

Examples of Stories, and Poetry

Koans of the Night

We live where the flowers don't grow
Where the weeping willows grow far apart
Do you hear the buildings cry?
Follow the midnight train to nowhere
Follow the broken sign
You will find – me

Grandma's Rocking Chair

Grandma's rocking chair
Swayed to an invisible breeze
Its soft creak, wept forlorn tears
Gently sobbing, and laughing
As she slowly lost her mind
Lost in the pain of her memories
She reaches out to the emptiness

The Undying Pyre

I fall into the undying pyre
As I play this broken lyre
Glass shatters around my feet
Searing flames
Burning lands
An icy heart
With warm hands

Upon the City of Brass

I fall down to grace

Bicorne Blues

“The hell with you!” Dan shouted, as he slammed down the phone. He picked up a picture of his wife, and threw it into the garbage. He leaned back in his chair, and sighed as he heard the glass shatter. “Is it my fault that she’s such a witch?” he muttered to himself.

“Dan, where are you hiding?” Lily inquired, as she entered the training room. She noticed that the door to his office was slightly open. “Dan!?”

When she got no response, she stepped into his office. Lily screamed, as she found him sprawled on the floor. His body was torn to pieces, and appeared to be covered in claw marks.

“It seems like he was attacked by some kind of animal,” the cop who arrived on the scene remarked.

“Wait a minute,” the security guard replied, “I’ve seen this before. Let me get a closer look.”

The cop reluctantly agreed. “Just don’t touch anything.”

“Ah-hah, judging by the broken portrait of his wife, and the severity of the claw marks, I’d say he was killed by a Bicorne, a plump panther with a human face, that devours husbands whose wives nag them.”

Internet Demons

“Trans-Allegheny Computer Corporation, how many I assist you?”

“I think I have a virus,” I said, as I looked at my computer screen.

“What exactly is going on, ma’am?”

“My files are being replicated. My browsers are being hi-jacked, and they’re taking

me to fake websites. Some of my files have been deleted, and others I cannot locate. What should I do?" I inquired.

"Uh-oh!" It sounds like you have internet demons! You have to contact the church to have a virtual exorcism performed."

A couple days later, a guy with thick glasses, bad acne, and a pocket protector, arrived at my home. He took a bible out of his laptop case, and knelt next to my computer. He recited several lines of zeros, and ones. Then he shouted, "The binary code compels you! The binary code compels you!"

The screen began to bleed. The room filled with disembodied voices.

A few minutes later, a cross appeared on the screen, followed by the words, "Thank you!"

Puzzled

Edith was obsessed with puzzles. Her closet was filled to capacity with different kinds of puzzles. She did little else after her knee replacement.

She awoke to a rap at the door. "Who could it be this early in the morning?" she wondered, as she grabbed her cane.

Someone had left a jigsaw puzzle on her front porch. It was wrapped in a bow covered with smiley faces.

Edith cleared the kitchen table. She eagerly pieced the puzzle together. She shrieked, as she noticed that the background of the puzzle appeared to be her room. The image in the center of the puzzle, was her standing next to a portal that said, "Welcome Home!"

