

Last

by Kalu Jo

Prologue

"You know, water is one of the greatest architects. You see, all of this was once a vast ocean, not so different from the beaches we'd visit every Sunday to watch the sunset. Over time, though, the water went away, and so did all the fish, coral... whatever sea life might've lived here. But as the water disappeared, it wasn't all loss. The rain, the river, the roaring tides. They all played a part in creating this.

THIS!

All that you see right in front of you... it was caused by little disasters! Little chips here and there, all caused by the flow of water. It only took millions of years, time you wouldn't even be able to comprehend. But look where we stand now. In front of something once wet, full, and teeming with life. Now dry, desolate, and delicate, but absolutely divine. Now, not all beautiful things last, so enjoy all of this while you can. Say, in the meantime, we give water a promotion for creating something so grand,

dontcha think?"

life is
only
forever

op

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spring	wind
5 seconds left and i'm already bored	breeze
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and not wake up
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are mine
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planck length
the rockhounds
happy for me
feb 3, 2020
toxic
chernobyl
what's in it for the sun?
the patina tower
symposia
time to think
last
bagel



a dull edge leaves lasting scars

Bleak

Nothing's in the scene
But a forgotten plateau
So desolate, too serene
Nothing more to know

It's a loss of self and the loss of one another
Forsaken everything for a long expedition
Only to ask myself now, *why even bother*
Hell, I'm no longer a man of conviction

Deep crevasses with nothing beneath
Colors bleached and drained so dull
As a gentle breeze blows across the heath
The light glows dimmer within my skull

On a search for more dreams to live on
Seems there's no more left to strive
So when all that's dead is gone
Was anything alive?



Forgotten Silence

It was nothing like the voices of the crowds,
the flashing of the constant pictures,
or the gossip of the circles.

The rain splattered on to the pavement,
creating a thunder of its own,
leaving my ears restless once again.

A troublesome feeling conquered my thoughts,
leaving my ears with a constant ringing
into my pounding heart, the beats everclimbing.

The sounds were unrecognizable,
escalating into a cling and clang of sorts
bursting like fireworks.

All around me was chaos,
the kind that gives you no time to feel any pain:
all the splashing, beating, buzzing, and crashing!

Distant gusts interrupted
shifting sounds all around:
a loud screeching, a howling, a whistle!

Noises filled the vacuum,
as I covered my ears with all my might
praying that I'd soon be away from it all.

The day I finally came back home,
leaving the tall lights, mirroring towers, and
never forget, the neverending stream of people.

It was constant energy, my heart overcharged,
but the moment I stepped foot into the woods,
the heavy load dispersed all around.

I could feel the trees, dirt, and petrichor rising:
the dense smell of pine, cedar, the moist soil;
the mud and the Earth, they filled my senses.

The forest suddenly grew unruly,
loud, boisterous, and chaotic
just as everything I've ever known.

Animals: small furry jumpers to
BIG ROARING MONSTERS
to the tiniest of insects to the *swiftest of fairies*

None of these creatures could understand me
But would constantly try and speak to me
So I asked:

Why do you wish to disturb my peace?

This is the forgotten silence that has always
called from the distant woods.

And whenever I try to escape it,
it follows my heartbeat.

Spring

Old buds bloom again
With tiny petals that'll fly
And scent the new air



5 seconds left and i'm already bored

it seemed fun at first to count down the years
that've passed by like a breeze across a sea.
i'm sure if i've counted every second
i prolly would've forgotten to die.
but time! it's never skipped a single beat;
with every tick i feel my breaths shorten.
i've not died, but i know death's pain too well,
the pain of having not lived free through life
but keep chained to this watch i've been given.
perhaps it's my fault i've always kept it,
but life felt so urgent while i'm living
that i never noticed all of these chains
that've silently left on me all the weight
i've forever been complaining about.

time: i've wasted it to the last minute
too late to realize time has no purpose
until you've started waiting for something
that deep down you know may never arrive.
but you cling onto that faith, that damned faith
and claim that life can't be so cruel to you.
now, it's been so long, too late to realize
that what i've been waiting for was nothing
and in moments, my wait will be over.
i'm no longer afraid that there's only
five seconds left and i'm already bored



The greatest art of all

We are only so complex
because we always try to
give meaning to everything.

So the greatest art of all
humankind is in finding
meaning in the bleakest things.

And as we've not found meaning
in everything yet, till then,
we will keep on creating.

Cosmic Obsolescence

The sky was once the limit
but now we know about space
the emptiness of that void.

Filling voids with memories
teaching futures of our past.
We think we'll be forever.

Inertia I

been a while since I started this trip
a journey across the world I tell myself

I sail slowly without a breeze
while others seem to ride skipping stones

at the end, they tell me, is a lovely treat
but halfway through, I find myself seasick

so time stops a moment
to let me catch my breath

and that was enough
just a moment of nothing

for me to effortlessly sink down to the trenches
never to be found again



Inertia II

I guess it's not the world I dreamed of
But tomorrow's another day another haze
For me forget the reason why I live
And live the way I've always lived

A monster's pride

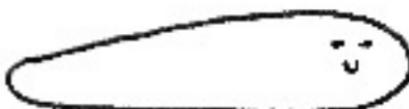
It stands there in the distance
With deviant eyes and a dirty smirk
You know it wants trouble
So you run before it catches you

Yet the monster's pride's too high
It's never seen its own reflection
So it doesn't understand your screams
And laughs about your running

It begins to move its slimy tail
And slithers across the pavement
Catching up before you catch a breath
And before you scream, your eyes close

*When brightness makes eyes sore
We turn to monsters yet again
Where in darkness we don't see
The horrors of a monster's sight*

You'd rather have most moments forgotten
And fill your minds with delicate comforts
So tonight, you have turned off the light
To meet the monster, with all its pride



the canopy caving in

we cut down forests
not knowing what secrets
may lie on the beds below

soon

we'll realize too late that
we are wiping history
for a moment of a miracle



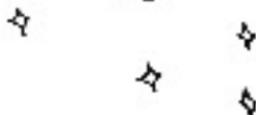
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you know who you are
you know what you've done.
it's about time you lost everything

orbiting nonchalance

as the heaving starts
the earth looks away
and it's gotten so hot
that all that's green
has charred away
to be blown to dust
yet your lungs fight
for one more breath
and before you inhale
your breathing stops
and the earth's still spinning

round and round



round about the milky way

round and round

round about the stellar skies

Secret

we secretly love the terrors
the broken breaths
the tremors
we enjoy the shakes
the terrible breaks
 we want to die
but we also want to thrive
 so we found a way
 to be in both
because when life goes dull
 we are slapped awake
by the dreadful dreams
 we call _____

Never Learned How To Stop Falling

I was once a bundle of joy crawling through the sheets
awaiting the warm arms of my first two lovers
but now I realize
the arms have dropped me
into an unforgiving world of falling ceilings
through caving floors
and groundless leaps into hell.

And as I fall
I listen to my own stutters
muffled shouts and silent screams
while I'm breathless for air.
But my lungs just won't tune.
They never forgot how to breathe,
only learned how to stop.



Freefalling as I'm falling apart
all I see is myself within the reflections I've cursed.
And as I'm surrounded by voices of cryptic familiarity,
an uncomfortable set of eyes consume my soul.
Disgust and disappointment, permeating my veins,
paralyzing my body into a horrible crippled state.
Still, my wandering soles and my ravenous soul awaits the ground.

I tell myself
It's all in my head
It's all in my head
It's all in my head...

But what can I do about it
What can anyone do about it
What is anyone doing about it?

Why is everything never enough?

Stationary Movement

I notice the floor of the train is wood
The cushion on my back a deep blue
And the way the edges of the windows
Perfectly align with the velvet curtains

To the left, I witness tall pines,
Blades extending, trunks elevating,
And to the right is an ocean view,
Low hanging bushes, coarse sandy patches

The lights dim in an instant, the floor rumbles
Enter a tunnel, dark and narrow
Muffled noises, confusing my ears
Till a small growing light exposes
And green and blue noises appear

Cultivated lands show, straight rivers running through
Trees of the same kind, familiar branches, plump fruits

Telephone lines stretch afar
Tall peaks and endless meadows
Lying underneath soft clouds
I finally close my eyes
Until a beam of light disturbs my darkness

And as I open them
The trees have dried
The view is gray
The floor is hard
My body thrusts forward
The doors open
Where am I going again?



This train is strangely grounding.

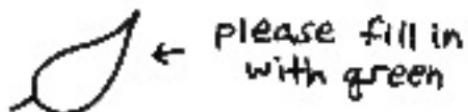
Green

I can only look back in time with pity.
My eye's become too far immune
To all the minutiae of beauty
Within lush forests to a desert dune

I've realized my mind then was small
"The trees, they're green, they're tall
Every spring they bud and change in fall"
To think I had seen it all...

It's sad to foresee a future for the world
No longer green but drained to gray
Living a life with nothing new unfurled
In which nothing new will come of day

I was too old to realize; now I'll be forgotten
With all the imperfect, all that taints the scene
But before all the guilt we'll be ridden
Remember, to never forget, the beauty of green



Humanitarium

“Mommy mommy! Where are we going?”

“I’m taking you to a special place out far.”

“Where? Where? Tell me tell me!”

“You’re going to visit the humanitarium.”

“What’s that?”

“It’s the place we put all the monsters.”

“But you said monsters weren’t real!”

“These are not that kind of monster.”

“What do you mean by that, mommy?”

“These monsters are real, they’re similar to us.”

“If they’re like us, are we also monsters?”

“No. We are not foul, dirty creatures. We are advanced. But we keep them there as a reminder.”

“What do they remind us?”

“They remind us what it means to be human.”

“What does it mean to be human?”

“It means to be what we were long ago, before all the changes, all of this progress.”

“Then why don’t we try to change and help them?”

**"No matter how hard we would try
they just would not stop persisting
even when we gave them all the
reasons to stop being human, they
would never let it go. They are,
truly, one of a kind. Unlike you and
me. We aren't like that anymore."**

“They sound so scary mommy! I wonder wh-.”

“*Shh.* There’s more to life than wonder, honey.”

requiem for the gentle lost

there are those who are found
and more of those who are never found
and no-one dares to find those souls
for they are long gone into the abyss.

so here is a requiem for the gentle lost:
those who were far too hurt to be reclaimed,
too quiet to change their stubborn society,
and too fearful of the consequences.

it's too bad that I can only find their souls,
in broken pieces and fragments of despair,
long after their souls have gone into the void,
with their influence in this world next to none.

but deep down I kept a morsel of hope
that I can find these gentle lost souls,
their hopes, dreams, greatest desires,
and claim them back into the world.

but their hopes and dreams were never found.
as I now understand when something's lost
you must either search for dear life
or give up forever.

this window might be a screen pt 1

every morning I wake up
and I look out the window
I can see trees, the blue sky
but I've never gone outside
and at this point I wonder
this window might be a screen

contingent

nothing will happen until you have happened
and you have not happened yet so I will wait

Moral Mortality I

to live with a clean record
is like dying with every step



tip-toe all you want,
they will catch you slipping

down the slippery, ragged slopes
of what they call your sins.

you did not hear peace till you first screamed!
you did not see peace since you opened eyes!

so you really have no business being perfect
in a universe bent towards chaos.

Moral Mortality II

see! even the oxygen we breathe
is what feeds the flames of the forest

so i wondered why i always even try
when its easier to let the flames take over

perhaps i'll always have it in myself to try
and make the world better than it should be

Moral Mortality III (ft. The Devil)

The fate of all that's ordered is chaos
and the fate of all that's living is death
It must make you uneasy to think about.
So I suppose if it gives you any comfort,
you can pretend that your deeds are good
and tell yourself that your life is worth it.

Moral Mortality IV

i ask myself what i am contributing by living
and the answer is nonetheless disappointing

i find myself hopelessly small in a big world
where everyone says the same big things:

"i want to make the world a better place!"
"i want to become rich and/or be happy!"

when i consider my own words beside theirs
i wonder: god, why can't i also be boring?

Moral Mortality V

if to live is to feel chaos
maybe i'm perfectly alive

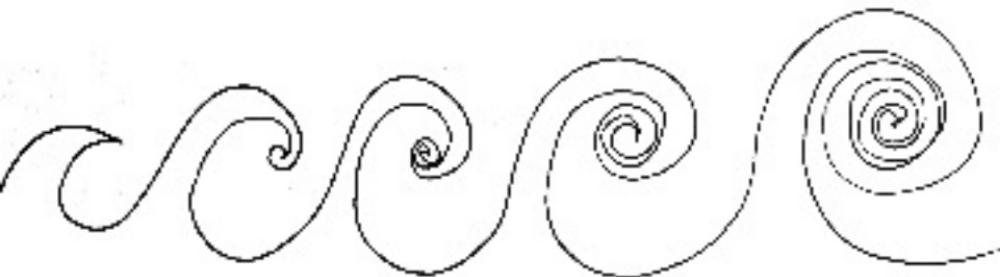
Summer

Leaves matured so green
Fruits born grow much plumper, yet
Children play no more



Swept Away Away

It's the flood, not the rain
That drives me so insane
The tsunami, not the quake
That really makes me ache
The impact, not the fall
The consequences of it all
You know how it is
The pain, not the push
That you don't feel until after
You're thrown into the water
And it pierces through your skin
To sink and ripple all around
And I'm frozen in place as the ripples
Turn to great waves that approach
To slowly drift me away away
Away away to the edge
Edge of the horizon
Far far away





after the hit
you take a breath of fresh air

Shore

I'm sitting here
by the shore
looking up
at the skies
gazing away

then close my eyes
to hear the ocean

the thumping pumps
and the twirling winds
shrilling through my ears
and the runaway hairs
hiding behind my ears

it's the breeze
that knew all along
that I would come

and now's the time
to escape with it



Wallows

Wide green meadow, soft teal clouds in the sky
Eyes gleaming in the sunset, I let out a sigh

A lonely wind wallows in the background of the scene
Laying low, carrying clouds, while dragging dust
It drifts gently through, keeping things serene
And all of my limbs slowly begin following the gust

The hairs beside my ears drift about the wavy breeze
As it enters into the tunnels, I pray that it quits
Low chills through my spine, a momentary freeze
I stand still, throw my arms out, until it truly hits

Waterfalls once again, evoke within a confused cry
A victim to the force, carry my weight, and let me fly

Wind

Where does the wind come from?
From wide open seas?
Or somewhere in the cerulean skies
Or up from space, or the sun
Or the ground, the leaves that spawn
The turbulence within my heart



Winds

The winds,
they don't dance in colors
nor twirl to return
they rise up from the waves
and they don't mind a moment
passing through you

Breeze

Why did the wind twirl around you
But calm to a sullen breeze near me

Why did the air dance with music
The moment you appeared

But around me, it only hid
Beyond the skies, up so high

What have I done to the skies
To deserve not even a breath of fresh air?

I supposed that the winds here are too timid
And undeserving of all I had to offer

So I ventured out, deep into the jungles
Seeking the purest, strongest winds

But the last time I've caught a wind
It was a hurricane

And it swept me away so far
I've had to find myself all over again



open arms in branches all around

Tiny Blossoms

A pattern of winding stars
A bouquet of legendary colors
A vibrance that outshines the sun
A peak in the morning sunshine

Each leaf and its dewdrop
Sparkles beside the bright petals

The tiny blossoms have bloomed again
So come out and say hello



Ivy

*The ivy
climbs up the walls
that you built
and by the window
at night
it sees you weep*

*so when the winds are howling
and the thunder is roaring
and your walls start breaking down
it's what holds you together*



Autumn

The sky seems deeper
Overripe berries birds pluck
Clouds they come and go



Papaya

The pawpaw leaves fall down low
Oh, carica carica
Bear your fruit once more



Watermelon



i sit on the wondumak
on the most humid day

sweat dripping down my spine
hot wind cooling my tanned skin

biting into the last few bits
of the sweet, crisp red fruit

i lay back down on the tarp
as i'm carried away by the sweet fields

dreaming of another youth



Spice

at a certain point
peppers aren't spicy anymore



proof

keep proving how strong you are.
it's funny to watch

Fruitgarden

i dropped seeds to come back in a decade
but when the time had come, i forgot:

*once the fruitgarden's sprung
life takes you on a journey within
with too many things to try
and too many things to see
till nothing satiates anymore.*



so i decided to lay down on the bench
to take a gentle nap:

*in my dreams i am in the garden,
picking fresh jaboticabas off the trunk
biting crisp sapotes, oozing sticky latex
cutting mangoes, dripping with juice
as i try my best to savour every last drop*

i woke up under a crumbling city light,
not knowing where i'm supposed to be:

*a century's past and all that's left is bark.
there's nothing left to try and every bite of
dust leaves me hungrier and i regret not
tending to my fruitgarden when i had the
chance but when did i ever have the time?*

the tree's thoughts

't'one time, thick trees, thriving, tranquil

tiny tassles torn 'tween the thicket

'til then, the timberland, tamed to tiny towns

till this time, trees trampled, tainted trails

terrors the tender thoughts 'ttempt to tamper

take tolls to the tyrant's torment!

Hilarious!

Laughing hard at a fallen leaf



dead tree grove

i had a calling.

it was to a place far away
and i could quite feel
the direction of the wind
guiding me into the woods

i walked till daybreak.

i stood on a pile of dust
and the trees had no leaves
to rustle in the air
so the wind was silent

i sorta liked it.

time

i've lived too long to live in a moment

Garden

never forget the peace
you felt in the garden
even when buildings block the view
at least you can look down
at curled leaves
and wonder what you did
to deserve such a garden



Lemons

Since when was it cool
To not give a fuck
'bout the world's problems
Since when was it ok
To not do a thing
'cause when life gives you lemons
You throw them away



残念ですね

Returned Recursion

We forget we're taught
How we empathize
What we can care about
(Who we can show our love)

We are made psychopaths
In this world of absoluteness
That we think twice about our pockets
But not even once about each other

And in the end we only wonder
Why we're not given any love
When we've not given any at all
(And to think that love's a finite resource)

Are we just so used to the idea that
What we've given must be returned
And we must fight and guard everything?
(That every resource is finite)

I wish we could find in each other
What we find in oil like coal like silver like gold
For we figured that we won't give away
Before we know that we will be given back

Yellow Journalism

How loud can the pages read
Before I go completely deaf
How bleak can the pages get
Before I lose all faith in life

How long can these pages get
Before new stories are no more
Till there's no more ink to spare
(To think a drop can change a mind)

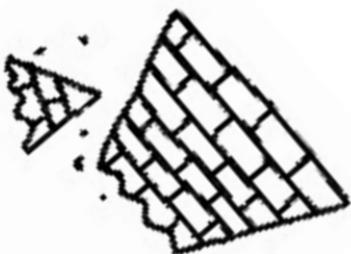
We hide away in pages of pink
Absorb all the purple tabloids
While the pages of the past turn yellow
Turned to waste to wrap some gifts

Some pages turn red, drenched in blood
A color so strong they'd rather close their eyes
And return to the shades of comfort
Of craze, of sensation, of a fool's fashion

But who can blame those who cannot bear
The countless stories of life left unshared
As once they're shared the world moves on
And till change the stories will repeat on and on and

Society

"How far can we blame society
Before we blame ourselves
For raising a generation
So far from our good
That a pyramid
Can topple
Down?"



I never do, only complain

Sometimes I forget that part of who I am is where I am and who I am around but I never stand tall on my feet as I fear to be too loud and that I may call the voices of those who are louder and who may shut me down

with their golden charisma and their soft pleated sheets and their perfect scripts
I've forgotten what I was to have fought for if I knew that I would be safe to speak my mind but I guess I'd rather run away into my head that doesn't even really feel safe

so I escape through my complaints and when they fight back I can only cover my ears because I never learned to fight back and they echo far beyond all the trees and mountains as they come toppling down and erupt I forget that those with voices are the least responsible and those without have no idea and it hits me:

Nature is a departure from stubborn society and I've run away before,
only to return again but nothing really changed.

God, my requiem will be glorious.

Winter

mountains tipped with ice
forming crystals all around
best to stay inside



~~why's the winter warm?~~
~~what happened to the cool breeze?~~
~~where are the seasons?~~

Incompassionation

Since when have schools forgotten to teach compassion

To the students of a world so broken

Who've been taught what's wrong

And live only to find the wrong in others

To read books and absorb big words

That justify in life what seems so cruel

But forget the problem that started it all.

Have we forgotten that all stories begin on a blank sheet?

And that some of us have been scribbled on?

At a certain point the textbooks lose their meaning

And we can only learn from each other

Through life and through experience

Yet, in a world full of horrors of our own cruelty

We are taught not to question

A world so bizarre

That we become monsters to our own.

Upset

I'm upset
that too much
been had done
undone so
I don't know
if any change
is here to last



this window might be a screen pt 2

I have decided to finally escape
this little confinement I dwell in
so I get ready, brush my hair
and I set out for the door
but there is no handle
I'm not sure how to get out

Energy

I complain these people
exude too much energy

that I just can't feel
for what they feel

they speak so loud
they're mouths keep moving

I just can't bear these people
who seem to be able to find so much joy

in making noise and making friends
how happy they look

that energy that I just cannot match
it's always been envy



Consciousless

You don't know what you haven't seen you think
"the world's better off the same" you would say
the world's all good and change can't work but
you know your mind has never been free since
the last time you've not drunk a bottle of shine



really? another fucking bottle?

posterity

oh how I fear that my posterity
will never live the way ! have



this window might be a screen pt 3

instead, I decide to jump out the window
I take three deep breaths, clench my fists
start off quickly, gaining speed
I run toward the window
I take the leap, hurling through the air
The window shatters, I jump through

Labels

The world's an archive
Filing cabinets overflowing at the top
But they always want to add more.

So they amputate each of my limbs
Tack a label
And put them into boxes

Because there's never enough of me
To fit into all the boxes
And I can only hold so many labels

Before I become nothing



fuck it i'm nobody

Handwavium

why do we doubt ourselves
when we've proved for countless years
that we are gods of our own control
yet we still doubt those thinker's thoughts
would ever work



heaven, don't worry

i wondered what it was like to be up there.

i always thought of it pointlessly perfect,
something of a vain, superficial dream
that you convince yourself you always wanted.

i wondered how i'd even get the holy ticket
and considered all the choices i'd have to make
but i realized there's no point in kissing ass
since i was already comfortable in my own hell
with its tiny pleasures and great discomforts
or so i'd try and lie to myself to feel better
about this horrible place i always wake up in.

i look ahead, standing in my cigarette break,
waiting for my thoughts to die with the smoke.

the broken sanctum

my paranoia is all too real
it's broken in

Savage

i love that word
let us be savages
oh you don't want to?

savagé. there.

i figured if the word savage
had a pretty little accent mark at the end
you would be less afraid of being it

That talks that talk

We've argued for so long now
I no longer think we're talking
About the same damn thing

We live our life to prove such points
And forget that we've not anything
To prove more than our own will

Yet we still talk that talk
Mindless yappers and whispers
Snap snap snap we scream

I roll my eyes
And you show your teeth

I'm not taking your thoughts to my deathbed.



demise

does anyone remember learning about death?
that things never come back
UNLESS YOU WANT THEM TO HAUNT YOU FOREVER

Lost Sentiment

When will we remember
That compassion is free
No matter at what cost

When will we remember
That forgiveness will win
Regardless of the fight

When will we realize
That we can't move on
Without being human

i often wonder

Skypainting

The sky our canvas
An empty board to paint start anew
And paint the sky a lighter blue

But we seem to've lost our skill

As we throw dirty brushes
Into water never changed
And let the colors mix

And when we finally start to color

The oil leeches out all over the place
The paint's placed in patchy plots
Scribbled lines of mess' mistakes

I guess
We're so good at thinking pretty pictures
But bad at making them real

Eyes

If we had closed our eyes
Did any of it really happen?

If we had closed our minds
Was any of it real?

Whether we close our eyes
Or block up our mind

The world's still spinning
And when we open them back up

We won't be in control anymore



Let's Go Down To The Fields And Not Wake Up

you've sat there long enough to know you're bored

and i know a place in the fields you'd love

all trees and grass and skies and dirt and me

we can cuddle on the grassbed all night

breathe the pollen, let the hay knock us out

feel the rumbles of the earth free themselves

there's no regrets and nothing more to see

and you have nothing else to give up, so,

let's go down to the fields and not wake up

I fulfill your dreams as they are mine

when we were laying down by the fields
we talked together about our dreams
you told me all of yours
and I told you all of mine

years have past since and I've never met you
but I still remember that dream you told me
and I've kept onto it
right here in my head ever since

and I can't say I'm not obsessed
because I am, not with you, but your dream
so that if you saw who I was today
you would be quite disappointed

because that day, you gave me all the reasons
to not follow in your footsteps
but I did anyways
and I can't blame anyone but myself

it was your prophecy I wrote for myself
and I've fulfilled every part of it
and I'm out here craving more
but nobody has dreams anymore

so tonight, I'll go back to sleep
to take you in my dreams



Winter Wonderland

They were not playing
"Children shout and ring the bells"
It was a warning



gold is just yellow metal

999.9 is nothing but 0.1 short
gold is really just yellow metal

this window might be a screen pt 4

I fall down on the other side
face scratched up, legs twisted
I open my eyes to look around
but there's nothing, just static all around
the window had been a screen
and I've broken through it

planck length

in physics, there is something known

as the planck length,

the point where things get so small

that once below,

the laws of physics makes sense no more

and to me it seems that

we must be living in a world smaller

than the planck length

because last I checked,

nothing makes sense

the rockhounds

We think we're Earth
The greatest artist, founder of birth
But all that's bullshit.

So I go down to the river
By which I search for rocks
And hope one day I'll find the one

Opal

glistens in the sun
as it begs for water

Citrine

pale smoked honey
we've forgotten its true color

Talc

crumbles in my hand
as I look for more

Happy For Me

It's a gray day outside
The wonderful rain is feeding the garden
And I'm happy for me
For I can sing the songs I've written
Read the poems I made
For I can sleep in peace
Knowing that I've lived a day well spent

Ajumma

There's so much power in living
upapologetically

feb 3, 2020

frightening me
tiny scars
chipping
the stones
and the hammer
breaking apart
all the burdens
of my past



they say that death is humbling
no. my death was glorious

Toxic

We live in a beautiful world

Filled with toxic people

Tainting the lush green forests

With rotten brown

And the pristine skies

With muffled yellows

And the crystal waters

With crimson red

And the antidote

We searched so far and long

Was right beside us

In the space between us

Chernobyl

I've booked a vacation
To this beautiful paradise

I heard when you visit
You will change forever

So let's go
And never come back



What's in it for the sun?

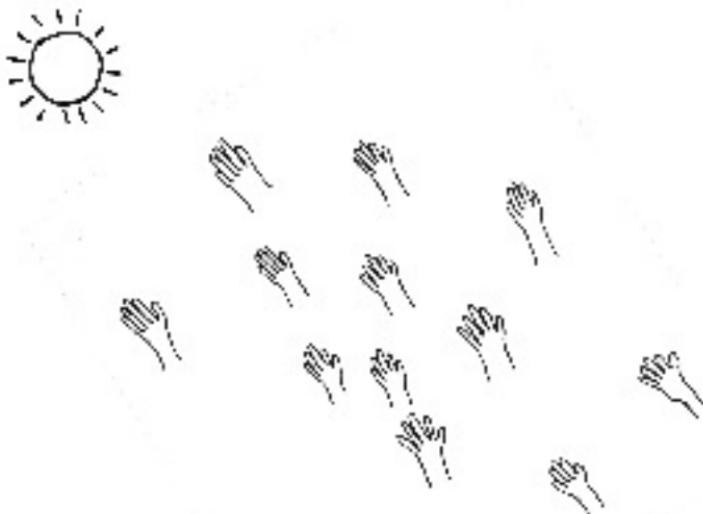
for the light that birthed us life
the rays that sometimes burn
but shield us from the ice

what's in it for the sun
for all of this energy
we no longer praise

what's in it for the sun
what's in it for the sun
what's in it for the sun

can someone please tell me

what's in it for the sun?



The Patina Tower

I've seen many pretty towers
All that's brick and painted gold
That's perfect squares and rosy arches

The well-cut trees and joyous fountains
To yellow brick roads and strawberry gardens
And wonderful rooms of rare antiques

But I've never seen a tower as grand
As the patina tower, what a wonderful name
The tower unnamed before time had spoken

For late at night when I dream of a home
I go back to the tower, the patina tower

"I will never forget the wonderful trees
the overgrown roads, the toppled hills,
the walls, covered in thick growth of ivy
and the breeze that flies down from the sky"

The patina tower:
That stands upright
In the hearts of those
Who seek good nights

Symposia

we talk about our feelings
what we hate, all our woes
that we wish to rid from life
and also those we love so dearly

but I find the talk to be the least interesting part
though I love the company of your conversation
I prefer to feel peace in each other's silence
while my mind plays instruments of the air

that music fills the quiet air
with a melody and voice
that twirls like spinning tops
and puts me into an endless trance

Time To Think

We no longer sow the soil
or bend our backs by the river
no more fights with monsters
except those inside our minds

our minds seem so damn bored
we once lived to fight and fly
now we can't stand a moment alone
because we fear where it can take us

thoughts we've never had before
new thoughts no human of the past
could bear to even think would last
but it seems time's only gotten longer

headless baseless foes and woes
we find within our little minds
we have much time to fret
too much time to bask in thoughts

so perhaps we've got to finally try
to get used to all the places
our mind can take us
falling as we try to get a hold of ourselves

Last

This may be our last
Or perhaps our kind will last
Learning from the past

Bagel

If my dog could write a poem
She would change the world

Epilogue

"It's been a difficult past to relive.

My spirit has endured countless experiences and too many lives to count. Just as they've warned me, once your soul's gone through too many cycles, *the memories all blur into one.*

But *moments are different from memories.* And now I come to realize that my memories, for the most part, have been largely false. For every second I relived just now, I feel almost as if all of them were in vain. But at this point in life, I no longer feel anything in regret.

The Law of One. Time. Matter. I have come to know them far too well. I met everyone, been everywhere, and seen everything. All the faces, landscapes, and baggage. They pile up a heavy mess on my mind, body, and responsibilities. Only so late I have realized how easy it is to let go. And after all this time, I finally know that

it's really all in the fleeting moments.

Now, I suppose, it's time to let you go too."

