

# TRANSLUCENT

S.T

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*When the heart speaks.....*

# CONSTANCE

Out of the blue, tearing up without a cause  
I find myself pondering  
On what happened, what's happening  
And what'll happen  
In my bid to think through it all  
I count more graces than numbers  
Still in awe of the evolvment  
There was the change that came,  
The change that flashed,  
The change that broke,  
The change that fixed,  
The change that hurt,  
The change that didn't.  
Changes that smiled, grinned, laughed.  
Changes that cried, sobbed, sobered.  
Changes that yelled, screamed, kept quiet.  
Most especially the "Changes that Changed".

In an effortless speech,  
Delving in with intentions of zero caution  
Like the ever walking and omnipresent passerby  
I'm there like I'm not  
Dwelling in lack of the perfect description  
Opening up to the unfamiliar familiarity  
I'm optimistic in my pessimism  
And as usual, I hope against all odds  
Praying for the worthy and deserving  
All the while expecting nothing at all  
Not overanalyzing anything.

# THE OFFICE

It's back and forth

There exists an anticipated pause

But it resumes actions every during hour

Like a conversation, like a dialogue

Like an enlightenment, close to instructive

And almost like a transaction

Only it's an interaction

Usually two defined hierarchical parties

Hierarchy of different levels

The constant swing of the hinges,

Turns of the handles, indicates in and out

Though it motions in a single direction

Subtle and not so subtle jam of the wood

Everyone of them indicating

Either an arrival or a dismissal

# ON DUTY

Feels new even in its old skin  
And awfully familiar in its new features  
I've walked the walk before  
Though in different shoes  
And on different paths  
But now with new perspectives,  
New ideas, new opinions and more experience  
The lingering fear of getting overwhelmed  
And failing at the tasks and more; very minute  
Still in the strong will  
The constant assurance that I'm not alone  
That the ability and capability to do this,  
Exceptionally well  
Instilled and planted richly!

# BREATHE-BREATH

Effortlessly priceless in its uniqueness  
Costly, requires zilch in exchange  
A breeze to some even if unacknowledged  
Yet a great struggle for many,  
Whether in conscious, subconscious or unconscious  
Holds and upholds its value generously  
In high worth and emphasis of necessity  
The why behind the birth and death  
Seven-lettered to perfection; it is  
**B**est user of the sour stuff  
**R**elieving and ultimately comforting  
**E**nduring the atmosphere of its relevance  
**A**llows to be used, reused and unused  
**T**hreatens psychological function in show of usefulness  
**H**opefully shall abound in mystery of source Eternal or not



# STIFF CONTRAST

Quiet, so quiet, almost deafening  
Dark, dark night, so blinding, very bright  
Gloomy sky, gloomy mood  
The skies lost its shine  
It's as blank as a brand-new canvas  
Completely plain, yet colors so many emotions  
The air lacking in motion,  
As though on a pause; a very torturous one  
The sounds of slow and steady, breaths barely audible  
Not under the weather, not ecstatic either nor sad  
A very discomforting normal  
So unusual yet so much like a routine  
So Stiff!

# A PART OF EARTH

In different shades of earth

It gets lighter and gets darker

Its present weather causes the wetness

Unhealthy and invaded by some non-naturals

And even the significant dying natural

As dull as the atmosphere

It embodies droplets as if in tears

Different channels with one destination or not

Domineering as far as possible in unequal measures

# HIM AND HER

She was the fire that he fed into  
Over and over again  
She burned for the passion she envisioned  
Continuously, until he saw no use  
And in that moment  
As if just realizing she's the fire  
He feeds no more, easily  
Seizing the reason for the ignition  
One slowly burns out, the other  
Ripped from the one very quickly  
With no more of the attachment  
He leaves behind piles of hurt  
All she does now, another reason  
For the ignition, for herself  
The feeder had dropped the ruins  
In His cowardice.

# IN THIS TOWN

Thoughts are exploding in my head  
I'm running out of needed space  
To store up these emotions  
I can't hear one voice clearly  
Every one of them is louder than the other  
I'm very tempted to yell  
With mouth wide open in attempt  
Yet no sound is emitted regardless  
Driving near the edge of a breakdown  
I'm scared and not, confused and not  
Exhausted with so much energy inside of me  
Struggling to find the words to get them  
Force them out of my system for some relief  
I've got people to talk to but I'm silenced  
Maybe they can help, or they can't  
Don't even care to find out  
I'm on my own one again In This Town.