

Poetry

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Chapter 1 – Her

The Fight of Two

The constant storm,

I dread of it

First it's still,

And then it's hit

I happy thee,

Friendly among them

But lies I find,

So, have I, sprung condemn

Oh! It lies, it lies!

It knows not what of me

The deceit it brings,

Transforms all to she!

I understand not,

of all these deceits

But understand this,

with all, shall come defeats!

The Crook

Tight close, Heat froze,
No breathing through my nose,
No movement in my clothes
The haunting of eyes
penetrating my skin
Do they see my lies?
I know they see within!

The disapproval look
The thoughts,
they may have took.
But they are who rot
As they see my faithful crook!

The One Who

She is the one who betrays

She is the one who lies

She is the one who plays

Those silly games that wry

For she was a part of my tree

For she was at the table with me

For she was the strength

that gave me great length

Now she's gone

When she broke off

And went to the thorn

That was for

The tree

Another Way

I think about the time,
when I once knew who you were
This time I think of, I miss
But now I know, the time has passed
And to be hidden from your face

I think not, want not
What is today
But hopefully tomorrow
Another way

The Fact

We are a broad tree
A struggling family of many
who shall not miss
The constant strife
The fact of it all is
The betrayal of life

The early struggle
should not be wished upon
But, you
see a different view
And break the bond
between a family
of now, a few,
because, of course,
it's without you

Two Rides

Frightful breaths that take
away the left of wrath -
that unto the thought they know
not it they shall rightly rake -
from the ones whose path
are set from they, not to grow

Not to grow unto the finest of
ones who've set out for what
is truly the given moments
of life, the trust of love,
the flow of memories not cut,
Life's truly giving endowments

And rightly so do these fowl,
careless, unscrupulous acts ensue
from the ones that seek not
of their life's scrupulousness
and the bearing of light not consume
but of their lives being ever so dearly fraught

Yet those whose breaths of life
intake these worthy instants
of this ever-flowing ride
are the ones who greet in rife
and, for the whole, the assistants
of the life they willingly bide.

Without You

The days that were before,
O, how have they been lost!
Another tear, the tare,
it will soothe in my love-tossed
Soul

Decidedly, I chose to not forget,
as if there ever was a chance
at this repair, so hopeful I let
the seen things go, until

But it is clear, oh very clear
that this soul you don't deserve
that this hopefulness doesn't strike
that it is / you don't care to like

for that, I set myself free
from your shackles,
from your tax
upon which you feed,
is there still a chance at this repair?
I stop pondering it,
for my life is to live now,
without this nightmare it's become
without the deceit to overcome
without all the tears you bring into it
Without You

Lies

Your lies don't erase the truth,
Rather, the truth always remains
And when it comes out, as it always does
You'll look like a fool, who claims

Instead, try
try to be truly happy
your deceptions only give you a fool's happiness
It isn't true, it isn't full or long
it isn't the best kind, that can prolong

Your own happiness is yours,
it is your own fault
it is your own curse,
or it is your gift
as well as your nurse

Well, whatever you choose,
it is your right,
But,
It's also your fight

Her Hoax

Despicable

the hate, the blame

the lies, the claims

Spread abroad,

desire of attention

wicked in ways unspeakable -

Not to mention

Yet, spoken

Yet, defended

Yet, unwise

Yet, contended

Going against perception

throwing knives -

didn't really read?

Didn't really know

Perception is weak

Blame

Blame for truth,

for defense,

for compassion

Her selfish ways

they seek the glory of destruction

A human's curse

Yet perception doesn't always know
the heartache, the pain
the reason for knives that go

But were there knives?
Not until she gave them
Not until she disguised them
with fakery only known
to the people who understand

They sit in the sidelines
Not detecting this hoax
Not knowing the side with the most loss
from the deception that surrounds
from the hoax
that they don't see
don't hear, don't believe

How should they?
She's the master of it
Much practice given
then taken
from the ones she's spent
A portion of herself
The giving to her don't faze

Chapter 2 – Inside

The Waiting

I sit, waiting on the clock,
has it changed? I know not
but what's beyond
the silver lining of the clock

I can feel the time breeze,
but still, it's not even
quarter the way to
the silver lining of the clock

Now it's close
yet still I sit,
because the passing
has still not hit
the silver lining of the clock

It has hit, I am free,
I breeze by, not stopping
And now it's clear
the Black lining of the clock

Go or Grow

Death,
How does it feel?
painful breath,
And movement still?

Or is it relief
of life lived,
or maybe grief
of life not lived?

Is it cold
as can be,
or is there warmth
like relaxing tea?

But of all these,
There's one I must know,
what's beyond this death of me?
Do I go, or do I grow?

A Beam

The rhythmic waves
floating, fleeting craves
moods unshown, unseen
and lives so grown, so sheen

With rides of bumps and cracks
but still so very lax
so thoughts flying, fleeting, falling
are yet a shortage-not allotting

Thoughts of old, and thoughts of new
thoughts a-going, and thoughts a slew
and yet a slow they seem - so slow
all within a little beam

Leave

Why dost thou leave?

There must be one-other way,
to see thy voice and hear thy face!

You came from beginning,

Then left you did,

After the great servants

Followed him, and were rid

Why do you not show anymore?

Nor talk, nor write, nor anything
to show that thou exists!

I need to know if thou exists!

I read you, hear from others
of you, yet still don't know you?

Why dost thou leave?

Lacking Truths

How can these words, which fall upon,
but show they're not so well along,
still must not, for better, be so wrong?

How can such facts, if yet so,
be true in many they shall befall
who look with belief so insipid of all?

Like the smalls of the world, so known,
yet lacking truths, that not compare,
which show from others, well aware

Questioning

Questioning...

Fright, in the culture, in the known comments - close

I'm neither, no thought - that I can tell

But the subconscious can't be ignored

I wish it can be ignored, but

I also don't

Predicting the worst, social has always been

jittery, frozen, thinking thoughts too many to think,

Wondering the worst

Wondering what if

What if it's true, what if I'm wrong

What if loss of the discovery

or not understanding

So I continue to question

this feeling, indefinite, yet definite

Signs that seem so obvious

are not obvious enough

The feelings of peers don't relate

I don't see what they see

I don't feel what they feel

about the other --

The obsessions different - same

I do wonder, from time to time...
whether they already know
whether I'm only because of past events
events concerning unforgiving, embarrassing
constant forgetting yet not forgotten, never forgotten --
whether "nurture"
is the cause, and if that makes me wrong

But I can't help it
I don't think I can?

Recently, a feeling, loneliness, a wanting touch
of something unattainable, for me
Not with my questioning, not with my social anxiousness
Something interesting, not quite felt before
Something that cements the answer...
does it?

Never

Never

had the touch of lips

of passion

felt the comfort

of arms

impassion

Never

felt the force of another

of zeal

for the other

a tangling,

surreal

Never

a thought of

saving,

but rather

a halting

of others,

of my own paving

I wonder -
in thoughts
too secret, to keep -
a divest of life,
my own doing,
a wish in thoughts

Out

Scared

feeling each response
before they're even said
Reactions in my mind
the feelings just as real

I wasn't sure
why have I been unsure?
when there's a prevalence
representing
But there's backlash,
true feelings of my culture?

People are killed, jailed,
sent away, spat at
People are cut off,
unloved, hated

Many don't understand
the value of the reveal
It's not to brag, or to force, or prod
Rather,
to get support, to accept oneself,
to cope,
to express freely
just as everyone else can

I've come to learn,
it's not my doing,
it's not my fault
I come into the world
as I am
from my past
from my genetics

Not all of my past
holds all weight
to who I am
I'm not "wrong"
because of it -
I know that now

I can't change
who I am
or pretend
I won't try to anymore,
the methods -
they're ineffective,
detrimental, awful
and miss the point -
there's nothing wrong
with me

Disorders,
to be called so,
must affect,
significantly,
daily life activities,
some or all
I live my life
without direct affect
from who I am personally

It's taken me
many years
to realize, to admit,
to accept that...

I'm gay.

Dream

I'm not a great talker
honestly, I'd prefer to write
writing allows me to give
my fullest expression, a final product
I'm not so outgoing
really, I like quiet space,
not many people around
yet some, just in reach

I'm shy
I get embarrassed easily
even when none notice
you'll note this when
I cover my face, my smile
bite my nails, avoid eyes

I doubt I'd date well
my tone doesn't reveal me
I get nervous and trip up
not able to think
quick enough to speak

But I'm a romantic,
not the dominating sort
Eyes, candle, firelight
music, dance, fireworks
chasing, falling, giving
seeing how others love

I don't know about
an experience of my own
I'm quickly embarrassed by
anything I do, say, look
I dream of a better me
one that will let myself
give my all to another
with no fear
I wish that weren't a dream...

Behind Out

Poured my heart out
line after line,
going well
But when I
got to the last line,
a hesitation,
a sense of realism -
something about writing it down -
washed over me
I sat there,
unable to write it
because once I do
I can't go back,
it's out there

Thinking
What if
my family finds this,
or my friends, or teachers,
What if
this admittance
is wrong about me,
or cuts the tether
to a force, to a life beyond life,
to a life at the end

And then I realize,
this is me
What am I so ashamed of?
Why does my personal own
matter to others?
But most of all,
how can I believe
in a force beyond
that doesn't accept me,
that doesn't accept
how I was born, made, shaped
that I didn't choose
to feel this horrible
that I didn't choose
to be so afraid
of what others would say,
of my own soul,
of my spiritual death

I long for
the personal connection to Him
that so many
are able to achieve
yet, how do I know
His own acceptance, creation
when His own inspiration
says quite otherwise

Forward Journey

Driving forward
a journey to a
lasting peace
with myself

Is this what it feels like?
to bear your soul to one?
A longing to talk
about anything,
everything
A comfort
Nothing I've had before

A longing -
unsure of what more,
prevents me
to bear more

A contributor
listening, helping,
taught -
split the wrong
other
and the right
self

I Think

the cues and signs
and representations
of things I can't conceive
can't conceive of
the work
to do the work
I think...

I think,
I do think,
because
it's the only thing
I can do,
do the think,
think the do,
not do the do
that I think

I think.

What else is there than to think?

Thinking allows
the doing,
but only if
the doing is done.
Thinking is worthless
without the doing.

Thinking
is only thinking
if nobody can
use the thinking
by doing what is thought

So it goes,
for me,
who does the thinking,
not the doing,
and the thinking
never being done,
that my thoughts
are worthless,
that they don't impact,
that my practice
is no practice,
unskilled in doing
unskilled in impacting
Skilled only in
thinking
what is not done.
The hobby thinker.

Chapter 3 – Entangled

Superficial

the peels

each a jabbing, scratching, lifting

stable, solid, remaining

yet smaller left with each

As protection wards off

and a lost color, between -

a response in cursing -

- each making tears artificial

- regardless of the benefits

and turning back in disregard

It does live,

Feeling, yet shown not

it itself masks

not truly, but

must - must

it's selfish -

selfless

Don't they know

don't they see

the absorbing, in

origin waters

it lasts

remains

truly remains

truly superficial

What's shown's not seen

what's daring not to be,

Seen

Everything and Nothing

Constant

derating, degrading, berating

Highs and lows

stuck sounds in my mind

nightmare music

thoughts that scare, ablate

constant wishes of nothing

wishes that everything wasn't something

that I wasn't the witness

to many years, many

it's reintroduced through the heart

the heart is an open wound

susceptible to infection

making you unbearable, not yourself

killing every part of you

till you're almost dead inside

till everything affects

and nothing affects all at the same time

till you're left wondering

if all of this is worth it

if you should be here

--

you're brought back out

but only on the surface

you're trapped in a comforting darkness inside

never wishing to come out

until you're forced out

and the hurt repeats

Comfortable There

A boring place

A small place,

little to do

little to see

What there is to see

it's not for me

no skill to explore

no tool to use

But none of that matters

not when I'm

shaky,

heavy, light

far,

locked up, afraid

A world inside my head,

slow, scared

comfortable there

A world outside,

fast, blunt,

daring where

quick to judge

quick to look

quick to speak

quick

I'm not what they want me to be
what I want me to be
I'm rushing just to stumble
and fall and
not fully express
I say a portion of my mind
to then be misunderstood

I miss what they say
what they say
what they say
I know what they say
what I say
what I say

Their look
I'm stumbling
stumbling over my words
over their look
over my thought

It continues,
the silence
I work it out
how did I sound?
I hope my tone was well
my voice

I hold no control

Over

Over and over

10, 20, 30 - times

Reading, thinking

Wondering the place

that spurs this

Wrong here?

Is that my what?

Being Read?

Nobody dictates it

Don't intake it --

that's what I should think,

sometimes is

Then I see, Analyze

this seems odd,

and this

Do they twist, swift, swap?

Is this grown

from outside soil?

Is this how they see?

broken pieces? Some missing

Why continue?

Some suggest no miss,

hollow wishes not missed

Stumble, trip, fall

Regret the one -

yet its placement matters

No room to fill -

Rather a pocket

I give my eyes,

they wear them

with a self-made cleaner

A cleaner that works

if it's their eyes,

not mine

They think

with their eyes

with their cleaner

They think

what my eyes see

With their ears

I don't have a self-made cleaner

I'm not skilled

I ask for their cleaner

I think with their eyes

But sometimes their eyes don't fully connect

And sometimes a smear still happens

sometimes

After it all,
I continue to Read, think
how did I see this?
Is there something I'm missing?
Is there something different?

Yet some don't consider,
what's missing,
what's different
Why words that seem harmless
hurt more than they seem
because they continue
to see with their eyes
to see with their ears
to hear with their thoughts

Who is I? Which sides?

Must It?

It must be nice
not to care

To claim --but not animal-
of anyone
that places you,
A fooler of the mind
blanketing the self

It must be nice
to focus on self needs,
no emotions
giving no thought,
not a second word
numb,
regarding none

It must be nice
to place unlike up
to being
fragile, water, ice
with empty spaces
filling everywhere and
dread - happiness -
black and white -
shiny, shades

It must be nice -
but when it's not,
It mustn't be nice
Must It?

The People, Their Missions

grieved heart,

a wickedness, heart thoughts

No favor found

I blot it all out

It seeps through

it's poisoning,

Can I hide?

I need to hide

sleep in a darkness

blocked on the outside

bricks to hold it back

I don't want to feel anymore,

I feel too much, too often

the disappointment,

Can I forget?

I need to forget

the people their missions

their clueless sickness

that spreads the world

Can I escape it this time?

Battered and Bruised

Battered and bruised
from clueless missions spread
Layering back my small color
I mask myself, because
there's everything
and nothing
left wondering
the losing not lost
the sides of who I am
My dream hesitation

I needed,
the only thing not broken,
a broken clock
a comfort stuck
No reflections
Holding on with no Name

I'm crowded by the weight
of my own content
Afraid to live out of myself
Afraid to get out
For the fear of being noticed
thought of,
seen,
Known

Battered and bruised

lost

from failings

bruises outward

inward realizations

Stop

the belief

the support

I don't deserve

My work is worthless

My thinking, no use

I remember

from time

from

unfinished thoughts

thrown away, lost

unfinished work

unfinished learning

What Right Turn?

Tell me how
to make this right
to stop the doubt
to keep on driving

The weight of how I was
following through me
winding through every
cracked road of

Wrong turns
crashing
into the boulders
not seen

The reminders, the doubt
Shutting me down
keeping myself
away from everyone else

Tell me how
to replace this hole
to replace this anger
this hate
of myself
to know how,
to want,
to keep on driving

Hate

I hate myself
for being terrible
I'm terrible
for hating myself

My sickness spreads
and comes back
amplifying
my sickness

I think of
saving others,
the world,
from myself
But hurting
the closest ones -
I'm stuck

I save to hurt, or
I hurt to save

I feel hopeless
Unknown
Everything

I don't want
to be known
to feel
to hurt

I can't find
meaning
reflections
myself
purpose

What if my purpose
is to have no purpose?
or, no self-purpose?

Helpless

My high expectations strengthen,
my view on humanity weakens
unable to live up to them
because
they don't try? they don't care?
they don't know why
other people fair?

They make these rules
for the suffering
you're supposed to change
for no reason, other than
your difference
that they don't accept
you're supposed to take
the responsibility
of this difference,
perceived refuses,
while they get
their excuses,
Calling our change
impossible
for themselves

They make these rules
for the suffering
you're supposed to improve
yet they,
they refuse

The thoughts
of not suffering,
the world, sundering,
they prevent
calling you weak
calling you selfish
calling you ill
your lack of wellness,
helpless

Who's really the weak?
The ones who give their all?
to conform
and realize
the norm is no norm
it's only weakness,
an inability to change,
selfish,
an undesign to range,
ill,
holding back humanity's outrage,
a lack of wellness,
helpless

The Game

I stick around,
forget the abuses,
shrug off the cruelty
of the world I found

This world isn't
what I expected
I don't belong,
rejected

Playing with lives
is a game to them
Anything to derive
their doings justified

you tell me
that I don't matter
that my thoughts,
feelings,
don't matter

that I don't belong,
can't belong
unless I give up
my self-value, my self-worth

that nobody cares,
that I'm not valuable

A game full of cheats,
Helpless

Maybe I should Quit.

Personal

You

quiet the folks who listen

freezing them

with your chill flex

taxing them interest

every time they

spit back your spit

You

own the monopoly

of credit

defending your due

bending your way

to the top

of the slide

You

feed the attackers

backing their stabs

playing by their rules

to harm the frozen

from your chill

manipulative hands

You

deal their cards

giving them no allowances

for your denial

of who they are

keeping them frozen, alone

for the fear of

having to change

your hypocrite ways

You

make them hate themselves

for your unacceptance

make them think

they're issued

beyond help, beyond life,

beyond acceptance

when they were right all along

when they were not in the wrong

when they are

who they now realize

they are

You

are going to claim

your emotions twisted

bouncing your own twists

from your slide of swipes

deflecting what you've done

Your feelings of disrespect don't matter

I chewed,

I spat the subject matter

I'm still in the game,

Let's see who wins

It's not personal, right?

Cross the Tight Divide

There's a tight rope
slicing who I am
my trust, my belief
blinding my dreams
living my mistakes in sight

They say
be true to who I am,
not where I've been
I'm in a fight with the world
to fit the mold
screaming no inside,
and I'm winning
but I'm so afraid of waking
Is this seeing or dreaming?

They say,
Cross the divide
and trust the bridge will hold you up
with no judgements
from the ones
of real talk and goodnights
A home outside your harsh self -
true happiness

All my mistakes darken away
from the edges of my sight
dreaming I can face the day
I start to cross the bridge,
to forgive, and to accept
who I am inside.

Their Dude

I am, inside,
crossing the divide
revealing my
vulnerable trust

Spoken words
of here's and through's
A bud of soothed
understandings
build my crossing
closer, spotting
cast fright
into the lake
flowing under me

Thoughts that scare, ablate
away my low worth
wishes that everything was something
closer than I can witness
continued callings
of
their dude

Still Standing

Fake Revolutions of Fake Hearts

washed up moral compasses

thrown out to sea

on a whim and a fancy

of who can be

the most found in the end

In the end when their lies

of slurs projected

views twisted and selected

like the Hitler tribe

persuade the saints

to follow in line

of Independent Disingenuous Works

and manipulators

Sured In

degrees of thoughts

directing boughts

to their works of frauds

Not knowing where to end

Not knowing where to lend

the destruction of the Hearts

as they go by fending

their due against

unspecial crews

who can't think for themselves

and require the acceptance

of Miss Improve Yourself

I have a fuel to burn
from the controversy
pointing a finger
at the ones
who pulled the trigger
pointed at me
with their bullshit
flying to tear
trying to flare
the burns of their
heartless
tilted stage and reactions,
prescribing the gun,
to me, and him,
and anyone who disagrees
with their roles
and their views
and their truths
tilted
with bruises
of shaped disapprovements
and manufactured
improvements
narcissistic decencies
validated reasons
of invalidated treasons
betraying the people

who sees in
stupid pleasings
squeezing
the chieftaincy
evilly secrets
are breezily
quilted
and lifted
and shifted
above all the stilted

and I...
and I
I resisted, unscripted
unassisted, contradicted
yet predicted
(they insisted)

and I
feel the burn of the thousand cuts
a fire, a fuel
a light to see through
what not to do,
resisting shifting truths,
relative loops,
and religious feuds

and I
am still standing.

Mixed

I am holding on
to the memories
stuck sounds in my mind
broken hearts, turbulence,
quips and nicknames
regards lost

Every human has
a heart
easily broke,
easily fraught
moving strong,
and moving on
confused
and misunderstood

They gave me respect
and bridges with tries,
talks and comfort
conversations worth sharing
they gave
my frets lost

doubts I'm wrong
longing what I might have lost
searching for the light
to see through
trading my worth
for the hatred,
wanting everything

My insecurities
used against me
to push me in their line
claiming no assumptions
I am not going nowhere
just because I am not where
others want me to be,
I am still standing,

but not driving
The fright of intentions
the unknown, regrets in
assumptions and vests
handling my protection
from head games
seeing bad where it isn't there
wanting nothing

Trading my worth
for the perceived accepts,
because at least I'm seen
my names called
comforted across
my worries lost

Every human has
a view
to protect the world
to improve
to try their best

Stuck echoes in my mind
monopolizing my thoughts
No assumptions
for their pushes
No responsibilities
for their hatred
No care
respect lost

I'm broke,
they say
Maybe I'm broke.
I'm holding on
to the memories
stuck in my mind,
seeing good where it isn't there,
Is it there?
Respect and bridges with tries,
my insecurities used against me,
Talks and comfort,
yet no care
Telling me to trust,
yet assuming no roles
Telling me to forgive,
while espousing intolerance
Are we who we are?
Or what we want?

Chapter 4 – Change

Circle

Claiming opponents

want less freedom

while also criticizing

their opposition

to restrictions

on freedoms

by the people

who kill for no reason

because they aren't trained

as if it's better

to kill people

when in doubt

than to keep the most

people alive at all costs

as if it's necessary

because at least

the killers aren't dead

because at least

the killers' "protection"

isn't diminished

because at least

they live to kill

another day

getting them before they can
get you
as if they would have thought to
as if they would have needed to

Claiming they
want less freedom
while also criticizing
their defense
to restrictions
on freedoms
by the people
who kill for no reason
because they aren't trained

as if it wasn't necessary
as if it's better
to let them be killed
when in doubt
than to keep the most
people alive at all costs
because at least
you aren't dead
because at least
your protection
isn't diminished
because at least
you live to kill
another day

as if you weren't taught this

as if they weren't taught this.