

# *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

<b>edge</b>	<b>breeze</b>
bleak	shore
forgotten silence	wallows
spring	wind
5 seconds left and i'm already bored	breeze
the greatest art of all	
inertia	<b>trees</b>
a monster's pride	tiny blossoms
the canopy caving in	ivy
orbiting nonchalance	autumn
secret	papaya
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stationary movement	spice
green	fruitgarden
humanitarium	the tree's thoughts
reequiem for the gentle lost	hilarious!
t.w.m.b.a.s. pt 1	dead tree grove
moral mortality	garden
summer	lemons
swept away away	

**release**

returned recursion  
yellow journalism  
society  
i never do, only complain  
winter  
incompassionation  
upset  
t.w.m.b.a.s. pt 2  
energy  
consciousless  
posterity  
t.w.m.b.a.s. pt 3  
labels  
handwavium  
heaven, don't worry  
savage  
that talks that talk  
lost sentiment

**wonder**

skypainting  
eyes  
let's go down to the fields  
and not wake up  
i fulfill your dreams as they  
are mine  
winter wonderland  
t.w.m.b.a.s. pt 4  
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.

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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

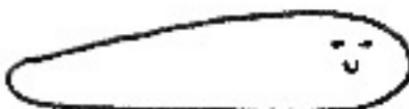
It stands there in the distance  
With deviant eyes and a dirty smirk  
You know it wants trouble  
So you run before it catches you

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



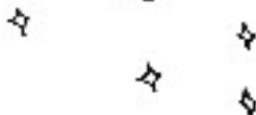
## **culprit no. 813,991,103,019,003**

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.*

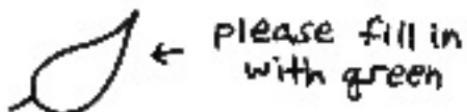
## **Green**

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

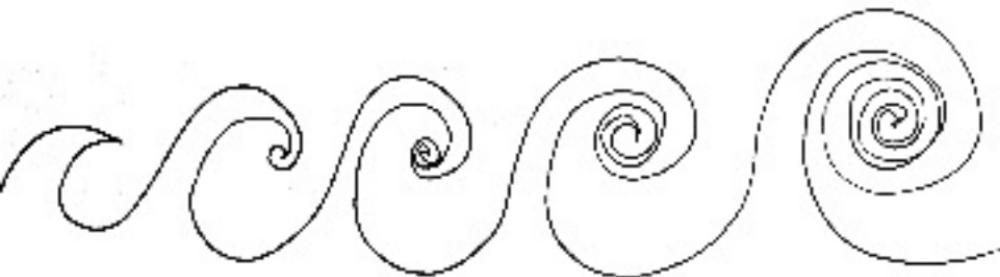
## **Summer**

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, far into the plains  
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

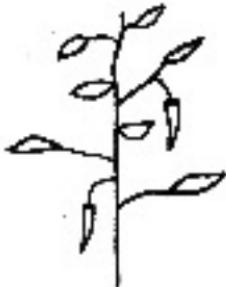
i lay back down on the tarp  
as i'm carried away by the sweet fields

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





殘念

## **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'll 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)

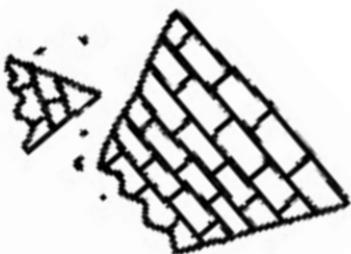
We hide away in pages of pink  
Absorb all the purple tabloids  
While the pages of the past turn yellow  
Turned to waste to wrap some gifts

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 on my cigarette break,  
waiting for my thoughts to die with the smoke.

## **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

## **the broken sanctum**

my paranoia is all too real  
it's broken in

## **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 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 left 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 we might end up

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."

