

~Dark Passage~

A Moonlit Journey through Urban Decay

A Book of Dimly Lit Poetry

Owen Johnston

Legal Information

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"Dark Passage - A Moonlit Journey through Urban Decay"/Poetry

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Credits:

Author & Publisher:

Owen Johnston

cyriades@yahoo.com

<http://www.freewebs.com/cyriades>

<http://www.youtube.com/shincyriades>

<http://www.myspace.com/cyriades>

<http://www.megaupload.com/?f=TZV20K13>

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Urban Decay

Slowly descending
The spiral staircase
Into urban decay
On this night long journey -

Preceded by flashlight
And followed by the full moon,
Whose eyes hold us all in
His view as the street light
Flickers in and out in orange shades.

Spirit of the Past

The spirit of the past
Lives in
The whispers of the wind and
The hoot of the hoary owl,
Which echoes sadly evermore
Against the lonely trees -

Who for days uncounted have seen
The endless journeys of men
Come to an end beneath them -
This final respite
Marked by names and dates
On lonely tombs.

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Ghost Hunting

There is a ghost in the shell
Of every old place -
Whether the unclaimed metal skeleton
Of an abandoned steel mill,
Or the spirit that lingers
On the grounds of a historic graveyard.
These ancient places carry
The immortal remnants
Of old civilization.

Exploring them to
Examine their secrets
Like an urban archaeologist -
Chasing down the answers
To urban legends and ghost stories -
Simply to know what came before.

Abandoned Factory

Once full of life, this old building -
Memories locked away under layers of dust.
Cigarette butts and broken beer bottles
Litter the lonely lot.

Once vital and active
In the world of mortal men,
Now immortal in its skeletal frame -
The ghost in the shell of the
Abandoned factory
Speaks secrets of
Long misused tools,
Broken cinder blocks,
And locked away rooms -
Modern ruins and electric tombs
Long left behind on this hidden highway -
And evermore in urban legend.

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Stomping Ground

Traversing the rural fringes
Of urban reality,
Haunting the spirits
With lamps and curious minds.

Marble City

I know when you were born and died,
But I want to see beyond the moss
On your gravestone.
Who were you in life?

Old Church

I. Cathedral.

I go back in time as I brush webs of dust
From the stained glass window,
Wondering what secrets this
Old church buried with its dead.

II. Esoteric.

As stained as memory,
This old window yet reflects light
Like the sermons once held
In the holy hall.

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Farewell Party (Leaving the Old Church)

The ravens on the roof
Stand guard like gargoyles -
These grim feathered ghouls
Perch atop the once proud passages
That they now pretend to own,
And sing a sad a cappella
In mockery of memory.

To End a Journey

I leave as the morning light
Lifts the late night's velvet veil
And the moon bids farewell
To the starry sky,
Wondering if warning signs
Will be like hieroglyphs
To a future age.

Into the Light

Walking at the crack of dawn on
This early morn,
Through fresh cut grass
And beside foggy fields,
My shoes soaked with dew -

I stop to take a drink
And pause to think:
This simple heaven's
Greater'n
That urban hell.

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Atalaya

Dark watch tower
 Overlooking the lonely beach
 Built without blueprint -
 Summer home sculpted
 From brick and mortar,
 Its plans first and solely sketched
 In the dreams of a genius and poet.

Ordered chaos - artistic anarchy;
 The sculpture room seems to
 Summon the spirit
 Of the poet's late wife -
 As if the ghost
 Of the lady sculptor
 Haunts the mossy halls
 Just to finish her last work.

Manifest Destiny

How wild was the west?
 How true rang the gold,
 That men sought and killed
 For it?

How mighty the steed,
 And how much mightier
 The man who rode it
 And held the law on his hip?

How long the roads of those days?
 How deep the secrets?
 Would the spirits of
 Doc Holliday and Wyatt Earp
 Speak to us in the old saloon?

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Ageless Expectation

Through the mossy fence
I see empty school buses
Waiting for children.

Ladybug

The ladybug crawls
Across my hand before it
Spreads its wings and flies

Zen Garden

The zen garden's sand
And stones; such simplicity -
Subtle and sublime

Omnipresence

Contemplating all -
God's all around - I feel His
Love in all places

Strangely Soothing Storm

A late night rain fall -
Whose dripping meditation
Calms my dreary soul

Nightmare

The cryptic preening
Of my black cat at midnight
Calms my dreary soul

Shady

The thoughtful napping
Of my gray cat at noontime
Calms my dreary soul

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Moonlit Meditation

Beetles and bugs of the night
My frequent customers of the porch light
Paying simply with their incessant buzz
As I sit on the steps sipping wine

Verdant Dusk

In the moonlit haze
Of a late summer's eve
Is this well-worn back road,
Set upon on each side by
Darkest woods that smell of
Live oak and dying pine.
Fog rises from the road in the wake
Of a surprise rain shower.

The green freshness
Of the encroaching woods
Tempt a walk through it -
The soft, dewy grass,
Overhanging trees,
Chirping crickets,
Abandoned buildings -
Remains of civilization,
Returning to nature -
And spiders stringing their silky portraits
All invite a stroll
Through this verdant dusk.

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The author is a native of Lake City, South Carolina. Aside from writing, he is a full time karateka.