

Planewalker Poetry

Compiled by Clueless

Collected on the Forum Thread:

<http://www.planewalker.com/forums/viewTopic.php?intTopicID=768>

The Planewalker community is bubbling with creativity and talent, and the best expression of this is the random poetry that began to appear on the forums a few months ago. These are all in haiku form, or similar small poetry forms. The thread is still active, so we will update this file as we get more poetry. Enjoy!

Sigil

A huge, huge, city
Atop a giant spire
And dozens of berks

Vzerii til Corrinea

The City of Wounds.
Bleeding holes between the planes
-
a portal opens.

Haiku are often about the change of seasons:

The cranium rats
wrapped in psionic cocoons.
Sigil's Mortis comes.

ripvanwormer

Nameless One walks
gives Torment freely to
the forgotten few

Scion of Es-Annon

Empty places lie
Between the hearts of the worlds
-
Sigil waits within.

Atop the proud Spire
Dark, dank, vibrant and alive -
I will be at peace.

Before me my love;
I sigh, burn and am no more.
The Lady of Pain.

Anarch

A mountain is here,
Now it has dissolved
Such is how chaos works

Vzerii til Corrinea

Sod off berk! I ain't
Got time for your cluelessness-
I got stuff to do.

Take your faction and
stick it where the sun don't
shine.
I'll live free or die!

Your hands are on fire.
Why don't you burn like you
should?
Pikin' Xaosman.

Ohtar Turinson

"The Folly of Belief in Location"

Who is Clueless?
Those who are out but not in?
All are Clueless then

"The Grey Waste"

Colours bleed from me
Walk the Wasted Wilds alone
Trading Souls for a Taste of Hue

"The Last Prayer to the Lady"

Take and strip me bare
Slip from me that which hides
All I am for you

Scion of Es-Annon

"Mazes"

Canny Cagers fall
into the trap without a lock
Lady's Grace.

"Discussing Belief"

Took my doubts
Sigil Coffeshop
Deva's ideas of God

Scion of Es-Annon

Now the open city
Is closed with anger...
Like one's hatefilled life.

Fell

Shorn Squares
Angles broken from edges
City made from the pieces

Scion of Es-Annon

The world bends and twists
An idea changes planes;
a gate-town slides, lost.

The World-Ash bows in
dream-winds of the Astral void.
One sterile seed falls.

Congealing ylem,
Wild possibility,
A new demiplane

ripvanwormer

I stand at the brink
Looking into the chasm
of my life thus far

I wring my hands so
Slow into the Void I go
Watch me now, falling

Feathers falling black
Whispering eddies calling
At last I've come home

OpheliaWhispers

Imagination:
Much ado about nothing.
Life is but a dream.

The archon whispered,
"Better to serve in Heaven.
"Abandon all hope."

ripvanwormer

Bael
Welcome to power,
So young and vibrant,
Yet another pawn.

Dispater
Careful little child,
So safe and secure,
In a tower of blocks

Mammon
Under you sink,
Atop of gold mountains,
But others sink first.

Belial
Little children,
Take such pleasure,
Pulling wings from a fly.

Leviathin
Treachery and deceit,
Stabbing me in my back,
To fulfill my plans.

Lillith
Toys cower in fear,
Awaiting the end,
Of your tantrum.

Beezlebub
Little spider,
In your web,
So blind to all else.

Mephistopholese
Little schemer,
Full of cold plans,
For the next time we play.

deadone

Seven Mounting Heavens,
Nine Descending Hells
Avernus's Barachiel's,
Lunia is Bel's

Nemui

How Archons Teleport, in Two Verses

Teleportation:
Chronias inside every
archon, everywhere.

Shining light without
space or time, guiding the Mount
everywhen at once.

On the Genesis of the Quesar, in an alternate metrical pattern:

Cracked mud shatters:
Light! Elysium greets her
newborn children.

Sculptor-slavers
tumble back Heavenward,
damned into Grace.

The Peaceful Plane
suffers neither rebels
nor servitude.

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