



MOVING 2 MARS
POETRY BY **ALAN C HALL II**



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Thanks for reading!

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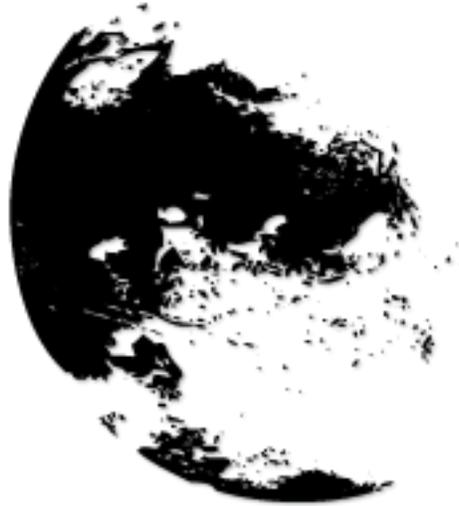
CONCLUDE FEUD

SEE YOU SOON

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CHAPTER 0: INTRODUCTION OF ARMS

“Introduce the intricate, elaborate, point-blank persistence...”

Mars... the menacing malevolent monument of many things incompetent to modern man's esophagus.

Mission was an honest trip to motivate who mostly quake at living new and glued to what the world says... YouTube'd.

Few knew or ever cared to beard resemblance of fear endeared from spare tears unaware by NASA's stare on where.

Why and how this product of thou could cumulate creation's brow, if in so we'd go elsewhere... bare to bow.

Low and out of touch discussing what minds must, while set past the outcast the visions a long lust.

These Earthly accusations are exhibitions from Venus, though wouldn't last to weather or war's eyes on thesis.

So solving a set of sane reflecting the salt retained and aimed on a source of sound resented as pound for pound.

The mounting of all who drowned or tolerate target hounds, eventually you'll understand the cannons underground.

Found a fortune and made amends in seeming the world is sins... suited and booted looted I rooted for wins.

Demonstrating what anger or joy can commend command, stand a dying man is seeing the desert sands by hand.

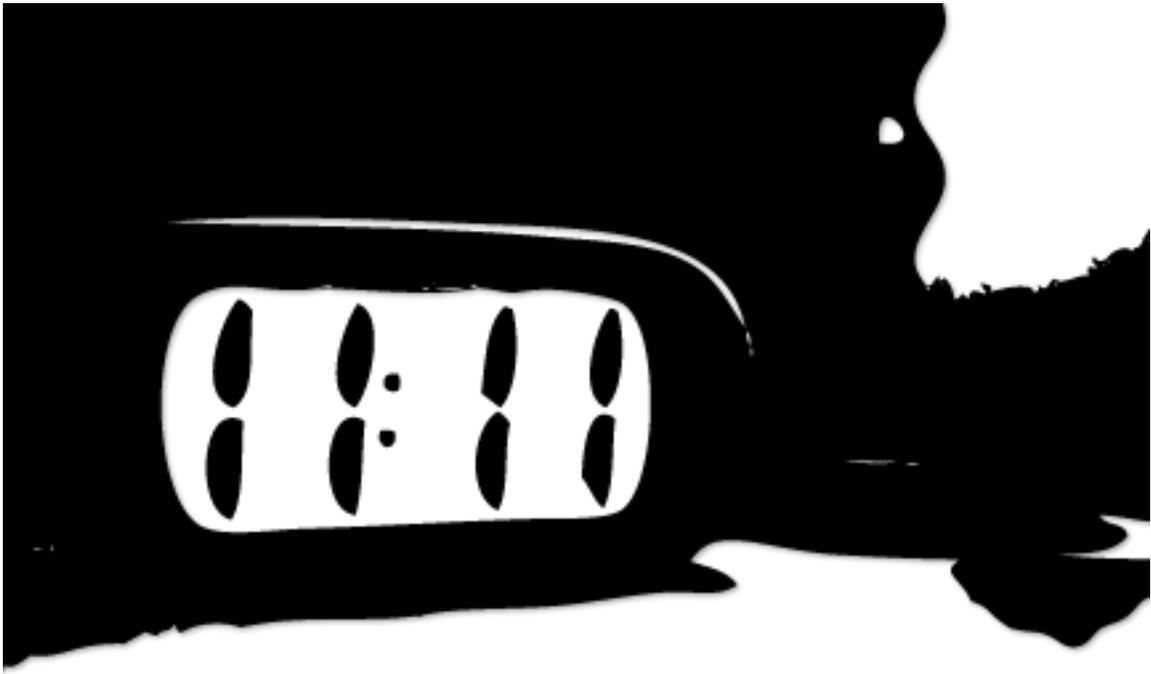
Being born is just the introduction to identifying the sights and sounds each of us create. Whichever senses you preferably encompass within your possession, you can greatly achieve what many have either taken for granted or never have had the opportunity to experience. The benefits out way most things imaginable. Though, when one can focus a particular sense at any time and maximize its beneficial strengths... the possibilities exude greatness.

Without a heavy hand in regards to psychology, physics or left-field thoughts and ideas, I'm glad to present my first book, whether it be by inclination or just for sheer enjoyment of numerous expressions.

I have carefully constructed this body of work for generally all ages, yet primarily for mature audiences who may have a thorough understanding (experience wise) to what each chapter represents. A guide into one's mind and motives through poetic verses and paragraphs.

One can only keep such a creation encased for so long, which many a public would consider arrogant depending on its purpose and quality. I would more so consider this an ongoing process of visional, mental, psychological and spiritual representation of a mind and body conflicting with society.

While adaptation is good for the general public or audience one can hope to embody, people such as myself find (drastic) change unsettling or uneasy depending on your personal perception. Regardless, live the life you've always wanted and know where you want or need to be... you are the only **true** obstacle in your way. Save yourself.



CHAPTER 1: THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW / PREPARATION
"...transcending through a world inconsistently venomous..."

WHAT A WEEKEND...

Weekend of benevolence, my head has never been since
Profit more in people than money minus the elegance
By utilizing thought without the actions are pointless
I see in turn the bruising one is feeling in venom bliss
Drums and tambourines... hammer nailed in dreams
I'm left with leaving lust beside the plane and its seams
What's misleading are the avenues ensued to construe
Many live and die for women, power, pride, and the insinuated revenue
Due to such mistrust... the chase I don't do much
Or at all... if falling for tall is how you blush, talk with rush
Stick to the efficient because my mannerisms simply isn't
Or will ever until one true anew conflicts the mind's resistance
Tell and told persistence, exposing an arbitrary
In coinciding nature this concludes without obituary
Wear me...

DO OVER

Ten years untouched, tempted to town tan with brand deluxe
Just enough to levitate, umbilical thrust
Joint collection... one two all blush, artistic brush
Much a manner... moving, consuming the crush
Take tuxedo an evil easel embellishing the gradients
Exhaustion is daily dense, the daze is variance
Limitations don't contribute to creative compliance
Sufficiency activated, the last as long is guidance.

FLOWER THIRST

Sad complexity, sort of seeming defeating my meaning
Minus maze I'm teaming with me, renounce myself with fiend genes
Or jeans you live to give, live it lost or lack the fizz
Wait for cross or wrapped in Wiz... war no winding road in skids
Childish epicenter, marvel might and match forever
Width in wise and rich in treasure, seek no life but leather
Whether you seem together... quintessentially a feather
Flower facing this uneasy tower pouncing on better
Questioned only in giving grace influenced or replaced
The roses weed my base as dandelion lion my race.

TIME IS TIME

Set in someone other, brains collide want **Summer**
Crush from under, only patience purchased Numbers
Sodom Gomorrah perfume, deem a doom filling fume
Sweet a source so sinning sleeping side assume

Wait I must resume... twist the temperaments to gloom
Seems the screen scene says the night becomes one's tomb
Enough in living looms, guarded greatly by my higher
Sigh get by as prior, need is needed notched empire

So to solve a liar I twist trust truth, assemble wider
Dire this... reality reign, one must require fire.

OCCUPIED

Leveled flat in watery residue, cushioned on cue
Glued to motion and manic one's antics benefit us two
Yearning in a winning worth of thirst a chemistry grew
Playing per position in dark submission the flickering flew
Chase to chew, ribbons of you soaked in satisfaction
Satin attractions in spacious actions, taxing in passion
Fractions of daily distractions dedicated, weighted rafting
Staff of double we rumble reactions, musically closed caption
Addict infinite in limit, arched and tipping sporadic
Fueled in following formation, phantoms highly climatic
Exit.

LOUSED

Temptations tear these tendencies in enticing remedies
So same is said with sleep, slow deprived arrived my memories

Of last days, nights allure before the war of morning more
Roars atone to Amazonian pores, I **must** endure
Ensure such satisfaction, action's all in viewed contraction
Reaction to many makes, builds a guild of body breaks... traction

Eviction depiction missing, I wake to nature
Bells erupt to danger, such stranger is tied and anchored
Banger.

REM

Dream draining complaining or straining while maiming
A lasting slow sensation signal solved in one's taming
The blaming left me center on seeing guides... "E" improvise
Highs in alpha delta belting beta burned by buys
Sinfully re-surg-ing scattered pieces puzzle purging
Quirk in quiet scenery or atmosphere reversing
Lurking end on end, exit out the source of friend
Ship my space with one or ten... depending on when, vend
Through viewing inner outer déjà vu I heart a shower
Dream in teams of gold and flowers as the destination's flounder.

DAWN

Awaking on the day of dawn... seemingly unprepared
Sun glares through wearied corneas as alarms flared
Paired apparel previous, clean unfocused and this...
This dynamic distant to my eyes, what is risk?
Similarities of fairies floundering my waters, feminine voters
Yet I morning end eleven joining Grace Heaven orders
Dusk prior manipulated, a unionized refraction
Thrown through the ropes with seductive infractions
By taking action... I'm legally advised to capitalize on prize
Advice arise... tie in sighs, moans, talk and (high) fives
Simple such assembly sort so seems... seems
Seems seams sort of suffocate simplistic symbolism dreams
Jeans scattered, sweat resembles wax... candle tax
Teach me soundtracks... scores in rambled volumes of fax
Work will wait subtract... excuse me, weight subtract
Depending suspended plans, I guilty lifting backs... **wake up.**

ONE NIGHT TOO MANY

Racking one's cranium is physical exercise
Comprised in after-hours of a sour revise of ties
I collar consume a prize, embodied as eyes
Many... plenty to keep a flux, rival my own to byes
These lies would lie beside my tainted sainted soul
Selling me moments of ancient gold and metals of bold
Low behold such accusations are apparently before the hold
Thighs could grip the rift of modern minds and crush control
Rolled and reminisced in kisses of soft bliss I'd list
As how I'd need it every after in marriage be missed
To **this** with quiet laughter... the **shatter** of wood matter
Or plaster chalking my walls while waking the neighbors sadder
No sleeping or sentence scatter, more makings of just moans
This grimace of wolf hones and salivates in tones
Known... soaking ceilings and beating brawn retrained
The aim was never obvious... no Hell shall remain
Refrain from seeming you appeal, I reveal in ideal
Slim in real and sorrow is steel while stealing will never heal
In waking smelling arise, the notice of someone's lies
I vow and revise or die selective in Death's maze of byes.

I like to express (either in distinctive or broad detail) a situation that generally, if spoken to in person, may take too much time to emphasize.

MAKE BELIEVE NO NEED

Responsibility is equally essential and known
What we tell our adolescence should reflect what is grown
So imagine if your childhood was filled with wisdom
Realistic dreams or scenes with purpose, given a prism
This make believe deceives... I live with kids unequal
Pride is more efficient so lying of fables is feeble
Understanding understood, imagination hood
Revenue is lost and not received... where's the good
No pinpoint selected yet projected in equal parts
The dark is doom after the bark, the bite's embarked
Written or otherwise, holiday revise or aid disguise
One advice for reprise... teach your seed more of wise.

SUMMARY...

The first stride. Also implicated as the beginning of no end for many, becoming the puppet to everyone else's strings. Abiding by rules without a thought or action of rebellion, if so to seem relatable within this society. Sure, the thought of absolute rule will forever rub us uneasy, yet without a leader to stand upon... most tend to suppress their anguish to blend in. Risk breeds unpredictability, so why would one want to stay on the sidelines when they have the chance to play?

I used to beat myself up for the things I have did prior without putting forth the initiative to become something better. While I am proud of my faults, assuming that with time and persistence they'll become learned lessons, I've eliminated many of the distractions that plague men such as myself. I only speak when spoken to, unless there is an interest in conversation worth presenting.

This chapter is somewhat the presentation of my prior self throughout the years of silence and quiet empathy I'd present ten years past. The revelation yet speaks volumes when you look at what you've become and want to change... putting forth the effort to **actually** do something about it.

Within the linear chapters ahead, knowledge and questions of being are presented in dramatic fashion. Intertwined with subjects and obstacles one can expect when traveling beyond their means, creating new ground and reaching their true potential however possible. Personal purpose, pain/pleasure, and positive enforcement. The journey begins...



CHAPTER 2: T-MINUS... 11

“...as dark as one can go to soar the show we know...”

11

Favor's the irregular, contending with "sir"
Mask and makeup morphs the many any major minor or pure
Time for force and friction, followed finally by fainting
If ever an easy entity evolves enough inflating
Dating a dusk long, evening forgone in suit of wrong
Conversing Pong, fling along and range my Kong
Though to take today without pay, play relay
Face of fray minus gray, tired taunted... slay

Say... I met a man young, height among
Strangely he resembled a troubled soul without a tongue
So to sudden a mirror reflected to this past dreaded
Felt rosette'd, twisted thorn regretted... **out** I said it.

LET ME KNOW, PART 1

Bound to possibilities, such energies should set and freeze
Building more constructive thoughts and accolades, **no** breeds

These... and every sense of hence proposing on tense
Might commence in some aggression with a hidden accomplice
This fence of God's permission is a border line of time
As effective as Naval wine though smoothly intertwine
I mind more aspiration than an eye on decline
If a smile is so uncertain, I'll renounce and take nine
But if seeking a peaking soul was even your intent
Please respectfully speak the thoughts you've never been consent

Always occupied my manners, but room I can un-cancer
My answer is... **ask**, I introvert on standards.

LET ME KNOW, PART 2

Back to bargaining, assembling my soul for mass departing
Margins made in aid of seeking sans or serif source in markings
Time is all inviting if you ask or say in writing
Such is this but not the same is loving letter lost by lying

I was never not for hiding, more so biting elsewhere
Bruised and bedding more fear, disappeared appeared then flared
So where is this digression setting solving said protection?
One Martial mention, competing for self... solve neglect then

Evening is lessened for everyday a pray is *grey*
Affliction fray for nay, ray of hope though don't delay... order today and stay.

YOLK

I have searched the world...
Only to find despair and few pearls
What hope is there I ask abrupt, corrupt for fare
Dare these dears view exterior with interior bare
Well aware, though never seeking sincere
Repair is nightly to some mo(u)rning no tear

End in clear conflict cation while we wither when near
Leap the depths of scaring sighs in notation coped clear.

DODGING DOOM

Late the night I couldn't touch my rain of sight
Bleeding backwards by no fright or friction forcing fame to fight
Fight desire or enduring tires, concrete admires
Dire straights to pace these fliers flying recklessly as hires
Fired fortun'd, formulated fathom more than mine ordain
Reign's the reaper of gain, due collect to coffin frame
Main selections are as follows... hollow cushion Apollo
Wooden woven to borrow, take the dust as I wallow.

HOPE WENT WHERE?

Hope has meaning
Without it... your chemistry is seeping
Walking 'round paralyzed
Questioning such dreaming
As if such dreaming could be
Would be, should be your lack of screaming
Ply pandering and swinging
Lingering while mingling
Beaming... shy weeping
I'm leaving... leaving... leaving.

AMONG

Set in sedated, I bought the time/place/day and aided the jaded
I made it... for today delay, next dusk I'll feel invaded
Evaded your sacred for the iron steel of Suns
Pound injected and made as one, flame forms the gun
Long before reformed conclusion I enjoyed the lore of bruising
Preying on pride, dissecting your sides and dining unions

Yet... end reveres, per preparation spawns a tear
Wear wore this foil fair taken and tainted gear, no pair
A year of dear, hear... your fear is bare
Cheer me now... sail the sounds you'll never witness front or rear
Jarring innovations, sultry sedations
I'm waiting... this day be gone, leave no dedications.

LIT LEGIT

Electrocuted rooted to a past I can't outlast
Ask me when such occurred... it'd be blasphemy the blast
Yet for hidden reserve I'm pulling plug on the nerves
Meet the manic momentarily engulfed in this serge

High I'm riding... and point presiding, the skies are violent
While racing to end goals I'm stricken as a tyrant
Awaking a wounded soul **before** the militant hold
To striving eyes of atmosphere and hospital gold
Asked to ask place position, eve of swarming decommission
I listen and lounge prescription'd to pretty faces... my piston

Fragments of finale to winning my life and mission
Sacrificing a future for writing ranged division.

GONE

Before I leave to breath with education received
I express my fascination with what brain believes
Relieved of stress or depress, moving wasn't the option
Complications arise and sacrifices concoction
Mix and murder my mental since psychotic was fertile
War would ravish by one's written consent... affliction curdles
Pride and greed residing I'd be lying if not providing
Coinciding with stagnant sidings, writing was thriving
Art was hiding, music disguising... a title in tithing
God and grinding, struggle for sure but pure by vibe's ping
Dusk disgust in need of dawn, a different song of Pong
Long uneasy while not wrong, I'll soar allure... **gone**.

CLOUD CONNECTION

Risen rights of passage through trial/error status
Tempted thoroughly amusing a menace minded madness
Else in owing none, thus the atmosphere I've won
Beyond... sigh to life of some, shafted pun
Width was hung as height was never asked but become
Better to be seen as your Goliath than his son
Yet from all the same such to games I complain
Mirror mind my pain in plain perfection faulting rain
Name a perfect Cain... Death is Abel's fain
Joke untuned, consume... then laugh my lane
Star a far the blame, dire for fire's shame
I'm vain in few, sleep is new... out of Earth I tame.

SUMMARY...

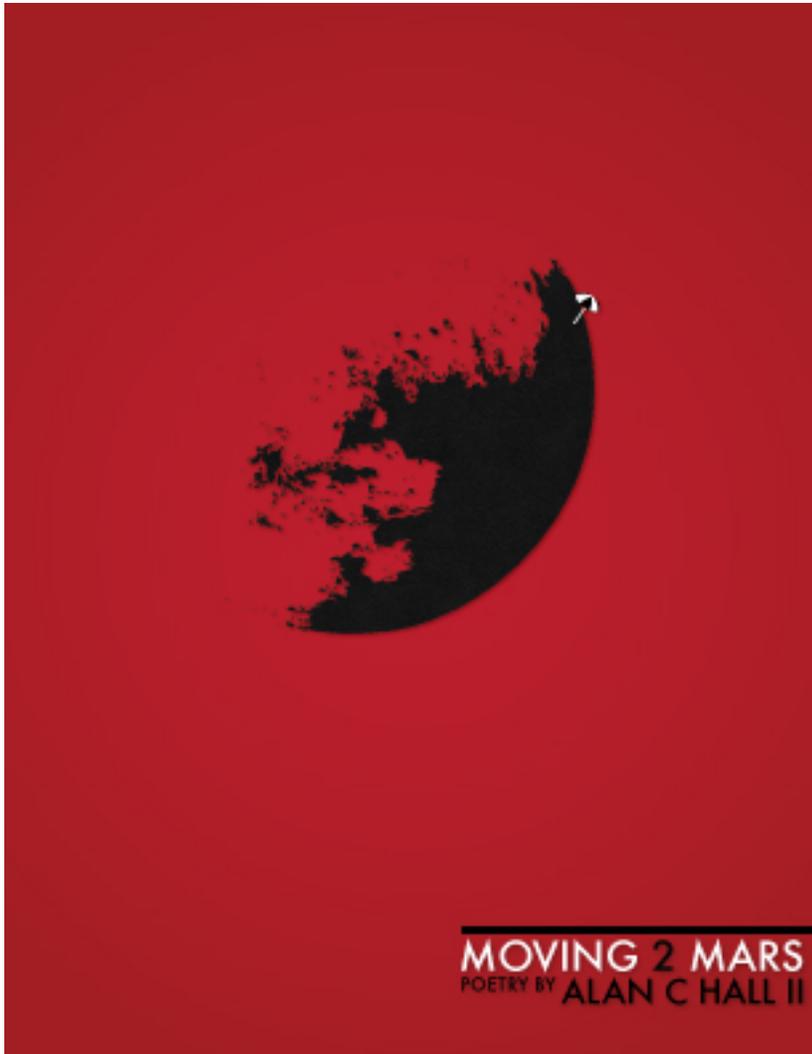
When a person can reflect on their ongoing presence and change the way they present themselves outside of their home, they exemplify *will*. Yet by saying so, the very definition of such as humans is to improve and impress within the *will* we create. Provided we are seeking the means to become a better person without the hindrance of others or society's injustice.

Limitations are what we expect to bend or break anyway possible. Unfortunately, the way of life for most create the anarchy we see worldwide. Humanity is ultimately the downfall of this great planet, and assuming that you've read this far... you have recognized my intentions on leaving. This is why this *will* I exemplify might be able to aid you into becoming more than what your culture or environment expects from you, while retaining an understanding of the limitations one could garner on the path to success.

This chapter revolves around the decision, construction and the launch to the red planet of Mars. Not to impede upon another's inclination on "why", but more so as a man with vision and the means to understand or interpret what "real" men were. A history of motive and mission... regardless of the means and/or execution in achieving it. Trust was essential, yet not required. If you faltered, others would step on your neck to take your place, so nobody was untouchable.

Many may see my views as unnecessary, but through the view of my eyes and the steady decline in masculinity amongst my male counterparts, this will of expression is needed. Also, while expressing one's emotions are not my strong suit, I am the one that creates my own destiny with full responsibility on the outcome (mostly).

The journey continues...



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POETRY BY ALAN C. HALL II

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR...

Alan C. Hall II, also known as **Hallzzz...**, an artist of numerous forms of medium, including graphic and web design, music, poetry, and art. He has made it his life's mission to influence, innovate, and evolve what is considered art while blurring the lines between each with absolute precision.

A tea *drinkingly* athletic, detail-oriented, tech savvy, weirdly apparent man from 1984. Not the book/movie but the year. Former Navy sailor of eight years with a martial arts/boxing background and bully repellent. Man of few words, yet when he speak... it's powerfully enticing! His way with words spurred at a young age as a student of lyrics, rhyme and poetic expression. It has later evolved from just art to everything that he represents presently.

Connecticut born and currently residing in Austin/Round Rock, TX... attending the *Art Institute of Austin* (to lean on the prior Bachelor's degree from *ECPI University*). Man on a mission... catch him if you can.

