

Compendium Terminus

Thank you, Mom and my Aunt Nichelle, here is to you.

Special thanks to my dearest friends: Andrea, Takashi, Konrad, Terrance, Jake and Caesar. If not you guys... I'm not sure I would have gotten as far as I did. Your words of support were pillars to keep me up. This is the fruit of thick and thin, thanks for staying with me as my friends.

To those who doubted me and those few people who have scorned me. Your disdain only pushed me forward, fuck you.

And to all those people who I lost along the way, I miss you all.

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Authors Note

Contained in this book is a variety of content that may or may not pertain to a much larger work in progress. These are merely hints and ideas of what may arise later. These are also things that I enjoyed enough to share!

This is the first thing that I will have hopefully published. The idea of this is just a sapling. This is my first literary achievement that I have made... yet it doesn't feel anything special.

My dreams are contained within, treat them carefully-- I will nourish them like seedlings in bloodied soil. Honestly, I believe quite a few of them are shitty- but shh... I will enjoy them enough to share.

Datorien.

POEMS

People

Of Olivia

There was once a woman from Asylla
Who dealt with a-many sinners,
On one such night; stolid and stout,
She unleashed an unsurprisingly gratuity:
“You may run but I indulge in shoddy souls.
The gift is death, you're all winners.”

Of Anatole

Alert and adept,
He shields and saves,
With steel and stalwart,
He guides and jests:
“Call me Anatole,
I’m your Shield,”
He pauses and grins:
“I’ll take anything,
From sticks to balls.”

Of Auburn

He looked upon the canvas,
He closed his eyes,
Thrived in the past,
And touched his work,
A moment had passed:
He felt nothing but hard tip,
Grazing across smooth pulp,
He smelt on graphite,
And pulp doused in light fragrance.

Of Neuroi

Her soul was forged from his,
And he—an elder god, Neuroi
In his moment of sanity,
He had created and nurtured her essence,
Sending her forth into the abyss.
Eons would pass until he saw her,
Yet
Still...
In a moment of insanity,
He had noticed who she was,
Sending her in search of the truth,
Days would pass until she knew.

Of Muse

Skin of bronze, heart of gold
—her eyes were heavy with regret
Her words sang of healing,
And her soul reflected such turmoil
When I gazed upon her she was dancing in the fall,
Her wings were marvelous, black and gold

Her grey eyes caught me, and I froze,
There was a chill of another kind,
We danced and played in the gathered leaves,
I was deeply saddened when she had to leave
Her lips; soft and full, touched my head
“—I will be here again, don't be sad.”

I was engulfed in a warm hug,
She smelled of ozone, raspberries and spice;
She wasn't the angel I had expected but that was okay,
She gifts me with friendship.
She gifts me with love.
She gifts me with happiness when all is lost,
My candle in the dark—she is my muse.
“—And I will be waiting. I guess.”

Of Bjorn

One. Two. Shovel and unearth,
He who has been reborn,
Has come to take his claim,
Iron to earth, shovel and dig:
“From fresh turf, I see—
From fresh turf, I take.”
Bone, marrow and soul.
“They have tainted mine,
So, I’ll reap theirs,
And they will feel despair.”

Three. Four. It’s dropped to the earth.
His glazed eyes are cast upward
Into the rain—he feels his soul,
He knows what he’s doing—
He weeps. He becomes unholy.
“The choice was made in the past,
Now I have exhausted the good—
I am but a shell, so I won’t be judged.
For they... they will reap their end.”

Of Sarifini

Born of brimstone, carne and sweetness,
She was saved, only days from womb,
Her parents were of a different brood.
Demons lived by a different conduct,
Down upon was it looked by the ghost,
“I couldn’t leave her due to homicide,
I came for one, now, I leave with two.”

The ghosts momentum was fueled by light,
In breaching Oeutium did it flight,
Her selflessness had brightly shone,
She’d save the child and named her so—
“Sarif.” She looked at the tyke,
Raised her as her own despite:
“You’re my daughter in all but flesh,
I’ll treat you right—Mother knows best.”

Of Vissac

He was an academic,
As much as the thought,
So, he touched through and taught,
And fought and plot:
“I’ll take care of her, I swear,
I may not have been the best—
Her welfares my affair,
It’s not a jest.”

He fought battles,
Only he could win,
So why did he fight for her?
To what end?
He cared for her life,
At any cost,
He wanted to give her life,
To be full of mirth.

Of Oilswickers

They sung of news,
Both old and new.
They sung of events,
“More to come!”
The Oilswickers, wit.
Unmatched by none.

Radios were tuned,
To hear them speak,
Wherein the truth,
Is coated unbleak.

Of Tynach

He was handed metal of many sorts,
Many were blunted, misshapen and skewed,
His brow did rise, and so did the heat:
He beat, hammered, and fixed the blades,
He grinded, minded and filled the shields,
It was an odd order, so he didn't complain.
Once all was done, he was handed coins:
Silver and platinum, circular and solid.
They jingled and were heavy, a few were dense.
He had served gladiators,
And took offense.
His brow did narrow, but he didn't complain.
Money was money and he felt no shame.

Of Vangelis

His fingers were gentle as soil was touched,
He was gifted and studied the rough—
Nature was his domain naught was he a god,
Nor was he any sort of creature: fairy or elf,
He was as human as they came,
Arrogant and proud but now without shame,
It was his solstice and his passion,
He had neglected his duties,
To grow his mind:
“A membrane without heart is not the way,
I was corrupt, led astray but now I’m here.
If you’ll forgive-me-or-not, I won’t budge.
I’ll let you grow as I have done for buds.”

Of Caiasphus

They loved the light,
Naught only for its purity,
But also, for its energy.
Light was what everything needed,
Light could also be found in darkness.
It wasn't atypical but due to luminescence,
"In essence, it's the vital force."
In his hand, he conjured flame:
Not of red but one of blue,
He loved the hue for its wisdom,
Light of violet and blue,
It could be found in darkness—
In a split of light,
In caves of dark,
Or the palm of his hand,
He would pave the way,
Not as incandescent as the sun, but still drew moths,
"Whenever you are lost, look toward the light.
In it, you may find self and might."

Of Jaskey

Banditry wasn't his business,
But banditry was something he knows,
From his father and to his friends,
They all knew, they already knew
What they wanted in the end,
From the river they raided ships,
From the river they made their home,
"Next are trains!" His father ordained,
And he knew what he had to do.

He found a friend, further inland—
"How would you like to stop this,
How will you do it peacefully?
I must put at end, to make amends.
And you're the best I know."
But banditry was something he knows,
Banditry was now his business.

Of Peyton, Part 1

A finger glides-- key to key,
Basically:
Filling scripts with functions and arrays,
It was her job-- an unending constant,
A forever loop of calls and methods,
A puzzle to her, a fulfilling challenge,
Little-by-little, progress gave tinge,
Exorbitant and obsessive.
She worked and worked--
Everything was pertinent,
It will have worked--
It should have worked--
The operations relied on her,
Her logic and wit--
Her improvisation with code,
And her information to be stored.
She indulged in caffeine but only in those days,
With haste and grace!

Of Peyton, Part 2

Her mind had been lured in by curiosity,
It wouldn't be the first nor the last time,
The site she entered was one of foreignness,
Too alien, foreboding. Just geometric and bland,
Though-- she heard a rumor and was willing,
It made her compulsive and aberrant,
Just atypical enough for an margin of error,
One that widened with each puzzle solved,
And she was seized in the night.

She found herself in an odd state,
Sedated, bound and in a room--
It wasn't hers of course, but quite in disarray,
The windows were barred.
She heard sounds of lightning, the coast
And thunder.
The subtle sound of rats scurrying about.
She picked herself up, in a haze.

She found her way out,
And looked around in fraught,
She sought for answers and found them troubling--
The walls were splattered with blood,
The walls were scorched with fire,
The floor was littered with objects,
And most of all-- she was enclosed in it.

She looked low and high, searching for a way.
She needed to get out-- her mind started to play.
A voice that played in her mind had guided her--

She heeded the instructions and went lower,
Down into the sewers--- there laid masses of flesh,
Clothed bodies, still flushed red.
She had realized, how soon--
How close, how easily
She avoided such death.

A little bit further, and vastly in the system,
She found her respite-- a swirling vortex of black,
Streaked with purple and white.
It started the size of a CD and grew larger,
“Calm.” the voice said, and the vortex grew bigger,
And bigger-- and larger.
Out stepped a woman, clothed in black--
Science? Magic-- she didn't know. All she knew,
Was that her world just got larger.

Places

Of Asylla

This was a place she'd considered home,
It was tight against the mountains,
Tucked up and a pleasant biome.
It was safe and sound,
Trees littered, dense for miles.
It was mostly cold, dark,
But the nights were alit with magnificent lights,
Purples, greens, blues—all bright.
They danced and waved in the night.
There only seemed to be two phases,
Just as there was two moons—
In one the leaves of trees withered and fluttered,
In another the snow blanketed and covered,
The locals were skilled with ice and spice,
They carved and cooked; all to pleased,
On dion' they bellowed with throbbing drums,
Gutturals and chants, weaving stories of old,
Asylla they called it, best in the empire;
Come for the drinks and stay for the meats!
The meats are tender and warm,
And moonsthine perfect against the warm.
Asylla! They loved it, "It will always be home."

Of Vyriel

Vyriel, bastion of all manner of arcane:
Many sought to join but many lacked the brain
And heart—The Arcane was not for the faint,
It's dire, callous and pertains to fame:
“If you can become a Legate—
What you wish, you can attain.”

Magus, all who are; many are born but less have flair,
Everyone and all, may use the arcane but less...
Less have the competency to employ,
Rare is the art, of controlling reality—
Distort or Exploit—that's the true casualty!

Vyriel, it teaches not to corrupt—
To corrupt is to alter,
It tarnishes the future,
The Arcane is here to stay but at Vyriel,
Vyriel is where you claim fame.

Of The Coalition

In the Coalition sits five cities,
And oh! They have such history.
Their lands are strife with calamity,
Yet—they stand in solidarity:
Vavin, capital of old and brimming.
Nero, razed and held in captivity.
Straga, filled with minerals for tech.
Hansa, supple with fertility for few.
Lastly is the city of Arkadia,
Arced with fluid, both ferro and electra.
Important in capacity the same as Hansa,
Lesser known yet dangerous as Straga.

Of The Grandiose Libraries

It was a place beyond and vast,
It was so unseen, darkened and cold --
A place that held books and tomes,
That stretched as wide as any tear.
A place that was unbridled with hidden fear,
A fear: of critical thinking and sheer wit,
The place -- oh how it twisted and turned,
It was never ending and grand.
Above was but a thick type of glass,
Nothing could penetrate -- not a rock,
Nor asteroid -- or gleam of a laser beam,
A fortress in the stars, that was teeming:
With knowledge both prescient and nascent,
Its contents was an unknown quotient.
It's halls were protected by the soulless --
For if they did have it, they would have read them all,
The guarded with eyes stunningly white,
Metal for bones and a quite clinical tact --
"The Grandiose Libraries of Xibir,
They've riches of knowledge -- all good and bad.
To all who enter, its halls are quite familiar."
To enter, a certain permission must be granted,
How does one receive an entry? Well, no one knows --
Knowledge might be the key but it wasn't the end all,
You may go mad finding it -- or even forever lost within' it's
halls,
But the contents they've sunken in so deep,
They which are the artifacts hidden vast within',
Only hidden to the wrong type of mind which is dripping
with sin.

The Frigid of Mankind

The world that was once was -- was so green,
The purveyor could hardly remember it,
Everything was now, just so bleak.
Aside from the heated houses,
Those of which held plants of old,
He took care of a few, memories of home,
They reminded him of a dream,
His world was now ice and sheet,
It was cold and merciless, filled with despair,
His only respite was in work and heat,
His dream was but a pure thought --

He only wished for all to see the beauty within,
Not just in the houses of heat --
He'd seen pictures of jungle and vast forests,
Trees which weren't dead or frozen --
Practically useless to the permafrost of time,
Day by day, hey and they awaited,
The suffered that they had accepted,
He only wished for it to lessen.

The world that once was, was all that kept them,
They would survive and thrive through frost and chill,
His last feeling was of warm dirt, flowers
Dancing gently in the wind, which for once held no bite,
His final victory --
Had been of saving,
The flowers of before,
The flora and the fauna,
The seeds of lasting life,

Against the cold -- he hoped one day,
His children and city,
They would feel,
Something, not ice,
Not pain,
Just joy,
And life,
Lived--
exhale.

A Corrupt Haven

When leeches and rot had came,
They tried to stand against fate,
Fate: which made them a cattle,
Sheeple -- in pens, farmed for more,
Paraded and cast as pets or less,
Branded by leech masters,
Categorized by flesh and blood,
Build and trait.

Sold by flavor of sanguine ichor,
Stunned by tools of metal and flayed,
The loss of humanity -- it was long
And cruel, they killed the animals,
And gored -- and soon, they reaped,
The horrors of decimating man,
But for now -- the leeches and rot,
They prospered. And soon, the humans,
Would be unshackled by fate --
Freedom by death, unknown,
The cause -- a prion, but loss,
Was the knowledge of human doctors,
The men, they wept of glorious,
Salvation -- a fuck you, to the
powers that may be.

A World of Nothing

There used to be life.
It's now null of noise.
Nothing rejoiced,
They've long since died.
Nothing resided:
Insects nor animals,
Neither fish nor fungi.
It died long ago,
It died long before,
The sun was first,
And everything after.
A dull mute tone,
Of pitch null.

A Visage of Ouetium

The tempo of these lands was one of discord,
For the demon hordes plundered and gored,
After time they knew they could not afford such malice,
The demons, even they knew when to stop being so callous,
Though time upon time, eons and days, they sought
harmony.

They seemed like demons by sight, and only by name.

After a time, they enjoyed beaches of black sand,
Deserts filled with hues of red and the trees panned,
Black sap spewing from their bark,
Its appraisal was noted by a mark;
A red mist of a recondite flavor –

The ooze was known as devilspit,
a cabalistic aura of reckless abandon,
To partake in devilspit is to awaken secrets,
The true apple of knowledge -- now bark of tar.
The most precious resource they have in all,
A commodity valued above all.

Gutsworth Fortunes

“Fortune behest those in Lake Gut,
From bowels in depths, hearts lay in rest,
Wayward we go! In the tempest of quests,
Valiantly we march -- our throes put to rest,
From Tri-tip rivers, our souls cast to home,
Wayward we go! Forging light in unknown,
Dark casts our hearts in battles we know!
For light, we pray to send our souls home.”

Things

Of Bonds

It was something I know for sure,
That I have read and watched,
Sit and hearken; listen as I speak:
“If I am wrong then tell at end,
My mind has opened to many,
My heart has warmed and soften’
I now empathize and know—
Love is fond in many ways,
Love is found everywhere.
To hate, you must have loved
So where did it all go wrong?”

The Arcanist and The Psion

The psion wrought of want and yen,
These were not his own,
For he could feel and read emotions within,
His domain was the never-ending, coveted,
To dream is to render the void unwarranted,
The void in which she shaped and awed,
Clawed and grazed, unbound and untamed,
Her heart was raw and hellbound--
The Arcanist melded yen into pen,
Designs and ideas from the void--

The Psion was caught in her gaze,
He was spellbound and mind rot of her,
Of her to him and of him to her,
They danced and raved, fought and ached,

Her was her Psion and she was his Arcane,
They both differed and were one in the same,
Together they were one and never was lame,
They built a bastion from passion and sustained,
The artful way of living it was all the same,

The psion built a home of her --
He'd never wanted to cage her,
He loved her. She loved him,
It was never a cage.

The Arcanist found him to be home.
He ruled the heart and crafted the plans,
She ruled the mind and designed the plans,

One was a Psion and the other was Arcane.
It was never the other way and things had always been okay.
For she conjured many things not of the pen,
It was: lightning and snow, butterflies of light,
It was: motes of dark, void and bright,

How could it be? But see,
She was an Arcanist and had a differing view,
What was perceived was less and less true,
It was maddening but she understood for she knew of them,
She knew of want and yet; she had deciphered them,
And the Psion drank to that not of shock but warmth,
You see, the Psion understood what she had wrought.

The Nexus - The Great Battles

The world chosen was a blank canvas:
The land was kneaded, and buildings were placed,
Factions created and a story put to pace --
Used by all of known creation,
Architects, Engineers, Scientists and Historians,
They all found it very dear.

It was a game for all of them used for many things:
Sometimes they fought with machined weapons and other
times lasers,
Sometimes swords and shields and other times orbital
clashes,
It was a living, breathing game where all was immortal.
Second chance, only given by a token --
A coin akin to Charon for one misfortune.

Two lives -- and then spectating to view,
Both mortal and immortal, a chance to live as either,
If mortal -- snuffed and again, just as a phoenix,
If immortal -- death and then a taste of mortality,
And a snuff of small existence

The Eternal Skirmishes are but a bloodsport,
But the truest of the cosmos,
--- Known by many and few,
A different plane of reality:
Hosted by the very Godless that many,
In actuality, had found quite endearing

Godless Beings

"God was dead!
Or god had never existed."
Two constants for these humans,
They could be the worst,
Or they could be deified,
It mattered not, because --
What was a world with no deity?
If they knew, if they had known...
How different would they live?
Their souls were great and vast because ---
Because. No hand would guide them,
The godless are dangerous because of that --
Their fates were unseen, words foretold on no scroll,
And so the gods, they sought to kill them and maybe,
Just maybe, they hired them.
For the godless could kill any being, entity unknown to man,
And for that -- they were hunted through space,,
Many times in worlds unknown, or known to man
throughout time,
Well the godless,
They reached the stars and due time.

The Cultists

Though Godless they followed madness,
Sewing discord and hysteria
They brought wights and frights,
To realms touched by the gods,
Godless hired to fight godless,
They knew the power of atom:
Of machines, and magic,
Nothing had mattered.

Their first intentions had been truest,
Noble and utmost sincerity,
And yet, they had become the harbingers,
Doomers and devoid of all thinking,
These godless -- were bound by no deity,
Yet the orchestrated ill will towards all of humanity.
What had once mattered was lost,
Same as their humanity.

Terminus Employees

Chances were far few in between,
If there was one thing synonymous to all,
It was the lull of dread, a snuff of life,
For a price -- a decision could be made,
A price unknown but the product of the soul,
Open and kind that held no stain,
All souls held fault -- but specifically ones with shame,
Willing to change.

All had a certain affinity,
Whether kindness, or curiosity,
Or diligence, or acceptance,
They brought life to the station,
In the ether among the stars.

Gnosis Game

Gnosis had been a past time,
A favorite among the Terminus,
A matter of black and white,
The point had been to study --
Scenarios of which might occur,
To enact, or stop a karma bomb,
That of which cause delirium,
Or fragments of man on every wall,
Or leave nothing but an empty crater,
Summon a lord of hell,
Or maybe, an archangel.
Repelling forces of good and evil,
And to keep one neutral.

Dimensional Currency

Only for the price of Amagus,
A coin of the crypto sorts,
Transferring data for a byte,
To be used on various delights,
If a delight were an inkling,
Or an artifact of any kind,
Perchance a book from the libraries,
As a boost for any kind.

Agents of the Void

Among the void they call their home,
Picked and trained by entities,
They search, and catalog,
They integrate, and infiltrate,
They attack, and hold a bastion,
To perhaps protect against fate,
Their prime enemies are the cult,
The ones who cause panic,
After then, they give relief,
And maybe then, they make amends,
But only due to outward casualties,
From planet to planet,
And system to dimension,
They work with no end.

