

Beneath our Souls, Above the Stars

A portfolio by Cade Peppley

Cosmic Cacophony, Stellar Symphony

I think of stars speckled along the silken black sky.
And the sound they make, from such a distance away.
Even our own Sun, the somber sphere of silence in the sky
Is singing cosmic songs that are the lettings of life.
The essence of song, clear marking music.

The mountains are the muse of the magpie.
They do not mumble yet they are melodious
Of nature and its intricate inner inflections.
They are the instruments of sentience,
From which weave the waters of life.

These rivers roar for the rabbits and robins.
Run through the round worn rocks
Before reaching their rightful end
At the reaches far from the peaks.

The rivers leave way for the lakes,
Where the larks lament above
Calm and crystalline waters where
Finches flirt with a forlorn falsetto.

The songs of the mountains, rivers, and lakes
Sail to the sky to join the Cosmic Cacophony,
Or if you listen to just right, the Stellar Symphony.

Polar Everythings

It knows the loudest things to man

And the quietest all the same

It finds our teeming lasting life

And sees where it isn't at all

It breathes in deepest chill

And glares a searing flame

It shines a searing light

And pulls it back away

It revokes our right to leave

And keeps us safe and sound

It gives us all we ever want

And still tease us with beyond

It takes our lives without thought

And we still want what awaits us

It doesn't let us go

And still it whispers for us in the great beyond

I wake up in the morning to eat
A nice plate of home cooked
Scrambled eggs and hashbrowns
Which gets me thinking
On the state of corporate America
And realize that the only thing
That is keeping those businesses
From controlling our everyday lives is the fact
That there are people out there selfish enough
To threaten each other over the internet
When they don't get what they want,
And I'm sure there's more to it than that
But give me a second I have to go feed my dog,
I love him,
He's hungry I'm sure,
And he hasn't eaten all morning.

The Ballad of Little Gort

He was known as Little Gort.
Peddler of all things slime,
Doing 'schevious deeds
When the very stars align.

On that forlorn, fateful day,
Set eyes on rival sellers' slime.
Business rivals one might say,
Bore him no ill will.

Poisoning their well sold slime,
One by one by one.
They lost their loyal customers.
But 'ol Gort wasn't done.

Before he went to go to bed,
Gort hunted every one
And then he chose to shoot them dead.
Why, oh why my Gort.

The police are on his tail, I see!
He can't run fast at all.
Hurry, oh Gort, you better hurry!
Nevermind they got him.

Spent a day in prison, did Gort.
Can't afford defense,
As he's brought for crimes to court,
For several counts of murder.

Well that's the death penalty,
Here, I wrote an elegy:

We won't miss the face of long dead Gort,
Punished for his crimes.
His life was one cut very short.
In stars above he still peddles his slimes.

Immaterial

That flawless vision is unattainable
It always asks you to place
Yourself on a pedestal
Built on desperation.

Built on the pressure you thought
Everyone else placed on you
And never truly did.

You find yourself,
Once and once again

Looking at those around,
Better than you, they always are.
Asking you to be those people
Which you never should be.

You are always asked to travel
To the ends of the earth.

14 million lightyears away,
An impossible place at a distance
Only measured at an
Immaterial unit of time.

Sequence

Words placed

In tan

dem to each oth er

Give meaning to what could be nothing more than

Grand and *delicate* strokes on

A great tree sliced to shreds

Wire thin

What gives meaning to music

Not the ^{pluck} of a string

Or the _{pat} of a drum

But these sounds one after another

That tricks your brain to perceive

ART

The painting is speaking to you

Through those colors of stark contrast

And lines that strike ~~through soft strokes.~~

It's a sequence as much as

The chord and the clause,

The sta

If you break it

It hurts sometimes.

oR maybe it beautiful.

You'll never know.

nza and the symmetry.

Masquerade

A blood red mask of fearsome countenance,
It hides the face of something insidious,
The face of nothing at all, grievous blankness.
It hides itself among our just as hidden selves.

Ball gowns slide

***across the polished marble
like ball bearings of
inflated self-importance.***

Whispers of him, no whispers of it,
Glide through the floor faster than
The servants scatter to offer drinks
With a frantic sort of control.

***Ornate canes tap up
and down the steps like
solid drops of rain
on ornamental rooftops.***

Many the noble and many the rich
Find the prospects of friends and enemies
In one room worth the risk of
Losing themselves to the blank stare.

Caps, hats, and headdresses

***mask the malicious intentions
of the minds
conspiring underneath.***

The whispers say not to get wrapped up
in its dance most smooth and elegant,
Since you won't see the blood until
You are trapped face to face.

***Their shoes click and clack,
nearly drowned out
by the screeching,
screaming orchestra.***

The whispers say it's grace matches the greatest dancer
The pride of the wealthy holds steadfast,
They will not play themselves down, and so
It remains at large among the graceful masses.

Stiff and compact

***cloth restrict them,
holding the poise***

of superficial control.

The mask without eyes, their lack of presence
Hidden by the shadows cast by gently lit candelabras.
Once you lock eyes with the void, they say,
Is when the downward spiral begins.

Sparkling jewels and lustrous chains

trap their hearts,

lending it to no one

but themselves.

It's not that these revelers are trapped in the grasp of a monster,
It's that they would rather give in than let themselves go.

They trap their gaze in the void behind the mask,
Their mind wanders to the abyss beneath the suit,
Its mask runs red,
Their face runs white,
They lose themselves,
They lose their minds.

Pride is the plague as much as that which kills it.

Spines and All

Little hedgehog
Love so much, so fierce
You cannot see how it hurts.
But do not blame yourself.
These spikes aren't your doing.

Those around you place them there,
Even if they do not mean it.
Every burden you pick up for them
Finds its way behind you,
A strand on the haystack.

We never saw your spines,
As you would always face us
And smile as you loved to.
We never felt a poke,
Never had a scratch.

Us little hedgehogs you raised,
To bring us close
Would hurt you more, I'm sure,
And yet you cherished us,
Spines and all.

When you curl in on yourself
In pain and distress
Is when it seemed to hurt us the most.

And the weight of what you
Placed on your shoulders
Spills down all around.

The world seemed to forget you,
Memory, you find,
Little more than haze.

All that was left to truly hurt us
Was to pick up those fallen spines,
Left along the way.

All We Know

Travelers reach outside the bounds of the universe
Invoking the names of galaxies outside of galaxies
And systems within their fellow systems
They reach the ends of what we know
To discover what?
A nothingness that we all suspected?
Or more of what we already know?

Travelers bring hope by their side
Hope that hopes for the undiscovered to be
Naught but dead and lifeless
They bring wishes for there to be
Something more special than what we came from,
Asking that the universe does not treat us with hostility.

Travelers bring with them their song
The song that can bring our names
And the brighter side of humanity
To the outer reaches of all we know.