

Opulence
BY
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With each stroke of key, the writer tinkers hard on thee, with mind wandering the realm of free, he searches for words to suit the need.

But they stray and keep away, until he molds them like silty clay, ones of wisdom and hidden meanings, ones derived from endless dreamings.

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Timidness

My eyes they show, to my heart below,
A blooming beauty or a gleaming gem?
With soothing hair and lifeful stem,
A stem of hardness and iron will,
Which compliments her kindness and gleeful fill.

All my thoughts are aimed at you,
You, who against all odds came through,
You, who plucked me out the dark,
You, who are now in my raging heart.

Every time you go, my stomach growls ahow,
Every time you're late, my teeth crunch under immeasurable
weight,
Every time you push away, my mind enters disarray.
But all fades away when you come back to me okay.

That is why I'm by your side,

Always keeping out a watchful eye,
An eye of warmth, an eye of caution,
An eye that stifles my daunting passion.

And now you know why I go,
I go because I know that is the way to row.
To drop the fear, which follows dear,
In this world filled with boundless fear.

Promise

You're here, calmly sleeping,
After all that heavy steeping,
I know it's what they did,
Amids all that chaos slid.

I should've stopped us when I could,
But I listened and I followed good.
Now I bear all that guilt,
Guilt everything has slowly built.

She told me you mayn't come back,
Or your mind could be a total wrack.
It was something in your priceless blood,
Which was spreading like a restless flood.

I pray even if I don't believe,
I pray your eyes one day'll perceive.
I just want to hear your cheerful voice,

But I know you lack such a distant choice.

It's been long and I'm unsure,

Yet I'll keep looking for a cure.

It is something I've learnt,

From all this joyful time we've burnt.

Dusk's Veil

A city of spires, a city of gleam,
A city of power and prosperity,
A city of boundless possibilities,
A city where anyone can be anything.

Its skyscrapers shine underneath the sun,
While at night they glisten neath its son.
Its streets are loud and filled with life,
But the air is somehow instilled with strife.

Its alleys breathe dark and cold,
With sewers cramped and stuffed with mold,
That mold, festered and unclean,
It spreads like poison thus unseen.

Its belly brims with rot and loath,
Is anything there left to hope?
Maybe something there is,

To bring forth cleansing this disease.

A way of change, a way of luster,
A way to flush the contaminated cluster.

All it takes is zealous courage,
Which'd get others to feel encouraged.

Forlorn

He who could see'd be thee that'd be,
One could wish he'd not see,
As the sins of present'd be upon thee.
But sounds of: he howling black,
Sounds of misguidance and paleness to the crimson dusk.

Hollow spires, and bridgeless ire,
Contracted by those who seek its hire... of vileness, of mire.
A mire deep and wide, one that stretches fieldless by.

Its murk seems shallow and friendly tho,
But it's just deceit in ghastly robes,
Robes of cunning, one of trap,
One that'd grab you hard and yank you back.

Its waters: a succubus you'd most desire,
She'd call with magnetic power,
One of madness and relentless strength,

One that'd get your binds in its length,
Length of mud and many twigs, with waters filled in silty digs.

Its contents: souls who've lost their way,
Misguided to go the wrong and untruthful way.

It'd sink its teeth, deep and whole,
And it'd pull you in, nice and slow,
Until your final breath bubbles off on top its shore.

Shattered Glass

Thoughts spread upon a vastless field,
Everything about you foretolds my yield...

Darkened, a modest sight,
Glowing in par your sharpness and alluring light.
Short, thickened hair and gaze of gold,
Always keeping away the restless cold.

On that cold autumn day we met,
You: Victim of the world's abhorrent net.
Yet you gave trust a chance,
Something usually would be of glance.

Actions have never been my ability,
With doubt always butchering them in hostility.
Yet you took my precious gift,
Gleaming smile in the deepest oceanic rift.

Time moved on, courage furiously boiled,
I trusted my heart and that was what I showed.
Things were great for a while of delight,
Until those black days entered my troubled blood in blight.

Just the thought would make my stomach squeeze,
Leading to the day my heart got freezeed.
Inevitable, painful, crozzled, the only thing I could do...
Tho I never wished to hurt you through...

We have responsibilities,
No matter the hostilities.
If I could mend the shatters, I would,
Yet: An illusion masked in a jeering hood.

Nothing

Plains without end, plains of green, of life,
Behind them forests with shadows thick,
They protect underneath from danger's trick,
A wise cycle approved by nature's pick.

Water, pure and cold, streams down creaks of gold,
Nature's sister no price could ever get sold.
Desired by all, needed by all,
Devours thirst's scourge in the bloodiest of brawl.

Yet here we stand, on top this shriveled hill,
Seeing nothing but mud filled with remnants of chill,
Withered bones filling flattened uniforms of red,
Saturated colanders that once knew the taste of bread.

The constant screams, they do no stop,
They plead for mercy which holds no crop.
Tangled in wires, drowning in slime,

Begging to just receive another gram of time.

I can't remember the colors of life,
The only ones are those of death's scythe.
The smell of decay is my perfume,
Which I will carry forth to my pending doom.

Unnatural

An idea, a distant fantasy,
A way to fill my mind of absency.
A warm belief to float my sails from grief,
Nourishment to keep from missing my relief.

Yet, when I want to try and do,
My voice falls in instances of slew.
As if ice has caught me new,
And frozen me from getting through.

What's so wrong with such relations?
Why're they seen as vile and degradations?
They shrill unnatural and evil,
Yet can't they see the hypocrisy primeval?

Hiding behind veils of disgust,
Their insecurities that way are put to rust.
They judge and label without relent,

Their way of paying their masks' rent.

There's nothing wrong with following the heart!

Unless it hurts someone thus in part.

We must stop looping rings,

Change the cycle: Anyone can be anything!

New Horizons

From rugged rock and malformed shapes,
Expression comes and shows its stakes.
It paints and touches within reach,
Finds a way to spot mind's breach.

I believe I was unsure the same,
Yet, there must be no hanging shame.

Now I know and I have shown,
With the risk of trekking the unknown.

Confusion was etched upon you all,
Fears had made your bodies into their shawl.

But you cannot escape the possibilities,
Ones that riled up your vulnerabilities.

You're more than meets the eye,
It all comes to persona, if we must simplify.
A nudge has to come in the right direction,

One you'd walk with steps of warm reflection.

You understand what most don't allow themselves,
You don't stack ignorance in tall and withered shelves.

It fills my hope you'd see the restrictions,
And cleanse yourself of prejudiced convictions.

The seed of ideas was implanted,
And it just cannot be taken thus for granted.

That's what makes you totally unique,
And rids the world of contents bleak.

Murk of Spite

A veil unraveled, a veil of clear,
Lackful mites of given cheer.
Only mounds of fear given here,
Amidst the stalking shadows blear.

Drained and utterly crushed,
Lies finally stopped and utterly shushed.
His skillful tools, rust of past's glory,
Unable to rightfully continue their previous story.

The wall he met: sturdy tough,
Tougher and taller than highest of bluff.
Hatred used to be his salvation,
But now... it only fed deepest of frustration.

Such a state, it brought memories of cold,
Calling upon the venomous daggers old.
Mightier he appeared, yet frail he felt,

The mind: Plagued anguish of strongest dealt.

The crack was there all his life,
But the crumbling came, collision of wills' strife.

Aberrative ideals from a *naïve* foe,
Whose decisions writhed thus in glow.

His guilt accidently aimed the sight precise,
It flooded his core in unbargained of price.

A price of horror and broken views,
A price that gave way to so much dues.

Yet, not all was lost in this slimy world,
The specks of affection had caught him furled.

Maybe mind's focus needn't stray no more,
Give way to more, shut the old'n' ancient door.

Ditty

Blackness in coal, blackness in spots,
Skies low with countless dots.
Many see this place uninviting,
Yet their blindness severs the exciting.

The shadows they give, what light can't perceive,
Under disguise of what I'd impassively thief.
It's at what I'm most proficient,
Yet once, it was nearly insufficient.

The wheel spun from that alluding treasure,
It was supposed to be the usual of pleasure.
She had every right, yet she forsook her spite,
The exploitive world for first was not in sight.

Her presence: always solemn and intimidating,
But that's just shallowly deceitful baiting.
Under all those scars and pain,

Softness came, like the calm after stormy rain.

There was this new that bubbled inside me,
Like a distant yet vividly approaching plea.

My mind adapted one direction,
While the body craved *her* affection.

Doubt of being used tried to sway,
But passion finally made me its rightful prey,
Except with that came the day: Bilious of grey.

Time expunged the warmth from my chest,
Filled with enmity, mostly sorrow's crest.

And then... she came back,
Her past glory: Now a chasmic crack.

Rage carved punishment for her lie,
But the need pummeled dead my pride.

Both our troubled states of desire,
They plunged us finally into love's eternal pyre.

I don't know if it was the care or the want,
It summed to inexplicable and primal flaunt.
We both had what the other needed true,
Nothing could be compared to this vibranceful hue.

Her warmth, her touch, her words,
They gave exploration to new of heights.
She makes me feel myself without stop,
I tend to forget of putting my mask's top.

I thought it'd lead to vulnerability,
It only crawled to this liquefying tranquility.
She's my precious pair of second eyes,
Together we can achieve the impossible of prize!

I'd sometimes go back on my choices,
They'd speak with *these* troublesome of voices.
Yet, nothing anymore can deviate my path of right,
I'll struggle for it to the last breath of life!!

Passage of Magnificence

Sat upon moss and rock,
Bouncing sounds, drift and *plock*.
Everywhere: Life of colors,
Preceded forth of all that drives us.

The ceiling, our guardian protector,
Watches through gaps of fluffy spectres.
Underneath it all: Wonders nature, wonders human,
Between leaves and cliffs, rest the imprint our rumen.

Rooted onto fields, taking forest, hill and ravine,
A beauty of age, of history, of culture.
Home to many, defender of nation,
Its mark, the apex of civilization.

From red tiny roofs, to white imposing flats,
Set in rows of order-disorder, lined with veins asphalted,
Glinting gargantuans pristine, skulking chimneys of heat,

There is no end, there is no peak.

Thus this gives me wonder to how ahead we are,

Top the chain, creationists unparred.

Yet still, it tingles somehow wrong, *detached*,

The row of mountain behind, they somehow give more spark.

Memory Lane

Three salamies entered upon a cell,
Stability in purpose *twice* to tell.
In obviousness thus they hide,
In hoops of three are they tied.

A journey all of this entails,
But obscured from any city tails.
Scourge of safety, steep to slope,
Having found its hiding spot.

Now comes the time of action,
To reveal those ancient captions.
Would you be the one to look,
Or you'd rather coward like a lil' crook.

There, in the height,
Waiting in plainest sight.
Run along and grind,
Until you've found the secret *mine*.

Impulse

There was once a noble something,
With a home it was not known where,
Which walked deftly upon golden air.
Always known beyond the spirit,
Spoken without walls emboldened-fair.

Frozen within the hearts, souls, presence's time.
Stuck jutting silver, between weak and divine,
Glaring thoughts of dreamless passion, working without bind,
Melt the glaciers' prophecies of dreamless, unkind.

Thence came the sun beyond and sunk from the iron sky,
With heavy heart it depressed away from mortal eye.
The body traversed the laborious ermine,
The husk laid bare upon the anachronistic shrine.

Knowledge's inkling went tofor its home,
Resounding itself, steel drum's march,

And marched and marched through all the land.

With mockery and silver step, its shadow sulked, grew,
And raised itself on shoulders of rock poorly hewn,
And scorned down upon the lands it had eschewed,
And laughed its golden bitterness fate's ensued.

It shunned from mockery's omnipresent state,
And glid in gold flames fro's iron gate.
Cast away, to nightmares and horrors sleepless,
To mortal freedom from its fate, and to blur away,
To blur away, away the night.

There was once a noble something, its home all laid bare,
Which walked deftly upon golden air.
Upon the golden air, unknown footfell of doom,
Nor to the spirit of the moment, what anyone could do?

Frozen within the hearts, souls, presence of time,
Stuck with jutting silver, between distant and fine,

Glaring thoughts of dreamless passion, working withless bind,
Melting glaciers, the prophecies of those dreamless and unkind.

Flight

Blackness white and yellow forth,
All seen from this window's comfort.
A deplorable sight, full of none,
Yet carrying so much more to one's own.

I'm sure you've seen and felt the shroud,
Given all this encompassed life has hauled.
Care to glimpse into the tiny little lights?
They'd give you these delightful and danceful flights.

It all unexpected came to be,
Having to pull into knowing me.
Nothing horrific blights such a having,
Transparently-achieved with clever understanding.

There are many specks of blown controversy,
The only reason is to just let them be,
Otherwise the mind's path is only one of flee,

Moon at the crimson after dusk's final plea.

The calm rest after the storm,

Being the usual norm.

You'd know seclusion gives no yield,

Clouds of thunder give play on this flaming field.

Happiness is not to be an end,

It's a mean that finds to mend.

A gorgeous process randomly yet,

Unnecessary to be craved of hands' net.

The bloom of vitality seeps our veins,

Forging on to construct the Future's lanes.

Moments of clarity that eyelessly see,

Alas, the risk hands the appropriate key.

Special

A distant, unique connection,
Brought forth into joyful infection.

In chance it was created,
Something none of us knew awaited.

I couldn't care less in the past,
But now I'd shout otherwise if asked.

For greatness took its roots,
No longer dormant to yield its fruits.

These poems do not get old,
Without a price to get them sold.
They've waited especially for you,
You who against all odds came true.

World

Bleakness used to be the color,
It was crushing the life around my collar.
The tightness: unbearable and infinite,
The only closeness I knew of intimate.

Exaggeration has no place within this chart,
Especially about my flaming heart.
Embers, blazing strong within the fountain youthful,
Susceptible only to that what's truthful.

Path of reason, leaf of art,
Hence it was what gave me start.
Giving life to lifeless words,
Creating full entire worlds.

Stride

Vast meadows green,
Bricks of houses painted clean.
Wherever eyes would roam: order,
None able of crossing peace's border.

It felt bizarre in this new world,
Until it got me blandly curled.
Yet none of that mattered in the quiver,
Only anticipation to what's delivered.

The nights were dark and full of ice,
Yet fires kept warmth's slice.
Marveling into the endless sea reflective,
Savoring the realness over rifts connective.

The world before us laid bare,

It's up to us to find the where.
Distrust was turned to fiction,
The world no longer holds restriction!