

Ferus Lumen

Discord

Whizzing by like a hail of bullets,
I race ripping and roaring through the green,
as quicksilver blades fleck the dark forest floor.

The moon froths full at the mere sight of me.
The ground trembling, crumbles before my throne.
Lightning strikes eclipse the earth beneath me,
fire is my child.

Gritting and gnashing,
I am a flaring sun bright, blinding, and never full.
Wisps of black wind fly like daggers,
Trees splinter to dust, blossoms blaze to ash.

Men break and bow before me.
They flee forever humbled, as my reach skews the ground
scarring my path into flesh.

I am a beast roaming the night. I hunt the path.
No wall can hold me, no king can command me.

I am the light and I am here.

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About two years ago, I decided to buy a small black journal and jot down whatever interesting comes to mind. Since then, I have gone through at least ten of these two-hundred and forty page black journals, all filled with ideas that have turned into poems and short stories. All of my work has been a product of something very personal to me. It comes from deep thoughts or observations I have had going through life on a day to day basis. Whether it is hanging out with friends at a party, sitting at home doing nothing, eavesdropping on random strangers, ogling pretty girls, or coming to some awkward epiphany on a late night stroll in Tallahassee, thoughts I have had during all the events in my life end up scribbled in a journal and eventually into my work. Although almost all of my work comes from personal experiences, I am inspired by the people around me. From their daily routines all the way to their life stories I am fascinated by the human condition. When I go about my day, I not only see everyone around me but I try to picture myself in the mix. I try to actively take in myself along with my surroundings. This particular piece I wrote while thinking about how to approach a girl in one of my classes. It can be very frustrating talking to someone on a daily basis while finding oneself unable to take it a step further (asking him/her out on a date). So I thought to myself “What If these feelings, just took control one day?”

Growing up I never thought I would end up writing. I started out as a “math” kind of guy. It wasn’t until I started attending FSU did I pick up writing as an outlet and I am happy with that.