

rosaries for you

I've come to accept the fact that you're gone.

It tormented me for multiple eras, but I know you were hurting for so long.

You remain in a cemetery full of eucalyptus green all around it.

It's so beautiful here, that you even whispered to my broken spirit: come join me for an eternal sit.

All I ever wanted was to take you to the *villa*.

All I ever wanted was to see your beautiful smile, and hear you say: what a beautiful vita.

Forgive me for everything, and all.

Forgive me for not being there to witness your last breath, and your last fall.

But now that you're gone, I promise to enchant your grave with flowers that forever beam so blue.

I love you, for these rosaries are for you.

the scarecrow

I bet you thought you would never find me here.

In a vacant field, standing in the masochist night, while I shed my tears into the ocean blue sky to make it eternally clear.

I can only have access to one activity.

I play my eerie music, while crows and other creatures fly through solidarity.

I know only what the animals know.

I know that I'm lonely; I wish my visions would be something I could avoid.

Just look at me, not even the crows desire my broken essence.

Their song reminds me of the time before I succumbed to this presence.

I lost myself when I lost her;

I lost myself when I lost him.

I think about it every day, how I caused these series of events to occur, how is it that I caused my aura to glow so grim?

Somehow I came to lose them; I ruined myself with my own poisonous arrow. Somehow I came to scare everything that has ever crossed my path; I'm ruined, now I'm the scarecrow.

lungs

The ashes from that cigarette you smoked came to appear at my front door. I watched them dance till I joined them in their collapse to the floor.

My eyes opened; the moon showed me the path to the memories you & i kept so divine. We spoke of our dreams and desires; we had this vision that we would forever have time.

But it's over, you chose to leave me with the moon as my guide. I'm alone with rotted lungs, and a rage full of intention to find my tribe.

The ashes from that cigarette I smoked will appear at your front door. I hope you watch their dance till you join their collapse to the floor.

spirits of the water

waves crash amongst my skin in the ancient sand.

i'm surrounded by every nymph, animal, and creature to ever walk this land.

they talk to me; they tell me to walk inside of the waves to see where destiny shall guide my hand.

they tell me that if i live, i'll transcend to be a different person upon the gaze of men; but, if i die, i'll become a spirit of the water, here i'll be joined by others who also believed they would withstand.

it's a challenge that'll risk everything.

i'm ready, guide me into the ocean for i've always been nothing.

one, two, three.

feet, guide me to whatever i'm destined to be.

one, two, three.

water surrounds my disappearing aura; i can't see.

one, two, three.

i've failed, i'm bound to the secrets of the water; i'm not able to flee.

if i'm to be remembered, i hope one day i have a beautiful altar. that day is gone, now i'm a spirit of the water.

teotl

ebony clouds: filled with tlaloc's rage & the will to to wipe out mankind. my skin rests on the temple of huitzilopochtli, his burning sun shall grant my body the eternal gift of time.

eternal forests feel the sensation of my feet walk through their ancient paths. quetzalcoatl slithers across my travels, he blesses me with his mystical wind that shall allow me to conquer my wrath.

i came across the smoking mirror: he filled me with ancient knowledge that the white man saw as a threat to their god.

tezcatlipoca filled me with ancient magic: knowledge of my every surrounding, i now knew that the white man only spewed & their misogynistic facade.

these are my ancestors, the people they tried to exterminate long ago. nimitznequi, i shall honor you every day: my blood belongs to mexica & i shall harvest it further to allow the sacred bon to grow.

- ayac on mati ompa tonyazque -