

LOVE IS A GHOST



PART I

TO THE ARCHWAY

part 1: to the archway

Fragment, unnamed

Oh I know,
And I know,
And I know,
And I know,
What is per-
-fectly clear,
What's for show,
How it's near.
And I know,
As I sit, as I wait for –
Oh where is my life!?
And inside, you could find,
All you needed to know.

June 30, 2004

A Rush

All I see is clouds passing by,
Across a distant sky;
It's hard to breathe
From inside a cocoon.
I swear I've never come out of the womb,
Trapped in a circular room,
And I can't see.

I look into your face by the light
And what a beautiful sight
It seems to be.

Oh, but I could've changed it
As much as I could've escaped it.
And I can't escape it for my life.

Because everything I perceive is a dream
And in reality, it's hard to see.
All these intricate shapes are just a mass of blurred arrows to me,
Leading off differently
But meeting here.

September 5, 2004

Innermost Desire

I'm never gonna get it
I'm never gonna have it come my way.
It's never gonna reach me
'Cause I keep thinking 'bout it every day.

I glance at them all the time, and
Sometimes I'll see them looking back at me.
And I'll be happy...
Until the next day comes empty.

And jealousy, it clings to me
'Cause I just wish that I could be
Everybody's innermost desire.

Innermost desire,
'Cause it takes me that much higher.

Innermost desire,
It seems so far away.

It's not real love, I know, and
I wish that I could show that
I'm not letting it take control of me.

But it sits there in the throne of my mind,
I tell myself all the time
I don't need it, but it makes me so happy.

Innermost desire,
It takes control of me.

I know attraction's just a fling,
I tell myself it's worth nothing,
But I crave it like an animal each day.

With innermost desire,
To myself I am a liar.

Innermost desire,
How did you get instilled in me?

When you come to me in surplus
I fly so high on clouds of fantasy.
The attention that I crave so much,
It's all the energy I'll ever need.

My hopes reach past the sky, and,
I feed off all the looks you're throwing me.
So the ones I'm looking out for,
Today, just please come through for me.

And then my hopes come crashing down,
You didn't even turn around
Or tilt your head to get a look at me.

You're my innermost desire
And I'm just the roller coaster rider.

Each day, oh innermost desire,
My happiness depends on thee.

I really have no preference
In my attachment to an essence.
I could switch them up, it'd still all be the same.

First they look at me with adoration,
Then they don't even face my direction;
I'm so confused, no clue what they feel for me.

But deep down, innermost desire,
I love the way you torment me.

The only thing 'bout which I *really* care,
My world *revolves* around their stares;
A hilarious and worthless enterprise.

A tiny, childish-looking girl
Thinking she's the center of their world;
Humiliating when I see it from their eyes.

This monster craves attention on demand,
Yet to them I'm but a grain of sand,
It's the only part of me that's real, behind my lies.

Innermost desire,
Oh what you burn with all your fire.

Innermost desire,
Why do you take me so much higher?

Innermost desire,
You've taken complete control of me.

Innermost desire,
How can you leave me if I don't want to be free?

September 7, 2004

Strange Poem (Apocalypse)

Oh heaven sent,
The earth is bound,
Drawn up by liquid hands,
Caught up in sound
So mundane, vile; I greet,
A pool of blood lies at my feet.

Oh someone look;
The world has bled,
Another layer yet to shed.
A sword run through
The heart and spine,
Two different flowers yet entwine.

Upon my head
So be the grief.
The failure covers like a sheath.
The holes to run through
Have been blocked;
The golden gates have all been locked.

So tell the villain
In thy sleep
To wrestle with the mind so deep.
Plunge into rivers,
There abound,
The endless notes
Of silent sound.

The wasted tear
Has entered in;
The world must crawl out of its skin.
The light shed from
A millionth sun;
To each his own
And one by one.

July 28, 2004

New Poem

All I crave is gone
If only for a moment.
The world comes crashing down
And doesn't make a sound.
It halts to a silence, as I sit here waiting
In frustration for something to come.
The truth
The truth is the only one.
I don't know.
I don't know anything,
I don't know a single thing.
Can't see past what I see with my eyes,
It's not true, yet not lies.
There are no words to describe,
No descriptions to remember,
No memories to connect,
No connections to feel
In terms of this "real."

November 8, 2004

Crazy Lady

Let me tell you of all of the things that I've learned.
Some of them might seem a little absurd.
But I've been a crazy, crazy, crazy, crazy lady,
For all of my life.

And so I'll stand by you
Stand by you,
And all that you'll ever do
Stand by you
I'll stand by you,
I'll stand by you,
I'll stand by you.

Late Fall? 2004

The Love in My Dreams

It's a man-a-phobia
No relationships
Thinking of you
Any of you
Makes me so sick
Being with you
Waking up to your body
Waking up to your smell
The smell of a man
A man in his entity
A man that is me
Not my true counterpart
But the one I have chosen
A fake, a phony
Not the real "one and only" –
It makes me sick to my stomach
Sick to my gut
Churning and twisting horribly
I want to throw up my intestines
Feel the bile in my throat
It sickens me
Sickens me
Sickening to be –
It's an uncomfortable lurch of the stomach
A dull poison of the gut
The gut-squelching feeling – sickening
Sickening to be –
The sick, smiling, pale discomfort
Morning in a pale white light
Cool air, early dawn
With him smiling right at you
Your trap, your enclosure,
He is your world
He is everywhere,
Sickening you, in your veins
Your gut sickens at his smile.
To know someone,
To be someone,
To be him,
Him, him, **him**,
It's the most sickening, disgusting,
Bile churning in your gut feeling
Of no escape.
I'm trapped in him
In his world of gray.
I am his gray.
His delicate features,

His small, secret smile,
So personal, it knows me, smiles into me;
Oh, God, it brings up the bile!
The air we breathe
Each day, each moment,
Seeping through my skin
Bland corruption,
Fresh and pure;
Your trap, enclosure
Pulls you down
Into the dark
The dark and gray
Of him, the gray that's him,
The air, the everywhere is him
And there is no escape.

2004

Restlessness

All I crave is gone
If only for a moment.
I look around, and I see,
But I can't perceive or make connections
To anything, and everything
Is just floating there, not in midair,
But where it is; all I see
Is what I see with my mind
Is an unbreakable cage.

November 7, 2004

Strange Poem 2

Heaven sent the world to drown
In liquid pouring from our veins,
Our eyes, our lips, with magnitude
So great as though it caused us pains.

Flying lightly over clouds
Of wisps of wish that make no sound,
The messenger, Reality,
Comes hither where his eyes abound.

Heaven sent you on a quest
Through wondrous valleys running wild
And up past peaks of icy trails
From which you fall, a helpless child.

Embodied in a world so great
Are eyes of glass and vanity
That probe the tunnels, passing by
The havens from insanity.

Colliding forth into the light
By boundless stars of swirling grace,
Entwining with the silver night,
You dare gaze deep into your face.

It stares at you with vapid eyes;
You find that you've no place to run;
As all the strings become untied,
You find the world's become undone.

Fantasy

When I move into my medieval castle
Surrounded on all sides by the undisturbed woods,
We get tranquil, unending, leisurely walks
Free from the continuously gnawing “I should”s.

Hours and hours of exploring the lands,
Strolling by the creek without any hassle.
Dragging along nothing in my hands
Except the old silver keys to my castle.

I’ll have three little kittens, a Siberian Husky,
A beagle, a rabbit, and a little iguana.
I can’t think of a rhyme, so here’s the word “musky.”
I’ll plant lots of flora and catch myself a fawn-a.

No TV, no radio, and no DVD,
No computer, no cell phone, inside my walls.
In my medieval castle I shall be free
Strolling silently down my torch-lit halls.

I’ll have three grand pianos, pipe organ, church organ
And I’ll have the spare time to meet Billy Corgan.
He wrote many great songs which I do admire.
They’ll reverberate off my walls as I sit by the fire

Looking outside at the myriad lake
As seen through the stained glass,
Reflecting the fading light in my castle
Where loneliness sets in as the years come to pass.

I had the impression I could do without people
But who am I kidding but me?
Half my heart pulls him, half pushes away;
A dissatisfied essence my trap seems to be.

And is loneliness the unwelcome end
Of my perfect, far-off dream?
Incomplete, unfinished, imperfect life –
My trap is my fate, it would seem.

Never I’ll have the solace I crave.
My exact perfection never can be.
I might live in my castle, but I’ll *still* never own
The ideal life I call my fantasy.

Hymn

All I want
Is all I need
And all I need
Is what I dream
And what I dream
Is what I love
And what I love
Is you.

Oh, you're all I want
Because you're all I need
And you're all I need
Because you're what I dream
And you're all I dream
Because I love you
And when you're in love
That's what you do.

1-21-2005

The Sentimental Me

If you don't think something affects you,
Just give it a little time.
At some point you'll get a glimpse of your new self
From the side.
You've become so sentimental,
Just like everyone else.
And it's hell
When you're simply adding more layers to your shell.
You think you keep moving ahead,
But in reality you're falling behind.
Think the light is getting nearer,
But you're again becoming blind.
Even your writing gets worse
And up surges the remorse
For your sentimentality;
You're just emotions and brutality.

January 2005

Jealousy

Jealousy, jealousy,
It's all I feel inside of me.
Jealous that Misha doesn't like me,
Because I had *hoped* and *hoped* we'd go out somewhere today.
Those other times said no so happily.
It drove me crazy, insane; I was denied my play.

Jealousy, jealousy,
The realest part of me I'll ever see.
Jealous of Margaret and Henry.
She gets to go to his house every single week.
She's prettier, more talented, than I'll ever be.
I'm just a gnat in his view, pitiful, tiny, and meek.

Jealousy, jealousy,
Oh do you see the irony?
My life's been so ironic lately.
Well, I'd like to explain, but I need some more time.
So many components to it, you see.
Be prepared for some stanzas that don't match with this rhyme:

Now, I've always craved some guy to like me,
I'm sure by now you could tell.
I daydream about how I'll enchant him,
But only *I* fall prey to my spell.

My internal whims never affected them
(Or, at least, I suppose).
Well then Misha started to like me,
Although I didn't like his nose.

And I thought he was kind of a dork,
And his chin jutted out too much.
He revolted and repelled me
With all those little things, and such.

God, it was a sickening feeling.
Just like those dreams I've had before.
But slowly, behind the darkest curtain,
I grew dependent on him more and more.

The attention dripped into my veins.
It hooked me from under my skin.
On the surface I played innocent,
But I'd always been out there to win.

And now what am I to do?
My insincerity's come back to me.
In frustration, I growl like an animal –
Oh do you see all the irony?!

I'll put it for you most clearly:
I never liked Misha at all.
The feelings I felt were platonic;
A chance for anything was small.

I always knew that it just wasn't right,
So uncomfortable right from the start.
But after some time and much flirting,
I lacked the permanence to trust my heart.

1/25/05

All My Convictions

All my convictions
Go down the drain,
Though I banish these thoughts never to return again.
But they always come back
And go back around again.
All my decisions
Are meaningless lies,
Though I tell myself to stick with them despite what may arise.
But I always give in
And go through the cycle again.

The tension from the effort tears my body apart,
But what else is left to do when I can't hear my own heart?
If only I knew
What my heart knows,
Then I could see.
If only I could
Follow through,
Maybe I'd break free.

Convictions really seem so strong,
With all their egoistic strength:
I daydream of their permanence and willpower at length.

But situations then change,
Forget decisions and say oh well.
Instances happen,
Believe just as strongly in something else.

All my convictions don't mean a thing
When I'm on a roller coaster that pulls me around in a ring.
And as it pulls me along,
Suppress the feeling that what I do is wrong.

All my promises are draped in insincerity.
I crave sincerity from him, but there's not a drop of it in me.
If I could make up my mind,
Sincerely leave all of this behind...

All of my plans somehow fail to go through,
Though I tell myself, *that's it*, from this point on I won't move.
Easy to say at a low,
But here comes the high tide and back we go.

The sick games we all play
Just to fulfill our fantasies,
Fill our rotting minds

With this sickeningly sweet disease.
Walk around blind,
Attach ourselves to whoever we find.
Get broken apart,
Break someone else with my own shallow heart.

A slave to my desires,
I humbly follow in their wake.
They numbly plow ahead;
Must be attention here to take.
Steal what looks that you can,
But your heart ends up right where it began.

All my decisions go down the drain,
I turn my back on them when I find something else to gain.
Back and forth, in between,
Never as permanent as the moment may seem.

All my convictions are meaningless lies,
They change in an instant by a glance from your eyes.
Completely out of control,
But I love the ride, so I let it roll.

Cheap thrills, the frills that lace themselves around his every glance.
Break out the chills I love my heart to feel by random chance.
I'm dependent on this,
But the fantasy ends with a kiss.
A responsibility so great,
Our fragile bones would snap under the weight.

Don't know our weight,
But we'd refuse to feel it if we could.
And the fun of flirting ends
When we suck it dry of blood.
Now you're empty;
I'm done.
Time to move on to another one.
As we leave, here one lies;
The wounded victim of our starving, selfish eyes.

And as I lay there at night,
I felt there a small, sudden fright.

I felt my conscience betrayed
By the mistake that may one day be made.

Betrayed, you know why –
For a love...that may just be a lie.

A plan engraved on my heart,
From which I'll never be able to part.

I felt my conscience betrayed –
For just a fantasy I hoped to have played!

For a wish I write in my book;
An entire world built around one special look.

March 2005

Poem to a Song

Oh my body's spent and tired,
Heat in my face, I feel the fire.
The notes of the song fill my soul with a flood.
Bursting with rapture as I sit in my blood.
Spill the emotions that bring back the tears,
To the liquid reflection that looks back so clear,
To the beautiful pools of everlasting Spring,
And the light lifts you up by your sunlit wing.
With a snap, feel it shatter as the stars descend.
To the bleeding heart spinning with madness, chaos heralds the end.
Spiral down to the everlasting spiral of gloom.
Out of helpless control sink to the beat of the womb.
Collapse to the ground by the last, desperate breath.
Beneath the veil of glazed eyes, the world fades into death.
Deadly calm, now in solace feel how to connect.
The notes bring back the road to resurrect,
The life anew, more beautiful than ever before
Made by the memory of Spring's light allure,
Again filling your veins with the pressure of fear.
Run from the fear that you hold so near.
The beat pulses, climactic, as you strain to break free
Into the light of the music that, at long last, lets you be.

March, 2005

Consequence

This is what I get,
This is all the pain I get,
For playing like a sweetly smiling devil.

I had you in my trap,
And you know I abused that.
A little toy in which my fantasies could revel.

It's just what I deserve,
To be left all alone,
Cry, can't move, attached to what I lost.

He'll flirt with her (NOT ME),
I'll go crazy, you will see.
With jealousy now I will pay his cost.

The lump is in my heart,
It pains, my rage can't budge,
And I couldn't stop my mind from being so cruel.

Now of course I'd take it back.
But that's also just a lie.
I will never be free, I ended up the fool.

Maybe someday I won't fantasize,
Learn just how to use my eyes.
Someday, someday soon, it will go right.

Oh, I can see it now.
I'll pour you all my thoughts,
Pure from the black core, by quiet night.

I'll tell you what I couldn't.
I hope there's still the chance.
Or are you dead? I've watched you slip away,

Becoming just like them.
But I'll save you in my home –
And mold you in my selfish dream for just one day.

So pure, and yet such greed.
I'm sure somewhere they meet.
Two tales in one that hardly intertwine.

Possession takes control.
I was on such a roll!
Some days I knew tomorrow you'd be mine.

But then tomorrow always changed,
As my mind sucked it away.
It's the never-ending cycle I know so well.

Though the chance'll come back again,
Hard to believe in it when
That worry-inflicting low has me under its spell.

And now that daydreams fail to soothe,
And I burn to feel the truth,
You're a million miles away and I'm too late.

And though they're temporary things,
And the pendulum eventually swings,
I'm stuck in tension, I'm powerless – and I wait.

03/29/05

-

Inevitable Harmony

I know the answer
I know just how it should be
A thing practically intangible,
Such is its harmony.
A vision, a feeling, a reality,
But if only I had the courage or the clarity.

I'm blinded by ideals, choked with emotion,
Distracted by attractions, with a strong fantasy notion.

2005

Infantile Adolescent

It's fighting a losing battle
Against the sea of greed.
The pull of emotions,
And carnal desires,
Egoistic trifles
Burn in your soul like fires.
Burning away at your pain,
You couldn't succeed –
Egoistically happy,
Enslaved by the romantic ideal
Of the boy and the girl.
Watch the love slowly unfurl.
Everything, everything, every little thing,
Based upon, built down on, that dream to which you cling.

Go and mask up all your problems.
Become the thing you hate.
Does not matter
How far you run.
It's inside your mind,
And I know it can never be undone.
I hate that what you've become
Opposites my ideals –
And I rage at myself
That it's just for my game.
But I love the pain –
Deep game of emotional strain.
Hungry for, starving for, the golden grain of my dream.
Hate it when it's taken away – cry my infantile adolescent scream.

Now my run is completed.
Inside I complacently smile.
Lean back in peace,
I hope you'll come back,
Mind in a high,
But "I give up" means I still run the track.

03/29/05

Ode to Pikesville

Pikesville, fucking Pikesville
Tomorrow's brainwashed live today.
We're all so cool, we follow
The herd into the hollow.
Our school is, like, so fun
'Cause we're so fucking mindless dumb!
Feel the love, 'cause we're so near it.
Pikesville spirit, let us hear it!
Oh we wanna, yeah we wanna
Spray on Eau de Marijuana.
Drink some Absinthe to our life,
Keep our illusion by our knife
In case we're threatened by the real,
In case we'd ever wanna feel...
We stumble blindly like a fool,
And then we laugh 'cause we're so cool.

Pikesville, fucking Pikesville
The dead end of USA
Let's just throw it all away
And waste the promise of each day.
Nothing matters, no one cares,
Except to scorn the dirty stares.
And though we live with lunacy,
That's fine, because we all agree.
Every morning, wake up dead,
Not a thought goes through their head
About the pointless things they do,
And the end that they'll come to.
Their eyes, they never open wide.
Do they have any life inside?
Among this dead, no one will strive
To free themselves and feel alive.

Pikesville, fucking Pikesville
You take everything away.
Each day I walk your empty streets,
"You're so hot!" is how we greet.
With a smile across our face
That masks the scorn inside our heart,
We tear up everything apart,
A storm increasing in its pace.
A place so full of falsity.
Move that aside, what do you see?
A world so empty, soundless drone.
You are utterly alone.
Completely quiet, look around,

Not a “person” to be found.
With bodies dead, they roam this world.
Before your eyes, the truth’s unfurled.

Pikesville, fucking Pikesville,
The dead end of USA
Tomorrow’s brainwashed live today
You take everything away.
We lose everything to you,
Feelings die before they’re due.
Some moments come with such allure
And leave as though they never were.
But to them it’s all the same
Inside their superficial game.
And I know how it’s all false,
But I’m as dead as anyone else.
And yet I’d never leave this place
That gives me fight to win the race,
This home where hearts are toys to fling.
You take away everything.

May 1, 2005

Something In Me

Something in me,
Something I've recently come to see,
Stands aside and watches my failure,
Watches my shame,
The delirious joy of my ego's game.

Something in me
Something that's never been there before
Sees my reality more and more
Tumbling down
In mechanical thoughts, I see how I drown.

One-way life
Inescapable fate.
I know tomorrow a day ahead.
Always the same
But I can never resist,
I'm powerless against the cycle's twist.

I walk my path
The path that's *my own*,
The labyrinth of all I've ever been shown.
I follow each step,
But I have no choice,
The world inside cages in this voice
This something in me
Something that sees
My reality
Is not what I thought
But a world distraught
By fantasies and idle dreams
Tomorrow, "today" won't be what it now seems.

Something in me
Shows me I'm powerless to resist
The pull of my fate and its every twist
It watches my life
Building the mountains that cause all my strife.

Something in me
Something that truly hates what I am
Truly despises the road that I'm on
The road that I take,
The summits and plummets are of my own make.

But it all comes back
Back down to me.

I'm the focal point of all I see.
There's no escape
From inside myself
And I can never be anyone else.

To know yourself
Just like a friend
A stranger that lives inside your head
And wakes up in your bed
For its selfish day
Where every person becomes its prey.
And now I can see
What truly is me
Inside and out
Look through outsiders' eyes
Past the layers of lies
And fantasies that have made me blind
Keep me from knowing I'm not what I seem in my mind.

May 7(?), 2005

Alina and I

I know a girl, a normal girl
Who lives her life out of control
I share the body that plays her roles
But we're strangers, she and I.
Every day
I look her way
And watch the ironies of her life.
She's walking along the Devil's tightrope
And all I can do is hope.

I know a girl without a will
Enslaved by all her careless whims
Revolving 'round these childish things
Her world is set in stone.
But every day
I watch her more
Walk with a blindfold over her eyes.
Accident turns her every which way
But she has not the power to realize.

I know this girl so well and yet
She and I have never met.
She's a puppet just like everyone else
This girl has no chance.
Every day
I follow her
And wonder how they can stand her taste.
Her shade embodies all that I hate.
In her very bones I feel her fate.

I know a girl, I know her taste,
She lives a life of empty waste
Existing for a common fate
She and I are split.
The more I feel
Her essence true,
The more revolted I become.
Her taste is foreign to my tongue.
A taste I cannot bear to face.

This girl right here, she'd fall down dead
At any moment if I let
Myself breathe easy and forget
That I must keep myself alive.
Every day
Is up a hill
Every moment is a fight

She's on the verge of an endless fall
I cannot make her do a thing.

I'm terrified – I *know* I'll fall
From all the moments that I fail
I try, but it's to no avail
I cannot see the end.
For everything
I want to do
I throw myself against her weight,
But it never seems enough to pass;
It's climbing up a hill of glass

And how to take that endless leap
To overstep her pull of sleep?
It's me against the gravity
The world is at her side.
Every day
She'd throw away
Everything and let it slip
Just throw it all away and sleep
She drags me down to her.

To hear her name called out to me
I rarely feel a thing so weird
They talk to her like it's to me
But we are not the same.
Every day
Her body moves
In slutty ways without disgrace
I cannot bear to see her face
And know that she is I.

May 15, 2005

Bow Down

Forget your ideals and fantasies
Let loose all your dreams
Throw away your illusions into the night
For they drip poison into you life.

Craving more than what your eye sees
But nothing is truly the way it all seems
It's just your mind making it a confusing sight
So cut off the strings with your back-pocket knife.

Stop wanting
Stop wishing for
More than you're given.
All that's around you is all that you have.

You're here
There's a reason
So why are you pleading for
More, and more, and more, and MORE?
Constantly craving for
Something exciting because you are simply BORED.

Feasting on cheap entertainment
Stuffing your soul with cheap thrills.
Every thought made towards getting that selfish bliss,
Just accept the moment for what it is.

So get down on your knees and bow
To the inevitable right now.

May 15, 2005

Ode to Failure

The light of dawn shall never break
Upon the math test I've yet to take.
Failure calls upon the hour
And puts me in a mood quite sour.
For I'll be plagued by many E's
And grow up to work at Mickey D's,
Or better yet on Baltimore Street,
Where some fine gentleman I shall meet;
I'll have his babies, he'll have his ladies,
While I drive around in his Mercedes.
Draped in silk, I'll lounge by the pool,
Make love to the Latino pool-boy, Juan Santos Raul.
Then we'll divorce while I drink cranberry mors,
Watching Juan Santos mop up the floors.
Then it's off to Switzerland with my medieval castle;
Living secluded will be no hassle.
There'll be limitless options to what I can do
Until the world comes to an end in 2032.
And then I will have died alone,
Unfulfilled and never grown.
Incomplete and unhappy my life will be,
All because of the math test on which I got an E.

June 1, 2005

Ode to Cookie

Temptation – starvation is taking control.
Salvation – resistance will save my soul.
I hear footsteps descending, could it possibly be
Margaret, Igor, and Octavia D?
It's sitting in front of me, but I must resist.
If I let myself down I'll get really pissed?
Why did I write that question mark there?
I'm going insane, I'm way out there.
Alas, I must go and see if they're alright.
There's a big green watermelon on the floor to my right.
But my eyes travel back to the chocolate, so tempting.
No! I can't let myself keep exempting
Myself in the face of this perilous fight.
The sin is so wrong, but the taste feels so right.
The chocolate smothered in crackers light and airy,
But the thrill of the taste is temporary.
Must I go through this agonizing strife
In every instance, for the rest of my life?
Each time I fight it anew, I feel like a rookie.
I struggle afresh each time I see a chocolate cookie.

June 1, 2005

Ode to My One True Love

Oh my one true love,
Where do you dwell?
Though I've never seen your face
I know your spirit so well.
Every feature, the perfect complement to me,
So no more than five eight-and-a-half
But at least five foot three.
Now, just know that I don't really like to be picky,
But getting the right eye color is gonna be tricky.
You see, it has to match with what I wear day to day;
Well, grey eyes are good because I like to wear grey.
Brown eyes or black don't match with most of my things,
But I guess it's alright for a one night fling.
(We'd just have to be careful, since we're an unmatched sight,
I don't wanna get *emberazada* from that one night).
Blue eyes are best, I love the color light blue,
Just think of all the matching we could do!
We'll coordinate and go out with a flair,
But we'll have to make sure it doesn't clash with your hair.
Hair is very important, you see.
Blonde, brown, or black is fine by me.
Curly or straight – you'll match with my mood.
Buy a good straightener, that you should.
But red hair is not my view of perfection
For it could clash with my pinkish complexion.
And it better not be the same color as mine,
Or you'll have to cover it when we go out to dine,
And the waiter will say, "Please take off your hat"
To my boyfriend, or husband (or lesbian lover, at that).
Then they'll all start to think we're related.
In the midst of this mix-up we'll get so berated,
For when my neighbors find out that our daughter's my niece,
"What an incestuous union! We must call the police!"
Then we'll have to move out and go live in a ditch –
But never mind, for my soul-mate is gonna be rich!
We'll have seven houses, and we'll give to the needy;
Italy, Moscow, Versailles, and Tahiti.
And while he is out, I'll be surrounded by men –
The irresistible pool-boy, Fernando von Sven.
Just a joke! No others – my love is gonna be hot.
He must have all those qualities the others do not:
A good sense of humor; he can't be too clingy.
His body: Six pack, Four pack, Tupac, Chingy.
He must be smart and put in an intelligent word:
"The longevity of this delineation strikes me as absurd!"
And he definitely cannot be a flirt
And look back at that ho in the miniskirt.

For if he's weak, then no matter how hard I try,
It aint no lie, he'll say bye, bye, bye.
And then I'll be broken, my dream will be spent,
For my one true love simply came and went.
And I had so believed by the stars in my heart
That fate wouldn't dare to tear us apart.
The *agony* of heartbreak will **crush** me each day –
But oh well – his hair was too long anyway.
I'll find another one-true-love next time
(Someone to help me finish this rhyme).
He'll make 6.5 million, treat me like a queen,
Buy me white gold, and have eyes of blue-green.
He should love Smashing Pumpkins and play on the organ,
And he *must* be related to Billy Corgan.
Each day he will bring me eleven white roses,
We'll be so in love, breathing the scent through our noses.
Our life *has* to be perfect, as perfect as he.
That's all I ask for; the rest doesn't matter to me.
I'm not really looking into the specifics.
I'm simply hoping he'll be full of terrifics.
With an open mind, I'm sure to find this perfect guy,
For I don't like to set my standards too high.

June 4, 2005

The Power of Fatigue

From the Amazon Mountains where one stands and watches
To the man on TV with purple splotches
(Wow did they do his makeup so well
Is it real or a phony I still cannot tell)
To the crossword book in Yelena's home
To Switzerland and back down to Rome
To D's red umbrella which I'd like to turn blue
To all the feats Herculean strength can do –
Everything in the world is insistent,
The future, the past, and the things nonexistent
Insisting to me, in all my confusion
That I take a break from all my delusion
From the fathomless skies to the oceans so deep
They cry to me, "go get some sleep!"

Welcome to the second stanza
There was once a TV show called Bonanza
Amid all the girls, so slutty and flirty,
I look dead, for I went to sleep at one thirty
And woke up this morning at six forty-five
Fifteen minutes before my bus should arrive
I looked like crap and I felt like it too
And the test we got back did make me quite blue
As blue as the oversized shirt I was wearing
And all these strange voices all day I kept hearing
They all seemed to whisper into my ear,
"You're acting quite strange, but have no fear
You just need to desperately get some sleep."
So now I'll succumb and sink into the deep.

June 4, 2005

House of Mirrors

A house of mirrors is where I live,
Breathing in myself.
Swimming in a room of me
Drowning in my vanity
My thoughts, my face, is all I see
But it's better than insanity.
I live inside myself.

A room of mirrors' but my world
Suffocating in my scent.
In everything, it's everywhere
Entwined in all that comes under my glare
Wherever I turn, I still stare
Into myself and I can't bear
To live inside my mind.

A house of mirrors up and down,
Inside out and all around.
Reflections: all that my mind knows
No matter where my body goes.
A stream of thoughts that always flows
Without control; it hardly slows.
Can't stand to see myself.

A house of mirrors wall-to-wall
My mind is everywhere I look.
No matter how hard I may try
I never seem able to pry
The real apart from my mind's eye
I only know that it's a lie.
But still, I can't escape.

My house of mirrors is the world,
The only world I'll ever know.
I've seen there's something else behind
The anarchy that is my mind
The thoughts, exploding, seem to wind
In paths I cannot trace or find.
How to live outside all this?

My body lives inside this world
But my mind resides inside these walls.
In every corner – lunacy.
Each cell – a new world; each cell is me.
A million me, we cannot see
This suffocating trap must be –
Everywhere and nowhere all at once.

Where am *I*? Inside my body or inside my mind?
Or somewhere in between their worlds?
In that infinite that's empty –
Maybe *there* is *me* – from there I see
My separate mind and separate body.

August 14, 2005

Masquerade

Great convictions
Of the mind,
Noble thoughts
That tightly wind.
Entangled safely, life is set,
But come despair, don't we all get

So melodramatic?
We get so ecstatic
Deep down where your illusions disintegrate,
Though you go on complaining of the life you so hate.
You love it, you know it,
It just doesn't show.
You cause it, feed off it,
When life hits a low.

So behind the mask
You call your face
Lies an unknown
Just try to brace
Yourself if you should venture forth
To discard the mask that has no worth.

Every thought and emotion
Has but one notion:
To feed off the sadness and crave yet more strife,
An insatiable thirst, but a laughable life.
"Misfortune," you name it,
But it's all just a game.
"I'll change," you claim it,
But you still live the same.

Constantly running from wall to wall,
Wide-eyed, searching for some other way.
But the very next moment, back down you fall;
Nothing changes from day to day.

September 2005

Innermost Desire Part II

It's never gonna happen,
It's never gonna happen,
And there's absolutely nothing I can do.

The circumstances don't fall into place,
I try too hard to win the race,
But all I'm always feeling is my heart's pull.

Innermost desire,
I thought I had been so sure.
Innermost desire,
I don't know you anymore.
Innermost desire,
I want to go up so much higher,
And higher, and higher, and higher,
I won't stop or look back down
Until I catch on fire.
And higher, to fire, won't tire.
Every little thing I think –
What if it's just the liar?
What if it's just my innermost desire?
Now I feel just how far away
I am from you, my innermost desire,
Could I get closer every day
To you? Are you true, my innermost desire?
Past the horizon there somewhere.
Innermost desire,
I'll have to do what I most fear.
Innermost desire,
I feel a fool to trust in you,
But, innermost desire,
It's exactly what I want to do,
Get near to you, my innermost desire,
Whose path I walk in so much fear.
Sometimes the path's not even here.
And it seems I've nothing but my mind
From which I can't escape, I cannot see outside.
And, innermost desire, I always tend to lose the line
In thinking of you all the time.
My innermost desire, you are everything to me,
Innermost desire, I don't want to ever be free.

September, 2005

Eyes Rimmed Red

My year is spent with my eyes rimmed red.
Collapse each night to wake up half dead.
Every morning, the cycle starts over again,
Never it ends, though my sanity, waning,
Compels me to bend my stiff, shackled spine
To the illusions so fine
That weave through my head;
In the dark they entwine
Into reality, feigning
Their presence – they've fled
To form visions anew,
So that my eyes rimmed red
May view the world askew.

November 15, 2005

The Life of My Dreams

In the darkened dungeon of my mind
From within a deep and distant vault –
Unopened in this life before,
I sensed a stir there one strange night –
An atmosphere's escape,
A life, a story's weightless cape –
A feeling never felt before
Enveloped me in coldest light.
It hooked me from beneath my skin.
With one taste I was plunged right in –
So deep within –
Into a life I longed to flee,
A story buried deep in me.

I felt his breathing down my neck,
Into my veins and through my skin.
Creeping deep into my blood –
Possessing me with one embrace.
So weak was I, it took
From his eyes but just one look.

November 17, 2005

Honesty

How do I know –
How can I see –
I fear you've left
And left no trace.
Do you still live within me?
Do you still reign upon me?

Can't break free,
I can't break free
From my illusions. Oh my ego
Reigns supreme within my being
It floods my bones.
None of me knows –
Where's the honesty –
Self-honesty –
I thought I had possessed in me?
I thought I had possessed you,
Confessed with you
All the twisting truth,
Straining, crushing all my limbs,
My bones – no ruth
Within this truth
So blatant, flagrant, burning,
Burning through and through
Within me.
I had it in me.
The knowledge I could doubtless trust
Without remorse – my strongest force.
My honesty, my favorite thing –
Perhaps it's gone because I cling
So tightly to its promise.
Oh how I miss
Revelations, realizations,
So impressive, how profound,
With which myself, in joy, I found
To be a worthless, wholly worthless
Power-hungry powerless fool.
Is then honesty but a tool,
And I can never *be* the honesty
I crave with all to thrive within me?

Still, I want it, out of fear.
By myself I feel I'll plummet,
From the edge I stand on – lose myself forever,
Fall so deep asleep I'll never
Wake to how I was.
I used to be much better

When my honesty was small.
Now – watch this – I only lost it
When I believed I'd gotten it all.

Now, the moral here, I'll tell you,
Is not to lose right when you have.
For this honesty I miss is just a thing –
And you're sure to miss the road if you so cling –

This cycle – let it go, don't be attached, you'll see it pass.
This state is just a little time you spend along your path.

November 24 – December 1, 2005

Three

How I miss you guys
And all those days we spent together.
Just me and you three.
Sometimes four – or more – but we
Had what was best – such rich endeavors.
I swear we felt the fire'd last forever,
'Cause in that sweetest air we knew,
We'd formed a deepest bond so *true*.
In those eternal months that now seem few
Do you remember how no one could ever break through?
I hungrily crave the taste of that binding spirit that's gone.
How do you give such a time now so little meaning – and move along
With the current? But what more could we do?
We've no power to preserve that golden accident.
We can only wait for its return – it'll come just like it went.
Too bad we thought it'd last forever, what a blow upon our heads
To feel it slip right through our hands and leave but aftertaste remnants.
Now watch us stand so near, yet with such empty space between each other.
The spirit that once was has gone – simply with the weather.

November 28, 2005

Girls...and Everyone Else

Half-closed eyes of drama addicts
Roam the halls, so thoughtless,
Seek a storm, a tumult, where there's none.
To their eyes these lies are faultless.
Heart-wrenching dramas played over a trifle
Envelop, ensnare
In their tangle of fear –
The fear of the makers,
Those unbridled shakers
That feed off the anguish from all of the crashing.
A tempestuous tumult – emotions are thrashing
For nothing.
Delusion, but it its imagined unrest,
The nothing's destroying the real and the best.
And in the quest to fill the space
Of empty days that pass in waste,
Does anyone see
How deluded are we
Stuffed with the wasted emotions,
Imagined and unreal?
We hunger for the taste of sorrow,
Just like today, we'll waste tomorrow
Living the unreal.
But do we ever stop to ask:
How can you ever truly feel
From underneath your mask?

November 30, 2005

Ode to Calculus

Every day,
Without fail
(Unless you count the failed exams),
I do, I do, I try,
So I can never fathom why –
On every test,
I try my best
(Or so I'd like to think) –
I still receive
A grade – I grieve –
That's standing on the brink
Of an E.
Go me!
Boy, am I so smart!
My confidence slips out of sight,
My answers, filled with doubt and fright,
Are hardly ever done or right.
Oh! I recall myself alight
When all the answers I could name,
But now, recoiling in my shame,
With feeble confidence, I'm lame.
Yet who but I can take the blame?
For if I were to sleep some more,
I'd surely get a better score.
And I'd stop waking up at four
To finish homework from the night before.
So every day, I wouldn't fret,
I'd take my tests without regret,
To gain all her respect – and yet
My weakness cannot help but let
It happen.
Every day
Without fail, I never try
(Why can *they* and why can't *I*?)
On each exam
So dumb I am,
And though I yearn to learn to think
My mind's a mess
For calc's process;
I don't know how to start to think
That way, you see.
And still, to me,
My own stupidity is tart.

December 12, 2005

Drops of Time

Quite a distant time ago
(The beginning of this year),
The winds of fate blew forth a feeling
To which I held to dear.
Exaltation, exhilaration,
An air so fresh I never have
Felt more unburdened,
More complete,
While with such burdens I'm replete.
But by my effort, every day,
The plagues are banished one by one.
I'll drown them, I'll dispel them –
Every night they go down with the sun.

And once the tension comes undone
My body flows with weightlessness –
My shoulders, free, can soundly rest –
Such a feeling of clear-headedness

To wake up every morning
Without ever yearning
For time, more time –
This wonderful feeling of mine.

Never a moment
Goes unused or unspent
Of time, golden time –
This wonderful feeling of mine.

This wonderful feeling of mine
That saved me every single day
From a trap of desperation,
A mind-cage of disarray,

Is now, sadly, no more my state,
But has slipped between my fingers.
My hands grasp but naught with longing ache
Because the feeling is gone but the memory still lingers.

Winter, 2005

Nowhere (Depression)

I forgot
Everything that's happened to me,
All those little miracles I used to believe.
I forgot how to feel.

I'm nowhere
Trapped inside the cage of my mind;
My body goes on living outside.
But they two stand nowhere near.

I only know I felt before.
The flavor, how I'd savor
The taste of everything.
The feeling sent me reeling:
The feel of all around me,
The life of all the world.
Each moment was a world;
I drank it all in through my eyes;
It could never satisfy –
Just filling hunger is enough.

I don't know
How to think of the life from before.
Each moment passes without a care.
The emptiness of sleep.

Winter, 2006

Resistance

For all those noble things that we can claim
To hold inside and call it "I"
Are strong as vapor, they only ever came
When life was easy, sailing by in a high.

Loving, mysterious, flamboyant, and cold;
We're so in love with every name.
Spiritual, sarcastic, clever, and bold;
Behind it all and in the end we're all the same.

They're not our own, we can't hold on.
Look in the mirror and your faces are gone
What is left of you as you stare?
Nothing but you and you are bare.

Each man is poison to himself
Afraid to plunge into his Hell
To drink his taste would be a fatal blow
And so he spends his life running as far away as he can go.

You'll never know someone until you put him through himself
And make him go through every trial
To fill the spaces in his soul where he thinks he's alive.
You don't exist until you go right through yourself.

The only thing that matters is your own resistance
To the pull of the pendulum's swing.
The only thing that you can be is your resistance.
You're none of those things that you are.

The storm we call, it comes our way
The layers peel themselves away;
We dig our grave beneath our fear
Bury ourselves deeper every year.

The chances come at every turn
To find out how it feels to burn
But more than not we turn away,
Go on sleeping one more day.

Nothing is permanent – except resistance.
In time you'll see that it's in love with change.
They need each other for their own existence.

I love their conflict and I show it with my rage.

Driven by a desperate fear to keep him beaten down,
The one in us who wants to turn around.
So futile is a life that's wasted keeping him at bay,
Because don't you know that, inside, nothing ever goes away?

Each man exists just to forget himself,
Buries his soul so far below.
Each man's afraid to look into his face
Take just one sip of his own taste.

To paint his room with his own shade –
He doesn't know that it's already been made
And that he's everywhere but blind
The only way is to resurrect or die.

Open you eyes and you will know
You won't escape what you are
And what you are, it is your fate
And there's no escape.

And what you are, is what you hate
And you want to love.
Behind your hate, you want to love
Your hate is love, but you don't know.

You hate me, you hate yourself
For who you are, but you're nothing else.
You see yourself in me, I know you love me.
And we're all one, we're not alone,
We look for gold inside our eyes.

We want to be
I want you to be me
To be complete
That's all we need:
To be done and gone.

January, 2006

The Golden Road

There is a line inside my mind
There's a line that is my life
It's a golden road
I've always known
That this life is my life.

There's a line and there is emptiness on either side
Each moment I could fall back down to the start
And die.
There is something in me that wants to die
And something in me that walks the line
The line I know – it's the golden road for me.

And there is one way to get you from today into tomorrow
Just this one way, so hard, and yet I go on every day
And there is nothing between this moment and the one before
And then the next – what connects them
Is just this golden road.

And there is nothing to do except to go along my way
What more could I do? – each moment I could let it slip away
It seems there's nothing between me and the life so far below
I could just fall, it's so easy – only not to let it go.

Limbo
It's a hell that I adore
I don't think I'll leave
Not when it's painful beyond anything

And nothing – nothing matters except the right way
My way
The line is everything to me.

And I am nowhere, but where I have to be
If only I could always believe that this is it for me
I'm nothing, but what I am inside
I am the line
I'm me.

And there is balance – the only thing that I can ever be
And I am nothing – but what I seem to be
I'm an empty shell, I know. What I am is not my own.
I am nothing but what I must be each moment on the golden road.

Whatever I do to do that which I must do –
I know each moment where I am along the line –

I do it only so I know I can
Along this golden road where nothing is mine.

I'm a hedon – I take it all inside for me
I drink this water – but what I do is nothing that I need.
There's only one chance – I know if I don't take it I will fall
And fail. But everything you think I am – I wear it like a veil.

And nothing matters – I could just laugh it all away
There is no end – and that's what makes this road a golden one
With every milestone, inside my cage I get a little free
But nothing's mine – not even this golden road that pulls me.

(And there is nothing but that which I adore.)

January 24, 2006. ca. 1:00 AM

Life

Life is daily dreariness
Deathly empty days that pass
With nothing to awake or shake you
From your constant sleeping.
How much of your life is worth in keeping?

I've wanted to say this for oh so long
Maybe now I have found the words
Words that I know –
It's the meaning that matters
The illusions it shatters
And not the form.
The shape it takes is like all things:
Only good for how it's used.
Not the thing that's important –
That's just nothing at all
But a mold for an ethereal ghost,
Just a house that's playing host
To the key that lies behind.

What is this untouchable feeling
As of something that lies behind?

3-20-2006

Essence

We're all just looking for each other
As we walk along a path –
In parallel worlds that hardly ever collide

We can do everything so right
And make a perfect path –
But our own alone world we can't see from outside

If only for a moment we could stand outside the world
We'd see exactly where we all are
My mind is your mind, I guarantee
In reality we aren't apart so far.

As long as we're going along the same way –
Away from the crowds left to drown in their nothings –
Then the view from my eyes is the same as from yours
Since my road ends at the end to which your road brings

We're all always having our problems.
From the midst of these things we just cannot see
That we move with the same exact speed and direction –
Your something that guides you is the same as in me

And we walk our perfect paths blinded –
Maybe we follow our hearts, but we don't use our eyes
For we're separately walking alone together
We're all here now – together – but don't realize.

As long as we want the same exact thing in the end of it all, you and me
Are the same exact person – we just want each other, want what's real, and want to be free.

'I want it to happen to ME' –
If you can say that and know it then we do belong
No matter how it may *seem*, in the depth of it all
We live by not doing the thing that feels wrong.

By the pull of our paths we are drawn side-by-side
But we're never pulled together
We are the ends we are both looking for –
We can't see how near, how we're already there –
And we *always* move in synchronization
But we're oh so far apart –
Kept separate by that unsurpassable space that's kept there by the fear that holds our heart

We sense each other but are scared to believe it
It's behind our fear and the world goes against it.
Believe that we're in this together

We can never *know* for sure – but we must
Go against our fear of being so wrong
This – maybe this is trust.

Cross the infinite space between you and me
Move aside your ego and take a chance against all your fear
Step without effort from one world into another –
And all along you were already there
Kept so far away by nothing;
Nothing existed that you thought before
And all of that ‘you’ that held you behind
Was nothing worth being terrified for.
Born anew and you’re perfectly happy
And all it took was to know
That from the other side of all you are –
When you look on from the other side
Watch yourself fearfully trying to hide –
It’s a worthless, substance-less, comical show.

This is the essence of humanity
Just what I needed to say from within
Somewhere in themselves everyone understands me,
No matter how deeply they are in.

April 17, 2006

Finally! (The Realization I've Been Waiting For)

My aim was so far in the distance,
The perfection I made my ultimate dream,
An ultimate life as a loved, loving wife
In peace, with the one man I love who is real.

Real was all I wanted,
All that's around me is substance-less fake
And nothing I saw could satisfy me,
All those things are so worthless for their own sake.

Perfection or nothing at all, I felt
Anything less is pointless to me
A worthless life if you live incomplete,
– But I didn't have real because I couldn't be.

Everything isn't enough for me –
But the irony is, it can never be won –
For will there ever come a time in your life
To say I'm perfect, that's it, I'm done?

But there's no other aim worth having!
This perfect harmony, so real it's not there
It disintegrates into itself, becomes nothing –
But the catch is that it lies *where*?

Look, I work towards this end of mine, thinking
That it lies up ahead on the lane.
Could a weightless perfection lie on a line?
I search for what's real inside of a game!

My mind is convinced if I make myself better
And better, someday I'll get there.
(To make myself "better" this year has meant
To close myself up and tread with care.)

The world you are in is just what you are,
Think those people are fake? Take a look at yourself –
Can you freely do just what you want around them?
And you expect *them* to be able to be themselves?

My fantasy shows me that in a few years
We fall into place with an unspoken vow.
So I'm working to fix myself up for this end –
But I can have this completeness right now.

May 31, 2006

Drug

Drug.
Born addicted
We deny it
Pretend to despise it
But we're always craving it
Deep down. Without it
The ego would
Go insane.
Drama.

10-20-2006

Society Goes Down

Every night when I come home, society dies.
I throw it all out of my head.
I don't need it, I don't need it – I tell that to myself
And hope that I believe it, I believe it deep down.

Because sometimes I forget
That I only pretend
And all I see of myself is the mask I put on

Because the only thing that matters is doing what I said
And that won't be helped by those thoughts in my head
Of your drinking, your sex life, partying – comparing
Your life to mine – when will I ever stop caring!?

Everyone cares – they only pretend
To be out of the game – but they're all just the same,
And I can't tell one face apart from another,
They can't make a move without being just like each other.

12-31-2006

I Only Want What I Want

How can I be patient?
I just want to be married –
A scary thought to think that it'll never be;
You think you can accept the end of your dreams –
Just try to know there's no chance
And in that circumstance:
Where to move, if you know,
There's nowhere else you want to go?

All I want is to be married already;
Settle down and live life steady
But there are so many problems ahead of me
And I know that it's a reach beyond whatever happens in this world –
No way that it can be
It only is my dream.

There's nowhere left to go
Because there's nothing else I want.
I expect –
I expect it to happen
I can't imagine a different end than
What I have in my mind, what I hold in my heart
At its core, and I am sure
That it ever is so real;
I concretely want to feel.

And it never seemed far off to me,
Inside of me – and I believed
That someday it'd be true

Love is Foolish For Us

Dawn's light brings on silver wings
A breath, a sigh, a flickering eye;
With wistful dreams of eloquence
Pure mind's cast into the sky;
Drinking love straight from the whirlwind –
It's meant to be a flyer
Chasing after what is higher –
Where romantic whims abound.
Eyes that follow romance and are living in the sky
Have feet without direction that trip upon the ground.

Never really there, it's entangled in our mind
The illusion of our love so pure
So valiant and so bold.
But everyone is foolish – there's a fool that could come out
With just a pull upon the string
This fool so apt to cling.
It's laughable how sad we are
Sometimes when we give in
To the weakness of emotion over which we've no control.
From an objective point of view I can tell you where we stand:
In the chamber of Love's Palace, grounded firmly in the sand.

Not For Me

I don't want to ruin myself –
It's only I who does it, nobody else

I hate that feeling when you don't know what to do
But you have to do *something*, 'cause it's your turn to make a move
And if you let it pass by, then all is lost,
And there's no way around it – in the end you always pay the cost.

It's not for me, it's not for me,
Your game – why am I so attached to your face?
The possibilities are stuck inside my head
And now I know what I'm doing – I know just where I'm going

So often I don't know at all what I'm doing
But the moment is now, no matter what I must keep moving
I don't know what guides me inside, but I listen
Because without that somebody else would pull me in

I always act based on what I truly feel I must do
I have no rules of conduct, so it can look like anything to you
No matter what form it takes – I have no other light
My only fear – my biggest fear – is what I'm doing right?

I'm afraid of myself because of something I know –
Whatever happens is exactly how you want it to go
So what you want deepest down, in this world comes true
There's no controlling this deep of a level in you.

2006

What I Really Am Doing

I'm living out a search
Only for someone
Looking for perfection, looking for the end,
Looking for completeness, looking for myself,
Looking for someone who knows my true name,
Looking for God – they're all one and the same.

And I don't need it.....

2006

I Don't Know Love

I don't know love, but I know effort,
Stepping over yourself.
Putting aside the flow of your mind
And believing in someone else.

Love is just a word to me
Nothing yet that I believe
Two people can come together,
But how, I do not see.

Each person fills their lonely sphere
With these emotions that they so revere
And love to shed a painful tear
Inside their lonely heart.

Without some kind of fantasy,
Your game of love will never start;
Keep dreaming you're together,
Melt as one into each other –
Such a dream will never end
'Cause you and he will never blend
Into that power all hearts crave;
But to his movements just a slave.
Such a blatant contradiction makes your valiant Love a knave.
There's no link between your feelings and the way that you behave.

Lovely Lady's House

And as soon as it's over, you always can tell
She starts slitting her wrists
But whyever the hell?
That practice is one that I never could
Understand in terms of making you feel good.

Don't pity yourself, my little whore
You're not the first, the world has seen
A million others like you before,
Stupid like you, and weak like you
Just think about fucking, that's all you can do
And watch everything crumble 'round you
While you're off in your dream of love
Heartbreak, sex, and emotional thrills
A world exclusive to you and a dick
Stuck on the end of that fat, ugly pig.
And you live in that world, though everything shatters,
'cause your vagina is all that really matters
And since now that's your mind, you've been brain dead a while
Now you suffer 'cause I am against this lifestyle.
How heartless of me! God, the world's never seen such a tragedy
But in the opinion of me
The greatest tragedy I know for sure
Is the stench of piss from your bedroom floor
Covered with clothes (but your bank account's poor
What it lacks it makes up for in debt, which is rich,
To say the least of such a well-clothed bitch).
You live like a swine, but never a care
In a mind concerned with love so true
Look around your room, the reflection of you
Cheap lace thongs thrown about, all unclean pairs
Who do you buy them for, by the way?
Feeling so young in your mind, so risqué,
But there's the mirror – look away, look away
From your sink with its stains and your toilet that's dirty –
All made worse by the fact that you're almost forty.

It's falling apart, your entire house;
Independent woman, big and strong as a louse
And bloodthirsty, God knows, just like one, too;
You suck the blood out of those who wouldn't harm you.
Go and suck your own blood – but it's a slap in the face
Not to mention a lifetime of disgrace.
Can't see it yet, but it'll get clearer
Until you realize that life is a perfect mirror.

Thoughts

I'm afraid of getting close to you –
Afraid that you will know me.
Afraid of being vulnerable
Terrified to show me
What I most want it seems is what I most fear
Trying to get nearer, but I can't stand being near.

I live my life in search
Only of someone
Looking for somebody to live outside the game
Looking for perfection, looking for the end,
Looking for completeness, looking for myself
Looking for someone who knows my true name
Looking for God – they're all one and the same.

All I want to know about this bond I feel
Is it all an illusion, or is it real?
What makes this feeling real?
If you feel the same.

What keeps this fire burning?
That we're stuck inside our game.

Wherever we are, we're always the same
Search for what's real inside of a game.

Whatever we're doing, we make one mistake
We want what's real but settle for fake.

If you give up your struggle before your time,
What was the point of ever having begun?
After all, you still only want what's inside your heart
It makes no difference how far you're gone.

It'll never end, so love it.
You pretend to be sad so your ego can feed.
Your life is just how you want it.
If it's here, then it's just what you need.

January 2007

No Matter What I Do...

No matter what I do
I try to be somebody else
No matter where I turn
I can never be myself.
I always feel the pressure
Like a thorn dug in my mind
No matter what each day may give me
I am never satisfied.
In everything I see a problem –
Nothing can just be.
Even when I am just calm,
If it stays that way too long,
I must be doing something wrong,
And without some sort of struggle
I can't just let it go along.
As impatient as I am
It could be I'm so frustrated cause I've got no clue what I am.

Do you know what my first thought was
When I looked into the mirror?
How can anybody love her
When her taste is so revolting?
So I tried to force a molting
And discard my natural ways –
Afraid that they can't stand my taste –
Tendencies must be replaced
And to become what I am not
Make myself be what I can't be,
I force myself to act so bold –
But it just isn't me.

February 2007

Ode to my Ego

Ego, why can't you see?
You're doing you and me both harm.
Trying to make me act your way,
With your words in my mind that have quite the charm.

But I know all my "pain" and my "tears"
Are from the issues you've construed,
Enveloping me in their eminence –
But in the end, somehow I'll see through.

'Cause there's a tiny gap you can never fill,
Though you paralyze each other cell
With a rollercoaster myriad
Of selfish desires that swell with each time –
I obtain them and then I must give them away
Shun them and push myself down to the floor –
Feel sorry for myself 'cause ego wants more.

Ego, don't you know, you're a dead-end road?
Build yourself on a foundation of sand?
To my conscience you're so cold,
But to myself – *yourself* – so grand.

Constantly building yourself ever higher
Running and running without looking back.
Run as far as you can, but it's all out of fear,
That all of your dreams, to me so dear –
All I do is to bring your perfect world here –
Only to always find that it's a lost cause.

Ego, you're so unaccepting
You put up a wall in front of all you don't like
It'll quite possibly ruin the best things I've got
And keep me watching for when you next strike.

But rarely can I be so vigilant
And after you've been long running wild
You've colored my world with your little stories
From pretty to tragic to normal to gory,
I've got to shatter the notions that I didn't notice
Until I was far behind.

February 24, 2007

Freedom Inside of the Cage

If you want to be a phantom
Living everywhere.
Without bounds or limits
To walk upon the air.

If you look at all the people
And the way they live
And realize you do not want anything they have,

Then hop on the back of a train and ride where it rides
No time, no money, no plans, just you and the world outside.
It's a fantasy I built for two,
Now I find you....

An absurdity but I will make it real –
Living by the honesty you feel.

Free to roam the endless world
And sacrifice the baggage you call gold.

March, 2007
written while walking around Patapsco Valley State Park

Untitled

Please, God, don't let me be stupid,
Don't let me lose my head.
I have no idea what path to take,
By what I should be led.

I hope that I am soberminded
At these moments when it all depends on me,
And I'm stuck torn between two decisions,
But all I can feel is my internal apathy.

My dad is drunk, his body without much control:
Do I keep him at home, or let him go?
Cause he claims that it's something he's got to do,
Drive that cold girl home
(She can see the hate I look with on her
And so she's very quick to leave,
She's uncomfortable, and I understand her) –
I fear for him, but deep down I agree.
His mind is sharp and sober
And when he's drunk all the thoughts come out.
I wonder, will this ever be over?
No – and I must steel myself for each new bout.
He has no sense of time, his body is falling,
But he knows what he must do
And a part of me thinks this is so insane,
But behind all of that, I know,
In his place I would do just the same.
And so I have to let him go.
Every time I see him this way,
I hate him – and it's automatic.
His true self comes out – sad and desperate,
Overwhelmed by emotions erratic.

But right now, inside, I really don't care,
And I know that he'll be just fine –
But I worry, what does this mean about me?
I don't care; all my caring isn't sincere
All I am is “petty” for real,
That's the truth I see inside.

I knew that I'd let him go,
Give him his keys in the end;
But I kept him inside for the drama,
We argued and I stood there and felt my heart rend.
He talks about my self-importance,
And how I am the grand judge of all;
My ego rejects these words as a drunk's

And immerses itself in an emotional brawl.
Society says my reaction is right,
And that he's not in a right state.
So scared am I to risk acceptance
And put my trust in fate.
He says that I have no faith;
And though there's drink in his veins coursing through,
My ego creates a baseless problem,
Because the deepest, calm part of me knows his words are true.

Inside I don't really worry,
But my emotions get jerked by this hook,
Unable to trust someone other than me.
These boundaries keep me closed in my habitual nook.

That from now on I'll win this is never secured,
I have to fight it anew each time inside,
To be stronger than my ego's perception,
To hop on boundless faith and ride.

Know in the end it will be okay.
My habits and fears tie me down.
Let go of my preconceptions
And live without limits or bounds.

April 1, 2007, 2:15 AM

Where Have You Gone?

Your body, it's still alive
Moving through its moments in a way I'll never understand
You choose your words with so much hate
What have you done? What have you become?
Your children, you seek to berate
And every word eats them alive
It kills my heart, and weighs down in my mind
Like a stone. I only hope that I can leave it all behind.
You will never be the one to lift the burden from inside of us.

06/07/07?

All My Wrong Points

I believe that I'll have a life that is easy
If only I get through this tough situation:
Break through my walls to that inner elation –
I'll make myself free
And then life will be easy for me,
Materially.

I think I must stick this storm out –
Inside I scream “How much longer?!”
But I know it's making me stronger –
And I believe I must show some resistance.
Fight one uphill battle per day,
Inside it gets gory
But I go to sleep each night with my hard-won glory:
It cradles my soul,
It feels like I'm in control
Of the road, of my path;
But too often I'm fueled by my wrath.
(Sometimes the line gets broken
And to get put back on track,
Though it has to be done, is never much fun.
You can't do it alone, there has to be someone.

If you have even one,
Then count yourself rich,
One person beside you
Who'll hear out every inch of your thought
Even the insecure ones you know are dumb,
Or a random idea forgot,
And that childish emotion you pretend you're above.
It you say it, they'll say the right words,
And you'll find yourself back on course.)

I must stand with my fists raised,
On the defensive.
I must fight everything wrong I see,
Correct every nuance with which I disagree.
Force it, oppose it, resist, and push back
(Something inside of me says I'm off track).
(So scary to realize this grain is so small.
And there's no guaranteeing I'll even heed his call
The objective observer,
I wish he'd be stronger.
A miniscule window that sees outside my game –
The only part of me that hasn't gone insane).

I work so hard – just to correctly place

Each atom around me into the shape of my face,
As I see fit inside my heart (?) –
All I do, she tears it apart.
This fighting makes a mess,
But one thing I confess:
I'm addicted to the struggle, addicted to the pain.
I fear the day not suffered or spent in strain
Is a day that's been wasted,
So I keep up my game.
If the day goes by easy,
I'm filled with shame.
The doubts creep in –
"Have I done something wrong?
Cause it's gotten so easy!
The days just sail along."
There's no need for that effort that rattles my bones:
So I worry, and worry, and worry and worry.
Did I mention I worry? And sit there all tense,
Just waiting for the next disastrous event.
Have I been spiritually demoted?
What's my next task? My entire fight is but another mask,
So strangely secure to be trapped in a fire,
Cause I can say to my ego, "I'm still moving higher."

In a way this struggle has just been another lie.
Now I'm addicted to war,
The one that's inside.

I believe that if I suffer today
(And tomorrow, and the next day, and God knows how much longer)
I'll be fully rewarded later sometime
With lazy freedom and a joyful prime.

Some days I'll recline in my garden,
Fall asleep on the grass,
Sit all day on my ass,
Making arts and crafts.
Sip my tea, and at three,
I'll take a nap until five
Living that enviable lifestyle that they do in Spain:
I only deserved it cause I went through so much pain!
(That belief is so wrong,
Yet I keep going along).
Sleep in a hammock and admire the flowers,
While my whole generation works in high-up towers
(Except for the ones on the street doing crack,
Those brothers who say "yo man I got yo back"
Today, but tomorrow it's a broken creed

Cause they're shot, or in jail – but most likely ODeD.
So this is just 10 years from now, cause they won't make it past thirty.
None of this even fits in with the story).
Back to the tale of my perfect life.
In a few years I'll be such a happy wife.

I believe I can find the perfect man,
A perfect mate in every way.
I don't care what he looks like
As long as he's not fat
Cause I don't think I could learn to love that.
Such a plentiful bounty will just fall on my head,
Perfectly matched, we'll connect on each level.
I believe in this, but I'm so misled.
I dream these dreams, but inside I'm dead,
And full of illusions, like a safety cover –
All cause of them I'll get so fucked over!

Wake up one day in a hard outer shell,
I'll dream of heaven, but stay safely in hell.
Can't take a chance
On someone else
It's too much of a risk in my mind;
And that "perfect man"; like I'll ever find him!

I'm under the twisted belief
That my brother's every move
Must be carried out perfectly,
He must be perfect, like me.

Every wrong step and each lie,
I fly to correct it;
In my mind's eye
If I don't fix it now
He'll go wrong somehow;
Fall prey to the minds of the minions dubbed "cool",
And later on, smoke pot in school,
But worst of all, be someone's tool!
Close himself off
Into himself.
I'm so scared he'll fail with his essence at stake
And live his life as someone fake.

But maybe somebody out there can do it better,
Can pull him out and loosen his shell.
I try to make him be himself!
Force him out, accept no retreat –
But with each of my mother's words it's defeat.
She pushes him down

Beneath herself
Devouring his soul with a drink of his blood
(If I could get him away from her for good!)
(But that's an easy escape –
Escaping solves nothing, just leaves it behind
To eventually find you
And bite you back in the ass;
Just another disaster).

It's so painful to watch him sink
Beneath the twenty ton weight she puts on his shoulders
She wants total control
And human blood
With rapture she tramples him into the ground
Smiling behind her heartless screams,
Her heartless care
And her murderous stare
(I can't bear to be near her!
How much longer must I endure!?)

There's nothing I can do
I only lose:
My worrying drains me –
I need to choose
A new approach
A way to be.

I sincerely believe that I must be perfect
Every wrong thought gets reproached.
The energy I waste on self-loathing
Would be saved if I just let it go.

I'm human only
I have those thoughts,
Daydreams and weaknesses,
Daydreams a lot!
I circle around these trifles of mind
But it'd be better to just let it go.
I wish that'd be something I know.

I believe all these things, truly I do
From these points I make my every move.
Convictions inside both my heart and head –
I am so fucking misled.

I am so damn off-center
In need of correction like never before.
I am so scarily unbalanced –

Must find the golden road once more.
Tortured by fear and that dreaded what-if
Must break free from this cage so subtle yet stiff.
Relax a bit
And it won't be so hard
There's one grand fix
Beyond head and heart.
Right from the start
I aimed off key
Dug myself into a rut that made me anything but free.

I might die –
So what? I say
Death is always the same, so I might die today.

I can't be perfect
I can't be alone
Don't even try to imagine what it will be like
To have a man of my own.
Can we ever get close?
Will it last? Divorce!?
Is a relationship something I must try and force?
No worries!
Death? Suddenly gone in a flicker! –
Worrying constantly will kill you far quicker.

The problems of others are really the problems of you
Not extending beyond your own body.
Never forget that you see with a subjective view
And that you're always taking yourself too seriously.

Take the chance and try being less hard on yourself,
And I promise that it will take you quite far.
You can spend a million days, try thousands of ways,
But you'll never be perfect;
You are what you are.

(And that is perfect).
I guess, I don't know;
Forget about "perfect",
It's not something you know.

June 18-19, 2007

Do You Know Why?

Why is every situation so much harder than it is?
And conquering your fears like climbing up a hill?
A task that seems impossible, upon the start we find,
Impossible, and difficult – how we made it in our mind.
Impossible – like better grades, like better friends, completed ends
A trail to travel blind, where darkness rounds the sudden bends;
Some people ask of God: “Why do you make the climb so steep?
The mire in which we sink so deep?”
But God steps back and shakes his head:
“Don’t ask me, ask yourself instead,
You’re the mastermind behind your plight,
Right here’s the task, and you must fight;
You against you; you try and you try
(At least better than pretending not to notice it, and letting it slip by)
Why must it always be that you fight against you?
And why is it the one thing you most dread to do?
Why do we make it so much harder for ourselves than it really should be?
Only because we’re lazy.

And why do our values change like our clothes?
Why do we emulate TV shows?
Why don’t our convictions remain for more than a day?
Because in our minds we’re crazy!

Why can’t we see where we should go?
Because our vision is quite hazy:
One eye looking for a future, the other gazing at the past
Hoping to change something there at last.
The present passes by;
We hardly ever notice, maybe not until we die.

Why do our deeds come back to visit?
The letters we sent out have come right back home.
All we get is our own, is what we deserve.
And yet we never seem to notice.
Why do our dirty selfish impulses we continuously serve?
We know inside somewhere,
They are the cause of our misfortune,
Why we cry and pull our hair
(And yet we fuck without a care)
Tell me why we run around without a clue; know what to do
But we can’t do it ‘cause it sits too deep,
And truth be told we like to sleep.

So sing yourself a lullaby
Lull yourself to bed today,
Abate your conscience; you’re at ease

For the little while it sits at bay.
Calm today, storms tomorrow,
Forever life goes on this way
Running endlessly around in disarray
Wondering why we're in this mess,
You wonder how to make it less
And then you'll go and blow some guy;
You'll never see the connection here, not even when you die.

So tell me why does life just suck?
Because we're a fool.
And what's the worst thing you can be in life?
The worst thing is a tool.

July 30, 2007

Some Verses About People

I know a race that's very strange
I like to call them people
They all walk around this world
In a body that's a machine.

The more and more I see them
The more and more I know
Hey have nothing but their body
And most don't even use those.
If you look closely, you can tell
Which ones use their bodies well.
Some are not completely body's slave –
But most will soon just occupy a grave.

Among those of this strangest race
I have seen a great divide
They all make the same mistake
Search for truth among the fake
The fake that's all around them
Multiplying every day;
They will never find their way
Find their way around this maze
Living their life through a haze –
One eye looking forward, one eye stuck inside the past
Hoping to change something at last –
Before they know it they are dead,
Never took the time to fix their head.

They think that their emotions
Affect the lives they lead,
But their lives follow their feet.
They might see someone they care for,
Feel that great connection made,
But then they'll shyly turn away
And then they wonder how tomorrow's born today.

They don't know
That the laws that govern the soul
Should be the ones they're living for;
That's the only way that they'll be happy as they wish.
But until then they're more lost than a lonely school of fish
In an unfamiliar sea.
They don't know how to be.

And those that couldn't care less
Show up to work in torn rags covered in grease,
Scorn nice clothes and wealthy pay;
They could just throw it all away.
Too often they do
In more ways than one:
They have the rope, they have the gun, they have TV.

"TV killed me," many will say
Raised that way.
Who here's to blame?
Everyone needs something
Everyone needs an escape
"TV changed my life!"
"TV changed my thoughts!"
Well you cannot change the heart!
But you can sing it a lullaby,
One that will make you cry.

August 2, 2007

Stranger in My Body

Sometimes I'm a stranger inside my own body.
Actually no, I'm always a stranger this way,
Only sometimes I see it, like I saw it today.

I woke up this morning with my head full of thoughts,
Stupid illusions that meant nothing at all.
I was stuck inside of them, but as soon as I spoke,
I heard the sound of my voice and the lullaby broke:

And I realized that moment, with an awakening jolt,
That my thoughts and my voice didn't match up at all.
My thoughts, they kept going, they embodied so many
Different voices, none of which were my own,
Imitations of wishes I'd seen on some show,
None, the voice that I use in this real cold world,
The voice that everyone hears except me,
The one that is who I am, the one real as my body
Which resides in the same world as do these walls,
As does the air, as does the sky,
As does the fan that whirs mechanically by;
The one we're meant to live in, but, ironically,
The one we sleepwalk through in ecstasy.
And it's bliss to live in our minds the way we do,
Imagined as heroes, but really used like a tool.
Those that see this incongruity, they are so few
And you can always be sure that, yes, you're a fool.

You're so blind you complain that life isn't fair;
Why are you so fat and frustrated? Why's your love life dead?
Then go eat McDonald's three times a day without a care –
So many problems like cancer plaguing your body and head.
In ten years the only place you'll go to is a doctor's office,
Ranting like a hag that your medical bill is so high,
And that this kind of life is an outrage, they should increase Healthcare!
Because the government should be responsible for your lazy ass, in your beady eye,
On which you sit watching Jerry Springer (though you should be on it)
And daytime soap operas (wishing your life were just like it).
Without getting up, you'll passionately support increasing Healthcare,
And rejoice when they make laws in accordance with your wishes,
But be really mad when they don't do what you want them to do,
And blame those young people who haven't yet but will inevitably end up just like you.

I'm a stranger in my body
And everyone who's around
Are simple people like the rest of the race.
Some I love, some I oppose, but most are just a strange face.
All walking machines with souls unclean

Living a lonely life in their mind
More distant from me than all these wild birds;
An open person is all I wish to find.

But the sad fact is that in all your life
You only ever encounter one stranger,
For in your little game you're the only player.
To be blind is the one true danger.

August 12, 2007

I Hate George Clooney

I hate George Clooney, he's so stereotypical,
I hate him more than I hate Paris Hilton;
She's easy to hate 'cause she's so flagrantly dumb,
A good laugh is the only thing she can merit,
But whatever *he* wears, all of America'll wear it.

I hate George Clooney, he's so beloved,
With his charming smile and winking eyes,
A man of the sun, admired by all –
A dead soul proponing the cult of disguise.
They carefully crafted him to be carelessly perfect
So that he could retain a long-lasting sway
Over dissatisfied wives hooked to TVs
Wishing for Hollywood glamour to take them away
(While their kids go and smoke themselves silly each day).

I hate George Clooney, he's a subtle poison,
That slithers right under my skin
From a glass bottle, accented with a little necktie,
Labeled "Drink this is you want to win."
Drink it to be his follower,
Drink it to be his slave,
It'll help you to walk straight, to act right, to dress great,
To say all the right things, to behave.

I hate George Clooney, he's so pro-society
Every movement done just as it should be.
Look at him in his Armani suit –
Don't you wish you could look that good?
'Cause that's the thing to desire if you want to be happy,
All you have to do is imitate,
And you'll be a well-liked, A-list American.
You go absorb that rule, but I'll stick to my hate.
You may say that to live with this hate will make me loony,
But it's only a tool, just like George Clooney.

George Clooney, I hate you, you make people feel shitty,
I'd pity you, but there's nothing left to pity.
You've got people subconsciously trying to be like you,
Insecure people make a stupid mistake.
They don't know that you're a total fake,
Just an empty shell that could easily break
To reveal the unhuman writhing mess
Of repugnant slime and many heads
(Each one with a brain that is equally dead)
That lies underneath that winning smile,
The witty sayings they've taught you to say,

And your classic, handsome face.
(Oh but I wish they would show your true disarray
Instead of making it seem like you're all balanced and calm,
Got your life together, so down-to-earth and true –
But they've covered up the massive drug abuse!
After all, you are a Hollywood star
In fact – why aren't you dead yet? / in fact – why haven't you died thus far?)

That brings me to another topic: Paul McCartney.
His new CD makes me want to cry,
With that cute little pose he makes on the cover;
His expression gives me doubt that he's wholly sane,
But by popping him out at a quirky angle they want to give you the impression that he's just a regular
guy –
Except that he's done his own body's weight worth of cocaine.
“Dance Tonight” is a musical brouhaha
Comprised of two chords and “lalalalalala.”
And any guy who's sixty five,
Singing about girls, has clearly lost his mind.
But he's not a person, he's just an image
More credible with “sir” before his name.
So imitate him, and don't worry about being a follower or doing massive quantities of drugs,
And you, too, can win such acclaim.

I hate dance clubs, night clubs, and most of all
The nightly dance shows at resorts
All those popular things that appeal to the masses
Who look alike, dress alike, I can't distinguish,
But copying's a hobby that's hard to relinquish.
Shaking their asses; oh don't I look sexy,
It feels so good when that random guy touches my butt,
I want you, I want you, oh baby it feels to right
To be going home with some ugly stranger tonight.
The rhythm of the music makes me wild with emotion
(The word that comes to mind here is “slut”)
The rhythm of the music is a simple two-beat;
Club dancing is the most mindless pursuit.
Moving like robots without a thought,
All sense of conscience in bliss forgot.

I hate Hollister, it's the new Abercrombie
Only ensnares with a subtler poison
Of a carelessly I'm-not-trying-to-be-cool-like-those-Abercrombie-preps sense of cool,
The ultimate lie infecting your high school.
Hollister's “the shit” not 'cause it's cool, but 'cause it's “chill”;
It's comfortable and versatile, you can be casual yet still look put-together:
A trap to pull yet more into the Big Black Hole
Of mindless conformity that breeds a life of cheap thrills.
And when your conscience twangs, your friends can console.

You can all put on your HCO shirts and go out,
Have lots of fun and feel not a doubt.
You'll meet all these amazing new people, so different from you,
BFFs for two months, you'll laugh and you'll flirt.
You're so much more open-minded now
And despite your differences, somehow
You all get along great, in your Hollister shirts.

If everyone in the world turned their noses up
At Abercrombie, cause it's worn by people with upturned noses,
And said, "*We're not trying* to be cool, like you!"
I'd buy an A&F outfit and strike preppy poses
In front of your face and laugh "You idiot!
Secretly safely believe you're the shit"
Secure in that notion cause behind your soft skin
Stands an army of millions exactly like you
And when you have their support, you're brave 'nough to win,
Those-Who-Do-What-The-Current-Beckons-Them-To.

If I ever meet a guy who is truly
Free from the society in his head,
I'll say to him, "be what you are
And I won't try and change you to be somehow else instead;
Keep all your views on alcohol, music, and sports –
Just please don't ever buy a pair of plaid shorts.
Unless you want to burn them,
And there I can give you a hand.
We can drive down to the beach one night
And build a bonfire of plaid shorts right in the sand."
And as a means of peaceful protest
This one will be quite grand.

I hate dressy female clothing,
The metal accents on that chic black top,
The ruching on your halter, it makes people falter
In their perception of what you really are;
In everyone's mind you become a star
(One of the nameless ones in some big constellation
But who cares, as long as you feel that elation.
You don't care if you're clone 536497;
You're in temporary heaven).

Strut like a Hollywood trendy *coquette*,
Your true *pathétique* you too often forget
When you can hide in the thick of the fashion *melee*;
Pretty nails, pretty jewels, and the right words to say
All make the part easy to play.
And no one can spot the decay.

Oh you pretty starlet princess, you!
The mirror loves you, yes he do!
With shiny silver on your neck,
Patterned prints and subtle lace,
No-smear lipstick (so it doesn't get on his penis)
And powder shimmer on your face.
Conceal it with some bangles and a tank top made of mesh,
But beneath the glammed-out glitz you're still a smelly lump of flesh.
The image of perfection when you're all done up;
The image of a monster when you take it all off.

Eyeliners! Lipshadow! Makeup galore!
The older you get, you'll have to use more.
And I'm sorry if I rub some and reveal a wrinkle-bunch
When I give your plaster face a punch.
Oh the terrible wreckage the years have done to you,
Whirling in that game, how old you grew –
But alas, you're only twenty-two!
Already buried in plaster, an empty phony,
Just a replica of old George Cloney.
You'll soon die like a fool, die like a tool
"But at least I was popular in high school!"
Those four years of fun have made you a mold –
I mean a grave – forgive the slip
"You're so hot" but inside freezing cold,
Forget the ugly nasty truth – the majority accepts me!

I hate it, against it, forever I'll say,
All the narcotics that slip you away,
Be they lacy tank tops, or cute shot-glasses, or new-age spirituality.
They easily hook you and lead you astray
With their big shiny rhinestones all decked out in frills,
Cause they know no one can be not a slave to cheap thrills.
Those sly puppeteers who pull on the strings
Run the world, run your mind, keep you running in circles,
Let you wrap yourself round plastic shiny things,
You talk about them, think about them, replace yourself with them,
And in your heart there soon lies a plastic gem,
Worthless to you, in the long run you'll see,
When you're dying – and you realize you never could be
Who you are, cause that society in your head
Told you to go out and be a star.
But in the end if you're lucky you'll remember,
Everything passes with time
The mountains you climbed look like bumps from afar.
When you're looking back, despite what you see
All that matters is this: were you ever free?

August 12, 2007

Princess in Pink

Princess in pink,
Sequins and silk,
Highlighted hair,
Old breast milk
Dragging them down
Closer to the ground,
Where you'll end up someday.

Teenage girl,
Center of gravity
For the entire world,
So sad that you can't see
How worthless is your game
And all those things you try to be,
It's just one big sham, and in the end
You'll only be dead.

Pothole eyes
In a young man's face,
Defeat inside your inner space.
Don't you know how many of you there roam,
All destined to live their lives alone?
You don't care, you'll be dead someday –
But I don't think you want to live this way.

Mass of people
On the dance floor,
Cheap attractions,
Nothing more,
Keep you wanting.
What do you desire?
Romance, love intense like fire?
"Just for one night, it feels so right"
Or so the techno song commands,
The one you dance to like a slave –
Just hurry up into your grave.

Mother of mine,
You fantasize
About your love life,
It's in your eyes.
All you've sold
For a heaping sack
Of counterfeit gold,
It'll never come back.
And your life is frozen,
Your heart stone cold,

Your face grown old,
Your self trapped in an iron mold.
But like all the rest,
Someday you'll die;
Of all you ever were and are
Will remain the lie
In my memory.

Oh British tourists,
All a-flutter,
In your little British clothes,
What you say, no American knows
Or cares.
Somewhat coldish stares
Are all you give, you hardly mingle;
Though you're married, you're still single.
Travel in your lofty tight-knit cliques,
Like mobile trendy clothéd sticks.
A level above the rest, you show;
You'll die, too, you know.

So sad to see
Reality.
Impressions of a different sort
In my mind at this resort.

August 12, 2007

Walking on the Edge

Every single moment
I'm walking on the edge.
It's tearing me apart with the strain.
There's nothing else I can do
But stand on this ledge
And look forever down at what awaits,
At the shock and the horror of it all,
Should I give in and take the fall,
Jump off this line that's razor-thin –
Every moment I feel I'm about to give in.

If there's a war inside, then it's outside, too,
And this is the biggest war I ever knew.
But I'm cursed to never take a side
And stand forever on the great divide.

I walk on the edge, and I'm a ghost
In this world that plays a host
To our wishes, our stages,
What make the war that lasts all ages.
It's but a world of intentions and choices,
And we're always on the edge.

I'm walking on the edge, I never know if I'm right,
Without a plan, I haphazardly fight.
On the edge, I can't allow defeat;
In no position to attack, yet I cannot retreat.
I'm stuck in the middle, immobile as ground,
As either side tries to pull me down.

I'm about to let it slip,
Hate without restraint I will,
Let the bomb go off and kill
Everything I've built.
Fire blazes cold and high,
But I'm okay behind my wall;
But every trace of love is gone,
Can't be replaced if I should choose to fall.

I'm about to let it go,
Forget it and just nod my head,
Agree with all the crap they said,
And let the poison flow.
Give in to their persistent knocking;
Finally the clocks's stopped tocking.
Stop fighting, let them have their way,
And everything will be okay.

Can't run but I can't bear to stay,
I forever travel on this way,
Looking at the empty distance just beyond the ledge.
Every moment I must choose to stay upon the edge.

August 12, 2007

Nothing to Want

Mirrors are evil things, you see
We'd all be much happier without any
Mirrors are evil things for me
When I'm in a moment of low self-esteem
And some random thought I thought against my will
Sends me off like a stone rolling down a hill.

I can't love, I could cry, can't be happy and calm
I can only see that I'm really above nothing at all.
Drown in my many worries,
I pushed myself into this unhappy rut.
And as soon as I see I want something to change,
I realize there's nothing to want!

Wishing, wishing constantly
To be anything other than me

August 13, 2007

The Great Teacher

Oh, look at me! I'm so important!
Let me relay what wonders I behold
When I look into the mirror,
Which I do three times one hundred-fold:
I see just what I want to see
And even when I look at you
I still see only me
And I love it though it is untrue.
I see a great and noble spirit
That to highest levels will elate.
What I speak, the world must hear it
Because I am so great.
Oh, I'm the greatest teacher, yes
So high and pure and holy
I love my ego, I confess,
And I hold all the answers solely.
In all respects I'm perfect,
There's nothing to improve,
I sneer upon the temporary,
Holy as the Virgin Mary.
Everything I think is right,
To God I'm not contrary.
I love myself, oh yes I do
And I'm teacher to all of you
So if you want some true advice,
I know a girl who's free of vice.
But you'll never hear me voice that thought,
Because I'm so darn humble,
The embodiment of ideal being,
Though into walls I often stumble.
Even in my poetry,
I am master, I'm so great,
In verses I illuminate
All your lowly faults.
And soon enough I'll probably
Be dabbling in the occult.
My poetry now sounds so fake,
I'm trying to be skillful,
For I'm supreme poetic master
Strong and oh so willfull.
But when I read it and hear nothing
Other than my empty ego,
I honestly get pretty scared
Because all I wrote so long ago,
My soul it truly bared.
And I wish instead of writing "you"
I could go back to writing "I"

Be honest like I used to do –
But it never works, how hard I try.
I wish that I would write once more
How horrible I am inside;
That would make me feel secure,
And cushion all my deeper pride.
But instead I criticize
America's deluded masses
Laugh at all of them in spite
As they shake their sexy asses.
Look at them, they're so misled,
Most of them have lost their head.
Thank God that I alone am normal!
(Coming off my horse is what I dread)
They are stupid, I am smart
That is what's inside my heart
The warmest place in all the land,
Inside a precious body oh so grand.
The more I see I'm not unique,
The more unique I think I am,
I cannot stop this grave mistake;
I cannot help but be a fake.
But why do I so ardently
Desire to prove myself real?
To stamp upon my great self-love
A final, permanent seal!
Any man who stands aside
And watches me look in the mirror,
He would walk away and laugh
At that saint who holds herself so dear.
Would you look at that disgrace,
So enamored by her face,
Let her look, just let her be,
At least it makes her happy.
That great teacher; that great fool,
That great something who's a tool,
All these realizations
Are just her starving ego's rations.
All we do is but to try
To change something inside us
Something which our ego finds
Rather irksome to its purpose,
To build an image of perfection
And secure it with a pin
This is the reason for our trying
Because we're all out here to win.
Every thought, each motivation,
No matter from what side
Wants to prove that we are worthy,

Clever, cool, or smart, or swarthy,
But – in essence – that we're better –
Proving ourselves to our ego,
So the belief that we are perfect,
Which we all so skillfully hide,
Can in our minds be justified.
I want to smash up all the mirrors
So that I will not stare in them
At myself and be embarrassed,
By my ego, of my ego,
Oh if I could let myself go
And stop trying, trying, trying
To make myself be some *thing*,
With this goal I'm only lying
For my precious ego's sake
To keep this monster safe from crying,
All my life is a mistake
Because no matter what I do,
Smash the mirrors, look into
At my reflection – I'm not better either way
But that is what my ego longs to say.
So if stare into my face, then I am vain,
And if I don't, then even so I *still* am vain,
For my ego is who loves me
And my ego is who hates me
And my ego loves my hate
And my ego hates my flaws
He will console but first berate
He never does retract his claws.
My ego hates my ego
He loves to play a noble king
All his problems are so serious
More eminent than anything.
When life throws me a screwball
It is he who goes ballistic.
And my ego really hates
The fact that I'm so egotistic.
My ego craves for their attention,
Even more, to hate to crave it
My ego's everything in me
No matter how I hate to say it.
And I am not above the rest
No matter what I try to do
To prove that hated fact untrue
Devote my life to an illusion
That is why we're in a game
That is the cause for our confusion;
Sometimes we know it's all a game
And yet we still are drawn to play

To ego always be a slave –
If only free for just one day –
I know there's nothing here to crave
I know no matter what I do
It is to change myself for you,
My ego, king of all my wishes
Inside the most obscure of niches
Of my mind, can't see outside
The crude desires tightly bind
I know that all I want to do
Is for that future prize you've got me screwed to.
For this myself I rearrange –
But there is nothing here to change.
So there you go, I'm a great teacher
There's your moral; I'm your preacher
There's your daily revelation
Ah – I've reached my high elation.
And in spite of all I've said
Nothing inside of me has changed.
Nothing inside of me has bettered
I will still be as deranged.
Some people listen to their ego when it tells them to be cool
It's my *ego* suffering the blow when I realize I'm a fool
My ego tells me I'm better for hating popularity
To be free from my ego – well that's quite a rarity
I'm a teacher, supreme, better than ordinary people
My ego knows many things which their egos don't know
While they're succumbing to theirs I'm fighting my own
I'm beating my ego...with my ego.

August 22, 2007

Alone With My Mind

It's dangerous to leave me alone with myself,
Cause when I'm alone my mind runs off
And it starts having conversations inside itself,
And then when I'm around other people once more,
No one is saying what I want them to say,
No one treats me like I want them to,
No one is really what I want them to be,
And in my mind, I get very angry
And upset and confused;
Nothing is perfect –
Does not go how I want it to,
My expectations fall through.
Nothing is perfect for me,
Nothing will satisfy,
It all should've happened so differently,
The way I planned it in my mind.

My mind is responsible for heaven,
And my mind is responsible for hell,
My mind paints a pretty tomorrow,
And a new yesterday as well.
My mind's little stories make me happy,
My mind is a great time machine,
That takes me anywhere I wish, to my farthest dream –
Except it cannot take me to the real.
My mind is out of my control.
And my body, more so.
Along the current it does roll,
With the mechanical flow.
My mind can't bear to face the truth,
And it's who's screaming "how much longer!"
Yet with illusions it still soothes;
It even orchestrates my hunger.

There is nothing but my mind.
I do not know the world at all.
I've searched, but it's the only thing that I could find.
I'm always separated by this wall
Of illusions and expectations
And an endless string of disappointments,
Because reality obviously won't adhere
To the great, great plans of one lone girl.
And reality, it will not hear
My mental vision for the world.
My mind will never realize
That it's not helping me.
That my mind is not all that important,

My mind will never see.
My mind, it is truly a magical place.
Its reality adheres to no rule.
For its fantasies there is unlimited space,
But there's no place for me to be the fool.
I can feel anything I want to feel.
My mind will create it somehow.
Inside my mind, anything can be real,
Except for what is right now.

August 27, 2007

I Write Poetry

I write poetry to soothe myself
When I know that I have erred.
I get it all down on paper;
I feel much better when the truth's been bared.
When I make a mistake, and I know it will cost,
When a level of the game I've forever lost,
I write about it, make me feel better
About myself, so I won't be so scared.

September 1, 2007, 2:00 AM

Where Should I Build My Life?

Oh, there are many spaces
Open to us in this big wide world.
But I see no space,
For me to make something of my own.
Driving down the road, a highway built years ago,
A plan we do not know now.
I saw a sign, it said "Live Free for a Year,
Really."
And this sign, it caused me a little fear,
Because yes, that's what we'd all like ideally;
What these massive happy billboards portray is what we crave:
Live free for a year, and then go back to being a slave.

I turn on the T.V., empty people I see
So many shows, you wonder how each one goes.
Characters and plot lines, cleverly interpret the love signs –
I wanna throw it all behind me.
There is no space, this world is constricted –
Every corner seems to be restricted
To the freedom of you;
Now there's nothing to do,
But watch T.V. and build your life around its pretty stories,
Emotionally attached, you'll feel both may pains and glories,
Then you'll feel like it's yours,
And you'll wake up and then of course,
You might see, be surprised, yes it's true,
Your whole life that you believe in, life that you've been livin,
It does not belong to you.

I drive, I see potential death at the roadside,
This here is real, but we drive on by, we've got something up ahead
That's so much better, a thing that keeps us going, something bona fide:
We rush home to our computer, go online, and get on MySpace –
That is where our path led.
And when we read that hottie's comment on our photo we feel so alive,
But we are dead.
This is our life – it's online.
We will always find these little trinkets some time.
Around this lie, we build our home,
We have so many friends, but we're always alone
And more and more, these false values fill our head;
We're virtually living, but really dead.

Where should I build a life for me?
There's no space for mine in the T.V.,
Online, outside; it's blocked to my creation.
It's all been built and I must choose,
Like shopping for a pair of shoes,
Here's choices A to Z, now pick,
Which fits best for you?
None do!
And now what am I left to take,
If everything has fallen?
I'm blind inside this winding maze,
Spending my life crawling,
Looking for something I want,
But in the end what I want is nothing.
We're at the market walking 'round,
And everyone takes something.

There's no place where I can settle
I have to keep on moving,

Every place is blocked for me,
I feel I'm always losing.
I have no place to build my life,
I have only me.
There's plenty empty residence,
But the price of living there, it's too steep:
Settle down inside our walls,
Buy our posters, and hang them in your halls,
But for the safety we provide,
We charge a little fee,
It's nothing really, sign this bill
That declares "I give you me."
And you will be safe and happy,
Never a bad thought,
If you've ever struggled, well,
Then let it be forgot.
And you just go on smiling, securely in your niche,
But the truth is that your life's a fake,
A laziness-induced mistake
As long as you accept this fate,
And pick up garbage off the street,
You never will be free
From your deepest unfulfilled wish,
From your deeply harbored inner maze.
Never asleep, never quite out of the daze.

September 4, 2007

I Don't Wanna Think About It

I don't wanna think about it, I just wanna move
I don't wanna think about it, I just want to do
I don't want to think about it, I just want to act
The moment that an impulse comes I let myself react.
I don't wanna think about it, I just want to live
No doubt or hesitation, without a thought to give.
I don't want to think about it, I just want to be
Closer to an animal, live completely free.

It isn't objective, but I wanna try it on for size
See the world through another pair of eyes
Be able to be the way I can't be;
I don't wanna be constantly thinking 'bout me.

Stone Role

There is nothing real anywhere
In my entire life.
There is nothing but emotions
That swell and then subside.
They color my world pitiful
And blind me so I feel
That every different shade I see
Is ultimately real.

There is nothing but facades
The pretty parts we like to play,
Drunken dumbass or quite smart,
The stone role hardens more each day.
What we really feel and think
Beneath it all, we'll never show,
What's underneath our skin we're lucky,
If even we ourselves know.
But too often we are blind,
Though there remains a dim light
A lone speck in the night
Of which we're barely aware,
Like that tiniest star, if you look straight on
It fades to leave you wondering if it's even there.
From beneath your stone role
There's nowhere to go,
You follow its path and bury your soul
Though the way of your heart lies before your feet!
You're dragged along in the thick heavy smell of defeat.

Along the stone path, the deeper it winds,
Forget all about who you were as a child.
Leads you farther away from your deepest yearning;
Easier to put on the mask every morning.
And when everyone around you also denies
What lies buried inside them, it's harder to fight,
You follow the crowd for fear of being parted
And together live the life you never wanted.

Around this lie builds everything –
Act one way but feel another.
In our heads our thoughts will stay,
Nothing real in what we say,
Can't do what we want to do.

You Can Fall in Love

Well, you can go to college to get your degree,
Move into a dorm, have a life that is free,
Go to sleep every night at a quarter til three,
So easy to forget.

Look at him over there, oh it would feel good
If his arms were around me; his subtle touch could
Send the butterflies flying; maybe I should
Take the long way to class today.

Well, you can go shopping, get some Hollister shirts,
Joke around with your friends that you shouldn't flirt
With that guy, 'cause you don't really like him that way,
You just like it when you catch his eye.

You can tell everyone you two are just friends –
All the fun of the game is in what you pretend!
For a while you can act like you haven't a clue,
He keeps chasing after, and you don't know what to do!
But he was so cute when he had his arm around you...
The attention – I mean chemistry between us is pure
But no, I don't want him, and that's for sure –
But we all know what'll happen next weekend.
(Rhymes with...)

Well, you can come crying when your heart might just tear.
If you didn't like him, then why do you care?
That jerk went and left you for another
Go home and confide the whole thing to your mother.
Just don't forget to leave out the details.

He took his attention and up and ran off.
God, guys are such assholes, when will they ever grow up?
I'm so glad I am female, of the better sex and –
Ooh, look at that guy. I bet he's good at sex....

Well, you can wrap yourself up in the words he said;
It isn't too hard to lose your head.
He talks of soulmates and finding true love –
I'd like him better if he were more honest.

I could translate that thought into different words.
He's saying one thing but it's another I heard.
Something friendly he says, and then touches my shoulder;
I know once he has me he'll turn out much colder.
No more need for those looks, all those subtle hooks,
That prey off my weakness to slide under my skin

He won't be the guy you thought he was
In a few short months when his "love" wears thin.

We have a connection, really we do,
It's the purest of feelings, a bond so true.
Brief moments, flirtations, you catch my eye,
Touch my arm – you're the perfect guy.

Well, you couldn't foresee it, and neither could he,
The end of those thrilling subtleties.
Well, such are relationships, one needs the other
Not for the other's end, just for his own.
It's not just guys; same with the girls:
It's Spring and I need a new handbag – I mean boyfriend.

September, 2007

Eh, Attraction

I'm sick, and in bed,
Mucus filled head,
Prevents me from cleverly rhyming.
Fantasies run
And never run out of steam;
It's hard to learn chem, but easy to dream.
Much more fun
Than boring books
Are a guy's quick looks
In your direction –
We're much too quick to draw that next connection.
It happens to me,
But by now I just say,
Whatever, let thrills be thrills,
They're just worthless,
And throw them away.
Though my mind's still a mess,
Behind that, I know,
It's a repetitive catch,
So I just let it go.
I feel no real attraction
From this brief distraction,
And no, I don't want it to lead anywhere.
I don't want to think about it, I just want to live,
Day by day, without a thought to give.
Though I'm flattered, I don't really need your stare.
And it feels great to not be dependent
On these doggy treats I get thrown.
I don't want a relationship anymore.
I think I'm afraid to be known.
I can't remember how attraction feels,
I don't even know if it was real.
Attraction is so often one-sided
And by expectations blinded
And always somehow skewed by or dependent on timing.

October 5-6, 2007

What I Am

Every moment of every day
I only know that I'm not awake,
Say things I don't agree with, things I don't mean to say,
And waste my time regretting each stupid mistake.
It all stays inside,
What I really think
Sometimes I'm so blinded by my mask, I forget
What I really am behind my wall
Of joking and laughing about it all.

Pretend personalities, change them like clothes,
What's real about me I think nobody knows.
I surely don't, but I try to find
To strip myself down to the real is the task,
Take off the veil and I'm a little less blind,
And then put on a different mask.

October(?), 2007

Attraction, attempt 2

The briefest looks,
Subtle hooks,
Secrets shared between our eyes,
Glances we romanticize
Inside our minds. We fantasize.
You tell yourself one lie; I tell myself another.
To feed our hungry egos we're both just using each other.
We can play our game of eye flirtation
Gather bits of cheap elation,
Temporary thrills
Beyond control of our will.
But no one likes to take control of randomized fun,
So we let the dice roll;
Close our eyes, spin around, and point to "the one."
An endless game, and endless charade;
You are never yourself.
Yet your habits remain;
You can't be anyone else
Except whatever person you spend your life trying to be.
Attractions based on patterns in a mask you can't see.
And the connection ends there
To these trifles we give too much worth.
We understand each other
Like Jupiter knows Earth.

How can you be mystified as to why you feel alone,
When the only desire you care about is your own?

November 20, 2007

All I Know is that I'm Asleep

Every moment of every day
I only know that I'm not awake
Run around in my mind as my mind runs off
Random footing from thought to thought
All that I feel and whom I feel it for –
Well I don't know who they even are
Create an illusion and give him a name
Always changing inside though the world stays the same.

December 6, 2007

Last Words

What do we want?
Why do we do all we do?
For what end, for what point?
Something selfish, no doubt.
So how can you move
Knowing you're pulled by your strings,
Running after so many things?
What do you want?
What do you expect?
You sigh and you suffer,
But what can really change?
Must make some sort of exchange –
Where you gain, somewhere else you'll lose.
Again you'll complain,
Expecting and judging.
What is the path
By which you should go?
So many false guides,
How can you ever know?
Be soberminded
And look all around
And maybe you'll wake up
And find yourself on this very ground.

December 9, 2007, 3 AM

Falling Off the Edge

Every moment feels like I am falling off the edge,
Not walking calmly 'long it, but already falling off
Barely held to it by one last thin string
I only ever see this edge when I'm already falling.

When life calms down, it's really getting much harder,
'Cause in the blink of an eye you will let yourself go.
Those tough situations make you keep yourself in line.
Much harder to prove yourself worthy when demands are low.

With all that free time, there's only more to waste.
You, and not circumstance, must keep you pushing the stone.
With all those new friends, hard to slow down in the haste.
Easier to "be yourself" when you were alone,

When you didn't have to act or play the social game.
Now learning to be your own yet the same
Takes the patience to bear it, to be conscious of your role
Of yourself you must learn to take total control.

But all you ever see is yourself failing at that task,
Yet you're unable to speak if not through some mask.
But what do you do? Give it all up
'Cause you can't act perfectly in each situation?
And all you ever see is how you mess up
And make yourself the target of their manipulation.

You hate yourself for it, and wish you could be real,
But you can't act on that impulse, though noble it be,
'Cause you must consider just what, and to whom, to reveal;
Grit your teeth and bear wallowing in secrecy.

'Cause though the aspiration for honesty 'tween people's a high one,
I have no faith that the world can ever be so:
We all look at the others, and ask "why can't they just be true?"
Answer to how true are you, and why, you will know.

Do you ever say exactly what you wanted to say?
When you act, is it really what you wanted to do?
Or are you skewed by your fears, stopped by your boundaries?
I think it never comes out like you wanted it to.

And if you ever say that this isn't true
And you're capable of doing what you set out to do,
And you're in control, and honest of mind
I would assume that you keep yourself blind.

So if we're all kept inside, and the things we intend
Never make it out past our skin,
How can I possibly relate to you honestly
And expect from you what I myself cannot give?

December, 2007

Hedges

I really need some assurance
That there's something outside of this game.
Cause all I'm ever seeing lately,
All inside myself,
Is the mask I talk through,
The veils I walk through.
And I have never heard my voice sound real.
I've never really honestly said what I feel.
I say it all through some kind of mask
To keep myself safe and avoid getting asked
The things I fear to answer
Honestly, directly, without some kind of pretense.
All this world ever teaches is to keep up my defense.
That's how we all are playing the game.
Careful not to tread the wrong way.
Have to read between the lines – it's such a shame.
Afraid the say the things we long to say.

Show me something real
To give me faith,
Cause I see nothing real
Inside myself.

And if I don't find it inside of me
How can I expect to find it anywhere else?
(The world is empty).
And I am so afraid
That there can be no other way,
This game we always will play.
And I am so afraid
That this is really the truth,
That the world is really empty,
And there's only what I see,

That I really am alone
And that's the way it'll be.
That there's no way to be but on my own.
What's inside me I don't know how to make known.
So show me something real
To give me faith,
Cause there is nothing real
In the smile on my face.
I'm always wearing some kind of mask.
I'm always putting on some kind of act.
I can be anything I need to be, for whatever end,
But whenever I talk to you, *it feels pretend!!!*
So show me something real 'cause I'm about to disbelieve.
How two people come together I cannot conceive.
We are so separate
As we're walking around
And if I try to be honest
It's still fake somehow.
I feel no connection
And it gets me down
I never feel that I'm genuine,
I just don't know how.
I could hook you, but to force it, I know is a mistake.
I don't know if relations can even be not fake.
I have never felt it
Is it something people feel?
What's the point of having anything
If it's not real?
It all stays inside,
What we long to say,
Can find no outlet.
We go on our way.

Look at our world
It's like a wide open field
Onto which the selfish see room to build.
Every new trend
Inside the mainstream head
Becomes another wall we have to walk around,
Another hedge in the maze that's sprung from the ground,
Another part of the game
To make it more convoluted,
Reality distorted and our thoughts deluded.
Tall, dark hedges, they block the view,
Through their darkened thickets I must speak to you.
Past these dense thicket walls I can barely see
So I imagine the truth on the other side
Is exactly as I wish it to be,

Like the heaven I've built inside my mind.

Every new thing is another hedge
Fashion and toys, computers and cell phones
Thinning the population on the edge
Cars and stereos, TVs and radios.
Pink plastic Barbie toys and hand grenades
Propel us into a life of charades
Weapons and opium, jewels and cocaine,
They only make our standards yet more insane,
Only perpetuate this miserable game.
Implant another standard into your head.
You think you're free, but your path is limited.
Reject what does not match with your mind's view
Of what is the only good thing to be.
And you go on with the current's pull,
For fear of being parted, you pretend to agree.
Forget what lies beneath your skin, and in your mind, and soon
What you *really* want...is...dead.

...So foreign my own voice,
So unfamiliar my face,
It makes no difference if I'm noble
Or to myself a disgrace
Because none of it is really me.
It's all what I pretend to be!
All I ever do is to conceal.
Nothing is worth anything if *you're not real!*

So show me something real
And help my faith
'Cause I see nothing in us
But the empty space!

And if only I could really feel
What's beyond this wall of steel
This wall that sits inside of me
I beat my fists but I cannot break free.
'Cause behind appearances outside,
Anything of any kind,
Behind any joy and any pain,
Every reaction that I make,
The world sees my performance, but I feel my smile
Standing satisfied behind the drama all the while!

So I have no way to break through
And stand closer than infinity to you

So how can I break free
(Use all my rage?)
When there's no one in my world,
Just my childhood in a cage?
Whose bars I cannot even feel
From my eyes itself it can conceal.

My face contorts itself each moment into any design;
Behind it I stand watching with a *satisfied smile!*
'Cause all we do is fill a role
Lie to ourselves that it's beyond our control.

Before every reaction is a moment of choice
When we let ourselves slip on the mask
And so begins our silly act.
As we all think that we're being real,
Living out the lives we've come to lead;
Dancing in step to find a way
To survive around each other day to day.

12-23-2007

Square One

So many roads to walk upon when I wake up each day,
All I'm ever trying to do is find me the right way
Sometimes I feel so good about it, I feel like I've won...
But then Life kicks my ass right back to square one.

So many ways to think about it, I just want to know
How to view the world I see before me, which way I should go
Sometimes I've got it figured out, but then it comes undone,
And I lie beaten on the ground beneath square one.

I get so confused about it, wanna know what's what
Should I save myself or throw my hands up and become a slut?
'Cause I feel like I have got no feeling where there had been some
And I always walk in circles 'round square one.

Sometimes I feel so smart about it, I know I'm the best,
I alone am perfect, flying high above the rest
At times like these I sit back calmly and bask in the sun –
But a hurricane blows me back to square one.

It's a long and arduous journey up the mountain that I take,
But if I keep at it eventually the goal I always make
Took a million days to get here, now finally I'm done –
But a minute to fall right back to square one.

I hate walking through the mire, always being unsure
I want to find security, that's what I'm looking for
So I sit myself down on some spot, but quickly as I'd come,
There's an earthquake in my paradise,
It shattered all my world, so nice,
I'm left to realize I'm back at square one.

Square one, square one,
I've got no ground beneath my feet,
I've got nowhere to take a seat.
Square one, square one
I've got nothing to latch on to
I'm wand'ring free without a clue
I can't sit still 'cause I'm unhooked,
But there's nowhere to go, I've looked
It leaves me hanging in the air
But when I fall down I go off again:

I keep wand'ring, looking for something I want to find,
Pick up many goods, but never really satisfied
Then I spot some gold and grab it and so tightly I hold on...
But I return emptyhanded back to square one.

I see that all I'm seeing is through my subjective view,
Try to break this habit but there's nothing I can do
Unless I think I'm free from it, and if I so should dare...
Then the fall back to square one I'll hardly bear.

I just want somebody who will understand my mind
Sometimes I think I've found him, and I let myself get blind
As I build his perfect image hope by hope up toward the sun...
'Til it all comes crashing down upon square one.

My head's full of delusions, for a while they keep me safe
Show me what I want to see and offer an escape
But take me off these drugs and I wake up and go insane
Writhing madly on square one in so much pain

You'd think I'd learn my lesson after so many a slap
But I can't help but fall into the very same trap
Each time I think I'm "past it," hits me harder than before –
No ground to walk on, just an ego feeling sore

I can't give up the feeling that I want to find my place
The permanent home of my life's long chase –
Now finally I've found it and it's called Square One:
So safe inside uncertainty,
Relax beside my golden key –
Until I fall back right onto square one.

Square one, square one
There's nowhere that I can go
All I know is I don't know
Square one, square one
Nothing that I want makes sense
Cannot live in my pretense
Don't have faith in any plan
I've only fooled myself again
I'll keep on coming back to you
Accept that there is nothing I can do.

February 1, 2008

Head Above Water

Keep my head above water,
Keeping my head above the water,
Everything beckons me to go under
Can I fight it forever, I wonder?

Head above water
Keeping my head above the water
Everyone beckons me to sink and go under
I'm standing on the brink of disaster
Of losing, of crushing myself beneath the waves
This game will go on every day and I am always bound to play
Don't think it can be any other way.

Swimming through the ocean
With no one on my side
They're living in the world down under
Underneath the waves
Dragging me to them
To be their little slave
And take everything from their view
But I never see how it should be the same way that they do

They've got all of the answers
I keep my head above the water
They're draggin me down under
But I – must – resist
I can bare – ly – resist (the pull)

Keep my head above water
Keeping my head above the water
All of my thoughts are draggin me down under
All of my fears are what's makin me surrender
All of it comes from my own head
Got to remember that fact while I'm not dead
'Cause I could go under the water
Give up myself and surrender
Become a plaything in their game
Without a want or her own name
And I know that I am selfish and I'm living for myself
But I need my fuel to keep me alive here or else
I will slip under the water
Step on my tail and sink under
Roam disappointed forever
'Cause I could never fight
When I feel that I am right.

I always did what I thought I should
I tried as hard as I really could
So effective was I, in my lie, in my mask
That no one has a clue what I feel, nor will they ask
Now their words make me wrong
But I just can't go along.

Must keep my head above water
Fightin to stay above this water
All my emotions are draggin me down under
All that I feel is like a weight I myself have chained
All this pain I myself have pre-arranged
I thought that I was in control
Now all I know is I don't know
Can't stand being either puppet or the puppeteer
I can't get satisfied in either role and I just fear
That what I want is all wrong
Cannot happen my way
Disproven every single day
But I still – go – on.

02-02-2008

About –

I'd like to say I'm past it, 'cause it's been so many years
That I've battled with this thought of mine that gives me no rest.
But every time it happens I still ask myself the same:
Is this feeling real, or am I inside of my own game?

I've tried to find an answer, resolve it for sure
But all I've found so far is that it's neither yes nor no.
To be up front and ask you I guess I'm much too insecure
So I keep on revolving in my mess
While I keep on pretending to grow –
Never yet been above the trifles.

Is this just me, just inside of my head?
Sometimes it feels real, and I can't ignore
How strong's my conviction that between us it's pure
That between us there's something that's hidden and shared
Hidden from outside, but I see it – and I'm scared
To believe it and vest my hope in,
'Cause what if I'm wrong?
What if I've been misled all along?

Is it just me, just my mind running wildly,
Or is there something real?
Is it just me, is it just in my head,
Or is it in yours, too?
Funny thing is, I could put it in;
Say what you want to hear,
Show you the impression you want to behold –
But something about that doesn't feel pure,
And that's what matters most to me.

End of May, 2008

Believe What I Want

I'm looking for signs to help me
Believe what I want to believe.
I pick up on them so quickly,
From the slightest nuance I weave
Oh, the most intricate story
That you ever could conceive
All in my quest to believe what I wish
Is real enough to believe.

Look for the marks to tell me
'It's true, what's in your mind'.
Sometimes what I see, it seems so real,
That, emotionally, I can't deny
What they seem to be proving – just what I want –
But it's dangerous to be sure
'Cause when you get disproven, inevitably, it knocks you so hard down to the floor.

There's no helping the window before my eyes
That taints everything I see
With my emotions and deep-rooted expectations;
Try and call it reality.
I don't know what to trust; what's inside my head
Changes with every look.
My heart swayed so easily, a touch or a word
Will easily do the trick.
Believe in whatever I want as the truth,
'Cause I guess I can never know.
I'll settle on one emotion today
(Our love will stay forever this way) –
And watch it change tomorrow.

What's there to trust inside myself, when it feels like I've got no ground?
When my view is subjective, skewed and reflective of all I see around?
And when everyone else around me
Is just the same as I?
I look for what's really true, but all I can see
Is the emptiness between them and their lie.

So when can I trust someone, other than that
They will always act like themselves?
Unable to change their daily mold,
And neither can I, myself.

So where is the truth? 'Cause it feels like there's nothing around me but empty space,
Ulterior motives, hidden connections, unsaid words, and a smile on your face.
And all I really wish for, is for there to be another way to be.

I'm about to sink into this mire forever, and lose myself completely.
Lose what I know I believe in, in face of this army of roles
That demands I pretend so as not to have said something that shakes up the world.
And before all your hidden desires, there lie the surface things you say.
And I'm left to take your word, though I see the signs that it's not really that way.
Signs that you're lying, playing a role – but I'm too scared to reach through
And tell you that I think that you are like me – all I can do is play my role, too.
And maybe someday I'll turn out to be right
And maybe someday we will speak through these walls
Instead of forming our words around them
And hoping our signals hit the mark.
But never without our effort can something like this come to pass.
Act how is right in each situation, and maybe we'll get the chance.
Hard to believe in it, but if you come 'round I'll be standing on the edge,
Afraid of falling to either side, and losing either my hope or my head.

May 2X, 2008

Another One of Those Moments

I can't stand to be myself, I can't stand the things I do,
I can't stand that iron rule, the one I'd like to blind myself to,
And if only it weren't true – but in life I can't ignore:
You get devoured or devour – and to life there's nothing more.
It's the cold hard truth – you can deny it and let yourself get eaten;
Or you can play your part and hate yourself, but at least you won't be beaten.
Those who laugh that it's not true, they need it most to thrive,
Tell you how much they love you, as they eat you alive.
Words are on the surface, but intentions they run deep,
Even the prettiest of promises won't change what you keep
Deep inside you, you can't change it, it'll always make its way out;
You can't hide or deny it, just push it down and pretend
That the words you say are true – but it's in everything you do,
Your motivation – it's what fuels you; but if you could look between,
At the emptiness inside, you'd see that *nothing's* what it seems.
The core is not the surface; and the surface is a stage.
Deep down it's really simple – there's an animal, your act's the cage
That tries to keep it down; but it runs wild 'cause it's untrained.
The only truth that I believe in is the beast behind the curtain,
In the monster sitting stilly at the bottom of the lake,
At the bottom of it all, or every movement that you take,
Never without a string attached, never without another cause,

Some cheap desire to fulfill; stroke with your paws and save your claws
For until you have them safely set, when they forget they can escape,
That they don't *have* to stay here, and you bank they'll never ask themselves:
"Is what I am doing really what I want to do?"
(The most important of all questions, the only one that can save you).
But I don't believe in any of the surface things that're said,
Even actions can be made to fool – so I must be led
By the feeling that sees through it all to sense that something's wrong;
In spite of all the pretty pictures it does not go along.
Running counter to the play, it sees right through behind the curtain,
And what it deeply knows, it deeply knows for certain.
All I see around me makes me doubt what I know;
I'm insane; I should be normal and agree with the show.
'Cause those who are intelligent are intelligent, and those dumb are dumb;
"Agree with the winners" is society's rule of thumb.
And there's something wrong with *you* if you do not see the same;
How dare you say that my great self is just a silly game?
For calling people fake, we'll put you in the nuthouse,
Crush your spirit with our help, you'll be quiet as a mouse.
That's why I don't believe our words, no matter how eloquent they sound.
They're there to hide the true reason buried underground –
Watch them all try to convince me, for their own end,
I must be firm to not be swayed by the image they portend.
So tempting to believe them, and the pull is so strong
But one tiny part of me can't play along; it feels wrong, it feels *wrong*,
That's all I have to live by,
Trusting my heart and my innermost eye.
...Everyone has something that redeems them through it all,
Shows the way to go in spite of misleading signs,
If only they let it be their guide through the vines
In spite of everything and anyone that tries to disprove –
Remember the shadow behind their every move,
And I suppose in that case you need not worry at all.

June 30, 2008

Tree

I don't know
What to do with your perfection.
There is nothing to say, there is nothing more to want
You are perfect as you are,
And anything more would only take away.

You were made by the sun, every cell so designed
To work together and look glorious in every light.
I can only behold you, admire your calm and perfect grace,
So in tune with the world, so complete the way you are.
You need nothing more.
I can only adore and admire you,
Let you inspire me.

Every part of you speaks, has a separate voice,
Like a million "me's", all connected as one.
It makes me want to say something, but I can't think of a thing to say.
Someday you will die, but you'll never come undone.
You are as you are.
And you want nothing more.
You're here for it all and you have no ego to separate you from the rest of the world.
Your perfection is free
And when I'm looking at you
I realize that's how I ought to be, too.

I want to touch you, walk among you,
Look at you forever – it'll never be enough.
You'll never bore me, for I adore thee.
You make me happy and you lift me up.
I want to be you, drink you in,
No matter how much I get, I can never get it all.
I'm powerless to take you, take you for mine,
I guess I can only leave you to be what you are,
Go on admiring you from afar.

You'll teach me everything I'll ever need to know.
I have only to see you and I feel at home.
I want something from you, but what, I don't know.
Nothing will completely satiate my soul.
I guess I'll leave you. Be what you are,
And I'll always admire you,
Near and afar.

July 16, 2008

Words, Words, Words

Days, days, days,
They're passing us by,
One into another,
Always less time.
I've got a deadline,
I can do only so much
In a day, but I've got
Only a certain number.

Words, words, words,
They're meaningless
Insincere, confusing mess.
Change one thought,
And it changes your life,
But they're based on words
Based in a lie.

Words, words, words
They try to conceal
What's behind your mask,
What of you that's real.
You'd have me believe you
But it's lucky I feel
The truth of what you'd
Never want to reveal.

Words, words, words,
They conceal what you are.
Words, words, words
Are all I hear.
It's true they confuse me,
I've been swimming in words,
Forgetting beyond them's
A whole nether world.

You're saying one thing but I hear another.
Behind your words I know what you really want.
Explain it one way, but it's still another.
Words won't change the way things are.
There're your words, and the world, and they don't compare.
You won't fool me with even a whole dictionary.
Make me think anything that looks nice to me
Pull me this way and that 'cause the words are so pretty.
Empty shells that don't show what's there;
Underneath your words it's a whole different story.
I've been following the words to find what I seek,
But they just lead astray and only mislead.

To weave though your words is no mean feat.
I don't care for your words, I don't count what you say.
I'd rather you silent,
For a moment stay still
And look me in the eye
As you really are.

Words, words, words,
They're all I hear
Walking through this world so dear.
Talking, talking,
Saying nothing.
Don't lose yourself in all their words,
They said one thing but it's another I heard.
Swimming in soup, confusing my head,
Gut leads me right, words have only mislead.
It may seem one way, but trust when I say,
All her words put together won't change her face.

7-24-2008

Next Time

Next time I'll know better
Not to do what I did before.
Next time, I'll say to myself,
"Take care of yourself before everyone else."
Next time, I won't consider
Their cheap emotions 'fore mine;
Everyone's got to handle some pain,
Can't put the burden all on my shoulders –
It doesn't make me better
If I let myself suffer.

Next time I'll be better,
Next time I'll do it right
It always seems to be next time.
Next time's when I'll fight
For what I want, knock them all down
Caring for only myself.
Get what I want, I'll feel no guilt,
Rise up above myself.
Step beyond my limits,
For now I can only sit,
Waiting for next time to come
As I devour myself bit by bit.

Next time I'll be the one,
Take my lost spotlight back,
Take my place in the sun
Without shame for the things I lack.
Next time I'll have let myself won,
Move to the front of the line,
Let myself be finally happy,
Next time *something* will be mine.

It always seems to be next time
That the good, golden, glorious comes.
Next time I won't mess up,
Next time I won't come undone.
Next time I'll let myself win,
Move from second to first and stand tall.
Next time will I grab my victory
Without hesitation or thought.
Moving forward to get what I want,
Next time I won't be ashamed
Of what lies inside my heart
And of what I really want.
Next time I *have* to win;
Next time my life will be *mine*,
Or else, what point is there,
If next time I'll just say "next time"?

August 20, 2008

My Daily Pill

I don't remember what life was like before.
The past seven months on this drug have been a chore.
I'm trudging through the days and I want to know why
Every day I eat away at my own insides.

I need to feed like the rest of the world,
But I guess that a by-product of being alone
Makes me feel I don't fit in the social mold –
So I gnaw my own flesh right down to the bone.

How clueless I am on how to feed off my friends,
They all seem able to do it so well.
I wish I could
Find a way into the mold.

But as it were
I'm alone and inside I grow colder.
I feel I'm just getting older
As everyone's life passes me by like flashing jewels in a dark night sky
And I am alone – missing out on what should be my own.

My jealousy has got me dying inside
My insides cut up by my own knife
I sound emo – but this is truly the way
My ego feels today.
Yeah, I'll let you see what is the greatest divide;
The one between my ego and an honest I
There's gotta be, a real me
But I can't see past my empty.

Well, I am a turmoil spinning 'round a void
The colors change but the palate stays clean –
You see me angry, sad, confused, and annoyed –
The deepest part of me feels none of these.
It's like they're clothes that fall off and get worn for a show
All this spinning around in myself has got me so low.
Man, I must really have not a grain of love or joy,
If I'm allowing me myself to destroy.

There's no one else outside who does this to me –
But how did I ever sink my teeth in so deep?
No one knows, the worlds I make up in my mind –
But you'd find they don't cross with what you see
And I'm worried *I'm* the only one who's got this deformity.

This is all bullshit and this fact I do know
But tomorrow you'll see me carry on the show.
My own skin it always feels not quite right –
Always making sure I'm your ideal sight.
What I really am, behind this I don't know,
But I'm so scared if you see it you simply won't care.

Too attached to you and every movement you make.
My eyes take their glances but you've moved away
To newer better things that your excitement do slake:
Today's today and tomorrow's dawn won't break.

My daily pill is a self-abuse
Somehow deep inside I guess I choose
To make myself miserable every day,
Depend off of you and the looks you no longer throw my way.
What's this? It was "good" five days ago!
Now the tide has turned and once again I'm burned.

And it's all fine while it stays inside
I'm so good at hiding the things I feel,
That now I can't help but to function that way,
And the price I pay for my tendency to conceal
Is that no one would ever connect my face
And my act to the words written on this page.
I don't even know if what I write here is real –

But I know I would die if it was read out loud.

September 11, 2008

Being My Own Psychotherapist

I keep on coming back, back, back to myself.
I keep on finding myself all over again
After losing to some other thing what's true of myself
Left and right it pulls me 'long but never for long.
There's no more dividing out 'tween right and wrong.
Well I keep on giving up my own self to
Some other shiny thing that looked so good to have and new
Something less valuable to have than having myself;
I eat myself alive, I throw myself at you.

Well we're all people and we can all understand
That if you like me you can be the man
And I don't have to chase or hunt you down –
Slather you with attention just to make myself known,
'Cause if, when you see me, you don't turn around
And don't find me interesting on your own,
Then I guess that that's that, and that I'll just have to swallow,
Rather than in my own worries wallow.
'Cause my heart can't move on, and my mind can't let go,
Obsessed with perfection and the perfect show.
But always, as always, I must be myself –
I don't care if ya'll think I can't have any fun –
It's just that I haven't had attention for the past few weeks,
And all of us do need our fix.

I guess, perhaps, I have too much pride
To be shameless enough to chase you down –
I'm in wonderment as to why you don't act like a man:
Men, they stand, they do not shrivel up
And make themselves victims of abusive girls.

We all know I'm just jealous,
And if you've no control –
And I know I can make myself believe any show –
Well then it's not my problem
And it says nothing of me
If you're not caught by what you see.
All it says
Is that perhaps I was wrong
Maybe there's nothing between us
And I made the whole story up.
That's probably true, and if there's one thing I should do
It's to admit to myself that I don't need you.

September 13, 2008

We Understand Each Other

Here I see love;
Here you see nothing
But an ordinary moment.
Here I am caught
In an aura of gold;
Here you are looking forward
For something special that's lying ahead,
For excitement in your bed.
Because here there is nothing
Your appetite craves;
You're carefree, and I'm the slave.
My sky is purple
And yours looks blue –
We understand each other, yes we do.

Surely I see what you want me to see;
And surely you are who I want you to be;
And surely we must see it all clearly;
And for certain no one has lied;
To you it looks as it does to me;
For certain we are of one mind;
Between us there lies perfection;
That's all what I truly believe;
Surely I'm right, and not blind;
Surely an illusion I'd not conceive.

For, here you see love;
Here I see nothing
But commonness kind of boring.
Here you are reeling
From your influx of feeling;
Here I am ignoring
What's true for you –
But what about me?
I'm unaware of your reality.
I see just what I want to see,
And I'm looking ahead
For that fun in my bed;
Who here's misled?
Is it you or me?
Can it ever be
That one is right,
If all the time
One sees what one wants to see?

You see love
And I see you;

With this don't want much more to do.
In a bubble without a clue,
But lots of desires;
My mind never tires
Of coloring the page,
Of decorating the bars of its cage.
I perceive nothing here
That my "heart" might crave;
I'm running carefree; you're dragged along like a slave.
To me it's one thing,
To you it's another –
You and me, babe,
We understand each other.

September 18, 2008

The World is Empty

The world is empty
And there is nothing outside.
There's the sound of my voice
When I sometimes remember
That I, too, am here and alive,
Not merely a ghost, but a physical member;
A piece of the game; a stone in the river;
Played on haphazardly;
Playing a giver.
We are all only toys wearing masks,
Playing roles that mask our dependency;
And all that is me
Is a fleeting emotion,
A hormonal imbalance,
A forgotten notion
About something or other;
Had an emotion, had a thought,
Well, it had me,
But now I forgot.

October 6-7, 2008

Ode to Someone

Driving along in the emptiness
Makes me feel sublime.
Some of my torrid emotions have ebbed
And a curtain's parted a dime.
It's an ode to someone, I wish to write.
Someone out there, I'm sure –
I give you a face and I give you a name,
But what is it really for?
One day you'll come to me;
I'd love to feel the bliss
Of knowing that this feels right,
Being certain of what's between us.
But I give up my hope for now,
Put it aside, and I know,
It'll all happen somehow
When the moment comes around.

For now I go on my own way,
But deep down where I have no doubts
I'm certain you'll still be around.
Just wait another year.
Your name and your face may change,
But whatever – to me you're all the same.
And what does the mold really matter?
All that matters is how I feel.

Can't see it yet, but it'll get clearer;
Life is only a perfect mirror.
I must do what I set out to do,
And I know that by this, I'll find, not lose, you.
Who you are, I know.
You are my ideal.
I know you aren't real,
But our encounter won't let me go.
You're so near, sometimes it feels;
Impossible, I know.
Around the bend, back to back, the horizon's your home,
Just beyond my reach, my other something that keeps me lone.
It's stupid, I know, on the surface,
And everyone and everything disproves;
But the more they try to break it, the stronger it grows.
You'd think it'd be the other way around, but it fortifies
Off of the struggles and shattering blows,
Just makes me believe it more and more;
I can't see it anywhere with my eyes,
But there's no question that I'm sure.

It'll happen, I know.
I don't worry or doubt.
I want it and I'll take it and I'll force myself to make it
Through the tasks I imposed on myself.
That's all my life is; there's nothing more
Or less than what I know I must do.
So if it seems that I'm just losing you,
I guess I'll just have to bear it;
Someday, this wish, I'll share it.
You want what I want;
You understand what I write.
Someday it'll turn out right, that's what they say;
But it never happens that way, and do you know why?
Because words are one thing, and you can speak of the loveliest dreams,
But if in your heart you don't doubtless believe it,
You can say you do, but it still won't be true;
What you want is exactly what happens to you.

For now I know I have to leave it,
Turn my back and go on my own way,
Take comfort in knowing you'll still be around.
Perhaps a different face and a different name,
But we'll still be playing the same old game.
All that really matters is what I believe, how I perceive;
That's what's real
Not hooks caught on stones,
Those go where the river flows,
Carried to where they are perfectly needed.
Not the stones themselves am I meant to keep.
I myself am like one of those stones
In the river.
So if I break or shatter
To the whole, it will not matter
Because it always stays the same,
Only inside it's conforming and rolling,
In our playful, dynamic game.
From afar, all the same,
A million particles, gathered as one.
None of anything can come undone.
All is forever, and to you I surrender.
There's no control; but I can't deny
That I really want you to be with me.
I guess I shouldn't be ashamed,
And I shouldn't hide the truth
No matter how pricked it gets standing naked in the street.
I open up myself, and I don't care
If I win or lose,
Because I do my share.

October 7, 2008

I Am

I am a collection of hormones
That changes on the half hour.
I am brave and bold and strong
Except for when I cower.
I am what I see as myself in my mind
And not what I see in the mirror.
I turn away from it to behold
An image I couldn't hold any dearer.
I am fluctuating answers:
'Yes' today and 'no' tomorrow.
At two I'm nothing but jealousy.
At three I'm nothing but sorrow.
At seven I'm happy forever
Until nine o'clock rolls around,
When I see him flirt with another
And my emotions hit the ground.

October 9, 2008

Jealousy 2

I'm watching everyone around me
Have all the things I want.
Comparing theirs
To my own lot.
My envy of everything eats me alive,
Constantly longing for something at night
And in the morning – it seems I can never be free.
I'm always yearning for what I know I don't need.
But jealousy, jealousy, it kills me inside,
Being so jealous, I'm wasting my life
Living in moments that aren't here
Oh I slip away and I disappear
From around these four walls,
The realest part of me, exactly what I see –
But I trade a life for jealousy.
Worried my dreams will ne'er materialize
Hanging on to the visions that throw hooks in my eyes
It'll never better 'til I realize
This is not the way to go,
Trading my life for yet another show.
The surface looks golden, but inside it is broken,
I know perfection is only from far away,
'Cause up close I turn down everything
And just sit and wait 'til there comes a day
When every cell in me will utter yes
Without protest, and most of my suffering, I confess
Is a game
To keep me occupied
From the emptiness of the hole inside.
'Cause I starve, and I hunger, but then I deny
All the saccharine sweets that fly at my face
(Can't bear to seem a low disgrace)
So worried I am that I'm losing chances;
Got to find another food besides your meaningless glances.
Got to organize, prioritize,
Focus my eyes on a single point
Somewhere in the distance; I get disappointed
'Cause it seems, all my dreams, will soon be replaced by reality.
And while I trade my life for this jealousy, I'm anything but free.
How to break loose from this mess in my head?
How to keep going with the things that I said
I would do, to myself, when I look left and right at everyone else!
Everything I'm doing just seems to be failing;
I try and try, it seems to no avail.
Putting my efforts into a void; and about my own fate I'm paranoid.
Resistance, encumberment at every turn; yesterday's labors are getting destroyed.
Nothing's for right now, it's all for tomorrow

Even tomorrow's for tomorrow; today I just sorrow.
It's all for a tomorrow that might never come,
But I can't give up until I'm satisfied
Secretly, I know, I'll never reach such a state
So I guess never giving up is how I spell my fate.
And still, though I know
No one has the essence of what I crave,
I can't help but lament
Those golden chances I just couldn't save!
Let me go, let me be – I scream at myself and my jealousy
Take your grip, off my heart – of my inner world you need not be a part.
Everything seems lost, fallen into a hole
Blacker than night, it's torn up all I know
Into shreds; there's no "end"
There's no "ending up" 'cause there's no giving up.
No one has it better, and no one can judge
Honesty is the only true marker
Whatever shape your body wears says nothing of your heart;
I know myself and I'll go on though it looks darker.
I could write forever 'bout the things I don't have;
I don't have them, yet to them I'm still a slave.
All that I really want is to crave.
And do you see how disorganized are the thoughts running round my mind?
Wasting time, I'm wasting today,
Reliving the past, dreading what will come my way.
Neither is helpful, but both have become my pattern;
Yesterday and tomorrow do not matter.
Fallen into another rut, one of the mind
Another way to bind me; paralyzed and I cannot see outside
Of this swirling mess inside this cavity.
Afraid of making it all too easy
I'm just carrying around so much that I don't need.
For some reason I keep holding on
To all these things that don't really exist,
But in my mind; exist just to eat me alive.
And I really, really do not know why
I set up an obstacle course for myself.
Make my own days a living hell
When they're really okay, and there isn't that much
In the way of excitement; I've got a hunch
That I'm hungry, but this hunger I will not admit;
Feeding off myself, it seems I'll never quit,
Why do I hold onto so much I don't need?
The greatest riddle here is this:
Where does that mass that hangs over my head
Come from, if these everythings don't even exist?

October 26. 2008

Fake Birthday Blues

I gave up everything I ever wanted
For nothing at all, it seems.
Now all I'm left with is a broken image
Of how I should be.
The rules of living, they do not apply here,
Not in my reality.
Outside the world goes on but I stay behind,
Losing, missing out, my hands are so empty.

And where I stand now, I don't know.
This place, so cold, so lonely, so I go
On with my daily life, I wait 'til it comes, comes on by:
My tomorrow, oh how I sorrow
For all the chances lost
To have a great life, to have a fun time;
I'll never be this age again.
Did I miss out on, did I lose every-
thing that's good to own?
The things I lost, the things I never had
Won't let me go.

I gave up everything I ever wanted
For nothing at all, it seems.
It made no sense to anyone from outside,
But it felt right to me.
I did not think about my own tomorrow,
And what would come of me.
Then I got burned, and the ground I stood on,
The sand blew out from underneath.

All I see now are better yesterdays
That won't loosen their grip.
The things I gave up, I never gave up,
'Cause I can't forget them for even one good moment and live.

And where I am now, and who I am now,
I don't even know.
Wanting everything, to me I don't
Know what will happen tomorrow.

Did I waste my life?
I cannot go back and be that age again.
So lost in acting, I sit and wonder
Every moment, "when?!?"

Sometime before, I had reason to complain,
But now my life's so bare.

To have my drama, I swirl around in myself
And pull it out of the air.
I have nothing to write about here,
No story to relate,
Except this one tale, so boring and stale,
Of missing yesterday.

...Look for the diamond, I'll never find it,
'Cause it's not out there.
Inside the center of everything
Is nothing but thin air.
And no one wants to,
No one wants to see the black hole that they're staring at.

November 1, 2008

I Saw Through My Own Fallacy

I saw through my own fallacy
It broke apart into a million pieces
My little ideal got left behind
And now there's nothing, nothing left to comfort my mind.
I saw through my fallacy
It shattered right before my eyes
The truth that's left, there's just no denying
But there's nothing, nothing left to comfort my mind.

From far away it looks like perfection
From far away, you are everything I want to see
But up close your human shows
And I just can't – I can't stand you standing next to me.

What do I do? Oh-oh it's just another escape
Each time I lay eyes upon a new face
There's a halo hanging over your head
And I let – I let me get myself misled.

I saw through my own fallacy
It only took yet another shattering blow
To crush my little ideal way I see the world –
The world is not how I had hoped.

I saw through my own fallacy
There really is nothing sacred left
Why did I fool myself to see it so innocently?
But I can't – I can't say there's nothing sacred to me.

I saw my lies with my own eyes
They never did materialize for me
Instead they fell just to reveal what's real
Is not how I wished it would be.

My life is just a trick of my mind
Weave a story with the colors transmitted by my eyes
The missing pieces that my mind filled in
Pulled them out of the air and thrust them in.

I saw through this fallacy
Of believing you are just as I want you to be
Each time it hits me I go down another time
No one embodies my ideal (not even I).

I made up my own reality –
I could create it any other way
But to my wishes I fall prey
So I don't hold it – it holds me.

I saw through my fallacy
I even know why I keep it up
Easier than dealing in gray reality
But for the love of me I can't make it stop.

And out of nowhere
I pulled it out and thrust it into my mind,

I saw through my own fallacy –
And then I fell right back again
The pieces picked themselves up to carry on

November 10, 2008

The Second Annual Purging,
aka All My Wrong Points 2

Lately, all I do to myself
Is stick my head into some corner,
Fabricate a little story;
It's so scary what I believe.

I stick my head into a corner
And write about everything I see,
But none of it really happens to me;
The truth is that in my life,
There isn't all this drama;
All these negative feelings are pulling me down,
But their causes don't even exist,
I pulled it all out of the air,
And it's so shocking and scary to see,
That really my life is not how I describe;
My stories have nothing to do with my physical reality.

"I lost everything I never had" –
What stupid bullshit is this?
Am I really just that bored?
Compensating for being ignored?
I've lost the dominant role in my life,
From being so scared of being alone again –
Avoiding falling down that hole a second time,
Now all the while,
I've revolved my world around
Everyone but I.

I can only sense that I'm not here,
Not inside my own performance;
And who they talk to, I don't know
If it's a wall or someone's face.
Sometimes I feel like I am talking
To no one but myself.
I stage a conversation
Just to throw out my own weight;
There's nothing we exchange
But my self-inflating ego
And your salivation o'er it;
Or the other way around.

Clear my head of cobwebs;
Stopping all this spinning;
So desperate to escape
Into a land of rainbows;
Or tragicomic drama;

Anything but this,
This land of nothing sweetened,
This land of sweet ennui –
Sweet for the truly burdened,
But agony for me.

Bringing myself downward
Like I never did before –
Why is that and how do I
Stop this madness ‘fore
I fail to recognize the veil
I shield over my eyes,
And stick my head into a well? –
Farther, farther, fantasize
‘Bout so many stories I’d like to play,
All the sweet burdens I’d like to taste.
Just offer an escape –
And I’ll turn it down again.

Life is a comparison
Between now and before;
These days I’m immobily strained,
In high school I was pure.

In high school I wrote of the present,
All that was happening to me;
But now that nothing’s happening,
I write of my ennui.

And I’m stuck inside this pattern
Of being stuck in yesterday,
Stuck in old thoughts and feelings,
And feeling bare these past few days.
Feel I have got no story,
No bone on which to gnaw –
But then I found my arm –
And I guess that if I’m writing
The truth about my life –
What it is it’s hard to say,
But it’s none of what I write.

I’ve crystallized the habit
To always criticize
And judge with blinded eyes,
Fueled by hungry emotions
And constant dissatisfaction;
Everyone is wrong.
But I alone, I carry on
Upholding my convictions;

But I judge my every move
Which only keeps me blinded to the things I actually do.
And it's been so long since I've seen myself
For what I really am.
There's a face behind the mirror
But inside her head it's bedlam
And she's blinded to her own world,
Blinded to her life, she goes on living in the outside
But still with no clue what she's doing
Just a constant wish to keep on proving
Competence, by made-up rules
And standards that she tirelessly
Keeps trying to live up to.

If I could see her out there
As a member of the world,
I'd see the lies that she has told herself
And the game these lies have spawned.
Everything she writes in here,
The problems and the pangs
Are just stages you must pass
As your piece moves across the board.

And she says she doesn't want a game,
And that she wants what's real;
But she'd really rather not
See the way she looks for real.
Because the way I look at me,
And what I make myself out to be
Isn't close to what I am; and I've seen it all before,
But lately I've been going down some convoluted road,
Making myself always unhappy,
When I know I could just be free,
But I'm afraid of being a slacker if the daily life's too easy.

I've been keeping up a drama going on inside my head.
Life could be a million other ways than how I said.
And if I could cut this spiderweb I weaved so long ago, I'd just be happy
And accept the human trifles that have snagged me back
And act a little selfishly, without so many smiles;
I haven't been myself at all.
And all of my relations have been built upon this mask
That I made through my own task.

'Cause if I admit what's here then I'm a human who's just bored.
And I don't really know what it is I'm waiting for.

November 13, 2008

Lonely

I've been so lonely, I don't know
How to fix this feeling that
Gets me down so effing low;
Sit here like a lazy slug
Wondering what's going on
Outside the walls of my apartment;
There's a crowd and in it's everyone.

Living in this world, but not a part of it;
Been set aside from the melee.
Whenever something I like passes by
I must give it away.

Lonely and depressed I am here,
Wonder if it'll ever change;
Can't vest my hopes inside tomorrow;
Perfection's out of this life's range.

I just don't know what to do;
Wishing for someone to talk to;
Wishing I could be a part
Of the life my friends have got.

Last year it was not so bad;
But I forgot just how it used to be.
I guess I must spend this time,
For some reason, being lonely.

Don't know how long it'll last;
Guess I can sleep it away.
God, I hate to be alone;
I'd drown inside myself this way.

Will that happen? Will this change?
Will I ever stop complaining?
Will I reach out if I need
Some kind of form of communication?
Will I ever feel elated?
All I want's to have some fun,
But I can't step outside my house
Without feeling guilty every move.

The guilt I harbor's like an anchor,
Dragged 'long with me everywhere I go;
I can't for one good moment
Honestly relax, and forget what's in my head;
Always tense and always waiting;

Wish that I could be myself;
Wish that I could stop my smiling,
Like an automatic reflex;
Wish instead that I'd explode,
Let loose what's in my abode.

God, I feel so lonely now,
I don't know what I can do.
There's no one that I can call
To tell about this state I'm having
Without feeling like I bring them down.
I've got no clue what to do,
So I try to write it down;
Too much care to how I seem;
Appearances betray what's there.
And I can only hope to feel
Another upswing in my tide;
But I do not control the air;
Can't see tomorrow from right here.

November 14, 2008

To My Love

Oh, to my love,
I want to say to you,
That you don't have to go anywhere:
If you want to
Get to some place,
You needn't move at all to get there.
And no distance will take you away.

To my love
In the mirror plane
Leading out your days just like me,
Oh don't you see
The distance here;
I reach out but I cannot touch your face.
I stand right by
With you beside
But together we can never be.
And in the world,
Oh, I know, love,
Such strangers always are we.

And to my love:
For someone I feel
The whole of what I hold in my heart.
I can't say just who –
But I know you –
Just turn around for one moment.

You never will be
One with me,
But I will always feel your pull
On the other end
Of the rope I hold
Whose end goes endlessly on somewhere.

I cherish you,
And I'll see you
In every single face I stare into.
Oh, to my love,
I'll say to you
All the things that I should say to me.
If only I
Held so dear my
Own life as I hold you,
I'd see
That my love somewhere out there I seek
Is literally only me.

November 15, 2008

Little Escapes

I'd try to counter the boredom, but I don't know how.
To lift myself up and out is like climbing up a hill.
There's nothing in my life that lifts me up now.
And I haven't been high, in the longest while.
I'm not sure what could get me excited, but still
I sit around and wait for that magic pill,
The one I know is never gonna come, but I
Don't know what I will do with my life, it feels like nothing
Is moving forward for me, and in the meanwhile:

Bored and dead, I turn on the T.V.
There are so many stories to entertain me.
But no matter how long I lay there, can't let go of all my cares,
Can't immerse my burdened head in their pretty tales.
I can't escape.
Though there are so many offers,
Nothing seems to hold on to me.
Can't get in.
I look it all over,
But then I leave empty like I came in.
And I go on,
Looking for something,
Something that's out of this world.
But then I feel –
'Cause I know that it's hopeless –
That this vagueness is too much to want.
And this fantasy,
That could be for me,
That I always crave,
Is only another escape.

All the trifles – well they aren't enough
They glitter but they slip right through like dust
As I try to hold in, all they could give –
But after a moment I remember it's nothing.
I give them up, and I let them go,
And I'm dissatisfied once again.
And where can I go?
I only sit and wonder “when?”

Where will I find it, if the world just isn't enough?
What am I looking for, a permanent way to stay up?
And isn't that all that we do?
Inject ourselves with fun like it's a fast-burning fuel?
Well lately nothing burns brightly for me;
There's so much glitter around, but it's a worthless game,
Chasing down the rhinestones, I only feel the shame,

And the pointlessness of everything that stimulates my brain –
Though there are a million things,
Nothing is worth anything to me.

Now here's a lovely paradox that I can't resolve:
I watch the lives around me, they have fun and they mess up,
They go up and they come down and then they go up again,
And they never stop to think just when
The game will fin'ly end and life will begin –
'Cause life right now is nothing but a set of highs and lows,
An endless chase, an endless charade where nobody knows
Who is really who; but I know of one certainty:
Everyone is out to win; all want only to fit in.
And though I sit aside and wonder why I get passed by,
Why this masquerade goes on and I have no been invited;
Jealousy consumes; I crave to do what they all do,
I want to play out like a fool, and make all the same mistakes,
Just so I won't be here alone.
I want to join the party that I watch from far away,
But at the very same time, I want none of what they
Have – or rather what has them – and though the rhinestones attract,
Give them up when I've the chance to have them – that's how I react.

What do I do, if nothing's what I want?
I want something, but I don't know what.
And all the faces, and the prettiest stories,
They bore me to death, they do nothing for me.
No matter what I see, it won't touch deep;
Anything I get I don't want to keep.
I give it all away, and then I cry for its return;
I eat myself alive 'til I find another fuel to burn.

And all these little escapes that are everywhere
For none of their glitz do I really care
Like simulation rides, go and get your cheap thrill
But in the end, it does not fulfill.
It leaves you empty, and the hunger remains
While you waste onward the best of your days
Doing you-don't-know-what for why-you-don't-know –
But never mind the hole – just plug yourself into a show.

'Cause all the little escapes that entertain
Bombard me with thrills, but only in vain.
A candy array – enjoy the temporary taste,
But look back once it passes: it was time passed in waste.
You are empty again, hungry for more;
Will you take the bait over and over?
Fill the hole with yet another book –

These saccharine sweets can't get me hooked.
I want to escape 'cause I've been so bored;
I want to bury my head deep into the sand.
But any sweet that momentarily lured,
I sample and find that it tastes so bland.

Where is my place if the lights don't draw in?
They say the treasure you seek lies but within:
But when I look inside me, all that I see
Is the world in the mirror; and the world is empty.
That's why I crave for escapes; but they hook me no more.
Is there really the diamond that I'm looking for?
How can it be that one day all will change? Have I lost my faith
That somewhere out there lies the grandest escape?
I wade through the mire, the vastest sea,
Amid the rhinestone fields filled with emptiness,
And nothing is worth a thing to me –
I can't hope – but I wish – for a diamond amid the vast expanse.

November 19, 2008

The Rhinestone Sea

The rhinestone sea
Does nothing for me
The light that it shines is so empty.
It shines like a star
From so far away
Tempt from afar
With all that I crave.
I clutch at its glitter
But I grasp only air.
In the rhinestone sea I found despair.
It calls out
The rule we live by
'Til the moment we die:
Follow the thrills.
But the rhinestone sea does not fulfill.
I chase it down
Just to turn around;
What I sought I never found.
And what is more,
Wherever I go
It follows me:
All I can see is the rhinestone sea.
I look everywhere
In the vast expanse
Of the glitter amid its sunlit dance.
Wonder where
Somewhere out there
There surely must be
A diamond among the rhinestone sea.

November 19,2008

Throw Me a Bone

All I really need is a bone to gnaw on,
A toy to chew;
Then I found you.
You'll do just fine
'Til I color my sphere
With the trifling "stuff" I hold so dear.
Lace them like flowers strung 'round my wall
And keep them long after they die and fall.
It's past their time,
But I need a bone
To keep myself up; and my dreams do console
When I'm looking for something to fill the hole.
I find it then lose it;
Elated then sad;
Hunger for the same as I'd had;
Miss what's amiss,
Yesterday's bliss;
Today I fell in the water and sunk like a stone,
But I'll be fine once they throw me another bone.

November 26, 2008

Slap in the Face

Or

Delicate Drama

Or

Laced with Thrills

Oh it's so good if you remember to
Laugh out loud when you listen to what you
Say to yourself inside your head –
Delicate drama, I weave with my thread.

Life passes onward, and you bite every hook,
Too much importance placed on each word and each look.
Remember to carry the feelings around in my head.
Delicate drama – it's what I said
Was happening to me.
My fine drama's all that I do see.
Spin it round in my head,
So fine and intricate,
So many cobwebs in what is otherwise a perfectly clear, bright day.
Delicate drama – don't listen to anything I say!

I get so bored – all of the time
The monotonous chores are not sweet enough for my
Particular taste, craving in haste, so many dreams that are here to waste
My little time – substitute reality for this mire I baste in.
My delicate drama; I need a slap in the face.
Delicate tangles I protect from the glare,
Soft and tenderly concealed
To be revealed, in slow surrender.

Oh lift me higher and drop me – I love the fall
From the step I'm on to the one directly below.
So thrilling; I'm willing to sacrifice what's real
For this delicate drama, as long as I feel
Like I moved across the world when I really just moved an inch.
So slap me in the face
'Cause that's the only remedy.
And this is not just a phase, but a permanent state:
Addicted to the drama I create.
You're so glad you're not in my head unless you're just like me
And the things you make up are the only things you see
The things you make up make up your whole reality.
I need a slap in the face to snap me out of this daze
Hit me over the head and I'll start running on the ground
Instead of running in place in stale old fantasies –
I think I've got a pretty good estimate now of me.

Send me to Africa, drop me somewhere out there –
And you'll see how quickly my drama disappears.
But give me luxury, all the world's fineries
And I'll get quickly consumed by my tragedies.
Oh, he doesn't like me, life couldn't get worse!
Run away from it all! Just grab my Coach purse,
Hop into my car, and drive into the sun,
Stop by Starbucks to pick up a caramel frapp,
Take refuge in Barnes and Noble with my imported cheesecake,
My safe haven from all the shit I can't take.

December 5, 2008

Judgment Day

Who's better and who's worse?
Let's ask ourselves to figure out
Through this maze a course,
So that we'll never have to doubt again.

Because I want to know for sure
What mode of action makes me right
So when I look at every move I make,
I'll smile on the inside.

And meanwhile on the surface
I'll continue to pretend
That there's an honesty that underlies
Every word I said.

Every action – I preplanned
Each wrong thought – I reprimand
But first I had to call it “wrong”
And convince my mind to go along.

Not for a moment do I take
My eyes off every move I make.
My eyes send signals to my brain
To look out for each mistake.

And what's “mistake” I have to “know”
To put on the perfect show.
But I'm just pushing myself downward,
In as far as I can go.

And even when I'm just with me,
Sitting on the couch alone,
I put the act on for myself,
And I *still* keep up the show!

Not for a second am I me,
'Cause every impulse gets restrained
According to who I *should* be.
I wish that I could just be free!

Forget to think about myself each moment,
Drop the need to be some kind of “perfect”
It just isn't worth it
For the price I pay.

Every day is judgment day,
When you're the one inside my head.

Some control freak's taken me
To unprecedented lengths
To be something I am not
Just for the sake of vanity.
Takes me far away from me.
I feel like I am never free.

And now I'm standing on the ledge
(Only inside where none can see)
About to throw out every judgment
That I ever made of me.

'Cause there's an impulse I can't shake,
Its germ is growing in my mind,
The urge to go do something crazy –
To realize time will still go on,
My life will not be over after,
And I'll remain to watch the sun
Rise upon another day;
I'll wonder, have I even changed?
Aren't I still just the same?
The world's not come to judgment day.

Lift my burdens, inhibitions,
And the ceaseless self-restraint
Tension built up in my shoulders
Over years of carrying weight.

But the biggest reason I can see
For why I need to judge might be:
Without my standards to latch onto, my mind will just float free,
It won't have anywhere to go, no hook on which to cling,
And anything it sees can be anything.
I won't know how I should be,
Won't have a shred of certainty,
And everybody that I'll see,
Even those faces on T.V.,
I won't know if they're "good" or "bad",
I won't know *anything* at all,
I'll be without a single wall,
Without a road to blindly follow down,
I'll have to decide things on my own
And stand there naked and free –
Exactly how I longed to be.

December 7, 2008

Another Party

In the beginning, when I had no expectations
And there was nothing attached to you,
It was all so bright, so clear, so light,
So free; no depth, only breadth.
Time hadn't passed over us yet.

I look back on those nights when we'd sit around;
I remember you not as "you",
But as a stranger I tied no thought to.
You were anyone to me, endless possibility
In what lay beneath your skin.
You were only the body I saw on the surface.
Before I knew you you had no within.

How I miss the taste of that innocent time.
Time's imperceptible passing has halved us all
From what we could be to the patterns that remain,
The impressions on each other's minds we ingrain.

From "anyone" you've become "someone"
(But no matter what you think you are
Never close the door,
And if you believe you can be, then somewhere beyond
In a land you can't see, you are something more).

A year has passed, and we've slowly sunk
Into the "who" we know each other as: "me" and "you".
Familiarity kills possibility;
I'll still remember you when you weren't "you".

Charmed times, twinkling lights,
Abstraction that couldn't remain in my mind,
Devolved into separate, good and bad,
Yesterday/tomorrow, had not and had.

Mildly I say that tonight was okay.
Can anything be just "wonderful"?
I haven't felt wonder in such a long while,
Especially not with another.

And for this it's too much to hope,
That one fine day I'll meet someone for me,
And because of him there'll be secrets in everything.
With him next to me, I'll come alive;
Play off of each other in ceaseless wonder
And talk late into the night.
Only because we are together does everything come alight.

We live in a world of emptiness,
No secrets to reveal, and nothing is concealed.
But all the magic we create, and the world we see –
Lies in the emptiness between you and me.

December 14, 2008

The Diamond

To find the diamond, we travel far,
It's somewhere in the world
Somewhere to find.
I never forget about my glorious diamond.
It's somewhere in the world
Somewhere in my mind.

The diamond is out there
(The diamond is in here)
(Is there anything else about which I care?)
The diamond's value, I can't describe:
It's worth all the emotions its mere shadow excites.

12-21-2008

Somebody's Face

Time doesn't matter,
And there is no Space;
Nothing changes the feeling from recalling your face.

You are no prettier
Than anyone else,
But when I look straight at you I see all of myself.

There's no one else of whom I can speak just so;
Every particle of you that I behold
Matches with something inside of me.
Every cell of your face, the straight gaze of your eyes
Strikes a counterpart point that inside of me lies.
And when the arrows all strike, the feeling is like
There's a blueprint of you grafted into me.

It isn't a thrill, and it isn't a chase.
We don't play off each other in flirtatious ways.
Despite outer circumstance, doubtlessly,
When we look at each other, I see that you are for me.

Your face is the only one I see in the crowd
That looks as if it's alive and awake.
Unlike everyone else, behind who's eyes
There lies emptiness shrouded beneath disguise,
I see that there's "something" inside of you:
A Life – unlike the death everyone succumbs to.

You stand alone in the crowd, for me, this way,
Not yet given in to the ease of decay.
Keep trying – you're the only one I know who tries.
Trying is everything – all else is just lies.
Try not to sink down with the pull of your weight;
To "go against yourself" is so foreign a taste
To most; though they "suffer", deep down they're content
Wallowing in theories and explanations so eloquent.
It's all the same level; could stay there forever,
And never really feel what it's like to wake up
From your dreaming of flying, as you stay on one stair;
Step over yourself to move anywhere!

Neither passing of Time
Nor changed circumstance
Can make me forget what I see in your look.

As long as you stay forever changing,
I think this experience will always remain.

I don't need confirmation to tell me it's true;
It's so rare what I see inside of you.

December 24, 2008

Christmas Blues

Just me and the T.V., the only friend I have here.
(So easy to get along with someone who doesn't respond.)
I hate people, and their sycophantic views.
Hate talking to them, being around them.
I'd rather be alone. All alone....

I hate when I'm alone; can't stand to be myself.
Cannot stand who I am, and to know I'll never change.
I don't do anything; no hobbies that I have.
I take care of a house, and that takes up all my time.

It's just me and the wine; we sit here and converse.
It doesn't really help, nor does it make things worse.
It's only just a thing – and that's all I can say.
Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good day.

Just me and my self-pity, hanging out tonight.
I wish that my own world would look a little bright.
Because I really have nothing; there's nothing that I do.
Don't even have a room, or a *desire* to move.

Can't take anything for me; don't know how to act selfishly,
I mean, rather, in a way that *benefits* me.

Step over myself – right now I wouldn't dare.
I'd rather wallow in self-pity, and I'll do that right here.

I don't know what I could want to make a better life.
Everything that comes my way I scorn at with my eyes.

...I'll leave the rest unfinished; the story, how it goes,
You all already know; all these thoughts have come and passed.
They're in the past and now I won't dredge them up;
They were; but they were never more
Than the lights I left on, or the clothes that I wore....

December 25, 2008

The Story of My Life

I'd rather be alone inside my head
Living in the worlds I created
'Cause when I walk outside and face the world
It is never what I expect to behold.

The ways that it is are not the ways
And the hedges of the labyrinth are all displaced
I am not where I thought I was ('cause I was in a daze)
Took a map with me but for the wrong place.

So pull the feet out from under my ground
I've got it set but it gets tossed around
I create the story when I'm alone
But its commonality to reality is none.

It was somehow different all along
And everything I thought turned out to be wrong
Whenever I step out I get knocked around
And the feet gets pulled out from under my ground.

I sit alone and I contemplate
All the falsehood truths that I create
And the story of my life, everything I know
Is a show in my head and nothing more: a show.

It turns out that I didn't know myself
I thought I was all but I was something else
Anything but what is truly me;
In my head I'm the person I long to be.

Pull the feet from under my ground
Always feels that way when I look around
I collide with you and my worlds collide:
Reality and the-reality-inside/
Shatter the reality I built inside

And it shatters the notions that I have built
Nothing true in my stories I'm forced to admit
And I can't deny that to myself I lied
So that it'd look like what I imagined inside.

There are two things: life and life-as-I-say
They start out as one but go their separate ways
It's the story of my life and it's a chain of lies
That grows longer the longer I isolate my mind.

So hit me over and knock me out
So that I come to terms with what it's all about
Instead of trying to keep up the right display
And denying the truth of what comes my way.

When I take a step forward there drops the pretense
Thought that I was here, but I'm somewhere else
And it's not like I said it was, no not at all
I woke up and walked into a wall.

I tell myself to go right today
But the sign outside points the other way
Suddenly I don't know what's up or down
'Cause I've had the feet knocked from under my ground.

Knock the feet out from under my ground
All the castles in the air – please tear them down
Because I don't know how many times more
I can take the dynamite to my core.

Pull the feet out from under my ground
So that I never again get too complacent
With the stories I weave up inside my head
And live in the reality I created.

Because I've no idea what's right or wrong
For a while I'm fine while I go along
But then everything I know receives a shattering blow;
I *thought* I had it right, but apparently not so.

So what am I left to believe if not me?
In the moment it's perfectly clear what I see,
But somehow later my vision was wrong
Do I keep to my faith or follow along

With what *now* seems to me to be just as true
As yesterday's truth I so certainly knew.
And is there a solution for my self-deception
Other than preventing its conception??

Pull the feet out from under my ground
It's the only way from my dreams I'm knocked out
And it's better for me than in my bubble to stay
Do it 'til the tendency may no longer sway.

January 4, 2009

Four Years Later, I'm Still the Same

All the time, no matter what the circumstance
My head gets stuck inside a corner and it's all I see
I get used to the patterns that accompany what happens
And forget the rest of the world around me

If I could lift my head out of its corner –
If I could wake up from within one more dream –
I try to force myself out, though it doesn't feel right,
It feels like nothing at all but grasping at air
Nothing at all, and no means to compare
My emotions forget that of which they were so sure,
What they knew yesterday when here they were.
But now that they're gone all my trying is gone –
What was I trying to do again?

Been thwarted and now I feel pressed to run
To escape the shame of beggary
For something I'll just regret once the sun
Rises again to cast it all in another light,
One I'd forgotten until it fell within my sight.
It's crunching through these moments that's tough
'Cause another day this story will have fallen behind
I only feel guilty for my own bluff
And I wonder if I made the right choice, after all.
Do I trust my yesterday's mind?
Some reason must make me decide what I decide
Deep down I know that I might have lied...
And I wonder if all along I was wrong,
And how will I fix it for tomorrow's song?

It's four years later, and I'm still the same.
Only the faces and names have changed.
Always the circle goes 'round again
And I just follow along.

Still the same, though for change I try,
Thinking I have some effect on where my
Feet carry me with the falling tide;
Rises and falls, as I take the ride.

Think I have power all my own;
Cannot bear to see me: the pawn;
Wading through fantasies of right and wrong
For some ideal – a mirage that I want to be real.

Got no acceptance for the truth around me,
About me; what I see I push down to deny

If with my ideal the concrete doesn't fly.
It's true: deny is all that I do.
It's true: that one day I'd be here, I knew.
That doesn't make the hunger gnaw any less,
And I'd jump on the chance right now, I confess
'Cause equilibrium's been pulled right away from me,
And I chase it by law so that balance may be,
Knowing full well if it turns around, I'll push the other way,
To the center, the struggle must always be kept
So that I get fed; but now I smell defeat;
Guess it's come time to find a new slab of meat.
(I'll keep this verse hidden so that they may believe
That I'm such a nice girl; such thoughts I'd not conceive.
But what does it matter – I'll go scavenge for food
Start a new reaction that'll taste just as good.)

Disgusted now with this whole game I'm becoming
Feel myself rotting 'mid my back-and-forth running.
And "meant-to-be" is so pretty a dream,
And like a dream, understood only while you sleep.
Chances come accidentally
Either you take or not – and that's your "destiny".
And it's the only way; no other way to explain:
You see your chance and you grab it - 'cause "meant-to-be" is a dream.

Four years have passed and I'm still the same,
Forgetting yesterday's truths come a new today.
Crunching through the days how the leaves may wend,
'Til they flow out of sight 'round the river bend.
Forgotten and passed – so important once
But now these everythings are less than dust,
Even less than a memory – they go 'long their way –
Stick my head out of yet another corner I say!

1-06-2009

Facebook

I see all of the things you have
And then wonder, what have I?

I see who you are from your photographs
And then wonder, who am I?

All of you have your own little niche,
All of you fall in a mold,
Represent one of seven colors,
But each so easily named;
And a thousand others on the surface like you your image do uphold.

Everyone is well defined: “this” means you are not “that”.
But then I look at myself, and I cannot define into which image I fit.
All of you party in your own separate way: night clubs, Rockband, books, or shots.
All of you kick the others out: silently, as if you did not.

I don't care where my party is; my party is always of one
And what we do, doesn't even matter, because nothing quite brings us that fun.

You are “this” or you are “that”; only on the surface, my friend!
At some point you know, you have to wake up, because the party is going to end.
And then maybe you'll look at yourself and not know who you are,
Just like me; and your masks will shatter and cannot help but fall.

Jealousy is inside of me, when I look at your page
You have so much that I do not: your image has a name.
And I forget where the current leads; just to an empty abyss –
Swirling around in shiny reflections of dreams you forever chase.
Swirling around in the emptiness – but like I said, I forget
Down where this road has led.

I forget how you spend your days; exciting as always, and always in waste.
One party after another; one thrill follows the next,
Completely immersed in every detail, and sometimes contemplating intriguing philosophies
Before heading out to your next party.

Eaten alive all day and all night by the sounds of the party next door;
I'm not empty, I have something, but I'm always craving more.
And I cry out loud, 'cause I can't find a venue into the world;
This longing has led me to seek it out – but then reality deterred.

I'm out of it; out of this world
Out of this land of closed-up doors
It's not so bad, if I stay out,
And it goes on right next to me;
Don't have to be, in on everything;

I'm fine with mine, I truly am,
And I'd stay content for the longest time
If not for this fear that it's not okay
To not give a fuck 'bout what else is out there
'Cause I don't need it, I don't need it
I tell that to myself, and hope I believe it;
Believe it deep down, truly I do;
To get into the game I'd have to turn on the truth
And I can't forget what I already know,
Though I do forget that it's merely a show.

There's a land inhabited by everyone, milling about, emptily speaking
I long to explore it and take a part, so often I long to be inside,
Until I take just one step closer and realize again that I never will find
Whatever it is that I'm seeking.

January 13, 2009

Untitled

I want you to be who I want you to be;
I want you to be the person that *I* see.
Change what's inside; all I did was try
To make you stand for
My ideal on earth.

I want me to be who I think that I am.
The rules are meant to be aspired to
The ideals that cloud my mind
The standards that bind.
I will force myself out and change to be free
Until I am the person I long to be.

Bring down, bring down my ideal
To the earth and make it be real
Prove to me it's true
And I'll uphold all I've been doing
Bring my ideal here down to earth.

Living for a dream that doesn't even exist
Try to tell myself to get a grip
And face the truth, the darkness of the life
But I keep holding on so tight
I do not even realize
I can't force myself to let it go.
It forever holds me down and gives me hope.

Searching for what's true, what shines always on through,
For what glitters in the night when there is no light
To reflect off of its face,
Giving cause for me to chase
What only disappears as the light outside it fades.
Is there nothing but the veils to tear through,
Mirrors casting mirrored faces,
Escapades into an empty void?
Or have I just become much too paranoid?

January 14, 2009

A Lullaby To Mine

I've got to get out of my head,
I've got to get out of my head.
Living inside here, remote in my own sphere,
I've got to get out of my head.

Got to get out of my head,
Got to escape from this store where I sell myself
One percent of what can be bought from outside,
Thinking what I receive is all there's to find.

I must get out of my head,
Must get out of this place where I tell myself
A story of endless lies,
Must break through the invisible walls,
Because where I am living, and how I see everything,
Is so scarily confined.

I'm in a trap for myself
I sit here alone wondering where I can go,
But everywhere I see the same exact view;
I could do *anything*, but what I do
Doesn't matter at all, 'cause it's all the same.
From among the diversions how do I pick one game?

I've fallen into a hole,
One where I sit by myself all alone
Like the man in a cell who ends up gone insane –
I dream up the world inaccurately to
Keep myself dreaming my wish,
Afraid I alone get everything wrong
And the rest know it better than I,
It's always their world versus me and mine.

Isolated, I've become so isolated
On my own, I'm in a world that's my own
It exists in my head, only inside my head,
And this world I'm in keeps me isolated
From the world, the outside,
Where there's nothing I can hide.
From a life, I deny,
Everything happens counter to what I
Feel is right; if I'm so blind,
Why did I see a different light?
Or one that's not there?
Is my own head, really in such disrepair?
Why am I wrong, all the time,
About every little thing I claim

To see, claim to be?
Why does another hit disprove me?
And I'm knocked down so low
How much lower's there I do not know.

So say goodbye, to my own mind
And take upon me what's outside instead
Into my head
And maybe then I'll be content
To be a part of the play;
I'll lose my will but I will feel okay!
And isn't that what every one of us does
In the end, they all fall down
And it's a bittersweet goodbye
To what you never should let die
So sing a lullaby
To mine.

01/19/09

A Sunset to My Day

I need to get my feelings out
I need to clear my head;
Did not expect this happening,
From such a tiny seed;
But now we're standing on the ledge
And I cannot think of much else;
What started out so wonderfully,
My mind turned into hell.

It's gotten to the point where it strikes a bit too deep,
I did not see this deepest pool that lay below my feet.
And least of all did I expect that I would be plunged in;
I thought it had to do with choice: but here I have no will.

How it all fell into place; how natural it feels,
And now I guess I've had a taste for something I'd call real.
It wasn't forced, it wasn't called upon, nor drawn to me by wish,
I was simply the receiver of an unexpected gift.

Sunset's come, so brilliant, I watched my sunset rise
And cover with the sightless dark the staircase that I climbed.
The staircase found below leading downward to trap doors
Like a wisp it's been erased and now its weight exerts no more.
Yesterday's forgotten in a sunset that explodes
With its rays across my world,
Mirrors a sunset smile within.
Shines its bloody rays into an unexplored night
With a brilliant of stars that glitter into twilight;
An archway that leads through to something wholly new,
I'm under it, waiting 'til something pushes me through.

I don't care where I am; I don't know who I am
I already feel like I have changed and left the world I'm in.
No standards for the placement of anything I find;
Anything can be anything, and everything's inside.

I don't care, I don't care, everything's fallen away;
I don't look at any others that chance to pass my way.
Their hooks slip through my lips 'cause I've no urge to bite down
I'm only scared that in the pool I fell in I will get consumed and drown.

So I've been changed, I feel it now,
I feel a sunset to my long, long day
Somehow something's taken me, and I don't feel betrayed
I don't feel dirty, don't feel wrong,
It feels as simple as the sun,
As pure as my favorite place,
My bedroom with its misty shades and walls of perfect blue,
Like the flutter of leaves in summer's late afternoon
On a sunlit tree, with its shadow beneath,
With the clouds overhead and with the river;
As simple as the sunset, as natural as the world.

I'd become content just to wade through the void,
Taking thrill after thrill, knowing it wouldn't fulfill.
And I thought that in our world there's nothing more than empty corners,
And a marketplace with cheap arrays that only bores.

I didn't want this, even now I don't
I could do without this; it'd be even better that way
If nothing happens, you know, I'll be fine
I already blew it up way too high
The bubble will burst, like all of them do
When you pretend you have more bubble gum than you chew