

The Tower 2013

By Duncan DC Dunkins I

Facebook Preview

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“ It’s been 16 years. ”

PROLOGUE

Finally, I crawl out of the labyrinth of tunnels underground. Never could I be happy there all my life. Emerging from a loose pocket of soil, the barren field is before me. My silver shadow aligns with the moon makes the inner chambers of my mind come alive. The ideas inside me are now real, yet I cannot see them.

And so, I start a journey across the barren field to reach my dreams. I am running through my life. I descend the mountain of stone holding the unchanging past. I bathe and swim in the river of my present ever flowing and ever moving to . . . my future.

The river runs past The Tower to which I approach with the key. This is the last leg of my journey, but still, it is a journey. And so, on the dawning of this day, I begin to climb the stair inside.

The Alley

*My escape from those who torment me
will not come for a very long time*

*It is for this reason I run between industrial
and residential in The Alley*

Brown light blankets my body as I run from evil

Metal twists and from it, air is spew

My reflection shows in puddles, magnifying my sadness

It makes me run harder to thee

Why me ?

Running so far to see the girl who meant so much to me ?

*I look behind before the corner round
to hear the stamping, pursuing sound.
But suddenly I am stopped and hence,
my blood flows on the chain link fence*

*Damn the ideas of next century come
Damn progress, because of them I am done*

*I now face what has been chasing me all my life
My teeth are grit as I pull out the savior knife*

My passage and escape I can see but not go to

It's coming closer ! Slowing to taunt me . . .

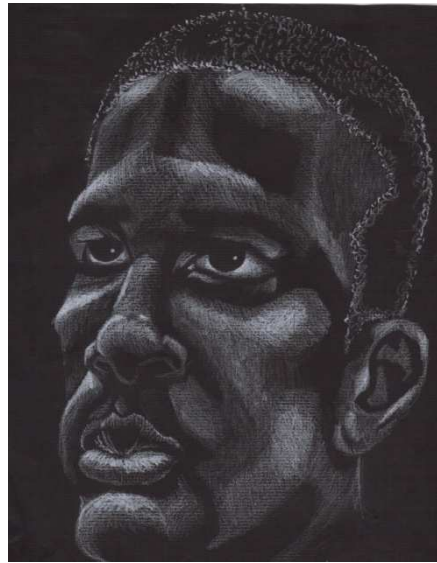
Thus longer it haunts me

Before I die of a death you shall never know

[There are two more preview poems after this page.](#)

The Tower was originally published on September 20, 1996 in limited edition of Three Hundred copies. At the time High School Senior, Duncan Dunkins, had completed over 100 works. Recent events in the life of the Author, has inspired its return. The original 11 poems are back, repolished and with more poems added. Some are new works from January 2013.

The Alley
Fade Away
Unknown Voice
To Rage Against Stone
And So I Mosh!
In His Shadow (A Tribute)
Resurface
Cocoon
Spanish Lullaby (from Rose Petals)
Embracing The Light Ahead
Maybe Not Forever
Another Day – Another Time (NEW)
The Tower



*The download and interactive experience will be available exclusively for \$3.99 – Be sure to watch Renaissance International Omaha on Facebook for news of the Official Release. Or send an email to mail@riomaha.com to be notified. **Bonus Features** will include video blogs, money saving coupons, and additional poetic works recently written by the author.*



To Rage Against Stone

Here I stand, walls all around me

No light on my face

*Only my mind, or what is left of it
can seep through the cracks of stone and
imagine the things I could explore.*

I wonder, I hope, I dream of life outside

But the guardians stand over me, smashing the imagination

*They laugh at my attempts to escape and they call
upon their soldiers for further intimidation*

*Now they have taken the bridle of my noble steed
and they have locked the doors tighter !*

I scream, but no one hears

*If only those outside this realm of
injustice could know my situation*

My horse is trapped

I am a prisoner in my home

Give me my steed, my metallic speed !

So I can rage against stone in a poetic motion

And glide free in the sun

Down a road that shows me hope . . .

Another Day – Another Time (January 2013)

Can I rise up again ?

Been much longer since yesterday that the pen was to paper

Today is a world much more unkind with evil in unexpected places

Twenty.

My love takes counsel of cowards and ones undisciplined

Cares not for the pain she will send to the future

My world shatters, I fall from a high place created by my own pride

I cry as my arm goes numb

So much evil in this world – from unexpected places

Twenty.

You from my yesterday unseen, this girl in my gym class ?

*Don't remember you from then, but the talents of Mr. Z. brings forth
second chances that all on this earth have seen or touched.*

You the Warrior Princess, in your yesterday protected the homeland

*You by my side in these dark hours where I have been
thrown from my comfort and my blood legacy threatened*

Twenty.

*Never in this dimension would we be, but knowing
that yesterday you thought of me*

It brings me comfort that somewhere outside of this realm you and I ARE.

And that man who resides there does love you.