

## A Soul's Prism: Collected Poems Volume One

by

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This is a collection of my poetry, the first actually. I have been writing for almost ten years and have amassed just under 2000 poems and a bit of fiction. I feel the content is appropriate for just about anybody. The title, A Soul's Prism, is what I consider poetry to be to people. Poetry should be used to filter out different emotions and examine them. I hope you enjoy, and if you do like this, please feel free to email me at [webpoet2@webtv.net](mailto:webpoet2@webtv.net) with any questions or comments on the content.

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### **"Inception of Idealistic Humanism"**

The mists of indecision are slowly rising,  
Rising revealing the pitfalls they've been hiding."  
Thoughts are more clear every day  
With every fear thrown away.  
They say, "Love is friendship set on fire."  
This love of humanity can only take me higher.  
I want to take this blaze and set it free  
To incite passion in others just like me.  
Let the fiery hearts shape our society.

Make everyone equal without bias or piety.  
Make green the planet, may she live again  
Not as a controlling parent, just a loving friend.  
Cultivate a culture of pure good will.  
Give yourself giving's great thrill.  
It is great to love another and meet their needs,  
But the fuel on the fire is learning to receive.

2-3-99 9:30a.m.

### **“A Moonless Night”**

Have you ever seen on a moonless night  
The star-bright sky far from city-light?  
Have you ever looked to the heavens above  
Wanting to cling close to the one you truly love?  
Have you ever longed, out of appreciation, to convey  
All the beauty that besiege your each and every day?  
Only for the world not to comprehend at all  
The words you have searched and sought out and ridded of flaw?  
Some people don't feel at all, just think.  
Some people's minds and hearts just cannot link.  
My gypsy dreamer won't you look to the sky,  
Crying joy for you see beauty without need of "Why?"  
So many people imprison their senses  
And build around their heart razorblade fences.  
Your heart, dreamer, is wild and free  
Just the way the gods intended it to be.

7-28-98 at 6:04p.m.

### **“You Could Find True Love”**

You could smell the roses if your nose wasn't within a book,  
Smell the roses in bloom down by Sunny Brook.  
You could lie in the field where butterflies flutter,  
Sit watching and musing until daylight loses its luster.  
You could walk hand-in-hand through the twilight dim,  
Strolling streamside in the loving arms of a friend.  
You could swim the moonlit crystal waters  
Told of in tales by mothers to daughters.  
Far from city-clamor and the roar of cars.  
Waking, I'd whisper a poetic night-train,  
And the soft, sweet syllables of your name.  
"Could you ever, love me forever, as I so truly love you?"  
Your misty eyes would open, and you'd reply, "I already do."

3-28-95 9:30a.m.-10:00a.m.

### **“Parting Company”**

Walking long and far away,  
We walked until we talked all our troubles away.  
You placed your little hand in mine,  
And we walked until we talked of a simpler time.  
Your eyes, so innocent and brown  
Told the tale of a love yet unfound.  
Your voice resounded a touch of gold  
As our feet greeted the old gravel road.  
Your wavy amber mane  
Mirrored distant fields of grain.  
Happiness cradled us that warm summer day,  
Down by the brook where the baby fish play.  
With legs dangling from the bridge we sat,  
Ceasing to indulge in idle chit-chat;  
Casting stones into the stream.  
We knew it would come, an end to our dream.  
That was to be our final day,  
Down by the brook where baby fish play.

3-30-95 11:00a.m.-12:00p.m.

### **“The Last Halloween, Eternal Halloween”**

In the late Halloween twilight  
Bats fly and the full moon rises.  
Distant screams can be heard.  
More shall follow; fear one will be yours.  
Gargoyles awake and break free their concrete coffins  
On display atop building ledges.  
They search for their shadowland of pre-existence,  
But find only present-day feeding grounds  
And victims swarming within it.  
Gargoyles grin of pain while bats glide by their sides.  
With visions of the sky-stalkers, babies cry.  
Mothers try to silence their cries  
But are overtaken by the creatures of mammoth size.

The dank, dark streets are painted red  
As the fledglings prepare for THEIR coming.  
THEY are their larger kin who have reigned far below.  
The thunder rolls as a demon legion walks on fire  
And removes the shielding door of the shadowland.  
Gothic Lovecraftian creatures emerge and march,  
Ignoring the rustling leaves' gentle roar.  
Let the truth be known: Man has corrupted himself.  
Darkness now reigns on every level.  
Though man has ruled many millennia,  
A demon coop of old brings his doom.  
Endless strife awaits the mortals;  
For the Underworld has come topside.

Ivy vines twist rapidly, locking feet to blood-soaked soil.

Cannibals feed their empty stomachs and wanton craze,  
As yet another manifestation of twisted ways.  
Mass murderers and serial killers rampage.  
Bodies lay littering the streets sliced symmetrically  
Like morbid, otherworld autopsies performed on the alive.  
The demon legion unites with the sky battalion  
Of gargoyles and blood-crazed bats.  
Vampiric evil rears its ugly undead head  
And comes out to slay alongside chilling kinship.  
Werewolves join the fight, the valley of carnage, on Earth.  
Almost perfect cloud cover threatens endless night.  
The night creatures shan't burn. An absent sun.

Dormant corpses become dormant nevermore.  
Their fingers peel as they scratch at coffin lids,  
Begging salvation and effectively fleeing their coffers.  
Satan himself rises from the murky phantom depths,  
And seals the fate of human kind.  
Satan's proclamation: All ye shall die!  
Again the thunder roars and lightning aims scurrying targets  
Showing naught by way of clemency.  
No blacks die while whites perish.  
No, all are simply annihilated!  
Death and inhumanity wins across the board,  
Leaving the incapable, the weak and young, no hope.  
The moon becomes a dark image of blood.

Torchlight refugees search for "clean" food;  
For the nightworld holds only contamination for the Alive  
Boundless monstrosities reserve the hunting rights,  
And their prey, the clan of the Alive, dwindles.  
All the players have taken the field.  
The dead and undead reclaim the surface and freely walk.  
On the soul and beating heart, the creatures of nightshade shall always stalk.  
Their thirst and undying hunger shan't yield.  
Earth has become an orgy of death for the reaper so grim.  
The litter of the future: mangled corpses minus limbs.  
This scenario dampers great dreams of world peace.  
When the winds of change blew cold across the surface,  
I realized our time on Earth was corrupt and worthless.

### **“The Being of Alone”**

Why must people feel so bitter, bleak?  
So unloved like lost freaks?  
What could be the purpose of lives lived alone?  
Who wants the displeasure of a soul blue-toned?  
Tears hit my paper forming these phrases  
To console my seemingly hollow soul,  
But what I feel, well, words won't erase this.  
Every fool realizes what the sage can never know.

4-9-2000 9:42a.m.

### **“True Harbor”**

Closing my eyes  
My soul drifts, rather flies  
To better days which never were.  
Still the love was true  
That I harbored for you.  
Forgive me my one-time fatal flaw.  
Daydreams are but a soft pillow,  
Shelter from the fact that you are gone.  
They keep me from weeping with the willows  
As the radio plays our song.  
This dream yields a poodle skirt and ponytail for you  
And a black jacket and blue jeans for me.  
We are dancing and singing do-wap-do  
Blissful and carefree.

4-11-2000

### **“Sharing Insights”**

Along the way I've gained many insights  
Just as I've learned wrong from right.  
I've learned the virtues of having fun  
And the law that somethings need not be done.  
I've learned every land has different ways  
And some differ like night next to days.  
When times try us we simply have to trust,  
And not because we want to, but because we must.  
Problems are mended when we keep the faith.  
So keep that in mind throughout the painful wait.  
The most important lesson I have learned  
Is that love conquers all.  
No matter how many times you get burned  
You cannot help but continue to fall.  
These are some of the insights I have gained.  
May you learn your lessons without the pain.

3-28-2000 10:10p.m.

### **“Immortal Shine”**

I want to express my adoration of your mind and soul  
For your body's beauty is beyond compare and this you know.  
You won me over with words witty and wise  
And honest; No need to deceive, disguise, or beguile.

You are a gentle breeze blowing through my mind,  
Blessing me with visions of Heaven, freezing me in time.  
You make my heart race, my little time-stopper.  
Ladies know this: No one can replace or top her.  
I respect your kind heart and gentle nature  
And am drawn to you because you're dignified and mature.  
Yes, you have lust for life mirroring mine  
And a goldenheart with an immortal shine.

7-14-99 10a.m.

### **“To Make Sara Smile”**

There is an angel I have yet to meet.  
Thoughts of her ushered me last into dreams so sweet.  
I long to stare deep into those aquatic eyes  
So blue that envy taints the skies.  
I have no doubt those ocean-hued orbs  
Shall entice me, enchant me, fulfilled and absorbed.  
Her voice is like sheets of beautiful music  
That makes my heart want to dance to it.  
I hear honesty and compassion in her tone  
And romance and sincerity echoing in my phone.  
I might seem a simple fool  
For writing rhyming words like this, But your heart's already beautiful (to me)  
Dare I be brave, be bold enough to ask an angel for a kiss?

7-10-99 8:43a.m.

### **“The Apex”**

You are the apex, the picture of perfection,  
An angel deserving of all my undying affection.  
Your orbs are soulful raindrops  
And the love-webs where I get caught  
Admiring you, my star,  
Admiring you for all you are.  
You are deserving of a valiant knight  
But I am merely a noble pauper  
Looking to bask in your forever light,  
Looking to be your passion-starter.  
I'll teach you how right romance can be  
And explain how I can love you so easily.  
You make my world brilliantly new  
Like fresh spring mornings cover by dew.  
You make me feel like a kid again;  
Giddy, pure, and innocent of sin.  
Your arrival shook my world,  
Rattling loose all the love I have stored.

7-2-99 10:40p.m.

### **“To The Past”**

Not a day goes by I don't remember,  
Especially in this bleakest week of December,  
How loved I once was.  
Those times are long gone  
With him whom I used to be.  
Experience made me strong,  
But it has always been love which sets me free.  
I was a young lad from Mid-America  
Raised with respect on a farm,  
And taught wrong from right by Grandma and Pa.  
They nurtured and protected me from all harm.  
No matter what mistakes I made  
Nor what uncomfortable bed I lay,  
I will always know I was loved.  
Everyone complains their childhood was rough,  
And I guess, at times, mine was too.  
In some way, shape or form we all have it tough,  
But friends and family unity will pull you through.  
I will always remember fondly growing up country  
Down in the Missouri Bootheel.  
The farm will always be home base to me  
Jogging memories no one can steal.  
I am reminded by the nip in the air  
Of distant winters,  
Cozy on my pallet watching three-channel TV  
While Pa feeds fuel on the fire's dying embers,  
Grandma in her recliner, "Edgar, let it be!"  
We'd go sledding when the weather was just right,  
Gliding down slopes Heaven painted winter-white.  
My cousins and I relished the rides  
And fought with snow before warming our bones inside.  
I remember so many things:  
Sassafras tea, potato soup and deer meat.  
I remember love without strings  
And feeling absolutely complete.  
With the words I have written  
I want to help others recall  
The good times when they need them most.  
These are people and things I won't be forgetting:  
Airshows, fishing, and yardsaling with Grandma.  
"To the past," I shall proclaim my new year's toast.

12-26-99

Note: **“To the Past”** is dedicated to my loving family.  
Thank you also Mrs. V. for all your help.

### **“Higher Ground”**

I stand on the mountain  
Gazing back on all my days,  
As do all men

Some time, some way.  
I see the high points,  
But the valleys stay hidden.  
This does not disappoint  
For they only once need be lived.  
Who needs sorrow or joy  
When you have the here and now?  
What could honestly annoy  
And why would you possibly allow  
It to spoil this, your future past's?  
Savor it, it will pass.

4-9-2000 12:10p.m.

### **“AfterBliss”**

I'm lying here beside you in the after bliss  
With sweet words left to say  
And soft lips yet to kiss.  
I open my loving arms inviting you in  
To my heart as my lover,  
My companion, and my life-long friend.  
Cuddle close and say you'll stay there  
In Heaven with passionate me  
Lost in your eyes caressing your silky hair.  
Blankets cover and conceal us and the heat  
The two of us generate  
With friction where our tender bodies meet.  
The world around us can just fade away  
As I fade into you  
And a hot night melts away the rainy day.  
Our hearts beat with equal speed and intensity  
As we spoon innocently.  
In your heart you know just how special you are to me.

7-15-99 8:40a.m.

### **“My Good Book”**

Paper is the Universe.  
The Pen lets me create.  
The visions are a blessed curse  
I would never try to escape.  
I am God between the lines  
And this is my good book.  
These words are for all time.  
Generations will turn and look  
Back in admiration  
On all my splendid creations.



4-9-2000 11:50a.m.

**“Sway Away”**

Dance, lovely vixen, dance.  
Sway away my worries.  
Daydreams of motion, romance  
Heat in winter's flurries.  
There is a cold outside  
And within me.  
Warmingly, she glides  
Like tidal seas.  
Entrancing angel eyes,  
Plush, fine form,  
And endless smiles.  
This heart...taken by storm.

11-1-96, 2PM

**“Delivering the Message”**

Huge overpowering orbs rise over twilight skies.  
Satin lids shroud the huge green eyes.  
A transparent face or eyes without one  
Makes majestic a backdrop of the setting sun.  
Words wrapped in thunder make clouds roll,  
And people fall to their knees, the truth to know.  
"Obey, I say, obey the Lover's creed!  
Emotion, flesh, and compassion are all you need.  
Search out the one for whom your heart beats.  
Find love so true, so dear, so sweet.  
Do not hide the feelings you feel.  
They are part of you; they are real.  
I am Love incarnate and nothing more.  
I give freely the keys, yet you must open the door."  
The satin lids silently close,  
And the people are relieved of their pains and woes.  
The roses rise a foot at least  
As hatred is beat back, a whimpering beast.  
People stand and couples unite.  
Never again will we know the lonesome night.

1-12-95 1:50 P.M.

**“Feeling Like a Frown”**

I feel like a frown  
About to drown in a sea of smiles-  
One of those masks  
I haven't worn in awhile.  
Tragic time keeps marching by

The cell where I am confined within my mind.

12-19-1999

**“Speaking the Lover’s Creed”**

Heart and Soul dying off from the tongue,  
And left to words written slow. They should be sung.  
Heart and soul of romance, a dying breed  
Because many seek quick access pants and forget the lover's creed.  
Shield your lady from harm's way  
Ever ready to lay down your life  
Letting your mortal body be slain,  
If her happiness shall rule over strife.  
Tis' the lover's creed,  
And the very food on which I feed.

11-8-94

**“Ordinary”**

Another day of being ordinary,  
Of finding no way to excel.  
Another day of feeling temporary  
And fearing to someday fail.

So many fears, so little time  
To pay their prices.  
I find comfort in my rhyme  
And few vices.

They keep me sane  
And moving on.  
They’re my comforting rain  
When I’ve been blinded by the sun.

Another day swimming tears  
Looking for the island paradise.  
Once again running into mirrors  
When I thought I was wise.

Proved wrong so many times  
The counting had to end.  
Let me savor, for once, a divine mind  
(Even if she be only a friend).

3-26-2000 7:07p.m.

**“The Conversation”**

Once upon a time,  
I found love when I found you

In the land of rivers of wine  
Crying oceans from your eyes so blue.

“What saddens a maiden of such perfection  
As you possess, perfect lady?”  
“My lover no longer returns my affection.  
He has forgotten his desire of me.”

“Tell me, my sweet, how can that be?  
How could that come to pass?”  
“He now fills his nights with one younger than me,  
A youthful eighteen year old lass.”

“But how could he venture back into the dark night  
Once he touched Heaven and had seen its light?”  
“Surely, sir, you don’t speak of me?  
I’m perfectly plain. Can you not see?”

“I see clearly and quite well  
A kind heart and such beauty I cannot tell.”  
“When you look at me, you see such things?”  
“Yes, m’lady, let me touch divinity’s soft wings.”

“Sir, please, don’t talk as such.  
You make my heart flutter!”  
“Your hair seems as silk. May I touch?  
If I may say, foolish describes your lover.”  
“Sir, please, your affection makes my eyes wide  
As they confess all I try to hide.”

“Why must you hide what you feel?  
You see I certainly do not.”  
“Your words have taken my heart...you steal  
That (love) which cannot be bought.”

“I do not seek to steal, nor buy,  
And I refuse to swindle or lie.”  
“Well, sir, perhaps you are for me.  
Maybe I’ll let him and Miss eighteen be.”

“If so, I should think you quite wise,  
Now seduce me further with your tempting eyes...”  
“Perhaps, but first speak me more words  
As you lulled me before.  
Sling your adjectives and action verbs.  
Tell me what is in store.”

“Nothing but the purest love  
Raining on you from Heaven above.  
Once, you had the pleasure of Afterglow,  
Add infinity and that is the pleasure we shall know.”

9-12-1999 7:45p.m.

### **“Next to My Fears”**

In this twice lonesome world  
I cry tears that swell rivers.  
I’ve got hopes and dreams stored  
Sitting right next to my fears.

How shall I finally rectify  
All the haunting hurt inside?  
It lingers still.  
Leaving me to wonder if it always will.  
If you know, please confide.

1-1-2000

That is all for this collection. More will most likely follow if demand warrants them. At this time I would like to supply you with a little biographical data on me.

I am a 22 year old Nashvillian. I grew up in Dexter, Missouri, which is significantly smaller town than Nashville, Tennessee. I love studying a number of varied subjects including, but not limited to: foreign languages (mostly French and Czech), film history, world history, philosophy, astronomy, and yes, writing.