This is an attempt to empty myself, to drain all of what was, in order to fill the soul of what will be. To release all of the built-up regrets throughout the years and immortalize the joys that made life worth living for.

A memory I have of childhood was whenever I cried, I would run to the bedroom. I would lock the big brown door and then proceed to let the emotions out. Sometimes I would bring a pencil to draw scribbles on the wall where I would lean to cry on. Sometimes, I would bring a pencil, to draw scribbles on the wall where I would lean to cry on.

Playing in the red and gold gymnasium during physical education class was bliss during my formative years, social interaction and fitting in disguised as academics.

I had to grow up in an instant, to catch up with all of the rage and ignorance in my bloodstream.

The Teal Gradient

I made a vow in December, I came back on the very same month, on the very same day. The way that it all blossomed became a blur; hazy yet distinctly teal. Blue light was never really my medium for academics, and so I spent my days learning about life.

Before all of everything, there was nothing, a sea of drowned mornings and digital bullets. Slowly, the new December lights sparked a small flame in me, black spider-men with silver jewelry were the highlights of the night. I got choked, stepped on, and handcuffed in one day. Rich men of our upbringing started with the books; the pages slowly bloomed into a lifestyle. Everywhere I went, paper spines would call my bag a home

I wanted it that way.

My Heart Beats for The Earth

I dance with death on the daily. I’m scared. Desperately clinging onto the tablet shaped white powder, swallowing all of the anxiety goodnight. One day even the medications won’t be enough to pump blood.

The Ruins of Alcatraz

House

Leaving the white doors of my home has become the only form of clarity that’s left in my arsenal. The screeches and the bullets could never harm me outside the house, being close to chaos will only make you think you can control it, when in reality: you can never fully mold chaos to your will.

Hair

To think that your curls won’t cry when my cadaver is in a black casket.

Thank you For Allowing Me to Share the Moon with You

You taught me the weight of words. How my phrases could fracture the dimensions of your world, gaining momentum with each sentence I hold no brakes to. And thus, eventually I crashed, fiery into all of you.

END OF STORY: Even after all of the love that you’ve taught me, in typical fashion, I will continue to only pursue the exterior depths of each soul that I encounter. The elegant love dances that you birds of paradise perform won’t be enough to lead me astray—for birds that are not secure in their nests will not mate.

I Can Really Only Love Life

The familiarity in our schedules bred disrespect for our bonds. Irritation in our hours, contempt in our eyes. Our visions saw a future with one another, only to clash and riot in execution. But eventually, distance made our hearts grow fonder. Only yellow was allowed to bleed onto the teal walls. I was reminded of the smiles that made me want to support this group of people. Tension permeated from the past, only to be released with due time, tension that could only be created by us humans alike. I was taught love by a human alike, only to realize that I have been loving from the very start. Through the art that I commit to, to the humans that I serve.

Pasensya

The day that my body could only sleep for eight hours—as oppose to the nine—is the day that I disappointed the child in me. I wake up at eight in the morning rather than the usual nine. I’m sorry: sorry to the child that wanted to go as far as he could, to the child that wanted to cry the heaviest tears he could muster, to the child that wanted to grow as tall as the heavens itself, to the child that wanted to savor the plushy comfort of his pillow, to the child that wanted to heal all the tendons in his body. I’m so sorry. If only I could give him all the time in the world to rest on my shoulders, like baby being lulled to sleep with their body rested on a mother and their head rested on a shoulder. I’m an adult now, sadly.

Bato kag Hagdanan

It’s neat, all of it. You kept telling me to live right, all I that know is grey and vicious. They say you’re all pretend, but I’ve seen glimpses of the real you now and then. You’re so sure that you’ll live forever, the words you speak seem so true, the temple oh so eternally new. If only I could walk along, oh I would I be so wrong. You would give life to the mornings, as soft as cotton clouds. A pretty pearl for crescent moon with a scent of grapes in your alcohol. But alas I climb.

Small talk is the only talk. Silent words with strong bodies. You fight for it. You keep going.

An injury is mostly a mental burden then a physical one, you’ll heal in a week but the scar in your skull can simulate years of suffering.

I’m making it a slow day today, in the hopes that it’ll be a great day tomorrow.

Rocks and Bullocks

Grief fills all that I can imagine. The ascent of a million mountains tumbling down into the dark forest. You would call someone like me: fucked. The thought that a previously inconsequential scar could lead to the devastation of a lifetime. Similar to the abruptness of death itself, I’ve hindered my potential in an instant. If only I had experienced a hundred lifetimes before mine, the dying of a hundred souls, maybe then I could have lived the life I wanted to live.

Irritation can only breed whenever dialogue sparks from my home, substance has never been given to feed the forming of my soul, and yet after getting into the building where the mathematical practicalities are developed: their pride shifts. Kindness is heard in their tone whenever the topic of a societally praised achievement is brought up. The music in my throat and the melody in my brain was never given a harmony to sing along side with, and so I’m left to dance with the grief of what could have been. I give a flying kiss to the boy who won golds for my country, oh how proud we all are. If only we were all be proud of the dreamers—the children—who wished to live a life of commitment to a craft, to the one of who could hone to a tee.

Life as a Double-Faced Entendre

Even after all of this, every breath I breathe is still a privilege, all of my perception is a privilege. Conflict will calibrate compadres. They enable me but they don’t sustain me enough.

I've grown to embrace change so quickly, and yet I still get overwhelmed by new things; my lived contradiction. It never goes away; the feeling of your soul being crushed by the weight of everything. The know that you can do it all, and yet you freeze, in the metal chair sits your very being.

Every end of the day feels like a Friday night. The day of greatness, where all has been done and where greater days are to come. But wait, isn’t it Monday today?

I’m ruminating with the plants. Within the mess of coins, accessories, keys, and equipment lies a newly bought pack of medical tape.

Post-Production

I said I love you to my mother for the first time in years. As a goodbye for adulthood, words of affection to my mother won’t hurt one bit.

I’m finally alone in a dorm room. I can finally start reading the man with an evolved psyche, in the hopes that I too will know more about my own.

My ex-lover got raped. I might die of heart failure any second. My house burned down. I’m ugly. My family is broke. So, I’m broke. I have stupid friends. I thought they would know better. I will cry for you my dear. Till my breath has emptied from my lungs. I cry tears as I sit small in my dorm bed, I stare at the ceiling, to find hope in the white paint. My fingertips are heavy. Don’t invalidate me you little bitch. I can live with the dread, if it means that the world can have a false example of hope, that we can be better, then I’ll die for it. And I know there’s nothing noble in all of this, and that fact makes my inaction even more meaningful, maybe then I could be a true absurdist.

BS

The way that attention makes you sink into your chair and cover your face. You turn into a little possum, gleaming with joy when the bad people can’t hurt you. I thought Cinderella had blonde hair, turns out she was brunette. The white ribbon on your head will be the accent to the universe. Bronze glasses never suited my skin, and yet somehow yours can pull it off. The pink scrunchie that keeps your hair together reminds me of all the love that’s been taught to me.

I desire to be invalidated, in a way that the world does to everyone, in the way that it has done to me. In this instance, do I seek love or the world?

You only want to satisfy your own selfish desires. In no way shape or form did you have a thought to help the victim and the affected. All that you wanted was to perpetuate was history’s lesson. Throughout the day, the feeling lingered. I felt an omen of disgust whenever I thought of the sins you committed in your heads. I hung out with the girlies after your words, and honestly, it felt refreshing. They’re new people, and so there’s this layer of, “I don't know you that well, so there's a hint of respect in our interaction". I love that.

On the way home, I saw two laborers with two Aspin dogs. They must have seen the fear in my steps as I attempt to stride past the dogs. One abruptly says to me, “Kaon ta” as he continues to shovel food into his mouth from his plate using his fingers. Only then did I realize in that instance, two strangers on the street treated me with more respect than years of friendship combined. You became too familiar; the disrespect has been born within you. Perhaps after distance, will your heart learn to grow fond.

We became brothers before we became friends. I don’t know how to feel about that. We didn’t have to go through the awkward phase of respect, straight to rubbing elbows and stepping on each other’s shoes.

I’ll live, if ever I were to be kicked out from the café, I don’t need to stay there to interact with the people I value. If you were to kill me, then you shall die with the guilt, for the rest of your life.

Every paragraph before this was written months ago, now we’re back in the same rotten state we once were in. It never rejuvenated actually; it all just festered.

And now were back to the same problem: disrespect. Honestly, I’m fine without having you as a friend. I’ve always wanted to treat you right. I’ve always wanted to show by example, how a good friend would act in times of need. And yet, somehow, even through all of that, you still don’t want to compromise.

Even such a small gesture of not swearing at me, at your ecosystem, you’re literally shitting where you sleep. Even such a small gesture such as respect for me, you respond with, “i have more self respect cuh” dude, did you really just make it about yourself again? CAN YOU BE CONSIDERATE ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE FOR ONCE?

“Left feild na na question tol” IT’S NOT ABOUT ME TOL, IT’S ABOUT HOW **YOU** ACT. I’M TRYING TO LET YOU SEE HOW **YOU’RE** ACTING, **HOW MUCH OF AN ASSHOLE YOU BECOME** IN SIMPLE INTERACTIONS. THERE ARE CONSEQUENCES TOL, MA BATYAG MOLANG YA ANG CONSEQUENCES AFTER MA TABO EH NOH?

You wanted me to expound about instances nga wala ka sa tarong nga lugar, here’s a few:

* Wala ka respeto sa palangga mo nga babae, bal an mo lang guid lang nga palangga mo ang isa ka babae, ma landi kaya sa iban? tapos rason mo ubog ka?
* Wala ka respeto mag sturya ka sakon, ti ano kun "autistic" ko, ang autism nga na ang nag sulat sang 75% sang screenplay ta
  + Inde lang na regarding sa screenplay dayon, in every single instance that you invalidate my actions by calling them “autistic”, you insensitive fuck.
* Wala ka respeto sa oras sang ibang nga tao
  + Kun ga dali ang iban, ila paya sala nga wala ka nila gin hulat
* Wala ka respeto sa mga ga perform, ngaa ma flash ka kun bal an mo lang guid nga silaw?  
  + Ok, let’s say wala ka kabalo nga you’re being a prick. I told you, wala ka na mati.

If you don’t wanna compromise tol, go find a friend that’ll keep feeding your ego. Goodluck finding a friend that’ll lookout for your bullshit.

The Black Fox

She doesn't know how to respond. So she just gives thanks.

So long as you are happy with the voice that soothes the soul, I am happy.

The Lavender Petal

Your eyes being radiated by the yellow sunlight pulled the strings of my heart. A subtle smile to your short stature. That gaze, so tender, penetrating merely the first layers of my soul with a warm insightful tone.

I desire to be invalidated, in a way that the world does to everyone, in the way that it has done to me. In this instance, do I seek love or the world?

From Bed to Breakfast

I cry for the boy that didn’t know how to love.

I believe people on social media share about what they could not achieve. A certain cold redemption to fulfill what could not be ignited. To give life to what was not tended to. A voice for the forsaken child. Loving the output of another in the hopes that an outburst would be birthed from within.

Inversely, those that are silent, who purposely cut output to the world, they have a rolling boil within them. Rage waiting to be let out. A spark seeking any dry straw-like tinder to cast a flame with. The culture awaits to be molded by them.

Post Mortem

My heart is heavy, very. It no longer seeks for resolution, only to be hydrated; the veins are thirsty for love. On a grey bed I lay, for the clouds have poured today.

If I can’t love you then I’ll conquer the world, but before that I’ll first conquer my own soul.

My Big Brothers

I’ve never had someone to look up to as a child. I’ve once read that younger siblings make less dumber decisions by the fact that they’ve observed the mistakes of those older than them. Well, the problem with that, is that I’m an only child.