

WORD PASSAGES

World of Pretend

There's a magic world of wonder. We can all go there tonight. There are no walls dividing the servants from the kings and their glorious lives. Close your eyes and you can pretend. There's an endless garden of beauty where all life forms never die. There are no ghosts under the moonbeams. Only the souls of eternal life. Close your eyes and you can pretend. This wondrous dream never ends.

There's a sacred, endless kingdom. A final home for all to be. There is no judgement. Only acceptance. Where servants and kings together are free.

© Paul A. Trinetti 2021

The Carnival

Night after night I await in a deepened sleep.

First they wake me. Then take me. Feeling the magic. The glory. Their hollow eyes light up the sky leading me to the fair. I enter the gate unescorted this time. In childlike wonder I follow my mind. Through the future into the past. The present never seems to last. With scales on my skin, I'm now one of them.

© Paul A. Trinetti 2021

Autumn Gypsy

Her father is a leader in the STEAL industry. She could have everything she sees. But she lives among the trees. Under a spirit's control. The Autumn Gypsy born to roam. Nowhere is the place she calls her home. By herself yet she's never alone. Feeling free. The Autumn Gypsy. With no sense of time. A fire warms her in the night.

© Paul A. Trinetti 2021

Taken

In the witching hour a haunting silence fills the forest. Even the trees are afraid. Summer roses shiver in the winter cold as signals flash in mystical waves. A dollar-sucking vampire emerges from the starless sky. In search of a shapely angel. He will not be denied. The cattle lined up waiting. The fangs are closing in. He's found his treasure. A star to light the dim. Her face will be adjusted by hands deemed skilled enough. Chosen over the god she claims to love. Neon lights are flashing waiting for her shame. Presenting Sara, the thorn-less rose to fame. And when the night passes and gives way to the morning sun. Darkness is gone, but his work is never done.

The vampire leads his company of wolves up the hill of greed. Sara's spirit will be the feature of their feast. She'll shine from the darkest woods to the city streets. She'll sing through a smile. She'll sing though her pain. She'll sing for the Devil and the illusion of fame. A robot soul with a programmed life. On a tray for the corporate knife. Like brandy poured for the damned. She'll turn sour becoming a brand.

They will make her. They've been around. They will raise her from the underground. Without them, she'll be upside down. They'll shake the gold from the youngest trees. Sara must follow the flames the dragons breathe. Yes! She'll make it this time. Thanks to their brilliant minds. They'll dress her in leopard skin. Keep her hungry. Keep her thin. Hurry! Hurry! Time is moving on. Her fans are craving her newest song. Another one about a love gone wrong. The words run so deep. Easing the minds of babbling sheep. She's popping pills in search of sleep. Rising to the top of the heap. Leading the rat race. So glad they changed her face. Serenity is the greatest place. The candy men offer her a taste. Young and eager and looking fine. Freshly packaged but unlike wine. She won't get better with the passing of time. Hurry! Hurry! Set the world on fire. For soon she will expire. Play the starlet. The one they make. But every garden has a snake.

As she rehearses her head on the chopping block. Her starlet demise is far from a shock. Her spirit has been taken. Tears are flowing from her painted eyes. Under the moon and the starlit sky. All roses require thorns to keep the wolves away. Searching for escape. Is it too late?

Shivering under withered leaves. Empty like the winter trees. Broken and hiding from the thieves. The ones who promised you your dreams. Now don't be frightened of the bringer of the light. The one to save you from your fears at night.

A raging sea on fire. A trail you will leave. Higher and higher. Toward your destiny. I have the answers. The answers you need. You're invited. Come with me. The sirens will lead us through the hazy mist. As the twilight greets the sky. Free from the serpent's kiss. Feel the boundless sense of wonder and the magic spell you're under. Joyous summit of delight. Welcome Sara into the light.

Upon the shore. In peace we find. A rainbow coloured sky. You can laugh at the world you knew. This time the dream will come true. Feel the joy! Feel the joy! Sheltered from the wolves and the vampire's bite. A snow white dove in perfect flight. Beyond the day into the starlit night. Morning comes. She'll be alright. Welcome Sara into the light.

From paper castles and sprinkled fairy dust they held you hostage. But now you've found the inner flame. No longer their prey. The beasts have been tamed. You won't need me, or anyone else. Now that you've finally found yourself. From dusk to dawn into the dead of night. Welcome Sara into the light.

© Paul A. Trinetti 2021

Thunder God

You unleash your blackened clouds. Obliterate the sun. Savage force. So very proud. Scaring everyone. You send electric warning before you pound the sky. Your bolts flash so bright. Your hammer strikes down on our lives. Your wrath lives on forever. Your wicked roar shakes the land as you lead by command. Sailing ships go under. At the mercy of the God of Thunder.

© Paul A. Trinetti 2021

Mechanized Kings

From living in caves to luxurious ways. They've come so far, yet they're so far away. Advancement, darkness, pride, or decay. Depends on their dreams and how they see the day. Midnight chaos. Misanthropic rants. Mechanized kingdom. Chemical trance. It's hard to hide from circumstance. Neon rebels take a chance.

Born to dance. Born to shine. And never seem to have the time.

Born to explore. Born to live. They always take and never give.

© Paul A. Trinetti 2021

Butterflies & Vultures

It could be a martyr. A sinner. A fake. Leaving a good impression. In pictures we take. Butterflies and Vultures. Flying around. Above the crowd.

The weather girl. She's so nice. The newsman's selling fear. Commercial breaks. The sponsors make remedies for tears. Butterflies and Vultures. Flying around. Above the crowd.

Who wears the halo? Who holds the pitchfork? Who pretends? Who ascends?
What are we here for?

© Paul A. Trinetti 2021

Breathing Robots

There's no Adam. There's no Eve. Fake shiny apples. There's no trees. Now we wait. Now we see. Breathing Robots.

Are they righteous? Are they mad? Are they real? Will we be had?

The Devil cackles. The master boasts. Calling to the servants. Do androids leave a ghost?

Seventeen directions in which they move their limbs. But in this cold perfection their enemy's within.

Elastic stoic faces with the aid of 3D scans. Plastic garden portraits. The remnants of Man.

© Paul A. Trinetti 2021

...And the Soul Children Exit

Time to be leaving. We've been pushed aside. Searching for truth. Paradise. A place of pure beauty and simplicity. Where all things are real, and all things are free. We'll ride the tide. Under a shimmering moon. Warned of the ending. Thwarting the prophets of doom.

A place where joyous emotions will thrive. And even the weakest survive. Paradise.

© Paul A. Trinetti 2021

The College of Levitation

Now you stagger in here. Upon the empire's fall. We'll help you rise above. Rise above it all. You don't need an invitation. Or a vaccination. We already know who and what you are. We'll guide you to the stars.

You will rise above. Rise above it all. The forgotten must forget the systematic call of all the daily advisers and the legions of advertisers telling you who you are as they promise you the stars.

Here at the college. The College of Levitation. You don't need certification. We don't want an explanation. For your situation there's no declaration. We will help you rise. Beyond the stars in your eyes.

© Paul A. Trinetti 2021

In From the Woodlands

I'm a drifter from the woodlands. Some would say I'm nature's vagabond. Oblivious to any form or structure. Not a child of the neon. One day I ventured into the city streets. I felt the reign of apathy. Here's what happened to me.

I met a jaded preacher on the corner of the street. Told me he was a seeker when he called to me. He said, "Hey man, the end is coming soon." When I asked him to explain, he gazed up at the stars and the moon. He said, "Son we must escape."

I laughed and said, "That sounds great."

He replied. "Our ship will be landing at the riverside."

I looked into his cold gray eyes. I started thinking to myself: This must be one of those hidden camera things where I'll end up on some stupid TV show and be laughed at by suburban housewives and their sons and daughters while their husbands are out on the town doing whoever and whatever they like. So I figured I'll play along with this. After all, who cares if I'm a fool on TV? Nobody knows me. I'll be bourgeois drama for the hidden cameras of some fake reality.

"The ship will be here anytime now," the preacher said to me.

Missing the woodlands. The calmness of the trees and all the goodness nature brings to me. I'd had enough. I needed to be free. I said. "Okay. I've played along enough with your little hidden camera game. Where's the crew? Where are the recorders? Who's playing the preacher? Oh, you guys are good. Ha! The end is coming soon. Well, that was just about it. Couldn't understand why they wouldn't let me in on it. Had enough of this charade. I started heading back to the good lands. The woodlands. But then out of nowhere a blast shook the sky. Oh my Lord! A ship landed before my eyes. I saw the preacher man climb inside. I guess I wasn't on TV. To my surprise.

© Paul A. Trinetti 2021

Let's Watch the Big Moon

Pull up some chairs. Let's sit in the backyard. They say the moon is big tonight. King of the sky. Reigns over the stars. So mighty in dark. Shining its light. Where are the children? Why aren't they watching? This splendid moon. So grand tonight. Why are the children pressing those buttons? Slaves to the waves of the techno plight.

Let's watch the big moon in all its delight.

Lost in the moment. As if it's our secret. Summons the children. Called to the night. King of the sky will not be defeated. Pull up a chair and take in the sight. Where are the children? Why aren't they watching? The splendid moon. So grand tonight. Why do the children covet illusion? And not embrace this bringer of light? Blessed by the presence of this reigning king. We cherish the joy it brings to us all. Under its light a nightingale sings. Almighty moon never will fall.

© Paul A. Trinetti 2021

Someone

Drifting through the fields. The rain tells him he's real. Pulling at the weeds. Swaying in the breeze. He takes up a small space. In a giant place. Clings on to his faith. Lives without a trace. When someone is a no-one.

Wandering down the road. Into another field. The dawn tells him he's real. Pulling at the weeds. Talking to the trees. He takes a small space. In a giant place. Lives without a trace. When someone is a no-one.

Drawn to a flowing stream. His thoughts ignite a dream. Where he's the god of all we do and see. A phoenix taking flight. He controls the night. Centaurs charge the land under his command. But quickly the dream fades away. Like the sun fading from the day. Again he takes his place. In this giant space. Someone is a no-one.

Thunder. Lightning. A red sky so damn frightening. In a field. He's so alone. The rattle of his shaking bones. A no-one is a someone.

Darkness. The thunder roars. The wind gathers speed as it soars. He's thrown to the ground. Memories flashing all around. Lived in a house, but had no home. Surrounded by others, but felt so alone. A no-one is a someone.

In the wind. He's clinging to his faith. Knowing he must face. The end of this wave. The known existence. Afraid. He opens his eyes. A calmness fills the sky. A phoenix taking flight through a wondrous ray of light. So serene. Now the dream has come true.

With the storm finally gone. He feels a rush. The feeling's so strong. Knows he could take any monster on. Including the world that's done him wrong. A no-one

is someone. And this someone feels the hope and truth. And this someone could be you.

© Paul A. Trinetti 2021

Love

You can't put it in a box, or place it on a shelf. Deep in the depths of mystery. It needs to find itself. It hides in a disguise. You can sense it's there. Beyond your reach. It sometimes leaves you scared.

It's something you can't touch. And you know you cannot see it. But if you don't trust. You will never feel it.

You send yourself off to sleep. You chase it in a dream. Elusive as the speed of light. Never what it seems.

© Paul A. Trinetti 2021

The Glittering Freak Show

You scare us in the morning, day, and night. Happy to keep our fears alive as you climb into our souls and minds. Endless tragedy. The things you think we need to see. Fulfill your glitter prophecy.

Deep are your pockets. From chaos you profit.

You like to bring us down. Find a way to keep us around. Are we incomplete? Soon to be obsolete? The red light's burning strong. In makeup you smile until dawn. And then like magic you come back on. Are you to decide the right from wrong?

© Paul Trinetti 2021

In the Forever

Starlit sky. The moon shining bright. A perfect night. The path we take guided by spectres in the world we've made. Truth awaits.

We're together. In the forever. We drift through a mist. There's a light we cannot resist. A light to guide us home.

Mountain caves. Broken waves of the satellites. Recast to the past. The ghosts of troglodytes. Under the ground. We dwell in a world yet to be found. Hiding from robot hounds. The time is here. To take the reins from mortals who fear.

We're together. In the forever. Seeing into the light we cannot resist. The light that guides us home.

© Paul Trinetti 2021

Tamri

We see her silhouette at the edge of the shore. Out of our prayers Tamri is born. She calms the raging waters with the wave of a hand. The judgement by man she can't understand. Tamri. We bring you praise. The goddess of peace in this new age.

We see her on the mountain with a golden wand. Holding back the creatures that threaten at dawn. Pulling flowing waves from the sunlit sky. Sending them down to a sea of light. Tamri. We bring you praise. The goddess of peace in this new age.

Moving through the forest. Her headdress glows. Leaving a trail of sapphire stones. Returning to our prayers. A place in our hearts. Leading our souls out from the dark.

We feel you. We need you. We want you to know. We'll follow your lead as to where we must go. We'll follow the light as the waves flow

Tamri. Tamri. Are you really here? Or just an illusion to shelter our fears?

© Paul Trinetti 2021

Majestic Lion

King of the jungle roaming the land. You don't need fame. You don't need man. Run away. Majestic Lion. Before they come and take you miles away. Before they

come and tame you and ruin your day. Before they come and claim you, chain you, and put you on display. Run away.

With your flowing mane. You never shall be tamed. You don't need to change. Run away. Majestic Lion.

© Paul Trinetti 2021

Sinister Outcasts

Moths converge on dimming streetlights. The stars have lost their glow. Sinister Outcasts follow the dark path. The only way they know. On this night they must be heard. Their actions speak for their words. Chaos will spread. Bombs explode. They'll try to break the citizen code.

Faceless rebels in the streets set out to right the wrongs. Sinister Outcasts on a dark path. The fury carries on. Mutant gypsies. Raging eyes. Their anger is released. Sinister Outcasts. On a dark path. At war they find their peace.

They wave a flag. They call their own. Smashing windows. The jackals roam. Agitators. Instigators. Criminals by dawn. Destination. A new creation. A world where they belong.

Rounded up as the nightsticks pound on their skulls and bones. The street is clear of all fear. A haven for the docile clones. Citizen code. Citizen code. Return yourselves to your homes. Don't come out until you're told.

© Paul Trinetti 2021

Rouge and the Doberman

Half past ten Rouge is strolling through the park with a four legged friend so dear to her heart. Nasty eyes peering through the dark. But Rouge feels safe with the creature on guard.

Returning home. She unlocks the door. Rouge lives up on the thirteenth floor. She opens a window to gaze at the stars. Body on Earth. Mind on Mars. Closes her

eyes in search of a dream. A nightmare creeps into her sleep. A vampire tale plays in her head. But she feels safe with the canine by her bed.

Rouge has a Doberman. Its bite is far worse than its bark. It has a place deep in her heart.

Rouge awakes sensing something's wrong. Escaped from the phantom, but her Doberman's gone. Maybe it got sick of Rouge and her life. Now if she wants protection better get herself a knife. Gone long gone. Rouge feels alone in this world gone mad. He was the best darn friend she ever had.

It's half past ten. Rouge is in her room. Opens a window. Staring at the moon. Rain is pouring to the beat of Thor. Rouge hears scratching on the door. Happy to find it's her canine friend. Tears fill her eyes. They're together again.

© Paul Trinetti 2021

The Past the Witch the Future

Guided by a mystical power. Taken to a primitive time. I saw the rocks, the caves, the fire. Man creating with his mind. The first world I could find. A caveman drawing pictures. A spaceship on his dwelling wall. A glowing shooting star soon about to fall.

Guided by a mystical power. Taken to an ever-changing moon. Gave into the apparition when I came across a lady of doom. She really drove deep into my mind. The best witch I could find. I asked if she came from Salem. And she asked, "Is this the sentence for my crime?" Told her I could take her to freedom. She said. "Hell, I'd rather do the time."

Guided by a mystical power. Taken to a futuristic land. I gave into a programmed disposition when I saw the fragments of man. Soaring through the eons of time. This world was the last world I could find. Secret codes. Robotic regulation. I was punished for the usage of my mind. They told me I could appeal based on ignorance. I said, "Hell, I'm really glad I did the crime."

The past. The witch. The future in my mind.

© Paul Trinetti 2021

The Invisible One

You can't see it, but it's so alive. When you feel it, you realize. A force that never dies. It comes and go. It likes to hide. You better watch out. It traps you in doubt. Beware of The Invisible One. It may arise in your daughter's cold eyes. Lost in her world of deception and lies. Saying her prayers, but doesn't know why. She spreads her wings, but cannot fly.

It's stealing your faith. Lines have been crossed. You know the effect, but can't find the cause. Hypocrisy feeds off truth that is lost. Evil breeds morality's cost. Beware of The Invisible One.

It's stealing your faith. You try to escape. Nowhere to run. Invading your space. Leaving no trace. The Invisible One.

Believing all you're seeing. But seeing is deceiving. From somewhere out of nowhere. Here it comes. In an evening star, or the setting sun. Beware of The Invisible One.

© Paul Trinetti 2021

The Saviour

I'll save your body. I'll save your soul. Save you from the things you don't know. Lightning is my sword. Your lasting preservation serves as my reward. My ghostly chariot storms across the sky. Led by a mighty power yet to be defied.

I'll save your body. I'll save your soul. Save you from the things you don't know. I'll save your heart and give you life. Take you from yourself and lead you to the light.

Soon you will know me. Thunder is my roar. Obsessed with your salvation. That's what I'm living for. The moon is my temple. The sky it is my home. My power's everlasting. I won't be overthrown. Triumphant revelations. Visions of pure bliss. This prophecy sets you free. In your mind I will exist.

© Paul Trinetti 2021

Everything Everywhere

In your gardens. In the forests. In the city streets. In your churches. Where the hurt is. The famine and the feast. So elusive. Yet so intrusive. Everywhere. Every breath. Someone gives. Someone takes. Soon there's nothing left.

Anarchy summons darkness from the depths of deadly sins. Mirrors to the soul reflect the beast within. But from the blackened sky comes a blazing sun. We'll ride into hope on the wings of an eternal dove.

© Paul Trinetti 2021

First Night

Snow falls from a lavender sky. I feel the cold and close my eyes.

Entrance – Where am I? Where can I be? Shapes and colours. Shadowy figures. Whispering voices calling me.

Entrance – Where am I? What will I see? I left the place I used to be.

Where am I? Who will I see? The taker, the faker, or the maker of me.

Floating side to side. Hole in the night. Taking flight.

Lost in a haze. Riding a wave. Moving through an endless maze.

Floating. Is there someone above? Is there someone below? Am I still me? I don't even know.

Guided by a calm. I see the angels. Are they waiting for me? Time frees. Was I who I was supposed to be?

Guide me forever. Into the eternal zone. I pray they never leave me alone.

Giant faceless shapes. Intruders in this place. Here come the shadows. Afraid, but I can't scream. Nothing's what it seems. Evil ascends to this hollow sky. Demons breathe fire. It keeps them alive. They try to pull me down to the seething hounds. But I'm shielded by a mist from thunderclouds. I see the seraphim. A blue light in the dim.

Gone are the shadows and their blackened hearts. Is this the end, or a brand new start? Magic tales. Shifting shapes. Do we really return? Is it now? Or is it too late?

Blue light growing stronger. Multiplying waves. A light I will follow. Take me to that place. Three saintly angels guide me on. Ushering my soul. In the wind I hear the night bird's song. Kindred spirits watch from above. Most I don't know. Some I have loved. Shrouded by this endless light. Not sure of what I am tonight. Torn between spectre and man. I feel the drops of silver rain. Caught in the rapture. God knows I've changed.

As I dissolve and the light slowly fades. I exit with exulting grace. Into the night of eternity. Into the cosmos. Now I am free.

© Paul Trinetti 2021

