Delusions of Sanity
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"Delusions of Sanity"

About the Author and his Work

Cover art and all writings within are the productions of Travis Larimer, a 35 year old tattoo artist, painter, writer, and poet. Comments and feedback are appreciated and should be directed to: TRAVIS LARIMER V46803
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Please excuse delays in response. I expect by the time of publishing I should be out of Tehachapi "sou" and at another institution where mail will be forwarded.

First and foremost I hope you enjoy my writing styles. I hope to find a publisher for future literary projects, historical fiction/action novels I've prepared.

The first one I hope to introduce consists of the following: The tale of a Aztec warrior who is ceremonially sacrificed with his love. Their spirits separate and evade the call to the light from the earth. Our warrior learns about his ghostly abilities and takes possession of beings. He roams the earth searching for his lost love and influences destiny changing events. Well journey through and experience the rise of the Aztec empire, the Mexican Revolution, and more before winding up in the church seeking rest.

Next is a story that twists its way through Aztec and Toltec histories of Quetzalcoatl, "Feathered Serpent," a beloved god who was man. The journey leads to the discovery of the Nephilim, a biblical race resulting from angels fraternizing with mankind. Discover their descendants among us.

Another is the story of a man whose haunting visions had him put into an insane asylum. Much to their dismay, doctors discover he isn't as crazy as they believed. The visions begin to be seen by others and lead to a startling conclusion.

Several books with memorable characters are in the works so stay tuned. Many of the poems here I use as a creative writing tool to develop my characters. They hint towards what's to come.

Enjoy! Pass it on. I am available for custom tattoo designs, see my work at 'DenantArt.com name: Tattoo.'
Introduction

This is the introduction
to the rantings and ravings
of a man who's lost his head.
The unintended irony of a force
that swiftly steals souls
from the brink of destruction
pushing them over the edge.
Still held by a rubberband
stretching to the point
of no return... Snap!
Falling, down, down,
till winds catch in wings
spanning centuries and
A celestial star sparkling
in the night sky,
a light leading back through insanity
incandescently illuminating the minds eye.
An incurable curiosity is at
creation a journey,
a poem the road of rhythm and rhyme,
a crossroad between seeing and believing,
where only hope is certain

- RVNLY WRIGHT
Spilled Tears

She weeps, her tears
Slowly seep down her cheeks
dripping to the ground
to water the seeds
throughout the city's streets.

Gentle flowers evolved thorns
to grow amongst weeds,
depthly rooted and densely sown
in the same blocks we've been born
to survive then die in.

Occasionally a rare rose
thrives through the rain,
thirstily drinking puddles of pain
that somehow seem to give
its petals a perpetual luster.

Picked from the savage garden,
transplanted and potted in fertilized soil
his damages disappeared a forgotten dream.
But what of all the others,
what of his brothers left behind?

-TRAVIS LARMER-
--REVISED VERSION--
Acquaintances of Job

Dubious deeds,
unreciprocated seeds,
detrimentally planted
dilemmas weaved
between bad
and worse.

Desperately hungry,
desperately thirsty,
difficult decisions
determine who
survives through
thunderous storms.

Tempestuous tornadoes
inundating deluges,
impermeable whirlwinds
breach barriers
pursuing like
Egyptian’s curses.

Clear conscience,
false prophets,
convolutedly confounding
ignorant impostors
portraying acquaintances
of Job. —TRAVIS LARIMER
My Paramore

She silences the room
once she enters.
Hearts skip a beat,
lungs forget to breath,
eyes sear into memory
the vision they behold.

One look sends chills
through my soul
luring me to her.
She beckons me nearer
and hooks my arm.
We talk in whispers
like familiar old friends,
but I'm a captive
unable to resist her spell.

The enchanted crowd
not daring to move
as our dance begins.
Mesmorized by her ease and grace
she seduces to the songs rhythm.
We play our games
of light touches and teasing,
dissolving doubt while fear melts away.

Cold hands envelop me
in a deadly embrace.
Her lips part drawing closer,
I can feel her breath,
then she stops.
She promises to wait for me,
but now is not our time;
for hers is the kiss of death. —Travis Larimer

My Paramore.
Broken Mirror

Exhaling the last breath of life
from his lungs he died.
Expelled air, the breath of God,
foffed the jaggedly webbed
shattered mirror of his being.
Fractal pieces, ever changing patterns
reflecting hues, colors and shades
of pandemonium in another untold story.
The juxtaposition of the unexplainable
proving the unimaginable could happen.
A long reach beyond the outer limits
of the mind, testing sanity,
grasping the unreachable, the unknown,
clenching it within his hands
and wrenching it back from time.
A million visions seen in splintered shards
screaming silently to breath again.

-TRAVIS LARMER
Pandora's Box

Things were easier then, when everything was smaller still fitting back into boxes they'll never squeeze into again. Counting crumpled calendar pages double checking years passed daddies girl keeps growing to the contrary of all. Another year dissolved into thin air, a hornet's nest escapes Pandora's crate, sting after sting, back to the box. I swat knowing it's too late. — Travis KARMER
Forgotten heroes of old

Existing perpetually
through the ages,
undiscovered semi-divine
fallen warriors
hidden away
by sands of time.
Lost relics of another era,
forbidden memories
forgotten by man
and banished to realms
of mythical lands
beyond casual discovery.
Long gone from song,
leaving holes
in tales told
and omitted
in stories written
by human hands.
The renown heroes
of old,
the nephilim,
the watchers,
and I have
found them.

(excerpt from a future book)

It was a back room
with dusty broken windows.
Cob webs clung to the corners,
while spiders lazily lied waiting
to catch zig-zagging flies within.
Undisturbed layers of dirt
suggested the place lay deserted
for years in unvisited isolation.
Eerie eeks and groans
and whistling sounds emanated
from the weary wooden walls
in warning that the structure
would not last standing long.
Decades old cardboard boxes
held deteriorated weather worn photos,
unrecognizable entities from another life.
One last look then burn it all,
there's no going home again.

–Travis Farmer

4/6/83
Dawn with his Ship

A moth eaten cloth in the sky,
lie lost not knowing reasons why.
Drawn towards the glowing going forward,
season of the dawns crossing swords.
Pawns advance chancing sacrifice for greater glory,
longing to live on in song and history.
Faint images impossible to recall,
immemorial recollections of immortal falls.
Left to darkness, lasting night,
blankets of blackness block my sight.
Beneath it all under the ocean,
a sunken ship whose haul is broken.
Dawn went the captain, dawn with his ship,
descending slowly into the abyss.
Clenched treasures held tightly in his grasp,
a duralde gold chest securely clasped.
Soundlessly sinking to his grave under water,
Silently resting eternally ever after.

-TRAVIS LARIMER
Living Art

It lives and it breathes,
a living thing needing me,
Carnivorous consuming me
covering my skin and devouring flesh
till there's nothing left.
Just one, once more,
started harmless enough,
a metamorphosis transforming
a plain blank canvas in an ancient art.
Pain and ecstasy, lights and darks,
bleeding and ink bound together
in eternal bonds beneath the skin.
Dancing to the deadly song
hypnotized, suddenly it's done.
I remember the melody and long
to hear it again.         -TRAVIS LARMER

Deadly Diagnosis

Dying. Diagnosed with a deadly disease. A slowly spreading cancer consuming him like a antibiotic resistant flesh-eating bacteria. Donors ignore agonizing pleas like the repellant stench of a rotten corpse. An entirely avoidable contagion as impossible to escape as second hand smoke in the 80's. Science looks for a genetic link seeking the apparent predisposition passed down through genes. A disease clinging to and contaminating entire family trees, born with a range of signs and symptoms, with common carriers displaying signs of broken homes, poor education, and prone to suffer from hunger and neglect. Common cause: Capitalist neo-liberal exploitation. Commonly called: Poverty.
A Dream-Painted with a Wish

I slowly drifted to sleep and reawoke in a fairy tale. In a far away land I was standing before the queen's throne. She spoke in riddles and put me to a strange test. "You will paint a picture of my dreams and frame them with a wish. You have three days," she announced.

Hopelessly I painted desperately attempting to contain her every vain desire. Hours dwindled down and I could feel the snake like nooses coiling tightly around my neck with each rejected work.

On the eve of the third day I heard the guards coming to retrieve me. We returned to the queen's throne room with my spurned paintings in hand.

The queen inquired, "Have you anything new to present?"

While the hangman looked on, I said, "My lady, I have created the greatest masterpiece for you. You asked me to paint a picture of your dreams and to frame them with a wish. Alas, what do I know of a queen's dreams? I dreaded I was sure to swing from the rope, but isn't it true that all people dream of fine things? What could be finer than you?" I answered appealing to her vanity.

With that said I revealed my final work. It was a deep blue pool polished so that it held the reflection of whomever looked into it as if it were a mirror, and it was framed with the brilliant light of a shooting star.

Being pleased she asked, "What will you name as your reward?" "I ask only to be allowed to leave the same way I came, with my head on my shoulders."

Thus I was freed. — TRUMAN MASTERS
A Moment Can Change Everything

In a moment everything can change, an explosion, ringing silence, a tell tale cloud. The city will never sleep the same again, lit up in the darkness, a sight in the blindness, once the world, now dust blown away. Sweeping whirl winds weep signaling the start of another way. Anchors dug deep in the ground creek and claw reluctant to let go, holding possible pathways gone and dragging down something that should have lain. Straining chains great, lashing out and squeezing, the damage is done. Waves consume the ship sinking it into the setting sun.

TRAVIS LARMER

The World's Wealthiest

The world's wealthiest one percent control over half of the world's riches. If that was redistributed amongst those who EARNED the other half everyone's portion would be doubled. If we just distribute it to those in need we'd all be middle-America. The end of poverty and massive reductions in crime. How can we not justify the sacrifice of the one percent for the 99 percent whom have no problem devouring them?
Guardian Angel

Cast away but not far enough, still lurking in the shadows, I catch glimpses of the monster in the darkness outside my window. He feeds off my memories and grows stronger in the pain. A beast of bitter burdens, a cold river through my veins. Late at night I listen, in the distance I hear the sound, hollow pounding creeping closer, his eerie presence on the wind. In silent silence, waiting, a gargoyles and the leave. A loyal servant, a faithful dog, stubbornly refusing commands to leave. I sense him closely watching even after all this time, always somewhere near me, a ghostly guardian of mine.

- TREVIS KARMER

(In the mindset of a character from a future piece.)
Art is Real

Art has always been revolutionary, sometimes a whisper, sometimes an explosion breaking the silence. She speaks the language of a thousand words understood by all. Artists change the world even as the world ushers them out of existence. Painters, prophets, poets, provocateurs, their persecutions only inflame their parchments further igniting their charms feeding sparks against winning the flames. Art’s mirror depicts, reflects the monotonous, dry and flow of a weary life searching for meaning in the malady of mortality, that malevolent mocks our whole being. Art’s somber illumination brings to light the dreadful toils in the darkest corners, A cynic of society that starts the resonating cry for change. Art will not be contained, escaping though chained, oppressed, and restrained. A powerful inertia building momentum like a boulder rolling down a mountain slope charging into the town, Art becomes real. 

TRAVIS HARMER
Paradox of Freedom

She dances in the night,
a flame behind snow frosted panes
of a lamp's ethereal glow.
She's not to blame for the stains
tainting sullied souls,
an untamed wine fermented from malevolent fruits
of the vine of the depraved.
An elixir fit to be venom
of serpents and vipers
drunk into the grave.
A ornate chalice cautiously filled to the brim
possessing the ability to ignite.
A cup of insatiable curiosity, an intense craving
that cannibalistically digests itself.
The innocent believes to the knowledge
the evil is real
that the night takes on a life of its own
concealing its true nature
till the fates are revealed.
An irresistible and irrepressible enigma
whose intense effervescents attracts
then sears the wings.
She beckons one to the sun
to consume him in her glory.
The inevitable perversion of freedom,
the paradoxal enmity
between man and the snake.

-TRAVIS LARIMER-
You Say It's Love

It seems I don't know
the first thing about being loved.
I thought you'd turn away
at the first sign of trouble
and suspect each phone call
may be our last.
I expected you to let me
sail off in a sinking ship,
slowly being swallowed by the sea.
You've done everything but what I've expected,
instead you've been all aboard with me.
Though I set the boat afame
you've refused to leave alone.
So as fire drove up the boards
and flaming wheel lit the way,
our sinking ship floats on steam,
you keep holding on tighter
even as clouds of smoke
smother our hopes and dreams.
I don't understand it,
you say it's love.

- TRAVIS LARIMER
Shattered Diamonds

An explosion, impossible to contain
like tnt inside a grenade.
Try impeding a volcanic eruption,
a slowly rolling river of destruction.
The clean up comes after.
Picking through the remaining debries,
the unrecognizable fragments of the past,
reveals the true nature hidden within.
The scattered ashes cast long shadows,
while shattered diamonds still shine.

- Travis Wahrer

Tag You're It!

Hanging a frozen feet in the air
above the streets finishing the peace.
It's done. Paint's still wet
Help me up, Oh on head lights,
hurry up run! Leave the cans,
wipe your hands, hop the fence,
just act calm. We got the spot,
got away and passed by
to see it again. Tag you're it.

- Travis Wahrer
Anybody Home?

Hello? Hello? Hellooo?
Shallow echoes in his mind,
a maze morphing
while he runs blind.

Ahhhh! Aahhh! Aahh!
Deft to his own cries,
he hears nothing
even the silence lies.

Thump! Thump! Thump!
His heart pounding
is he losing himself?
Was he ever found?

Clink! Clink! Clink!
Chains hold his final breath,
drowning, yet desperate for water
so he may rest.

"Travis Lamar-
- Shattered dreams, the forgotten future destroyed-
- future forgets the dreams shattered-
- (same forward and back allowing for verb changes)"
When an American Goes to Heaven

I wonder what would happen
if I made it to heaven,
Would they all stop and point
whispering, "It's an American, what's he doing here?"
A billion starved Ethiopian, African kids,
millions whom lost their lives headed across the border,
innocent victims of engineered poverty and violent drug wars.
What of the hundreds of thousands in Japan who died
screaming in napalm, or disintegrated by the atomic bombs.
Thousands more died in Vietnam defending their homes,
the list could go on and on.
When an American makes it to Heaven
the saints are silent until everyone wonders
if something's wrong.

Stone that is Art

A stone tossed into the ocean
causing ripples, that create the waves,
that crash into the beaches,
rolling past the sand,
to flood the cities.
He Descended into the Dead

A deep dark realm
where vision is no longer possible.
A profound vastness,
vaguely sensing something out there.
A limitless debt,
descending into the forbidden abyss.
A blanket of blackness
smothers hints of a way out.
Blindly flailing around
drowning in the cold stale air,
Untold what devils
might thrive in this belly of hell.

"Though I walk
through the valley
of the shadow of death
I fear no evil,
for God leads the way before me."
Truths held for ages
reveal a past of myths and legends.
Now insubstantial echoes,
ghostly shades hardly existing at all.
A chasm of secrets,
not easily yielding its hidden treasures.

(A realm in my tale of the nephilim)  

"The hidden belongs to the Lord our God
but the revealed things are ours."

DEUT 29:28
Eccentric eyes seeing enigmatic parts of ones being, eavesdropping on choirs of cherubs singing songs in the evening. Composing nocturns of lyrical verse, tattered pages, splattered notes, undiagnosed lunatics writing reverse. No escaping blind visions, ghosts wrapped with white linen lie trapped within his mind; straightjacket and padded cell strapped down and the sanitarium hearing bells bells ring. A sanitarium for broken minds, hallucinations and veris to bring deeply sedated blurring lines. A graphic fantasy laced reality, asylum bound to the moon riding rockets of insanity.

—Brand Harper

(Mindset work up for my future work)
The Lost Aztec

I can still see the slaughtered thousands, Crimson rivers pouring out onto hallowed ground in one final sacrifice to Huitzilopochtli, the god of war.
The sacrifices, my own people,
our warriors, our wives, our children.
On a moonless night, El Noche Triste, 1520,
the battle was waged against Cortés.
The city fell, but the Mexico's spirit has not been conquered.
Blood bathed Tenochtitlan in torrents that have not relented since then.
The Spanish, the French, the Americans, the revolutions, the wars, the governments and causes, when will it end?
Is this our punishment for allowing the temples to be toppled?
Torn and leveled stone by stone till only the foundations remained.
Is this our punishment for watching them build their cathedrals atop of the bones of my people?
It will never stand straight ever hanging its head in shame, slowly sinking being claimed by the bodies buried beneath it.
In 1531 we made our peace.
The mother of your God appeared to us as one of our own,
She welcomed us as one of her own.

—Continued on next page—

TRAVIS LARINER 21
The Lost Aztec  - continued from previous page

Your priests taught us about your God, we learned He isn’t so different from Quetzalcoatl, our beloved feathered Serpent, who was also immaculately conceived and who practiced peace and forgiveness. Your priests performed confessions like our filth-eaters, and your God’s anger could only be appeased by the sacrifice of His Son, yet they called us savages, our gods abominations for sacrifices to Huitzilopochtli and for preserving or racks of skulls, What of your Crucifix? What of the whips and lashes? What of the bloodied knees from crawling up the cobble stone path for the eating of Christ’s flesh? Yes, I suppose there might be a difference, I’m not able to comprehend, my sight still dimmed, not fully enlightened out of my ignorant pagan ways.

Pagan ways that have left me wondering the earth for over 500 years, Sojourned for the pathway lost; I’ve survived through centuries but I’ve seen enough. I’ve come hoping perhaps your priests hold the ancient knowledge that can send me to my rest, I think despite so many differences, perhaps our gods are the same. Perhaps Quetzalcoatl is known by another name,

Excerpt from a future work

“From one ancestor God made all nations to inhabit the whole earth so that they would search for God…”

ACTS 17:26-28
A Scribble

I lived, they died,
they said I never was.
I left my mark
before the end,
a scribble in the dust,
fading away from memory,
a river running to sea,
canyons carved by waters
long gone to anonymity.
A single drop matters not,
but the storm could not exist
without every single drop.

From a Cell Window

Rolling hills,
frozen waves gold, golden,
singed in the last rays
of the sun's light.
Shadows of mountains
hide in the haze beyond.
Nature, Fire possibility,
where anything may be
over the next hill.
Where nothing may be
over the next hill.

—*Frank LaRimer*—
"O.C. Spray"

A baptism of firey lava
clinging to my skin,
searing the flesh
as a brutal repayment
seeming to never end.
Accept the pain, breath in.
Blinding burns
turn prayers
towards torrents of rain.
Im an agonizing specktical
covered in chemicals,
cuffed and caged
skeptical of the future
when against this
humanity is guaged.
“a society is judged
by how it treats
its weakest members.”
What becomes of society
that dismembers families
cutting off communications and contact?
We’re seperated by miles,
rows of razor sharp wires
hold back those who’ve
slipped through the cracks.
The American tragedy,
The Californian Calamity,
They should be disgusted
by the mistreatment of masses
born into poverty,
Torn to shreds by society,
Sold a dream by the media
that was never theirs to buy.

TRAVIS LARIMER
The Story of a Seed

A seed's story
The story of a seed.
A tropical seed from a rare plant.
A plant that was given rich soil.
The soil was in a large city.
The city was full of trash and smog.
The trash and smog suffocated the seed.
The seed never grew in its garden plot.
The plot laid barren. A storm came.
The storm brought another seed.
The seed was a weed.
A weed with good luck.
Luck to find such a fine place to grow.
To grow big and green.
Greener and taller he grew.
He grew leaves and buds.
Buds without seeds.
A weed.

Travis Farmer
The Girl at the Well

There was a girl with a secret wish,
she whispered it into a well.
A penny was her only witness,
there wasn't a soul to tell.
She skipped to the church
where she prayed inside the chapel.
She promised to be good
and lit a votive candle.
She'd pull petals off of daisies
as she sat in the field,
she waited for her wish
all alone among rolling hills.
She stayed up at night
wishing upon shooting stars
and collecting fireflies
in little glass jars.
She had picnics by herself
in the prairies picking flowers,
She'd leave bouquets on the rocks
after waiting there for hours.
One morning she walked outside
to sit beside the well,
waiting for her was her missing dog
sitting there wagging his tail.
Mom Mom! Look who I found!
Her mother couldn't even speak,
although they'd told her he ran away,
he'd died the previous week.

— Travis Larimer —
The angel of the Lord appeared in all of his celestial glory, his intense illuminance, blinding like the sun's brilliance.

He spoke like thunder, "The pinnacle of God's creation yet again has grown corrupt, complacent, vain, haughty, numbed with greed. Resolve to humble yourselves before the Lord our God and declare His way, you live on borrowed time from the end of days and payment will be collected as due."

His ethereal glow faded and he was gone. His words resonated in my head like a pistol shots echo. The manipulation and perversion of scriptures to pacify the crowd and prolong the ushering in of the Kingdom of God cannot be tolerated. No, one cannot feed the wolves then allow them to starve; one cannot cry for peace while feasting off of the slaughter. No, one cannot consider a man clothed by handing him a shirt and sending him into the cold, nor can he give pennies while he hords bars of gold.

As Christians one's existence is in opposition to the masses; a call to challenge authorities who no longer believe in God's established decrees. Like owls in our voices should be heard, we should be the chief nemesis and opponents of oppression until the storm erupts.

As Christians we should be the storm, backed by the winds of God, an unconstrained and unrelenting movement for revolutionary change. —Travis Larriger—
Power in the People

Do not be fooled by promises for changes that never come.
Their power exists as a force opposing us to keep the masses down, but greater power lies below.
The crowds surrounding us are a conduit of energy surging through a people largely unaware of their conductivity.
Harnessing this force will enable us to unleash a transformative explosion reshaping society.
We don't fight for greed but for true equality for one another, to end the need of our neighbors, and out of love for each other.
There is another way, a world without borders setting man-made limits to poverty.
There is another world of a world where we prosecute capitalists as criminals.
Society can be reorganized to reach higher levels of productivity.
Society can evolve and restructure itself at the most fundamental levels.
Society can resolve the plagues of crime, greed, and poverty that pervade every element of our economy.
Education, housing, and food can be provided abundantly with modern means if profit is removed from consideration.
We have the power to emancipate ourselves from our own chains, but first we must accept that we possess the power.

— Tuan Lam
Young Love

Young love. The ecstatic joys and catastrophic dramas that play out their natural course and recourse. Imagining together forever, yet still too young to realize how long that is. Only the young can plan out eternity.

They start counting days, weeks, months, a semester, are we there yet? Still growing, impressionable minds being molded, into the person they will become.

It's only natural that paths which merge for a time on a journey should diverge on towards new horizons. Everything changes so fast for the young, yet it's they who imagine things will always be the same.

The bliss of ignorance

A Picture of the Sun

It's a picture in a frame,
It could be rising or setting,
bright rays baskin the sea,
beginning, or ending a new day.
A hand reaching out,
cressing the land softly hello,
good morning or good night,
sleep tight through the darkness,
or rise up in the light.
Is it strange that exact opposites
Can appear completely the same.

– Travis Larimer

29
Final Score

We find ourselves taking turns playing forbidden games. Not knowing the rules, how to win, or even if we can. Hidden clues showing finishing moves put some one step ahead of others. Leaders have rewritten signs to keep outsiders apart and far behind on their quest.

It doesn’t seem fair to start a test from two different places, to be battling foes blindly in the dark while chosen ones have been allowed visions.

There’s no reset, no starting over. Bearly time to pause, resume, only to discover the battle has gone on without you. Reassess, re-evaluate, check your footing. Maps may have been redrawn, leaving you behind enemy lines.

Study history to learn objects in the mirror are much closer than they appear. The tiger who looses his stripes is not a lion. Choose the path with weeds and trees, the road less traveled holds secrets, but fewer thieves.

Stay on guard and beware before the game is over.

Final score ??

— Travis Lammer

“The one that escapes doesn’t justify those slain along the way.”
What Would You Do?

It's not the same to only imagine,
playing the game "What Would You Do."
It doesn't reveal the callous and blisters,
the painful steps in worn out shoes.
It must be easy to pretend
you could know now I feel.
but your illusions would be shattered
the instant things turned real.
Could you conceive the unending chaos
constantly quarreling in my mind?
Why with a gun to
I said "do it" two times?
How could you begin to understand?
Has anyone tried to leave you dead,
ducking and dodging flying bullets,
deadly projectiles of lead.
A million decisions should have been different
simple to see that from here.
Without a barrel screaming at me
hindsight seems much more clear.
I'm still here because I've been blessed,
or cursed by what I saw.
The truth is you can't even imagine,
while I don't pretend at all.

--Travis Kaminer
Lifes Twists and Turns

Through all of lifes twists and turns, the slithering and snaking like pipes trying to find a drain, how did we end up here? Or I here and you there to state it more precisely. If any one of a thousand things would have gone differently, if any one of a thousand strings would have snapped perhaps we wouldn’t be here at all.

Instead providence has decided that at this very moment we are destined to be exactly where we are, not so important as to have our arrival heralded by a star, but also not so unimportant that we could be anywhere else at all.

Some would call it a pagan word, so no I prefer to call it a charted plan. A charted course for our lives laid out by one who knows the choices we’ll choose and plots our lives accordingly.

There are certain people whose paths we must cross, certain events we can’t miss no matter how much we try. The purpose may be revealed in time, or not even noticed at all. They may shape our lives or we may be used to mold others as we go on following one insignificant twist and turn to another.

TRAVI JARMER

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Torn Wings

A boy sat amid green grass
Catching fluttering moths and butterflies
in his net as they floated by.
He swiftly stole their fairy dust
imagining it could make him fly.

They wiggled like tormented worms,
torn wings permanently grounding
their dreams of flying free,
left squirming on their bellies,
left knowing it would never be.

The boy walked to the edge
of a gorge, gaped, far down
at the distant valley floor.
He emptied the powder onto his head
preparing himself to finally soar.

Wretchedly watching envious of his jump,
gracefully diving, flying...
Straight down into the stones,
Crashing contorted, bent, and broken,
reaping a harvest crewly sown.

-Timух Hauser
Dear Lord,

I know you're moving mountains. I'm not even aware were there, working miracles I can't see, and keeping the path before me clear.

I try to pray without a doubt, but please forgive me if I have them. I've prayed so often for your help, I sometimes wonder if you listen.

Could you have given me these doubts, so I would look for answers? Ignored me when I prayed, so I'd see behind the smoke and mirrors?

Through the clouds I've seen the man who was born in a humble stable, who took up the cross of the poor, imprisoned, and unable.

for condemning the rich hypocrites he was beaten and adorned with thorns, he was, whipped and scourged with lashes, those who'd show him be warned.

I've seen the sign and bread the lines: you were crucified between two revolutionaries for taking up the cause of those in poverty and martyred for our salvation.

You left us instructions to continue your fight, to know God is on our side. You showed us authorities will crush the voice of the oppressed, so though we may give our lives we shall not rest.

Your open arms welcome us. Three revolutionaries died on a cross that day. We knew two made it to Heaven because of their faith through the struggle, not instead of it.

Amen.

"One is we, three is he, God, he is three, he is one"

(Same forward and backward)
Conceived in a motel by a father unknown, born to the streets, no place to call home. The block he claimed as his corner in hell, was all that he had, all that he owned.

An old hag smoking rocks on the day he was named began prophesying in tongues and seeing visions in the flames. She read in the stars of one destined to be great, then went on begging for change awaiting a sign from fate.

The boy walked by, she asked him for water. He handed her his beer, then bought himself another. 15 years she waited, looking to find the one. She told him about the prophecy, he laughed, she was gone.

For no reason cops stopped him, it happened every day, the boy turned and ran just blearily getting away. Hit by a stray bullet that was meant to leave him dead, he didn't need additional, shot clean through the leg.

Remembering the old woman, her words ringing in his head, he took it as a sign to alter the path he'd led. The boy called his homies, they started talking change; they identified the real enemies and planned the revolution they'd wage.

Hit and run tactics, avoiding expected places, confounding supplies while never exposing their faces. Exits planned against ambush, sentries posted and Q-rides stashed, a manifesto declared and independance encouraged to ensure the revolt lasts.

The sleeping giant finally arose, the dust finally settled down; the boy with the dream had won the kings crown. —TRAVIS LARIMER—
Undiagnosed PTSD. I didn't need to leave the country to find a war.
Walking down the city streets I feel the bass from speakers booming somewhere near-by.
I hear the beat closing in and see a vehicle stopped blocks ahead. Turning towards my direction the bright lights blind my sight.
My hands reach into my pockets but it's just an old man, the sound is coming from elsewhere.
I near the corner and without warning I'm surrounded by three bikes.
We fight, horns honking, as people drive-by.
He pulls a pistol from his pants and snaps it on his pocket, it's a signal for me to go.
At a family party, I was one of few friends in attendance.
Gun shots erupted, we ran to the front, towards the explosions, after the brown cadillac speeding away, like dogs chasing a truck.
What would we have done if we'd caught it?
Constantly on high alert, always prepared for any possibility, staring at shadows, listening for noises, signs that the attack is eminent, Signs of PTSD.

(Character development for a future piece)
The Nature of Evil

They do not understand the nature of evil, they call his followers legion or demons imagining hideous monsters all the while Lucifer laughs on. Disguised as an angel of light with the power to hand over kingdoms, he seduces mankind with riches, vanity and greed couple together to breed new forms of oppression, Lucifer looks on at his kin, the new father to poverty proudly oversees man's misery while bottle feeding want and need. Begotten by those whose souls he holds on golden contracts, sold by fools whose insatiable appetites are blind to the new man's plight, they're blinded by the light of Satan's star. They do not understand the nature of evil, they search the shadows, in the alleys, suspect those suffering and homeless, those driven to desperation and hunger instead of those who lead them to it. Mammon, the root of all evil, “In God we trust,” America's idol, it's written on every dollar you spend, Azazel struts by unnoticed, suit and tie right before their eyes but they never suspect a thing.

—TRAVIS LARIMER—

"ONE PERCENT CONTROLS 85% OF THE WEALTH 37
WHILE 75% OF THE WORLD BUFFER."
Broken Fences

A withered old wooden fence,  
a relic leftover from the past.  
What stories would it recall  
if it could speak?  
All that it's saw  
etched and engraved  
like brail lines written  
for the blind along its logs.  
Each dent a specific event,  
stories long gone to the past.  
I can't even remember  
when it was new.  
As a boy I helped paint  
fresh coats over the old  
splintered planks and dirt.  
A crack right in the middle  
commemorates back years Goofus,  
while notches on  
call to mind migraines,  
always hoping to escape.  
Looking through knott holes  
into another world I reminisce  
about a turkey being beheaded  
and bulging eyes beaming back  
at me barking.  
Retracing footsteps of youth,  
even back then it swayed  
to and fro in the wind,  
loose nails allowed boards  
to be removed revealing hidden passages,  
or climbed upon towards secret bases  
where we mischieviously lemon bombed cars  
then ducked and dived to get away.  
After all these years it's still standing  
after we've all went away.
"The Prophecy"

Pain is a scream in the forest with no one to hear it. Does it even exist at all? Hear the voice crying out: In the desert prepare for revolution. Seas rage in testimony against land. Cities shout wailing over the destruction of new Babylon. Heed the prophets call, "The gates of hell await to welcome worshipers of Mammon." From mountain tops the afflicted proclaim, "The hour of God's vengeance draws near."

-TRAVIS LARIMER
On a Road of Gold

There's a nearly forgotten story told once long ago, of an old man cold and alone on a road of solid gold.

Blind, starving, dying of thirst, stubbornly refusing to leave his trail, afraid he'd never find his way back, loosing his mind and growing frail.

Just beyond lies a river, slightly outside his hearing, his feeble eyes gone blurry.

Wind carries warnings from passers-by. Help? No, this is hide.
Covered the path with leaves and rocks as he withered away and died.

A warning reads by the road: There once was an old man who walked on gold, he's buried below in dirt.

- Travis Larrimer
Insanity

How long could you stand it
locked in isolation, you and your thoughts?
Just the sounds of chains clinking
and the rattling of locks.
Ringing and chiming bells toll
through the corridors of cells,
hollow 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 cancer back,
CooCoo! CooCoo!
Creaking and cracking, stretching the last string
holding only tethered by a thread,
a road off a cliff
stuck teeter tottering on the edge.
Eeking and squeeking towards the breaking point,
Snap! Crackle! Pop!
Try wringing words from incoherent jibberish,
gone never to come back.
Goo goo ga ga, shaking and stuttering,
slobbery drool dripping down his shirt.
A psychological break from reality,
yet they claim no one is hurt.

- Travis Kiefer