

Poems

1. **Of Poetry and Rhymes**
2. **Love's Lament**
3. **Thief of Hearts**

Of Poetry and Rhymes (Ryz'n—while studying contemporary poetry at M&L, Feb 28, 1973)

*Poetry without a trace
Of effort in structured rhyme,
Is like someone without a face
Who lives outside of time.*

*Blank verse ne'er portrays
Features crafted so sublime,
As comely rhymes framed in ways,
Which stand the test of time.*

*Free verse is even worse.
I think it more like prose.
Lacking true form, it is a curse
No matter how it flows.*

*Forgive me if I lack the grace
To read and make them mine.
It is my fault I can't embrace
Such verse by word or line.*

*I grant that in the poet race
Varied lyricists like stars
 May prosper and may shine.
Our goal is to pursue the chase
No matter what we find.*

*Yet carry on with your just craze,
I don't mean to be unkind.
To expose your hearts deserves my praise,
But leaves me far behind.*

Love's Lament (a poem by Moons July 6, 1975, Ocean City, MD. Rejected by Ryz'n as a potential song lyric for personal reasons, though Nick always held it out as a possibility.)

*Come, lie with me and rest.
Lay your head on my sweet breast.
Place your cheek where you may
suckle snuggle
And lay aside all your struggles.*

*Forget about all things which hurt
you
And all of them who would desert
you.
Come lay down in my ~~warm~~ soft nest.
~~Lay~~ Place your troubles on my warm
chest.*

*I am here. I long to hold you.
Do not fear. I will not scold you.
Feel free to speak or to confess
I won't betray your gentle tenderness.*

*And I'll honor, if I must,
Your code of abstinence and trust.
And that is so hard for me to do,
Cuz you know that I want you.*

*My lips are warm. My tongue's on
fire.
And you're the soul of my desire.
My hips are round and beckon you,
To love you, not to [wreck on?] check
on you.*

*Alright, Ok, just calm yourself.
I'll put my love upon the shelf.
Please quiet and I'll sing to you,
~~Just let me~~ If only I may cling to
you.*

*You must rest before the day
Dawns bright, to ~~take~~ steal away
These precious moments, which are so
few*

And far apart betwixt us, ~~too~~ two.

*That's right my love, breathe in
breathe out.
~~Take the path~~ Assume the slumber
you've gone without.
Sleep gently dear in my caress.
Take all my love and tenderness.*

*For when they are yours, so too, am
I,
Though it takes ~~all saps~~ my will
~~shakes me, breaks me,~~
~~pains~~ wounds me not to cry.
I know our love, it cannot last
And I must lose you to your past.*

*Until then, in these short wee hours
I bask in love that grows and
flowers,
And hope sweet hope that some day
A miracle will bid you stay.*

*And above all else, know this My
Sweet,
I ~~will~~ gladly kneel here at your feet,
To ~~stroke~~ salve your wounds and give
to you
All my love, ~~I'll do~~ give *Anything*,
Even my each and every treat.*

*Perhaps, we'll consummate what we
ignore,
My love for you whom I adore.
Now lay gently here upon my breast,
And please, My Sweet, forget the
rest.
Just rest softly here, for evermore.*

The Thief of Hearts (Drafted by Little Nick, after he broke up with Allena in June of 1970, but polished and completed, Thanksgiving, 1976, when he felt he was losing Ryzanna to the rewards of Olympic fame)

*The Thief of Hearts
Gives grief to hearts.
That's how this trump card works.*

*He hangs around
Without a sound,
Not showing where he lurks.*

*He comes and goes.
Where? No one knows,
But he steals when least expected.*

*Had you known
The seeds he's sown
You'd take steps to be protected.*

*But clean, fair play
Is not his way.
This knave won't chance a gamble.*

*For him, instead,
It's left unsaid--
The way for him to ramble.*

*Oh, YOU THIEF!
You dastardly curmudgeon!
You stole away
My joy today
And leave me here, begrudgin'.*

*I see you now
Taking your bow
Before you leave me, fleeing.*

*Snidely your smirk,
You sniveling jerk!
Now! You don't mind my seeing.*

*You coward. You rat!
You broke me flat!
You gave me not a chance.*

*You sneak'd around,
Then stabbed me down
And slayed my sweet romance.*