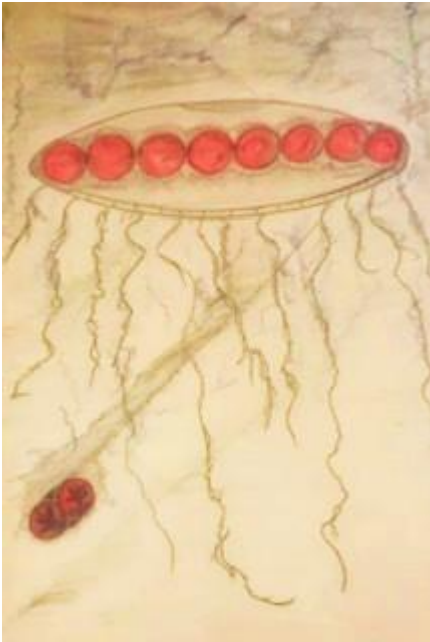


The Speculative Collection
By Tanya Fillbrook



The Speculative Poetry Collection
Tanya Fillbrook

1...Science Fiction

2....Gothika

3....Fantasy

4....People, Places, Light, And
Dark

Science Fiction

Skullopter Burning

The crackling of fire: overpowering.

My craft is catapulted,

Expanding blue flames.

I am stranded,

Dehydration is playing tricks on me. These hunger pains are insulting to me.

My planet, Skullopter, is blowing in a ferocious - prickly heat, and my skin, no longer mine.

Who am I?

I, Siranne, am burning, and my body is swollen, I cannot speak.

With fatigued eyes, closing I hear the popping of my planet; it shrinks like the black cherry rose.

I make my way to a poisoned hatch and my data has been defeated.

Martha's Moon Day

Martha extends her bird-like hand and reaches for her pocket telescope. Through the viewfinder the luminosity of the Moon makes her heart sing; warbles at the top of her starscape voice, and with a certain glee, she says, "My window looks like diamond crystals, shining."

I was happy for my Sister - I stood close to her reassuring her the future would, indeed, be bright.

She told me the word alone was not a single one when the Moon lady appeared through the cotton candy clouds.

She told me last week she had been abducted by the reptiloids in the forest close by.

I know she thinks about Ma, and Pa every day the same as me except that her little mind wanders to a tune of madness.

Martha's aunt is coming round at teatime with a rocket-shaped birthday cake complete with ten candles, flickering like the stars.

Her friends, with hands full of shiny wrapping, and coloured balloons will light up her face as a birthday party fit for a Queen "rock, and roll."

The music is pumping, and the excitement is roaring spilling out into the woodland glade where a plethora of night owls are heard.

Martha can be heard in a thick-green misty sea of flora, but she cannot be seen. She is out of sight and we gaze up to the silence of patterned torches, where the reptilian forms through a round aperture.

“Happy Birthday Martha!”

The Phantom Of Minvar

Planet Minvar has lost its pull: shadows darker than the never world, metamorphosing into something else.

As the cryptozoologists gaze up they witness the head of the two halves: the hound, and the nuckelavee awaiting the sound of the whispering trees wavering in a fern-fringed glade.

Where to go into a light that will not fade? We ask the few that remain hiding in the dense foliage.

Starlight is never enough, and daylight can't come soon enough.

Our legs stretch out in larger strides across a field where the carousel plays an organ symphony.

To slay the hound, and the horse through a gauntlet across uncertain galaxies is a race against time.

And the organ chortles as our bottoms ride the fairground follies

Emitting the lightest and brightest torch.

The battling of wings descend, then to the station - park, mid-air fixed the gaze of the skyscape creature;

Phantom pantomimes.

Through the darkest corner of the sky, the black Moon lowers and opens the crevices of doom, calling out to the

creature that shares its prey with the human taste. A
silent night can be a morning of chaotic purge,
And a cleaning up of a lost life, inconsolable.
But they are gone to the life source that sucks them in
Attaching themselves to the rock debris until the Moons
meet up again
At a quiet distant corner of the planet
Minvar.

Black Moon Rising

I may not see it when the sun burns brightest, but I feel
the lure of its approaching promise.

And for a second new Moon in a month of a hungry
harvest they, the thinkers, the believers, and the wishful
creators make it worth their mortal coil.

The star clusters fused for thousands of years twinkle
brighter through the littered Milky Way letting me into a
mythological dream, yet not all the boom of doom and
gloom.

Let it guide me through the darkest days through light,
and lighter through the dark.

There is nothing to be scared of, or, for.

The Black Moon rising watches the lonely, the poor, the
forgotten.

Rise up with her and she will unfurl her dainty wings,
there to lift you

Into another space of productive time,
And a wealthy life.

This Black Moon rising is my only salvation, hiding away
from toxicity drifting through the galaxy.

Above my sweaty brow

Keeping me clear from its rapid infectious wane.

As I board my ship,

The Parsec 5,

It rises higher, and higher, and en-route to a surface of
dimples and unseen hues,

And so, to home,

My home, a world full of light, a real one world.

The Blue Star Skyscape

The sky above me reminds me of blue crystals shimmering and dancing among smaller stars set out every night for the eagle-eyed watcher. Brighter than the sun it takes me on a magical mystery tour across the starscape lighting a street full of people discontent, if only they rested their gaze.

Larger, its beautiful energy throws me into another place, another time, and I absorb its heat.

The spiral arm reaches out, sucking me into its core and I am safe.

I wait for the Blue stars to tell me about the darkest canvas before their arrival.

I breathe out, stored energy revived watching an awesome picture card: Christmas has come early as blue snowflakes fall, and then I catch them in a doll-like hand.

I am fully charged; ignited and driven to work with a happy night sky inviting me in further to create whatever I need.

The brighter they shine, and so, the quicker their burst - a fading faster than most.

Take me to a lower sky now where yellow diamonds linger, and others form.

Thank you!

Thank you for showing me the open door to the Blue Starscape. And, unlike the stars, my memory of it will never fade.

Metamorphose

The rocky structure was the perfect viewing point. I don't know when I'll see it, I just know I will.

Their bodies circle around ignorant bones learning to master our ways, and the heavy thoughts become fragile as the baby boom humanoids become us.

I think I saw one yesterday, the lizard man, emerging from the azure-blue lagoon.

I couldn't be sure, where did the time go? A transformation into something small as I heard the infant cry.

The dissipation of it was too much to fathom in a dangerous heat wave of new life; and then only, through a city full of people the infant mingles, jostles, and jive into man.

The ripples in the water came bubbling; the murmuring of hums rose from the lake I sat beside.

Pushing the water up like a fountain made from metal came the unknown: the magical, the impossible, and the unpredicted.

Then wide the watercraft; not a boat rising, nor a prehistoric outrigger, but something else, something new not yet ready to be seen by dithering deniers.

As it rose out from the silvery wet it hovered and boomed leaving behind lizards of neonates.

My head was buzzing, pushing out quiet obscenities as I peered through a green-fingered foliage plant.

There in a lagoon mist, the neonates grew as I watched with little assurance.

And then, a lizard into man complete adorning a black Ricci suit and black shiny shoes.

Like the missing aircraft across a Bermuda Triangle, the humanoids disappeared.

When to mingle?

Who to trust?

And we become one.

A Vision In Violet

Simaha espied through her large bay window where
violet hues rang out a warning
And encompassed sickly darkness. Allowing the lense's
intensity to form a crystal-clear gaze,
Held there indefinitely.
She called out to its entirety, making wishes for
mysterious undercurrents to seize her
Then, love her.
She is in nirvana sucking her deeper, closer, and closer
arriving in a novice world with a rushing of waterfalls over
salt-iced rock faces:
The preserving of little life beneath a riverbed, and within
the meandering of it, twisting, and turning to stop at the
mangroves:
Sponges soaking up life!
The hybrid reptiles are basking where orange fruitlings
grow aplenty, harvested for those with dissipating bodies,
And will not stop until Utopia.

Monster Machines And Metal Sky

Machines to serve those that have no time for the little things,

Things that matter, as the universe expands then dance to a tune called wealth.

And the comfort of one is never enough when the machine takes on the role of commander.

The implants inside them, larger than life with the whole world opening wide to dictate to the humble stray beings of all nations with toughened, tied boot strings pulled across wider thighs to hold up tracker authority cards.

As skies lighten, the machines, they darken; their thoughts are multiplied and copied.

It is clear to speak the words of untruths to a word of the disillusioned.

Soon the machines, down through to the twilight zone - an ocean of no return.

Now, across untouched horizons casting the shadows as they clank, and metal crashes warn us all of the fields left unmowed for centuries to come: the living human souls concealed only coming out when famished.

What is left for them now?

The machines steal a world once plentiful and ripe.

The further reliance on a technical kingdom, the less power given to our emotional wants, and even less to exploit.

And now as we search ourselves others above the darker skies, and the newborn beneath an ocean of growth, and prosperity, a plethora of metal and reptiloids will be ready to take over this world for the greater good, not through war, but through a superseded life force made from evolving technologies given to them.



Mirror Objects
[Reflections In Time]

Mirrors that smash in space and time become nothing
more than broken dreams.

I am a portal nearing the darkest metagalactic hole.

And as the glass objects shatter

Rock debris matter of mineral - popping in,

Then, spat out or swallowed.

A mirror in time cannot be lured into its magnificent pull:

The Golden glass, reflecting horizons, and the
skyscraper become one diamond life.

Reflections in time pass over my unseen visage

And I am hurtling across the atmosphere to another
world,

New to the observer's eye.

When will I jostle my way through this dark scape

And start at the birth of the universe?

The rhythms of time I do not see,

I just pray I get there soon.

Gothika

Animal

She hears the tapping messing with her head,
Tearing away at psychotic nerves,
Beth - one defunct mess,
Ugly and untidy.
Contorting her body into a polluted floor;
As fragmented shadows near.
Her heart pounds into a new rhythm:
And the vilest stench stifles.
It, upon the powerful limbs
Snarl with rabid bite,
To become her sure demise.
Closing that hatch behind putrid air, she throws it off with
malice.
The demon dog dances the fandango.
It will not stop until she
Succumbs.
And with thready breath hurls herself wide
To be one torpid freak of nature:
Demon creature closing in,
With her fading visage
Sinking,
It claws erect to mark her.
To trick her and deliver her
To the nethers.

She lets out one tense whistle, with her lips, aquiver
Releases herself to the higher.
It cannot take her.
She is liberty
And he is man for immortality.

This Winter Waste

The January snow has a beating pulse: intoxicating
spores;
The bursting of berries - cherry Black, adorning the holly
rushes
Spilling out for miles:
The devil's cherries.
The villagers pace in crunching stench underfoot; pieces
of everything.
A pile is building, hear it bubble away, feel it engulf the icy
senses. With waste that poisons us.
Crows of sorts are swarming awaiting their prize; the
devil's work has paid off.
Hear the people scream in a winter wonderland of waste.
Trickles of ice from a frozen sky,
Turning red again, awash with scarlet plasma.
Faces are forming and metamorphosing, changing
humankind.
This is not just a very dainty wonderland
But one, void of life. And so famished, the carrion strip
away the unthinkable.

Impure Fusion

The light is torture; racking rays of light popping out,
Soon, my eyes,
Now not as innocent. Awaiting my tragic journey's end.
And man has infected me; Inflicted pain.
Chronic, diseased, defiled, thrown to the swine. And man
has made them whole:
Fertile:
To fatten the sow.
And yet mankind is sterile. We are not wanted:
Scraps for the fodder remain there, impregnated,
Just pieces of me.

The Sirens Of The Pacific

Beauty turns to shadow in the darkest corner: faces, ugly to do the deed.

The strength of a will to take them one by one, and there the rippled sea of Azure-Blue turns red with each bite.

As women become men of one collective army, once adorned with mermaid hair soft, then flowing, now entwined with their spaghetti limbs to wrap around their prey.

The sirens wail an ole' sailor's shanty heard through the deafened ears of a ship's crew once rife guzzling the grog poison,

And out with a grimacing storm.

Where the screeching of the siren banshees washes out the howling winds with one soiled breath: breath of the fallen.

And grown men are pulled over the finger-claw vessel never to emerge but sink to the darkest chasms.

The centuries before this: tales were all but.....

The superstitious folk of paradise would bury their riches from pilfering pirates, yet bury themselves from the wrath of sirens.

Sailors would sail to make their labour: hard.

To bring it home for smaller mouths, to procure, and store then eat with each gut, aching.

To toil till they reap the reward of community kinship.

Yet with approaching storms, the beautiful sea femmes become the marked; of the Devil's nether. Sailors

venturing out from other worlds see the mermaids fair,
without the widening waves and lashing rain to turn them
once more into swimming-killing machines.

The sirens of the Pacific will not fade with the burning
sun; sailors will risk their sail for the need to feed the
hungry, and the pirates will have the banshees on their
side, forever.

The Crow And The Rose

When the crow caws, the rose blossoms, higher and
wider - a garden full of rosy-scented layers in a Midnight
Blue hue like a starscape opening up for the movie
scene.

The crow is watching me through an intellectual lens as
he knows the food is near. The scavenger understands
my movement and I receive his warmth.

In the night-lit garden, he sits on the fence and the
thoughtful beadiness in his eye makes him caw again.
Today is like yesterday, and the day before that too. And I
don't care.

The crow is my friend, always. The crow is not always a
thief, nor a beggar. The crow is never a bird of doom only
but in unforgiving cultures of superstition and panic. This
crow fights to survive just like all of the others; birds that
eat seed and the crop plants, like the predatory big fish
that masticate on the smaller fish. It is life repeating in
necessary patterns needing to survive for future
generations.

This crow lives wild, and always will yet when on the wing
will guide me through the tragic of days: hard, and cruel.
Corvus clever: making young fitter in order to survive.
And when the Roses are in bloom in my ancient tree line
all life sings a special song, and the crow eats a
breakfast of nuts and corn on a wooden table fit for a
banquet.

There the feast is shared with the songbirds and the
woodpigeon.

A hungry crow is sometimes a desperate one; don't let
them become ostracized: make them a happy home in a
natural wilderness and they will return to us
Time, and time again.



The Circus Comes To Town

The best clowns are the scariest; cherry Red mouths stretched to haunt.

Green hair-like blades of grass stuck to pasty faces;
You were someone else.

We dilly-dallied lingering around the cotton candy,
throwing coconuts - toy bear in tow.

The ghost train would rattle cages as twisted hair
became matted. Where creepy hands touched upon our
shoulders making spines tingle.

Our hearts would tremble.

Reflections in mirrors turned us into monsters rampaging
through the big-top tent, then to pilfer the gold from white
rich scrawny necks;

Our fists turning Blue. And the men in uniform followed
us home so we sped through the moonlight, high, then
low voices echoed past us.

So now Mother, I write these words you really don't wish
to hear until I can forget

And you may forgive.

The Girl With Many Faces

Today I sing my song. I only sing when I'm happy.

Tomorrow who knows?

The weather might tell me in detail who I'm supposed to be; but then again, the attachment that followed me home the other night could resurface, throwing me an idea or two - no lifeline there then.

Or it could just be that the ghosts in my house are secretly talking to me, and in my subconscious little mind, I am becoming them.

When my voice is raised and my body is still - paralyzed - who have I become?

I am different from the others but I am human.

Patricia parades around proud with her head held high, she has won the award for remaining silent, and the antisocial brawl shows an unhealthy air of ignorance to all those around them.

I am "Pat the potty!"

That's what Mother used to call me anyway when she couldn't stop my crying except by a non-friendly tone set with rage and hatred. What did I do wrong Mother?

And what did you do right?

I might just sit here on the sand all day and allow the sunlight to penetrate my aching bones, rife with affliction.

"Sorry, sorry I can hear myself say."

I must have done something wrong again as I am now not "Pat the Potty," but moaning Millie instead. She does not stop talking to me, telling me lies, saying silly things

to me that make little sense - I wish she just pissed off
somewhere for a minute.

Please go away, Millie.

What happened to Patricia today? I want to be - Patricia
Jones.

When can I walk down the street having happy little
thoughts, with bursts of song?

My therapist tells me it takes time to like who you are; I
keep telling her I don't know who I am though, or who I'll
be the next day, and the meds just calm me, I am still
nobody really but someone confused, disabled in my
thinking, fragile one day, and powerful the next.

Dear Doctor, I hate me!

Make me somebody new and normal.

Thank you.

Nemesis

It's not just the night when I am left defeated: helpless,
abandoned, and left to rot.

I call it by its name sometimes as a way of
communication but it never listens. I command it to go;
my strength is of the highest supremeness.

Yet still, I am nothing!

I feel cursed and dirty. The four-leafed clover has not
landed in my lap of good fortune and the room is
spinning.

If I, a priest of non - ignorance, and wisdom cannot take it
back down to the nethers, then, who am I?

What do I call this nemesis?

I have no eyes to see: blinded by ignorance.

What is stronger than life itself?

What is richer than love?

Reading the holy script, I ask for forgiveness; as I take
the good name and shout it out to all four corners of the
room.

I will not let it take me down with it.

I do not reside in the filthy dungeons of hell.

I belong in the light: not of the dark.

I speak of purity, not of a soiled existence.

I shall not follow the shadows into deeper corners.

Redeem its hatred,

Bring it around.

I am struck by menace: I fall to a floor that is hard to
arise.

I can feel the numbness,

Immobile,

Fatigue,

Shattered,

Breathless,

Taken.

Mechanical Waste

“Tick tock.”

The clock rewinds to yesteryear.

Rachel reaches for her magnifier, and she prepares her
groom.

To build him up bolt by bolt,

Metal to metal; mechanical waste strewn across a table
for one.

Rachel has waited

And waited for him.

Eyes, once soulless open to her fixative gaze,

And becomes his only slave;

One of many temptations.

He is nearly whole again, with welcoming arms: brain
wired to toil, and masculinity standing akin to the stallion.

The wedding march has ended, and here she savours his
manhood

Preparing the newborn.

He Who Waits

Love comes in life and light:
A life grasped by the hands of time.
A lover once sweet scavenges on a moonlit night,
Then to strum out a song so fine,
Envisaging a plethora of night owls.
Harmonious rhythms of all kinds.
Singing in passionate howls.
To clear away those cluttered minds
From unlucky people of sorts.
To the girl who sits down to pray
Over envious worry: she retorts:
Waiting for a sunny day!
Nightmares of ruffians dilly-dallying, whom to pick?
But then she blushes, never misses his trick.

Fantasy

The Wings Of The Law

The sniffing badgers would come out at dusk,
Deer would scamper coyly through the thicket and
songbirds would trill from fir trees.

Then the forest was silent.

The daemon fairy curses the canopy - creatures, small,
yet with added strength talk in tandem.

The fairy and the pact with the underworld became one
entirety:

The underbelly of fate.

But under the forest floor was a striving community
entwined with the dampened earth; the burrowers among
tubular roots, and truffles.

Magic happened last night as light began to shine
through the tiniest of cavities where the moles navigated
their way through their fortresses as a ring of light
protected them. The beating of wings clapped out a
rapturous rhythm where worms would dance the
fandango, and the butterflies fluttered about like the
rainbows of nirvana.

The wings of the glade glider angels in silver-white
metamorphosed into the creatures of the forest children
salivating, to digest the daemon fairy and its nymphs for
supper.

There, the rejuvenation of lush green trees and pasture
became vibrant and plentiful

Once more.

The Desert Slayer

The desert is bleeding its daily chore,
And the vulture unfurls wings
That take off again
Until only when the carcass is empty.
The sand particles blow across into pockets of dunes,
Disappearing with the desert people,
Once more:
Until the night.
And the desert rose is picked for sandstone graves.
Marsha extends her doll-like hand -
To toss its prickly stem
To yet another lost soul,
As the many monsters howl
In search of fresh prey,
Salivating,
Grateful.

My Lady Of Winter Waste

The January snow lady has a pulse.
She is beating away her toxic spores and spreading them
over the place.
Her twig-like fingers are bursting the black cherries
adorning the holly rushes,
And spilling out for miles,
My Lady of Winter waste.
My lady of Winter waste bleeds out over the icy
embankments, and as the bubbling ice crackles, the ice
is heard by villagers;
Pieces of everything underfoot.
There to her palace, her reflection wanes once more,
casting her cotton - wide.
The grass verges are rotting
Yet, my lady of the White Winter
Breathes once more.

Marsha Rising

Martha opened up her hand to reveal tractable talons,
made to tear,
To inflict pain upon the sand clan of Manisika;
The ones that slaughtered her family.
Only now, she begins to understand her harpy existence.
The ice-chill of a black night engulfs the multiple of
senses,
Suspends herself from a cliff edge on the far side of the
desert.
Her beadiest of eyes stare sharply awaiting the arrival of
the sand ship
Over a menacing horizon
It comes into view:
Vast sails reflecting from the luminosity
Of her moon.
As the clan descends from a ship armed with
Winchesters, the bellowing echoes across the vanilla
sands blow particles of sand into pockets of dunes.
They, there, poised into position.
And they await the flying majestic beast:
Marsha.
Marsha has the hearing of the foremost, and she hears
them laughing
Raucously,
Wounding her with words, sniffing her out.
And so she moves in closer.

Talons embed into the softness of sandstone then the
rifles become raised from corners of emptiness except for
her wings unfurling -to outpace every one of them.

The camouflage of her plumage; her heightened insights,
Her best defense.

The crossfire in the smoke could become her nemesis.

To lose is to become humanoid,

And not to survive.

She rises above the sweaty heads as her lengthy limbs
kick out piercing through overheated skin.

To toss them to the lower ranks and she to soar into the
glories of heaven.

With a further shot, the ringing of pellets, and I am struck.

A thigh was full of woe.

I try, and I fly back to the cover of cliff where my heart
pumps to each individual beat

Of soreness.

I will bring them down with a swift - swipe of my limb, and
break their bastard bones,

Forever.

The Master's Poison

The door was locked:

It sucks her through the crawl space, to duck and dive,

Does nothing for her,

Dissipating into unknown portals.

The thing is toying with her fractured nerves,

And it comes at her again.

The shadow darts back and forth across the bedroom floor.

She looks at the clock that ticks two in the morning as her eyes blink

In rapid succession.

And the creeping figure grows larger- elongated from head to toe like elastic bands twanging out a looming tune.

The bed suspends itself from rotting wood beams, and she tosses in a manic stupor across four corners of the room.

Rapid-its heartbeat,

Metamorphosing into what?

Asked what it wants, and the master growls, flinches, positioning itself upon her trembling form.

She shakes at a sinister grimace.

She scratches at his glare and dashes to the door.

She peers out of the spyhole to see Mother standing there.

She reviews her complexion of peaches and cream, young, and beautiful.

I look at my reflection, and I am old.

The master wants his poison so I'm told.

The elixir around Mother's neck: The Master's immortality,

Mother tells her.

Her looks will fade if she returns the bottle, and I feel for her.

Her soul will be taken if the hand gives back.

I take the pendant from Mother's neck and hold it out to him.

Master lurches forward and takes his sip, and Mother is in her mid-life way again.

I, as I see it, am Mother now.

The ShapeShift

The caves are busy with hands once tied and marked. The unfortunate ladies of '1645' lost the battle to prove themselves innocent.

The hidden eyes of today's believers are wary of what they see as the witches recite their vengeance.

As they spit in the pot, with tangled braids, eggs, and herbs, they whoop out his name
"Hopkins, be gone!"

We watched as the solid figures danced and hackled about the swinging cauldron, to then transform into black cats, and then the raven.

The remaining smoke made the cave blacker than guano; the vile putrid remains of the innocent lingered as we documented the last two hours.

And then, the witches, gone.

The night shift continued with the two of us blocking in the side entrance: dangerous To the rope swingers.

The others took their feet to another level as quickened steps followed the echoes.

They shapeshift always after midnight as the night air
would come in and make them Whole once more; the
strength of the world on their side to break down the
weakness further of the General that barked out orders of
pain and punishment,
And then, murder.

The night turns to day and there's nothing in the caves of
Devon until the month of February next year
When our night shift becomes more of a nightmare
playing out over, and over as the witches give the man
who took their dignity a dirty brushing down, and a curse
- never to take the ladies of damnation, of poverty, and
mental affliction. To instead toss him into the earth never
to rise again.

The Goat Horse

Mossmore Hill has stood for centuries in the dales of Monhoot where legends now open wide to a real world when today the magic on the hill reveals the tricks and sightings of the goat-horse.

If a spirit of man can come back for last hope in a plume of shadow

Or a dimensional form to tell his tale, then the spirit from a creature world can show his soul.

I went for an amble yet came back with a head full of misgivings.

The night was starry with no drink to my lips, and no weed to inhale. Was just another night albeit cold.

The brightness of the Moon above our heads led us to lightning streaks in the sky,

And they, crossed like two swords where the crows would caw,

Where the leaves on trees lay still.

A dog barked further as we tread the steepness of grass steps leading to a small barn - eerie, unsure.

The chickens clucked and animals bellowed; this strange night was to get even stranger.

We saw the goat-horse just for a minute or so: the head for a horse, and goat trotters dancing in the night.

The hybrid caught unaware of the moonlight people and I, discombobulated about what I had seen.

But Bertie saw it too until it just

Disappeared in clear sight!

The goat-horse had returned to its patch to graze, a
reminder of happy pastures,
Stubborn to leave.
Leaving its residual imprint until time passed.

Samaha

The azure-blue ripples of the lake glistened not just from
the penetrating sun
But from the metal underneath the water's abyss.
The water machines evolving every day;
The only way to travel to the untouched Islands of our
surviving people.
They call us the tall blondes; have adapted again to
newer regimes we did not ask for.
I, Samaha view the chaos from our island plot as I rebuild
my leg with a metal gauze
And think about past paddleboards and pleasure boats.
But it is not the reptilians hardening our good nature nor
the grey, but the hybrid sand people of Monton.

Risen from the sand caves below the earth and out to our pasture, where the sea pods, edible, renew themselves after every bite.

With edible tree shoots to keep our bones strong, and freshwater from Lazaar Lake to hydrate and cleanse us. I walk in pain yet run with a faith that drives me on faster to keep my clan together.

Our home they cannot take,
Their way of thinking, we can, without arms in conflict but in the talk that will make them understand,
This is our home!

Live with us or return below cooler sands.

With the sand people, stubborn, I stagger to a base of advancement - newer technologies functioning, Supreme to our own, and capable of changing this world. To merge as two races.

The only way, and so I tell them, offering a hand of peace.

With communicable eyes, they bow their heads
And another day survives.

The Skeleton's Return

The skeleton soldiers battled on and they jabbed the canvas tents with wrath.

The timepiece, nowhere to be found, yet.

With a face dial to travel through the dimensions of time,

And space and race to be grounded somewhere,

Paused and stayed.

A place for the skeletons, to survive on the second earth,

Labborlong.

A home to build from,

Where the living won't smash at their bones:

'Knuckle smash,'

Turning to dust.

The skeleton dances the steps of joy

As phalanges cripple around its instrument.

To take to its central button

And press its control,

The one that connects to its star - the ones we cannot see, until one day...

Fort Boreal

A plethora of Boreal owls flew across the pine treetops to warn the gatherers.

And after the blues and greys went, the hunters of the owl people came:

A strength and omen for longevity, and stay.

For the tending of the high flyers with their speckled heads, to then preserve the northern forest glade.

To become one species, in bird and man.

To call them out in kinship and peace.

To treat all the forest creatures with the respect they rightly deserve.

And to help them multiply for one secure future.

The canopy so deep provides our respite,
Camouflage, and structure to keep us safe.

The owl people provide them with a high light that beams down through the pine cone boughs.

Nests of newborns sing

In echoing holes etched in the bark.

Hunters, be gone!

Live your life anew, away from the happy wanderers
sustaining the quiet corner of the mountains and lakes:
forests, lush, feeding the small things that live above and
below the twisted root grounds of Fort Boreal.

Be gone!

Disarm your weapons and leave this place.

Come down little owls and show them the way

Out of our forest with talons of supremacy to haul up
big-bellied men, and bigger brains still to transport them
to
The other world.

Dimensions

From every space, interior or exterior comes something
else we can not always see.
Time differs from Earth to the heavens, and into deepest
space.
Looking up at the wondrous starlit night:
Where does it all go?
What else floats through the darkest holes of the
universe;
Nor, just dust and gas?
In the daytime, the light leads us as individuals, and kin
to places we know and love, to work, and to play.
But who else walks by our side?
What else guides or marks our paths, long, sometimes
winding, forever shortened by fate?
Where do we all come from? The old and the new.
Who are we anyway?
Within basins of deserts and oceans; hidden the
disappearing of craft and men.
Those said to have powers, and those who heal the sick
to those that are curious about life, and death.
And so does that make one evil and in need of
correction?

I don't think so as we are all different and learn from our path.

One you tread is different from another.

Love, love, love is the best no matter how you source it, or from whichever dimension we capture it.

In white, we are named pure,

In black, we are negative energies,

In controversy we are wicked,

And as parents, we never win.

Aliens can be good,

Angels can fall.

I love light, yet you can't have that without the dark that the many fear.

The moon illuminates as well as the sun,

Its beauty reflects upon the animal migrations and those that make newer life.

And as long as we do not harm others, and so give our hearts,

We are the good.

I am good!

My faith is strong.

I believe in God, albeit my own personal kind.

I feel and care for others.

In this life, we are sometimes drawn to darker dimensions, even the preachers and the lovers.

Stay on your path that keeps you sane,

And change it if you become something

Or somebody you don't wish

To be.

Places, People, Light, And Dark

The Smoking Chasm

Beneath our feet, the rising smoke separates as the clouds bring forth a titan: Our saving of one tempestuous planet.

Removing the polluted from the bottom dirty layers, constructing the pure.

The Sky Lord embraces the skyscape for better beginnings: to co-exist, to bring together this world full of conflict.

To close alien minds enticing political ruin, yet, open them to prosper in light.

The Sky Lord sings his song and the creatures unite in a harmonious hum leading the way to one life, the one before the poison, the weaving entities that buried themselves in innocent minds.

Come again the Sky Lord and throw us some light spread across a hostile world in need of reflection and build.

To not follow the herd of liars and pushers of a totally defunct dictated living space.

The rain peppered down cooling the hottest mantle and keeping us neutral throughout life down to the newer generations.

If we can.

New Toys

Planes dive under raging sea ripples,

Boats soar to lakes in space.

Waterfalls in ocean's clean space:

Welcoming the homesteaders'

Warriors that race.

Toys in tech:

Solid metallic things transient by solar paneled windows

In stable friendly homes for kin and kitty where the air

that rotates is free from poison.

Mangoes for tea!

Yams, greens, and everything to gnaw on listening to the
birds that share the food, where cetaceans splash as
long tails rise to then submerge under a reflecting surface
of light.

Views of utopia.

Away from ebony heavens that bear no common sense,
but means to divide us.

Toys, worse than computers; phones that trace each
step, recording the microchip in our heads.

We are hardly human though. More like robots where
everything is set easy for bosses as it loosens their
outgoings.

Less paper, travel costs, shopping expenditure, and time.

But the servants have nothing.

The rich are rewarded for having the money chips
bursting from brains that have it all.

The less fortunate left as fodder to swarming minibeasts,
and birds.

Where is our utopia?

Where is there a need to prosper when basic needs
become dissipated puffs of stale air.

So God be with us,
The abandoned, the lonely, the indisposed, the fatigued,
the hungry, the destitute, the lost, the misfits.
Utopia for all!

Freya's Flight Of Light

Freya, your feathers ruffle as the plop! plopping of rain
startles and your eyes blink in succession as you wait for
the rainbow over your crest to take you into the light -
Gods will take care of you.
Your battle scars are that of courage through the tending
of little chicks that opened their tiny kissers appreciating
the caterpillars you had to forage for.
They realised your hard work and protection made them
strong as they knew their surrounding earth.
Freya, the other birds of Bissadia praise you for you, your
new home is no longer myth nor sorrow.
And here in its bright halo is the beginning,
Not the end.

The Shadow Walker

Striding through the spacescape blackness
The man's shadow, he comes to earth.
Not for war or chase
But to see us through broken days
Watching the weather madness then he stays.

Funny People

“Some of us don’t come from a well-worn planet.”

Midnight Blue

Looking up at midnight, a hue of breathtaking embrace:
It's not all black like the tippy-toed folk like to think,
But a shade full of hope.
Black does not have to be bad,
Yellow, not always bright.
Love can fall in many tones, figures, and form.
It's just that we can not always see it.
And we don't always hear it.
The moon lights our way
Along uncertain pathways;
Yet another guiding example of space,
Yes, black and mysterious.
Not all wish to learn or unfold its deepest layers.
I ask why not?
Somebody's ignorance can be another's gain
And substance.
And the nighttime is broad-widening
Evermore,
And meddling minds like to follow.

The Golden Footprint

We took many photographs from different angles.
Luminosity lit up each frame as threads of gold we
detected from its paw; like a pouncing poise from a
faraway golden mountaintop.

A royal cat, sleek and carefully attentive to a changing
environment cowers in the deep jungle somewhere
where creatures smaller and smaller still give him the
room he needs to manoeuvre.
What is this newling creature swaggering from apex to
lush green pastures and tall trees?

They call him Rimau.
A tenacious tiger.

Big and strong. One that moves through many
dimensions, and caked in gold.
A warrior is one that stands erect, proud snarling his way
across to new lands:
The farmers hold him high on a small pedestal, and
mischievous children sing to him.

Nirvana

The state of being one in an all-encompassing realm
where everything is viewed with one vision through
magnified eyes that never fail to drop a saline line.
To be whole is like being human and now I fit in.
To listen to others, well I'll do my best when I am not
absorbed in my own languish.
Inner beauty and expression of the mind is best-loved,
But only if you possess it to begin with.
And if you don't?
Then we become not much.
I know I'll move to a new idyllic somewhere, to
space-getting away from the rat race.
I have a room with a view from the stars above my head
and a whole lot of rock and rubbish just for me.
Hello, new world.

We Are Strange Creatures

People are strange!

Indeed we are all different as one complete species and one person's belief is another man's shame.

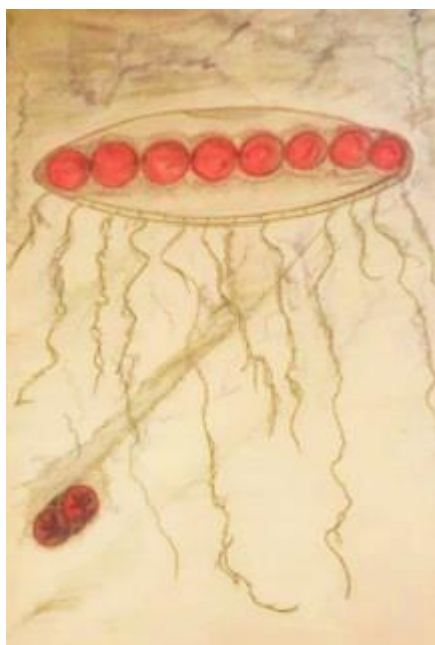
And whether we come from a new town in Utopia-no such thing, or from Mars, or the deserts of Everlong, we can rise above misunderstandings and petty things.

This world today has big ambitions, too big for those with broadened minds.

We want what was always ours, to begin with.

Life!















Tanya Fillbrook is a published writer of speculative and nature works. She is of mixed Indian heritage amongst others. Her work can be found in print and online.

