

S C R A P S F O R T H E
S O U L



L A W R E N C E T A N G

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Author Biography

Lawrence Tang is an Asian-American poet from Calgary, Canada. Struggling with identity for most of his life, he started writing to understand himself, the world, and the endless search for meaning. Lawrence is a fourth year student at the University of British Columbia where he currently studies business technology management.

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Now you will drown in a bouquet of leather scraps

"You will always be my first love" – you said, a lie.

A dull smile sits on my face, shielding me, my misery, from a barrage of pity.

How could you betray me? Did you not love me?

Questions, dead to be asked, not meant to be answered

lay dormant, prickling a hole in my phalanx.

A meaningless gesture against your magazine of excuses.

"I hope you won't hurt yourself" – you said, knowing you were all I had.

The call ended, that black mirror reflecting the void in my heart.

A singularity consuming all, bleeding into my crappy leather throne.

Like autumn leaves, this throne would shed away its hide, revealing its ugly, gray, raw interior.

Leaving behind petals of fake black misery.

One petal, in the pant leg of my favorite black jeans

– the pair I wore to our second date.

Another in my coat's breast pocket

– a replacement to fill the gap.

Another on my left sleeve.

I watch as they slowly flutter away, only to reappear when I least expect it.

An unwelcomed reminder of all my misfortunes and shortcomings.

No matter how much bleach I use, my clothes still stained black with disdain.

Until one day, the final scrap flutters away, off onto the path behind.

Maybe goodbyes are overrated. For the baptism of silence will wash clean my heart.

Creator's Blight

Why are bird songs, sing-alongs when daylight breaks dawn?
Who's life do they praise (harvest)? What gives them the right?
Descending down from heaven to deliver God's smite?
Does the early worm truly have meaning in life?
What does the early worm get? (beside abducted)
How does one subject themselves to such a measly fate?

Does fate hold meaning in the creator's clammy palm?
One slip and oop, dear mama bird is gone!
Daylight has ended, where has mama bird gone?
What's stopping your chirping? Dear baby bird, isn't it time to take flight?
So why play in the nest when you can emerge and soar?

Who's life is more valuable?
Who deserves the creator's blight? Right?
Dear ~~reader~~ creation, why do you hang on so dearly?
No prodigal mothers, sun, or worms to be found.

Reconciliation of Direction

This book starts with The Aforementioned:

to credit all of those ~

Swirling misguided directions.

I'm caught, a bit lost with my intention.

How could you abandon me so?

Swirling in my world of misguided direction.

Please shield me dear bastion!

Protect me from His deceitful woes

– No need to interject 神 (shen)

Ill suited protection.

Where I say it is all okay now.

Where can I find a guided direction?

Perhaps the losses have brought some reflection.

Perhaps I might now know.

Swirling through my failures, a miss-guided direction.

A worn mind's subjugation,

I am a bit more comfortable, though

swirling amiss guided direction.

Finally, accepting His credited interjection.

Fall

ing

Desperately, you cling on, grasping onto the highest peak.
You've made it, going against the lethal gusts
braving the challenges that have taken the lives of those before you.

However, you know, the next might be your last.

Where will you go when you finally let go?
Fodder? For the trees to consume – and breed new life?
Perhaps in a rank green coffin.

You know it will come – so why not just let go now?

Fluttering in the wind

Peacefully,

Naturally.

Even if you don't let go, you will die clinging onto the very branch from which you emerged.

Only to be replaced by the next generation.

Chapter 5: Forget

→ As mentioned in chapter 1, it is easy to forget destructive behaviors

- Remember to sabotage:
 - Relationships
 - Your mind
 - Your life

→ Forgetfulness is a useful tool in today's landscape, use to your convenience!

- Why care?
 - Just leave your worries behind

→ To remember is a mere farce

- Shove it deep below
 - Avoid Naloxone!!!
 - Don't let your sleep be taken!

Just Sleep

dont dream

-> forget the pain

-> let your mind fade away

until tragedy becomes dull happenstance

-> and finally find peace

Summertime Casket

We have no need for broken segments.
So crack, break & excavate the paths of old.

Release the sentiments to the skies and well the eyes of passersbys.
With beating sun comes marching jackhammers
And a procession that blocks the streets.

Director, pallbearer, and attendants made known
by reflection orange inseams that gleam and glisten.
That time has once again arrived.

This casket is open for viewing for all to see ~
Flesh smoothed over, potholes filled, stitches mending the surface, cracks gouged out.

Drown the opening with molten stone!
Damn the fallen to never see light until we are ready.
Ready to trade dirt for cobble, cobble for concrete, concrete for asphalt.

Why can we not just rest and let the cracks be?
Let cracks split and become divides to make way for the resurrection of the buried (life).