The Ocean

Shaking,
vibrating,
barely even here,
bumping up
to everyone else's
peers
as if we
were anything
different.
-WildFievel

Ignorant Oppression

This whole time,
I've been walking around
on top of the world
without even wondering
how the grass feels.

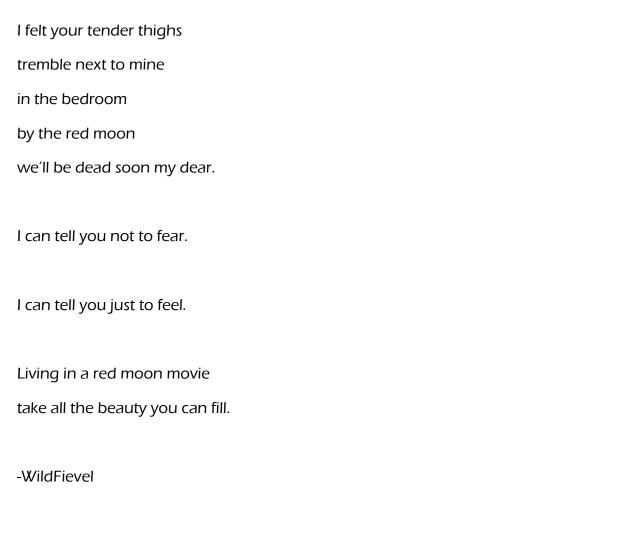
-WildFievel

Enjoy the Red Moon

I recognized that red moons are beautiful and few, never lasting long enough to appreciate the view.

I noticed your breastbone
swan dive into your blouse
open-armed,
so charming,
two lips parting
on the path
in the meadow
over on the other side of town.

I sensed your stilettoed silhouette settle in the sun ray's gold shine open minded, diamonds lining custard colored contours slumbering on your shoulders too far from me.



The Menu Listed Enchiladas in Orders of One or Three and he Girl Wanted Two... She Ordered the One

I was told by my mother, "It's important to listen to your elders," which was quickly followed by, "now, put on something nice." whatever "nice" was.

I slunk back to my bedroom with the same droopy eyes and plastered on a catalog page over spiderman hanes.

I was told by classrooms that touching stoves would burn, staring at the sun would blind, and doing drugs would rot my brain.

However, they didn't notice that I'm one hell of a masochist.

I snuck to the janitor's closet after that class with a couple of capsules.

I was told by psychologists that talking to yourself is a bad sign even after all the times we've caught each other in the act.

I was told by my grandmother's funeral procession to open up my tears, to pour out my emotion...

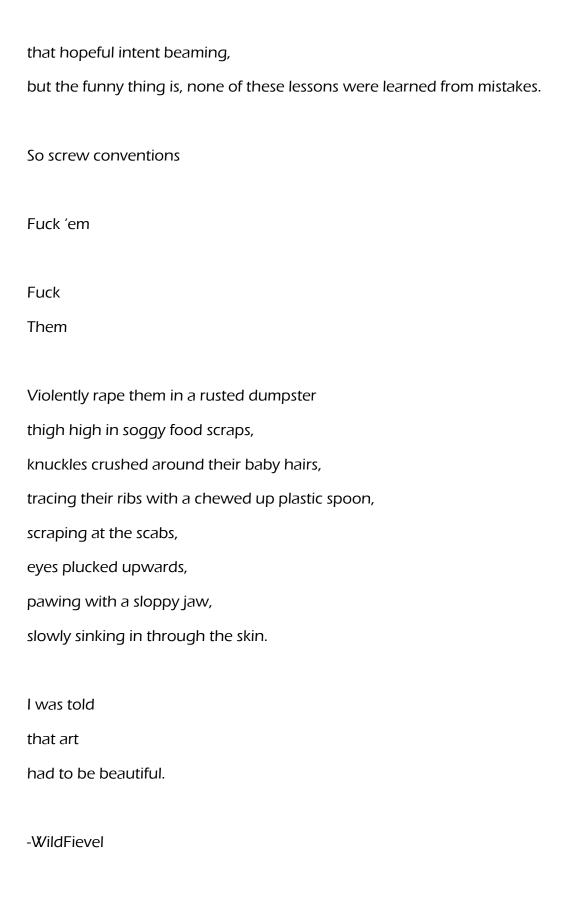
...I chose to smile and laugh because that's what grandma and I did best.

I was told by a pastor that love belongs in monogamy between a man and a woman and nothing more.

There can't possibly be so much love in one person that it would split and spill into multiples and any group of people agreeing on open terms have to be stained with poison.

I was told by all that these conventions should be taken seriously.

From each tongue I saw that certain honesty gleaming,



The Wavelengths of Dubstep

You don't know what I do
on the dance floor with those brightly colored bodies
you don't see and
I don't speak of.

On the dance floor with those brightly colored bodies

I shake and scream but

I don't speak of

I shake and scream and can't hear my thoughts on you at all.

You can't hear my thoughts on

this life I love

you at all.

that makes me happy

This makes me happy.

because you don't.

This life I love

you don't see and

because you don't

you don't know what I do.

-WildFievel