



Paradox eyes

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By:

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Table of contents

About the collection	4
Social Media Following	
Metrics and demographics	7
Unsolicited feedback and comments	11
Poems and short stories	
Four into eight 'the silva grail'	14
Tyrant tears and fears	16
Dare to be alone and together	18
White suede wing tips with candy apple red laces	20
Soldier Skye	22
Silhouette's	24
Youth-n-age-a	26
Jack Daniels and Mary Alice	28
Becca's Beacon	30
Fedora Party	32
Eyes wide corpse	34
Hyding from Jekyll	36
Effectus vox est renumerator (doing right is the reward)	38
Blank white paper	40
I'm bleeding right behind you	42
Blooming femme rose	44
Barking bird	46
Your warmth is getting hot	48
Immune to the scorpion	50
Whiplash world	52
Fame is futile	54
A forest of friends	56
One way is lost	57
Dead foe regret	58
I'm an asshole and it's okay	59
Bloodlust revenge	60
Misunderstood eagle	61

About the collection

My name is *Anson Decker*. I'm a storyteller with hundreds of compelling stories bottled up inside that I would like to share with you. I've been writing for decades but just recently I've become overwhelmed by the urge to positively impact your life through my words accompanied by powerful imagery.

Subject Matter

Generally speaking, I write about you. I draw my inspiration from you. These stories about your lives. I write in a unique style unencumbered by tradition, rules or genre about topics like these:

- Intimate relationships, friendship and personal interactions
- Sexuality, love, beauty, confidence and intimacy
- Personal growth - courage, fear, being awkward
- Darker side of life - addiction, vanity, selfishness, controlling, failure and greed
- The world - humanity, urbanity and contemporary culture

But most of all, the common thread I weave through my writing is no less important to us than oxygen itself. The idea of HOPE.

My goal is to connect with you and entertain you with the powerful combination of the written word and visually dynamic photographic images. A genre I'm calling, "Poemography". This website is designed to bring together a community comprised of those who seek inspiration, those who take comfort in being reminded they are not alone, those who find energy in messages of hope.

Paradox Eyes

This ever expanding collection of short stories and photographic interpretations is referred to as "Paradox Eyes" as if the title of a book containing the short stories and photographs. More importantly, Paradox Eyes is a concept that explains how I often select subject matter for my writing.

Paradox defined:

A seemingly absurd or self-contradictory statement or proposition that when investigated proves to be true.

I like to start with self-contradictory concepts that don't appear to fit then proceed to write a story inspired by and explaining the contradiction (e.g., Barking Bird, Immune to the Scorpion, Dead foe regret).

While the paradox approach is really fascinating to me. I also find myself writing about life in a way that's real, visceral and raw (e.g., Four into Eight, Dare to be, Tyrant tears and fears).

My point is that while I have some guidelines, I like a no rules approach. I think you do too.

About the collection

Is this poetry?

I have no idea and frankly, it's not something I think about much. I'm not a trained or professional writer, I don't have a Masters degree in literature or any other subject. I'm sure I break a lot of grammatical rules and accepted writing conventions. Academics, intellectuals and the literary community are not likely to view my work as classic, conventional or even any good. I'm not writing for them. I write for you and I take great pleasure in making connections through my writing.

So please overlook the occasional rhythm of rhyming stanzas that doesn't really work. Overlook the length of a story as being 'unpoem' like. Overlook the many imperfections you can surely find and simply enjoy the message. Revel in it. Connect to it. Make it your own. Make it better.

Use of the "Poets Premise" leading each story

You will notice that each story begins with a "Premise". It's my way of explaining the intended meaning for each story. Some may argue this approach is the 'anti-poem' and should be avoided at all cost. So let me explain.

I describe my meaning, as the writer, for everyone to see. I don't believe that places any limits on your desire or ability to interpret the story for yourself in your own way. Just the opposite actually. I believe understanding the writers meaning will draw you in, make you feel closer to the writing and will carry you to a point where you slow down and take the time to think it through for yourself.

I respect my readers so much that I have no doubt you will exercise your freedom and intelligence to create an independent point of view as you so desire.



Social Media Following

Metrics and endorsements



Social media following

Facebook fan base

The Paradox Eyes Facebook page was created on November 12, 2015. Since then we have posted thirteen short stories, seventeen interpretive photographs and two photo albums.

We have promoted each story and the Paradox Eyes page to various demographics for varying durations. The response has been excellent. The table below provides three metrics which highlight the fan following cultivated from November 12 to December 24, 2015.

	Metric	Description Data current through 12/24/2015	# People	%
1	Total Reach	The number of people (unique users) who have seen any content associated with your Page.	1,131,980	n/a
2	Page "Likes"	The total number of people (unique users) who have liked your Page.	32,650	3%
3	People engaged	The number of people (unique users) who engaged with your Page. Engagement includes any click (like, share, comment, photo views).	65,332	6%

Paradox Eyes Facebook page screen shot

The screenshot shows the Facebook page for Paradox Eyes. The page header includes the name 'Paradox Eyes' and navigation links for Page, Messages, Notifications, Insights, and Publishing Tools. The cover photo features the text 'Anson Decker ENTERTAINMENT' in a stylized font. The page has 12,588 Page Likes, 61,912 Post Reach, and a 100% Response Rate. The timeline shows a post from Paradox Eyes dated December 22 at 3:38pm, which states 'Paradox Eyes added 2 new photos. Published by Anson Decker (?) - December 22 at 3:38pm - *'.

Social media following

Facebook fan base

The table below presents results from FB promotion for each short story. Definitions follow.

- **People reached** – number of people who were served the promotion (made visible on their FB timeline).
- **Hours promoted** – the duration each promotion was actively running.
- **Actions** - # of people who have either liked, commented or shared the story
- **Conversion** – the % of those reached who took an action
- **Spend** – the total cost for the promotion
- **Cost / Action** – how much each action cost in real dollar terms
- **Action / hr** – the # of actions generated for each hour the promotion was actively running
- **Demo** – the age demographic in which the promotion was targeted
- **Date initiated** – the date in which the promotion started

	Title	People Reached	Hours promoted	Actions	Conversion	Spend	Cost /Action	Action / hr	Demo	Date Initiated
1	Jack Daniels and Mary Alice	23,392	168	2,089	8.93%	\$ 49.33	\$ 0.02	12	18 - 55	11/12/2015
2	Four into Eight	87,683	180	5,898	6.73%	\$ 120.18	\$ 0.02	33	18 - 35	12/5/2015
3	Eyes Wide Corpse	29,473	154	1,800	6.11%	\$ 61.00	\$ 0.03	12	18 - 55	11/12/2015
4	Becca's Beacon	19,038	68	1,082	5.68%	\$ 23.00	\$ 0.02	16	18 - 55	11/11/2015
5	Silhouette's	99,431	168	5,634	5.67%	\$ 238.19	\$ 0.04	34	18 - 35	12/11/2015
6	Immune to the Scorpion	28,013	168	1,423	5.08%	\$ 38.00	\$ 0.03	8	18 - 55	11/20/2015
7	Whiplash World	15,293	96	704	4.60%	\$ 27.19	\$ 0.04	7	18 - 55	11/12/2015
8	Youth n Age A	11,617	68	533	4.59%	\$ 26.00	\$ 0.05	8	18 - 55	11/11/2015
9	Bleeding Right Behind You	22,768	168	969	4.26%	\$ 35.00	\$ 0.04	6	18 - 55	11/12/2015
10	Barking Bird	6,134	168	250	4.08%	\$ 20.00	\$ 0.08	1	18 - 35	11/28/2015
11	Effectus vox est renumerator	23,133	96	918	3.97%	\$ 62.95	\$ 0.07	10	18 - 35	12/19/2015
12	Tyrant tears and fears	50,834	65	1,823	3.59%	\$ 133.00	\$ 0.07	28	18 - 35	12/14/2015
13	Your warmth is getting hot	16,970	168	603	3.55%	\$ 35.00	\$ 0.06	4	18 - 35	11/21/2015
14	Hyding from Jekyll	11,025	84	389	3.53%	\$ 33.00	\$ 0.08	5	18 - 55	11/14/2015
		444,804		24,115	5.42%	\$ 901.84	\$ 0.04			

Observations:

I. Conversion rate

Generally, a 1% conversion rate is considered good. The conversion rates for our stories range from 8.9% - 3.5% for an average of 5.4%. This suggests a very engaged audience and although their actions were not related to spending money, it does bode well for a meaningful % who may be willing to.

II. Cost / action

FB has disclosed that a cost / action that is less than \$.10 is less expensive (i.e., more effective) than 99% of similar promotions on FB. Our average cost / action at \$.04, suggest a very engaged and interested audience since a disproportionately higher percentage has taken action as compared to similar FB promotions.

Social media following

Potential Total Audience

The six week period covered by the metrics illustrated below and explained on previous pages have provided insight to the potential total audience for Paradox Eyes content.

The dotted red line in the two charts below represents an inflection point where promotion budgets were increased followed by an increase in reach, likes and engagement rates in proportion to the increase in promotion spend. The logical conclusion is that for every \$1 spent on promotion, there are 8.75 new followers who will engage on the Paradox Eyes page.

Projected Engaged User Potential

Spend	Engagement
\$10,000	87,542
\$50,000	437,709
\$100,000	875,417

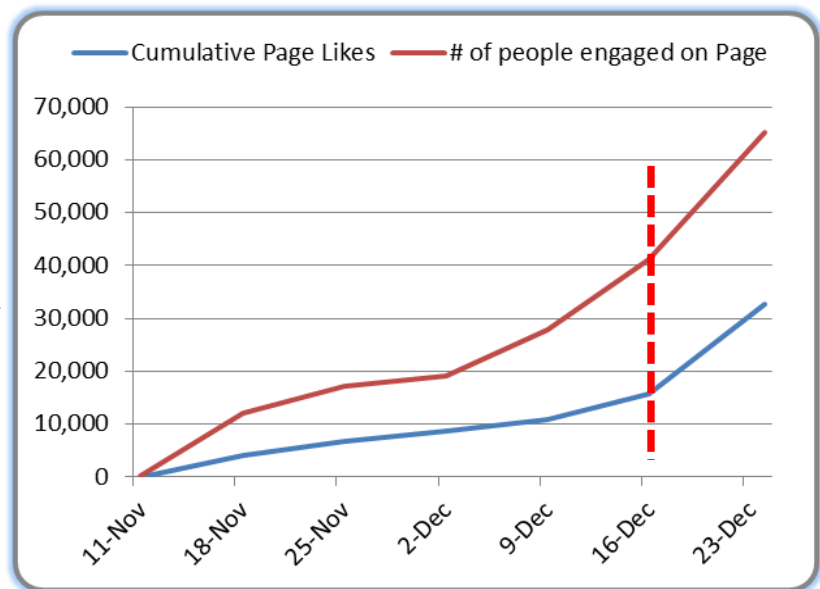
Page Likes – the # of unique FB users who have clicked “Like Page” and are now following Paradox Eyes future posts.

32,650 during first six weeks

People Engaged – The # of unique FB users who have done one or more of the following:

- Page Like
- Comment
- Share post
- View photograph
- Click through ad to see Paradox Eyes page

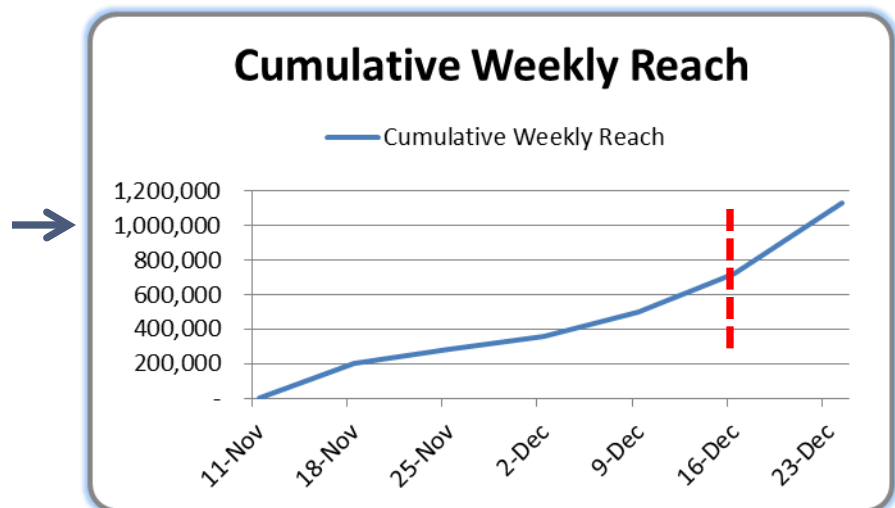
65,332 during first six weeks



Reach – the # of unique FB users who were exposed to ads from Paradox Eyes, regardless of whether they then took some sort of action.

1.13 million reached in six weeks

Observation – nearly 6% of those exposed to Paradox Eyes take some form of engaging action on the page.



Social media following

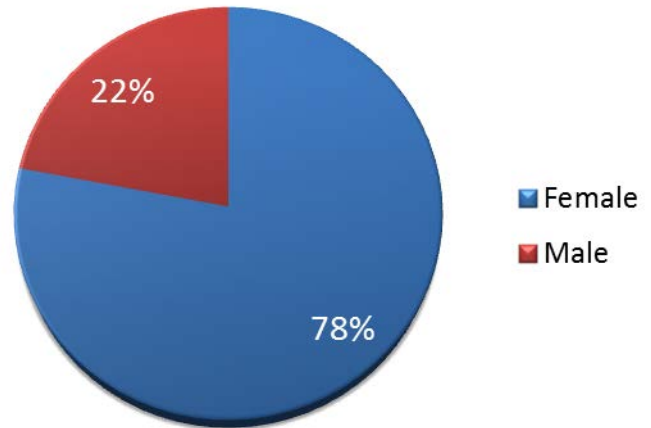
Demographics

The charts to the right depict the gender and age distribution for those who “Liked” the Paradox Eyes page during the pilot period.

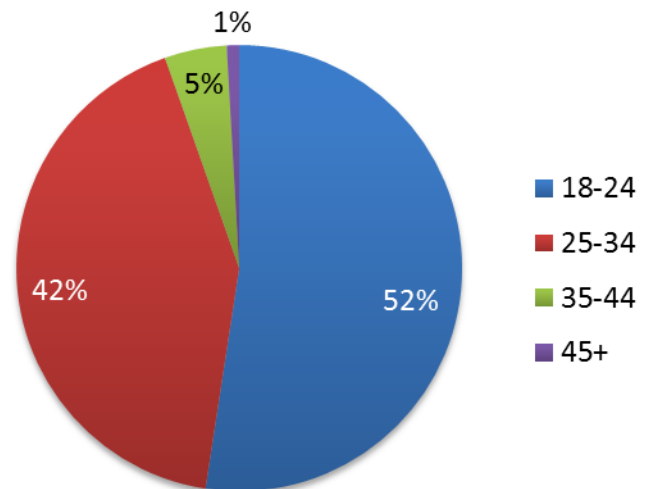
The combination of subject matter, writing style and photographic accompaniment have clearly identified young women as the target audience.

94% of those who “Liked” the Paradox Eyes page are ages 18 - 34

Gender



Age Distribution



Reader feedback and comments

sample and representative

FB Page Post

Carly Davis: "I love your writing. You paint a picture in my head, as well as sharing wisdom and teaching valuable lessons. I respect and appreciate it."

Misty Claar: "You are a great poet who inspires me thank you!"

Dare to be alone and together

Ashley Zamarippa: "David babe whooa this is beautiful. ..read this"

Keineisha Dorrough: "Sooooo beautiful"

Tyrant, tears and fears

Barbie Marley: "Beautiful and moving...I applaud her for her strength!"

Sandra Annette: "Omg I'm crying so hard right now this is so amazing thank you so very much [Anson Decker](#) your really wonderful"

Amanda Weidmeyer: "Anson I am on day 2 of officially leaving and this has helped!"

Abigail Mitchell: "[Jennifer Kelly](#) this reminded me of you, and look where you are now! So blessed to meet you and call you a best friend."

Kristina Lynn Kochenderfer: "Absolutely beautiful"

Susan Ion: "Anson, your poem touched me on a very deep level-both from experience and sharing at the local Women's Center. Is it possible to share your poem with them? Please let me know when you have time. Blessings!"

Silhouette's

Chelsie Troyer: "That is truly amazing and makes me remember so good memories only if I could see the man I once loved again, like in this poem. I love this poem, very beautiful!!!"

Cecilia Schoemann: "[Kyle Pizzo](#), together we make a sweet silhouette. I love you darling, with all of my heart!"

Brandi Bodenhamer: "I so hope that my other half recognizes this before it is too late... I do not know what I will do with him gone."

Sara Tagatz: [Jenna Lee](#) holy s!\$% this is so good

Ryan Lucio: "Thank-you...Strangely enough this somewhat parallels a current tragedy (tragedy+travesty) in my own life... I truly hope that my own story ends the same way....."

Your warmth is getting hot

Elicia Zagotah: "Loved it very capturing and really awesome poem"

Immune to the scorpion

Ray Shutt III: "Very nice..yet no one is immune to the stinger when they deserve it"

Four into eight

Chelsey Aldridge: "A+ poem! It's never to late, even four into eight!" I think I just found my favorite poem author! I say just beautiful!!! Please keep writing and sharing your stories with us, Every one I have read has touched my soul in ways most people never ever will! Keep ya head up and keep doing ya thang!"

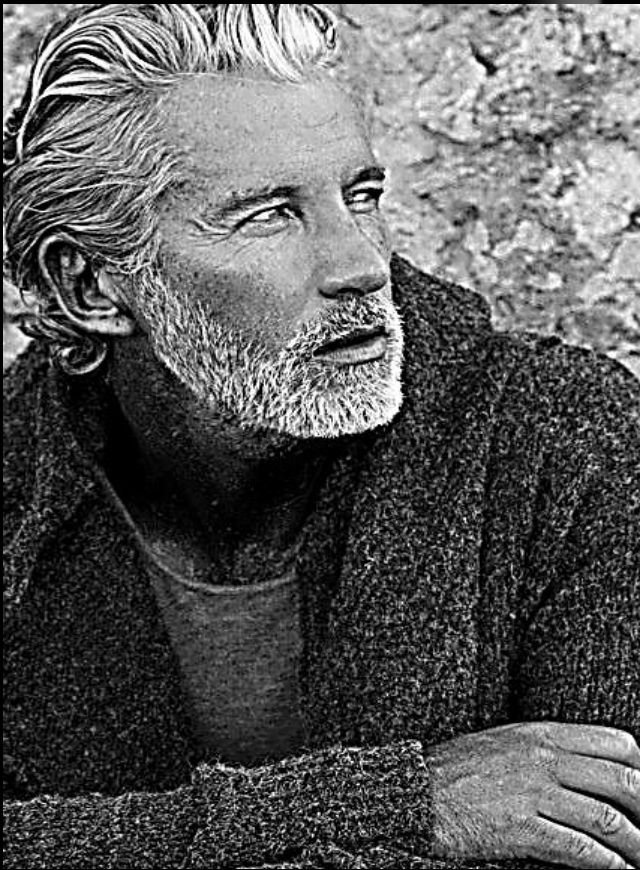
The stories



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Four into eight

the silva grail



Four into eight the silva grail

Poets Premise:

A middle aged man, having lived four of an expected eight decades, confronts his emotional death. The inability to feel or experience as he once did as a younger man. A mysterious, beautiful woman helps him rediscover the potential of life.

Part I

Four of eight decades rest in the past
So fortunate but how long can this last
I've romanced, loved and married
Living a life ever so harried

Raising a family, I've worked hard
A successful career achieved without fear
I've traveled the globe
Quenching the desire to probe
An unending river, I yearn to learn

I didn't seek to fail, yet when I did, there wasn't a wail
So much conflict, I could have done with less
I've hated and berated
Later feeling regret
I've stood painfully by
As loved ones wait to die

I've known more than one vice
Yet four into eight I've not paid a high price

Most of all I've embraced hope
And a burning wish to leave behind
More smiles than frowns, I hope they find
My lifelong ploy is to bring more joy

Yet four into eight I see my fate
I burn bright and remain true to my dream
Yet things are no longer what they seem
Stripped of feeling
Have I reached the ceiling

Everything too familiar
Where is the adventure
Shriving memories of a first kiss, holding hands
Never knowing where she stands

Remember staring longingly into each other's eyes
Wanting to know her thoughts, her lies

Stomach churns, heart aches, lips quiver
Yearning for experiences that once made me shiver

The thrill to compete
The challenge to overcome certain defeat

The adrenalin rush before a speech
Or in standing ready to teach
That biochemical cocktail streaming through a vein
I recall being addicted to this sort of pain

Feelings I no longer feel yet now I'm willing to steal
Four into eight and I fear it's too late

Part II

Sitting alone in a crowded Manhattan café
Mulling my plight with all my might

Late afternoon, entertaining and cheerful chatter
I check my watch, does anything matter
Another sip of green tea
Just moments before I flee
I foolishly believe the hot tea may thaw feelings within me

There is but one open seat
I fantasize, hoping for a treat
She glides toward me, will I soon be free

Shocking beauty, commanding height
A less confident man would surely take flight

Mesmerized before hello
I wonder how she sees this fellow
Amber eyes framed by long locks of brown
Her face rarely darkened by a frown
Skin of olive, flaws fewer than light

The percussion of her presence is a welcome preamble
She is cool, distant and poised, well worth the gamble
A charming, confident and sovereign soul
Long and lean the *ultimum athleta* personifying self control
Not three into eight her abundant energy does captivate

Her name is Silva, a Balkan beauty
She has migrated west to become her best
Supremely confident, she has a plan
Inquisitive and independent, she is controlled by no man

Charming and beautiful, she can make her own way
Mysterious and elusive, it's hard for her to stay

A long forgotten curiosity overcomes him
He longs to know more, yearning for her personal lore
She delays her trust
Anticipation enhances his desire and lust

He's just four into eight mired in a mystifying debate
The Silva grail marks his trail enabling him to set sail
Oh, a good life, an honest life he may just derail

Her energy, beauty and zeal may allow him to feel
She's resurrected his yesterdays, yet how many tomorrow's
It's never too late, even four into eight

Tyrant, tears and fears



Tyrant, tears and fears

Poets Premise:

A beautiful young woman is a victim of spousal abuse. She fights her way through a relationship eventually finding the inner strength to trust herself and to create a new life for her two children. Inspired by a true story.

Married for eleven years
It began simply, with daily tears

It wasn't always bad
Yet on most days I felt terribly sad

The good times were great
No indication of our eventual fate

Together we spawn two children
Early in life they knew the bail bondsman

He began to own me, to assert his control
Eerily I descend deeper into a hellhole

We were together, I was alone
So much fear, I keep my children near
What to do, where to go
Questions I pose but answers I don't know

I'm so afraid
I realize, my trust I've mislaid

I have no skills, I don't work
If I did, perhaps only a clerk
He uses this against me, wryly offering a smirk

I know I can change him
I love him
He tells me not to worry
He tells me he's sorry

He is a tyrant
I shed tears
He plays upon my fears

He dominates
He controls
He possesses
He has stolen my voice
Until the day he gave me no choice

We stand, we argue
Then my tormented face is finally kissed by his
clenched fist

Stunned, I stagger back
Looking up, searching the sky, asking why

Visible from heaven above
I now see a new sort of love

Loving myself will set me free
As if struck by a lightening bolt
His fist launches my revolt

I know I must go
Jess and Daniel, my helpless children
My love for you I will forever show

His assault is not my fault
A way of thinking I must halt

My children and I start anew, finding a new truth
Self-reliance is our fount of youth

Hands to my face, sobbing with no trace
I will survive and I can thrive

I have beaten the tyrant
Overcome my fears
Having shed far too many tears

Dependent on no one
I have prevailed
Tyrant, tears and fears

*Dare to be
alone and together*



Anson Decker
ENTERTAINMENT

Dare to be alone and together

A Short Story

Two thousand years ago a mysterious old traveler speaks to
a tribal council to impart the secrets of lasting love

Sitting atop a large flat stone in an open field
Brushing aside his long silver locks
Bringing to his lips a long clay pipe
Steadying for a light, his gnarled knuckles make this a fight
His sandals dusty, brow wrinkled and damp
His eyes, an odd milky hue of liquid blue

A group of younger men sit to his front
Some on a stone, several on a log
The moon crescent
The breeze light, the dusk hot
The earthy smell of horses dancing across the night
Rising from the burgeoning rye fields wafts a hopeful promise

A younger man stands to be recognized
He is tall, lean, well muscled
Wavy brown locks cascade across broad shoulders
A leather band binds hair to head
A strong hand resting atop the pommel of sword in scabbard

Tell us wise stranger
We know great success
The fruits of our labor are bountiful
Behold endless fertile fields of rye and stores of meat
Our stomach's are full, our trade is rich
Our enemies at bay
There are none better
Yet we are unfulfilled

We have not mastered the most important art of all
One final achievement and we will be truly rich
Yet the road ahead is dark and unknown
Love – what is the secret of enduring love
Why are we cursed to know only hollow carnal pleasures

Slowly rising to his feet, leaning upon his walking staff
A scowl overtakes his ancient face, pointing while chanting

I have learned many things in my time
But what you ask is the most sought after secret of life
The very grail of love
I have spoken of this with many wise men, kings, queens,
warrior's and merchants alike
And I have learned this my sons
I have learned this

A life together flourishes only as well as lives apart
Yes you confide secrets that bind as one
Yes you share danger, thrilling and chilling
Yes this forms bonds of trust, in which you must
Yes you share pleasures of flesh yet this alone doesn't endure
Certain to leave your love vacant and poor
To this, I know there is more

You seek everlasting intimacy, so listen to my prophecy
You must allow her to grow
To realize her full self
Do not attempt to control her way
Enable her to blossom separate from your union
If you fail you will pay
Unless you dare to be alone and together

There is more my sons
Hear this and make it tribal lore
Never stop learning and trust her for the same
Share your fears, your self doubt, your failures
Reveal your weaknesses and you will know love everlasting
Celebrate your individual successes as one
Help her to achieve what is hers and ask the same

When she speaks succumb to attentive silence
Fix your gaze upon her eyes
Listen to the rhythmic song of her breath
If you can, your love will know no death

The young man strides forward
Could it be so simple wise father, is this the grail of love

What I describe is far from simple, he declares with a glare
His voice booming thunder, a new wind kicks up dust
The dusk turns crimson red filling hearts with dread
There is one last commandment I must share and I do so
with great care

This golden rule is your precious jewel
And if you choose, your love, you will never lose

In a hoarse, hushed whisper he imparts
It is laughter my sons
Together you must laugh
Laughter is the elixir for which you search
Laughter is the highest perch from which may will see
heavens dove
Foreboding the arrival of endless love

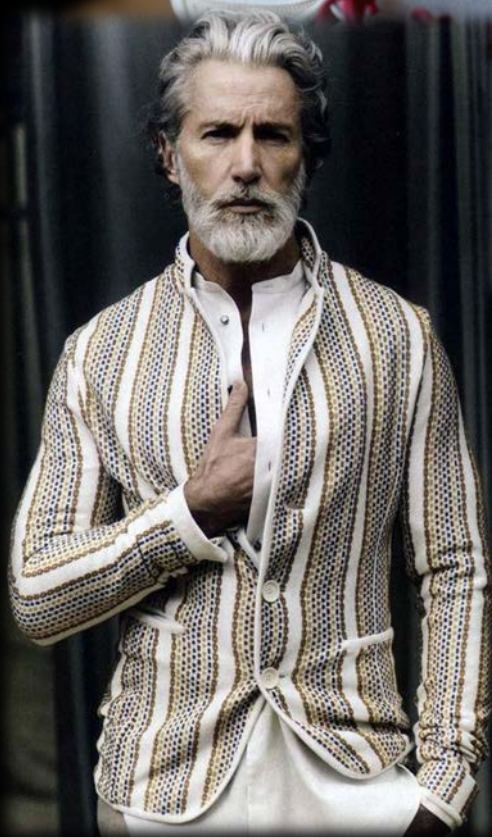
Laughter is to love as blood to body, as air to life, as tree to
air, as hope to humanity
Laugh together and you will find what you seek

But I lament, most of you will leave me in torment
Destined to plant your bastard seeds through lifelong
meaningless deeds

Write these words so they are preserved
You must choose love eternal
Laugh alone and together and you shall both live forever

White suede wing tips

candy apple red laces



White suede wing tips

candy apple red laces

Poets Premise

A young man leading a dull and lifeless life finds his personal change catalyst. In his case it's a small choice of stylish shoe that launches his personal transformation. This is a story of hope and messaging that each of us can be whomever we choose to be.

An ordinary young man in his twenties
Working by day, alone by night
Routine lulls him to feel forever serene

Never a new dream or fantasy
Living an obligation
Making his parents proud yet nothing causes him to
become too loud

Drab clothes
Make him an easy target for his many foes
Friends don't know his name
Except for those who know him as Mr. Cello-phane

Multitudes cross his path yet all see right through
To ignore him is nothing new
He yearns for love yet learns the mundane
At times he cries in solitude, wailing profane

He's not funny
He can't dance
He wouldn't dare take a chance

Never a thought to take a risk
Fearing it may end with a police frisk

He has no vice
His purity will have to suffice
There is no vodka or casual sex
No gambling nor the audacity to bounce checks

Never a spontaneous trip or even a sarcastic quip
He won't even call in sick
His excuse could never be sufficiently slick
He's ever so wholesome which leaves him so lonesome

He won't smoke nor tell a funny a joke
When a gorgeous woman does pass
He wouldn't dare turn to check out her ass

He won't masturbate for fear of the guilt he would
eventually subjugate
He's neither priest nor pastor
Not particularly religious or prodigious

His hair is straight and teeth are white
His clothes are neat yet invoke fright

He's not articulate nor original in thought
He's paralyzed by the fear of getting caught

Dull, lifeless and only in his twenties
He's nearly dead, living a life he would rather shed

Strolling in the Village heading east on Bank
Measuring his paces as if walking the plank
Now turning onto Bleecker, emotionally he's never felt meeker

A pause and a glance interrupts his trance
An unfamiliar energy encourages him to chance
In the shop window, white suede wing tips lure with magic
Spending his last dollar could be fatefully tragic

He dons the wing tips, they are so in vogue
Giving him an edge to become so rogue
Deliberately knotting the candy apple red laces
A surge of confidence he sees reflected in others faces

He strides through midtown, pacing toward Central Park
Noticing a difference in himself that's shockingly stark
His bold choice of shoe has led him to a personal breakthrough

Could it be that it was he
Living all this time without a shine
A living dead yet not a zombie
How could he have lived a life so glumly

He chooses not to look back with remorse
For today he has chosen an invigorating course

A simple catalyst thrust his status to protagonist
White suede wingtips with candy apple red laces
All his demons his new spirit chases

A small, seemingly innocuous purchase drains his sadness
Building fresh momentum, his fulcrum enabling brashness

Find your catalyst, small or large
And assume your role to take charge

For him it's white suede wing tips with candy apple red laces
For you, never surrender hope or eliminate its traces
You may find your trigger in the faces of unknown races

Don your white suede wing tips, gently kiss her lips, firmly grasp her
hips then create a never ending stream of personal championships

White suede wing tips with *candy apple red laces*

Soldier Skye



Anson Decker
ENTERTAINMENT

Soldier Skye

Poets Premise:

A soldier pledges his allegiance to his country in exchange for its emotional and financial support. In the end, this story is not about a single soldier but rather a concept that is the foundation of a great country.

I am a soldier I cannot lie
I fight for my country, our way of life
I fight so others may never know strife

I don't engage in politics
I don't have the luxury to think too far ahead
For fear that while I may awaken, I would be dead

My focus is my mission, my brothers, my men
I think of them again and again
Those both alive and those now dead

When this is over I have hopes and fears
To be spared the jeers faced by my Vietnam war peers

Yet I worry my country will forget me in my time of need
Leaving me too little even to feed
Or worse yet, left on its doorstep to bleed

I fight without question
I execute without suggestion
I fight to preserve American liberty and freedom
I'm a good soldier, a loyal soldier, an effective soldier
If I may, it is here I will stay

Yet at times I wish to run from the front lines
To flee when it feels as if I'm fighting only for me
I stuff those feelings deep under
And execute my next mission with shattering thunder

Ordered to secure a large city block
We leap into action with fear and shock
Feelings suppressed knowing we are the best

Missiles scream, shrapnel is seen searching for flesh
Automatic gunfire drums in my head filling me with blood
Lust and dread

We advance, crouched chin nearly to knee
We are soldiers, no one thinks to flee
My brother takes a hit, ripping through his throat
His body spasms, pivots, slumping directly into me

Face to face, mouth near mouth
He expels his final breath, it's stale, just as I inhale
Taking in the final living part of him

On his last breath, I taste his death
I settle him gently to the ground then continue my mission,
feeling no contrition
I am Soldier Skye may god forgive and my country enable me
to live

I kill my fellow man, I readily admit
This is no cause to quit
I do so with a purpose I believe is right
For me, this justifies the fight

Yet in doing so we both must know
I act in partnership with my country
A battalion, regiment, platoon or squad – each determines
individual fate
But we are just men bound to each other and the American
state

I am Soldier Skye and I pray my country will not lie
Will America be there for me should I lose an eye
It is our contract
We both must comply

Don't forget me America when I return to your shore
Tell me America that for me there can be so much more

I have sacrificed for you and seen far too much gore
Now is your time America
To honor me and our brothers who are no more

I look to the sky in search of my lord
One who can provide me a crossing ford
When my end is near
I will approach hell's gate without fear

I trust I'll depart with pride
Believing my country could never have lied

But Soldier Skye is not one man
But all those who fight and die
All the faces, all the names
All the families who live in pain

Solider Skye is all that is right each time we fight
Right with our women
Right with our men
Right with our country

I can never die, for I am, Soldier Skye
I AM America

Silhouette's



Anson Decker
ENTERTAINMENT

Silhouette's

Poets Premise

A young man loses contact with his love for no clear or certain reason. Years of regret intervene before they are reunited to see their love flourish again. Silhouette is a reference to the shadow of their relationship when its both dark and light.

I knew her before, so many years ago
A love so deep, surely you must know

So young when times were tough
We were always together yet it was never enough
We had little but always found reason to laugh
Together we made
A sweet silhouette

Always happy, neither had cause to lie
I wish I knew
I would regret leaving you
Until I was to die

She was my lover and entertainer
She listened when I hurt
I can't say why I was such a complainer

I see her in my dreams, a silhouette from days past
I only wish I had made them last

Her soulful silhouette haunts me to this day
Without her I'm not sure I'll find my way

I dream of you, my North Star
But in truth your touch is too far

It could've been different for us
No house, no cars or clubs
Just us and it would've been so much
I see that now
But only by the fading light of your sad silhouette

It's hard to contain my sorrow
I survive knowing there will be another tomorrow

To see you again I would happily confront any threat
I hope I find you, find your sweet silhouette

I'm on a plane going back from where I came
The jet engines hum
I swear they sing your name

We used to love this coffee shop
I made it my first stop

I sit alone in the corner
Swallowed by leather
Smooth jazz riffs make me somber
Birds outside tussle, one loses a feather

I imagine your sweet silhouette, just like it used to be
Sitting adoringly across from me
I will confess, a tear I've shed
But only because I feel dead

My life changed in a blink
I would never think

Our eyes meet
The resulting spark ignites our rekindled heat

You stride inside
I see you ignite with pride
I watch in disbelief as my memory is reborn
No longer do I feel so torn

We embrace, we kiss, immersed in mutual relief
Both so thankful to avoid lifelong grief

Together again, we feel strong
An emotion we've waited to feel for too long

The setting sun cast a last glimmer
Shining upon us, united as one
Together we make
A sweet silhouette

Youth n-Age-a



Youth n-Age-a

Poets Premise

A truncated life story of my mother, who passed away recently and the agonizing decision we confronted to remove her from life support.

A young dark haired girl playing jax upon a sidewalk
The Bronx, 1930's, oozing ethnicity and a strange sort of talk

Wrist cocked, jax spew, red ball bouncing, bouncing
If time stood still, we can see her rejoicing

What happens next is the only matter
No thought of anguish should Doris or Joyce choose to scatter

A young woman finds her man, her narrow purpose becomes clear
A family of four, suburbia, a job without a life, yet there is no fear

The tumultuous 60's see her blossom, wanting to flourish
Yet never discovering a path she could nourish

She enjoys friends, she gives love, she lives stress
Short of patience, delighting in ignorance, accepting of less

Yearning for more but with no clear vision
Accepting her destiny without derision

Her grandchildren revitalize, oh what treasure
Exceeding rewards felt from her own, by a measure

Years skip past, they never seem to last
Life advances at an increasing pace, carving long weary lines upon her face

In her son, she leaves a legacy of confidence, pride and hunger to achieve
All because it was her who did believe

She has earned our love
A gentle caress, never again to feel distress

As the end nears
Stripped of her dignity and her fears

She has our love, through any imperfection
At this moment of inflection, she should go
Each of us will pray, for your time is today
Youth n-Age-a

Jack Daniels and Mary Alice



Jack Daniels and Mary Alice

Poets Premise:

A sad story of addiction

Mary Alice loved her man, for him there was no bigger fan
There was nothing she didn't love about Jack
His shape, his taste, his smell
He swept her away like a bat outta hell
All of it made her warm, loose, even hot
He made her laugh with each shot
Joyful and happy when together, an impossible dream, an inseparable team

Her friends begged Mary Alice
They meant no malice
Leave him and leave soon
If you don't you may never see June

Mary Alice feels his passion, his allure, his attraction
On her knees, she looks up to him, she smiles coyly
Then guides Jack into her mouth
Deliberate and slow, swirling her tongue to savor his flavor

They found them both the next day because she let Jack stay
Dead on the couch, only heaven's pull could take her higher
Assaulted by the stench of whiskey wafting like smoke from fire
At once together and alone, Jack Daniels and Mary Alice

Becca's Beacon



Becca's Beacon

Poets Premise

A beautiful young woman in search of her true purpose in life who's in desperate need of hope

I long for so much
Perhaps only a lovers compassionate touch
Yet, I cant seem to have any
I wish I understood why, even if it were only a lie

Insecure in my life's intention
Self doubt is the root of prevention
I don't deserve the happiness and peace others enjoy
I fear, to them, I've become only a toy
Submerging from the anchor of past abuse, experiences that are now my noose

Then sitting upon the hill one starry night
She sees a beacon from her lantern's light
It shines upon her choice
A bright light steering from all she's been fearing
Reborn before too forlorn

Empowered as never before
She will find her story achieving great glory
Surrounding herself with those who love her, discarding the rest
A new sense of clarity and purpose, forever guided anew
By Becca's beacon

Fedora party



Anson Decker
ENTERTAINMENT

Fedora party

Poets Premise

An impromptu party of young adults at their parents house

Impromptu gathering stuns with fun
Friends assemble one by one
Youthful energy oozes from the crowd
Youthful ignorance makes them loud

Adult supervision is all but lost
No one cares at what cost
Vodka flows freely to everyone's delight
Then a focal point comes to sight

Enter the fedora, donned by all
They appear suddenly without a call
A mood changer, the sexy fedora raises the noise

Young men cast as Bogart, their women Hepburn
Yesterday's forgotten, tomorrow's on hold
The moment is all that matters
To Fedora party mad-hatters

Eyes wide corpse



Eyes wide corpse

Poets Premise

A love story, the passing of a spouse, but their love is uninterrupted by death

Defying realness
Telling me still more
She's not what she appears to be, not now, not ever
Black, hollow portals to her self

I knew her
I loved her
I can still see her

Lying eyes wide on the white table
She still loves me
She will always star in my life's fable

In my purgatory of love, I will always remember her eyes wide
Anguish I hope will subside
Eyes wide corpse

Hiding from Jekyll



Hyding from Jekyll

Poets Premise

The courage to embrace your changing self as we age and transform

There are multiple me's, all make me proud
Which one is dominant, I can't say very loud
My life is a stage, I'm so grateful
If done well, ever so tasteful
A stage to try, fail and try again
To laugh and cry, oh what then

I'm not sick
I'm alive and learning me
Who I can be, how to be free
Why hyde from Jekyll?

I want to know Hyde, I wish he would come out
Moods, events, places and people each change me
I'm not one but many, my god I could shout
I see my future – why hyde from Jekyll

Effectus vox est renumerator
(doing right is the reward)



Effectus vox est renumerator (doing right is the reward)

Poets Premise

A simple, yet powerful idea suggesting we encourage doing right by our fellow man over the pursuit of personal monetary gain. The possibilities of that future ...

What compensation do you require

What payment quenches your desire

Your basic needs met

Your wants no longer burn afire

What next

You or your brother

How do you choose, yourself or another

Whose interests are first

Selfish or altruistic

If only our world were so simplistic

A higher purpose tomorrow we grow

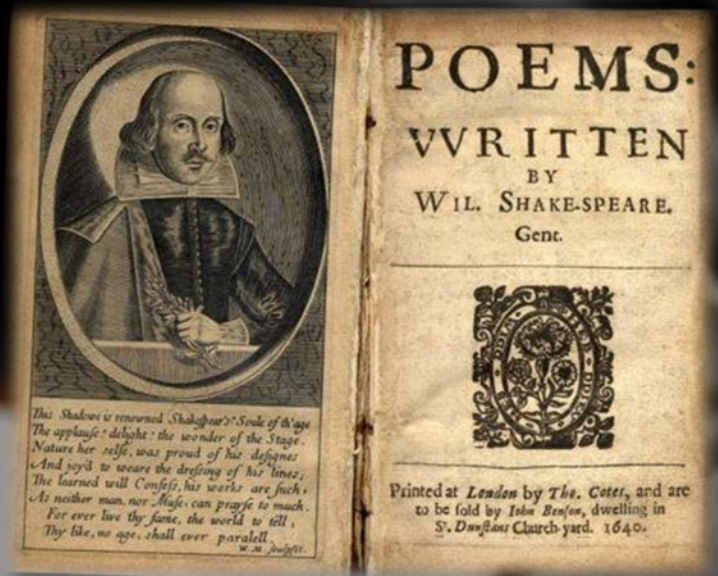
I choose my brother

So I know

Effectus vox est renumerator

Doing right is my reward

Blank white paper



Blank white paper

Poets Premise:

Dream of the possibilities to create and the risks, it all starts with nothing

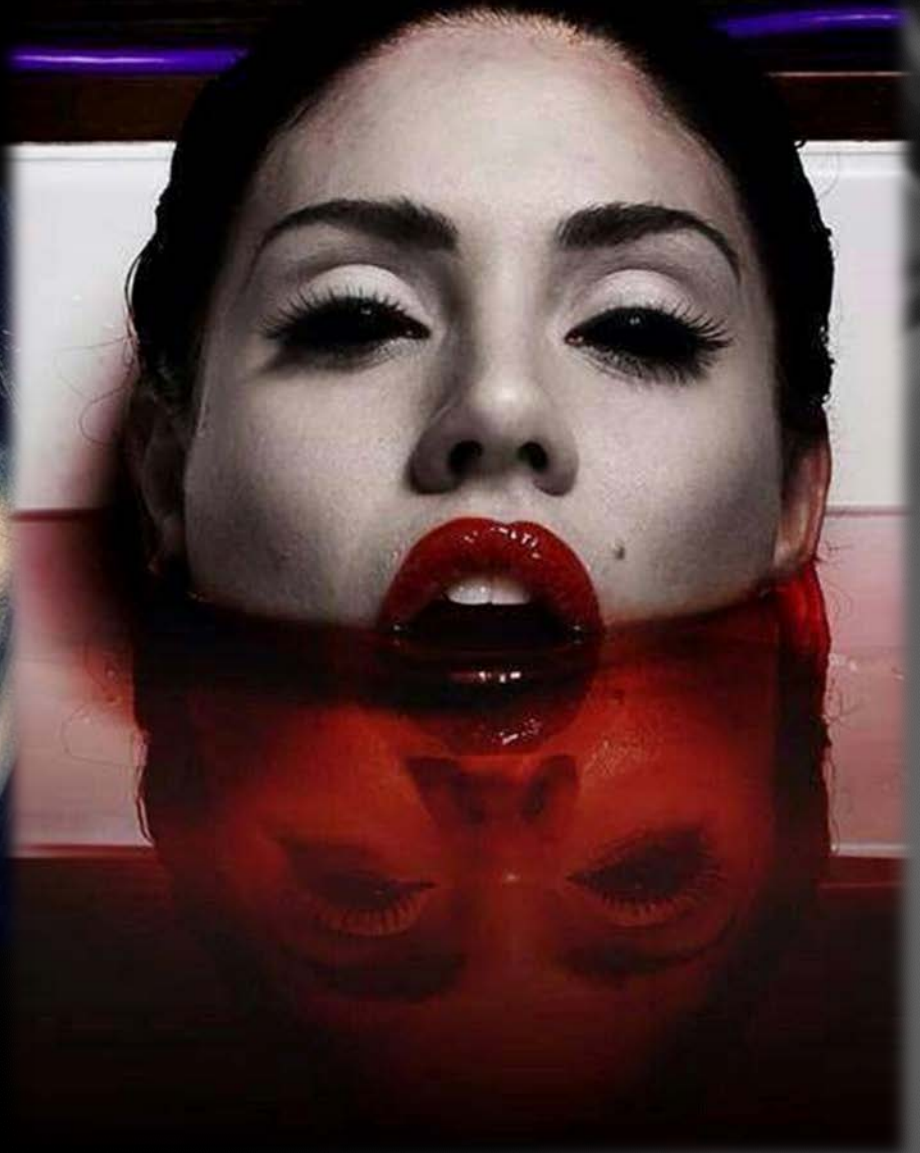
Infinite hopefulness
An inspirational instrument
An artists canvas, the lawmakers device
And a lovers sentiment

So much to say, intimidated by its potential
Fearful to express my true self to you
Or to people exponential
Fear is a disease, a disease impeding me from being me

Blank white paper, a horrifying shrill to action
Blank white paper, a single teardrop of hope, let it all begin

Summon the courage, others will follow
Blank white paper, let it begin

I'm bleeding right behind you



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ENTERTAINMENT

I'm bleeding right behind you

Poets Premise:

A cry for help voiced in the midst of two lovers breaking up. A relationship in turmoil or perhaps the victim of an addiction pleading for help.

We've loved for so long
That can't ever change
My pain isn't obvious to you, I would never let it show
But clues I've left for you to know
I've tried but healing on my own, I'm just not that strong

I need you, I need you to see me
My shadow
My silhouette
Somehow you must know

Smile as I submerge and save me with a strong hand
Plant your feet so you make a strong stand

I'm right behind you
I'm bleeding right behind you
Won't you save me too?

Blooming femme rose



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ENTERTAINMENT

Blooming femme rose

Poets Premise

A tribute to women, their beauty, strength, complexity and compassion

Intricate folds open, exposing life nurturing moisture
Delicate, defying it's true gift
Strong, nurturing and life giving as a woman
Thorns deter those who would thief her nectar

A variety of rose's, blooming with life
The multiplicity of woman
Beautiful and elegant
An ear empathizes with others pain
Disarming vanity enable ideas to chain
Adoring with admiration
What is it like to be a she?

A blooming pink rose glowering in morning sun
Simple complexity admitting allure
A blooming, dew moistened yellow rose
Drinking sunshine, projecting enviable femininity
Blooming femme rose

Barking bird



Barking bird

Poets Premise

It's OK to be different. In some way, we all are.

I stand awkward and unsure
So different from the rest
Unaccepted and rifled with ridicule
Uncomfortable yet hoping to conform
A fate that feels so wrong

I struggle to fight the urge without intent
A path I forever lament
My tribe will love me if only I can find
Those common attributes they say will forever bind

Yet, there is a different path I pursue
Bold and true to myself I burst through
Realize my destiny and prove to be great
Never looking back but only within
Being different without fear for its my fate

There are no barking birds
Unless I choose to be first
I so choose
I will be the lone *barking bird*

Your warmth is getting hot



Your warmth is getting hot

Poets Premise

A relationship where one partner is particularly troubled and prone to disappointing. Forgiveness being their keystone for lasting love.

I've failed you
More than once
Should I continue to disappoint
I surely won't be the one you anoint

Your annoyance escalates to anger
Failing to change I risk being a stranger
I feel your heat on the morrow
And return in kind with such sorrow

Can you forgive, again, and again
And forever
A higher love nestled in your grace
Yet of it, I have no trace
Forgiveness is the fount of your stunning allure
Your compassion exceeds any love I've known before

Because of it, we survive
Coexisting, your anger and your love
Even more pure than the white dove
Your warmth is getting hot

Immune to the scorpion



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ENTERTAINMENT

Immune to the scorpion

Poets Premise

The lethal scorpion as metaphor for life's tough blows – even if all seems lost, therein lies an opportunity for growth, unknown outcomes. This is a story of hope.

Life will scar you with its barbs
Or cripple you with worse
Is there only one outcome when the scorpion strikes

No conclusion is foregone
You have choices to make
Mere survival is but a start
Summon your innovation
Call upon your strength to feed your motivation

To overcome
To learn
To grow
Achieve this
And you will have lived
Immune to the scorpion

Whiplash world



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ENTERTAINMENT

Whiplash world

Poets Premise:

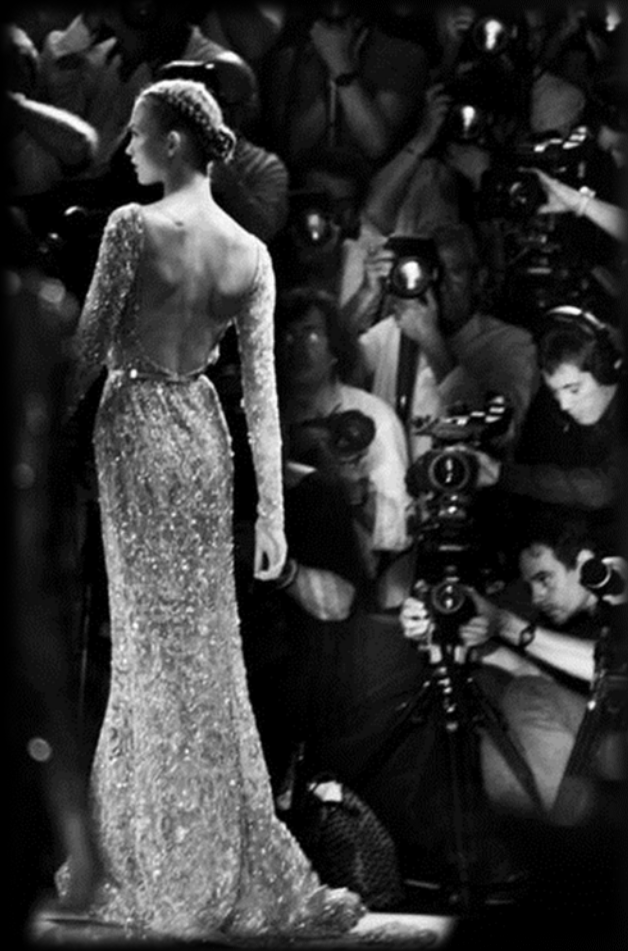
Technology is having a wide ranging impact on our lives. Some good, some not.

Poets sing a tribal song perched at fire's edge
Matriarchs cook while her men tend to farm
Callouses and gnarled knuckles reveal the day
Dawn brings industrial revolution to quicken our way

Everything changes
But what of us?
Speed of light society outpacing evolution
We *can* keep up but unrest hints of revolution
Exhausted and thrilled
Entertained by too much
Productivity expectations that just may have killed

Look up, look around, look ahead
You won't be found
It's a whiplash world
Look to the past for peace
Only there, is tomorrow's remedy
A remedy to survive in a *Whiplash World*

Fame is futile



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ENTERTAINMENT

Fame is futile

Poets Premise

Fame as a goal is meaningless and won't provide the fulfillment one perceives

Fame, a youthful affliction
Expecting so many to be a friend
An end-game with a surprisingly dead-end
Fool-hardy aspirations
Often lead to desperations
Once achieved, fame is futile

Legacies of impropriety
Identities so false
Accomplishments ring hollow
And those friends, they only bring me sorrow

Change your ambition
But there's no need for contrition
Every day, give others yourself, make them smile
Or beware, *fame is futile*

A forest of friends

Poets Premise:

A shot at social media and its limitations in providing true, lasting connections among people

No depth, no intimacy
Some I don't really know
Quite often, I'm left feeling nothing but very low

Too many to influence
Too many to enjoy
Is this real or merely a toy?

Energy spent to find the next one, then again
And again
Disillusioned and lonely my life is too open

My visual storyboard, a modern cry for the love I hoped to have won
But a forest of friends have left me with none
But a *barren*
forest of friends

One way is lost

Poets Premise

Feel empowered to make mistakes, to learn, to take risk

Too many choices and so young
I wish I were a statue, they make no mistakes
Frozen in time I don't want to be fake
Paralyzed by the right thing, his thing or hers
So unsure of mine own, everything blurs

One way is lost
I gotta keep on chasing my dream
Even though I'm tired
One way is lost
But there's no time for fear or desire
The more chances I take the brighter my fire
One way is lost

Invoke my courage, don't say no
Look inside to find my fear
Hasten the healing until I get that feeling
And my choices become clear

Travel many paths to find the one
Settle too soon and your way is lost

Dead foe regret

Poets Premise

An adversary in the professional sense dies, revealing how meaningless your dispute had been

Our path's often cross

You desire advancement at all cost

For it you earn my scorn

It's hard to see how I'll become torn

Unfortunate circumstances enable your attack

Wounded not fatally a foe I beget

A colleague

A partner

An adversary I can't forget

You fall ill while still in your prime

I feel nothing

When you died a sorrowful death

You found peace

For me

Dead foe regret

I'm an asshole and its okay

Poets Premise

To achieve success, often we have to alienate those whose interest don't align. Is that OK?

Intra-preneur

Grow a business strong

Execute your vision but don't take too long

You'll have no help, no empathy from us

All we ask is that you win

Maybe then we'll forgive your sin

Some watch

Some participate

Some undermine and violate

Your success is being true to yourself

And those you educate

Do it well and some love you

Do it well and critics degrade you

They hold power but I decide if to stay

To them, I'm an asshole

And it's okay

Bloodlust revenge

Poets Premise

The animal savagery hidden within us emerges when a man loses his love

They enter in silence, moving with stealth

Oh, if only all they want is my wealth

So many possessions they could have taken

Yet they chose the one for which I am ever forsaken

Up the stairs to our bed room

Their rifle cocked foreboding the boom

She died instantly, taken so quickly

I bathed in her blood before I felt sickly

My love had died and so had I

Another man I became, I didn't understand how

Awoken when they took her, I knew what I must do now

I leaped to action with face contorted, time passing yet so distorted

Armed only with hate, the intruders quickly knew their fate

Hate so fierce it had voice, leaving them with no choice

I disarmed them, breaking limbs

Turning their weapon to exact my revenge

Hollow and inadequate yet it was done

I stood, chest heaving, tears streaming, knowing no peace, but only

Bloodlust revenge

Misunderstood eagle

Poets Premise

The eagle and his positive attributes as a metaphor for the human condition

Alone, steeled with pride and beautiful

A predator embracing solitude

A simple life punctuated by strength and fortitude

He cant be us, we need too much

Emulate his strength

Mirror his focus

Value his independence

Does he yearn for more, is he us?

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