



Fallen

BY MARK ROCHA

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“Cursed be the one who looks down on you
Oh child of inflicted sorrow;
Do unto others before they do unto you,
For today will be yesterday tomorrow.”

*To the pied piper – may his music be heard long after the pipe is broken,
and the piper dead.*

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Introduction

No I am not a Satanist and I am not a follower of the occult, - I am barely a poet. These verses are merely thoughts put down, coming from 'the heat oppress'd brain' ... to quote Macbeth.

Many who have read have asked, while many who have understood have questioned. What is written here is not to be taken lightly. I speak on behalf of the doubt that plagues this society. The age of science has long past – this is the age of faith. The question is not if you have it, but if you believe in it.

Every day we move closer to an unseen inevitability. The path is segmented, the choices are too many. Those who are ignorant choose to be, and they shall fall. I call out to those who have ears – look to the light, wait for the new coming - believe ...

Warning

Some of the material here contains acts of violence which is not suitable for younger reading. In no way is this meant to influence your behaviour towards the people around you, only to broaden your thinking.

Some of the material may also be disturbing in dealing with religious references, and discretion is advised while reading.

The author accepts no responsibility for any form of mental or physical disturbance that may arise as a result of reading these poems. This is to be accepted and appreciated as the work of art that it is and should not be acted upon.

The smoke of a burnt out candle,
rises toward the skies;
and lost in its fading memory,
are the tears in saddened eyes.

The vagueness of the hazy smoke,
lingers in the frosty air;
and in its core an image forms,
of pain beyond compare.

Vivid now the eye can see,
a face with features clear -
a beauty fair with long black hair,
on her cheek a single tear.

It wasn't meant to end this way,
her soul should not be bound;
her tear now turns to curdled blood,
as it falls toward the ground.

Autistic

Born into this world as a stranger,
a guest in a house I call mine;
no help to those of my nature,
useless like pearls before swine.
To others I seem nonexistent,
the others I barely understand;
oblivious to reason and direction,
cursed to be led by the hand.
Independent yet non independent,
always at the mercy of men;
to think on my own is a miracle,
to walk on my own is a sin.

Moon

Thou hang'st very low tonight,
you whose job is in darkness light;
watching as we sleep in bed,
but tonight thou look'st oh so red.

Who has angered you dear moon,
morning's nigh, please tell me soon;
the stars have all deserted you,
the sky has lost its shade of blue.

larger than the earth you seem,
can I touch you from this beam?
Will you burn me with your flame?
'Moon', if that's your real name.

fallen

Peter

Silently, silence
the cause of my sin;
betrayal of the truth,
I pierced you within.
I lied to you, hurt you,
but how would I know,
that thrice in the courtyard
the cockerel would crow?

Why Peter did you crown me with thorns?
Why did you turn to the one with the horns?

We shared a leaf between us both
of us it made a kin;
and no one knew -
they knew of you,
of me they'll find out too.

Unwilling birds together shared
to bring us both at once;
for us they died -
who died hath tied,
so blood could claim we lied.

We crushed a seed with borrowed hands
we both found in it calm;
over it spill -
and spill at will,
of times awaiting still.

Time

Hands reach out, big and small.
Offering time to some,
taking away from others.
Man waits on time,
time waits for no man.
Time cannot be timed,
yet man gave time a measure.
Haste makes time run faster.
A watched kettle never boils.
Yet given not time,
our race would be chaotic;
not coming, not going.
A place for everything,
and everything in its place.
A time for everything,
And everything in time.

fallen

Stay alert comrade, keep watch.
Your time draws near.
Watch how the Capitalist depend on the Bourgeoisie.
But who do the Bourgeoisie depend on?
You, the Proletariat. You are under their thumb.
They extract from you, to serve them.
Be crushed no longer.
Rise up in rebellion.
Take over the Bourgeoisie and their shops.
Steal from the capitalist what belongs to you.
Live together in one community - one commune,
Work together for the same profit.
There is no great, no less.
All men are equal. All men are one.
Help your comrade, and your comrade will help you.
All men for each other, no god at all.

“better to reign in hell than serve in heaven ...”

-John Milton, Paradise Lost



Currently a radio presenter with a reputed radio station, Mark Rocha started writing when he was 14 years of age. He is the proud winner of many awards for his work, and is currently living with both his parents and his brother in India.

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