

# Recasted

Poetry Chapbook

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## An Opening Statement About Art

As I type these words I hope you see my soul,  
art is the only way to express the true forms of our experience  
words and conversations are mere symbols used to live life,  
they are like a

clear sky,

empty and absent of the intricacy of our subjective experience  
but poetry but music but literature but art,  
Oh art is like a

	blue sky		blue sky		blue sky
		littered with clouds		littered with clouds and	
birds		birds		birds and	
				tall green leaves	
	green leaves		green leaves		green leaves,

leaves that blow in the wind filled with birds that sing

Dulled by the fog of my emotions and subconscious calculations,  
I, like any artist, strive to  
synthesize,  
induce,  
symphonize,

my very experience with all its fog and flaws within *you*.

To truly connect between time and space.

For what is life without connection,

and what is life without passion?

What is life without art?

Humans floating in their metaphysical bubbles with no

tether

## Were You There?

Last names eradicated  
Cree, Jew, Palestinian.  
Bag of limbs delivered to fathers  
Japanese, Vietnamese, Iraqis.

Bombs and scorching snow  
at the temperature for incineration  
of chemical waste.

If today, they'd say:  
"planes for plants!"  
a herbicide humiliating generations of  
"sub-human" beings.

Don't you remember sitting in history class?  
Wondering how *anyone* could've supported him?

Didn't you learn the stanford prison experiment?  
The capacity to evil?

You advocate and activise  
LGBT rights,  
Ukrainian flags,  
counter-protests to the counter-protest,  
Where are your stories for Palestine for Congo for Sudan?

Stepping forward with watery eyes,  
The megaphone protest faded into the background,  
for a moment everything stopped,  
the cars froze, the leaves shuffled  
and like some post-war catastrophe,  
he asks me about police brutality:

"Were you there when it happened?"

## Corporeality

Deeply deprived.

Lack love; lackluster,  
the only way we're taught to meet  
that psychological need,  
we(men).

I've never considered myself a man.  
Connotation killed it.  
Confidence inexistent.

But here I am,

with my shrunken hippocampus, enlarged amygdala  
from persistent depression, repression  
of calls of soul  
like cries of whales from the  
deep blue below.

Bellow breath cross-legged on my bed  
pushing to calm a body from this  
calamatic being.  
Like lost innocence searching for home;  
long forgone like me — far gone.

Wide-eyed, teary-eyed,  
persevere persevere  
don't let the inner die

Wide-eyed, teary-eyed,  
persevere persevere  
don't let the inner die

they say it gets better, they say  
one foot one moment, they say

don't look at freedom with all its greatness,  
you'll be stagnant.

So there my body lays  
and here I am in screen  
truer and realer  
with music I dispense—  
the fizzes of my can, I vent.

## Silent Catharsis

my weekly routine of unclogging this brain  
from day-to-day accumulation like rolling tires that haven't been changed  
dirt and gunk fill the crevices of that pink squishy fat.

*i* wash this pain,  
feeling frail and failed  
*i* take it with me to the brain spa  
where they show me where the wounds are

no longer insane,  
some sparkling magic,  
some soapy bath,

just like those teary nights when *i* sing,  
passion and explosion,  
the mess of my face  
a watery reflection of the waves that crash inside.  
*i* thrash inside,  
    knowing in myself, I exist

## **Any Service You Like**

How sad,  
tweens, teens, and twenties searching for what's trending.  
Tik-tok,  
slipping seconds, minutes marching.

Psychological tactics, traumatize and capitalize,  
five second videos multiply.  
Within four walls some wait and some wonder,  
manipulated to masturbate and addicted to advocate,  
activism for foreigners, unaware abused is us for porn profits and virtual vacations.

We could escape if we tried,  
if there were enough enlightened expressers,  
but the deep depression dawns,  
closing the door and throwing away the key.

For sure there are those who are happy,  
they are the ones the majority watches over silently.



## Misunderstood

I feel misunderstood.

Sometimes, even I doubt my understanding of myself

Erased and rewritten by you.

*So why not*

*spend this flammable paper on the film that's my life?*<sup>1</sup>

I wonder how many people are like me,  
recasted from their plot.

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I'm trying my best but...

there's always a but.

Why can't I feel sad for myself?

Like *I* decided to be here?

"Work harder. Be independent."

Oh but don't forget you humans need friendship and community and love

But it's *my* fault.

*My* fault because *my* nation was erased to shavings

*My* fault because *my* traumatized parents fled for life

*My* fault this existence is built on exploitation and tuition is leaving me broke,  
leaving *us* broken.

Ensuring exploitation leaves me in these four walls,

four walls with other lost and muddled minds

like a locked box of vacant souls,

lost, indifferent.

*My* fault that I don't fit in with the communities here,

because mine were destroyed, it'll *never* be the same.

My fault I'm followed by depression  
because *I'm* mentally sick  
because *I* need help  
because *I* don't reach out enough

Really?

As if this wasn't planned for?  
because *I* don't swallow those pills?

So why can't I feel sad for myself??  
Why not turn on this mellow music,  
Why not ponder in acceptance of all  
with the art of another who has lived this artificial life  
I'd rather wonder than worry.  
In the name of being human allow me to feel,  
I feel misunderstood.

## **Cheap Replica**

Papers and work and the world is about to end.  
Anxiety-fueled gears churn the planet's axis  
like a procrastinating student,  
like a fly dodging windshields on a hasty highway.  
By nature's hands I was crafted like clay compressing and expanding,  
spinning and stretching on the wheel of time,  
earth-made with eons of evolution.  
Yet somehow survival's price is sacrifice,  
and as we spend our efforts surviving and inefficiently being ourselves,  
we are not alive.  
We can only live in sacrifice like an offbrand purchase,  
a cheap replica.

## Cries From Underneath

Twitch itch shake kick  
music cries dreams dreams dreams  
dreams died at twenty seven  
a vision of life and peace forgotten

Here I am amidst rubble destruction concrete  
no escaping this belt-choked back seat let me drive! Let me  
drive! Let me drive! Let me walk like humans  
let me let me!

Here I am amidst rubble drowning destruction  
concrete Lies! Lies! Lies! All these wrong streets  
everybody gone bad rotten with fungus  
permeating molding you molding them  
molding him molding her does real exist?  
Does real exist? Does real exist? BANG of  
genocide BANG of intolerance BANG of  
perverted pyrophilic atmospheres BANG of  
bombs bombs bombs BANG of repeated  
persevering persistent unforgiving restless  
relentless voids voids voids calling for you  
calling for them calling for him calling for her  
BANG HUFF WHIIISHHH snuff out your flames  
of passion love tolerance creativity humanity

Here I am amidst rubble drowning concrete destruction  
with tears winding my face staring deceptive stars above like some ancient man  
Wishing wishing *just* wishing for a flicker of star,  
A shooting one no detached depleted payload  
hey Lord, is there life?

Is there life elsewhere  
Elsewhere where they share in commune,  
love with no rules, be so in tune?

Did it die with Jimi Hendrix? Ever since the 80s  
bureaucracy service sector of false  
advertisement and blatant acting — is there real  
is there real is there real?

Here I am amidst concrete drowning rubble destruction,  
I am tired now.  
The scream for essence has depressed to a half-raised hand  
weakeningly reaching

Reaching is all you can do in this  
deathless death.

## **This is Not a Dystopian Poem**

You can see a culture grow up:  
online documentation in  
memes, posts, reels.  
Forgotten in an uncontrolled experiment, don't you see  
the power of information manifesting  
from tide pods to anti-vaxxers;  
a new generation of propaganda.

They couldn't believe the toy they'd found.

And this is not a dystopian poem.

It crept slowly in increments.  
Facebook, that wasteland, in ruins  
without the culture keeping it in check  
misinformation spread like  
molds devoid of sanitation.  
Targeted the elderly with  
algorithms of inflammation.

And this is not a dystopian poem.

Not to mention the  
psychological impairment  
of an entire generation  
through hand-curated  
posts hardly revealing even a  
filtered existence.

You have to feel inferior  
to purchase the fix.

Fulfilled by infatuating brain damaged twelve-year-olds  
star-struck from those  
enchanted inviting  
senseless skins bashing  
of grimy genitals.

And this is *not* a dystopian poem.

Enter jordan peterson, andrew tate, elon musk:  
An archetype that trumps on  
the lack of community  
of unheard voices:  
Men who've been told  
their problems are negated by privilege.  
Isolated by the  
toxic norms of the  
gender roles  
they are born into.

Arising another future of ignorant parents  
indoctrinating the children with their unhealed traumas.

And this is not a dystopian poem.

It came to culmination when  
the haze lifted and behind the curtain  
greed stood still alone on the stage.  
Netflix shut-down sharing,  
a scene consistent with the  
individualistic plot.  
\$8 check subscription and "free speech",  
except from defiants flooding  
to impersonate musk.

Most importantly,  
our "leaders" hypocrisy

in invasions reveal their true  
economic motivations.

This generation's version of Vietnam.

And this is not a dystopian poem.



## That's Not Me

I can't write any original poetry anymore,  
not in this state.

It's all melancholic isolation;  
I wish I was an alcoholic.

Stoner, complacent consumer

How freeing would that be,  
drowning in escape.  
    There is only escape.

How easy would that be?  
I wish I wasn't so  
bound by beliefs and  
better-knowing,

I wish I was just  
ignorant like the people I despise

But you know I don't.  
I know you don't.

So I can't write anymore original poetry,  
that's it.

Everything is a burning wreck  
and I worry parts of me are dying.

These past four years of supposed youth  
I worry have damaged me eternally.

Perpetual cortisol and neglecting cares

formed the fat I am now.

I'm not silly or fun or creative like who I am,  
who I was.

Everything in my life is a burning wreck and I deny,  
I deny the depressions is speaking,  
That is me!

Failing out, debts, falling out  
with old friends from old me

And they don't realize *oh no they don't*  
I am here on accounts of injustice!

They don't realize  
what I really could become!

They don't realize  
and I worry I won't realize

And I worry parts of me are dying  
like muscles you don't train

Is this how those old miserable people become?  
That's not me.  
That's not me.

## To Love With

Wasting in this lonely room.  
The unpredictable drum loop of life  
deafening days — there are no holes.  
No windows in this house.

But there are at night.  
At night they stretch and occupy the blank white  
emitting a blank black; emptiness packed.

The furniture shrinks, the room is filled with empty  
air, deficient of that  
candid human aura

I look for it  
in favoured families' familiar faces,  
but we no longer favour.

I look for it  
in life's coincidental situations they face me with strangers,  
they never seem to break through.

I talk to mosaics of people under the sun,  
tile by tile, coloured by the circumstance of our interaction.  
But it's not enough, no not close to.  
I need a Claude Monet, Vincent Gogh, someone who I adore  
their details, close enough to  
memorize speckles on your face,  
the brush strokes of your vase.

Someone to share secrets with under the moon,  
sparkling eyes reflecting stars above,  
glistening spots in the blank black.

Someone for my nights,

de-stress, decompress,  
Someone to love with.

To love with.

## Understood?

I am here looking for wonder  
I've learnt and learnt,  
what I'm looking for really  
is for that building to be acknowledged.  
Praised, raised, right now  
it's hidden by haze  
and I find that people aren't lazy,  
they're just unaware.  
Awareness is everything.

I am an architect and what I have architected has been archived  
that seems to be the archetype  
for geniuses side-eyed, no.  
look me in the eyes, stare my soul  
Share my sole, see me whole.

That's all I need,  
it's all I need.

They're unaware and that is not their fault,  
it's a world of passed down traumas.

And we're all doing our best with what's been given.

I wouldn't trade spots with anyone.  
I just want to be seen.

## References

1. Frank Ocean. Lyrics to “Seigfried”. *Genius*, 2023, [genius.com/10265695](https://genius.com/10265695)