

Notes for My Mind

Ryan Wilbert

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To

The vaquita whales.

We love you.

What a pleasure it is to speak to a potential audience. It's daunting to be held under a sun or some sort of artificial light for an unknown period of time, but the excitement wipes the fear off with a stroke of grace. At least, I like to believe.

This body of work contains pieces of my writing I have created over the past four (long?) years. I have selected them based upon their merit and memorability, serving as time pieces that detail the journey I have embarked upon. I aim to preserve their authentic structure with little alterations, but modifications have arisen when necessary. As any artist might share, it seems wholly unimaginable to ever consider putting a piece to rest, for if we were to stop, we would be forced to create something new. Therefore, I must be ready to stop sifting through synonyms as if my life depended upon it.

I am at some level, as always, terrified at the thought of sharing my imagination. How can we define the line between what it is we hold so tightly to our chests and what we must release into the world? I have concluded that in solidarity is strength, and in strength we create art. I have resided in my own notes and sketches for so long to bring out the tool I carry everywhere I go. I do not use it lightly. It is a weapon – it can be used for aggression and it can defend the deepest parts of ourselves held together by thick bonds. My work can be obscure or it can be bluntly direct; it can be solemn or it

can be offensively intact. I do not relish in wordplay to hide from anyone but myself. The mind can be our greatest danger, but it can also, if handled with care, become our greatest weapon. I have learned as such and I believe my work makes this self evident.

It can be easy to become stuck and immovable, lost between trees or washed up on seashores. Perhaps you are a bumblebee glued to the walls of your hive, a forgotten whale harvested at sea, or a lonely fish swimming uneasily. Perhaps you are unsure of what it is that you are. Perhaps, at the forefront of your mind, you are merely concerned with how annoying the grand significance I place upon these words is becoming. As the end approaches, I recognize all that I say as nothing more than an attempt at understanding. I believe, though, that any attempt we might reach for will always be greater than trying to forget, remaining ignorant, and becoming lost within ourselves. It is almost entirely impossible to be successful on the first try, but I hope I have made a considerable attempt.

Ryan Wilbert
April 2024

Notes for My Mind

Ryan Wilbert

Friend

Look around, my dear friend
Take a gander over distant lands and listen
You might sit around, reflect way too hard
Look up and see you've wasted the weekend
You'll see kids that joke around and get pushed
For at home they fear of getting quickly shushed
Online they seek for reassurance, for a home
Just for them to get blocked out, cussed out once more

We live in a world where we don't trust our trust
Yet we gag of disgust at others distrust
Finally home you think your emotions are just
But can you give your own thoughts true trust?
So I yelled "Go on and change! Show me some growth!
Move on from each and every one of your friends!"
The problem has always been the deep disconnect
On how your heart shines what love truly is

The problem of our own fault, our demise
Is the separation of ideas and what we call trends
Growing up we tragically lose an image of real
Now we can't conclude, only personally defend
The problem is following others into the Sun
Shocked at relationships coming to an end
Upon reflection, we wish we could ignore
Every little thing the therapist recommends

It is all too much when growing up
Losing that boredom, that time to think
It's all rooted right back to those distant lands
And the lack of trust we have in our friends
Oh simply,
Your trust in your friends
I hope for you to trust your friends,
Friend

Black Rose

Stuck indoors, your head grows some spores

Really makes you think

“Who even cares?”

Small projects completed, the days feel repeated

Isolation for me

Black rose can't be defeated

Funny

Funny,
It is, when I try to clear my head
Ride my bike, I end up thinking
More than before
End up crashing into another,
Quick panic of death
Funny,
Life used to be easier than this,
I swore

Again and Again

When I stuck those sticks in the mud
I thought I had my brain strapped on
A horse gallops, too fast for me
Spinning on a carousel, it seems
Things are different from that memory
Felt at peace watching us all, I gleamed
Honesty revealed within heart to heart talk
Eventually we'll pull all of the sticks out

But now I've lost a friend

I wonder if it'd be different
If I just got on the carousel
I'm too scared to test the waters
Everyone else lost all fear
Maybe all feel

Maybe if I was a better friend

I was too busy thinking of fire
Rockets fired at the carnival
The carnival full of fun
I saw us all together, as one
But too blind to see us splitting apart

The carousel ride is over
God, we were getting closer
The numbers were going up
Now back in the mud I'm stuck
I just want to keep riding again, and again, and again, and

A Conversation On the Phone

Ring ring!

It's canceled

You can't cancel a period of time!

Yeah,

But you can surely waste it

Done with starting up a war

Ah ah ah
All the same
Ta ta ta
Talk over again
Sing the vocals when I can't sing
You still hold on, clinging
What's wrong?
Fade out, you keep trying to call
I don't think this is a
Ah ah ah
Coincidence
Guitar strums you can't stall
Bleed out from these thumb tacks
Ack, ack!
Can't bandage that!
Hang up those picture frames
But I've seen them before
Bored of playing the same game
Done with starting up a war

Paint Stained Jeans

Paint stained jeans
And my hands are shaking
Don't worry, next year!
Can't see the timeline
I'm not a prophet
And my hands are shaking
Don't worry, four years!
That seems like a sign
Leaves blow
Leaves fall
It's fall
Wait already?
Yes, of course!
These years are short
Spinning faster than you think
Spiral notebook
Remains untouched in the sink
My hands are paint stained
My jeans are stained too
A muddy green color
Go team spirit!
Fix the world while you're at it!
Oh, you
Yeah, what?

You clock in, clock out
X crossed faces
Three in a row
You've lost!
Origami leap frogs
Now they all seem the same
The life you've lead
Isn't appealing to me
You say I've got time
But I'd rather be dead
Than have mindless writing
Mindless typing
Nicely wrapped scroll
Only gets you cheap food
I've tripped down since fifth grade
That spark died out
Or that spark never came
As it was smothered
In the grass my jeans were stained
It might be just me
But whatever the case
My minds overflowing
So without yelling like this
My paint stained jeans
Would be such a waste

Juice

Apple core not pitted

Gone too ripe

My eyes flicker

Skin pulled down

My eyes want to cry

Streams of juice

Charlie Brown

Ignoring the loud ringing noise
With curtains sealed real tight
No light can leak down the house
Colder out, so sleepy now
Waking up from strange dreams
Forgetting where my mind has been
Tick tock, it's a cycle
Never changes
The days are the same
The season has finally changed
But I don't fully understand
Self esteem is low
But I've got high expectations
Since it's the time of year
To venture the place my mind fears
Bright lights
Up high spirits
Praise the Holy Spirit
I don't quite get it
But I think I finally get
Charlie Brown

Carbonated Drink

Shut blinds
Learning what it means to have
Radiant eyes
Last resort
Baby bird, don't leave the tree
Won't admit
Wait for her to slip
Everybody wants
A cold glass filled
They only want
Attention drilled
Into their thick skulls
Everyone wants a taste
Of that sweet fizz

Don't shoot the messenger

Don't shoot the messenger
Just know I could
Be so much worse
Split in the middle
Uneven purpose
You didn't realize
When you pointed at me a
Loaded gun
At first I thought it was
Part of the fun
But I sent a letter
And you replied with
Thanks, bro
Heart
Man, you better
Run

Heater

He's mocking me
Once again
Saying don't speak to the less
Fortunate
It's mid-December
And I'm dripping sweat
I spilled my tea
Now my shirts all wet
Doesn't matter
When you can't freeze
Snow doesn't fall
When you're a buzzing bee
No joy, no spirit
It's warm inside
So why did you buy
A heater for 40.99?

Adam and Eve #1

How many times have I wrote before
A mess of words on a clean day
With a wind catching you up on what's going on
Can't focus on enjoying unpolished songs

I had arrived to write my final letter
Saw that you two were long gone
I just hope you'll feel a little bit better
Once I'm finally out of the picture frame

I wonder if Eve ever cared for Adam
Or did it have to take
A loud snake
To be a nuisance
Getting them both in big trouble
Disproportionate sins
He never really paid the price
Otherwise, today, I wouldn't be alive

Albeit that sounds depressing
Filled to the brim with self deprecation
I swear I'm not saying I wish to be dead
Just wondering if it makes any sense
To remember the lines from
Your favorite novel
Remembering it's all fiction
But in reality's demands
I felt unreal firsthand

If I had shown zero interest

I apologize for not speaking up
Even if I tried
I'd get a boring response
Your voice isn't working once more
Question rings, "why are you down?"
I waited, wanting to hear
Humming lingers, "why are you down?"
Well, I can't lose what I fear

Would my character be different
If I had shown zero interest
In lifting up my fingers and thumbs
Drifting across keyboard notes
Oh lord
Such a rigorous course
Discovering these hardships
To be true in my heart

I think that he's made you change, a voice sang
But you should consider
What you see on your screen
When signaling for the next game to play
Maybe it's because you only join
When Adam picks the fruit
You followed him across a garden
Ignoring all the cries of the forgotten

I'm not angry
No, no, not trying to be rude
You've been there for me
Much longer than I had presumed
Your presence has closed the gates
And the app I reside in
Keeps crashing, my words fade
I'll stop writing in here
Perhaps, one day
Give or take

I'll put the passion into getting better tonight
So when morning comes, I'll have a blank mind
A clean template to redo all my naive ways
Of creating to overcompensate

The Beach

Float through the warm room
A fresh air to breathe
Sticky seat, I can't leave
But got too much time to think
Still a buzzing bee
Maybe I can take advantage
Of how much shelter there is
Living isolated
Is it me
Or them
People or the future
Not painted so clear
Which direction is the choice
No comfort in my own voice

They all disagree
The veggies and the fruits
Not sure which pair of shoes
Will assure that I don't lose
All security and friends
That I've built up
Storm is raging
Stand up and hope
I help them all
My sandcastle is crumbling
The waves are grumbling
Not much time before
I'm pulled off the shore

King Saul

Switching sides
Opening your eyes
Fell asleep on me again
I think I bored you to death
Cold winter
The space to sit and consider the better
Things that I could make
Will you still be here
You'll grow big kid he said
Be popular some day
He said this with a cheer
Raised the bar, now I fear
You went along and said
You couldn't handle a high paying job, friend
You're impatient, full of dread
Sorry, this is the way I am

Stomach aches
Hear it out for your sake
I hope your creation becomes
A vacation
You deserve the world
King Saul
My stomach aches
For reasons I don't like to explain

Maybe I realized your talking leaves me pondering if my
death is soon
Leave the nest
I need to grow up
Otherwise it'll be like
Last year's February to June

I'm a small forgotten branch

They're so quiet
Keeping me trapped in the walls
Shelter my ears
I'm a small buzzing bee
Whisper when alone
I hear it each night
In the bathroom upstairs
Won't admit my awful sight
So quiet it's unfair
Look in the mirror
What are you
I said
I'm grounded
Left as a tree
I'm a small forgotten branch
That breaks too easily

I will wake up

Things are changing
More thoughts to think
No sun in sight
Deserted place to be
It's plain
It's overcrowded
Not empty
Like the nearby mall
The whole place
To ourselves
Orange lights
Food court sales
Hung up photos
Burned away
Hell's fire and games
I won't let it go to waste
I water plants
Not friends
Can't hold you back
I won't pretend
I'll miss you
I've missed good times
Shaking my shoulders
Soak up the dry lands

I'll stay here for as long as I can
In The Garden, I have no plans
For when we want to visit Japan
Or if I want to start a band
Grow up
We'll see some sun
It sucks
It's not always fun
But
I will wake up
Just wait and see
Tomorrow I'll say
Good day
Maybe

Dream #1

They were talking
And having fun
I laughed and
Cheered them on
Here to help
Make some breakfast
Wait, what's wrong?
Dropped the spatula
In the digital reflection
Something stared at me
I knew I was smiling
But it didn't smile back at me
I was enjoying the moment
But my mouth wouldn't move
A timer runs down
Running from the ticking time

Morning

Choked up on nothing
Up and hungry
Fuzzy feeling
It's just another day
Wooden built fences
Get that blanket off
Mixed like I knew Frey
Tall tree thrown in the fray
Arise
Hair too long
Down my neck
What time is it?
Too early
Clock is broken
They bought him a watch
He uses me as an alarm clock

The Orange Sea Pt. I

The wicked man has left me
And I'm supposed to find that funny
"Sleep well" you whisper soft
I'll listen once you don't leave for long
At last, the man comes back
I'll speak loudly first to clear the air
I hope I'm not becoming a distress
To whatever exactly it is this is

Soon it'll be fun

Fun

Fun

Fun

Can't say it is anymore

When I question where the path has taken me

I watch the trail unfold like a film

Lights dim in my home theater room

You need money
You need a job
You need a better personality
Than whatever this is meant to be
Embarrassed
Shameful
Only rapture can be the savior
Between you and me

Pull me out from the Orange Sea
Framed pictures hang over me
Eyes gaze into my soul
Take advantage of it
I'll take control

The Orange Sea Pt. II

The largest battle
You'll ever fight
Is the man that roams
In your head at night
Do you message her?
Should you cry for her?
Maybe read more
You should fill out your forms
Is there a difference?
Should these be the same?
It's all just my life
These thoughts put me to shame

It's really dumb
I'll say it, quite frankly
There's no manuel they hand out
In the Being a Human class at school saying
"Read here to be less of a fool
Learn how to put so much in
And in return, get the desired amount
Of attention and affirmation
Never overthink these things
It can't be that hard
Buy a bouquet of flowers
And offer them up to one you love
That side project you have lying about
Pick it up again with a grin
Move those fragile branches, your hands
And see the person you've always been"

Gazing out my fogged up window
Seeing the stillness of the deep winter
Stars droop down on the snow covered roads
I think I'll think of you when I see the flowers grow

You gotta write for you!

Draw some more too
Sing a bit louder too
Plan out a plan too
Don't lose who you are
You idiot, swim up
You're sinking, sinking deep
Humor me, God
I'm confident I'm no star

Weak, weak, weak, let go of it, please
Banners hang along empty walls
Attempting to pull them down
With my long twigs for arms
They're here, they're not leaving
Blurry faces appear when I stop believing
I'm lacking the guidance I dearly rely upon
To keep my head afloat, over the sheet of seafoam
I've had an early death, I said
Deep in the Orange Sea
I keep the door open
For my mind is bursting with creativity

The Orange Sea Pt. III

You admit to what has been said
But “It’s not meant to get you down”
So get up from the ground
Go to bed and, just, figure yourself out
It’s so sweet the way you talk
Our lives are clouded with doubt
You have the passion to work real hard
Draw more lines, please don’t fall apart

The Sun is setting
The waves catch your eye
And hugs you so tight
The ocean has devoured you
The world is flipped upside down
Spiraling down
Down
Down
To the ocean floor

Face the fact that you're sinking
It's the first step to break your thinking
The cold water envelops, you shake
And the bundle of bubbles around you break
Move spastically to warm up
Swim up high and face the sky
I can't end all of my lines with used to be's
I won't drown in the Orange Sea

Mello Yello

I'm a mello cello
Full range of notes
Took me Mello Yello
Back then to stay up
Now I wake up down
Afternoon rolls around
I'm alright, until it's dinnertime
Answering questions with a stack of lies

I keep on trying to find who's me
Float like Air Suite No. 3
Hey, why are you still here?
I'm the Prelude, I've just arrived
There's a house of animals I'm stuck in
Rode the carnival carousel again
I've said it before, not the brightest around
Yet The Swan stood out to me

You'll never fully get what they think
They'll never get why you can't blink
Seven billion and plenty more songs
It doesn't matter
I'll drink Mello Yello
Until I'm gone

New Year

Be honest, you can't do it all
Air out the flames before they grow too tall
We've all got our own compiling problems
So give some space, let the flowers blossom
There's always something to overthink
But there also can be good things to dream
Today might be an entire waste
But there's still another 364 days

Light Blue Walls

Making out strange faces
In the threads of the bath mat
Whispers delicately placed on my ears
Remain still, I listened, patiently I sat
Confined to the cool tiled floor
The walls close in, stirring rubble to fall
Debris shattered the sight in my eyes
But I see it's just my hair has grown too long
I desperately try blocking out the sound
The cacophony rumbling through the ground
Legs curled up, chin resting on my knees
Hands cupped, praying it all moves by me

Did I read that right
Did I hear you correctly
I only deserve a response
When I reach out, begging with a please
It's that scary man again
Who keeps the water nice and warm
But burns your open eyes
For being too cold

I'm not upset
I'm not upset
I'm positive
I always will be
But the first stage of getting over
These light blue walls
Is accepting that
You're not happy where you are

Mountains, Fields, Beaches, and the Sea

Lie through your teeth
What do you believe?
It's all fun until it spills out
Now it's your job to hold the leash
Money, success, and fame
I've lost interest in playing games
Now I ponder
Like a renaissance artist
What makes a friend
Is it blue skies
Or red roses too
Stone sculptures built up
One day they'll collapse
Over and over
Small conversation
Goes miles, like cars racing
It's not a competition
But if you're left behind
You're the laughing stock
For years to come

Pull me out
Pull me up
Glass panes reflect
It's upside down
Not see-through
Not what the sea threw
Mirror shop
Paints a dripping man
Call you out
Reach for stars
I've shared my deepest worries
Not to any other friend
I see you here
Together
In The Garden
It's a lot to take in

My drink used to be red

It leaves me sick to my head
“Why don’t you try it, it’s so common”
Vast wealth and no leaking roof
Starts off as a forward miracle
But if done wrong, it builds insecurity
Falling short of your own maturity
Uncomfortable portraits
Show the light of this world
It’s dark for me
My drink used to be red
Years drift by
Now you have to pick a side
My drink has faded
I stare blankly at black liquid

Adam and Eve #2

I'm so tired
But hold off when there's a party
So I arrive, hearing repeated lines
Printed out from my typewriter
Hey, wait, those were our words
We came up with that
We talked over that together
Laughed it away
Now I'm out of lines
And here she comes again
Translucent hands raised me up
And pulled me towards shore
Goodbye, I said
I've gotta get things to work
Goodbye, I said
That tired has caught up to my work
Now I'm drowning alone
Fall asleep
You're not worth the time
Life of lies
Don't have time to say goodbye

We're growing apart
After he burnt me to ashes
Adam and Eve
The tree gave them rashes
Such mindless beings
Who are unaware of death
All that matters
Is the fruit hanging in front of them

Upside Down

“He had a goal in life
One that he strives for”
Speeding boat, dived head first
My foot got tangled on the rope
Now I’m off deck
Into a tangled mess
What’s at the bottom
No one knows
The darkest area
Haunts your mind
Block it out
Close your eyes
He’s breathing a new type of air
Is it even fair
Born with the tongue
To make friends anywhere
I’m gasping for air
Upside down
Pulled to the bottom
When I’m dead
I’ll be forgotten

Dream #2

Team up
It's just us
Looking out for my space
It's alright, I won't save it
Funny name
Turns my stomach around
Melts me to a puddle
Not bad, I like the sound
It's around us
Every news channel
Sky shifts to a shade of orange
Smoke haze, the world might be gone
It's a rising tide
But out here, we are so far
Said it in a French accent
Wonder if there is life on Mars

Writer's Block

I don't know
If I can finish this off
I don't think
I can write a happy ending once more
I'm in denial
They've said for fun
I've got no special style
I'm sulking on the run
They can't find out
Or it'll all be over
Why can't I write
Anything other than "I"?

Sun comes up
Well, there's still the others
Moon comes up
Your mind is full of troubles
The Garden is never ending
Can't write the trees away
In reality, you're not like them
You're an absent void
Never been present

You and I

Constant state
Of nervousness
A nest settled in my chest
Bend on over
Spit it out
Blood red hanging spider webs
I wish I said it sooner
But in the beginning
I was a nervous wreck
You and I are so alike
But so different
You are my hero
You are my demise
Let's make this work
Won't wish for change this time

Persevere Through The Castle

Within a made-up hierarchy
There is an evil throne
Someone has to take up the place
To begin the building of your grave

Intertwining
Weaving lines
You're cut off
You've fallen behind

Hints arrive here and there
And the quietest processes it best
There's the Queen, there's the King
At this court is Adam and Eve
The royal guards come together
Cutting blades of grass, kneeling before
That too tall castle watching over everything that grows
Flowers rise then shrivel up down below
Once they find your hiding place
They lock you up, far away
Above the sea shimmering strange shades
It's a maze with no escape

You've read too much
You think stupid thoughts
It's like the rolling rover on Mars
My battery is low and it's getting dark
They throw you away to what is only weeds
Crippled, dripping blood, there you sat
Stuck in a forgotten bag
At long last, declared dead is the cat

I know his name

I know his name
Put away the chariot
It's a walking day
Won't bother to race
Losing game
Same stomach ache
Slammed my head
While opening the car door
Ow
I'm such a fool
Sun is coming out
The moon is up the same
Holding your body with a careful caress
Escape isn't to be celebrated

Don't let the soil rise

Open your eyes
Sunlight rolls in
Something tickles your skin
Dips in red
Rolling down
Stains your face
Mark it off
It's a burning star
Round ball of yellow
Pollinate the flowers
Be it burning heat
Or the outer space beat
The soil covers your leg
And there's petals in your hair
So maybe I should cut it off
This year, it's grown too long
Obscure your vision
Blind your eyes
Walk through the burning light
The stars will itch
And your wings will melt away
Don't let the soil rise
Find out how to grow today

It's too clear today

Ranting of the same old things
Hosting the same story each night
I sparked the conversation
Left it quickly
Now to my comfort station

Blue walls
Green towels
White bottles
And a sink
Underneath the clear mirror
It's too clear today
I see deeper
Than bare skin

Breathe in
Breathe out
Aching limbs
Follow a route
Look out in the distance
Confined, the walls insist it
Think bigger
My mind is stuck
I'm told my education is of the utmost importance
But what are you left with when school is all over

Passion Fruit

Panicking
Focus on the room
The too small room
The too big room
Nothing is working
Shaking breath
These games are boring
Wandering halls gets boring
Doing nothing is boring
Nothing is working
Squeeze the fruit
The juice down your chin
Need passion fruit
Or is it hobby
Should there be a difference
It pulls me in

Eyes glued to the sight
I could talk for hours
In love with what defines art
Feel the power from
A picture frame
Holding back
Memories
Face glued to space
Head up in clouds
Stare up at the stars
My headspace is too loud

Food For Thought

It's a pain going to bed each night
It's an overwhelming challenge to fight
Pure darkness blanketed over the room
Comfort in the sheets only found physically
As your mind is spinning away
You've got no time to regain a
Sense of peace
Close those eyes
Gateway opened to the crazy
Orchard
Tended by a man in disguise
Eat this fruit
Bite it deeply
Tastes so good
To have company
But they piss you off
They follow only one man, the Ruler
Two faced
Backstabbing
Untrusting
It hurts
I want more of that orange

Now the throat is clogged
Nose is snobbed
What do you do?
In your future?
What do you do?
In the now
You just
Suffer
You want more still
Food for thought
The thoughts absorbed it
No more fruit
No more
No more
No

Stare off into the lakeshore

Stuffed up
Foot vibrates with a thump
Drum beat tapping in my head
Faster and faster
When will it end

Make it til January
Then February to March
Time keeps boiling the pot of water
New problems are
Loudly popping
Small appetite
To be completely fair
You're not very strong

Stare off into the lakeshore
Guardrails
Prevent a crash
Serves as a reminder you might not last
Sun on the rise
Wishing for one month more
But every month your stars grow more

You've gotta do it

I've found the best birthday cake
One that's sweeter than them all
I'll stand so proud and so tall
My reservations are free of shame
I pray upon an interplanetary rotation
Waiting for this show's standing ovation
Sun squints at me, piercing my eyes
Inverting colors around the frame of my brain

Am I in heaven?
Or am I in hell?
Does it really matter
When they both have assigned seats
So many strangers I can't recall
Distance keeps closing in
The chariot man has a real name
I heard it from my Dad in the car

So, you might have a point
Does anyone have a true color?
Can the puppet be the mastermind
Behind the extravagant show's lights
Heavy thoughts only hit
Every now and then
Pavement for the tires
They are calling
Streets say my name

Oh

Music pulls you awake
Telling you to create
Piano keys open the eyelids
Wash over me
Pull me down
It's not out of reach
It's opened your eyes
Your eyes open from the sound
Your eyes open wide from the sound
Your eyes are opened from the sound
Eyes closed from the sound

Overpriced flower bouquets
With color that melts in your ears
Take me away
You've gotta do it
Close the door
Salute you off today
Wave to the sky
Rocket has made its choice
Jet congratulates its decision
Your undecided is decided

Watercolors

He doesn't exist on any plain
Never persist, forget they left you
Mother let slip how he waved good day
Maybe he doesn't want to make it to May

Your special day
I don't want it
Same comments
I don't want it
Did no one speak up
When they left me at sea
The bottom is unexplored to many
But I visit it on the daily

My
My stained
Stained water
Sour
Not good anymore
No angel on my shoulder
Saying hold up
No devil on my shoulder
Saying hurry up
It's just you, the stars, and black painted scars
No man can love the color

Then what am I

The wet smell of rain
Makes me aware of warming days
With you, my time I hope to spend
But I think I'm stuck in an ecosystem
Eat some more
But that makes my stomach worse
I'm sorry I'm not like the rest
Draw some more
I don't have the motivation to pour
My soul out on a page
I'm sorry I'm not saved
Mother Nature
Is not your savior
Can't rely
On the changing times
Hotter days
Won't pull you up
From this garden place
The growing flowers
Can't pull you up
From the sinking tower
A mess of color
Makes up the vast sea

Labels' words are fading
How I want it to be
I want your help
But if I don't do it myself
Then what am I
When the ship waves goodbye

Dream #3

Last night I dreamed I was with the band of dreamers
The room was covered in balloons and streamers
I smiled for the photo but my face felt off
They were happy to see me, but when I woke up, they were
gone
I sat up with tears in my eyes
Who might be mine, for the love of God
Or rather the absence of love, as none reach me
She remarked in surprise that I smiled in a dream

Find Something Interesting In Every Person You Meet

Mind run wild
It's a childlike wonder
Flowers sprung
And an older brother
Who watches afar
Changed before your eyes
Overflowing memory
Your heart is one of psychometry
Keep on talking
I want to hear
Your life is like a movie
For I watch it in tears

Dream #4

All eyes on you
Big, strong men
You're a follower
Not a leader
But next time I'll
Come back stronger
Stuck at a spiral island
You'll never be in the band
Don't you pick that up
You were just stepping in hot sand

Dream #5

The other night I dreamed
You were trying to kill me
But the knife you threw missed
And hit the wall behind me
Next moment I was on the stairs
And she was trying to kill me
You've got the wrong person, I swear
It wasn't my fault, to yell is to fail
You aren't putting enough focus on
Your future that has nothing going on
Don't you know you peak in youth
Your magnum opus should be now, move!
My fingertips ache from soldered pains
I don't think I can learn anything
My strings snapped one year ago
And this time it's taking me below

There is always a backdoor

There is always a backdoor
So they barricade it off with a gate
Suicide is for cowards
But I've never been a brave man

It's not that I can't sleep
It's a choice, deciding I don't want to
For when I wake up
My problems aren't magically solved
They'll say "He can't help but get the feeling
That things aren't gonna be changing
If this year repeats the same as last
He needs more water, he can't be sad
His roots are showing signs of decay
As now that he has gotten older
The sunlight that was his guidance
Has burned away his hopeful eyelids"

The closet shelf's bar is seen at night
Wonder if it would hold right
Uplift a human body's weight
Hey
He has so much left to say

In the end, what will it matter
If he can't hold tight onto another
As he is always too big or too small
To handle expectations of them all
The sunlight has grown an enemy
And the water he drank has gone poison
No matter how and what he eats
In his mind he aches as Hannah weeps

There is always a backdoor exit
He tries to block it off again
For suicide is for cowards
They would never be proud of
You letting life live bound to the gates
They say it isn't a race
But the fields of flowers
And David's friend
Speak in tongues
To say otherwise

Caged Like An Animal

Pushed to the ground
Legs are sore
Looking at the sky
What is my role
Is it here
What makes up here
Can it be the gunshot's bang
Is there a place
Somewhere else
Up there in the sky
Where it's safe
And away from land
That's soaked in power
Push you down
Pull your hairs
Caged like an animal
Do you see it when
I meet your eyes?

Summer Fair

Funnel of no fun
Open up your ears
It's made from scratch
It's made of rats
See the metal plates
Creak
Hear the ringmaster
Squeak
He's got a mullet
And she's got long bangs
Making something unique
To make you think
Oh wow!
This town is overcrowded
With nothing to do
You always lose
Online or in your mind
In curtains hid behind
Fake town
How do I leave this town

Dream #6

Someones knocking on the door
I don't know who he's here for
Angry face and a brown shirt
I just ran for the bathroom
Online
Your presence makes sense
Yell some loud words
Just mute the speakers
At your door
The rain will pour
See it in their eyes
No words to get the feeling
Anything could happen
Anything could happen
Sell me cookies
Or step in with a gun
Walking a big dog
Wishing I was long gone
From here

Cancer

Buzzing ringing
Fun depleted
Summer's over
I wish I sung more
Slight breeze
As I stopped here to agree
That I can do better
Than give up so easily
Purple
Is my favorite color
Will he remember
That a life of riddles and jokes
Isn't worth royalty
Deal with the problems
Deal with the devil
Learning science was a wreck
Now I don't trust anyone, not even myself
So I want to look up
All of my symptoms
But Google might have nothing
And I'm all alone
Or I tragically have cancer
And I'm a buried sack of bones

Crime Scene

There is no compromise
When the officer will deny
Misuse of his possessions
Impulsive decision and obsession
Ran out of currency to spend
Instability in his pockets
Why so nervous?
Why so nervous?
Why ask for pity?
If you've done nothing wrong?
His eyes lie on the fields outside
No closure, all leverage
Car wreckage
Won't say goodbye

Flipped

That voice isn't mine
It's a mirror raising the wrong hand
Speak up, share your mind
I say aloud the wrong line

Broken Pencils

Oh sand worm, swallow me whole
Save me a trip from the black hole
Jars and ointments filled with blood
Poured out from the broken pencils spilled on the floor

The Fish

At an empty pond
I could set a fish free
Watch it swim away
No strings could tie it up
Running on double A batteries
It would have no family
Fisherman would reach for control
The fish can never truly be free

Misheard the lyric for
“I want to die
Don’t ask me questions”
From a loaded gun
Front and center stage
I might breakdown
If you fish one more time
I’m all done, out of energy

Eyes On Me

I can feel it in my shoes this time
It's holding me down
Weight on my chest
Sunk to my knees
Bare legs in the mirror, it glares
I feel their eyes on me when they stare
Trying to turn down the iris
Keep some light to stop the virus

Vaquitas

The most endangered you can get
Caught in a fisherman's net
Tangled up in someone else's problem
At best, we scrape the barrel's bottom
Incapable of learning how to escape
As momentary bliss falls away so soon
One of many, mistaken for someone else
Not sure what to make of you or myself
When I see dark rings around your eyes
As you can't get off the phone tonight
We don't know anything about your health
Or why you can't seem to sit still well

Well,

So little is known about a dying species
And it's breaking my heart to shards and pieces
Stories untold, your tale is not done
Rip the nets from your tail, watch it sink, the Sun
For we only last a couple of years
Before our minds are shot, harpoon in the ears
Put into a position of abuse, conditioned
Into breathing manually, used as ammunition
God, so little is known about this dying species
And I won't stand for half-assed speeches
About a shoulder to lean on or a voice to be heard
When all that matters is your own words

Predestined Outcomes

Calendar is marked with black ink
Saying today's the day you meet your end
Wave goodbye to your spirit and soul
Flip the page, find a new article
What would be left over if I leave the store
If I choose to not buy red apples
Would that open the door to open the floor
A car outside to run me over

Dream #7

You were walking down the hall
Wearing the same red hoodie
That I had dreamed I saw you in
Was it made of real dye or my blood
The mess I've made with a metal pole
Limp on the sidewalk

Hover Over The Send Button

Pacing in place
Decisions scattered in my head
Closed off with the blinds shut tight
Spinning with rose tinted glasses, I might
Think about sending something
Saying words
All that I muster
Is man I'm bored
Cracked and dry
Blissful tightening of the chest
It's a comfort, yet not a rest
As unnerving thoughts
Gallop 'round my mind
Fast clicking
The right song to find
For a potential moment
Of unwinded honesty
That's terrifying
The song said
"Darling, your head's not right"

Hesitation/ Dream #8

I'm way too scared to message you
After three years of failing groups
Full of oblivious, mindless people
Who don't reciprocate the feelings
That I give out in my words
It's a fear of underwhelming
Or not being good enough
Not seeing the metal pole on the sidewalk
Falling for every time you talk
Knees scraped on pavement
It's never what I had meant
To do, when I cried out for help

Everyone around watched the caged animal
A plea to be free was just plain laughable
Stared him down, taking pictures of his frown
Shirt covered in blood, he needs to turn his life around
You can't negotiate with those who've given up
On trying to be kind or understanding how to love
Cut your hair, style your hair
Put on a new shirt, worry about yourself
I want no more blood, no more whining
I'm not picking out groceries with her in the same isle
Not talking to a wall nor a selfish fisherman
I want to talk to someone who's more mature than that

Yet I hesitate to ask away
Do I start my sentence with the short word "hey"
Or does that feel awkward, is there a better word than that
Is there another word that I can greet you with back

Notes for My Mind

How do I ship a letter

Dodge a hook, climb a ladder

Write it out before I run out of time

There's just so many notes for my mind

It'll All Make Sense in the End

Thanks so much
They appreciate it all
And I keep shoveling dirt
Expecting nothing in return
Offered some money
You deserve a reward
But no monetary value
Fills the empty hole
So I keep shoveling some dirt
I have to fill up this hole
Carry this load
On a wheelbarrow
Down the hill, toss it down
For if I stop moving
I'll sink into the ground
Thanks
I keep hearing thanks
But for some reason
The sentiment doesn't land

I keep on thinking
That I've been doing so good
I've been lifting weights
Eating more now
I've tried not to annoy
What's left of my friends
When will I see
My acts mean something greater
Than waiting to be caught
By a man fishing in sticky weather
It's like playing on a blacktop court
Without any shoes
When the Sun's out, hot and bright
Yet expected not to lose
If this is my human fate
Then I resist wasting away
I've got so much love to give
Show me cosmic powers, big man watching in the sky, a
deity of knowledge, an allegiance made up of thoughts for
my mind
Show me that I can truly live

Optimism

Deciding if you should care or not
Would be easier if you knew at all
How a certain decision
With pinpoint precision
Changes the direction
Of the road you're on
So I stay up, even later
In hopes that she'll message first
Thinking of every single
Thing I could do
I'm getting optimistic
Something's sure to go wrong soon
Soon
An idea never seems to escape your mind
Or at least, not if it's important to find
A key to open
A closed up cage
A brand new emotion
A car coming closer
Open up!
Open up!
Take me away!
Uncomfortable positivity
This is strange

Bonfire

A fire crackles as the stars come out
See the glint in your eyes from a glow stick
Volleyball with new people and the Beach Boys
Quiet down, lower the noise, my raspy voice
Don't let me leave without a see you later
If not, write it out on digital paper

On the Dance Floor

Terribly loud, sick sick humans
Buzzing of pointless words
It can be any color you want
But none of them are yours
As the thought of what dress you wear
Or how you put up your hair
Remains absent in my head
When I can't see you anywhere
It's getting too hot in here
And someone's passed out
The stars aligned to make it go wrong
On the dance floor, I move on
It'll work out another day
On the dance floor, I'll go on
I'm so sorry tonight ended this way
But I'd rather see you off the dance floor anyway

The Question

How to never let go
Or keep wishing it all away
The better parts of your life
Her gaze
I love her gaze

Just Another Refrain

Her eyes reach yours from across the room
Now I'm not sure what to say or how to move
Will it last? Will it remain?
Or is it just another song's refrain?
Can true optimism come to fruition?
Not just me alone wishing
The fishermen have left the scene
It's just you and me, I like to believe
We could both add a bucket of paint
Our own creation for us to make

Tip of My Tongue

Adam has finally left
Now you can close your eyes
Truly reflect
That those pictures you held on to
For way too long
Can be thrown into the garbage dump
A caged animal that's finally free
But do you remember
How to flap your wings
She says that she enjoyed tonight
And I'm struggling
To come up with a way to write
That I wish I could never leave her side
Colder without you
Let me take flight

Fill in the last puzzle piece
The poems final refrain
You mean so much to me
And in your warmth I find peace

Water With Lemon

They don't know what to order
It's just drinks
So I order first
(I always order a water)
But then someone else says
They'll say
Oh, you know
I'll just have water with lemon
But I just wanted water
(Water without lemon)
They come out
With lemons in all the water
But I just wanted water
No lemons
Not water with lemons

Frankenstein

Being pulled by the wind
Standing still in the middle of the hall
With a darkened dead stare expression
Glimpses of the others so tall
The calendar page blew along too quick
Tried to grab it before it ripped
It's no use to hold on tight
When your mind can change night to night
There's a monster hidden in the trees
Creeping behind with intent to eat
Or at least your mind has tricked you to believe it so
Time to move past my creation's toxic radioactive glow

You

Stomach is twisted up in to
Knots making up just us two
Never want to leave this place with you
I'm tangled up
By the foot
Pulled in to the deep end
A brand new look
Into the world that I've created
Upon delicate lines and sticky notes
Making waves with my magnificent fins
Your words keep my face in a grin
And after all the "you"s you wrote
I'll never want to let go again

On The Kitchen Floor

On the kitchen floor
For the day is such a bore
He won't move
And she can't get through
And it's always your own happiness
Used against you
So now I lay here
On hardwood floor
It's not really that comfortable
But it's better than whatever awaits me out in the world

I've Got Writer's Block

Don't be afraid to write shit

Shit

Shit

Shit, shit, shit

Blah Blah

Insert here

Load a disc

Running off a 6 hour shift

To reset your brain

Obstruct your complaints

Talking head with a tinnitus script

Sentimental

It's almost done
Rational thoughts are long gone
Glass dome, make amends
And I'll never see it snow again

Turtle On the Road

Somewhere, out there
Is a turtle on the road
A car comes speeding in too fast
That's the end of it.
The car door comes open
The man sees the mess
In disbelief,
At his knees
What a wreck.
That could happen
That could happen, it could.
You can't change the cards that's been dealt
Or the weights hung against your belt
Speed mileage signs restrain the leatherback
Add another page
Live another age
Something may be missing
But at least your shell
Hasn't fallen off your back.

Fake Sun

I'm always on the run
Hiding away from a fake sun
Find the time to move out far
Residing in the peace of a tranquil bike ride
Down
Down
Down along the street
Clap my hands to a rapid heart beat
Level my focus
To the level of bugs
Glue my thoughts
Stuck to sweet mud
Yellow barricades keep me inside
Holding me back from a greater state of mind
Looking up at the real sunshine
The fake can't beat what is real in time

Cycles

Early morning haze
Or late night completion
The difference is small and subtle
See it reflect off the puddle
The satisfaction of another day passed
Reborn again in the bright night light
Your throat is held with a gentle fondle
I'd kill you again if you left me to wander

The Crux of Life

It's not about me and my problems this time
Removing all the "I"s from a revised line
Figuring out it's not how much you say
But the space between words and what it conveys

I Had a Terrible Thought

Echo effect on your voice
Makes it seem like it's something of worth
When really you're all alone
Chair glued to your bedroom floor
Tubing attached to the motor of your boat
Morality is stuck like gum in your throat
I panicked when I swallowed it whole
Hands numb
Sharp shock
A spark
And a knock
He's coming for me if I don't spit it out

Pepper on the Grass

Novel all that your fragile heart can pour
If your head hurts, keep an eye to the floor
It's our own little place to be
Stay, stay there
With the burning bulb glow
Pepper the ground with the flakes of your skin
The problem might be more than I first let in

Is the path to happiness paved through a thorn bush?
If so, the pen's ink would melt from the Sun
Anyway, they say
You're not allergic to grass
It just brushes skin deep
Making you think
I'm going insane
I need to push it all away
One at a time, surviving day after day

The Boiling Pot

The cool wash of a soft breeze
Has never come easily
And the beating of your quick heart
Never allowed you a head start
There's always a pressure brewing underneath
And the advice to let yourself breathe
Comes and goes
Only when it wants to show
Its face, hidden in the trees
Waiting for that gentle hill breeze
But it's not coming this time
It won't come until you can find
A way to turn off the oven
How to stop running
Stove-top keeps burning
I watch it ignite, wondering
Did I fill it up too full
Did I make it too hot
Should I let it settle
Did I use the wrong pot
A watched pot won't ever boil
But it spills over when I'm glued to the timer
Blinking lights, wait 'til the time is right
On the kitchen floor for my whole life

Laundry Room

I'm chewing on my gums
Although I ate an hour ago
The taste of blood slithers around my tongue
Ready to pounce for an attack undone
A battle yet to be won

There's a dirty sock yet to be washed
And an unopened bottle of laundry detergent
Sitting on a table where no one can use it
It's so obvious, it's right in your face
Whoever left it must've forgot to clean today

I can't wait to write one day
That it was all just a game to play
I climbed the ladder, I made it out
I made all of my family proud
No, not yet
I just sit here on my phone
I'm writing out more boring words
Here in the laundry room

You're Losing Him

Walking carefully along the crosswalk
Stopping inconsistently
Keep your movements random
Or a driving force will pull you easily
I saw her just two hours ago
Now the Sun's already headed below
It warms my back and guides me forward
But my shadow stretches me so thin

Sidewalk to Nothing

Wake up and repeat!
Did you get enough sleep?
Probably not, but it's irrelevant
Pedal harder than I did in the past
Go to bed, wake up, do it again
I gotta get better
Keep building up my strength
Impossible to make these functions work
When I'm running low on creativity
White painted boring wall
Stares straight into my soul
Watches over until two in the morning
I'm still just as small as before
I can't come up with the right rhythm
The right rock ballad to stop you from tripping
It's a treadmill I've been running for a thousand years
Picture frames melt into one
I'm running up a sidewalk to nothing

Chair

A chair rocks back and forth
Never knows what it's worth
For every day, it hits the floor
Say goodbye
Know nothing more
It already expects what comes next
Every early morning and evening at night
A tall climb up into the bed
Isolated, free and out of sight
For a couple of hours at a time
They've gone over the edge
Hearing a quiet bundle of sighs
"I have to ask," said the chair,
"Are you really alive?"

Rainfall

It seems like every year
You wait for color to appear
But the leaves always fall off the trees
Right when you say it's finally fall
(Yes please)
I'm trying to let go of it
Start over on a blank slate
But I can't help but say his name
When I remember what used to be
Watch the rain splatter against the windows
As it tries to claw its way inside
The water is absolute shit in this place
And the stars have once again covered my face

Lake of Ice

I wish I could stop thinking about you
And all the things we wanted to do
No one else has seen what we saw
So I draft up another stupid song
Asking where you've been
Texas, Colorado, hell, even Japan
You built the stars and then took off
And now I don't know where I am this fall
It's already snowing hard
I think I'll need a new pair of gloves
But didn't I write that once before
The moment before you took me below
Skating across the lake of ice
Where you claimed you had rode your bike
It can't support us two
Suppress a yell when my skin turns blue
I fell deep in the frozen lake
I'll take more than four years to change at this rate

Old Cartoons

Unexplainable
Can't complain no more
The simplest of things
Should no longer bother me
I'm all caught up in the notion of "that's life"
I didn't have time to see it snow outside
My friends are all here, they pat me on the back
But I can't seem to believe it will last

It's always so pretty, the first snowfall, that is
Lingers for a moment before you forget your bliss
I used to like it, being younger, sledding down steep hills
Now when I pass those trees, I wish I could just disappear
For only a day or two, really, no one will know
Use up my freetime doing something I love
Watch my favorite cartoons, those that used to confuse me
Now that I finally get Charlie Brown and Snoopy

Finding Happiness

All I ever wanted was a best friend
Someone who would trust me until the very end
Yet it's so hard for you to believe my words and smile
I can't carry the weight of all our problems that pile
It never lasts long enough to see it blossom
And I'm always more happy than you quite often
We shouldn't put the blame on only one of us
So please, refrain from saying I don't love you nearly as much
Not a single day goes by where I don't care
About your feelings and which thoughts of yours blare
I don't like being on my own, I don't
I just can't be the only who seems to know
How to find happiness in the smallest of things
Because I surely know you can't wait for the phone to ring
You can't cancel time, it's plans have been made
You have to accept it'll pass and let yourself wait
I've watched my pot boil up for years
And I'm tired, so tired, of being consumed by fear
If you won't try to get better this time
That burning pot will spill all over my skin

Shower

Stand still in a box that confines
Feeling smaller each and every time
I can't tell if I'm going insane or if it's real
But the temperature of water keeps dropping in here
I get out, let water drip down from my hair
Before I get dry and put on something to wear
It teaches me to remember how it feels
Helpless, exposed, and covered in tears

Socially Inept

How can it be that I feel so confined
When in an open room
Full of people to find
Everywhere I sit, there's always an open seat
Are they unaware
Or are they staring straight through me
I get out, looking down at my phone
Because after months
I still don't know anyone
Run to grab the last bus back my way
And I still judge the narrow face
Reflecting back what I want to say

Wrong Investment

I learned to be careful
With money years ago
After watching how quickly
It molds an ego
A smile at the beach
Saying “It’s all on me”
But losing your mind
So, so secretly

Now I’m here with all these unopened packages
Not sure if I’m ever going to see your reaction
And I can’t go to sleep without thinking of you and me
And how you want me to be a man you’ve never seen

SN2024A

There's a thousand words I haven't said
I'm afraid to make you worry 'bout how I've been
And I just wish for a little more time
To stop it all from moving for awhile
Sit down and fish up those buried thoughts
Right out of my own dead bait pile

It's like a burning star that served its purpose
To only be named something absurdly unimportant
Like SN2024A
For the first to die before it hits May

It seems my very own hivemind
Of irreparable space fabric
Was ripped by a temporal piercing gun
Of my simple mad magic
If it's mind over matter
And things are destined to change
Why must I battle to be content
With connections in my range
Of
A tractor beam with headlights
Shining way too bright
As I burn, combust
Brain drops to my knees
Due to the sudden release of gravity

Plummet into deep space
Down cosmic stairs of great heights
And for a sliver of time
I'm the brightest man alive
Until I'm cataloged as just one of a certain kind

With my final breath of air
I'd cry out in despair:
"Oh there's a thousand words
I've yet to say
Like 'without you I'd be a sight
To see by May'
And I'd demand a plea for the
Untreated like-minded
Such as the boy who's hidden
Behind small eyelids
If it came across as one of
Universal curiosity
And not as selfish prayers
Without mindful modesty
Considering all that has been said
I am of the greatest concern
That I'm not the right kind
Of person deserving of your time"

I Built a Boy

I built a boy
Out of what was nothing
Until it became something
Once I turned to the void

Although it may be true
That I'm nothing without you
I find myself wandering further away
From your face

I built a man
Rereading pages of an old book
Learning from the ashes
Out came the absence of a plan

Although for years it seemed
I would never face uncertainty
I find myself unable to escape
From his face

Compartmentalization

I rationalize my thoughts
Into unlabelled compartments
Allowing myself to forget for a while
Before I wake up prematurely, short of the Sun's rest
Knowing my day hasn't seen the best
Of what I know I can compile

Locked up and hidden behind walls
Is an understanding of the grass that grows
Solemnly passes and curls at your feet
Hollering expressive cries
A pleading attempt to resolve
The distasteful state of uneasy you so hastily try to leave

Cement paving leads you forward
Past what is done, what is a change in importance
Leaving behind a time when darkness coated your eyes
Sharp vocals knock you down all the same
And you've compartmentalized
It back into the same grave

Alas, we've come back
To the same place of your past
Reminders of the locks and keys you've buried
Emerge in the sample of grass and dirt
You tumbled over in a bush
It all goes to great lengths to follow you around
Convincing yourself it's fair to compartmentalize
When knowing someone out there has it so much worse

In Theory

In theory, it would be
The greatest of ideas
Please the mind, pleasure the soul
Bend the silk
Craft a tender ghost

In theory, control the ends
Of your own fingertips
Guiding them along dangerous songs
Past the evil hums
Of harmonious cheer

In theory, it's always easy
Listening to words, believing
That the scribbles etched in your brain
Represent you greater
Than hidden wraiths

In theory, it isn't
The way I've been living
I ignore the warning signs on the road
Ending in a place I hate to stay
Virtue is long gone

This is the end of what I have wrote
But it is not the end of what is to come
The punctuation stands not to put thoughts a halt
Rather materialize an ellipsis to guide you past fault
Find your place jumping in a bottomless pit
Even when at first glance it seems easy to resist
A tidal force of déjà vu, a pitfall stomach drop
Cracking your nails on the wall, pleading to stop

You can't change the cards you've been dealt
And you can't resist when Time, on the phone, yells
"Cancellation of the plans you once made
Seek to instill doubt in all that you create
But the truth runs a little deeper than what is first seen
I know what you hide behind uncertain beliefs
It's a little boy who fronts as characters in life
Writing out notes to keep them free of his mind

You fear the loss of your translucent identity
You fear the moment you no longer believe in
The charge of a galvanized string of control
The passion fruit bursting, a bucket that overflows"
The booming bellows of the unlikely fellow
Ricochet bullets sounding of a vibrating cello
You've got a time budget you aren't ready to waste
But what's the fun in stressing every second of today?

I stumbled upon a colored sea at an empty beach
Since my inception, and I have fallen in so deep
I once sought for help, a line above the tide
A hand to drag me towards I place I can call mine
But after a profound phone call lasting four years
I think it's fair to say I get by forgetting to breathe
I'm proudly drowning in this prism of scattered light
Not imprisoned by the sharp shells and rocks I find

I am a whale, I am a shark, I am a buzzing bee
I am a turtle, I am a fish, I am a dying tree
I am a star, I am the Sun, I am a pot to brew tea
I am a messenger, I am a ship, I am all that I choose to be
I am both indecisive and too certain of what I want
I must leave something behind for when I'm gone
So although this is the end of what you can read
It is merely the beginning of who you can be

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