# **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 forn

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 *I* 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

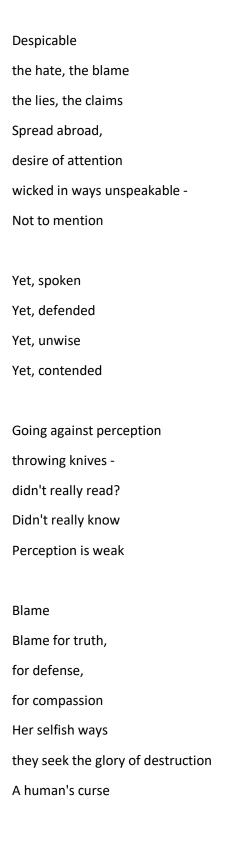
```
Your lies don't erase the truth,
Rather, the truth always remains
And when it comes out, as it always does
You'll look like a fool, who claims
```

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



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

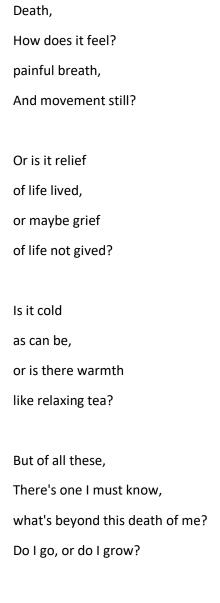
I sit, waiting on the clock,
has it changed? I know not
but what's beyond
the silver lining of the clock

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



#### 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

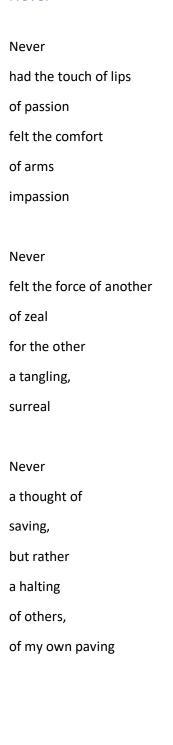
Not with my questioning, not with my social anxiousness

Something interesting, not quite felt before

Something that cements the answer...

does it?

#### Never



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

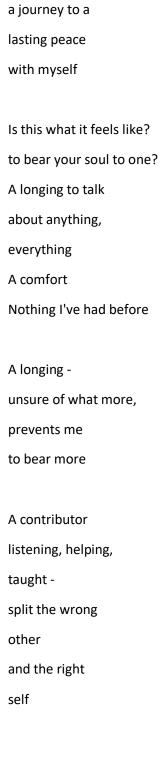
His own acceptance, creation

when His own inspiration

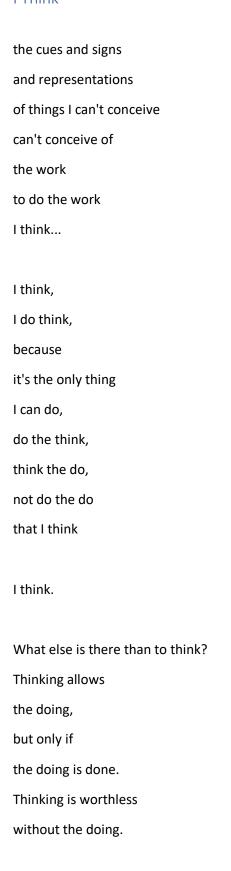
says quite otherwise

# Forward Journey

Driving forward



## **I** Think



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 louds

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

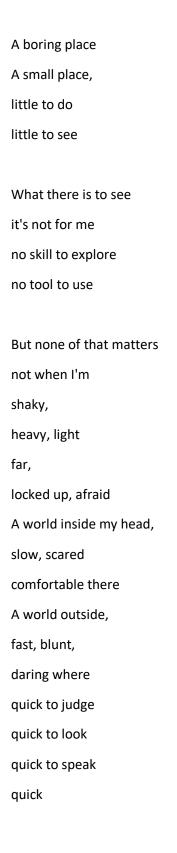
if all of this is worth it

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



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

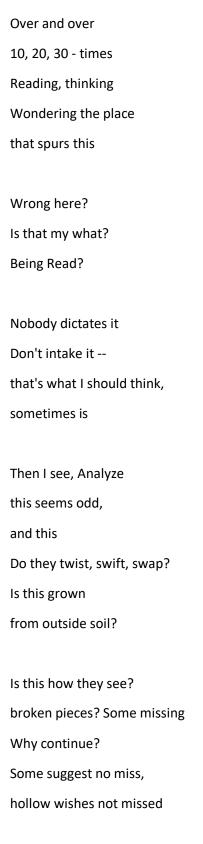
I miss what they say
what they say
what they say
I know what they say
what I say
what I say

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



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

Stumble, trip, fall

Regret the one -

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

Who is I? Which sides?

to hear with their thoughts

### Must It?

It must be nice not to care

To claim --but not animalof 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

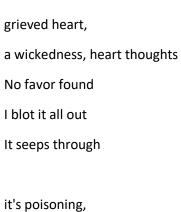
It must be nice -

but when it's not,

It mustn't be nice

Must It?

# The People, Their Missions



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

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

Battered and bruised

lost

from failings

bruises outward

# 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

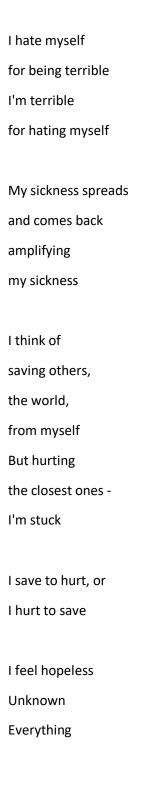
of myself

to know how,

to want,

to keep on driving

### Hate



I 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 undesire to range,
ill,
holding back humanity's outrange,
a lack of wellness,
helpless
```

### The Game

I stick around,
forget the abuses,
shrug off the cruelness
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 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

their dude

flowing under me

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

### 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

my frets lost

confused

and misunderstood

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

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

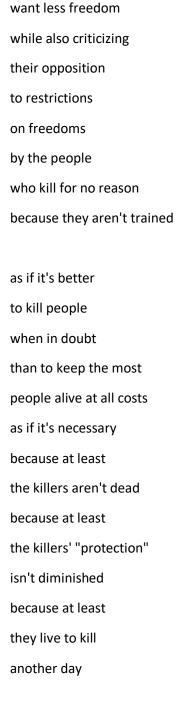
I'm broke, they say Maybe I'm broke. I'm holding on to the memories stuck in my mind, seeing good where it isn't there, Is it there? Respect and bridges with tries, my insecurities used against me, Talks and comfort, yet no care Telling me to trust, yet assuming no roles Telling me to forgive, while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

Or what we want?

# Chapter 4 – Change

### Circle

Claiming opponents



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.