

Call these poems art

Preface

My dear reader,
These poems are for you, but only about me.
Any relatable resemblance between the words that I write and the imagery
you see is purely coincidental, not my intention and I am very sorry
if you understand.

The truth is, even if your name is the title of one of my poems, even if I explicitly
called you my muse, even if I wrote this on a napkin while drinking of you, even if
I wrote this to amuse you, even if the preface is all a ruse

It's not about what I wrote, but that I wrote what I wrote.

You might be my professor, who needs 10 poems from me,
You might be a friend that wanted to find out if my writing was as bad as my act
You might be decades in the future, reading about my poems for an English class
which would make this heavy on the meta side of awkward self awareness, but
it's good to know middle school students might be doing 5 page essays on the
idiosyncrasies of a 21 year old when his friends were to busy to notice I was
writing.

In the end, you can be anyone.
You are free to interpret my poems anyway you choose. I sincerely hope you get
something out of them because I do not like to waste peoples' time.
However, these are all factors out of my control, random variables I could not
account for. There is only one constant across all readings and that's what I
designed for.

The author is always me, so I always wrote for me.

-Enjoy
-Fernando Yordan

Sonder

Look at all these people
Each of them to me
Just another NPC

An obstacle to avoid
Or a person to hold the door for

Occasionally a source
For the fear of getting mugged

And sometimes a hope
That I might say hi

Sometimes, like a possible design flaw
Of imperfect information encapsulation

I can make out their names
Hear their plans, all with subtle differences
In their tones, shapes and sizes
Sometimes I decide who I like and who I don't

But it doesn't matter, they don't
Exist out of my eyesight
They are not accessible in the next stack frame

But what if
This object of a poet
Who thinks he is so complex and clever
Is actually a glitch in the system

All these local variables
That don't matter in MY global scope

I assume they are just

passerby

Either not complex at all
Or too complex for me to decompress

Yet here they are in my piece of paper
Here to stay forever
While I just

pass them by ...

Staircase – snippet

I remember dying
I remember it being so peaceful
My void swimming through a fractal of consciousness
Until the monotony turned it into drowning in a sea of nothingness

I remember dying
And thinking that this was the afterlife
And thinking that if this was the afterlife we longed for
Then it was definitely not worth the wait and pain

...

I remember waking up
In mysterious point B
Taking the route I just took back to A

I remember the night where they found me in a staircase the most
I remember the night I remember least the most.

+

Another night of work transcending onto the dreamscape, work that would be
Done if the dreams were contiguous and the labor uninterrupted, but then why
Dream at all if dreams are doomed to stay dreams and to work, only to be
Effective at staying alive to dream some more dreams about dreams
Realizing the dreamer is stuck between knowing where they are or who they are
All while finding how to turn their work onto a dream or to dream about work
Lucid from either the high of cloud nine or the fumes from the machine
Lives dream.

Uncomfortable (Taboo) Topics

Oh look
Another millennial
Who cant stay mute
Who fights loud and about
Everything around and every single round

Always online but never inline
Reading too much between the lines
Get fed up with all the lies
Not knowing where the problem lies

But hey they smoke pot
Drink a lot
Slur words, curse words, cuss words
Of course they lose chill
Popping back another pill
Because they are ill
Because it requires skill
To not kill or slit their own wrists

Because there are risks involved
And you can't dissolve
Other people's struggles
As you gargle in the blood
Of those you find taboo

You dismiss their claims
And instead you take aim
At them because fuck them

It's taboo they ask for money
I'm sure everything you own
You got on your own

It's taboo they do drugs
You say as you inject
Mainstream media through your veins

It's taboo they have sex
I agree you son of a virgin

It's taboo they hate America
Land of the free and the colonies left to be free
Land of the opportunity to oppress minorities

Does this make you uncomfortable?
Is it that unfathomable
You rather dismiss it as taboo
Of all these topics one thing is true
It's only taboo because you say it so
It's only taboo because of you.

agreed with New Words written in your eyes, send

to put beginning

let's go back

it gives

they way

to write them in your eyes

"I can see words like these are hard to read, but

"there's a certain chirality to all of this"

"but we've locked ourselves in."

"there's a door to go out"

of anything

around and nah ox
Back and forth an infinite loop, from me to me

Fernando Y. G.

Call it Art

If I write dark
and call It Art
would you believe me?
Or would the red flag
brighten the night in flares?
If I said farewell, after all
Would you think I'm well?

What if the title of my Art
Was a cry for help?
What if I talked about
a cry for help,
titling it a cry for help,
being a cry for help.
Would it help make a difference?

What if I want to write dark,
Or make Art that happens to be dark.
What if I didn't
And my poems were all joy.
Wouldn't that contrast be stark?
Would it be right to reality
if there only was either light or night?

So it seems that when I write
my Art and I are not well
but I say we are all right.

Binary Spectrum

To you,
Reading this right now, having read that and about to read the rest.
Isn't it funny, that in the forest of possibilities that you might get lost, there is only one tree?

In the end you are here by choice, every random walk just a sequence of deterministic yes/no decisions. And when the sun sets/rises, determining east from the west, giving no answer in that instance but from context being able to extrapolate the time of day, you are left with the aura of colors from dusk/dawn, a beautiful spectrum of binary colors. Is it red/blue? It's not, but it's not purple either.

Does it matter where it fits into the spectrum? At the end of the day if it is not red/blue, then it's the same as every color but red/blue.

My question is for you, lost traveler, regardless of the color that you see, do you walk towards/against the sun? Let the leaves of the tree converge into one and find yourself back planted firmly on your root.

Farewell,
-from a fellow node

Drink fire, rain thunder, ground clouds. An elemental sestina of your name

Your name is the highest proof drink,
it locks me still, frozen from the feeling of fire
drenched in memories of you in the tropical rain.
Your name is the loudest and sharpest thunder
that follows the blinding spark that strikes the ground
from the ephemeral but cyclic clouds.

Your name clouds
as I pour myself another drink
and struggle to not end up in the ground.
Your name sets fire
to all other thoughts that thunder
in my head like purifying rain.

Your name drops in the rain,
with all the potential energy from the clouds
it echoes in the puddles the deafening thunder.
Your name has me searching for a drink
that can either replace this fire
or make the sky my new ground.

Your name is my common ground
when all other names rain
and they cannot put out the fire.
Your name has my head in the clouds
until I drink
and the reality wakes me up like thunder.

Your name silences like thunder
while I watch from the ground
knowing you are what I would rather drink.
Your name is a dangerous but needed rain
that although forewarned by the clouds,
it can flood the streets but put out any fire.

Your name creates a fire
as spontaneous as thunder
signaled by a spark between two clouds.
Your name erodes the ground
like non stop rain
while it empties my drink.

If your name is a drink that can be set on fire,
then it can be put out by another rain, one that may come without thunder.
Maybe one day I'll reclaim my ground from you, without giving up the clouds.

Graduation

All my life has been preprogrammed
with expectations set
and milestones placed over hypotheticals
taken as fact

I has been 21 years
of being told I can be anything
as long as I do every specific thing

And I have been worried of leaving
a checkbox Null
segmenting my plans
and that for some sweet fault of mine
I would miss something before
I reach the end of the line

Now I have reached some End
And as the line breaks

And the threads
holding the last 4 years
split on their own
non determined paths

/*
*... I lost where I was going with this
*/