

ONE-LUSION

by thao thanh tran

ho chi minh city, vietnam

I want to think about who I want to be.

shape of the clouds

By looking up to the clouds amorphous,
I see down to a shape of a firm flash
Flashback to that time we were kids,
you stated it was exactly like santa claus
well, I thought it was a field of flying birds
you pointed up guiding me your vision
yeah, it looked like santa claus

Then we followed some voices
calling us to get back inside
Just like time, the wind was blowing fast
I kept frozen that firm flash as a shape of the clouds
(just right there)

By looking up to the clouds amorphous,
I see down to our harmonious land
Our land's heart is in the names of us:
I am ours as we are one
And,

Whenever it gets dark like it always does
I cannot see any shape but shining stars
Still I'm blown in slo-mo
I am sort of something like a shape of the clouds
(just right here)

By looking down when it's not,
I see up to a well-known:

I am exactly like the shape of those clouds
(just end this sleep)

financial tower

Finally, I got a break
My little time
I'm looking for a place
to read

Ended up in this coffee shop,
A menu list and
Our favorite songs in another beat
another beat to tune up my heart beating
another beat to heat up my heart bleeding

Yeah I'm
bleeding every beating
beating till be beaten
Beat these anti-fans
cause they don't know 'bout our connection
cause we're clear we aren't dreaming to be of more

Face this time—maybe it's not a waste of time
I just got in a wrong place to read
Here I am, bought a cup of coffee
How come I don't feel so bad...

I got a break
My little time
I'm looking for a place
to write

That traffic circle and this yellow-red-green
Me and all the signs of red, yellow, then blue
Ongoing rush in another speed
I speed it down to freeze-frame

I speed it down to freeze out my heart bleeding

I'm
bleeding every beating
beating till be beaten
Beaten without you, friend
I'm kind of lost away from our connection
Where are you now?

Face this time—I don't want this to be a waste of time
Is here a wrong place to write?
Am I my own distraction?
Suddenly I hear my heart fast beating...

My heart got shocked into reassessing
this moment's meaning
: just keep going

birthday party

Happy another birthday
I think I've lost count of my new dresses
and eyewitnesses
our smiles and the dislikes we hide

I'm just here now all-in for my cool clothing
Some other times, I feel nothing

I want to be of more
for me

just go

Just go, driver
Just go
somewhere better

you know
I got away from this party
It's one big family party
It looks neat and clean
ain't that all we want to see?

No laugh been that bad, till they drove me mad
Thought I was too drunk, so I switched my position
You know I went away from the spotlight
Got too hot, too bright
Got dizzy—didn't see anything in sight (not even me)

We can't be all speaking
A show of hands for whom preferred to be listened
Nobody wanted to say anything
till everybody knows we all want to say something
Thinking there'd be no harm done
we played lame compliments and nutrition facts dropping
And we just wanted more fun
We got drunk and went on to sing along
sing along to those well-known songs popping
It's like we live for this party!

Raising a child can just be like a song
we live it up, heat it up, cover songs in our karaoke party
Whatever, just keep on driving
with all the time in the world
Just drive around the city
and there'll be more to see
But damn, I ain't got much cash to pay
Just drop me here,
it's been great

walking home

It's about time and place
wander till it's late

What a shame
in wanderlust

These cash ain't enough for a safe sleeping
I can just keep on walking
Walking—kind of feel a matter in my own existence
Walking—it's kind of like I'm no more walking
as if i'm just floating on a timeline...

I'm losing my mind
over all the ways we've been doing our profile and timeline
I'm just losing my mind
cause deep down inside I don't really get mine
I'm just losing my mind
cause my say and my way—none is right today

When what is right lies beyond my sense of right,
I dislike.

It's about time and place
wonder if it's late
What a shame
in wonderland

It's time to come back home
It's home for me to come back no matter the time
But again, I feel my heart dry bleeding
so I play my responsibilities talking:
been doing my best in positioning and timing...

Telling me that it's just another sleepless night
Telling me that I should live for our smiles
But again, I cannot make me feel right
Tonight I want to know whatever I'm feeling inside
But now, I'm just too tired

It's crazy how it's kind of like I'm blown out of life

but I ain't, right?!

how it goes (again)

Start the morning like there's nothing wrong
a smooth voice
like a well-known heartwarming song

Just when my responsible tasks are all done,
I'm completely lost—I'm that blank stare at the tv
Just killing time
Just enough to fill this hard silence

Start my sigh—feel like there is wrong
a smooth voice
and a well-known heartbroken song

I turn our favorite show on
It's on with another better cover song
Cover songs are for the times we sing along
Cover songs are for me to point out your wrongs

Oh, you!
Should you sell it all for what is fun?
though all I want now is just fun

When you're not sure if anything's wrong,
are you now a heartbroken or a heartwarming song?
When they turn to you and say "it's on"
you may think we want a better cover song
you may think a cover song won't do you wrong
you can do it all cause you're that tough and that strong
Oh, don't you fear disapproval?
Oh, don't you fear rejection?

If I could tell you how
If you just tell you how

How it goes—your own heartfelt song?
As our morning comes,
how would you like to make us sing your song?

Oh God

Growing up, I keep in mind the possibilities:
to be what I want to be
Started with picking a name in a dictionary
then I picked a pack of vocabularies to be
So many times, I have changed my mind
So many times, things turned out to be without the way I want them to be
So many times, I have changed how I want to dress me
So many times, I have changed what our favorite songs mean to me
I'm changed and I guess I just change
Still, I keep in mind the possibilities

Still, something in my mind keeps telling me
of how much now I want to be what I want to be
Still, something in my mind keeps telling me
that you also want to be what I want to be
: one more possibility

For all of us
That's about you and me.