave or to stay?  
Is the question I ask myself each day ....  
Not knowing which way,  
I should go,  
Makes me feel so,  
Sad and alone ....  
The matter of fact is that you're not the same,  
Or else I wouldn't be feeling this way ....  
Your love is just something I don't understand,  
So if you do love me ....  
Why is it that I don't know where we stand?  
Do you still love me?  
Tell me the truth,  
Because I can't imagine,  
Life without you.

## Changing Seasons

by: Les Dillon August 2005

Summer is passed, Autumn is here,  
the woods are full of white-tailed deer,  
enjoying the colors of the trees,  
shown in the beautiful falling leaves,  
a sight most wonderful upon the ground,  
wracked into piles high and round,  
leaving the trees bare for a time,  
Winter coming into chime.

Labors rewarded and not in vain,  
cultivated, weeded, and watered grain,  
all those who sowed and plowed,  
fill your harvest from Earth's mound.  
The food is fully stored,  
As the farmer shuts the doors,  
He chuckles, "the seasons change fast,"  
"Thanksgiving will be a blast!"



## Bad Emotions

by: Les Dillon October 17, 2005

I'll tell you what I'm feeling now,  
Angry! Mad! Pist! Violent!  
I just can't do this anymore,  
I try to be good, calm and cool,  
All these people acting like kids,  
No matter how nice I am,  
Why should I be any different?  
Give leniency at all?  
I'll tell you what I'm feeling now,  
Angry! Mad! Pist! Violent!  
I just can't do this anymore.



## Hillbilly

by: Les Dillon October 2005

Guns for hire, smag and smoke,  
Fumes so bad I want to choke,  
Cowboy boots and big brimmed hats,  
Brown owl hoots, 'ol wild cats,  
The city life? leave it be,  
The honky tonk? that's for me.

## A Vampire Named Arko

by: D.J. Starcher October 31, 2005

The beautiful words as written in red,  
As once from my teeth, it drips from my pen,  
Webs of deception drawn out on the page,  
Espanged into parchment is life's last place,  
I'll recount the moments as I look into your eyes,  
The delicious events that occurred that night....  
Your weight is upon me,  
My presence is strong,  
My emotions - they flew,  
My senses a fog,  
The tension was building as shown, I shake,  
Your breathing was heavy, my wanton irate,  
My body arches to you so inviting to take,  
But instead you degress to see how true is your mate,  
I tighten my legs,  
As you try to pull away,  
Then wrap my arms,  
As you come near to play,  
You shift your weight and come down softly to my body,  
I look into your eyes and realize "you got me,"  
You're hitting all the right places, I lean in as you tinkle,  
I'd love you to sink in,  
But you're insistant to nibble.



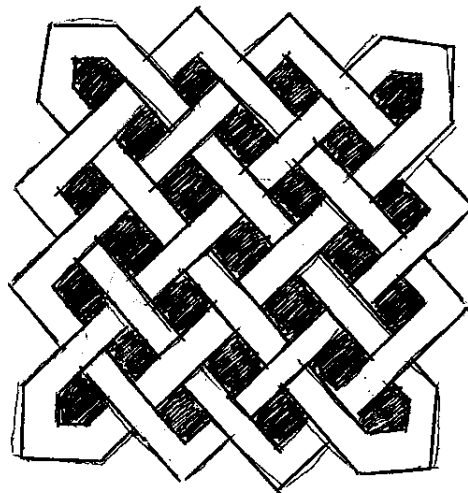
- To my Gothic Vampire brother Les -

## Best Friends

by: Amanda Dillon November 2005

You're there for me,  
When I need you most,  
I hope you see,  
You help me coast,  
Up and down these hills,  
Of happiness and sadness,  
You help me with my emotional spills,  
And when I need to control my fits,  
My life would be lost,  
If I didn't have you,  
I would have had a big loss,  
And for this, I do  
Know what I'm grateful for,  
When I was just a fool,  
You still thought I was cool,  
And my days were still full,  
Of laughter and fun  
Sometimes I just sit,  
Out in the sun,  
Thinking of our friendship,  
You're my best friend,  
And I am yours,  
I'll help you to the end,  
And many more.

---



## Panda

by: Amanda Dillon November 20, 2005

I try to be an angel,  
I try to be your friend,  
If you get into a tangle,  
I'll help you to the end.  
I know I have an evil side,  
Because I do or say stuff I don't mean,  
I really do convite,  
I let off a little steam,  
I may hurt your feelings,  
But its just play,  
It's just like stealing,  
And bringing it back the next day.  
So please find a place for me,  
Deep down in your heart,  
And I will always be there,  
You'll see,  
No matter how far apart.

- To my brother Les -



## I Like You

by: Amanda McQuillen May 2006

I like you, but! Do you like me?  
I wonder if we, are going to be,  
I think about you night and day,  
I think of every word you say,  
When you smile it makes me glow,  
All my feelings for you, you may never know,  
When I dream, I dream of you,  
You're the one on my mind when the day is through.  
I don't know you very well, I just met you,  
But I know for a fact my feelings are true,  
My feelings are different then what I've felt before,  
We are friends right now,  
But I hope we can be more.

# Þ Vampire

by: Les Dillon

October 8, 2006

Pain!

Rolling crimson of agony.

My pain is in the veins that crack,

With fire in my teeth,

And bleeds from the stubs of dying beings,

Vlad is my name.

Death my right hand; revenge my left,

My smile reveals the fangs of the serpent,

Hidden in the darkness of night,

My voice is a cackle,

My truth a lie,

Now I share my pain with you,

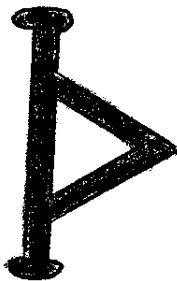
I will bathe in your eternal life,

And test your nerves, with the scream,

Of my evil laughter.

Translated from the Gothick rune:

THAURIS (Th)



# H Masculine Destroyer

by: Les Dillon October 10, 2006

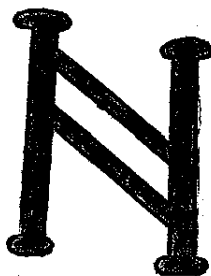
Heart of stone and fist like hammer,  
Again I beat you down,  
As you rise, I strike,  
Hear the roar of my triumph,  
Ahr - roar - ahr - roar !!  
I eat your punny cries of mercy,  
My screams cut you down,  
Make bruised your shoulders and your head,  
How mighty is my voice on the wind,  
It thunders on the far mountains,  
And rings like falling swords on stone.  
I crack the stones and slap the waters,  
The weak cower, the strong tremble,  
Master of the Earth,  
Ruler of the blade,

---

I stand alone,  
And rule in solitude,  
A barren empty land,  
It is my right, my mighty curse,  
Never will I bow my head,  
Ahr - roar - ahr - roar !!

Translation from the Gothic rune:

HAGL (H)

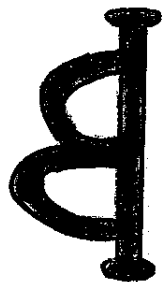


## ᛒ The Return

by: Les Dillon October 13, 2006

Scarlet runs the blood in veins,  
White the fangs, pale the tender flesh,  
All sing the moon's return,  
And call a circle to honour him,  
Sacrificed in the pentagram.  
All life is fat with new death,  
Chant with me, "Hail, oh Lucifer!"  
I cause the meaning and the sighs,  
Bring woe  
Black air to hollow lungs,  
Make strong the fluid in the heart,  
Show the night what you are,  
The body where to go,  
The bats where to fly,  
The blood where to flow,  
Give of immortal life am I,  
At my bite the you'll fall,  
An erotic explosion,  
The blood boils, the vein swells,  
I am the hand,  
That turns the wheel of life,  
Upon the axle of darkness.

Translation from the Gothic rune:  
BAIRKAN (B)



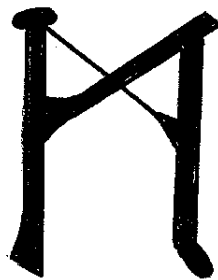
# M Sorcery

by: Les Dillon October 21, 2006

Crafter is one way, Witch another,  
Mason a third, Necro a fourth,  
All energy comes through me, I am the gate,  
Why do you fear? I am your center,  
Come to me, What do you seek?  
Seek here the power no matter the strength,  
It's the reason for most purpose,  
Actions made by wisdom, Figures that be.  
Turn pain into pleasure, spells into gain,  
Mind burns with learning and power of knowing,  
All that is natural I hold in my soul,  
Earth, Air, Fire, and Water,  
Mine for the taking, magical making,  
I am the aura of the body,  
Deny me not, I am within your hands,  
I am in your mind, I am your soul,  
I am power everlasting!

---

Translation from the Gothic rune:  
MANNA (m)



# I Transformation

by: Les Dillon October 30, 2006

Silence is madness, murderous potency,  
Wait for the grip,  
The unkind word, the evil act,  
Wait for the call,  
It comes too fast,  
When the heart is dark and sad,  
When enemies attack,  
And death draws close enough to touch,  
Almost!

Always watch where you step,  
Always think before you do,  
It's here for you,  
The end is near, just look,  
How close it comes,  
Closer, only reach and touch,

---

It waits for you,  
my side of the shadows,  
Bolt of dying beings,  
You glide into my teeth.

Translation from the Gothick One:  
E15 (E)





## The Herd

by: Les Dillon October 2006

Vampire - Vampyre - Whampiri,  
Striga, Dhampi, Vampirri,  
No matter how you say the word,  
They're the lords, were the herd,  
They've been here as long as us,  
Sleep at dawn, rise at dusk,  
I warn ya now to watch your back,  
When you least expect it .... sneak attack!

## Dedication

by: Les Dillon November 28, 2006

To you I dedicate ....  
the sky, earth, and air,  
the rivers, seas, and oceans,  
the clouds, rain, and sun,  
the metals, rocks, and stones,  
the dirt, trees, and the world.  
my friendship,  
my fellowship,  
my companionship,  
my compassion,  
my life,  
and my love.  
To you I dedicate them all.

- To my best friend Latasha Lynn -



## Taking Care of You

by: Starr Ward May 2007

Sitting on a front porch one day,  
Waiting on you to run away,  
To find someone who would love you so,  
Someone who would love you dear,  
Like me but a little better.  
Someone who would take care of you,  
Take care of you like I do,  
Do something more than I like to do,  
Like taking care of you,  
Taking care of you like I do,  
Taking care of you!

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## The One

by: Sarah E. Kinney June 16, 2007

When I look straight into your eyes,  
I know that you won't hurt me,  
Your hands are not as rough as they look,  
When you touch me I feel safe.  
I don't feel embarrassed when I am around you,  
'cause being with you make me feel good,  
When I kiss you...  
-it's not like any other kiss,  
You're the one I love,  
No matter what happens,  
Some times I might not show it,  
But it's the truth,  
You're the one!  
And I love you dearly!

- To Les, my love -



## Limits

by: Los Dillon July 2007

Have you ever picked up your teeth with broken fingers?  
Or been slapped so hard your face wrinkles?  
Have you ever been kicked so hard, oh so hard,  
that you feel it in your heart?  
Have you ever been cut, stabbed, or slashed?  
Held to the ground and your head bashed?  
You can experience all that,  
Just cross my path, that's all I ask.

## When I Am Awake

by: Los Dillon October 12, 2007

When I am awake,  
I am sad, angry, and depressed,  
because you are not here.  
I look and cannot see,  
I reach and cannot feel,  
I listen and cannot hear,  
I think but lose my thoughts,  
I sing but forget the words,  
I dance and forget the steps.  
But when I sleep - and dream,  
I am happy, joyed, entreated,  
because you are there.  
I look and see,  
I reach and feel,  
I listen and hear,  
I think and remember,  
I dance the right steps.  
When I am awake I miss you,  
Because you are not here,  
When I sleep - and dream,  
I love you,  
and I know that you loved me too.



- In Loving Memory of Sarah E. Kinney; d. 8/10/2007

### Ended Vows

by: Les Dillon October 2007

The words we spoke that seemed so true,  
I little thought what we would do,  
I little thought the vows we swore,  
Would someday bind us two no more.

- Inspired by Sarah E. Kinney -

### Alone Again

by: Les Dillon November 2007

I am afraid, I am not solid but hollow,  
I feel behind my eyes a numb paralyzed cavern,  
A pit of hell, a mimicking nothingness,,,  
I look at the hell I am wallowing in,  
Nerves paralyzed, actions nullified,  
Fear, anger, hate; all the cohesive emotions of loss,  
Biting away at my sensitive guts,

### Darkness

by: Les Dillon November 2007

In the murky depths I see,  
A shadow creature here to stay,  
Loathsome eyes look back at me,  
Wicked damned, deformed dismay.  
Fill the chalice with your prey,  
Defunct, depraved, vampire breed,  
Their vein will burst before the day,  
Wingy mongrels make you flee.  
From dusk to dawn they roam the land,  
Demon child of leather mort,  
Tarnished skin with devil's brand,  
Dark chaos covered core,  
Nosferatu, evermore!



## Warlock

by: Les Dillon December 2007

I light the sky on fire and watch the bitch burn,  
Feel the earth's death as I light up the moon,  
I walk alone with nothing left to reveal,  
The path of evil is the way I feel,  
I died in their hands but to life I returned,  
Now cursed to forever walk the earth,  
Fuck it! let it burn, I am a Tremere,  
I light the sky on fire and watch the bitch bleed,  
The vampire sorcerer with blood on my hands,  
With the power of magick I destroy your lands,  
We are real - you better believe,  
We light the world on fire and watch you all bleed.

## The Desk

by: Amanda McQuillen December 2007

You sit on my stomach,  
and write on my face,  
you stick your gum on my back,  
for later, just in case,  
my legs always hurt,  
because I always stand.  
I never get to lay down,  
I wish I were a man,  
I have names on me,  
like Bobbie Joe and Sue,  
I sit here all alone,  
When the day is through.  
I stay up all night,  
and think of all the things,  
I could do if,  
I was a bird and had wings,  
You come back the next day,  
and sit on me again,  
but not once do you stop and think,  
I wonder what its like to be him?



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