

Recasted

Poetry Chapbook

@Aliartx

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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

silent catharsis.

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?*¹

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

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 ill
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.

In a poetry class

i sit there puzzled
attempting aimlessly
searching for the subject.
i know these random words mean,
what?

Yet the words are in those raised hands, carefully listen.

losing a thought and shuffling for the answer.

i sit there puzzled
attempting to make something out of nothing

~~Why do i suck at storytelling?~~

You don't,
what?
Stop listening to that voice,
cross-out that line.

i'm not nearly as
incisive.

It's not a competition.

B-b-but..
there are only so many originals?

God, why this lens?
it's instilled in me

I have ideas,
I have opinions

Raise my hand shyly,

stumble st-stut-ter words.
I've told myself I write better than i
speak, so

i should *engage* more

I *must* write more.

Emotion is now precious.
Don't listen to music,
not that silent catharsis.
Don't read/feed/eat more!
You've consumed enough.
Write write write.

Their expectations

Will this one live up to
Their—No—My expectations?

My expectations

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