

poetry collection

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The morning breaks, the day is new
Rush through all the seconds too few
Try to recall where you have been
And find that you are back again

The sun splits sky, the clock ticks through
It's hard to breathe, second-attuned
Governed by the piercing bell's ring
And find that you are back again

But wait, the windows open soon
And blow in promises that swoon
It's just enough to make hearts sing
And find that you are back again

I am still working out what the answer is
I wonder what the question is
I hear the echos of another echo
I see a crisply clouded future
I want to know that I'll be happy

I am still working out what the answer is
I feel the strings of life
I touch the strings of love
I worry all the time, even when I don't know why
I cry when the weight of consciousness is too much to
bear

I am still working out what the answer is
I understand that I will never understand everything
I say what I think I mean - thought that might change
I dream of peace that permeates
I try my hardest
I hope that it's enough

I am beginning to believe that there is no one answer

I've found it hard to find the answers to
A question that is still left as unknown
And why unhappiness burns on through
A shining future already shown
My empty promises only sustain
A future solely found in my head
It's hard not to lose when nothing's to gain
When all that you need's to rest in your bed
Losing my way in a cloudy harbor
And watching my anchor drifting apart
My life is a leaf on a dwindling arbor
I just need some water, that'd be a start
I know that I've loved through all that I've
been
And but still I ask: when does it begin?

Goodbye, America, they say:
We're on to somewhere new
When there's no room for one to stay
"Please bid The Dream adieu"

And glancing back upon the wall
So towering, so high:
And to The Dream, how did you fall
In blinking just one eye

Oh, were you ever there at all?
America, goodbye

An empty opaque bottle
Sits on a counter, little drops of condensation drip
You think of thirst; your fingers stretch
It reaches your mouth; your lungs pull in
But you catch only air. It's all for naught
There's nothing inside.
There's nothing. It lied.

How many stars in the universe?

One hundred billion, they say

But still, only five thousand

Our eyes can see at night

And then, only one

really stands out,

though blocking

others:

sun

day

sunny, golden

breaking, rising, shining

noontime, light, clouds, evening

dazzling, setting, dipping

blue, black

night

life happens in the in-betweens
where the memories come up to breathe
and they fill your heart
and you find yourself in the present
and then you're on your way to make another