

Trilogy
Poems With Personality

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0.1 Author's Note

When I write poetry, it's like putting a piece of me onto paper, it just feels like it's part of me. This is something that coped me out of mental illness, and helped me throughout life. This is going to be almost my 4th year doing poetry, and I have written over 144 poems so far. The Trilogy is a book that contains three of my most favourite books, and they were so close to each other, I had to put them together.

The three books were:

- The Sessions
- Alter Ego
- Poet's Poems

The Sessions came to be on a what if? When I first did poetry I wrote an anthology, and it ended up myself in guidance. I had to talk to a social worker, and I wondered what if I actually went into therapy? This book is also about my struggle of telling someone you care about that you're going through problems. In the book you'll hear about relapse, and that's just a term I use to describe depression coming back.

Alter Ego is a book all based around Sigmund Freud's Psychoanalytic Theory, I also named it to act as an "evil me". But in reality it's more of the id of a person's conscious, it is the raw emotional, irrational part of the mind, and of course it's heavily inspired my Eminem's Slim Shady.

The Poet's Poem is based around a poem I wrote in the first of poetry for me, it is based on poetic rhyming, and gave it a non-thematic purpose. Its really I just wanted to say whatever I want. But the poet's poem was also planned to be called Turbulent Troubles 2, so expect Turbulence to be referenced or even in it...

Chapter 1

The Sessions

%Skit Begin

M: I want...I want to

M: Ijust ...want to fucking tell you!

M:fuck!

%Skit End

How can I say words without doubting myself

How can I not think about the consequences that may be involved

Not a thorough plan without caution on all ends

It's all part of the calculations

Hide the evidence of the fact that...

I have depression!

Clinical to the teenagers in our generation

Boomers recall it to be non-existent in us

Because we didn't fight in a war

I mean who are they to talk?

Born by horny soldiers after defeating fascist Germany

Going off-topic so I don't have to talk about the topic I'm all about
I just wished I had someone I can tell all the time
Without my anxiety telling me not to trust society
I'm scared to tell her
I can't fucking do it
But why can't I?

You can't!
You can never!
Never trust her because that was the first mistake you made!

Shut the fuck up!
Who did I show my slits to?
Tell her my mind was in turbulent thoughts!
Afraid of tomorrow's promise!
Who was one of the people who helped me recover?

If you recovered then why are we here?

%Skit Begin
T: Welcome, you will be here for 15 sessions to help you recover
T: After your little incident, I hope I can help you
%Skit End

1.1 The Session [E]

%Skit Begin

T: So please tell me what's wrong

M: I...I...I...

T: You know you can tell me anything

T: So please tell me what happened

%Skit End

I opened a door to the underworld

They told me they'd help me

I regret it

Demons of my past haunting me

Sins of mine coming clearer than yesterday's memories

Don't call it paranormal until it takes my soul

Takes me whole as it swallows

Trying to be tranquil when it's getting me shooked

Hooked on these ideas slowly eating me

Welcome to the session

%Skit Begin

T: So you feel like you haven't recovered?

T: Depression and suicide still in your mind?

%Skit End

Recovering from suicide but depression still in question

Isolated and feeling hated

Insecurities are feeling like a melody

They sing me a song

And I say fuck it to my decision

I ain't going to talk to her about it

%Skit Begin

T: You tend to lie a lot

T: Is it because you don't like being honest

T: Or are you scared to be?

%Skit End

Yeah I lie

Fucking lie down act like I'm dead

So I can get buried in a grave alive

A self-defense mechanic

Trying to tell but told don't

I'm holding back words and they're holding me back

Hard to share my vision when I'm the only one seeing it

I tell the truth,

They're not happy with it

I share a lie,

They don't notice

They find out and ask why I did it

I tell them I didn't notice

When I forced my mind to forget

I swear because I'm insecure

I lie because I don't want to show my colours

So I said fuck it

Now I'm in a session

%Skit Begin

T: Interesting, very interesting

T: Well Mr.Khan this is all the time we have

T: See you in the next session

%Skit End

1.2 Back Again [E]

How do I always come back
Solve the problems I'm facing again
If I knew everything
How come I needed a therapist to help the answers I knew
Ah god I don't know why relapse keeps lapsing back
Trying to go slow-mo
To get more info of what the fuck is going on
But now I'm even more clueless than I previously was
An emotional mess
Maybe I'm Queen B
I tend to be drunk in love
Trying to be flawless
With my own imagination
I'm getting creative of how to tell people suicide isn't the answer
Just don't be stupid duh
Maybe if I wasn't aware I wouldn't be in this place
Not write life wishing
Who knows what I would come out to be
I'm back here again and I don't know what to say
I'm still confused about her
Like what the fuck
How can I be so confused about someone
Wrote a whole book of how I struggle to tell her I'm struggling
Here it is
I'm scared that I'm in trouble...again!
I'm scared to bother her
But why can't I just understand
Friends help each other
So why the fuck am I so extra
My mind is playing tricks and riddles

I'm getting tickled by anxiety
I'm finding it funny now
Thought I dealt with it
The thing is when I use the word recovery
It tends to mean temporary
Maybe once I stop being stupid
I'll be able to get out of this mental confinement

1.3 Social Workers [E]

%Skit Begin

T: Hello, welcome back!

T: So I wanted to talk about one of your poems?

M: Which one?

T: Its in your anthology, Mental Health

M: Well whats wrong?

T: What do you mean by your own knife?

M: I attempted suicide once...

M: I was scared, I needed to tell someone

T: Tell it to the social workers

%Skit End

Confidentiality ending with suicidal behaviour

So why expect me to talk about suicide

You see, I have expectations and math makes me stressed

As I lied ...

I avoided the chance to get a professional help with depression

Its my problem,they can't help me

Math ended up stressing me a lot

So I didn't lie

They told me to take deep breaths and relax

Something I tend to do now

Listen to Dre while my eyes closed

Learning to really breath in yoga

I can say somehow it indirectly helped

The fact I feel true happiness without bleeding

I call that a recovery

So yeah I wrote that

I was scared to say something

Wrote it in rhymes to tell my teacher

I'm scared I might kill myself
I became gluten-free
I'm choosing to be anorexic
Losing 10 pounds in a month
How'd I do it
I drank coffee as dinner for a month
Confused as hell
Accepting there's a hell I belong in
I said fuck you to god
So yeah I was scared
But I'm not scared anymore to say I suffered mental illness
To also say it's your choice whether it stays or leaves you

%Skit Begin
T: Well we will check on you
M: Fair enough anyways are we done here?
T: Yes, good job today
%Skit End

1.4 Political Stupidity [E]

%Skit Begin

T: So when did you start getting into politics

M: When I was 10

T: How about reading newspapers

M: 11

T: How do you feel about politics right now

M: Politics is being fucking retarded!!!

%Skit End

America is being ran by an orange

Fucking closed by the world

Break the door hinge

They're acting extra terrestrial

Get George Lucas

Yet another Starwars episode coming along

Evil dictators, crumbling economies, wars?

This is what I call political stupidity!

%Skit Begin

T: So how about abortion? What are your opinions on it?

%Skit End

Well a person ain't a person until it's born

Murder is taking the life of a person

If a women can't take of it

Why have a baby go through so much trouble

If a women got raped

Then should this sperm be taped onto her life

White people please confirm what murder is?

Because yet you complain about it

You don't consider innocent bystanders death
Murder!

%Skit Begin

T: Well then, I guess my next question is your views on white people?

M: Well...

%Skit End

You can't judge a race by some's actions
Some live by the idea of superiority
When whites population makes them minor
Calling negros criminal
Fucking fat man
Trying to fuck up this world
They call Nagasaki
Fucking colonists
Nazis without a swastika
KGB without the secret
Problem is, its not only white people
Its every person who thinks they are superior
Nationalistic ideals
That's what I call political stupidity

1.5 Intoxicated [E]

%Skit Begin

T: Please tell me, how do you feel when you meet a nice girl you may like?

M: Well I kinda feel like . . .

%Skit End

I'm intoxicated

Excited to meet this person

Very nice to meet you,

How could I be fated to see you

Are you my soul mate?

For goodness sake forget it

You're probably fake

%Skit Begin

T: I see, you give up quite easily don't you?

M: What makes you say that?

T: Hmm well tell me more

%Skit End

She's leaving me speechless

I feel like I'm going to faint

Because I may be falling in love with her

Gravity is bringing me down

Her beauty is dragging me down

Beauty turning into blushes

I got a new crush

Next thing you know she's just a memory I lost interest in

It can be a week or a year

But this girl is really nice

I got a good feeling about her

%Skit Begin

T: So then, do you try to get a date with her or...

%Skit End

I don't do shit

Get depressed in a fantasy I try to live in

Not being able to fit in a relationship

I complain but the thing is

I didn't do anything ...

I'm hopeless

%Skit Begin

T: You can't expect results with no reaction

M: Hmmm ... I guess

%Skit End

I'm intoxicated

This girl is too much for me

So I may or may not do something

But for now all I can say is

Time will tell for what will happen

Just wait

1.6 Early Days [E]

%Skit Begin

T: Now we are going to talk about something you may not like?

M: Doc that's every session, fuck is it?

T: Early Days...

M: Do we have to?

T: Tell me about it

%Skit End

I was carrying wasted emotions
Given a platter to feast on
I asked what that emotion was
They said depression
Stucked in illusions I didn't leave
I fantasized myself to my own oppression
Always tired wanting to sleep
I liked her
Incidentally getting me to know her better
She became a close friend I trusted
Helping me with the hidden slits under my watch
Which wrist was it?

I wanted more
A fat guy wanting more sweets
Us together? Wouldn't that be neat
I talked about how I ended up loving her as a sister
Yeah a year later
But that I tried multiple times to end our friendship
After multiple rejections
Maybe I was looking at the wrong direction
Avoiding her

Because I had trouble handling it
Those early days were to blow off steam
So shut the fuck up about them
I'm not proud of them
They're not a lil'female pup
They're a fucking bitch

Bitch
Yeah a bitch
Because they helped me with my stitches right
Helped my eyes get sight again
Yeah what a fucking bitch
A cunt
A little runt on the streets
I was learning how to get back on my feet
After hearing his name everyday
Oh I remember that
Those were the early days
Somehow those poems were my saving grace
Yeah I hate them
But that's because I can't relate to them no more

%Skit Begin
T: But you still struggle to tell her the truth don't you?
T: You don't like to worry her don't you?
M: When I'm ready to say, I will, anyways she'll probably be the first to know
T: Then, what about your greatest fear, you're not convinced to her predicament, are you?
M: I'm not, but that's a conversation we shouldn't need to talk about hopefully
%Skit End

1.7 The Ever Lasting Dream [E]

%Skit Begin

T: Let's talk about it

M: If I haven't told her about it what makes you think I'll tell you?

T: I won't disagree or find some type of other reason to it

M: Fine

%Skit End

I had a dream I wasn't accepted

An atheist bisexual bitch

Dick or pussy doesn't matter to me

I had a dream I was kicked out

The dream that became life wishing's underlying base

I had a dream my greatest fear came true

I felt like a fool to think about it

But my paranoia tells me to stay cautious

Being careless isn't an option

The natural anxiety that pumps me

Please tell me how often is your heart beat calm

Put your palm on your chest

Tell me is it giving you a warning

The reason my hand shakes

The stress I have of not being accepted

Is the environment I live in

So let me work my ass off

Doesn't matter about the money

I just have some stuff to get off my mind

The thing is I'm not an idiot

I've had friends who never heard my side before leaving me

Fucking bitches

I've had people not accept me

I'm not being theoretical when I have results
Find a flaw to go nah to you
So yeah I tell my subconscious to shut the fuck up!
So I can take the stage
Give it anxiety and the fears I feel
I don't need to talk to someone about this
I just need to make sure they shut the fuck up!
Its my dream I had to sleep with for 4 years
My everlasting dream

%Skit Begin

T: Thank you for sharing, now may I ask, what happens in the dream?

M: Shut the fuck up!

%Skit End

1.8 Twisting Words [E]

%Skit Begin

T: Mustaff you wrote Last Project, but a week or so after it, you decided to work on two projects?

M: Well, I did write I either had to leave it or change my style

M: Also ... a poet may twist his words

T: Explain

%Skit End

Yeah I wrote fucking Last Project

The last poems that you'll ever read from me

But I lied, that's what I did in recovery and yet again

But why put the blame on me?

I've been doing this for three years

You think it's hard to just stop

How can this stupid genius stop talking about being a faggot

How can he stop writing about lagging thoughts

How can he stop writing the depression he can't stop talking about

Repetition getting a competition with the session

Therapy asking me why I'm so depressed

I say I'm needy and like attention

Anything is material for a poet

As long as he can twist his words

Talking about sex when he's a virgin

Just get ideas from the hub

Do you think I would quit for losing shit to write

Get me a pen and a compass

Slash my wrists to lose the stress

Get the blood for the ink

Shit

Reality can be anything in the creativity of my imaginative mind
As long as the astral's approve
The celestials are yours to do how you please
As long as you twist your words
Get your sword from the stone
Be the hero in your world
The world of poetry, it can be
A place to confront your fears
A place to see what makes you happy
Check yourself into self-therapy
"Can't wait for the next session"
Or to talk about the aesthetics of life
Poetry is beautiful
You just need to twist those words

%Skit Begin

T: I see, like figurative devices and such...

M: Exactly, but also just adding some spice in your mix

%Skit End

1.9 Love Pt Fucking Something [E]

%Skit Begin

T: So how many girls or guys have you liked?

M: 30 something or so...

T: Wow, were all your age?

M: Same or older ranging from 1 year to 4 or so

T: Wow, well care to talk about it

M: Fine I'll say fucking something

%Skit Begin

So many parts to talk about beauty

Read all while drinking strawberry milk

Hmmm Love pt 1 has quite a deep line

After pt 3 I lost count

There may be 4 or 6, I wouldn't be surprised if it was 7

Some never being released, not relevant anymore

Mostly when I wasn't talking about her

But a guy craves positivity from someone so much

That when a girl is nice and makes him happy he will like her

She helped me, I fell in love

The other one was nice to talk to

Maybe we should get together

It all started by writing about love for strawberry milk

If you know you know

It was rewritten for her but not originally

We don't say who it was really for

It was a mistake on my part

Too ahead in my romantic mind

I forgot about reality

She was way out of my league
Like shit

You will never know who I really talk about
She may be tomorrow's regret
Or today's love
So beautiful and nice
Humor in her speech
Professional but casual as well
Cute smile, a happy person
Well we all laugh at our pain
But in the end, we are okay

Love isn't fucking something
I hope I'm done writing about love
But I doubt it
A pattern I can't resist to repeat
A mistake never being learned from
When it comes to love
Eh just fuck it
Try your best
Whatever trying your best is

1.10 Lossed Motivation [E]

%Skit Begin

T: How long does it take to write a poem?

M: A couple minutes to a few weeks

M: Love took a day, Turbulence took 2 weeks

T: Interesting, well what causes the difference

M: Ideas, structure and motivation

%Skit End

Motivation is on vacation inside me

It sleeps as I ponder on reality

Subconsciously writing poems

Frustrated with words to phrase what I mean

Making up words of how malified it is to write poems sometimes

A sick joke

Stop calling it Ego, oh god

Fucking fake bitches right

Getting off-topic taking off points in my poems criteria

A goal of perfection of my poetic ideals

You have no idea

Words fighting in an arena

What does cute really mean

Does attractiveness depend on testosterone levels

Or is it psychological

Check in an appointment to ask these questions

Doc can you help me?

%Skit Begin

T: Well there's different ways to perceive it, but perceiving is psychological so that may answer it

T: What happened to talking about motivation?

%Skit End

No energy to say that word
Calculus being delayed for an online presence
Staying static if only I can be dynamic
Writing poems nah I'm stuck in writer's block
Trying to get the cat out of the bag
Not trying to be an idiot with my idioms
I figure using alliteration are also awesome
But bees are hiving around these sentences
I am feeling sentenced to death
So sent me to death row
For speaking my mind in rhymes
Crimes against humanity for speaking out loud
I'm shouting but no one hears me
I scream but silence overtakes their ears
My cause not being an actual clause
Catch me before my pulse ends with my last words
I'm Okay ... overtaking my endings
"Shit get another idea fucking one-liner"
So in the end what wrote last project
The death of my motivation to write poems
Its ending
After the session
I don't know my position in writing poems
Will I continue with skits
Or try to hit a different idea
Get the criteria to cover the leaves in this branch of words
"Shit just write a poem"
Fuck you okay, fuck you
I will grab a thesaurus to get all the synonyms
To write the same meaning of words

Fuck you in a poem

Fake bitch

My lost in motivation ends when I can say shit that excites me

So get me a fucking topic that excites me

%Skit Begin

T: How about religion?

M: You got it

%Skit End

1.11 Lord? [E]

%Skit Begin

M: You asked for this so here you go!

%Skit End

Sufferings cuffing me when I'm doing nothing

Minding my own business

But now I see myself kissing some fucking mythical person's ass

The fuck!

Nah bitch

An itch in my mind I'm scratching

Existence getting confusing when he's in myths

Getting cryptic when there are temples and monuments for someone
we haven't met

Not accepting the possibility of non-existent

Even extra terrestrial is more practical

Don't call me a person who hates religion

Just don't fucking involve me in your shit

Think about how ideologies killed millions

Communism already over 40

So let's ask about religion

Pakistan and India?

Middle East?

Palestine and Israel?

So let's be real you aren't some pure fucking people

Oh those people are different

Only exception being extremists

They just wack

If someone told you, you were wrong

Would you smack them?

Or accept that they have their own idea?

I don't care about who your knees are begging to
Leave me from that fucker

I don't depend all my hope on some whore
He's just fucking us as much as Satan is with our souls
Paining cruelty
I'm trying to hain from it
But I'm getting shit and anxiety
Loosen my rope
Before you decide to hang the witch
The person in mental confinement in a wasted mind
"My emotions are always being used anyways"
Wasted being cascaded to be descending
Begging to be ascending
Oh lord please give me mercy
He's calling for forgiveness
But he isn't being answered
Being left in voicemail killed him
Dependance is dangerous when you're too dependant
So is it worth being independent
Lord?

1.12 Questions/That Person [E]

%Skit Begin

T: If you got to say anything, ask anything what would you say to her

M: Have you ever thought of ending our friendship, what do you really think of me?

T: Is that all?

%Skit End

Have you ever considered leaving our friendship?

Something so special to me, something I tried to fiddle

It's a riddle as I feel stupid to ask

But have you tried to stop caring about this unbalanced emotional mess

If so, I wouldn't blame you

That person that features in many of my poems

The Hailie to Eminem

The Eazy to Dre

The Pac to Snoop

I have a question I've been meaning to ask

Have you ever thought less of me from what I have evaluated so far

Will you be mad if I ask you these questions

I ask what are these feelings

Why am I being less motivated when I'm worried for her wellbeing

Why the fuck should I care about this person

How does her life affect mine

Selfish to selfless

I started caring about you more than me

Shit I started going through problems so I resorted to forgetting

How come love has to be targetted

Embarassed to show my true emotions

I struggle to say you're like a sister to me in real life
I can't say I care about you
I don't know if this is a confession or a breakdown
I'm going through turbulent troubles writing this
Everything coming back when I'm remembering
I struggle to try and talk when I feel like I may be unbalanced again
Off the side like a faggot
Can't choose a side so I go Swiss
I don't even know what I was doing
I told myself to stop caring or there will be consequences
It isn't a demotion I just ...
I just didn't know what I was doing
I have a question
If I left how would you remember me
So lost from social aspects I'm losing it
I already lost it a long time ago
Fuck
I want to tell you my questions
I want to tell you I may be okay
But the problem is
I don't know what the fuck I'm saying

1.13 Impressed/Time [E]

%Skit Begin

T: What do you enjoy about writing poems?

M: Well I've managed to make memories from them, whether I like them or not they teach me

M: Also some old memories are nice to remember

T: Interesting anything else

M: I impressed myself

%Skit End

I looked at nature while going on a memo

Thought I'd make some notes on an anthology

I fell in love with it

I just wanted to say I'm okay

If I was able to tell her I was okay

Our friendship would have been easier

An incompetent writer deciding its time for writing

Not being able to phrase his emotions

Trying to get his mind straight and be kind as well

Man should've just said fuck you to so many

But the reason I was able to write so many poems

My lost motivation

Was that I lost being able to show my poems to a best friend of mine

She loved them

Impressed more then from my last

Saw my poems mature

My self-confidence came back

I dedicated Turbulent Troubles to her

Upset I didn't add Turbulence in the end

I wanted to quit

Imagine writing a whole book based off of something and not even

having it in it
We gotta go back to the classics
I enjoy my old poems
Nostalgia getting my eyes drippy
Man I'm not crying you are
I impressed myself by impressing others
Whether it was teachers
I fucking impressed 'Houn okay
I say that's all I need
But I miss the old days of showing them at lunch with my poem book
How times have changed
They remind me I'm not alone
That people love me
The words went from suicide to recovery
I impressed myself being able to talk about my mental health problems
Admitting I attempted with my own knife
I have nothing more to say to this
Except don't be stupid

1.14 Unarmed Terrorist [E]

%Skit Begin

M: You know what I hate, how the media portrays Muslims

T: As Terrorists, right?

M: Yes but more like every Muslim is either an armed or unarmed terrorist

M: Like shut the fuck up America is supplying the weapons

T: Want to elaborate more ...

M: Sure

%Skit End

Fox is sucking Trumps cock deep throat

This little slut depends on Trump with its authoritarian viewers

Why can't a strong leader be smart as well

With Trump's health he may die like Stalin with an ache at his heart

A narcissist

Is it morally good if he died?

This orange bastard is fighting common sense in an arena

Sat on it and suffocated it to death

Either that or he sent it to Epstein to be raped

Giving the Saudis more weapons and saying Muslims are dangerous

Mosques getting shot, Quebec being a little racist piece of shit

Wow god is doing a good job with his children right?

An unarmed terrorists having to deal with the medias shit

We are powerless against Chinas internment camps

South Asia being in debt to China

The fuck they gonna do to their best friend?

Uighur being treated like a gay Muslim in Saudi Arabia

Tortured, maybe hanged, pulled apart by two horses

Whatever it means for men to have a swordfight while having sex

I ask whats next on the news

%Skit Begin

T: How about the explosion in Beirut

M: An unfortunate incident, take a minute of silence for this tragedy

%Skit End

An explosion we wished was exaggerated

Being heard from Syria

Holy shit

But guess what America blamed it on?

Terrorists

Like holy fucking shit the Middle East war is still happening because
of Americans

You know what fuck it

Ignorant arrogant fuckers won't listen

Why say these obvious clues when these idiots don't know what a
brain is

%Skit Begin

M: I'm just done today...I'm going

T: Come back

M: Fuck this

%Skit End

1.15 Fucking Bitches [E]

%Skit Begin

T: So what do you want to talk about today?

M: Fucking bitches

%Skit End

Hitch a ride and get the fuck outta here

Pulling up to push people around

Go get your ass and kick yourself out

Fucking bitches

%Skit Begin

T: Well . . . could you explain

%Skit End

The bitches that think they're the shit

Ask a lil' poor boy to shine their shoes

For a dime to pay the nickel he owes

Pennies are too much to pay a kid

Call it volunteer hours

Free labor to make carpets in a factory

Enjoying those nice Nike shoes

I bet the kid who made it wish it was his

Soft hands go into hard labor

Enough about the poor talk

The fucking bitches need their attention

Living in luxury

Partying everyday

Not worrying about consequences if it only shows in dollars

If we both killed ourselves

Who would be remembered more
The morals or the popularity
Compassion only translate to the perspective on by the person in question
A slate they carry to show you
But its like Carrey's and Mathers beef
Who the fuck was really moaning
Giving an actual orgasm
Whores getting a bunch of men to try out every type of dick
Shit

Let's go back to the poor
Living in financial distress
I remember doing 5 bucks a month
Now I'm doing 100 with a job I work my ass off on
Dealing with peoples shit
Stupidity not knowing taxes exist
Like holy-
God

%Skit Begin

M: You know what that's it! Okay that's it!

T: Whats it?

M: I'm fucking done talking about this shit, what the fuck am I gonna do about it

M: Go to a bitch and call her greedy or a whore?

T: No, no, this is a place to relieve your stress

M: Really! Because I'm feeling pretty stressed right now!

T: Okay listen here! You got to do 2 more sessions before you're clear

M: YOU GOT TO BE F- kidding me

T: Next meeting prepare your discussion

%Skit End

1.16 The Discussion [E]

Man my whole world is changing
Changing years of style
Adding more characterization
Skits hitting therapy sessions I wish I have discussed about
A made-up person I'm speaking to

%Skit Begin
T: Mr Khan are you okay?
M: I'm okay, just zoned out a bit
T: Well anyways about our previous session
M: I know I went a bit overboard
%Skit End

Zoning phases bypassing reality
Imagination getting creative of how to fuck with my mind
Discussions getting hallucinations
Is it me or is it getting shady over here?
We all have our own darkness
"Hello darkness my old friend"
Can nightmares end if you can dream
Happiness ain't happening now
Pushing reality to its limits
It's getting crazy in my conscious now
I'm told to worry
But now I'm told it's all okay
Its time to have a discussion but is it to a professional or this therapist
He's effective
But the only problem is he doesn't exist

%Skit Begin

T: Mr Khan can you hear me

T: Listen to me, you got to believe what's right and what's wrong

T: Don't believe in irrational beliefs

M: I . . . I don't know what to think

%Skit End

1.17 Habits [E]

Maybe I should've left the game
I was playing
But only scoring losses
As much as I tried
My habits were dragging me down
The hell I was keeping myself in was finally taking me
Maybe I didn't give up mental illness
This sickness allowed me to write poems
My inspirations coming from my oppressions
Internal conflicts making it into papers
I write then recovery came out
Made me realize how stupid I was being
But then I went behind it's back and relapse came
I warned myself, and last project came out
The truth is ...
The sessions came out not only because I struggled to try to ask for
help
But because I needed help talking about my problems
Not a real therapist
But to me
The help really worked for me

1.18 Mystery [E]

I always asked myself...
Why the cute girl who made my world into colors
Became so important in my life
Appearing and now I'm pondering upon it
I still remember all the cringey shit I did when I liked her
Confessions in letters
Waiting for her at the bus stop
Ah shit
As much as I hated them, they got us closer
Problem is, I always struggled expressing emotions to her
Sessions asking why
Trying to act like a *Catcher in the Rye*
Keeping the innocent, innocent
But I fell off the edge
Breakdowns leaving me in turbulent troubles
The mystery in who she is boggles me
I try to toggle into it
From someone I fell in love with
To someone I matched the role of sister to
But brothers tell sisters their problems
Anxiety coming up to me
Random jealousy in the mix
Overloaded with emotions I say fuck it to the conversation
Ended up in sessions
I just want to say it
I just want to shout it
The mystery I'm shrouded with
I wish I can clear this fog that hides me away

1.19 Last Session [E]

I got voices in my head telling me what's right and wrong
I'm feeling like a ding dong trying to know which knob opens the right
door

Poor at listening

Having to make up a person for all the warnings I tell myself

So I can tell him to shut the fuck up

Therapy is not going too happily

Not wanting memories made to be forgotten remembered

Ah shit

I'm trying to figure myself out

Before I make a decision that goes all out

Getting mad at therapy like Nard Dog

I feel like punching a wall

Problems pointing problematic flaws in my personality

Problems evolving into bigger situations

Just tell her!

Never!

%Skit Begin

T: Do you remember why you first sent here?

M: My attempt

T: No, you were scared about it and had to tell someone in your an-
thology

M: Right, that's when I started using poems for coping!

%Skit End

How could I try giving up a passion of mine

Suicide becoming a classical nostalgia

Give me enough time and a new book will be made about it

Last project to the last session
Do I really need therapy
Stressed about school when I'm mentally unbalanced to it
I care about her
But I may need to demote this promotion that was nominated
I hated caring about people
But now I miss people
I love them with all my heart
Trust them until I go into rust
But
How long will it last
It could be as thin as a thong
With more and more fakes
Trust is going on a diet
Celiac is making it skinny
Problems turning into jokes
Man my life is so funny, I'm the host of this circus
I'm trying to get Pac in my head
Turbulent troubles getting me high on mental illnesses
Will death be brought by homicide or suicide
I'm reading Mustafiz and now I'm in the same situation
WAKE ME UP

But who am I supposed to be speaking to?
The cute girl who made my world go into colors?
Be quiet
Sshhhh
Be quiet
Soft speech slows down breakdowns
Break down the wall that's blocking me to speak the truth
I'm spitting but it's not leaving my mouth
I don't know what's happening

Reality not being real with all the craziness happening
Is Trump real?
He looks like a saggy rump
A rapist in description
His fat ass probably trying to push pussies his way
Oh shit
Dumb asses trying to get us killed because they can't put on a mask

My mind confusing itself with its own riddles
Little to all clueless
I hold my hand hoping to remember myself
I question who's holding my hand
A fish caught in it's own net
Am I off topic again?

%Skit Begin
T: You talk a lot don't you?
M: Not in enough in some circumstances when needed to
T: Tell her the truth why don't you
M: Get a lecture nah man
T: Haven't those lectures helped you?
M: Well ...
T: Then what's the problem
M: I'm scared okay, I'm scared
T: About what?
%Skit End

I'm scared about having to talk about the same conversation again
Redundancy is becoming my poetic currency
I'm currently not sure what to expect
Relapse relapsing the times I've fucked up
Fuck poems stop writing, fuck!

Revealing slits under my watch
Do you know what time it is?

%Skit Begin
T: Time to talk to her?
%Skit End

Am I going crazy
Schizophrenic needing this imaginary asshole telling me what to do
Nash is telling me it's going to be all right
His will breaking out of his own craziness
It's going to be all right, right?

It will never be!
Stress will clobber and chew you for dinner!

I'm being feasted upon
Satan having a buffet with the breakdowns I'm experiencing
Stress is becoming a distress I'm trying to push back
I'm lacking motivation to share my problems
Poems making it so easy
But when I say it I only say gibberish
Self-therapy getting more dependent
Music getting louder to null the voices inside
Gotta love the chronic tunes
I'm trying to tune these thoughts out of my head
Trying to head in the right direction
Is my path highlighted
Or am I supposed to improvise this?
Freestyling becoming native to me
But how can I be free
If insanity is always behind me!

%Skit Begin

T: You know the answers to your problems, you recovered already

M: So why can't I solve them?

T: Maybe the problem is you don't want to

%Skit End

Chapter 2

Alter Ego

2.1 Fuck it! [E]

%Skit Begin

M: I would like to announce my new book, Alter Ego?

Public: Well what's it about?

M: Psychoanalytic theory and me quitting

Public: That's it ...

M: What do you mean? I worked very hard on this

Public: You always try to quit then release a new book, just make your decision!

M: You know what, my decision is ...

Public: What!

%Skit End

Fuck it

I have no words to say to the public

I rather stay silent like a ninja

Stay out of sight

Instead of fuckers always bothering me

I tried quitting
But words mixing with my hidden anger
I feel like I just have to say something

So yeah fuck it
That's what she's saying when you go insert it
Would you like to confirm your purchase?
Men are a horny mess
If you need any blood
Get it from the boner from their penis
Just kidding
The thing is the word penis sounds disgusting
A Soft and squishy word
So instead we describe with a nice K
Dick!
Don't get it?
Maybe that's why some choose to do drugs
To give the chronics a little trial
Some hoodlums trying to act all gangsta
Like rap was to make gangsters
Never thinking it might've gotten them out of it
Fucking dumbasses
I got nothing to say to these idiots
Middle age women making me feel endangered
Because their first option of sitting might give me covid
Fuck outta here .

Fuck it
I'm trying to find the words of what to say
I'm squabbling trying to find them in scrabble
I'm dribbling and trying to shoot
Going through the net

I don't play sports
But I think I scored a point
So let me point out the mistakes in this world
While trying to find the something to say
This year's a mess
Governments are being a corrupted mess
Imagine if all people lived freely in China?
Imagine an uncorrupted Lebanon?
Imagine a free America?
Ghetto motherfuckers!
Hidden KKK members!
Listening to rap so they know how to say the word that rhymes with
jigga
Talking about the people from Niger
If you know what I mean
So yeah let me say something
Let's see it will be for now ...
Fuck it!

2.2 K not C [E]

I always wanted to try to act like an MC in poetry
To act like I had something no one else did
Something in literature I'm good in
But I always thought...
If I were to up my game how could I?
How could I be the leaders of these Khans that MC's connote as

Hmm ...how about this
K not C because that's no longer me
I'm the Master of the Khans
The leader leading through the empathy of your shoes
But you wish your shoes were mine Because now I'm wearing yours
You want your stuff back but now its priced
I'm not this boring old poet
I got charm
I got rhymes that are now scrabbling through your mind
I'm trying to be kind, can you ask yourself this

What is more scary?
The KKK or CCC
K is just more powerful
I ain't calling myself a racist
Because if I was then sinful perspectives would be for the white people
abusing
I'm this poet that's writing the poet's poems
Are you sitting tight because the line is almost there for you
But are you here for me or am I to you
It's getting confusing when the material this is being written on
Is one you can't see
It's because its the vision I see

The only other to one see this is my alter ego
He's too quiet for this poem but wait, for he will come
Because if you C me then ask me if I'm oK
Don't think I'm aiming to be the MC of poetry
No I'm not quitting until I reach the MK
So whoever doesn't believe in me, fuck you!
I'm the MK of poetry

2.3 Beautiful [E]

I always wanted to let you know you are beautiful
For any demon who says otherwise
Fuck them and they go to the deepest part of hell!
Sorry this mania is making me a maniac
Anyways what was I saying again
Oh yes
You're beautiful
A butterfly fluttering its own wings
An independent women finding her way in this world
Find yourself crude in this cruel world
Don't fall in the traps this world has
Girls trying to act all thick, sticking out their asses and asking why
we looking
It's hard to avoid when you seem to want to show it.
Don't be stupid like these TikTok idiots
I know I'm being overprotective
But I can't stop it when I care about people
You don't need popularity to be beautiful
You don't need to look like an Instagram model
You don't need to change to affect my decision
The thing is ... its not even your looks I'm seeing
Your personality is all I really care about
I don't care about an attractive person if she's an asshole
Next time you want to look pretty
Ask yourself
Is it the makeup?
Or is it the personality?

2.4 Believe [E]

%Skit Begin

Public: What are the next steps that you see in your future?

M: Next steps? Well I mean ... try and completely recover

Public: Is that all?

M: Yes, now please leave me alone!

Public: How will you do it, how will you!

%Skit End

I always wanted to ask?

Did you believe in me when the pit fell on me

Did you believe in me when quitting was the only option I was considering

Not being able to see my own vision

Something getting into nothing but redemption

My alter ego is telling me otherwise

I feel like I have something to redeem, when I never earned anything

If I ever earned a nickel for each time I discussed about suicide in my poems

I would make something off of poetry

A capitalist growing in my mind

Why give for free?

I ask do you believe in me?

When I get my high off of my inconsistent mania

I'm only seeing people worrying for me

I'm seeing myself be insane off of thoughts

Too into my mind

To not see I'm not being seen kindly

Fuck!

I ask do you believe in the stupid genius
As I write the poet's poem
Were you waiting in line?
Did you strap in
Or did you let go when I wrote ego
Egos taking over my psyche
I feel like I'm a moving hypocrite
Because I'm only vomiting words I've already said
Repetition getting more and more hungry in my career
The poet's poem is getting disappointed in my production
I only ask
If I had something to prove to you
If poems were my only thing to worry
Only thing in my mind that was running around
Do you believe in me?

2.5 Recovery [E]

I'm asking myself if I would like to recover
My alter ego is altering my thoughts
Sending me to the alter to pray
I ask the lord for help
His son has returned for forgiveness but rejected nah
I didn't mean to even go back
Maybe he wanted me back...

Recovery going temporary because suicide kept coming into my poetry
Tomorrow's promise premising in my sleep
The sessions showing me the truth I was trying to hide
This id trying to take over my ego
My rationality becoming irrational
How could I be so oblivious to the truth
I was distracted, too easily fooled
I became soft and my hard spot became too exposed
It's like Kim's nude
Which one?

I'm asking myself if I can be fine
Then he asks me if I want to be?
Issues going into tissues
Reality is getting too imaginary, I ask...

Do you believe in me with my recovery?
Did you ever think how I would be without my mania?
How I would be without my quick mood swings?
Mentally stable to be unable to socialize
I'm just trying to understand the person behind this body
My mind so extraordinary

Quick to understand
Like how I can understand how fucking stupid others are
Recovery revealing repetitions
Because parts and parts can't reveal I'm a pussy with my problems
I'm getting complaints about the words I say
Cunts are saying sometimes I go too far with my imagination
And yes I do

I think about all the possibilities
Erase them so the one I say is the only one
Parallel to the unparalleled truth
I'm a fucking fool for thinking you understood me
Wheres my therapist?
It's time for another session
I'm getting crammed as my conscious is getting too full
Recovery trying to reveal a new something
So something is trying to say one thing
Recovery will soon be permanent
And when it does
I will be the best poet who ever lived
The MK of poetry to be exact

2.6 Nice

I'm trying to act all nice to all my problems
Just smiling and waving
I'm crying and sobbing
None of the tears are dissolving
Because I'm trying to resolve all of this anger into poems
I'm getting upset . . . just be nice
Just be Mustafif
Act like an acoustic with no lyrics
I can't speak when all I want to do is scream my heart out
But it feels out
My alter ego
He's telling me to get out
But now I can't shout
Sleep paralysis getting me in a static mode
My brain is lagging to my lagging thoughts
I'm trying to be nice
No swearing because I'm just so innocent
No sex in my thoughts, just flowers
I'm a coward who can't say his problems
Nice to try and hide my problems in a bowl of icing
Trying to be all perfect when I'm the most flawed one
I'm talking to myself and asking for help
If I really needed help, the sessions part 2 would have comed out
My heart is racing it's own marathon out
I'm exhausted, breathing heavily
Better get me a cup of tea before I freak out
The only clean poem because I'm trying to be all nice
But that just isn't me
Get ready for my alter ego
His slumber awakes the next poem

2.7 Alter Ego [E]

I want to tell you I'm okay
As if today was the best version of me
I wish I can see through the tears I'm weeping
I wish I could tell you the truth but lying is running through my veins
This bigotry will be the end of me
This madness has it's own entity
I call it my alter ego
He's right behind me, the shadow that chases me

Get this fucker in the van and feed him candy
Kidnapping thoughts I'm making him feel insanity in his own memories
Altered to perfection
I send him to the alter
Ask him if he still believes in god
"NEVER, STOP IT!"
Stop! Stop it!
I'm asking for mercy to my own self
People looking at me like why this fucker is talking to himself
I talk to my therapist, he says relapse is coming back
So I checked myself into the sessions
A book into a play
I'm writing about my own ignorance
So I decided to talk to her and tell her my problems
Again...
If this fucker would be more compliant
I would be more at ease in life
Doubts are making me want to drown myself
Oh fuck!

Six sickening thoughts he feeds me
Six, people can be trusted
Five, there isn't a margin of error for everything
Four, cutting off of social ties doesn't make death easier
Three, suicide isn't the answer
Two, depression can be recovered from
And one, he doesn't need me!
I'm the one he relies on
Feeding him the answers to his math problems
The genius of the stupid genius
All this fucker can do is smile and wave
I'm the inner core of him
The MK of poetry
The alter ego is nothing but an illusion
I'm the id trying to take over his identity
I'm telling him to move the fuck out but now he's pushing back

I would be better off without this ego
I'm telling myself its the fucking bitches that ruined my trust
It's this world that made me suicidal
People addicted to drugs in high school
The fact that you need drugs to make you happy
Makes you more depressed than I
Fucking rather kill myself than do weed

The stupid genius with yet another poem about depression
I ask myself if this recovery will happen
I tell myself ...
It will if I want it to
Anxiety is becoming less of a problem
More like a small inconvenience
Attacks feeling mild

Until it makes me want to faint
Then that's when I know I need a break
Trying to get into rapping bars
But not lose my morals in poems
Erotica becoming beautiful
Because I rather tell a girl she's beautiful than makes me hor-
Horror stories always telling us about scary experiences
This ego is becoming my demon
A spirit trying to possess me
But now in pushing back
Alter ego telling you the flaws in my personality
Now I only ask
Who's your alter ego?

2.8 Message [E]

I want to send a message
Words I want to convey to you
My plane crashed
Now my last words are in a black box
I forgot the message

Turbulent troubles troubling my psyche
I'm trying to speak but I'm stuck
A little bit of light in my pathway
I try to peek into it
A little creak in the pit in which I fell
Relapsing getting into my time lapse
An hour glass counting the grains
I don't have much time left
Before depression takes over my mind
I'm trying to find true happiness
Its not chasing my heart through bitches
It's not from love poems about my lonely self
It's not about my psychoanalytic beliefs
Maybe Freud was telling the truth
Maybe he had a point in his wrong theories
No experimental evidence
Except the experiments I put myself to
Figments in my head
If I could see them, call me schizophrenic
The therapist is trying to reach me
Hes trying to help the problem I don't want help for

%Skit Begin

T: Mustaff what's going on! Are you okay?

M: I just don't know what to think anymore...

T: Please explain, I can't help without getting more of an idea of what's happening

M: I'm losing myself to me!

T: Please go on further

%Skit End

Two sides on a mirror, each reflection different

I'm losing my associations with simulations

Craving loneliness

I'm looking at a river and its dragging me

Drowning myself to death

Suicide is getting harder to avoid when the rope is already on

My message is coming to the time of death

Its coming soon...

I must remember before my carcass is 6ft underground

Before my body finally goes to the hell it deserves to be in

My sins being forgiven by the eternal torture called life

C'mon what was it!

%Skit Begin

T: Mustafif are you okay, what's going on with you? What's going in your mind!

M: Just let me think! You don't even exist, you're just a voice telling me what she would probably say!

T: Figure it yourself then...

M: Wait come back!

%Skit End

I can't stand losing the people I care about

I can't stand to lose

When winning feels so nice doing

The poet's poem will never stand to such a challenge
Egos and identities fueling poetry
Getting cocky is natural for the gender with cocks
The stupid genius stands to put his pen down for the last time
Last project getting more and more in my mind
My message is
I'm done talking when nothing is being heard
Sometimes talking to others is more lonely than with yourself
When they aren't listening
Loneliness crippling confidence
But this is confidential
So we say fuck it to therapy
The sessions is catching up
Turbulent troubles talking about egos
I'm looking into sinful perspectives
Because alter ego is taking over something
I don't know what to say except we are all screwed
Fuck you
Fuck toxic waste known as gossip bitches
I'm hitching a ride with an emotional drive
Mood swings going left to right
Who's right at this point
Points being left behind
I'm trying to figure what the fuck I'm gonna say
Trying to make my poetry unique
I'm not sure if my body is related to my thesis anymore
Now I'm teething my words to the person who sees me dead
I say ...
The message, I can't decode it
Till tomorrow's promise passes me

Chapter 3

Poet's Poems

3.1 A Long Time Ago

A long time ago I started writing poems
From words in my mind
They started going on for pages and pages
Trying to make a story out of these rhymes
They all started adding up
A long time ago, I started writing poems
Days and days writing like a mass-producing machine
Inspiration and motivation coming so easily obtained
Because depression was so evident
My poems going on for what felt like years
I didn't want to stop talking
Now I'm feeling stuck
But more free than ever
The poet's poems are coming back
Just like before
A long time ago

3.2 Something [E]

Something coming from nothing
I'm asking myself questions that are coming from my mind
But nothing comes to mind so I act kindly with a smile and nod
I ask what's the next thing coming for me in poetry
What's the story I would present to the tomorrow
Will it be another story about my suicidal conquest
Or about the end of it with a recovery that's sums it all
I ask what's after the sessions when I finally talk about therapy
Wheres my dignity going to leave me
Will it leave me with no virginity
Who knows
The future is its own adventure slowly unraveling
I'm trying to ask what's else is there
What's happening after if
What if I quit poetry
Fucking give up on this shit
Leaving it all up to my motivation - inspiration
Because life is just an equation we are trying to solve
As I think about my next thought
I leave you reading about something

3.3 I Wonder [E]

I always wonder if I didn't have turbulent troubles where I'd be
I always wondered if the events that happened in my life didn't align
I always wonder what lessons I would be given if I wasn't given the
pain to learn it
I always wonder . . .
What if I never wrote poetry

Poetry being a form I express myself in
Hello, I'm Mustafif Khan
I'm writing the poet's poems
The best collection out of all the poems I've written so far
I'm upping my game so I can be the MK,
Master of Khans
A leader of a leader, how much power can I try to achieve
I wonder if I didn't make the friends I did where I would be
If I chose to be with fake bitches
I'm giving less of a shit to what I say because I don't plan on caring
anymore
You can hate me and I'll just shrug
Ain't my problem
Actually if you hate me, expect to be in my next poem book
Because I really don't give a shit

I wonder...
What if I had to be accepted by everybody
A voodoo doll controlling me
It's hanging from the ceiling
Oh please give me mercy, peer pressure is fucking me up
It's like a dad with the hot babysitter
We know who she's really taking care of

Trying to not be objective
But people just want to be a hoe now
Just stop being so open about your horniness
I wonder if I stayed innocent how out of it I would be
I wonder if I didn't write I'm okay
If I would be
I wonder if I didn't tell a lie, if I would be honest to you now
I'm wondering but now I'm at a conclusion
That if my life didn't align that it had
Then that scoliosis would fuck me up
For all the pain I went through
All the turbulent troubles
Was to fix me up for the future
Mistakes teaching me lessons I'm being tested on
Give me the fucking exam
I've been studying my whole life
I've been wondering my whole life how it would turn out
Turns outI no longer relate to turbulent troubles anymore

3.4 Blessed

My name is Mustafif Khan
And I'm blessed in life
Lucky to have the family and friends I have
I forget why I was depressed in life
I went through suicidal behaviour early in life
I'm glad I did as it made me value myself
I feel blessed because I know what's right and wrong
For my sight in reality isn't disillusioned by the illusions I was casting
on my eyes
I see the truth and brutality of reality
But instead of running, I face it head-on
I feel blessed for the people I decide to surround myself with
Love is a strong emotion we don't know much of
One thing I know about it is...
It made my life a blessing to live in

3.5 Doc Talk (Skit)

T: So what brings you here in today?

M: If I'm happy then why do I have trouble believing it

T: Well if you were in a constant state of negativity, then you aren't used to the change of mentality

M: Well how do I adjust to this positive state

T: Well, you got to just smile every once in a while, joke around and be a little chill backed

M: Hmmm okay, I'll give it a shot

3.6 Ask

I ask what's happening

Nothing to do with their happiness

Sadness has taken over their minds

Nothing too kind

I ask hey do you need any help

Nothing to understand, so I say welp

They act like a piece of a lonely fish

Do you need help swimming

Or is nothing going on?

I only ask to make sure

But nothing is sure for itself

Errors all around something so perfect

We can only sum up what's integral to us

So I only ask

What's integral to you?

3.7 Remember [E]

Remember when times were simpler
We got each other shoes when we were in trouble
But then you became a bastard
Then I thought to myself how I got to be friends with this asshole
I believed in you but now you're one of the bitches I hate with my
guts
Because their spilling out when I cut myself at the stomach
Get rid of celiac by myself
Yeah fuck it I'm done waiting for a cure
I'm lured to believe in dreams
Because if you don't have any you're living a life with nightmares
Remember when suicide used to tremble me
But now its trembling beneath me
My ego stronger than my id
You can say I know how to identify myself
And its definitely not someone who's with assholes
Because I have dignity unlike your non existent virginity
Cunt that's all I got to say
I'm trying to fix my problems with a wrench not a wench
I'm not trying to be rude
But it's kind of hard to avoid when it's so true
That this crude behavior is getting me so high on synonyms
Sprinkle some cinnamon on this cinnamon bun that's so sweet to eat
Digest the words I'm saying because I don't really know how it's going
to sound in your mind
But it sounds so nice in mine
So just remember one thing
When you left, I didnt turn back

3.8 Lost and Found [E]

A useless fucking shit
A faggot ready to die
Should I even bother getting up
Lie down, fucking ready to die
Nothing to cry about
How could I not shout?
When I'm buried 6ft alive

Wait what the fuck
Mustafif! What are you saying?
I don't know! My mind is lagging
Sagging on overtalked thoughts
I'm losing control
These thoughts are dragging me down
I'm a useless fucking shit...

Wait its fucking ...
These thoughts are fucking with me
Raped by suicide
I can't hide cuts, expose them like a slut
I hate to admit it, but I'm lost
My anxiety is like a roller coaster
It's fucking accelerating
I'm at a position I may be able to differentiate myself
Running from emotion to emotion
A crash course for a breakdown
I think I'm starting to get it

I can only frown, this is tiring me
Let me lie down

Lost in emotions, help me before I'm
Before...
Before I'm ... I'm something
I'm stuck on this word...
Wait!
It's stuck, I'm fucking stuck help me
Find me before I'm lost in my own insanity
Laughing like a maniac is my new form of entertainment
Help me before I find maggots in my head
Lead from a bullet
A shovel beside a hole
I'm starting to feel cold
My thoughts are staring to go frozen
Lagging in thoughts
I'm running like a windows computer

Did I already say I'm missing?
Kidnapped in my own insanity?

Sanity is a necessity
Boring! I rather be scoring with million of ideas
Craziness is an adventure
I'm packing my bags, ready to leave any minute
Normality is a social construct
Insanity doesn't exist
Superficial, artificial, crucial
I'm lost because I can't find my home
I don't know where I'm from
Am I a boy or girl
A pussy in life or a dick to others
I'm kinda sure I don't have a vagina
Lost in uncertainties

I'm certain of it
Because being blue bounces bullshit
Nothing to be agreed
Polar thoughts, an alter ego
A fucking slim shady!
My memories are fading
Today I may be lost
Tomorrow I may be found
But if not ...
Then I've sought to see tomorrow's promise

3.9 Turbulently Troubled

It's getting troubling in here
I ask if I'm worthy to be in the presence to myself
After all the mistakes and errors I've made
Can he forgive me
For as I grow older, so does my lessons
I can still remember dealing with the grief that stroked me
I can still remember when my life turned upside down
It's when my plane crashed on me
The time my message went into a black box
Something to speak for me
I wanted to stay silent
The silent killer was my own thoughts
Cuts on my wrists turned into a fashion of satisfaction
I wished I didn't have it as an addiction
The more I did, the more I learned of the perfect pressure
I pressured myself to torture myself in my dreams
I was different so why not prepare for abandonment
I'm trying to figure out my own proposition
My own proposal to my pain
As aid hid in my thoughts
I locked myself up and when I thought I wanted it
It fucked me up now I can only test you to see if I trust you
But these tests left you with less trust towards me
I ask you for forgiveness as I didn't know what was happening
I was distracted by myself
I don't forgive myself
I can't forgive the turbulently troubled thoughts

3.10 The Interview (Skit)

Interviewer: If you got to say something to the public, what would it be?

M: I mean I'm not sure, I mean stay well?

Interviewer: Anything about mental wellbeing?

M: If suicide is your only answers, then you've barely have been looking at answers!

Interviewer: Well said, well this concludes our interview

3.11 Trust Me and You [E]

I never wrote poems to encourage suicidal actions
I never wrote turbulent troubles to say god didn't exist
I never wrote to tell people they are wrong
I always wanted to express the opinion never speaking
The artistic side of me painting with words
I always wanted to say suicide wasn't the way
Tomorrow's promise shouldn't be the tomorrow you should be sleeping
to
I'm asking you to wake up but when I'm holding your arm
Its covered with blood from cuts
I'm crying, freaking out of what's happening
Anxiety racing my heart to the extremes
I'm shouting but it's not being heard
I'm trying but it seems to not be enough
My tears are dripping, I'm dropping on the floor
Fuck!
If suicide were to happen I wouldn't know what I would do
It took me years to find my happiness
I'm not saying its quick but time finds it's way
Trust me, you need to...
Love yourself
Believe in yourself
And most importantly trust yourself

3.12 Next Day [E]

They say the next day will be better than the last one
Bullshit
People are giving you shit for the crap you give
Sometimes people's goal is to ruin your day
A Monday possessed in a person
No more boomer talk except we can't sound like them
Until we say our generation is the worst
But they got a point
We got it too easy now because people have advanced
But if we have advanced how come it seems to be going backwards?
Kids are choosing to stay in their own Neverland
Even as the grow up
Their minds aren't evolving
They're staying as stupid fucking wenches
Cunts are trying to commit suicidal stunts
Let see if I'll live if I fall off a roof
Let's see how I do in a fight today
How about I never shut the fuck up
How come I need all this attention
A fucking little boy in a grown-up body
It's like they got ADHD in an angry mind
I'm trying to figure out me and me is trying to figure out the figuring
Too confusing to try and explain
So I'll leave it alone for another time
Just leave it off
Because if it can't be done today
Then there's a next day waiting

3.13 The Interview Part 2(Skit)

Interviewer: Well Mustafif, several times you have complained about writer's block in your books, yet many of your poems ever produced are in these books.

M: Well, its not production, its ideas, I admit recycling ideas, and I depend on references. The thing is after a little frenzy, I'll need another inspiration to get myself motivated again.

Interviewer: I see, well...anything else you would like to say about writer's block?

M: Well hmm...ummm ... ah...I mean...y'know...ummm...

3.14 Words [E]

I'm thinking of words to say
But the next day I'm sinking in my own thoughts
They are falling crawling to the drawer Where my imagination lives
I'm thinking but it leads to nothing
It's like telling the government to give us a plan
But instead they tell the women to go back to the kitchen
Their goal is to go backwards so when we say we want to go forward
We end up going to the same spot we were at
I'm not advancing to this advancement my ego has placed me on
I've given me a trophy that I awarded myself
It's true I may be a fool in this
But I ain't new, my say sees a cruel fish
I'm just trying to swim away from all of this
Because too much is happening at once
Not once did you try to heed my words
When I asked you to
Because when I am spitting you're just sitting

Like a lazy ass little bitch
My stitches on my wrists are starting to get heavy with my watch on
Look at the time
This poem is still going on
But I'm not able to think of the words to make this
But never mind about that because I use this to talk to everyone
Here's me with no censors because I'm not sensing what's right and
wrong anymore
It's like wearing a thong in the living room
You're living so gives a shit!
The words are coming soon to the poet's poems
He's developing his best book to be coming out
That's because I got the words I want to say
They're um a fuck and fuck you
I ain't giving a shit
Poetry going into nothing but words
Because they're going blah blah blah
A little la dee da
If you're a poet these rhymes are natural to nail
Instead you ran out and now you're getting nailed
No sex without consent
Because no means no
So before I leave all I want to ask is:
Are you ready for the poet's poems?

3.15 Poet's Poem (Original) [E]

I started writing when I was sad
Get an idea whenever I felt bad
I never really valued myself
On behalf of me I dedicate poems to those who showed me my value
It was a clue left for me
So, I can see
That there's more to me
And that I have a dream, I can believe
I write poems
Give my hand freedom to write
Endings clashing as my thoughts come to sight
I want to show you my talent
So, as you read on, I'll leave you silent
I couldn't believe I am who I am
This sleeve this world puts on me makes me want to cry
To be deceived, as feelings are twirled, I see the fakes that come at me
He who is the one wouldn't love if loving was the key to money
As solidarity mental confinement can leave a man begging on his knees
Please oh god please as he begs for mercy, but what he can't see
Was the lord and Savior he believed in made him blind
That towards all his kindness, god never existed
He was always free, but this pain fell to his legs
As when he begs it's for nothing but comfort
That kind of sorts kept fucking with his mind
It was a sign to him
That a poet's poem can mean a lot, but for you to listen
Please get in line, fasten your seat belts because the story has only
started

3.16 Stupid Genius [E]

It's the fucking stupid genius
Ahead in the next section we all ask the logic in Repulicans
Closet rapists
Because the only thing they're fucking doing
Is their secretary!
I'm just saying imprisonment will be as good as Trilogy
No idea what I'm saying
Just call me a philosophy
I have opinions I want to discuss

Let's talk about the waste trash we call this new generation
Fortnite is the only thing running in their mind
It has enough space because it has nothing else
I ask why people are doing stupid challenges
It's because they don't have any other challenge in life
So grab a knife and just to do the deed to get some idea of hard life
Suicide has become a joke in a teenage life
A trend that's being followed upon
I ask where's the joke in the blood being spilled
I ask where's the joke in the nightmares that haunted me for years
I ask but they can't answer
I was too ahead of myself
I forgot they can't stay attentive
Send them to military so they can get the discipline their parents
should've done
"oH My iT Is JuSt AbUsE"
Sensitive bitches
You just don't know shit
Fucking smack them to their senses

The stupid genius I got that name
Because as smart I am, I can make the stupid choices
You can say it's a mistake
But I call it a lesson
Teach me the next section so I can prepapre myself
Too slow bitches
Give me the controls and I'll show you how it's done
The stupid genius giving his lecture
The professor dream because learning is his passion
Poetry is all about learning from your past work
I ask if I'm Okay
I ask if recovery has been working
I ask because asking has no consequences
Every action has a price
But asking is the freebie because we are the curious species
We try and ask all the questions possible
Then we look at the impossible and convert it to our understanding
So now the impossible is possible in our own perspective
Burn it up we can find our way back again
The stupid genius talks about the blessing of science
The only stupid thing in this poem is those who don't believe in its
reality

3.17 Republicans [E]

The minorities are being oppressed by Republicans
I ask do I have Pac in my head
He's been warning us about this even when he's dead
Street violence and drug problems
A consequence of the government's ignorance
Give everyone their rights because they should already have it
Now we ask what's your plan on replacing Obama care
He says he's got a better plan
His plan is ...
Rely on Gods plan because he doesn't plan on doing shit
Trump will be fucking our corpse
Because as long as it's on the earth
He will want to fuck it
Republicans are closet perverts
Not the one who are lowkey they like tits and asses
No they're the ones who rape their secretaries in the closet
If they didn't they'd have to go to other ways of dealing with their
boners
Gaining power from dead black bodies
The police are their minions
The hitmen in the law
White people acting superior when they're the minorities
Acting defensively they retaliate by fucking us over
So to these nationalistic assholes
I welcome you to hell where you definitely belong
Even Satan is afraid of you
Not because of anything with strengths
But how fucking stupid you are

3.18 Silent [E]

Talk slow and steady
If you don't keep your hands steady on the wheels
He'll pull you out
Push you against the car
Put the cuffs, even if you have rights
Innocent to the bone
In the eyes of the laws
Your colour is what makes you a criminal
They tell you to shut the fuck up
"Stay silent you fucking minority!"

Oppression being solved by opioids
No more pain when your thoughts aren't yours anymore
Selling drugs because it's the only option
Even welfare is too rich for you to get
The depression leading to tomorrow's promise
We ask . . . how do we fix this?
They say, we got a plan
Get more cops to fuck you up!

Arrests with no reason
Racism is getting people innocents raped with no questions
Because as long as you have colour, the penis can enter anywhere
Fuck condoms do it raw
They saw all lives matter
Then what about Trump's or Hitler's?
I say if you have logic
We ask to help the people who needs help the most
Something that should've been fixed a long time ago
But now time is still going on and nothing has been changed

Because even Obama wasn't able to help

We preach but no one is listening

We ask what we said

It's like asking the kid in the class what the teacher said

He doesn't know shit because he wasn't paying attention

Now he says the problem isn't necessary

I ask what's more necessary

Money or lives

Nothing about right or left

But a moral question

Because if you said money

Then can we arrest you for fucking murder

I ask if the cops heard when he said he couldn't breath

Repetitions as he's struck on the floor by a knee

We take a knee and pray for people's protection

Corruption leading to monsters

How can we trust the law enforcement after these murders

More need of social workers dealing with people's trauma

Mosques being shot because some Arabs are fucking our image

But no one is complaining that Americans are locking up children

Or how Canada is still discriminating the First Nations

They're choosing pipes rather than them

Economy is more important than the lively innocents

Black Lives Matter because they need our help more than ever

I want to help my own way

I'm doing what I do best

Writing poems about the imprisonment of others

We are being silenced in our own mental confinement

Send me to the detention for re-education if I'm speaking too much

I got words and I have a platform

Now they're going together against the silence of minorities
So I speak against these racists
Because fuck those little cunts
Staying silent is yesterdays motto
Today's motto is speak your heart out against these motherfuckers

3.19 Another Poem [E]

Another poem about stupid mother fuckers
Trump has Corona
Gets what he wants, will America be serious
Will anyone be?
I'm not dating until someone takes me seriously
Because at this point I'm trusting my instincts instead of others
I don't have anything against people
Except that, well they're people
Complex creatures
Psychology is struggling to explain how stupid people have become
Video games, technology
How about we are being easy on these fuckers

Like oh my god like I can't like wait to play Fortnite
Trolling children, overdramatic brats
Parents better start disciplining before I smack this fucker
Actions come with consequences understand that
Nothing comes for free unless you're a cheeky person like me
Everyone is preferring these fake thick ass girls
If Kylie showed her brain more than her ass
Maybe her fans can get grades that don't mean they're failing
Self-conscious about what I need to wear next
I'm sorry but I don't care as much as you do
So sorry that I'm not wasting my time
A nice plain t-shirt from George is all I need
I don't need to waste money on looking something I'm not

Dumbasses not paying attention to school
Call themselves flat earthers
Go on TikTok and commit suicidal challenges

Oh it's for the viewers
Let me overdose
Have a hard time breathing
Get Trump an inhaler
Then me, anxiety is getting on my mind
A puff used to get off it because I thought asthma took my lungs
Accidental uses
Another poem let's see
The poet poems is judging my work
Is this rhyming enough
Am I in spirit with my vanguard in Cray
In the shadow realm, I lost a duel with Yugi
The Pharoah is showing me the heart of the cards
Now I'm drawing the next card of life
Will it be another case of relapse
Locked up in the sessions again
No
Its enjoying poems again
Another poem to remind me
One of the loves of my life
The poems that take the words out of my mouth

3.20 I Have a Dream

I got a dream that politics would be a lot smarter than it is
I have a liberal democratic dream
Not the eternal one that tortured me for years
I have a dream that anything was possible as long as you can put your
finger on it
I had a dream suicide wasn't a problem anymore
That people learned that we love them and asked them to stay with
us
I have a dream I wish would be true

I pray for the minorities to deal with this majority being abusive
An abusive marriage and when the cops get called
They start shooting the innocents and say they are terrorists
I ask why life is being a stab in the back with its knife
A sharp blade injected
I pray for mercy and its not being granted to the ones that need it
I have a dream people would understand why black lives matter mean
It's quite obvious all lives are equal
But its goal is to help the ones who need it the most right now
Because if a 5-year-old being arrested isn't cruel
Then I'll call you a KKK member
Go ahead whole that cross
I have a dream extremists wouldn't exist
I only wish the best for everyone
I have a dream
The words I say in these poems would be considered

3.21 China [E]

China...

A country I adored since my childhood
The country who dared challenge Genghis
From Song to Yuan
The Mongolians brought a golden age
But now we are at a controversial spot with you
Citizens freedom, covid 19
I ask what's happening?

Let's be honest, there is no government more efficient than China's
There's no mistake a dictatorship is faster
But you're trying to commit genocide on your ancient enemies
The Uighur from the Leo Dynasty
I ask if they're going to be free
I ask if there is anyone we can do for them
Unless you're ready for war, I don't see another option
You can post awareness on Instagram
But what's it going to do
It ain't going to reach the Chinese
It ain't going to change shit
What! Are you expecting Muslim countries to do something?
Most in debt to the titanic country, they wouldn't fuck with their best
friend
So I ask what's happening
It's quite simple
China doesn't want to share their country anymore
They want it all
As much as it hurts
What's there to do?

Now you think they are so bad, but they aren't that different
What about Canada with first nations?
What about America with African-Americans?
History is just repeating itself
This time we are witnessing it

So we ask...
China whatcha tryna do?
People are blaming you for covid!
Whether its natural or human made
It came from Wuhan
But harassing innocents
That's fucking ridiculous
Here's the thing ... they appropriated by trying to contain the city
When it became a pandemic, it was up to the country
And when it came to America
They're trying to rely on Regeneron
Because Trump had it injected in him
The thing is...
I'm not defending their actions
I'm not saying it's okay
But here's my question?
If journalism is banned in China
How are people getting news in Xinjiang?
If the Mongols fought in the Xin Empire
What did Mulan do wrong?
The thing is, everything can be controversial if there's another side to
it
The problem is, for those unaware of politics
You can't change shit without a majority side
When it comes to China ...
You aren't even a percentage

3.22 I Got Questions [E]

I got questions leaving my mind in an instant
Curious to the curiosity humanity is leading
My mind is trying to unravel the novel that's making us so worried
The catcher in the rye is telling me to not worry anymore
I got questions, how do I leave the field of rye?
Tell me, tell me!
I got questions but they're trying to eat me
It's going tick and tock around Neverland
My thoughts are tictoc and I'm hook
They're making me afraid
I'm questioning myself answers I don't know but now it's an interro-
gation
TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW
I told you I don't know anything
Get this person out of my sight, next bring in the therapist
Mustafif what's happening, what are you doing?
I got questions and it's now taking over my mind
I'm trying to think but now my thoughts are clinging and cloning ex-
ponentially
I'm zoning out of reality to try and figure out my own psychology
It's a mess and now it's about time for a breakdown if my calculations
is right
I'm holding tight to myself but I'm losing it
Bring Alter Ego next
We are done talking

The fuck you want little pussy ass bitch
This is the time suicide wants to kill itself
Depression is just an oppression for the weak minded
I'm trying to be kind to myself

But cuts are leading to being otherwise
I got questions
Like what makes you become suicidal
I wrote the poet's poem now I'm here trying to answer my own cu-
riosity
Why did I want to die
I ask myself that every day
Was it because I didn't value myself
A sad sob being a little pussy
Or was it something more
I don't want to give it more thought
If so I would make the sessions part 2 for another time of relapse
I'm trying to figure myself out before I run out of ideas
Because if you gave me energy then I would have strength to do some-
thing
If I wasn't starving myself then I wouldn't be here asking questions

3.23 Gaze

This gaze is leaving me speechless
Clueless to what my hormones are tricking me in
All I see is beauty in her eyes and as she smiles
I'm a magnet that's too attracted
I'm trying to walk away
But I'm walking backwards
I'm going back so I can fully understand what's taking me
This gaze is leaving me speechless
Her beauty is too much for me

3.24 Lovely

Isn't she lovely
Dazzled by her glamorous appearance
I an appearing blushed to this crush I have been interested in
Lovely to this lovely ma'am, nice to be in service to you
Nice to meet you
I ask if I'm good enough to be in your presence
This coded word
That emotion is leaving me in self doubt
My self conscious is acting up
I'm acting all shy to this no confidence man standing here
I'm falling in dream of the if or the may be
Your hair twirls around my mind
It's like the night sky going to sunrise
I'm waking up but when I see you it's like a dream
I'm day dreaming a future not behold to be true
Living in a false reality
A toxic material burning through my mind
I need time trying to see through these illusions trapping me
But for now
I say...
You sure are lovely

3.25 You

Who are you?
To be so beautiful that my eyes can't stop looking
I'm trying to look away
But I just go back
Temptations making me creepy of where my eyes are going
No no...look away
Now they're back at the real focus
A beautiful smile, a nice personality
You put love and me in the same aisle
I'm shopping but you're the only thing I need
Everything else just seems shit without you
So now I ask what do I do to talk with your majesty in my imagination
I'm not sure how to say this
But this is yet another tragic story about my anticlimatic endings
Maybe not this time
I'll get your insta and we'll be chatting
Getting to know each other
Then I'll make my decisions off of my criteria
Hmm, check, check, check
Check this out, in my mind you're perfect for me
Theoretical messing with the experimental
The only experiments I want is you and me
Together we get a reaction that means success
Me and You are too good to be honeymooned
My illusions are trying to catch up with my ambitions
When I see you
I can't see any more clearer
As time does its job
I will do mine
Asking you to be in my future

3.26 Waiting

I wait for a chance for something
I always ask if I had the chance would I take it
Shoot the shots you're given
But now it's me being shot but no one is shooting
I'm waiting for a valentine
But now I'm buying myself a card and chocolates
I wait for a chance to be with someone
Trying to get the perfect girl
But I never thought about presenting the best me
To show her my true potential
I ask if its worth trying after each rejection
Is it worth the attention after each denial
I wait for the answer
Once someone calls back, I'll pick up immediately
But now I'm still waiting
Chasing back my heart
My heart is lonely
Stranded in a vast ocean waiting

3.27 Trilogy [E]

%Skit Begin

T: So Mustafif what would you like to talk about this session

M: What do I do if I see myself going through relapse again

T: You already know the answer to that

M: But what if he stops me

T: That is something only you can handle, I can only tell you, it's your mind, anything done in it is your doing

%Skit End

I'm asking in the sessions what if my alter ego came back

My psychoanalytic perspective is getting a bit too heavy in my mind

Because my poems are getting more psychological

Get me to a doctor or witness the insanity at its finest

I'm just joking

I love being overdramatic

My illusions are altering my reality

My eyes are changing its lenses

They're getting a byakyugan and he's entering from my weak point

He's getting me weak-minded

So I'm begging him to kill me

So I grab the knife, the rope

And tomorrow's promise is the tomorrow I'm waking up to

Trilogy is talking about my mind

Because its getting harder to explain

Three chapter are three books

But all too similar to be separate

Because I went from something to alter ego

A planned subscription site

To talk about my complicated mind

I thought about my choices and now I'm quitting

Oh wait take back my choice
Crumple crumble it up
Throw it in the trash
Now I'm back in this game after Turbulent Troubles
Complexity is becoming like China's politics
Change my reality before they try and erase my history
The UN embassy do something you fucking useless shits
I'm not done ranting
If I was rapping this would be 10 minutes long
One song that's as long as Blackpink's EP's
Oh yeah fuck them too
Because once they got opinions in their music
It went all down hill from there
They don't know how to make songs
They only know how to look pretty, so do me a favor
Be models and stop calling yourself artists
My poems are just raps without a beat
When they do, they'll repeat like how I see
My vision orchestrated but until then
Fuck rap, because at this point people only hit the basis of rhymes
They only hit the oasis that's actually as big as an ocean
So while you're bobbing, I'm swimming
I just don't see the reason I should get into it
The difference between poetry and rap
Is that rap is for really angry poets
I'm just an angry poet
So once I get really, all my lyrics will be under a beat
They'll go with a little melody
With a nice chorus
Because I can freestyle better than I can write poems
These are coming so easily to me
I spent so long talking you forgot this is about alter ego

But he was talking all over this
Are you confused, well we work together to write these poems
A perfect match, all working in one brain cell
Because all the other cells are for the rhymes we imprison
So give me a reason to quit poetry
Give me enough time and another book will come out
Taking a break for me
Is just time to absorb all my ideas into one entity
So I say fuck it sometimes
Put three books together
Then you get The Fucking Trilogy!

3.28 Tomorrow's Promise

I'm asking if the lord will have mercy on my life
For whatever I wake up to, it isn't tomorrow's promise
I'm asking if my depression won't be the end of me
I'm too young and I have so much to live for
But why am I the one telling myself death is the way to go
Why am I the one that tells myself if I got a better blade
Cutting would be so much easier
More precise and clean
I'm asking myself if I wore watches to hide cuts if I ever knew what
time I had left
I didn't know what was right anymore
I kept relying on myself leaving loved one worried
I'm trying to make an excuse to this
But I was selfish
How could I do this to them

After confessing in an English assignment
The first product of my poetry
I was sent to the guidance counselor
We had a talk
He had to tell my parents the news
I asked him if he couldn't
"Please sir, please don't "
"I'm sorry but this is for safety, it is necessary to do"
I left worried to the bones
My hand, legs, and mind shaking
Never so stressed in my life
I talked to her
I was freaking out
I needed to just talk to someone about this

I was freaking out
I was being tested the truth at home
My mom asking what she did wrong for me to end up like this
The guidance counselor told them I had to see a social worker
I went but I lied
I had to, it wasn't confidential
I told her about the stress I get
The everlasting inspiration for the sessions
What if I told a therapist, a social worker the truth
I didn't like how soft she was speaking to me
It scared me
I was stupid
I didn't value myself
After poems and poems it made me realize
How great I am
I ain't a perfect person, but I'm a perfect version of me
I'm asking how could I help those with suicidal problems
Something that's cracking and crumbling their mind
It ain't your thoughts trust me
Trust me, you don't think I went through this
I get more joy doing what I love than slitting
If you killed yourself
What made you try to, what made you do it
What aligned wrongly in your life for your path to go this downhill
I'm asking because I want to know
I can only help with more than I want to kill myself
So I'm asking
What makes you want to go to tomorrow's promise

3.29 Turbulence (Original) [E]

Emotions couldn't stop any shit of this world's needs
It came to the point that weed became
People's need that one couldn't fame
Without a past with drug problems
Columns of arrests with such a stupid thing
I'm trying to calculate the logic in this
Before you argue let me finish
What did I fucking say!
Hey! Shut the fuck up
Let me share my opinions
Because yours is nonsense
This world is a hot mess
Less dignity in everyone
Get yourself together before we all crash

I'll dash through my thoughts
Prepare for the mental 9/11
I can't believe there's a heaven
When this world is becoming hell
People's privacy being sold
Tell me how low we have went
Has god sent us a message at all
Of course not
That bastard hasn't decided to pick up our call
Oh lord all mighty
Fuck you, because when I needed you
Were you there? No!
You let her die
And you made me see the amount of pain she was going through
Do you know how hard it was to not cry

I struggled to say hi
Seeing those oxygen tanks
It cranked my tears
And were released on that day
The worst day in my life
The strife I went through
I feel like a fool to believe in you
When you failed to save her
She died from cancer
I thought you had the answer for everything
You aren't even a thing
So fuck you
If you do exist
Then I rather go to hell than to see you

Life is like an airplane
Right now we're crashing
The world trade center is coming
Brown people was at fault
Dumbass wiggas
We too busy with the Pakistan-Indian feud
Dude why would we fuck with you
Talk to your corrupted Saudi allies
Or your military ties with Islamophobia
I mean why should I complain
I'm not a part of Islam
I just need to calm down and explain
I will always complain about Islamic nationalism
I felt restricted in Islam
I couldn't deal with their corrupted purity
Clarity is hypocritical

Comical to white nationalists

Muslims are terrorists
Because we fell so low to America's level
We became the devil we were told to avoid
Muslims stopped helping each other
When we helped another is lost in a corrupted void
So who care about the Hui in China
They are tryna earn their rights
But that's against China's tight laws
The Hui's are flaws according to China
So lock'em up and re-educate them
Human rights have now become an option to a government
That statement gives this world no dignity
Do we even live in reality
Does actions have clarity
Or does the hierarchy
Keep laughing happily
Because anarchy is coming soon

Soon our minds will run on cartoons
With dumbass comedy from sitcoms
From what this has turned us into
Give me that needle of morphine
Let me die and kill me
Stab it into me
Let me see very quickly
Let me think very quickly
I'll laugh hysterically going hee-hee
Leave me with my thoughts
Before I die from an overdose
Oh no that was close

Drugs almost got to me
It bugs my brain, that ain't for me

I don't want your weed
I don't need that shit
Cocaine ain't going to make you sane
It'll hane you from the law
It'll make you hail Mary
Let's go to hell already
Sorry I forgot to live life steadily

I keep forgetting
My mind has so much shit
There's no room for anything to fit
Hit me I dare you, no don't, please don't
I won't go insane, I promise
Fuck you, you don't control me
Please leave me be, or you'll be next
Don't text me back, because I won't either
Don't care about me, why do you...please tell me
I see
I understand
How dare you insult me
Care about me? What bullshit
Come here and I'll hit some sense into you
No, I understand. I care about you a lot as well
My mind is making me go through hell
I love you okay and always will
I'm sorry I almost liked her three times
Psyched me as if I committed three crimes
I'm sorry but I still need to find my purity
To see if it even exists in this reality

The corruption in me is clouding my mind
It's kind of overwhelming
It's really helping my intelligence
But as it does another voice speaks
Its voice teeth into my mind
I was blind to it, I can't stop it
Thoughts hopping because I was too late
I hate this
I can end it that was my thought back then
End it quickly so let me go to hell
Sell my soul to Satan
I kept hating myself
I wanted to commit suicide
I wanted to hide my emotions till it killed me
In these nightmares I kept seeing slits all over my arm
The harm I did to me gave a satisfaction
It was a distraction to my overwhelming voices in my head
Instead of correcting my sins I committed my greatest
I say the most greatest sin one can do
Is make their mother cry
How could I have done that
I sat in shock of what I did
My emotions couldn't be hidden to my mom
I sat on the bed with her, seeking forgiveness
My last chance was all I needed to make her proud
The sound of tears caused by me can't happen again
Not again
My insanity will benefit this world
The horde of thoughts will process everything
Anything is possible as long as there is a will
One day we will find the way
Anyone who decides to cause me pain

They will not be sane anymore
Tomorrow all regrets will be poured in tears
The greatest fears of humanity is losing their ego
So let it go, and work with me
I'll let you see my plan for the future
My own philosophy isn't a culture I follow
But is rules that regulate me, so I won't be shallow with you
Who doesn't follow their own principles
Let me invite you, as we talk in a plane
My ideas might sound insane
Our conversation might crumble in silence
It's not because anything went awkward
You might be a coward, but forget that
Hold on tight, shut the fuck up and stop screaming!
We are crashing, sorry our plane is in turbulence
If we both die
Tell me one thing
If the hinge falls off the door killing us
Will you be going to hell with me?

3.30 Turbulence 2 (Original)

Let's go to church
While drinking alcohol
To ask Jesus
How much sins we're getting
I'm starting to feel god hates me
At least we can agree we don't like each other
God isn't my father ... it's my imaginary devil
Let's go to hell together

The door bursts out of the plane
Do you think my question was insane!
Now tell me will you go to hell with me?
Would you accept me knowing my sins
The fact I overdosed prescriptions
Or that I'm too scared to ask for hugs
Fuck! This is how I'll die
I'm not gonna lie, I wanted it to be honorable
If I die ...

Don't bring my friends to the funeral
I won't be able to wipe their tears
My fear is to lose my family
The people close to me
I'm not going to die from turbulence
Let's have another 9/11
Instead aim it at me!
To fix this broken imperfectionist
Still...if I die
I want to tell her that I love her
She's has every quality I want in a person

3.31 Turbulence 3 [E]

I'm wondering if the hinge fell off the plane
Whether sanity was exclusive to know how all of it was feeling
If I went to church, would the lord accept me?
I have too many questions in the short time turbulence is handing me
I want to ask for forgiveness of all my sins
But I think about my proposition
Noticing the bullshit of its details
Why should I regret all the mistakes I have made
Regretting everything can make one's sanity insane
Drive you to the madness of its wickedness
Imagine a teenager asking for forgiveness after he masturbates
We aren't perfect, but asking to be
This clarity of purity
It's just too flawed to achieve
But its whether our right is in the same perspective
I'm not seeing your visions
So I ask not to be involved
I ask if my poetry has evolved
I went from tomorrow's promise to self-therapy trying to fix it
Relapsing through the sessions
Capturing alter ego and sending him back to the unconscious
I ask whether this is my last book
Lovely being cancelled due to my mental nature
This book is just quite something
But I have too many ideas to compact
But it's location is still a mystery
I ask...
When I fall out
What will my black box say?
What will my last poem be?

3.32 Poets Poem 2

Depression shattering my mind
I'm trying to pick up the pieces of this puzzle
I'm trying to say I'm okay
But tomorrow is tomorrow's promise
No one lined up so now I'm going through turbulent troubles
No one wants to hear my opinions in life
I'll grab my knife and commit the deed
In the greed of my need for attention
I ask please leave me
I need attention to me
I ask who you are as I am who you are who I am
Nothing is making sense
I could've said I am you and you are me
But none of that matters anymore
It's getting psychoanalytic here and this theory is seeming false
Freud tell me what's true
I'm so confused of what the truth is
When the details it entails are all blacked out
Because black lives matter
I ask does the poet's poems matter
The ladder of thoughts are getting me to have a panic attack
I'm trying to climb, but the sky isn't the limit anymore
Hold my heart it's getting heavier
I'm Frodo and its the ring
Kill me I ask
Because even when suicide left me
When I see a blade, I ask what if
What if I scraped it on my wrist
How much pressure would it need to cut
I mean what if it scraped accidentally

A felony in the mental committee of laws and mentality?
I ask do you see my vision
When people are passing drinks on the table
Do they see what the person beside them sees?
I'm asking do you see me?
Or am I like God . . .
I apparently exist but you can't find me
I'm in my own thoughts and my thoughts are taking over
My unconscious is becoming my conscious
And the conscious is dying
I'm lying down
My heart is stranded on the ocean
Because when rhymes are going through my mind
They're pretty neat
But I'm sadly done today
Maybe tomorrow will be better if I'm not dead then
I ask if I'm okay
I can't lie
Maybe today may not be my day
But this life I live in is mine
So even if it's not my day
Maybe tomorrow they're waiting in the line
To be silenced by my rhymes
But I'm not making poems for people
I'm making them for me
Trilogy taking a piece of my heart and putting it on paper
I'm crying because poems are getting personality
I have a dream
And that is . . .
I want to be the best poet to ever be