

Poetry Series

Michael Fischer
- poems -

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Michael Fischer(March 30,1987)

My name is Michael John Fischer II. I was born in Buffalo, NY on March 30,1987. I graduated from Maryvale High School in 2005 and I have an associate degree in General Studies from Erie Community College (ECC) . I'm going back to ECC to get an associate degree in Dietetics as I hope to become a Dietitian. I work at Sears as a sales associate in the Lawn & Garden Department. I also play roller and floor hockey on Tuesday and Thursday nights in an adult league at Mineral Springs in West Seneca.

I discovered a love for writing in high school and through music. My favorite writers include Ian Anderson of Jethro Tull, Phil Lynott of Thin Lizzy, Jim Morrison of the Doors, and Sandy Pearlman and Eric Bloom of Blue Oyster Cult. Billie Joe Armstrong (Green Day) , Kurt Cobain, William Shakespeare, William Blake, and Edgar Allen Poe are among my other favorites. I became serious about writing in December 2006 when I was playing with my band This is the Year... that has since disbanded. I also play electric guitar and some piano. My goal as a writer is to keep getting better and better. I hope to someday become renowned for my writing and my music.

'When times get challenging, instead of playing the martyr, write about playing the martyr! '

-Michael Fischer 3/27/07

۩ A Brainchild Of Both God And The Devil...Life! ۩

We're thrown hard into a world
that we know nothing about.
We're born small, weak, and speechless,
troubled with our thoughts of doubt!

Our lives are the brainchild
of both God and the Devil.
The devil sketched the design
while God was being divine!

We only live once, thank God,
but we die when it's our time.
If we don't die when we're young,
we'll grow old before we die!

Our lives are the brainchild
of both God and the Devil.
The devil sketched the design
while God was being divine!

If you speak your piece of mind,
they'll push you back in line.
If you shut up and listen,
you too will be a victim!

Disease
Depression
Hunger
Oppression
Fear
Numbness
Anxiety
Emptiness

Let every piece slowly sink
into your quicksand mind!

☼ A Natural Love! ☼

Your heart is my sun;
It brightens every day
and is always with me
wherever I go.

Your arms are my blue skies;
They nurture my soul
and provide me with
unmatched serenity.

Your hands are my ledge;
They hold me up high
and show me off to
the rest of the world.

Your love is my freedom;
I get to sit on the ledge,
forever under the sun
and its open blue skies!

Michael Fischer

♠ Ballad Of Gunner The Gambler: His Final Effort ♠

His addiction takes him over to
the bank he did business with.
He brings along the essentials;
A forty five and a laundry bag.

He stands outside his old bank;
He hesitates as he contemplates
and complicates what could be
his final effort to become wealthy.

He asks himself the question of
'Is my next move worth the risk? '
He surveys the people inside
before making his conclusion.

'No...no it isn't...but...is it a risk
if I know I will get away with it? '

Michael Fischer

♥ Venus ♥

The angel ravel's her toes
In the jade green grass
Opens her lovesome arms
And welcomes in Autumn

As she does figure eights
Around the thriving trees
The warm amber sunlight
Airbrushes her skin bronze
While nature provides her
With healthful nootropics
To give her peace of mind
Body and also soul

The northern breeze carries
Her lavender fragrance
And gorgeous melodies
Across the piebald town
Tingling the senses
And jouncing the hearts of
Those who still believe that
Eternal love exists♥

Michael Fischer

♦ Ballad Of Gunner The Gambler: Gunner Loses Everything ♦

Gunner pulls the one-armed bandit
to see what his future holds.
The machine reveals his fate
and writes his failure in stone.

He's out in the wintry cold,
where the drifting snow steals his sight.
He's without a healing agent;
Nothing will make this right.

Gunner's spirit is defeated
by the shame that besets him.
Tears slide down his crimson face;
He knows he's done himself in.

He never meant to hurt loved ones;
He had good intentions.
But his underhand affairs
is what cost him in the end.

(March 23,2007)

Michael Fischer

{in La La Love You Land}

{Launching over the sun
Onward over heaven
Veins carry you through as...
Ecstasy ignites me}

You are my...everything!
O what else can I say?
Uh...well hun...Iloveyou!

I...Iloveyou...I...I love you :) !

Michael Fischer

A Cosmic Berry Of Ecstasy

My autumn fire heart grows
Adapting
To your oceanic love

Never dying out
But instead
Melding with your love
Forming
A cosmic berry of ecstasy

That washes our saffron silk skin
And brings out the rare beauty
Inside our winter dawn souls

Michael Fischer

A Hidden Treasure!

Behind those thick-rimmed glasses
stands a woman with much potential.
She's bright, humorous, and beautiful;
But she doesn't realize it.
What a shame!

She labeled herself 'undesirable.'
She wears its crest on her shirt
and lives by it day and night.
If only she thought otherwise.
What a shame!

If she gave herself a second chance,
she could be captivating; a goddess
with more than external beauty.
But she doesn't realize it.
What a shame...for other men!
She's the hidden treasure I cherish;
With time, I'll make her flourish!

Michael Fischer

A Language Barrier

An animal approached me
and tried to say something...
I didn't speak his tongue,
so I couldn't respond.

Loneliness beset him,
like a flame in the dark.
It occurred to me then;
I'm exactly like him!

Michael Fischer

A Little Treasure Hunt

I clean my room in search
of fragments of old poetry.
I survey every note pad,
every sheet of scrap paper,
and every post-it for them.

My search was successful.
I found scribbled lyrics,
simple lines of memories,
and sheltered insights.
Thank God I kept these!

Michael Fischer

A Lyrical Analysis Of The Pupil's Life: Bringing Light To The Darkness!

I.

The repression of our anger
is a product of the devil.
It consumes each one of us
from the inside outward!

Retain my healthful advice
and you will live longer.
But handle with care son;
Don't lose control of it!

II.

Inaptly, the teen becomes
acquainted with rebellion;
His new source of healing!
His new hand for dealing!

He was the model student
without the cover shots;
A dreamer inside reality,
hag-ridden by its misery!

III.

He drinks in their potion,
acquiring its brainstorm.
Acid rain pelts his mind
as he embarks on his trip!

His senses are distorted;
His burning is inhibited.
His mind has branched out;
He climbs it to get high!

He stands on its platform

and embraces the sunset.
He takes in the open air;
He has cured his asthma!

His senses are distorted;
His burning is inhibited.
His mind has cleared up;
He opens his eyes to it!

IV.

Inaptly, the teen becomes
acquainted with sedation;
His new source of healing!
His new hand for dealing!

The dreamer inside reality,
hag-ridden by its misery,
has grown into an Argonaut;
If only for one evening!

V.

The potion begins to fade;
The poison takes its place.
But he is not ready to go;
He could use an extension!

His mind has clouded up;
His mind has been pruned.
His senses have returned;
His burning is restored!

He craves its sour bliss;
His mission is incomplete.
Life is killing him daily;
He needs his escape route!

His mind has clouded up;
His mind has been pruned.
His senses have returned;
His burning is restored!

VI.

The repression of our anger
is a product of the devil.
It consumes each one of us
from the inside outward!

Retain my healthful advice
and you will live longer.
But handle with care son;
Don't lose control of it!

Michael Fischer

A Mortal In The Day...An Animal In The Night!

She walks like a cat
through the obstacles
of the Black forest.
She takes me by hand
as we quickly ascend
like two young birds!

She is something else;
A mortal in the day...
An animal in the night!

She is a sensual snake,
slithering carefully
out of her clothing.
She wanders toward me
and wraps her bronze
legs around my torso.

She is something else;
A mortal in the day...
An animal in the night!

She digs her hawk-like
hands through my hair
and shares her love.
Her sable hair meanders
on the velvety pillow;
And the rest is history!

She is something else;
A mortal in the day...
An animal in the night!

Michael Fischer

A Non Sequitur Peace

I awaken from sleep
...without any reason
to get up out of bed

Why should I?

It's cold out there
...the economy's bad
...money's tight
lips are loose
and love's a parody

The 'same thing, different day'
sounds rehearsed in mirrors
...and days don't seem different
...and neither do colors for that matter

I awaken from sleep
...without any reason
to get up out of bed

Why should I?

When my world is my bed
...where I always feel warm
...where my dreams are fulfilled
...where my Arizona Sunrise
is always shining bright

Why would I leave?
You're here my dear
...and besides
...you won't let go of me!

Michael Fischer

A Passionless Play

And action!

God, if you're not as deaf
as you are dumb and blind,
you'll hear me out...

Prove to us followers,
nay-sayers, and haters
miracles do exist!

Extend your empty hand;
Pull every one of us
out of your thigh-slapper!

Revise your shooting script;
I'll provide the red pen.
Make it happen!

[Insert God's Response Here]

I knew that you wouldn't;
Why do I bother? Why?
Because it's good T.V.!

And cut...
that's a wrap!

Michael Fischer

A Psychonaut In A State Of Bliss (My Vault Of Heaven)

Spinning in a maelstrom of memories
(Inside an aura of brilliance)
I walk out on the winter night
Into the summer's hushed aurora

Where Zeus airbrushes the sky
With scarlet, saffron, and citrus
And the sun spreads its wings
(In my vault of heaven)

Michael Fischer

A Rock In A Hard Place

I can't love you;
I don't know how.
I can't hate you;
I don't know why!

But I do know
how to let go.
If only I knew
when to let go!

I wish I knew
how to hang on:
I wouldn't fall
so frequently...

I wish I knew
how to hang on:
I wouldn't have
to wear your cast...

But you taught me
how to listen...
To raise my hand
before I speak!

You shouldn't have;
Because of you,
I can't even
hear myself think!

I wish I knew
how to hang on:
I wouldn't fall
so frequently...

I wish I knew
how to hang on:
I wouldn't have
to wear your cast!

Michael Fischer

A Tornado Warning Has Been Issued...(Too Late I Might Add!)

Death hides behind the sable clouds
that sweep over the crimson skies.
The mortal beings observe in awe
as the gale presents them with their
racking fates. Death warned them...
...but nobody took him seriously.
Feel free to pray to your plastic Gods
while I present to you all...Death...
in its most ravaging and ruinous form!
Brought to you by Mother Nature...
...underappreciated, overworked, and
smoldering...we took her for granted!

Michael Fischer

A Vicious Cycle

The producers put out products
and excessive waves of sonic
that consume the ill consumers
and that peculate their humor.

Michael Fischer

A World Of Uncertainty!

The victims' shadows steal the wall
and project our incoming death.
The clock takes away our lifelines
and constricts us in its shackles.

Darkness besieges the harbor
and beclouds our escape route.
Our forbearance is our curse
that locks us in its internment.

The organ is our harbinger
that withholds future realism.
It's our unspoken cry for help
in a World of Uncertainty!

Michael Fischer

Accidental Necessity

I've had the worst
of both your worlds.
Is there a third
that will unfurl?

Hands drowned in blood;
Broken glass eyes;
What did I do?
What did I prove?

My shallow heart
drowns in my tears.
Floodgates open
my world of fears!

A prediction
An addiction
A conviction
An affliction

A broken crutch;
A mishandled clutch;
What did I do?
What did I prove?

Michael Fischer

Acidic Cartoon Extravaganza

I was drenched in a dark field illumination,
In the whirlpool of some acidic cartoon extravaganza,
Losing grips with reality (playing God with my mind) ,
Shaking hands with death (playing Jesus with my life) ,
Seeking fragments of polar philosophy,
And attempting to align variable stars,

While breaking down the universe,
In the eyes of the golden sun,
(As cosmic chemical conjunctions
Swept the cavums of my mind) .

Michael Fischer

After Life

Soon after the smokescreen clears,
the memories held of us...
our voices, our traits, our faces...
will fade with the setting sun;
Until our existence is reduced...
to merely a thought!

But soon after that's forgotten,
it'll be as if we never existed;
That is...if we ever did!

Michael Fischer

Afterglow Of Adrianopolis

We drive, rolling ourselves
In an attuned aura of danger,
Risking personal freedom
Attaining mental freedom

Colorfully connecting with
Our fellow unknown peers
Through common threads
Of subjective experience

Breaking down the walls
Of mindful Complex-City
On our journey toward
The afterglow of Adrianopolis

Michael Fischer

Aftermath

Aftershocks of mental anguish
submerge you into submission.
Turn yourself in as the culprit,
without your friends' admonitions.

You wish you had the moment back
when faced with his proposition.
You wish your mind wasn't impaired
when in his physical prison.

His reign of terror is the cause
of untreated combat fatigue.
You counter it with repression,
but despite efforts, you still bleed!

(March 26,2007)

Michael Fischer

American Idle

An excuse
Getting through
Kick around your leeway

An idea
Overdue
Work-shy with hunger pains

Wear out your dunce's cap
Wear out your pocket flaps
But don't wear out your mind
Because you can't have mine

American Idle
Overfill your seidel
'Cause excess is romance
And everyone's convinced

Channel-surfing
Devil's food
Kick around your leeway

Snake oil rigged
Fate is sealed
Work-shy with stomach pains

Wear out your dunce's cap
Wear out your pocket flaps
But don't wear out your mind
Because you can't have mine

American Idle
Overfill your seidel
'Cause excess is romance
And everyone's convinced

Michael Fischer

An American Definition Of Breakfast

A fast break from a busy day
Usually taken in the afternoon

Michael Fischer

An Epic War (Midnight Massacre)

The sun blinds the victim
in the midnight massacre.

He's left to fend for himself;
his allies are obstacles,
and his survival lies in their
shallow lakes of blood.

He hides in his plastic fear
and lets out a cry for help.
The man becomes a boy
while the enemy looks on!

Michael Fischer

An Epic War (The Announcement Of The War)

The doomsayer in suit and tie
tells his viewers that they will die.
The youth are traded arrogance
in exchange for their ignorance!

The epic war is underway;
The world will end in disarray.
Get on your knees and start to pray;
Satan waits to consume his prey!

Michael Fischer

An Epic War (The Finale)

The soldier lies motionless in the desert.
He assesses his life, coming to the harsh
realization that he has failed miserably
to live up to the expectations set upon him.

His American Dream to outshine his peers
has been reduced to but a dream in which
he dies quickly...so his peers won't know
of the shame that besets his wretched soul.

He used to stand tall, face up to adversity,
and emerge victorious every single time.
But you wouldn't be able to tell nowadays.
Too bad...he could have been somebody!

Michael Fischer

An Offer You Refused

I offered you my life,
but you held your breath.
I lie in bed exhausted,
and you send your death!

Your mom must be proud;
You wear her genes well!
How do you stay so clean
digging the soil for gold?

A diver in shallow ends;
Close to your family tree.
What a shame it would be
if you learned to swim!

Your mom must be proud;
You wear her genes well!
How do you stay so clean
wearing hand me downs?

I offered you my life,
but you held your breath.
But I got out of bed!
Yours still has siding!

Your mom must be proud;
You wear her genes well!

Your mom must be proud;
You wear her genes well;
Around your pale ankles!
Around your pale ankles!

Michael Fischer

An Urgent Message!

You can sugarcoat your food...
but you can't...
sugarcoat your health!

Expand your mind,
not your waistline!

Michael Fischer

Angel Of The Arenaceous Beach

She sits on the arenaceous beach
with her legs extended out in front
and her hands behind her back
as she takes in the glorious day.

The borrowed ocean slides off
of her glistening bronze stature
as the sand cushions her long legs
and penetrates her curling toes.

I'd give just about everything I had
just to shrink down to one foot tall;
So I could sit on her luxurious lap
and admire her beauty forever!

Michael Fischer

Angel,

Did you get my kiss yet?
I had it delivered by Aeolus himself
I know it's not the same
But I hope it gave you your smile back

I wish he'd bring you here
Inside my lonely arms
So I could give to you
Every kiss I've held in

But our love is strong
As are we
And with it, we'll make it!

Until next time my dear
Keep your smile
And as always
I'll keep you warm inside my heart!

Michael Fischer

Animal Vs. Man

Animals are sages without a voice
While man is their callow speaker by choice

Michael Fischer

Another Girl Robbed Of Her Esteem (When Will The Nightmare End?)

The demon takes shelter in her fear.
It awakens just prior to her slumber,
takes a hatchet to her insides,
and leaves her vulnerable in the night!

The jarring sounds from the outside
grow loud; none of them familiar.
She shakes in her striped tube socks
and slowly shrinks beneath her sheets.

Her world has almost tripled in size;
She is left to fend for herself.
Her voice has grown high-pitched
and her escape route is a dead end.

Her demon disappears in the darkness.
Its reflection hides in her bed.
Her demon? Her mirror image.
Her fear? She's not beautiful.
But she is beautiful; inside and out.
But she'll never know; She reads Cosmo!

Michael Fischer

Around The Water Cooler (Occupational Sexism)

(Johnson and his close friends
stand around and make jokes
at the water cooler...)

The glass escalator
bears no dirt or footprints,
thanks to a woman's touch.

But I can't say the same
about the glass ceiling;
It hasn't been cleaned yet.

They don't make toothbrushes
with handles long enough
for women to work with!

And even in high heels,
women still can't reach it;
They always come up short!

If the art of cleaning
wasn't an innate skill,
I would do it myself!

We could let them go, but...
who would we undermine?
Who'd we play grab ass with?

(Laughter fills the break room;
Till she sticks her head in
to see what's going on...)

'Johnson, get back to work;
I don't pay you to stand
and babble with your friends! '

'Yes Ms. Corp, right away! '

Artificial Selection

I'm chewing on gum
And stumbling on
Quicksand castles
In my broken sandals
And as I fall, hitting the ground
Sharp-set shadow swallows me whole

A brown shoe box memory bank
Includes round trip tickets
To guilt and back
Hand worn down
By razor handshakes
Fish hook piercings and your trivial facts

A suit and tie membership card
And a Vitamin D
Deficiency
Cost me both
My leg and my arm
I leave your world an amputee

The masterminds are hypnotized
Lines intertwined and realigned
It's artificial selection
And it's completed to imperfection

Michael Fischer

Atro-City Limits

Today, I put all my dreams to rest.
I thought I was moving along well,
but the road I traveled was narrow,
and everything was closed in.

But today, the road widened
and I felt I was moving too slow.
So I made a turn; but the new road
only leads to Atro-City* limits!

Michael Fischer

Autumn's ♥

Autumn expresses her creative soul
Illuminating Mother Nature
With ravishing watercolor displays
Of ruby, citrus and maize

While the freewheeling sun glows
Through the layer of clouds
Pushing back its formal plans
To be here with us

Michael Fischer

Basket Case (Placed On Sears Clearance Racks)

I was a basket case
weaved out of broken threads.
I was marred by their hands,
placed on their clearance rack.
You picked up a defect;
So what did you expect? !

Throw me hard in the trash;
I'm of no use to you!
I can't hold your gift wrap;
I'm of no use to you!

I was a basket case
weaved out of broken threads.
I endured your steel wool
until I unraveled;
But your glue didn't mend
any of my loose ends!

Throw me hard in the trash;
I'm of no use to you!
I can't hold your gift wrap;
I'm of no use to you!

I'm what's left from my past!
I was too cheap to last!

Michael Fischer

Beat Your Chest (Until You Drown In Your Bloodbath)

Beat your chest
Till it's red
You're an American
Loud and proud
Atop war clouds
In sun blistered skin
Singing tin plate anthems
Littering the streets
And living comfortably
In conventional ways

Beat your chest
Till it's red
You're an American
Idle minds
And black hole lies
Tell you that you can't
But you believe in them
So you abide by them
Becoming one of them

But before you know it

Eczema
And disarray
Crack your egg shell head
While campaign hats
And pierced hands
Sweep the hairs from it

And as they seal the drain
And shampoo cleans your brain
Your heart bleeds from the blows
And the tub overflows

And when you drown in it
I'll say I told you so
As you live angrily
In conventional ways

Michael Fischer

Black Lake (You Can'T See Your Reflection)

Standing stiffly at the glass doors,
zombies wait to feed on my mind.
Please take this back...I don't want it!

Mirrors' breaking;
The lake turns black.
Desensitized,
unrecognized,
I've been institutionalized!

Stalling in the human rat race,
your death appears in my blind spot.
Please take this back...I don't want it!

Mirrors' breaking;
The lake turns black.
Desensitized,
unrecognized,
I've been institutionalized!

Yellow jacket: straight and fastened;
Ideas don't wait...they're on the clock.
Please take this back...I don't want it!

My heart's breaking;
Taking in tears.
Growing heavy,
sinking quickly,
In the black lake, feeling sickly!

Michael Fischer

Blackmail Traps You Inside Its Cage

Blackmail traps you inside its cage;
Your face is crimson with thundering rage.
You told your "friend" your greatest fears;
Fears you didn't want others to hear.

Their tyranny oppresses you;
An uprising is long overdue.
"Enough's enough, " you say to yourself,
As you put your "friendship" on the shelf,

Hearsay spreads, like the bubonic plague,
as you struggle through your iron age.
You scratched their back, they stabbed yours;
Your vagrant honor's a constant concern.

You're two cold warriors with your guns drawn;
Afraid to make a move that's wrong.
Your past is your iron trap,
but unrestraint, could be your death cap.

You both perceive the baleful red flags
and put a stopgap to your fighting.
You both agree to a verbal pact
and peacefully go your separate ways.

Michael Fischer

Blackouts Have Never Been So Dark!

The poet has lost sight
in the barren blackout
of today's modern world.

Technology's shadow
buries his pen and pad.
The parcel parodies
on his payday parades
fill his decaying mind
with their plastic pleasure.

His mind's power is out;
the craven has conformed
with the mindless masses!
Who will hold the dim light
as we ascend into
tomorrow's dark ages?

Michael Fischer

Blood Dwyer (A Hemorrhage To Budd Dwyer)

(Budd Dwyer was an American politician who, on January 22, 1987, committed suicide by shooting himself in the mouth with a revolver during a televised press conference. He was facing was 55 years imprisonment and a \$300,000 fine for receiving a kickback of the same amount. But he claimed he was innocent throughout the whole trying experience.)

Days to throw away,
wasted on old ways.
A life to throw away
because of foul play!

You always have death
to fall back on!
So blindfold your eyes
and end the lie!

It's the perfect end
to your legacy;
Lead taint on the walls,
poison Hennessey...

We live life as thieves;
We live to deceive!

You forfeit to God;
He overwhelmed you.
You misplayed his bluff
and folded too soon.

You always have death
to fall back on!
So blindfold your eyes
and end the lie!

It's the perfect end
to your legacy;
Lead taint on the walls,
poison Hennessey...

We live life as thieves;
We live to deceive!

Life's but a cruel joke;
And it's not funny!

But...

It's the perfect end
to your legacy!

Michael Fischer

Born With A Silver Spoon In My Mouth (Now I Have Argyria)

I was born without choice;
I couldn't speak...I had no voice.
The only thing I had
was a heart tainted black,
fixed to a time bomb,
held hostage by my God!

I'm beneath dad's tree limbs;
I couldn't move...mine weren't in.
Mom, pass down the follies
of my past ancestors.
I was doomed from the start;
Thrown in your womb, without heart!

Imprisoned in your strands;
Dissected by your hands.
A case of writer's block,
my body's numb with shock;
Although I cannot write,
my story is complete!

Michael Fischer

Brainwashed

The brainwashed fools worship the saboteur
and fall victim to his hypnotic persuasion.
His lies are like an endless line of dominoes;
falling from his tongue one after another.

How does he do it...His charming chokehold;
His ivory smile blinds those without opinions
and his azure eyes overlook their tiny statures.
He's not ignorant; He knows what he's doing!

Michael Fischer

Bullyboys In Brigades

We can break all the rules;
We travel in a group.
We can be obnoxious
and throw your food at you.

Do you have a problem
with the way we're acting?
What are you gonna do about it?

Answer me!

Men, I think we need to
knock some sense into him.
Clinch your fists till they're red;
He's un-American!
He has an open mind
a closed mouth, and a spine.
He dresses differently
and he writes poetry!

You didn't answer me!

I'll ask you one more time;
What are you gonna do about it?

Nothing right?
Good thinking.
We'd hate to take you out
while the bell is ringing!

We're bigger,
we're stronger,
and we're also bigger.

We can do anything;
Numbers mean everything!

Michael Fischer

But You Don'T Know

You put on your armor
and lower your visor;
But you don't know
what you're preparing for.

You put up your shield
and draw your sword;
But you don't know
what you're fighting for.
The sky's overcast
with sinister war clouds;
But you don't know
what the war's about.

Those killed by your hand
lie dead in their bloodbaths;
But you don't know
there's no second chance.
You take every order
from your commander;
But you don't know
he's the saboteur.

The resistance submits,
the takeover's complete;
But you don't know
how the other half sleeps.

Blankness sets in,
you've hit rock bottom.
And now you know
what you've become.

(March 24,2007)

Michael Fischer

By Sleight Of Mother Nature's Hand

In autumn's cordial limpid zephyr
Beneath cyan skies and amber sunlight
Love's magenta magic writes the day in pluperfect cursive
As epic fantasies blend effortlessly into
A misty collaboration of dreams fulfilled

Michael Fischer

Can You Handle The Truth?

The truth hides in his man made
timberland of excessive lies.
He's the founder of shallowness,
the architect of its complexity,
and the master craftsman of its
unbreakable structure.

But in order to complete his task,
he has to be the saboteur of his
very own human nature.

Once complete, he'll expose the
truth; he's the con-artist that truth
always envied!

Michael Fischer

Childhood Revisited (With The Knowledge Of An Adult)

A bustling brainstorm cloud
Hangs in the imbalance
Of the ardent bedroom

It opens

Its flash flood of ideas
Render me
In crystal clarity
And pristine purity

I shift gears

Lightning flashbacks
Strike my overturned mind
Quickly sweeping
Through unfastened brain strands
As I bask
In its carmine beauty

I'm rejuvenated

I feel like a child again

I'm free

Michael Fischer

Chinese Water Torture

Drip...drop...drip...drop...
Death knocks on the door
of my waning sanity;
Each knock progressively
louder than the previous!

Drip...drop...drip...drop...
I trace my every footstep,
but the picture's incomplete;
The colors quickly fade
to just black and white!

Drip...drop...drip...drop...
Fatigue finds its shelter
in my shrunken muscles;
I'm unable to stay afloat
in insanity's monsoon!

Drip...drop...drip...drop...
I'm sorry...I'm sorry for
all the wrongs I've done!
But spare me your love...
For I spared myself of it!
I've danced with Death
for as long as I could...
But this show won't go on;
Take my life and shove it!

Michael Fischer

Christmas Shopping

A plethora of particular people
Plastic wrapped in panic
Shop in stingy shackles
Till dropping from delirium
(Desperately drowning
Their ignorance and impatience
In seeping cesspools
Of caffeine and nicotine)
Masterfully masking
Umpteen vitamin deficiencies
That cosmically conflict
With antidepressant medicine

Wistfully waiting and anticipating
The four day sales ad
With a manifold of cut-rate sales
And five hour door busters
(But despite their untenable tardiness
They expect octopod salesmen to bend)

And like a budding bullfight
With a merciless matador
(In a large fluorescent lit arena
Packed by softheaded stockers)
They're stabbed in the neck
Curbed from lifting their heads
And can only see red
And charge, charge, charge

Opening the photo floodgates
To months of devil ray debt
(As they contribute
To the Bedlam of Society)

Michael Fischer

Coming Down The Mountain

I woke up at the outskirts of a dream
Where the ambit of sempiternal truth
Was mentally cognizable

Michael Fischer

Commercial Advertisement For Conformity (The Process)

Hello...are you here to sign yourself away?
There's a waiting room to your very right.
While there, indulge in our large selection
of magazines that dictate your self-being.
Our goal here is to rid the world of evils
such as creativity and individuality.
Wouldn't you like to make a difference?
With your commitment, we can do it!

Michael Fischer

Congratulations My Friend (From Death) !

Slavery was never abolished!
Instead, it was repackaged,
with a new tight-fitting lid
that seals your fate within!
It's called holy matrimony:
Your one way ticket to hell!

So celebrate your eternal love
with the ultimate kiss of death.
Shake the gauntlet of hands
and enjoy your life's climax!
Congratulations my friend;
You've made my job easy!

Michael Fischer

Conundrum

Her warm ambient voice
Sweeps over my ear
Sending my heart
Into waves of hedonic shock

But her candy apple kiss
Sucks the breath out of me
Sending my soul to Nirvana

What do I do?
Do I let her sing
Or interrupt for a kiss?

Michael Fischer

Cookie-Cutter Conformity (Objects May Appear Closer Than They Actually Are)

Penny-pinching coupon-cutters
slaving for a cut-rate bargain.
Watchword pundits stand on pulpits;
The same old news gets reprinted.

Recycled second-rate lyrics
causing stinging noise pollution.
Cookie-cutter conformity;
Join us in the institution!

Old man-eating silver panners;
Are you hungry for a hot meal?
Forty-niners skipping land mines;
Are you ready to make a deal?

When ready Misses Doe,
sign on the dotted line;
The pen writes in your blood.
And also, be sure to
take advantage of our
protection agreement!

God's boot-lickers, Nick's war-shippers;
Praying to your skull and crossbones.
Cookie-cutter conformity;
Follow me to your brand new home!

Women-eating two-timing bulls;
Are you hungry for a hot meal?
Literary raiders at seize;
Are you ready to make a deal?

When ready Mister Doe,
sign on the dotted line;
The pen writes in your blood.
And also, be sure to
take advantage of our

protection agreement!

Freebooting's not a crime!

Freebooting's not a crime!

Freebooting's not a crime;

As long as you're free to!

Michael Fischer

Death Penalty (Game Misconduct)

Overcast skies,
north winds gusting;
Death in the air,
the town gathers.

Rich man's disease enchains the king
to his rattrap flushless toilet
(but he calls it a throne) .

The guillotine,
hanging above their necks,
plays the role of their God,
as it decides each of their fates.
But it only knows one judgment:
Death!

(The guillotine comes down on them)

The beheaded can see their peers
celebrating without an end.
Their faces,
pale by comparison,
quickly turn Turkey red,
while their reckless bodies,
run in circles.

The gatherers scream in horror!
Rivers of blood douse the dirt path,
filling in the wayside furrows.
Thirteen seconds;
thirty-two steps.
As their scrambling bodies fall down,
the gatherers white lips grow numb.

Those who witnessed each of their deaths
have to live with the memories.
I call that the death penalty!

Death: A Scholar In Disguise!

Death has studied me since birth!

He keeps his pen and pad close by,
taking note of my every downfall
as he prepares his plan of action.
For his amusement, he'll warn me
by doing a dry run in advance,
knowing I'm too busy to notice.

But every day I break out alive
brings me one day closer to him!

Michael Fischer

Do You Accept All Returns?

The sage raps of his anger;
His anger toward the world.
The world where his curse
is considered his blessing.

A blessing to know death?
A blessing to be shunned?
Do you accept all returns?
He decided on ignorance!

Michael Fischer

Do You Remember When We Challenged The Night?

My dear...

Do you remember when we challenged the night;
When we stretched the boundaries of creativity
In search of something extraordinary?
When the brain and soul of our minds
Meandered like a river through the timberland?

Do you remember when we challenged the night;
When we apperceived our faint ideas
And reprocessed them into perceptions?
When we put our lives in perspective
And rationalized our wrongdoings?

Do you remember when we challenged the night;
When we dissolved inside the universe
And witnessed its genesis?
When we were reborn with our brains in tact
But our souls revitalized?

Michael Fischer

Doctor, What's My Problem...And How Much Is My Bill? !

I never fell in love...
But I fall each mourning,
out of my broken dreams,
inside God's death machine!

I'm simply a peasant
living on your test range.
Instead of making change,
I'm slaving for chump change!

The climate is changing;
My hopes are dwindling.
The mirror's not lying,
but I don't believe it!

Doctor, what's my problem...
and how much is my bill? !

Michael Fischer

Dog Eat God World!

Surrounded by barbarians
in their plastic dog eat god world,
I burn in flames of ignorance,
unaware of what will unfurl.

Your castle's portcullis lowers,
denying me access inside.
But when I go to confront you,
you run and hide in your stronghold.
You take shots when battlemented
'cause you were born without morals.
You lock me inside your dungeon
before throwing away the key.

Hearsay is a victimless crime,
as long as you're not the victim.
But when you're the one that's attacked,
you change into the hypocrite.

You're brought in for your third degree;
So now what's your plan of action.
There's no bailey to protect you,
nobody here from your faction.
Your two-faced nature has impaled you;
A penalty for your disdain.
Your deviltry is your iron boot;
It leaves you grounded in my pain!

(March 26,2007)

Michael Fischer

Dogma

Your oppression is the cancer
that burns inside my intestines.
But I have no control over that;
Combat fatigue has made me weak!

How can I learn from your mistakes
when you're perfect in every way?
How can I learn from my mistakes
when I've been one since my birthday? !

I'm attached to your aqualung
because otherwise, I would drown.
But I have no control over that;
Combat fatigue has made me weak!

How can I learn from your mistakes
when you're perfect in every way?
How can I learn from my mistakes
when I've been one since my birthday? !

Your medication keeps me still;
If only it relieved my pain.
But I have no control over that;
Combat fatigue has made me weak!

How can I learn from your mistakes
when you're perfect in every way?
How can I learn from my mistakes
when I've been one since my birthday? !

Michael Fischer

Dxm Write Up (The Trip Line Between Life And Death)

Looking through the eyes of a cloud
I float ghostfully into a dream
Drawing a trip line between life and death
Transcending both

Michael Fischer

Egotistical Acrobatics

The acrobat walks the tightrope
above those stricken with awe.
So many fear his first attempt,
but he makes it look so simple.

But his act's not without flaw;
It's flawed with his flaring ego.
It's flash without any substance;
It's only about money and fame.

Michael Fischer

Emotion Sickness

Love brings end to internal death;
Death brings end to eternal love!
Today brings end to yesterday;
Tomorrow brings end to today!

Warfare brings end to harmony;
Harmony brings end to warfare!
We're spinning 'round in circles;
Mother Earth has made us space sick!

Let's stand still for just one moment
and let everything fall in place...
Before we're struck with amnesia
and the whole thing never happened!

Ignorance brings end to rebirth;
Rebirth brings end to ignorance!
Today brings end to yesterday;
Tomorrow brings end to today!

One's music brings end to silence;
Silence brings end to one's music!
We're spinning 'round in circles;
Mother Earth has made us space sick!

Let's stand still for just one moment
and let everything fall in place...
Before we're struck with amnesia
and the whole thing never happened!

Michael Fischer

Empty Canvas

I'm an empty canvas, with potential,
who is all yours for the making.
I provide you a pallet of paint and
several brushes of different sizes.
Express your love and passion
and use all of your imagination!

So dip your brush in the paint and
make me colorful and memorable.
Concentrate on every fine detail,
for you're the one who I'm for.
Remember, the more you put in,
the more you'll get out of me!

Michael Fischer

End My Disgust!

Look with your eyes,
not with your hands.
Listen to me,
you understand?

Son, I brought you
into this world;
I can take you
out of this world!

What's stopping you?
What's stopping you?

Make it easy
on both of us!
Make it easy;
End my disgust!

You have to kneel
before you stand.
Don't run from me,
you understand?

Son, I brought you
into this world;
I can take you
out of this world!

What's stopping you?
What's stopping you?

Make it easy
on both of us!
Make it easy;
End my disgust!

Michael Fischer

Fear Of Failure!

Fear of failure has failed me again!
I've hit rock bottom so many times
that it has become my second home.
I can't find what I'm looking for...
because I don't where to even look.
Loneliness stood by me for so long,
but now even that abandons me!
Now all I have left is emptiness!

Michael Fischer

Final Exam Before Summer Vacation

Do we move to life's beat
or does it move to ours?
I don't know the answer;
But it's so apparent.

If only our exam
allowed us to use notes!

Michael Fischer

Follow The Guidepost Son (And Be Careful Out There)

Cut off my thumbs
Before
I pick up an idea

Cut off my limbs
Before
I get ripped off again

Make me an animal
For your small bleeding ground
For target practice
On my ancestors' graveyard

Cut off my thumbs
Before
I pick up an idea

Cut off my limbs
Before
I get ripped off again

Competition creates
The fine art of cheating
And who am I
To overturn the rules
I can't

You're right
I'm wrong
The mirror will confirm
What you already knew

I'm a scapegoat
Scraped from the dead end road
Notorious
For traffic jams
And your radio shows

Freedom's Paradise!

Harmonious guitars play today's theme
to our peaceful interstate of open minds.
Sunlight fueled happiness peaks through cloud nine
and Freedom's Paradise is not far ahead.

Azure skies blanket our ill-ridden worries
brought on by those intolerable to us.
Birds representing our passion soar over
the emerald grasslands surrounding the highway.

Greetings are received by the waving trees
and smiles are etched on our glowing faces.
Your warm arms of serenity embrace me
as we enter Freedom's Paradise!

Michael Fischer

Gauntlet Of Life

I run through the gauntlet of life,
stripped of my suit of armor.
I'm exposed to each wrenching blow,
but given no badge of honor.

My mind is a purgatory,
condemning me for eternity.
Society's broken me down
and promised me only lies.

Past regrets have poisoned me,
kindred to Napoleon.
And in my age of anxiety,
everything I do feels like a sin.

But I adhere to my hope.
Even when the bad grows worse,
I seek my remedy
in the form of a heroic verse.

Michael Fischer

Good Night...

As the naïve child takes his final bow,
and his spent parents follow his lead,
he abandons his sound safeguard
and exposes himself...to the devil...
who reveals each and every one
of his plotted megadeaths to him!

"It's just a nightmare hun...It's just..."
But Mom...the child had a premonition!

Michael Fischer

Grandeur Of Sleep

In the grandeur of sleep,
we explore the unfathomed
of our intricate minds.
We visit awesome new worlds,
indulge in titillating fantasies,
and encounter our greatest fears.

Sometimes we have premonitions,
where we foresee what the future
withholds from the oblivious.
Sometimes we formulate
fantastical vivid conceptions
that our conscious minds
wouldn't allow us to do.

Other times we awaken
with either vague, oblique,
or forgotten vestiges.
But in any case,
the sleep that awaits us,
comprises something alluring!

Michael Fischer

Guy Lafleur: The Greatest Right Winger In Hockey History!

He was the greatest right winger
in the entire history of hockey.
He had six fifty goal seasons
and six one hundred point seasons.
He won a total of five Stanley Cups
as well as two Hart Trophies.

He was an artist on his skates;
The most creative of playmakers.
He loved hockey more than anyone
and was ready hours before games.
He was known as "The Flower, "
but he wasn't as gentle as one!

Michael Fischer

Heatstroke

I clinch my quicksand hope,
but it starts to slip,
through my broken fingers,
till the hourglass flips!

If there's a God out there,
he would kill me right now!
I'd crawl into his arms,
but I wouldn't bow down!

I'm in the sun's spotlight,
swimming through the desert.
Drowning in my sandpit,
my act was haphazard!

If there's a God out there,
he would kill me right now!
I'd crawl into his arms,
but I wouldn't bow down!

The blue skies turn crimson;
The mirage becomes real.
Nature's still undefeated;
I have a death to steal!

Excuse me...

Michael Fischer

Hodgepodge Thinking

I.

The glow of light bulbs
Shining in the summer night
Expose the path ahead
Giving peers clear insight

'Stand up
Come forth
And speak your piece of mind
You're stronger than you think
Don't listen to their lies'

Bloodless revolution
Towards the institution
Is the seer's solution
To the town's confusion
But we can't have that
No
It's too dangerous
If people start to think
They'll become euphoric

He has an idea
Blast
Shoot him in the head

He has an idea
Blast
Shoot him till he's dead

Shoot down his idea
And dropp him like a building
The left handed genius
Plays on the wrong wing
Pollute the air with smoke
The ground with broken glass
We'll get to those problems
When we drive out of gas

Your pay's performance based
In the mail on Friday
If you meet the quota
You'll get another raise

He has an idea
Blast
Shoot him in the head

He has an idea
Blast
Shoot him till he's dead

II.

Procrastination
The anthem of the nation
A standing ovation
For those who serve the nation
A nineteen gun salute
Targets his library
Blast
Start a wild fire
And burn his legacy
Hide it in our lies
With trademark 'I'm sorry's'
If people get hurt
Bam
Money in our pockets
Health care goes to hell
If everybody lives well
And their tax dollars
Help devolve the third world
(sgurd ruo su yub dna)

But with a fundraiser
They can build a new dam
To protect the city
From the dark path ahead
Flooded with ideas
And second opinions
Talk to your children

'Bout the risks of free thought

Michael Fischer

How Does That Make You Feel?

You pinned me down and beat me senseless
at the time I was defenseless;
How does that make you feel?

You rubbed salt into my wounds
and I surrendered, but you refused to conclude;
How does that make you feel?

But you're not as intimidating
when your friends aren't participating;
How does that make you feel?

Come on blackguard, lay it on me;
Let me know what you think of me;
How does that make you feel?

Michael Fischer

Hypervitaminosis A

Thigh-slapping cock-fighters,
swilling piledrivers;
You've overstayed your welcome
and you're not welcome back!

Top-billing sandwich men,
Jackknife cleaning-women;
Like the way you don't think,
living life to the brink.

Hanging from their pipeline;
Blood flowing to brain pan.
Knee-deep in their red sea;
Without a drawn game plan!

Safe breaking deal-breaker,
walking Hell's half acre;
Like the way you don't care,
ignoring the mirrors!

Michael Fischer

I Have A Question...

If Death comes to pay me a visit
and leaves my wallet empty...
wouldn't I be entitled to an I.O.U.?

Michael Fischer

I Stand At The Silver Sage Gate

She hides her petite vanilla frame
Inside the heartthrob silk sheets
Where the hundreds of threads
Massage her body's every valley
With their summer splash succession
From the sheet's plate tectonics

Where her dress of classical gold
Rides up her acrobatic legs
Revealing the peaks of her thighs
And rivers of crystal ecstasy
Rush through her blue Nile veins
Into her melting rave red heart

And as she slowly dwindles down
Beneath the Elysian silk sheets
I stand at the Silver Sage Gate
Waiting to greet her with a kiss
From my heart of rising fireworks
And swear her in as my angel

Michael Fischer

I Want To Be

I want to be the tame Indian summer day
(in the middle of the felicitous autumn)
And give to you the best of both worlds
(the cordial warmth and the magnificent tones)

I want to be the sun
That sheds light on your smile,
As well as, adopts you
As the center of my universe

I want to be the sky
You admire dearly
(to present the idea that life has no limits)

I want to be the wind
That sweeps through your soft hair
And sweeps you off your feet

I want to be the cloud
That breaks your descent
And holds you up to the world

And lastly...I want to be your world
('cause you're already mine...
and I love you for it!)

Michael Fischer

I Want To Be Remembered...

I want to be remembered
like the legendary sportsman,
who always championed,
in adversity's awestruck face.

I want to be remembered
like the inspiring poet,
whose words were a stream,
that gently washed over you.

I want to be remembered
like the eccentric musician,
who changed the world,
with his insightful lyrics.

I want to be remembered
and never forgotten,
in a world where many,
are only seen as a number!

Michael Fischer

I Want To Break...

I want to break the Laws of Nature
And fly toward the sky
Where my soul can thrive
In the waves of amber sunlight

Michael Fischer

I Was Born Into Death!

I died when I was born!
I was born into death;
A death where my opinion
rests in free will's
unattended cemetery.
A death where I can be
anything I want, except
everything I want to be!

How am I so unlucky? !
Why was I the one chosen in
my parents' rigged lottery?
When does my ticket expire?

In any case, I'm here;
trapped in "life's" purgatory.
My "life" does not begin
until my death is complete!

Michael Fischer

I Wear Your Love

I wear your love
around my neck;
a gold locket of you.

When I feel down,
I stand back up
and look in the mirror.

It reminds me
that you'll always be there,
close to my heart.

Michael Fischer

I Wish I Didn'T Have A Wish!

I wish I had something to say
I wish I had rules to obey
I wish I could live in your bliss
I wish I didn't have a wish

I'm only setting myself up
for a downfall inside your trust!
And as I twist your enemies,
please compose of my memories!

I wish I were invincible
I wish I were invisible
I wish I could only exist
I wish I didn't have a wish

I'm only setting myself up
for a downfall inside your gun!
And as I kill your enemies,
please dispose of my memories!

Michael Fischer

I Write This Poem...

I write this poem to the unknown friend
(To the one who divides the sand)
To the one who doesn't pretend
To be someone that she's not and
(Instead of living under a rock)
She lives under variable stars
And plays a beautiful guitar

Who takes time to think on her own
(And is comfortable being alone)
Where she can make a choice
(Not influenced by any one voice)

Who's destiny's not conformity
(Who defies the unwritten rules of society)
My dear, perhaps one day
We'll meet for a cup of coffee!

Michael Fischer

I'll Meet You At Heaven's Gate

I dreamt all day about you babe;
Which is no different, from other days.
I miss you dearly sweetheart;
You'll always have a home in my heart.

I cannot wait to see you again!
All I do is write poems in my den;
Poems of you, the one I love.
I wish you could descend from above.

Why? Why did you have to leave me?
Why couldn't you stay here with me?
To say I'm nothing without you
is an understatement. It wouldn't do.

I wish I could make the past last,
but your time, has already passed.
So all I can do is simply wait
to meet you again at heaven's gate.

Michael Fischer

Ides Of March (I Must Have Wanted This)

Drive your knife in my back;
Drive it through my black heart.
Make it come out my chest
to hurt those in my arms!

In your human nature,
something went badly amiss.
But I'm responsible;
I must have wanted this!

You say this will hurt me
more than it will hurt you!

Do you hurt?
Do you feel?
Do you know who I am?

(I close my crying eyes
and softly tell myself...)

Life's mind over matter!
Life's mind over matter!
Think about something else;
Find your serenity!

Time doesn't heal all wounds!
Time doesn't heal all wounds!
I still live in despair;
I still live your nightmare!

Michael Fischer

If You Ask For My Sympathy...

If you ask for my sympathy,
all you'll get is my apathy.
You drown in insecurity?
Guess what? It doesn't bother me!

I wonder...where were you my friend?
Where were you the time my heart bled?
Were you there with your hand to lend?
O right...with my girlfriend in bed!

Michael Fischer

Ignorance: An Innate Idea?

Soiled sneakers tread a dirt path
on the freshly water-washed floor.
The motormouth is the culprit,
gator-chomping on a sandwich.

Where's the washroom?

Over there sir.

(Insert feeling of gratitude)

Leave the seat up when you finish;
The next person will put it down.
Toss your garbage behind the door;
The janitor will throw it out.

Your ignorance and laziness
Together with
Your arrogance and bitterness
Only make you
Completely intolerable

Thanks for nothing;
Have a nice day!

Ignorance: an innate idea?

Michael Fischer

I'M Giving Up With You

(Guitars play together
In perfect harmony
Melting in the backdrop
Of a beautiful day)

Remember way back when
When we were so in love
When we used to care
About one another
When we had our friends
When we had a vision

(The door slams)

Those days are behind us

We're married
With a car
So fasten your seat belt
And loosen your pants belt
Because we'll be here awhile

Walk the plank of sawdust
And drown in your sorrows
Your friends are doing it
Why shouldn't you join them?

Drink in your density
And raise the sea levels
Flood the minds of the youth
Before they learn to swim

Michael Fischer

I'M Illegaly Insane

My center stage laugh from childhood
Tickles the insides of my cheeks
As the frost wind smoke quickly clears
And the desk lamp shines upon me
(revealing a brand new person)

Michael Fischer

I'M Inside The Mind Of (Jerry Garcia)

I'm inside the mind of
Jerry Garcia
Smoking salvia
In search of Nirvana

While exerting the mind
Over hurdles of time
Overstepping each line
Without breaking stride

(Past the diamond rifts
Of visual perception)

Michael Fischer

Infamous Façade

The infamous façade is their trap;
Their trap to gain our acceptance.
Perfection is in their qualifications;
They worked out past relationships.

But after we surrender ourselves
to their once nurturing nature,
we unleash the untamable beast,
that has our ammo in its rifle!

Michael Fischer

Inner Peace

She lies there peacefully
In a moment of rest
As beads of royal and gold
Lie on her firm chest

Her amber and sable locks
Sweep her flaccid cheek
As her tepid body
Shrinks inside the bed sheets

With a red rose in hand
And memories to imbibe
She takes everything in
And closes her copper eyes

As ecstasy gives way
To her mind's DMT

Michael Fischer

Intervention At The Convention Center

You're good at playing darts
when I'm your foam target.
But you aren't throwing darts;
You're throwing boomerangs!

Give me a little slack;
Your noose is a bit tight.
I'm a product of you,
but I don't have a right!

You like to solve problems
without an answer book.
If you don't show your work,
I can't give you credit!

Give me a little slack;
Your noose is a bit tight.
I'm a product of you,
but I don't have a right!

Your trammel engulfs me
and drags me into hell.
I can endeavor the pain,
but the scars never fade!

I can endeavor the pain,
but the scars never fade!

Michael Fischer

It Must Be Playoff Time!

Beards consume the faces
of those who are dedicated.
It must be playoff time!

Banners hang, flags wave,
and tickets cost more than gold.
It must be playoff time!

The fans roar can be heard
from many light-years away.
It must be playoff time!

Strangers unite in the streets
and celebrate their team's win.
It must be playoff time!

Let's go Sabres!
Win it this year for the great
people of Buffalo!

Michael Fischer

It's Love!

The June day sun is shining bright
Like it did when I was a child
The sky is hyper blue again
And without the misplaced cloud banks

Mother Nature is full of discovery
And her candy tickles my cheeks
Like our ember glow laughter
In the warm new haven whirlwind

But without the rock candy haze
And with more energy...

It's love!
Babe, you're my new favorite drug!

Michael Fischer

John Pencilmushed Around (J.P.A.)

Introduction

Johnny Pencilpusher
A corporate ass-kisser
Living for his career
Instead of his dreams

Look What The Man Dragged In

The haggard stick figure
Dons a shirt and a tie
His back pain
And bad posture
Come with having no spine

His iron deficiency
And caffeine addiction
Along with workplace stress
And anxiousness
Are his sources of affliction

His Monday mourning commute
Is augmented by collectors
He has slide rule mends
And bleeding pens
But no pocket protector

His body droops through the door
'Don't forget to punch in'
The flight of steps
Leave him out of breath
'Well, well'
'Look what The Man dragged in'

The poster on the wall
With the air brushed kitten
Says to Hang In There
Smile

And to Have A Nice Day

His corporate comic strips
And endless pop up ads
Come with chain letters
Three lectures
And an unhealthy snack

His brittle nails can't scratch
The surface made of glass
Defenseless
And listless
His knuckles bleed through the cracks

His body droops through the door
'Don't forget to punch out'
The flight of steps
Leave him out of breath
'Well, well...'
'Look what The Man threw out'

Michael Fischer

July Evening's Sweet Dream

The surefooted sun smiles upon us
in July evening's sweet dream.
The town's vagrant morale is up,
inspired by the Paris green leaves.

The birds fly through the sky of blue,
in their packs of five and seven.
The refreshing zephyr, making its debut,
nurtures us in its heaven.

The outdoors' ever growing screen
offers us relief from the heat.
The lone angel, under the tree,
writes of the day from her seat.

I take in the august moment,
like the aroma of a fine wine.
I imbibe the genial landscape
and make it forever mine.

Michael Fischer

Leaping From The Spaceship

In outer space
My mind explodes
Into ideas
Of paper gold
Dust
(Spinning 'round
In a cyclone
Of poetry
And flashy tones)
That blaze by me
As I extend
My heavy hands
And transcend
Past
The memories
And crossfire
(Into the depths
Of a new world)

Michael Fischer

Life Is An Endless Clash Of Arms!

Life is an endless clash of arms
in the coliseum between warriors.
There is no victor; only losers.
The only escape: inescapable death!

Exploitation is an expectation
without any given penalization.
Murder is the only resolution
to our vengeful revolutions.

Longed for serenity is short lived;
For God loves to toy with us.
Misery puts its noose around us
and life simply laughs hysterically.

Does it matter if you're good or evil?
Yes it does! Life phases the good,
whereas it doesn't phase the evil!
The only escape: inescapable death!

Michael Fischer

Life's Poker Face

The sun used to beam
through his window of life;
Until someone dared,
to pull down the blinds.
He wants to stand up
and defend what is right.
But the shackles of doubtfulness
impedes his process.

She wears makeup,
to cover the scars,
of her dashing hopes
and her broken heart.
She waits for Romeo
to take her in his arms.
But he won't meet her
if her door is barred.

Someone once said
it's better to have loved
then to never have
loved at all.
But those who have loved
have felt the heartache
and those who haven't
have never won the game.

Sometimes life
deals us a bad hand.
But what we do with it
determines our outcome.

(March 23,2007)

Michael Fischer

Lone Angel Under The Tree

The lone angel rests under the tree
with her auburn legs crossed
and a black journal on her lap.
She writes of the invigorating day
as it progresses past its midpoint.

She is absolutely stunning.
Her magnificent amber hair,
enrapturing hazel eyes,
and dazzling ivory smile
make her beauty overwhelming;
So overwhelming that I'm caught
in her inescapable paralysis.

My heart flings into my chest
like a racket ball hitting the wall.
My body tingles with the sentiment
of immense amorousness
as I sink into my castle in Spain.

She looks over at me and analyzes
my dumbfounded presence.
Cursed by uncertainty, I tremble
and shrink down to four feet tall.
She attempts to harbor a snicker
as I tremble and shrink again...
this time to a lowly two feet tall!

Perhaps tomorrow I'll be ready!
Because tomorrow I'll remember
not to drink coffee when I see her!

Michael Fischer

Love: The Corrupt Game Show!

Love is the corrupt game show,
tainted with superficiality.
The contestants quickly fall;
Their consolation is denial.

The final contestant's fate
lies in a series of questions.
The questions are trivial;
The answers have time frames.

The final contestant is clutch.
He is awarded the grand prize;
One glorified relationship!
But he's to pay a prize tax!

Michael Fischer

Malnutrition And Inanition (Caused By Personality Disturbance)

You've poisoned my body
and imprisoned my mind.
I'm tube fed your ideals
until the day I die!

I won't bite on your hand;
It doesn't feed...it bleeds!
But I'd rather suffer;
So don't fulfill my needs!

You can take my plate back;
I'm not hungry tonight.
I don't know who you are,
but I won't live your lie!

Michael Fischer

Media Manipulation

You believe everything you're told;
None of your thoughts are actually your own.
Your imagination has become decayed,
as the beast leaves you in disarray.

Good friend, I hate to break it to you,
but you've become a simple tomfool.
You mindlessly follow the pack
with others who don't have your back.

(March 26,2007)

Michael Fischer

Media Manipulation (Part II)

Historic words of wisdom,
distorted by absent minds,
have led to our generation's
incognizant demise.

Abstinence was romance
in a much simpler time.
The free loving blackguards
were the ones ostracized.

Today the media wizards
tell you to wrap it tight.
Relations are optional;
It can last for one night.

Drunkenness was barbaric
in a much simpler time.
Drunks were alcoholics;
It was foolish and out of line.

Today the media wizards
tell you to call a taxi.
It's a frat boy's glorified night
when one says "drinks are on me! "

Michael Fischer

Mind At Large

She kicks off her sneakers
And slouches her tube socks
As she seizes the couch
And the mint oil moment

She takes in a deep breath
And becomes her own mind
As she melts in the wind
Of Mother Nature's kiss

Lying atop the hill
As soft as a petal
She is so beautiful
Like a painted beauty
Winged everlastingly
Beneath the goldbrick sun

(If you can hear me dear...)

Grab the clouds hanging high
And float along with them
As they move past the sun
Into your mind's unknowns

Michael Fischer

Mind Versus Time

It's my mind versus time;
But time wins every mind.
Twenty four hour days;
Every sale is final!

No returns, store policy;
What, you think you're special?
Patting your rounded back
won't straighten it at all!

Side effects roll over
to the front of my mind.
My options, God's weapon,
have made me bleary-eyed!

Toss the old calendar;
Let's embrace the new year.
We'll keep our promises,
but that's if time allows!

Memories are fading;
The cold sun is setting.
The game is one-sided;
Your life's been decided!

Michael Fischer

Modus Operandi

Blood spews from the pharynx
of the heel's eruption,
pelting the potter's field,
with stippled corruption!

Hands broken by murder,
mended by bloodshed,
hang below his waistline,
as he walks on the dead!

He paves the road ahead;
His path of destruction.
The sun won't rise again,
thanks to death's construction!

The cold wind follows him,
carrying the echoes,
of their cries and pleas
to give them tomorrow!

Mind broken by murder,
mended by bloodshed,
carries him into rest,
as he dreams in their beds!

He paves the road ahead;
His path of destruction.
The sun won't rise again,
thanks to death's construction!

Michael Fischer

My Air Castle

I drift away to my air castle
and fill the harrowing void
that afflicts me internally.

My senses tingle
with each passing thought
of her Florida stature.
Ah, what I wouldn't give
to be the lotion
on her soccer thighs
or the makeup
on her velvet face.

I dream of her hand,
her hand of acceptance,
in my hand of uncertainty;
Bonding us as one.

I want to celebrate
in her rare beauty
and find shelter
in her lovesome heart.
But I'm unable to escape
the iron cage
of my overprotective insecurity.
Look away!
For I am a fool;
A fool fooling nobody
but my distorted self.

(March 22,2007)

Michael Fischer

My Broken Wings (And The World Atop Them)

The world expands on top my broken wings,
and I've grown weary from carrying it's weight.
I want to fly away and start again...but I can't;
I've invested too much time and effort into it.
If I give up today, who will carry it tomorrow? ;
For today is the key that unlocks our futures.
I don't know what's ahead on this rocky road,
but I know this...I'll soar with my broken wings.
No matter what the result; success or failure,
I will give my all to keep up with this world.
Over time, my wings will adapt and heal,
whereas a regret will last an entire lifetime!

Michael Fischer

My Live Wire

As we drive away from the arenaceous beach,
The tired sun sets in the rearview,
Airbrushing the surrounding sky
With a lemon yellow twist,
Forming a motley marriage between
The lambent and tenebrous tones.

As way make our way past the countryside,
The autumn wind shakes the envy
From every lonely leaf,
While the flocks of birds make their swan song
And you, with your burnished brown legs,
Bridge the gap between the seat and dashboard.

And as the polychrome day sails off
Into its wonderful mist-filled dream,
You turn toward me, smiling,
Radiating the excitement
Of a child on Christmas morning,
Topping it off with a blissful kiss.

'O you may have wore Mother Nature out;
But you'll have to do more than that to take me out! '

Michael Fischer

My Love Poem To You

Your beauty can't be matched;
To a goddess, you're a mismatch!
Your smile makes my heart melt
and your words are so heartfelt.

I awaken everyday and realize
how blessed I am to have you.
You have a virtuous soul
and a heart worth more than gold.

I admire everything about you.
That is why I truly love you!
I hope we're together forever;
That's a goal I hope to endeavor!

Michael Fischer

My Resume To A Prospective Love

Hello, I'm Michael

I'm a poet
 psychonaut
 and philosopher

I wear a pen(dant) around my neck

And
 carry a manifold of notepads and books

With me

(For the untimely arrival
 of cosmic
Creativity)

I expand {compressed} minds and hearts

And airbrush
 the voids of memory

I unfasten people's potential

And ask
 for nothing in return

I seek challenge and euphoria
 (conjointly)

But never a fight
 (unless its the good fight)

But I'm not without flaw

(or inconsistency)

Sometimes
my mind outweighs my heart
and vice versa

(But I'm always the first to apologize)

And I accept my imperfections
(they're a part of me)

And I like who I am
(and who I'm becoming)

And no matter what happens

I will get out of bed
every morning

And laden the chip on my shoulder
with love

And if you don't accept me
I'll be understanding

(For I'll know that)
your acceptance isn't tantamount

To my happiness

(And perhaps)
we'll both look back and share a laugh

No matter what the distance is between us!

Michael Fischer

My Snow Angel

As your plumcot skin softly fades
Turning to a vanilla orchid
While the days deflate to dreams
And the nights expand to mammoths
The natural state of your love
Like always, remains the same

Michael Fischer

My Temporary Peace Of Mind

I take the recommended dosage
of Mother Nature's remedy
by escaping my house of madness,
into the outskirts of my serenity.
I'm a suffering workaholic,
searching for something more,
than simply abiding to
society's rigorous structure.
Why am I walking?
So I can enjoy Mother Nature's
five star performance.
Where am I going?
I don't know or care;
Wherever my heart leads me
is where I am meant to be.

Ah, the retreating sun's citrus glow;
Its nature's parting gift to us
for attending its celebration.
Just prior to the sun's emigration,
the lively trees dance gracefully,
while the fallen leaves,
skip along the ground
to the zephyr's gentle music.

My feet move forward, step by step,
passing street sign after street sign.
But in my pensive mind,
I'm moving backwards,
revisiting the mirage
of my gleaming youth.

I hear the sounds of us playing street hockey:
The Clicking – of skates.
The Collaboration – of strategy.
The Celebration – of our victory.

I see our fresh lively faces,
glowing with hope and promise,

without the stress of society
restricting our freewill to dream.
Now my life revolves around work
and finding ways to forget
my meaningless existence.
Ah, what I wouldn't do to be young again.

After my short visit with retrogression,
I leave my fellow nature
and resume my on-the-go lifestyle.
I feel better, but at the same time worse;
Better because I revisited my youth,
but worse, because I can't relive my youth!

(March 22,2007)

Michael Fischer

No Record Broken...Only A Broken Record!

I've always let others control me,
for I never had control of myself.
Without my wrist in their hands,
I'd have no sense of direction!

Michael Fischer

Nostalgia

Ah, the sweet blissfulness of nostalgia;
it can be our hand tool
when the crazed institution called life
leaves us as an empty vagabond.

We can revisit
the gleaming moments of our past
and indulge ourselves
in the ardent summer sun it has to offer.

It can rid us of our tears
and share its serenity with us.
It can be our stimulus that provides us
with the same rush of adrenaline
that hearing our favorite song would.

The disembodied experience
can cure our combat fatigue,
revitalize our tender spirits,
and leave us feeling healthful.

Ah, the sweet blissfulness of nostalgia;
There's nothing like it.

Michael Fischer

Observations From Within My Mind

The radiator's radiant glow
plays the role of the sun
in the smoke-filled room.
The neon light stick lies
perpendicular to it.

The wooden floor beneath
is our quicksand foundation;
It donates our physicalities
to its hidden death house
six feet under its trap.

While "War Pigs" is played
to our minds of impairment,
the wall projects our lives
as but shallow slaves;
Slaves to indecisiveness!

Michael Fischer

One Uneventful Day Turned Crimson!

One day, the sun will rain upon us
through the paper thin ozone layer.
It'll expand beyond its elasticity
and explode after its midnight rise.
The azure sky will turn crimson and
earth will be consumed in its flames.
That's when Satan will overtake us
and make earth his torture chamber!

Michael Fischer

Our Brush With Death!

Sounds dance on the ceiling,
spiraling downward, in the
flashing light of the unknown night.
Its diversion creates memories
and provides us with humor.

But death hides, in the darkness
of the flashing light,
while the light presents us
with only half the truth.
Our movements are flipbooks
of motion and the ocean walls
submit us to death's judgment.

Cameras disobey every call
to return to us owners,
leaving us without evidence.
Our small tales have grown,
becoming simply tall tales!

Michael Fischer

Our Future Is But A Formality

Our actions, decisions, relationships,
and deaths have been predetermined;
Our future is but a formality,
having already been written in the
pages of life's history books.
We are simply actors performing the
play for an audience that we cannot
see or hear!

Michael Fischer

Our Incarceration!

Betrayal hides in the unheard transmission
produced by, and with those, close to us.
In person, they only lie of their compassion,
providing us with their disguised mistrust.

We mistrust ourselves by trusting enemies!
But instead of admitting our stubborn follies,
we label them saboteurs of our reputation.
They're not the reason for our incarceration!

Michael Fischer

Our Pipe Dream

Our toiled pipe dream: Serenity!
We struggle our entire lives
striving for those few moments;
the moment we're in the car
and our favorite song plays;
the moment we fall in love;
the moment we achieve something
that no one else has.

But what if those few moments
were everyday life for us?
We'd awaken after night's rest
with nothing to excite us.
Why would we need to live?
We're slaves to serenity;
But we don't realize that
serenity equals boredom!

But conflict equals excitement!
It's our provider of stories,
our provider of socialization,
and our provider of life!
Conflict makes those moments
that we strive for so amazing.
Our real pipe dream: Conflict!
Without it, there are no dreams!

Michael Fischer

Our Skeleton Key To The Universe

The skeleton key
to the universe
lies beneath our flesh.

The doors in between
our indecision
divide our life and death.

Open up the doors;
Free your silver soul.
Free your crystal mind;
Release the controls!

Take a deep breath
and let yourself go;
Explore it's every depth.

Imbibe its beauty
and enrich your soul;
Its life without the death!

Open up the doors;
Free your silver soul.
Free your crystal mind;
Release the controls!

Michael Fischer

Our Souls Are In An Infinite Cycle

Our souls are in an infinite cycle
of existence and non-existence.
Knowledge of our prior activity
lies inside the ninety percent
of our minds we don't use.
Blankness occupies the other ten.

Michael Fischer

Party-Crashing Poor Nutrition

The party-crashing poor nutrition
of wallet-shrinking exhibitions,
derived from past misinformation,
detains us from our destination!

Michael Fischer

Plea Sick In Your Whirlpool Of Misunderstanding

(The victim, played by me,
is trapped in a coma;
He wants to rest in peace,
but no one can hear him...)

Death takes his unpaid leave;
Pain picks up the workload.
I cry out to your God,
but he's got headphones on!

Is there a mercy rule
in this game you call life?
Or do you run up the score
till we lose our fight?

Hooked up to your machines;
You don't want me to die.
Self interest adds up quick;
Burn me down to the wick!

'Vegetables have souls too;
And murder is a sin.
What would the family say?
They'd label us as sick! '

But I'm the one who's sick;
And I don't want to live!
I forfeit; God, you win!
Break me out of prison!

Rewrite fatalism
and take me...take me now!
I'll agree to the change;
God, take off your headphones!

Michael Fischer

Poetry In Wave Pool E-Motion!

Scribbled moments float
on the wave pool paper
and describe times
of inspiration and discovery.
Their interpretations
are means of discussion
and fuel our interest
in their subjection.

Their power and beauty
lie in their rawness.
They were the poet's
very thoughts at the time.
They weren't revised,
organized, or spell checked.
They were what they were;
And they were perfect!

Michael Fischer

Poet's Delight!

The poet dies to survive
in the sea of simple minds,
where he is one high tide,
from drowning in their lies.

But he will not be denied
the right to speak his mind!

Instead of standing in line,
he takes frontward strides,
and without choosing sides,
chooses to live undisguised!

Michael Fischer

Prevent Defense

The child's gifts remain unwrapped
and rooted beneath his family tree.
His family never gave them to him;
But there's always next generation!

Michael Fischer

Rat Race (Where All Are Merciless)

You're stride in stride with your nemesis
in a rat race where all are merciless.
You took a shortcut but it backfired.
Fatigue sets in; now it's down to the wire.

You get your second wind and take the lead.
You're going to win 'cause it's meant to be.
But you stumble on your arrogance,
and lose, with your tail between your legs.

You watch the bane in your life succeed.
There's nothing you can do but take heed.
You deplore the decisions you made,
but what you learned, can't be taken away.

(March 26,2007)

Michael Fischer

Regretful Ignorance

I'm hesitant to keep my distance
when roped into their resistance.
I do what I think is right;
But I never do win the fight.

I'm not the straight shooter;
Instead I throw hook shots.
But I do it in desperation;
No analysis of its realization.

I feel I have to be the mime
when in the presence of some.
But when I'm on the hot seat,
I turn the mute button off.

I've lost myself in the shuffle
of my regretful ignorance.
I still have so much to learn
in the unforgiving world!

Michael Fischer

Reign Of Blankness

Your forgotten debut
Interrupts your
Non-existence

Your childhood
Are documents
Distorted by time

Dreams
Fantasies
Discouraged from trying

Your adulthood
Distracts you
From peace of mind

The ringmasters
Surround your
Saturn stature

But the infinite universe
Minimizes your
Social influence

Your golden years
Are recollections
Of emphasized regrets

The unforgiving clock
Has seized your
Mirage of youth

And your everlasting death
Ends your
Reign of blankness

(March 26,2007)

Relationship: The Board Game (Now With A Free Subscription To Woman's World)

Let's play a game I came up with;
We'll call it a relationship.
You'll play the distressed martyr;
I'll play the devil's advocate.
The martyr has one task in hand;
To be the DA's firebrand.
The devil's advocate is trapped,
not knowing where he stands.

The rules of the game go like this;
You cannot lose and I cannot win.
Now take your turn and roll the die;
What kind of trouble am I in?

Time's up. The game's over;
You won like you will everyday.
Do you want to play again?
I'd say no, except I have no say!

Michael Fischer

Reward Us All For Our Faults!

Time doesn't heal our longing pain;
Doctors and shrinks make us insane.
We're all dying...someone save us;
Throw yourself under the school bus!

Don't be selfish, but be selfless.
Be the hero, not the zero.
You want respect? Be our guest;
Reward us all for our faults!

We're all dying...someone save us;
Throw yourself under the school bus.
We'd do the same thing for you son;
But you beat us to the shotgun!

Don't be selfish, but be selfless.
Be the hero, not the zero.
You want respect? Be our guest;
Reward us all for our faults!

Michael Fischer

Rushing Roulette (God Awful)

Start new game!

Play along my young child;
I'll be the scorekeeper.
Everyone's a winner,
before they're a loser.
Don't forget to smile;
It makes life easier.
You can't cry your way out;
You're in the computer!

You can have your cheesecake
and you can eat it too;
But only if you can
without my silver spoon!

Investing stock in me
has made you a poor man.
But it has made me rich
enough to buy you out.
Dead hands dropped the short sale;
But finders are keepers.
And as you slowly drown,
I'll leave you a towel!

Pin the blame on donkeys;
Don't forget your blindfold!
A stab wound in the dark;
Your story's left untold!

Everyone's a winner,
before they're a loser.
But I don't play by rules;
Because I made them up!

Game over!

Michael Fischer

S.I.C.K. (Stomach Is Constantly In Knots)

Here I come
Extend your ridicule
Expose me
To the group
And get your money's worth

On my knees
The spotlight exploits me
My head sinks
Inside my hands
While tears fill the cracks

And as I sit here shipwrecked
I drown in emotions
In waves of crimson rage
and ebon misery

But waiting long to be saved
I swim from no man's land
Drifting far from the shore
And out of your net's reach

The riptide
Of non-conformity
Swaying me
Back And forth
Has made me sick of you

Don't save me
Save yourselves

Michael Fischer

Sailor-Errant Misadventure

Sailing on the Relation-ship
With no direct destination
Sailing the seas eternally
But the planet's a great circle

The first time 'round
was romantic
Second time 'round
was a review
The third time 'round
was redundant
But fourth time 'round
was regretful

Solar mantrap
Sailor-errant misadventure
Without a map
A history
And an anchor

'Lectric soul mates unite as one
Neither possess perfect half crowns
Power struggle
Blood red jungle
Love has nothing to do with it

Solar mantrap
Sailor-errant misadventure
Without a map
A history
And an anchor

Michael Fischer

Scrap Irony

You went fishing,
thinking you were the fisherman...
but unknowingly,
you were reduced...
to the stone fly hanging
from the control rod
of your parents misguidance!

Michael Fischer

Sentence Stress

Life is but a death sentence!

If your word string runs on,
you can be sure the teacher
will correct the punctuation!

Cheating won't be tolerated;
Those caught attempting to
will be expelled...period!

Michael Fischer

She Is Living In Her Dream!

The lovely couple hold hands,
parading the street at night.
They stop at his front door
and give emotions a dry run.

The exchange of I love you's
brush their button pink lips!
Smiles seize their two faces
as their heart rates accelerate.

Assessing his tidal wave eyes,
she moves in closer to him,
locking her delicate hands
around his squeezable waist.

She deftly springs her leg
back to her lustrous thigh
and submits herself to him
as they share a pink mist kiss!

The two close their eyes as
she arches her foot back.
She is living in her dream;
A dream where love is real!

Michael Fischer

Shedding Light In The Dark Room Of Photographic Memory

I'm both the star in the sky
And its reflection in your eyes
(Gravitating towards a new life
And leaving the darkness behind)

As I hang radiant memories
On the lines of perceptions
(Converting my faint ideas
Into vivid recollections)

Transcending the pinnacle
Of a variant wavelength

Michael Fischer

Shift Work

She lies on her bed of mushrooms,
waiting for her orchids to bloom.
But in the heart of the desert,
she locks herself in its chambers.

With the key caught inside God's broom,
sweeping dust storms consume her lungs.
She tries to breathe through the ordeal,
but as she prays into the wind...

She eats her words;
She comes undone!

Michael Fischer

Show Us Another Way!

Expectations' leading
to incrimination;
Stepping stones are falling
on shaky foundations!

Weaknesses are exposed;
Minds about to explode.
Show us another way;
Close the book on today!

Corruption is leading
to our extinction;
Money is falling in
laps of politicians!

The future is exposed;
Hand drawn, superimposed.
Show us another way;
Close the book on today!

Michael Fischer

Sit On Your Hands And [be] Prey

Hands broken beneath me;
Feet deadened in the air.
The bridge sways left to right,
as I die to live in your lair.

I've failed you again God;
But I was born sorry.
Forgive me again God;
I'm sorry I was born!

Ideas don't wait around,
but regrets wait lifetimes.
I've slipped on your slope
and drowned in your design!

Bury me in my tomb;
I've done wrong to you all.
Submerge me in your womb;
Enclose me in your walls!

Michael Fischer

Smoke Screens Eventually Fade!

You put up your smoke screen
to hide your second face;
And as we breathe in fumes,
you subject us to lies!
And as our brain cells die,
we believe every line!

We don't see eye to eye;
You left us out to rust.
Your climbed the pedestal
to look down upon us.

You think you're a hotshot,
but your heart is cold.
And as you become numb,
you abandon your grasp!
And as you fall from grace,
We don't opens our hands!

Michael Fischer

So Long (For Now)

DMT is released
As I sink into a dream

An infinite dream

Michael Fischer

Something To Write Home About (If Only I Had A Home)

I address this letter
To both God and Satan;
That is, if you're not one person!

Finally, I get it...
I get your sick, cruel joke;
Life...ha, good one!

Freewill is but a twist;
Hiding in its shadows
is your fatalism!
Love is not eternal;
A trap door lies beneath
our footprints in the sand!

As the sun closes in,
it shows its true make up;
A giant ball of gas!
But when it goes missing,
we're reduced to animals,
dying in broken glass!

And speaking of dying,
about these mixed signals
concerning afterlife,
you give us a puzzle
and different personas;
But no signs or helplines? !

But despite your hatred,
I love you anyways;
Or at least I'm told to!

Sincerely yours,

104,798,992,347

My name's not important;
I'm only a number!
Thanks again for your grace!

Michael Fischer

Spiritualized

I fall inside a dreamy song
And its fleeting landscapes
Hiding in its ambient tones
Of comely polychrome poetry
As I kiss the tepid zephyr
That turns into your lips
And spin in its whirlpool
That turns into your heart

I feel even more beautiful
Being a part of you dear
If only you could see it
Your smile would flourish

Like Swan river daisies
In June's promising sun

Michael Fischer

Surfriding The Neopasts Of My Mind (On My Wonder Drug)

Surfriding the neopasts of my mind
(Reviving and rationalizing)
Scenes from my adolescent daze

While wistfully wonder-struck
(By the timeless thoughts)
Of where else I could be today

The seeds planted throughout my life
(The king's spear knowledge
 The Marjoram music
The Edelweiss experiences
And the Lemon Balm love)
Blossom like violent streams
As I assemble the crown fire starlight

While blissfully wonder-struck
(By the transient thoughts)
Of where else I could go tonight

Sailing above the mushroom clouds
(Collecting and organizing)
Ideas, before drifting into the shadows,

While wistfully wonder-struck
(By the expanding thoughts)
Of where I will be tomorrow

Michael Fischer

The Accolades Of Yesterday's Heroes

The accolades of yesterday's heroes
slowly fade with the ravages of time.
Stories of their glory days get distorted
as they're passed down by word of mouth.

Their contributions are overshadowed
by the rise of today's young superstars.
And as today's stars surpass their records,
a piece of that legend dies there and then.

But when today surrenders to tomorrow,
their superstars will be yesterday's heroes;
And tomorrow's highly regarded prospects
will wear the crown worn by today's heroes.

Michael Fischer

The Backyard

The backyard used to be
of many different things:

It was the baseball field
where I hit the homerun
to win the World Series.

It was the football field
where I ran in the winning
touchdown in the Super Bowl.

It was the wrestling ring
where I would battle in
WrestleMania's main event.

But nowadays, the backyard's
nothing more than a reminder
of unfulfilled dreams!

Michael Fischer

The Beginning Of A Movement

Push the envelope
Of creativity
Into the complaint box...
Until it overflows
And somebody different
Picks up an idea

Michael Fischer

The Centerfold That Stole My Heart

Infatuation overcomes me
as I flip through the pages in my magazine.
But there's one model that stole my heart.
My guilty pleasure never felt so right.

Her beauty is bittersweet;
Bitter because she's the queen of hearts,
and I'm but an untouchable in her eyes,
but sweet, because I can dream of her;
And ah, what a dream it is.

Her tropical body soaks in the afternoon sun;
Her silk skin, gleaming from her lotion,
blinds even the most secure of men.
She has sandy riotous hair
that meanders in the warm summer breeze.
She wears a gold swimsuit
that reveals her goddess-like physique
and her ceaseless bronze legs;
Legs that put even gymnasts to shame.
Her enchanting amber eyes,
eyes that could get her out of murder,
melt my heart like a lit candle in the night.
Her smile; ah, her 1000 watt smile;
It's a flawless work of art
that should be marveled at
and remembered forever.
And last but not least, she has the softest of lips;
Lips I've always sought-after;
Lips I want to tenderly kiss,
so I can walk, in her sweet sun shower of bliss.

It's only a dream,
but ah, what a dream it is.

Michael Fischer

The Centerpiece Of My Nature

The sun greets her with its soft kiss,
welcoming her to the newest of days.
The sun's glow is a reflection of her;
Her beauty gives life to each of us!

The birds greet her with their song;
Their song stimulates her spirit.
They are the couriers of her love;
The promoters of her crystal dream!

Let's erase the dotted-line boundaries;
We'll lock lips, toss away the key,
and explore our deepest of passions.
Our love will direct us where to go!

Michael Fischer

The Desert

The rains skip over the dour desert,
leaving it dusty and unpolished.
The immense heat is its pestilence,
as it drives away its potential guests.

But for those daring enough to enter,
here's what to expect:
The desert is nature's hallucinogen.
It robs your mind of its sanity
and replaces it with thoughtless distortion.
It drains you of your strength
and unmans you within minutes.
It befools you with its mirage of hope
and laughs in your distressed face.
You wish for death's selection,
but even death is hesitant to enter.
All you can do is lie there in misery
and wait for your final fate!

Michael Fischer

The Dour Dungeon

The victims hang to the wintry walls
of the old devil's dour dungeon.
They have long since passed away,
but their die hard dispositions live on.

Today, the sun makes its daily pass,
bringing light to their wretchedness.
The earsplitting outcries for help
can still be heard in the shivery wind.
The dying leaves cling to their trees,
like the victims clung to their lives.
The sullen skies reminds each of us
that with every day comes a night.

...And when nightfall seizes the day,
and the shivery wind evolves into
the fierce northwestern tempest,
Death's hand will defeat many more
in the old devil's dour dungeon;
where your only escape is death!

Michael Fischer

The Dour Dungeon (A First-Hand Account)

I.

O what did I do to deserve this fate,
this bloody awful fate? Blasted,
I must escape...I may be helpless,
but I'm certainly not hopeless!
I will survive...and I will come out
twice the man I used to be!

II.

I'm slowly decaying...decaying away!
But I cling on to my hope; although,
I must confess, my hope is dwindling.
I've become scraggy, ill-feed, cold,
and dehydrated. But I must survive...
(coughs violently) ...I must.

III.

O death, sweet death, take me away
from my physical hellfire; I can't...
I can't strive to survive any longer;
nor can I live in fear of you any longer!
I'm ready! I'm ready to submit to my
unknowingness of you! I'm ready!

Michael Fischer

The Elysium Of My Love

Good evening my snow angel;
I am your gallant white knight
who's come to save you from dwindling hopes.
I bring with me my star lit love
as well as your infinite merriment.

We'll start by sharing glorified biographies;
Ones that are rehearsed and safe guarded
in an attempt to gain each other's acceptance.
But as the conversation deepens,
missing pieces of our life's puzzles,
will unveil like a new painting in an art exhibit.

Next our ethereal voices
will sing in perfect harmony
in the pleasant summer nightfall for our taking;
Where the mixed aroma of our scents
will melt us internally
and meld us into one.

The moon will be our inspiration,
the fire will be our basis of connection,
and the sound of locust
will secure us in its quilt of association.
We will interpret borrowed verses,
enlighten our unconventional minds,
and shelter one another
in nestled arms of serenity.

After my confidence reaches its eminent peak,
I will brush your candy apple lips
with a sublime kiss
that will paint your virtuous face garden pink.
We will share the moment evermore
in the pinnacle of our jubilant evening.

The evening will end with us exchanging hearts.
But be sure to love mine like it were your own;
It has been weathered by distress

as well as forlorn romance.

So close your eyes and take my hand
and we'll embark on the journey
into The Elysium of My Love.

Michael Fischer

The Epic War Between Friends

Another quarrel, but no clear cut victor,
as a stalemate ensues in the epic war.
It's friend vs. friend,
without an end;
This has gone day in and day out.

Egotism subjects their minds
and pride prevents them from compromise.
No one's giving in,
they both want to win;
This has gone day in and day out.

Stockades are built, allies are made,
and arcana are kept from one another.
Victims choose sides
'cause they're told lies;
This has gone day in and day out.

Michael Fischer

The European Wildcat

There she sits, the European wildcat,
The antidote for dreamless nights;
Featherbedding firefly fantasies
On the surmount of seaside sextasy,

(As she crosses her Aphroditian legs,
Her short skirt gently rides up,
Like an admirer's glissando hand
Beneath the halos of the sun,

While her body's plate tectonics
Swing shift her billowy breasts
Together, enclosing the depths
Of her California rift valley,

And her striped tube socks slouch,
Maundering down her calves
Like an inching indigo snake
In the distilled desert sand)

Offering me the Milky Way mystery
Of how brilliantly beautiful she is
Naked, in a state of euphoria,
Singing in key with the angels.

Michael Fischer

The Face Turned Heel

Back in the knightly years,
the gallant warrior
displayed Spartan courage
against anyone he faced.
He was the dauntless wonder
who fought till the end
for the city he represent.

But in this day and age,
the dashing hero's
dashed ambitions
have made him the politician.
He clings to his vanity
and neglects his chivalry.
Desire? He's lost his desire
and is no longer admired.

Michael Fischer

The Former Artist At The Bar

The former artist at the bar
saturates in his self-loathing.
His potential-trifled away;
His sanity-on the chopping block.

His only ambition nowadays
is to get far away from it all.
His well being-not a concern;
His family-"they betrayed him."

His hired gun is his whiskey
that beholds his final fate.
His reputation-a drunken has been;
His life-in ruins!

Michael Fischer

The French Connection

There have been many great lines.
But the greatest line had to be
Buffalo's own French Connection.

Rene Robert was the right winger;
He was an overall offensive threat
who always put up good numbers.

Rick Martin was the left winger;
He was the sniper of the three.
He had two fifty-two goal seasons.

Gilbert Perreault was the center;
He was perhaps one of the greatest
playmakers ever to play the game.
He brought out nothing but the best
in Rick and Rene every single night.

Thank you Rene, Rick, and Gilbert.
You three were the heart and soul
of this franchise in the 1970's!

Michael Fischer

The Gorgeous Dancer Steals My Stubborn Heart!

Wearing her pink sports bra, black short shorts, knee-high black legwarmers, overlapped by pink slouch socks, and powder blue dancing shoes, she dances with her life in the critics' hand.

Her bronze thighs vibrate endlessly and her long golden hair sways back and forth during her performance. Her dancing is simply unforgettable, as is her alluring beauty.

Afterwards, she approaches me with a proposition; it was for one dance. Overwhelmed, I become dumbfounded and slowly shrink down, shrinking to five...four...three...two...one foot tall!

The gorgeous dancer steals my height as well!

Michael Fischer

The Graveyard Of Teenage Dreams

The graveyard of teenage dreams
is where Greg's ambitions lie.
He wanted to play music
and just have a good time.
But society prostrated him
and forced him to fall in line.
He ponders what could have been;
But his time has passed him by.

The graveyard of teenage dreams
is where Kim's ambitions lie
She wanted to be a star,
go on stage, and shine.
But everyone around her
told her otherwise.
She ponders what could have been;
But time has passed her by.

You only live once my friend.
Make the best out of it;
Or live in the dark world of regrets.

(March 23,2007)

Michael Fischer

The Gunpowder Plot (Let This Be A Lesson)

Your idea's liked by us,
but son, you know too much.
If you won't be a slave,
we'll send you to your grave!

In good versus evil,
evil always prevails!
Because there is no good,
evil always prevails!

Don't let him up on stage;
He'll end our golden age.
The world's not ready yet;
Take him out, he's a threat!

In good versus evil,
evil always prevails!
Because there is no good,
evil always prevails!

The bodies pile up;
everyone knows too much.
The world's not ready yet;
Take them out, they're a threat!

In good versus evil,
evil always prevails!
Because there is no good,
evil always prevails!

The world's not ready yet;
The world's not ready yet!
Let this be a lesson;
Your product's a lemon!

Michael Fischer

The Handshake (Shaken By The Hand Of Death? !)

Ah, the handshake...the foundation for a new relationship? ...
Or a defensive measure preventing them from putting
you in a stranglehold?

Hm...

Michael Fischer

The Heartless Saboteur

The heartless saboteur,
they call their leader,
disguises his plot of destruction
with his motivational speech
that depicts the oblivious
as the fearless enemy.

The mindless worship him,
crediting him for giving them
Their second wind in the race
for unchallenged power.

They follow his every order
in hopes of achieving his goal.
But they never once thought
for themselves and what was
best for them.
If only they had.
If only.

(March 22,2007)

Michael Fischer

The Heroic Veteran (A Homage To Chris Chelios)

He's an aging man
in a young man's game,
who plays to reclaim,
his foregone fame.

He doesn't possess
the skills he once had.
His prime has passed,
but he still wants it bad.

He fights for each goal
and he knows no quit.
He'll keep on fighting
till his final shift.

Michael Fischer

The Infinite Potential Of My Hands

Wailing on my tin plate guitar
I emitted reckless rebellion
In my smoke-filled basement
Embracing my punk influences
And playing slapdash power chords
Under cesspools of distortion

Finally...
I could express every emotion
In one sustained E chord
As it imploded into the future

Michael Fischer

The Last Goodbyes (At Least Perceptually)

Today we exchange our tea cozy goodbyes
Without the groundberry guidance
From our retired right-hand minds

But for the duration of this poem
Why don't we withdraw from the fast lane
And reflect on what exactly has ended

An unfurled unity of universal minds
Between an expressional, but otherwise
Cattleya assembly of disparate peers

I'll never forget the ambient classroom
The launchpad for potter's clay poetry
Where we were taught to play the maverick

The golden gram nestle of Perry's voice
As his inner child Texas starred
Reading Robert Frost's 'Birches'

And I'll never forget anyone of you
For everyone sitting here today
Inspired me to be a better writer

Our Modern Poetry class will be etched
Inside the crystalline cavums
Of my Red river heart forever

Michael Fischer

The Maiden's Heart (The Chess Game Of Love)

The battle royal for the maiden's heart
Breaks out in the cool June night.
The pitied bachelors-at-arms,
Fall one by one, despite their might.

It is quite the shame really,
To see the cut-and-thrust unfold.
The maiden's heart, growing weary,
Is a nugget of glorified gold.

The maiden is not a jiliet,
But rather a hopeless romantic.
And like a candle burning to the wick,
She hasn't much more to give.

But the determined knights roar on,
Dismissing their woeful spirits,
Unbeknownst to their fate as pawns,
In the maleficent chess game of love.

(March 22,2007)

Michael Fischer

The Only Boss I Need...

Mister Bruce Springsteen ☻

Michael Fischer

The Onslaught Of Time (Fading Love)

My muscle memory fades
With the onslaught of time

That is...

My muscle memory of you
Inside my dwindling arms

Your soft skin grows hard
Hard to remember
As my heart follows suit
On this wintry night

My emperor butterfly kiss
Once guided by the wind
Gets returned nowadays
Because lamentably
It can't find its way to you
And neither can I

But I'm the one who's lost
Lost without you here Love

I miss you!

Michael Fischer

The Party

Clichés are a dime a dozen;
They've been marked down for tonight.
They're like a kiss from your cousin;
But they can make you feel alright.

So find a lovely,
use these tainted lines,
and I guarantee
you'll have a good time!

Your mission is quite simple;
Make your story sensational.
Tell them their passions are your own;
The truth, of course, is optional!

Michael Fischer

The Party (Part II)

Welcome my good friend;
Stay as long as you'd like.
I'll be your tour guide;
My door's open all night.

Peter's a hopeless romantic;
The party's not in his manner.
He sits there and writes lyrics;
Free love's not in his planner.

Kyle is the life of the party;
He drinks, makes jokes,
and smokes his stuff.
He lies to all of the ladies,
but they fail to call his bluff.

Jennifer's a sex addict;
Sex treats her internal pain.
But after she gets her quick fix,
she feels overwhelming shame.

Michael Fischer

The Party And Its Overlooked Goddess Of Beauty

The party has its share of characters;
The jocks, the preps, the rockers,
the cheerleaders, and the virtues.
Among the virtues is the goddess.

The goddess stands there gracefully,
in her white track jacket,
her faded blue denim skirt,
and her white calf-length tube socks.
She waits for her Romeo to
take her in his embracing arms
and love her. But at the party,
everyone simply looks to make love.

But she sits there gracefully,
with her hands on her bronze thighs.
Her henna eyes survey the room
as she weaves her supple fingers
through her long sable hair.
But with each passing rejection,
she shrinks...getting smaller and smaller,
till she's smaller than the chair's plain.

If only she knew that I was
her long awaited Romeo;
She wouldn't be reduced to the size
of a doll on an wooden island.
If only she knew that I was
her long awaited Romeo;
I'd embrace her in my arms
and love her...like she should be loved!

Michael Fischer

The Pieces Lie Scattered...

The pieces lie scattered
on the floor in my room.
No owner's manual;
Only God's sweeping broom.

Hands breaking in handcuffs;
Mind sidles in the sun.
Eyes perplexed, getting late;
But questions still remain!

The puzzle's incomplete;
The knowing were thwarted.
The sand glass flips again;
In this life, we're shorted!

Hands broken in handcuffs;
Mind's idle in reruns.
Eyes at rest, gotten late;
Feet sear in a brainwave!

Until...

Mister Green gets me stoned;
Another wasted night.
But laughter fills the room,
making us feel alright.

Hands break out of handcuffs;
Mind opens to the fun.
Eyes relax, turning day;
But I'm in my dream's way!

Michael Fischer

The Poet

The summer spirit of the illustrious angel
warms the cold night of the northeast winter.
She wears a spring flower in her long golden hair
and her glow is as bright as an early autumn leaf.

She has a poetic soul;
one that's deeply enriched
by her pipe dreams of eminent love and happiness.
Her virtuosic verses
are kindred to Paganini's violin playing;
They can make the manliest of men cry
with the overwhelming beauty they possess.

With each passing poem,
she will gently massage your heart
and lay a tender kiss on it,
warming your insides like a log cabin fire place.
Her soft voice will put you on a ship,
that sail the seas of nirvana,
during which the evening sun
will set on the glistening waters.

After her reading,
you'll feel rejuvenated,
like a child after its afternoon nap.
Maybe you'll be inspired to put a pen to paper
and write an epic as well.

Michael Fischer

The Saga Of The Everyman

I.

Newborns are mass-produced;
Smoking stacks cap the sun.
Slaughter slides at the eyes;
A word play overdone!

Retrace our every step;
Stay inside the black lines.
Follow the directions
and listen the first time!

You can be anything
that I tell you to be!
Follow my every dream;
My respect you'll receive!

Retrace our every step;
Stay inside the black lines.
Follow the directions
and listen the first time!

II.

Make love to self interest;
The grand stage reads your name.
Fabricate your stories,
before they claim your fame!

Find your love, get married;
Make me a grandparent!
Find a job, make money;
Take lunch to run errands!

Take the bad with the worse;
Shots without the chasers.
Hate will keep you together;
And away from neighbors!

Find your love, get married;
Make me a grandparent!
Find a job, make money;
Take lunch to run errands!

III.

Let them read the fine print;
Know inside the glass box.
Practice the phrase how high;
Anything for your boss!

Wash your hands, see the nurse;
Brown nose broke on tail bones!
Finish shift, then repeat;
Self respect won't buy homes!

Dedicate your weekends
for love of the company.
Charity softball games;
Athletes get off Mondays!

Wash your hands, see the boss;
You make too much money.
Finish shift, take your leave;
For the love of the company!

IV.

Belly full of draft beer;
Open bar therapy.
Sun glasses hide crow's feet;
Poison gas apathy!

Your pants have holes in them;
Shirts rendered to grease stains.
Bandanna is bleached white,
but your peers are to blame!

Your source of happiness:
A checklist of complaints.
Get rich quick with chump change;

Today's your lucky day!

Belly full of draft beer;
Open bar therapy.
Sun glasses hide crow's feet;
Poison gas apathy!

Fingers stained with bleu cheese;
Drinking dumb, a release.
Blithering out of turn,
falling off your bar seat!

Your source of happiness:
A checklist of complaints.
Get rich quick with chump change;
Today's your lucky day!

Thunderstorms moving in;
Today's your lucky day!

Michael Fischer

The Sage In The Iron Cage

You're a wise man
shunned by the foolish,
where second-rate is fostered,
and you're overqualified.

You're a wise man
savaged by the selfish,
where greed and hate are fostered,
and you're under qualified.

You're a wise man
surrounded by raiders,
where culture isn't fostered,
making you the outsider.

(March 26,2007)

Michael Fischer

The Shootout

The northern brisk wind comes in
and my anticipation burns within.
My fate lies fifty feet ahead of me.
The judge is the opposing goalie.

Do I deke, shoot it five hole,
or blast it to score the goal?
I put stick on ball and move in.
As I close in, I see a hole open.

Michael Fischer

The Torn Down Ghost Town

The old skeletal remains,
lying scattered on the ground,
retain untold chronicles
of this once booming ghost town.

The renegades' jarring roars
can still be heard at the eminent noon,
while the butt ends of cigars,
gather outside the town's saloon.

But the government's Trojan horse,
to pave the forsaken,
ignites the public outcry,
and leaves the people shaken.

The active citizens' protest
sparks a bloodless revolution.
But the advocates lose interest;
The new mall's the resolution.

Big Business triumphs again!
Big Business triumphs again!
When will it all finally end?

(March 23,2007)

Michael Fischer

The Two-Faced Red Fox

Beneath the two layers of makeup
The scent of strawberry kiwi
The dazzling White river smile
And the romantic nimbus she wears
Is a hidden agenda

Michael Fischer

The Uncultured Parvenu

She's the poster girl of mindlessness;
An uncultured parvenu,
victimizing the moldable,
with her lack of grace and style.

She's a professional pickpocket;
A bandit in clever disguise,
victimizing the working class
with her passionless performances.

She's a musical barbarian;
Her tainted tongue of fouls,
victimize the unschooled,
and makes the sages' ears bleed.

Michael Fischer

The Warrior

The fire burns in his stubborn eyes;
Eyes that project the story
of his unfaltering determination
and his unforgiving desperation.

He fights like a savage in the night
to be at the pedestal's eminent height.
Fear? He knows of no such term,
for fear is what will get you burned.

He's the man you love to hate;
The man you burn on your stake.
But there's one thing you can't deny;
He's who you want when it's on the line.

(March 24,2007)

Michael Fischer

The Wizard (Our Hero With No Match)

The wizard stands before us
with his aura of experience.
He takes us by our hands
and guides us into the future.

He is no chaste paragon.
Like us, he has his faults
that humanize his persona.
But he accepts each of them
and admits he's not perfect.
For that, he's well respected.

He has an immense love
for what he does in life.
You can sense it in the way
he reads a passage,
the way he teaches us,
and the way he encourages us.
He's the wizard before us;
An inspiration to us all!

Michael Fischer

The World Is Our Restraint!

The world is our restraint!
Our existence denies us
entry into the unknowns
of the infinite universe.
When we signed up for life,
we forfeited that right.
That's the price we pay for
not reading the contract.

Michael Fischer

The Worst Pickup Line Ever! (It's That Bad)

You know,
Nutritionists strongly suggest
That we watch our sugar intake

But baby,
I just can't get enough of you!

(And I do watch my sugar: D)

Michael Fischer

Their Bloodless Revolution = My Bloody Resolution!

I played in their mind games;
Until it became my job!
I was one bloodless mistake
away from a second chance.

High tide...take me away;
From their broken hands
of their misguidance...
for I would rather drown,
in my whirlpool of blood,
than live in their lies!

I followed their fad diet;
Till the fad slowly died!
I was one bloodless mistake
away from a second chance.

High tide...take me away;
From their broken hands
of their misguidance...
for I would rather drown,
in my whirlpool of blood,
than live in their lies!

I believed what they wrote;
Until I learned how to read!
I was one bloodless mistake
away from a second chance.

I was one bloodless mistake
away from a second chance.
But I handed them the sword
when I handed them my trust;
And they didn't trust me...
Instead, they murdered me!

Michael Fischer

Threshold Of Undivided Beauty

(The song recalls a vivid memory
From an opaque ambient dream)

As my soul disconnects from my body
With my meandering mind in tact
I begin to grow weightless
And percipient of my potential

As I fly above the absolute ceiling
Of interstellar space
And toward the amber skies of cloud nine
I look back with a smile
Before crossing
The threshold of undivided beauty

I'm boundless!

Michael Fischer

Time (Our Saboteur)

Time is our disguised saboteur
that walks off with our dreams
and leaves us empty handed.
It hinders our free spirit
and forces us into submission.

As the days, weeks, months,
and years pass us by,
an infinite number
of missed opportunities
do so as well;
Ones that we didn't even realize we missed!
We're helpless!
We're trapped in a snow globe
that endlessly shakes
in the tiredless child's hand!

And as we grow older and older,
time goes by faster and faster,
until we're on the chopping block,
of death!

Michael Fischer

To Jenna Rose...

Jenna - cancer = A beautiful future for everyone close to her

Jenna > cancer

Her future = Spent here with us

Don't worry Jenna, I excelled in math!

Michael Fischer

To Mary Jane...

My dear, when I am with you
I find myself getting lost...

Getting lost in the ambiance
Of your summer sweet music
Playing as soft as a whisper
In the genius loci background

Getting lost in the distant depths
Of your green earth eyes
That simulate your boundless world
Of inexhaustible possibilities

Getting lost in the resplendency
Of your sun reflected smile
And lost inside
The floral envelope of your heart
Blossoming everlastingly
In your warmth

But frankly dear
I don't need to be found
Because I have found
What I've been looking for

The cushy current through your love

Michael Fischer

To Mom And Dad

Mom, Dad...

Our minds don't see eye to eye anymore

(Why is that?)

I know, I know...

You only want me to be successful

(But I think I already am)

The truth is...

I don't want to follow conventional ways

(I don't want your American Dream)

To me, your dream is a nightmare

(A cancerous growth on the heartland

Of today's moribund America)

I've seen the tragedies of your ideals

(The underbellied, beer smelling,

Ass scratching, gas passing,

Brief wearing, chest bearing,

Truck driving hypocrites, sporting

Their stained American tees,

Discarding of their broken dreams,

And living without self-esteem)

And I must say, it leaves a bad taste

In the cavums of my mouth

(Like the chewed over messages

You regurgitate everyday)

I would rather follow the stars

Into the warm, lambent halos

Of tomorrow's Arizona Sunrise

(Than into the Last frontier

Of regretfulness, unhappiness,

Aimlessness, and unactiveness...)

Sorry if I let you down!

Michael Fischer

Tonight I Was On A Mission (A Night I'll Regretfully Remember)

I was softly looking to embark
On an expedition of my mind
Seeking the strange beauties
Of a faintly lit heaven
(Like a monarch butterfly
Chasing the summer sunset)

So my fellow friends and I
Broke buttoned-down standards
And knocked down the barriers
Between us and Mother Earth

And in harmonizing with her
We gained a lust for adventure
Like a free versed vagabond
With a heart for a compass

So we went to a local show
And plot lined the new year
Wrapping our souls around
A manifold of bright colors

And for the next hour or so
My right foot tread reality
And my left tread the conoid
Of my velvety, intricate mind

And all was going well
Until...

My 'friend' I had for two years
Said that he never liked me
Throwing my inflated heart
In a black and white abyss
(This was the first time that
Anyone had said that to me)

And within a flash of lightning
Every experience we shared
Was blown up, degenerated,
Destroyed, and disposed of
(The handshakes, the beers,
The laughs, and the cheers)

And instead of wrapping myself
Inside the arms of good friends
I instead wrapped myself inside
The barred wire dooms of death
(Stripped of its ebony mystery
And variable star-shaped aura)

And in turn, I stripped myself
Of my emery stone strength
And beneath the overcast skies
Sank in a cesspool of emotions
(Ignoring my pendant of peace
Dangling from my crooked neck)
Shouting fragments of revenge
Into the depths of the night

And as I laid on a war cloud
Instead of on my bed of roses
I finally achieved my mission
Before deciding to write this

Michael Fischer

Toxic Nutmeg (Euphoria Has Grown Bitter)

I wish I could be fear
when you look in mirrors.
You wouldn't see me there;
But I'd be there in prayer!

I want to possess you;
I want to protect you.
I'll keep you safe from harm;
I promise...you won't die in my arms!

I wish I could be fear
when your mind grows unclear.
You wouldn't see me there;
But I'd be there in prayer!

I want to possess you;
I want to protect you.
I'll keep you safe from harm;
I promise...you won't die in my arms!

My record is perfect;
Common sense can't object.
You'll live eternally...
if you listen to me!

I wish I could be fear
when you relive nightmares.
You wouldn't see me there;
But I'd be there in prayer!

I want to possess you;
I want to protect you.
I'll keep you safe from harm;
I promise...you won't die in my arms!

I promise...I won't abandon you!
I promise...I won't abandon you!

I promise to fulfill

my empty promises!
I promise to rebuild
my empty premises!

Death can't hurt you my son;
Because death is painless.
But the events prior...
are the ones that kill us!

Michael Fischer

Transcending Past The Seawall Of The Mind (Into The Glistening Indian Ocean...Before Running Out Of Breath)

Directions: Read...

I.

Coming out of the dark basement
Into the latter half
Of the sunny summer morning

II. (Sorry I got lazy earlier...)

Before leaping out of bounds
And going back inside
To enjoy a small buffet

...and repeat
(8)

Michael Fischer

Transform Your Child's Behavior!

Did you stay in the lines?
Very good my child.
Here you go; a gold star.
Save every one you get!

It's called the human race;
The fastest person wins!
Remember that in gym
when you choose your teammates!

Make good first impressions;
Opinions last lifetimes.
You can't change your time line,
except in confession!

The stage is yours today;
You did it! Take a bow!
You should be very proud
of your accomplishments.

(Little does the fool know
that I'm the accomplice;
Or that his old yearbooks
make great meals for book lice!)

Michael Fischer

Tripping On The Clouds In The Sky

Serotonin and dopamine
Begin to stream down upon me
Like a resplendent waterfall
Of eddy electricity
All while blinding me in exuberant tones
Of carmine and saffron

The psychedelic candyfloss
Spins around in the whirlpool
Of a new Indian summer day
It screams its amplified colors
Through waves of isolated trees
Into the bright-eyed sun's distance

Love lifts me high off the grass blades
And takes me to its amber skies
If only all minds were open
We could replant human nature
With the seeds from a different plant
And be born into a new world

Michael Fischer

We Created A Colossus

Trap doors
Hidden beneath our feet
Have sold us out
To reality

Windows open
Doors to the past
Till the future
Repeats itself

If less is more
More's not enough
Don't do
Just try
Sign on the line

Hell's gates
With a fresh coat of taint
New game
Starting lines were retraced

Despite its look
Results don't change
Weapon of choice
A hand grenade
Holding the shell
Krazy glue dries
The pin is pulled
Say your goodbyes

If less is more
More's not enough
Don't do
Just try
Sign off your life

The Rosenbergs
Are still alive
Hiding behind

Two-sided lies
You can't see them
But they see you
You don't know them
But they know you

We created a colossus
We created a colossus

Michael Fischer

What Did You Learn Today?

When you stop listening
to everybody else
and start listening
to only yourself...

You learn everything
you ever need to know...

You learn about yourself!

Michael Fischer

What's Love?

Love is that misty state
(In between slumber and being awake)
When you dreamfully realize that
It's her silky ivory leg
(Intertwined with yours)
It's her caring hand
(Shielding your heart)
It's her velvet breath
(Creating the ambient soundscape)
And it's her heavenly smile
(That gives you every reason
To press the snooze button)

So you can relive this moment five minutes later!

Michael Fischer

When In Your Arms

When in your arms

□ I'm a sand stargazer

(Basking in your cool

□ post-kiss zephyr)

□

Staring past

□ the supernova halos

(That accentuate

□ your Elysium eyes)

Into the embers

□ that ignite...

□ Our hearts

□ Our souls

□ And our minds

Michael Fischer

When You Grace Me...

When you grace me with your angelic presence,
my heart races, like it's in a marathon.

When you unveil your sterling azure eyes,
my mind wonders aimlessly around them.

When you greet me with your signature twinkle,
my body trembles, with electrifying ecstasy.

But it's when you lay your kiss on my lips
that I fall in love with you all over again.

Michael Fischer

Where's Billy Idol When You Need Him? !

Without an idol on his vacant pedestal,
the child is doomed to repeat history!

Michael Fischer

Who Needs A Snooze Button When You Have A Girl Cute As A Button? !

She awakens from her slumber;
Her golden hair is turbulent,
her striped tube socks slouch at her calves,
and her tank top has grown wrinkled.

But that's my favorite look on her;
It's her in her purest of forms.
Here, she radiates innocence;
She is given a brand new day.

She interlocks her silky hands
and extends them toward the ceiling
as she stands high on her tiptoes
and squeezes her shapely tanned calves.

And as she walks out of the room
and her ass springs up and down,
I realize that I like her more
when she's walking away from me!

Michael Fischer

Why Don'T You Legalize Pot?

Why don't you legalize pot?

My friend tell me...is it because
It produces a state of euphoria
Instead of a world of depression?
(And if we find our happiness
In something other than
Your lemon-made merchandise,
We may not seek success
In your cookie-cutter capitalism?)

Is it because it expands our minds
Without expanding our waistlines?
(And if we think outside your box,
We may find success in the sun,
And not in a mundane line of work?)

I know, the misconceptions right?
(The ones you constantly advertise)
The ones you brainwash us with
(Or do you believe your own lies?)

Hmmm...

Well let me clear that up for you...

(Besides the ones I've already mentioned)
Here are the 'real' effects of pot:

- 1.) It heightens our sense of smell and taste
- 2.) It increases metacognition, introspection, and recollection
- 3.) It increases our enjoyment of art, music, and comedy...and
- 4.) It increases our libido (< Nothing wrong with that!)

It makes sense to make it illegal, huh?

While I await your laundry list of bullshit,
I'll be here, smoking a marijuana cigarette!

(Feeling the effects of the high!)

Michael Fischer

Why I Love You...

Hm...I love you...
'cause...you snort when you laugh
And you laugh out of time
An'speaking of time...
Ugh...you're always, always late...
You can't skate...
you cry when it rains...
and you're allways in pain

Hmmm (I smile and shake my head)

I love you 'cause...egh
you stop at eevery store
and you try eeverything on
But...you don't stop to think...
Or tobreathe...hm
Youknow...you're always on the run
Like a bandit in disguise
But...I like the challenge

I love you 'cauuse...
you smile a bit too much
And you chew gum too long
But it's better than...well
chewing me out
Ha!

And speaking of jokes...ughhh
yours are bad
So bad hun
Buuut...I still chuckle...hmmm
Just so you do...
smile a bit too much

(My winter day smile connects my cheeks)

And...I love you 'cause you laugh
I laugh 'cause you're you...
But most of all sweetheart

I love you 'cause you're you!

Michael Fischer

Why I Write Poetry?

Good question

When I put my pen to paper
My objective is to replicate
The ambiance of the surreal
And unveil its rare beauty
To those willing to listen

With each heightened verse
I introduce a new discovery
From the depths of my world
And outline my visions
My revisions
My desires
And my passions

(But on some days
I find myself at a junction)

Am I exploiting a supernal secret?
Describing the indescribable?
Doing it an injustice?
Or am I just procrastinating?

As I run down perfection
At the end of the tunnel
I realize why many of us write poetry

To add depth to our hollow souls
And to fill a connatural void!

Michael Fischer

Winning Without Effort!

We chase life's distant pipe dream,
trying to finish its enduring race
without jumping any of the hurdles;
Hurdles are too challenging for us!

So we find ways to cheat ourselves.
Whether it is taking many shortcuts
or crossing into one another's lane,
we always try to win without effort!

Michael Fischer

Word Problem

i. (Angel) a + m(eats) + (boy) > death!

Michael Fischer

Would You Look At The Time?

Conversation-seekers:

Wear out your old break shoes.

Intervene mid-sentence;

Dismiss my field of view!

Large waistline and small calves;

A mindless Scotch egghead.

Shades can't hide your green eyes,
or your face turning red!

Hairs sprout out wife beater;

Do you own a mirror?

The foul smell around you:

Cigarettes and cheap beer!

So you have your regrets?

So do I sir; so what?

So you had a game plan,
but sadly you got cut?

So you have a complaint
about the raised bus fare?

Would you look at the time;

Time for me not to care!

Michael Fischer

Wrap Your Mind Around This Moment

Wrap your mind
 around this moment
And your hand around mine
(Because this world)
 can be ours

The epic song
 the street lights
The drive
□ and the moon and stars
All belong to us

The night is a waking nestling
Thriving
 in the arms of Love
On the threshold
 of soaring

So wrap your arms
 around me
And your heart around mine

As we take everything around us
And assimilate it forever!

Michael Fischer

Written In Erosion

If something is written in stone,
remember this; after some time,
stone erodes. Its factual history
is erased, creating a new slate!

Michael Fischer

Yankees Vs. Red Sox

(I went to the Yankees/Red Sox game and there was a fan removed from the game. This is about that fan.)

Read me my bragging rights
Raise my arms to the sky
Can you hear them cheering?
They're cheering just for me

They love me
They love me
Who can blame them for it?

Shower me in draft beer
And cover children's ears
It's my night on the town
And tonight
I don't care

I'm the star
I'm the star
And they love me for it

The home team is losing
But at least I'm winning
Tomorrow's not here yet
I'm living for tonight

They love me
They love me
Who can blame them for it?

Read me my bragging rights
Raise my arms to the sky

Before...

You take me out
Of the ball game
And take me away

From the crowd
Throw your peanuts
And cracker jacks
I don't care
If I never come back

I'm numb and dumb
And off to jail

Michael Fischer

You Fooled Me...Shame On Me!

You want what's best;
What's best for you.
But it's my fault;
I bought your lies!

When did you build
a lecture hall?
I thought that room
was my bedroom?

The world owes you
and you're in debt;
But I'm your bank
when you need change!

When did you build
a lecture hall?
I thought that room
was my bedroom?

You're a hand tool
for destruction!
Your therapy
has made me sick!

Michael Fischer

You Left Me Breathless Babe!

You left me breathless babe;
My brain cells are dying!
The only thought I have
is me and you as one!

Wrap your lips around mine
and breathe yourself into me.
I want to live long enough
to spend my life with you!

You left me breathless babe;
My brain cells are dying!
I've been reduced to stone;
I can only stare at you!

Wrap your lips around mine
and breathe yourself into me.
I want to live long enough
to spend my life with you!

You left me dumbfounded!
But I still have my sense!

Michael Fischer

Your Death's Not Worth Living!

Put me on your short leash
and feed me when its time.
But if you forget to,
I can live off your scraps.

Parade me 'round the house;
Squeeze the life out of me.
But if you forget to,
I can live off your fumes.

Your death's not worth living;
Your message I'm not getting.
So cleanse me in your bloodbath,
till I want what you have!

Take this job and shove it;
I quit as your pet peeve.
Do you understand me?
Or do I need to leave?

Your death's not worth living;
Your message I'm not getting.
So cleanse me in your bloodbath,
till I want what you have!

Wash my eyes in chlorine;
I want to be blind too!

Michael Fischer

Your Heraldic Gold Spell

Your soft magic wand lips
Brush my evening sun cheek
And warm my regal soul

Tossing it high into
An autumn sky whirlpool
While your angel touch wings

Guide me through the peak of
The heraldic gold spell
That you've set upon me

Michael Fischer

Your Love ♥

Every day is that of a dream;
A dream only slumber can end.
A dream where loneliness
is without source or meaning.
A dream where happiness
is constantly in season.
The dream, although redundant,
is the greatest of all dreams.

I awaken as does a child
on Christmas morning
and unveil your love
with an amorous kiss.

Your love is so beautiful,
like a sunset without end.
It is the guarder of my heart
and my nepenthe for pain.

Your love is also a bandit
that stole my heart and soul.
But the only crime committed
is not finding me sooner.

Let's simply lay here in bed
and seize the salubrious day.
Our dream, although redundant,
is the greatest of all dreams.

Michael Fischer

Your Pockets Are Showing!

Spinning in your circles;
You can't make a decision.
Skating in figure eights;
You lack supervision!

Lessons in life
Come with a price
And you've spent yours
Living a lie

You'll never learn!
You can't afford to!
You'll never learn!
You can't afford to!

You're the source of hearsay;
You speak what's on your tongue.
Your mind's closed for summer;
Your mouth's open all night!

Lessons in life
Come with a price
And you've spent yours
Living a lie

Contradiction;
Your addiction!
Lacerations;
Your creations!

Michael Fischer

Your Touch

Lighting up the bedroom
In the cold winter night
Is your ocean tide touch
Touching upon my soul
Painting teenage summers
Of careless rebellion
And pristine poetry

...Ah, those were the days love!

When the days were longer
And full of wonderment
When your kisses were plenty
And held their value

The dream is so vivid
I think I'm living it
...Actually, I am!

Michael Fischer

Your World (Then & Now)

Your world was turned upside down,
so you decided to turn it around.
But it's meant to be upside down.
The result: You're out of place,
where as before, you were put in place.

Michael Fischer

You'Re Doing Time

Your companion's got you in handcuffs.
She reads you your rights, or so she calls them.
You're placed behind bars, there's no escape.
You had your chance, but now it's too late.

The interrogation begins.
You've lost! There's no way you can win!
She proceeds to brainwash you.
You tell yourself that you're doomed!
And that you are!

Michael Fischer