

The Quiet Kitty Potato Dipped in Meow Sause

“The things we vision become evolutionary while experiences die young.”

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Table of Contents

Table of Contents	2	Candied Thrills	7
Cookie Cutter Madness	3	Secrets Within	7
Hakuchō no Mizu	3	Peacefully Disturbing	7
Unbosomed Fears, Secretive Lies	4	Crawling Kindly	7
Imaginative Haikus	5	Powerful Love	7
Blissful Ignorance	5	Quiet and Steady	7
Hunger Stricken	5	Growth Inside the Mind	7
Inner Zen	5	October Mornings	7
I Just Can't Stop	5	Just a Call Away	8
Beauty Babe	5	Cutest Boy	8
Ambivalent Booze	5	Stay Awake!	8
Rest, Relax, Denial	5	Cold Body	8
Moving On	6	Responded to the Call	8
Intelligence Shock	6	Cutting Paradise	8
Inadequate Tick	6	Talking Back	8
Depressive Darkness	6	Trapped Inside	8
Alone Time	6	Bad Mother	8
Silence	6	Thinking Deeply	8
Unaware Underwear	6	Mental Break	9
Incongruent Being	6	One Shot, Tell Me!	9
Anti Yes	6	Help "we", Please?	9
Addict	6	Broken Butter Knife	9
Faded Away	7	Pushing Farther	9
Mess...	7	Life's Mysteries	9
		Obsession Player One	9
		Creative Damages	9
		Safe Haven in Heaven	9

Olden Love	10
Other books by Ahnhared G. Horne and Eternity G. Bleu	10

joy, wit, and whimsical smit. Even if their time's cut short, love them, clothe them, and believe them. Every little bit!

Cookie Cutter Madness

Cookie cutter madness, shaped with unique flair. The moment they touched hands, their souls began dancing in thin air. He cracked a smile, hoping it'll last longer than a while before he had to disappear.

The fair maiden looked everywhere, from the east to the west. Turning each corner, she felt depressed. "Come out, come out! Let me know where you are." Poor boy, she believed he went too damn far.

Approaching the field, flourishing with time and space scattered whimsically, his guardian saw the boy sleeping outside of his chest. "Oh precious babe, there you are," uttering under her exhausted breath.

"Arise my son, arise! Dawn breaks as the moon descends. Time is of the essence, before the internal madness begins." The boy didn't move, not even a subtle nudge. Was her warning clear, or did he conquer his deepest sins?

Children are mysterious to the undisguised eye. Parents from all nations, creed, color, hear their cry! They're filled with

Hakuchō no Mizu

Wander the deep, searching for The Keeper. It didn't know the falling felt lonelier, steeper. Murky waters under control by the Mystic Reaper.

Dance majestic beings! Let the drops paint your inner you. Life's too cruel, shallow, and warm to follow inconsistent rules. Expand thy wings and kiss the wind. Soon, your "Keeper" will let you in.

Motivation speaks for itself. The swan pranced around without crippling help. It felt immersed in bubbling love. Hark, a turtle dove!

Rest easy, beloved swan. The time is nearly upon. You and I will meet again, but only if it rains my friend.

Hurdling closer to the edge, I promised myself I
wouldn't mourn. The sun's setting, the moon approaching, and
yet the warmth within me's torn.

Wandered too deep, we found The Keeper. He stole my
soul, and it whimpered. Murky waters under control. These are
the lies I wish I could've told.

Unbosomed Fears, Secretive Lies

Leaked depression is like a sweet elixir for the meek.
Trust me, I tasted that shit last week! Depression pulls out the
best in us at the worst time. Remember my last book, when I
openly admitted I wanted to die?

Suicide is a scary place. You don't know what's going to
happen, like watching your soul get lost in outer space! Then
again, it isn't unusual to condemn. Listen to our fellow
Christians utter an uncomfortable hymn.

Oh God! Why God? Why did they have to die? Did they
know You could have saved them if they tried? To pray is like
chatting with you after hours. So explain why the rapes and
murders continue to happen, unless *You* adore cowards.

Is it natural to question Almighty God? Yes! Is He
unequivocal? Absolutely doubt the rest! Praise those that
believe in Thy word. It is the law. Follow the herd. Challenging
the Invisible One is simply chicken feed for one's flock. Then
again, we continue to race against the clock.

You see, He kills us creatively, without doubting. Is it
still worth following Almighty God, minus the "I caught the
Holy Ghost" shouting? Whether or not you believe in Him, this
poem took a twisted turn to the troth.

Leaked depression encourages inner beauty. Don't
worry about falling to pieces, it won't hurt thee. People who
suffer in silence do it so beautifully! Slit the tongue, cut the
throat, morbid stories afloat.

Remember, oh yes, secretive lies. We wallow in
unbosomed fears, untold tales, and muffled cries. Depression's
the worst, when you live with it least. Depression isn't worth
the fight, so listen to those tiny voices and end it, please...

Leaked depression is like a sweet elixir for the meek.
Trust me, I attempted suicide next week. Depression pulls out
the best in us at the worst time. Don't forget this awful,
godforsaken rhyme.

Imaginative Haikus

Imaginative Haikus is a collection of raw human emotion. Socially going against the grain, the author (Ahnared Horne) is well aware of the repercussions that comes with edgy literature for entertainment. Honestly, nobody gives a fuck, especially the author.

Emotions arise and fall like everything else in our lives. It is tragic to hear a broken soul utter discorded news about their time in Hell (trapped on earth or spiritually sent to Hell).

However, that is *their* story to tell, not ours. Our story fits a little differently. We're not saying it is okay to die, but it is well known that death is inevitable (unavoidable).

Enjoy this batch of fucked up feels. You never know if Lucifer himself will seek for you and ride your heels! Have a wonderful day.

Blissful Ignorance

We talked about you.
Blissful ignorance is true!
Can't live without you.

Hunger Stricken

Determination!
Ascertainment precision!
Lost, wishful thinking...

Inner Zen

Solemn soul singing
songs so softly, such sounds sends
shivers so smoothly.

I Just Can't Stop

My son, I miss you.
Your dad is comforting, kind.
Can't stop missing you...

Beauty Babe

Curves just right, banging!
He holds me tight, wishing for
more quiet nights. Loved.

Ambivalent Booze

Sound of simmering
silence often shadowing
soulless, opaque sheep.

Rest, Relax, Denial

Today I needed
to rest and relax. How is
this a thing for moms?!

Moving On

Son, we moved on. *Tsk!*
Our hearts are heavy, ripped. *Tsk!*
Enjoy life, move on.

Intelligence Shock

Intelligence shock!
Look at the mysterious
clock. *Tick, tsk, tick*. Stop!

Inadequate Tick

Sex meant something to
me. Inadequate tick you
see. Let go of pride.

Depressive Darkness

Darkened depression
draining the damned soul slowly.
My body is cold.

Alone Time

Sleep sweet Satanic
being. Art thou relieving?
Sleep, sleep, slow bleeding.

Silence

Sudden breath, hold still.
My dog devoured my pills.
Wind blows, sudden chills.

Unaware Underwear

Privacy to me
means nothing, you see? Private
life is meant for me.

Incongruent Being

Misconception vibes!
Incongruent wife preached soft
white lies. Damaging...

Anti Yes

What does “anti-“ mean?
Is this something we can't see?
Explain its meaning...

Addict

She's an addict, fair.
I cannot let anyone
touch my healthy hair.

Faded Away

Nothing on my breast.
My son laid to rest. Amen!
Empty hole, huge mess.

Mess...

Get ready, get set.
Today is the day, big mess!
Get ready, let go...

Candied Thrills

When alone, take pills.
This is my candied thrill. Chill!
Consume all my pills.

Secrets Within

Writing more and more.
Keeping the flow going slow.
Secrets within her.

Peacefully Disturbing

Peacefully creepy!
Body felt weary, sleepy.
Bloody curdled drops.

Crawling Kindly

Black spider, creeping
slowly. Sorry, my kid had
to murk you quickly.

Powerful Love

Forgiveness lies in
the mind, which reflects one's heart.
I am sorry, babe.

Quiet and Steady

Running away from
the manifestation of pain.
Quiet and steady.

Growth Inside the Mind

Love is patient, kind, and
weird sometimes. Redevelop
from the hurt inside.

October Mornings

Crunchy leaves flowing
everywhere. The sun's warmth is
slowing down. *Woosh!* Chills!

Just a Call Away

Let me know if you
need me. Please, don't forget us,
Sweety. Just call me.

Cutest Boy

Baby boy, go play!
You're being too cute today.
Cutest boy, go play.

Stay Awake!

The mind plays some tricks.
The room is silent, except
The voices inside.

Cold Body

Calmly and softly,
Define my purpose in life.
The cold body tales.

Responded to the Call

Demonic angel.
Fell from her heavenly bed.
Respond to the call!

Cutting Paradise

Forgotten rain drops.
Drip, drip, dribble, plop, plop. Stop!
Cutting veins, heart drops.

Talking Back

Tiny voices said,
"Talk back to us, sleepy head!"
And so I did...shit!

Trapped Inside

Loud tiny voices
in my head that keeps moving
around and around!

Bad Mother

Life said I am a
good mother to our children.
Broke, dirty, and sad.

Thinking Deeply

Smoking while drinking,
my thoughts moves in very slow.
Thinking deeply blows.

Mental Break

The sun is *purrfect*.
Writing alone is worth it.
Mental break, fixed it.

One Shot, Tell Me!

We hid the gun from
the damaged sun, until she
pulled the trigger back.

Help “we”, Please?

Early morning dew.
Calming trials to those few
people who have tried.

Broken Butter Knife

Fly, butter knife, fly!
Broken by next week, let's try!
Broken butterfly...

Pushing Farther

Sleep, eyes! Open wide!
A mother's wish is to die.
Sleep, eyes! Broken cries!

Life's Mysteries

Just like your daughter,
Quiet and emotional...
Where did our time go?

Obsession Player One

Obsessed mom gamer.
Player one, soloed a ton!
Broken screen part one...

Creative Damages

Read and mold their minds.
Understanding a child's life.
Mold and shift their time.

Safe Haven in Heaven

Who am I to judge?
Heaven, Gracious God above!
Who am I to judge?

Olden Love

Old love, like no other. The story began when he met her mother. Brother flipped out! Crazy, he started to shout, “I JUMPED OUT OF A DOVE’S MOUTH!”

Old love, like no other. The story continued, even under the weather. He touched her nicely, never batting an eye. She questioned his curiosity as she sighed. “Come hell or high water, I will never leave your side. You are the truth, the seed that blossomed into a fruitful apple tree. I’ll curse the world, wanting you to die at their feet.”

Old love, like no other. The girl fell hard, like a natural martyr. They whisked away before knowing their true intentions, which, of course, some real shit started!

Old love, like no other. The man threw a punch, knocking out her brother. The sister sat very still. She waited patiently before giving her mother a tasteless reality pill.

Old love, like no other. Things didn’t go as planned, but why bother? He and her loved each other! Blood on the knife, slit of the throat, buried underground. Hush fallen soldiers, not another sound.

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