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Meager Gropings in Madness

author

James Bryron Love

Chapter 1

Forward

These are a collection of poems from the 1970's through to the 1990's

It has been brought together finally as a full book.

The Author James Bryron Love is writer, poet and artist. His studies have included philosophy and literature. He has spent may years sculpting stone and now also works in oils as a painter.

To find out more you can go to his website

<http://jamesbryronlove.com>

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PART 1

"DELUSION"

OMENS IN TIMES, FUTURE WORLDS.

QUAINT REALISMS OF DOUBT.

BOUNDED BY GLORY, DEADENED SIGHTS,

BLINDED BY LIGHT IN SKIES DARKENED

WITH PAGEN RITUAL, CLOUDED

BY EMOTIONS AND SIGHTS OF YOU.

RESEMBALANCES OF CLOUDS, PUFFY, DRIVEN

IN SOLEMN SKIES OF VIOLENT ACTS.

LIGHTNING SHINES IN BEAUTY, DESPAIR

OF WHICH EYE IT IS SEEN.

IF A LOVE CONSUMES ITSELF, IT'S NOT LOST,

MERELY GONE OF PRESENT;

TO CONTINUE LATER IN RENEWANCE.

LIGHTNING SLASHES DOORWAYS, WINDOWS, FACES.

PAGES OF TEARS, SEARING MEMORIES

TAKE ME BACK, PAST THE MORN;

IN MOMENTS, LIFETIMES OF

HAPPINESS, DESPAIR.

IF I COULD LOVE YOU, I WOULD,

WITHIN THAT MOMENT, COMETS PASS,  
BEGINNING AGAIN.  
LOVING IS A PLEASURE THAT  
SURELY COMES WITH USE.

## JOURNEYS OF DEATH

STIRRING WORDS, WORLDS, MIXTURE OF LIFE  
STANDING SILENTLY ON THE PATHS,  
NOISES SCATTERING OVERHEAD.  
A PATH IN A PATH ON A PATH  
HAS NO DIRECTION AND EVERYONE,  
IF STANDING STILL, WITHOUT MOTION  
IS THE SAME AS GOING SOMEWHERE.  
WHERE WILL I BE WHEN  
DARKNESS CLAIMS THIS LAND.  
BURSTS OF FIRE, DANCING LIGHT  
IN THE AURA MOON OF MORN,  
SLEEPING IS ENDLESS, LONELY  
FOR HE WHO KNOWS NOT WHEN  
HIS JOURNEY IS ENDED.

## CONFESSIONS OF DOUBT

CONFESSIONS LINGERED, CALLING UPON MEMORIES,  
DREDGED FROM THE PAST, PRESENT, NOW.  
PRETENSE ABOUNDS, CREATING IT'S DEATH,  
CONFUSING ISSUES WITH STYLISH GRACE.  
STANDING LONELY IN DOORWAYS, FEARING,  
REPULSED BY THOUGHTS THAT MIGHT NOT BE.

IS IT DOUBT ABOUT WHAT PERTAINS OR  
RANDOM TERROR FROM HIDDEN WITHIN?

THE SOUL CRIES OUT;  
ASTOUNDED;  
RAPED,  
QUIET IN THOUGHTS  
THAT SHATTER, CRUSH THE WILL TO SURVIVE.

IF IT BE CONFESSION THAT MOTIVATES  
OR MERELY LUST OF DOUBT,  
BE WHAT MAY TO THE QUESTIONS IN DAWN.

TOMORROWS GATHERED IN CRYSTAL GLASS,  
YESTERDAYS REMOVED FROM MY GAZE;  
TO LINGER, QUIET, REMORSEFUL.  
SHIELDING EYES FROM QUAIN REALISMS  
OF DOUBT.  
IN THE QUIET HOURS,  
INSOMNIAC RIDDEN DAWN.

...excerpt...

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