

The Great American Trade

A Tortured Poet

The Great American Trade

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Welcome to the World

Stepping off the plane I felt extremely anxious,
What a time to live in, everyone is gracious.
Thinking of the parting, a teardrop oh so precious,
Ready for the venture, a land that's so auspicious.

Mile to mile, feet to feet, this might be my dynasty,
Trains and highways, long and thin, people walking earnestly.
Suddenly, sun starts to fade, mold and mildew on my legs,
I look up and someone says,
'Welcome to the real world!'

Unknown land and folks galore,
Take the phone and hit explore.
People all around the floor,
No one knows who you'll adore.

I take a drink and walk around,
Trying to find a fitting ground.
College students, full of sound,
New aroma, so profound.

Maybe this time it can all work out,
After all, this is the place you sought out.
A sophomore jumps the chair, all worn out,
Full of sweat just yelling out,
'Welcome to the real world!'





Curious

While the sun and moon danced around,
I figured out my way around.
Learning lessons, finding out,
It's hard having no friends around.

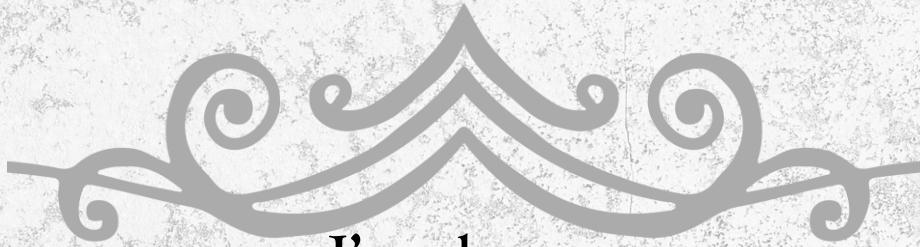
Amidst the jungle I see your face,
Filling the room with lavender haze.
Soon blessing me with your grace,
Starting the unbearable chase.

Weeks go by, I start to fall,
I realize what has befall.
Every day I wait for the call,
Only to see no one recall.

I start to feel the kite drift away,
Trying to convince you to stay.
Longing to go back to the day,
When you still wanted to play.

In a battle of friendship you were victorious,
Only we fought for different terrariums.
You point at the flag, looking so furious,
Making me hate the fact I was curious.





I'm okay....

As the school starts teaching its lessons,
People start making impressions.

Everyone says something nice, hiding their confessions.
Keeping at bay their somber obsessions.
And I tell myself,
I'm okay....

Following day groups of two begin to form,
Only I didn't know that was the norm.
Looking around my mind runs a storm,
For the odd amount of people that swarm.

And I think to myself,
I'm okay...

The turning point soon came and went,
Spending the whole day in my bed.
The poison that had started to spread,
Unable to breath, indistinguishable from the dead.
I remind myself,
I'm okay..

A breath of fresh air starts to approach,
Only two days till I'm able to broach.
Like a mob of amphibians to a small roach,
Maybe one day the world will be my coach.

I repeat to myself,
I'm okay.





I think this is it, today and I'm gold,
Someday I'll have a group with whom I'll grow old.
As the night of the fifth starts to unfold,
Looking up at the sky, my heart begins to fold.
I ask myself,
I'm okay

The cake was a lie, two thousand begins,
My heart cannot take the cry that's within.
If only there was that one who had all the pins,
Who would be able to heal all my sins.
I beg to the universe,
I'm...





C#

Trying to drown that torturous gloom,
I found myself surrounded by the bloom.
Unconditional lake guards me from the loom,
Running away from the inevitable doom.

Visions of solace protecting the light,
I see a vision of the invincible knight.
Maybe it's time to stop avoiding the fight,
A glimmer of hope keeping afoot that magical night.

Regaining the control of the kite,
I start to feel the future that one day might.
Turning the book one page at a time,
Starting to see the American delight.

No longer do I fear the unknown,
For I am the one now sitting on the throne.
The ones that have wronged no longer throw the stone,
Dawn of the night lighting up those who are alone.

Starting to hear the ultimate gong,
It's the friends that we've made all along.
Looking into the mirror, confronting the wrong,
Sound of C# keeping me strong.





Dragon Room

Below the depths of the treacherous world,
Tunnels of magic and secrets untold.
Harmonious melody consuming the floor,
Whispers of sorrow, forgiveness for all.

Below the surface where no one walks,
Secrets of longing and wondrous talks.
Out where the people are preying like hawks,
Inside the labyrinth, no presence of balks.

Pillows of comfort surrounding our hearts,
A blanket of shelter keeps the world apart.
Embracing the present, cleansing the past,
It's you and me against all odds.

Majestic mural of a lover grazes the wall,
Making our romance transcendent and tall.
Next to each other, no one to call,
No longer we fear the inevitable fall.

Butterflies of closeness we start to consume,
The high of affection replaces the shroom.
Laying there, you grab my face and zoom,
Don't worry I say, we're in the Dragon Room.





The Straw

They say opposites attract, but those magnets were a lie.
Day by day I try, only to end up with a sigh.
Tears of joy and hugs goodbye, always ending with a cry.
If only the truth you dared not defy, I could understand why.

The day would pass and you'd forget,
For I'm the one who holds their fret.
And as the saying goes, it's said,
Heavy hangs the head.

Drop by drop, the well is full,
No longer I hold the pull.
And while you listen to albums of Tool,
I wonder whether I'm the real fool.

Think of going back to black,
Your face, the one that keeps me back.
The signs were there, been shot with flak.
The straw that broke the camel's back.





Rapture

Rumbles of whir, whispers of roar,
i cry standing outside of your door.

Amidst the tears, I start to know,
it's time to leave the corpse to the crow.

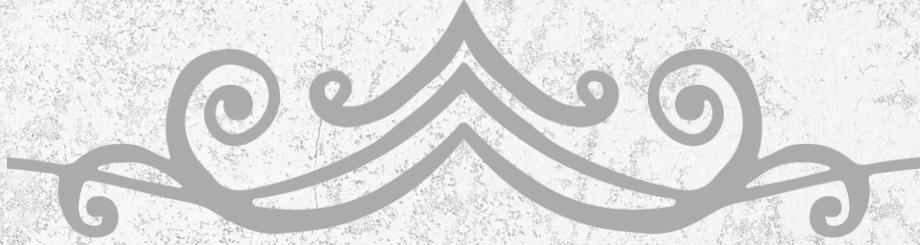
Perhaps you'll learn how much you've lost,
when the sun shines after the frost.

Time will pass, as did your lust,
in the end, what did it cost.

Until I find my Adam to Eve,
you will be there, pulling me in.
Running around, stuck in a ditch,
you got the heart, but left the stitch.

Estrangements aside, I hope that you know,
wishing the best, for you and your soul.
‘cause buddy,
I think this is the rapture.





This Ain't a Diss (I promise)

In the vast universe of time and space,
You seem to be the one I face.
Building a rocket, fear for the race,
Running from the one I disgrace.

Never grasping the formula of a kiss,
Should've known better, empathy amiss.
Missing each pit stop, infinite malice,
Taking a sip from a poisonous chalice.
Getting lectured by a carpenter novice,
This ain't a diss (I promise).

Hectares of grass, surrounding the bruck,
Coyotes skillfully waiting for the pluck.
I look around, marvelous torture keeping me stuck,
You, driving in your two-seater truck.

Down yonder, near the bottomless abyss,
Lies what once was called a bliss.
Saving that talk for the mid-life crisis,
Waiting for the short-lasting solstice.
Frank definition of what a scum is,
This ain't a diss (I promise).





Is this real?

The first time I saw you,
My heart began to flee.
The voice that's so mellow,
I'm floating at sea.
Jade glowing eyes,
Piercing through me.
The endless grass meadow,
I'm laying in.
Smell of sweet torture
Rushes within.

You gaze from above,
It's sleepless nights I fear.
Strands of soft umber,
Richer than silk.
The infinite glee
Making me kneel.
I think to myself,
Are you for real...?

Looks turn to chatter, followed by laughter.
You are the one from now till hereafter.
After goodnight I wait for the day after.
Stern knowledge of how to be a crafter.





I open up, showing the skin under.
You say “it’s beautiful”, glad you’re the binder.
Slowly my mind started to wonder.
Is this the rainbow after the thunder?

Warmer than the sun, your smile shines like a star.
Day by day, you start to heal each of my scar.
Melting from the heat, please don’t let me stray too far.
Every time you go, I leave the door ajar.

In a group of infinity, you were always the one.
No matter the speaker, my eyes lingered to none.
If only I’d known I wasn’t that someone.
Next to me stood a shadow of the one who’s heart had been gone.

Enthusiasm to defiance, open heart to silence.
You found someone else’s shoulder to cry against.
I sought what once was deemed the best.
After all, you were the tallest.

As the sun revolved around the earth for the eighteenth time.
I started to fear reaching my prime.
And as I started to hear the twelfth and the final chime.
Next to me no longer stood my partner in crime.

As the days turned into nights and the bloom turned to wilt,
You began to show no sense of guilt.
Brick by brick you destroyed the bond that we’d built.
Didn’t know I had become the one you’d jilt.





You said you were sorry,
But from that moment I knew,
This was the beginning of the end.
I knew it, I knew it all too well.

Today when I see you,
My heart stops to flee.
The waves of smooth sailing,
Pulling me in.
The plants had been poisonous.
Snarls of loose thread.
I start to see sunlight,
Illusion has shred.

Skin to skin, bone to bone,
Standing up I face my fear.
Looking at you, I recognize,
All has been revealed.
And I think to myself,
Are you for real?...





The Great American Trade

In the bustling city of opportunity,
Exists a vibrant sense of community.
Welding the town, crafting the unity,
Unwavering people craving infinity.

Who wouldn't want to be part of that security,
Thriving in a country of prosperity.
Waiting for the day to acquire that dignity,
Sitting by the window, searching for serenity.

Friends from home say I'm so brave,
Escaping from that horrid cave.
Running from the ones whom are depraved,
Only to find my own name engraved.

Thinking 'bout the past I freed,
The scar left by each wound starts to bleed.
This wasn't told in the promised creed,
The rapture ensures all receive their deed.

Each day we begin to spin the wheel,
Waiting for the one we get to conceal.
Dripping down the true ordeal,
Looking in the mirror I feel.





Desperate people kneeling at the shrine,
Searching for the life-changing sign.
Hoping to find the one true divine,
Casting aside the ones with a different spine.

Following the endless train of chain,
Waiting to cross paths with someone else's lane.
Consider me part of that insane,
Thought I'd finally met the Kurt to my Blaine.

The land of the dream treats those who are born there so well,
Leaving the rest part of the unlucky who would never fare as well.
Except it forgot the importance of teaching its people how to tell,
The difference between a true friend and a shell.

Leaving the ones whom you loved behind,
We wonder if we're any better than the blind.
Repeating it's all for the sake of the grind,
Forgetting the person we wanted to find.

Not realizing the price of sacrifice that we've paid,
Dreaming of the day when our bed is finally made.
Thoughts of regret clouding the people's parade,
Regretting the day they ever stepped foot with that blade.
But in the end, what can we say,
So is the Great American Trade.

