

Sisyphus

I reached for a part of me today
And realized at some point it slipped away;
And then someone I once dearly knew
Shoved me down to say "we're through."

And then I thought of all the friends I'd lost
Wondering if my principles were worth the cost;
But this self-doubt just chipped away
The part of me I'd built today.

And since my value's been in decline
I'm in anguish why no one invests in mine;
When that's what all the books would say,
We read the same ones, but not the same way.

Which makes it hard to be good to them
But I try, and do, except with flaws they condemn.
Because the resources aren't there to overdeliver,
To be able to give that, I would need a giver.

Or a stronger heart, what I used to use
Until it ran out of strength, now it's just a big bruise.
So I borrowed to get it resuscitated
Selling off a part I thought I hated

But now those flaws I find were holding up
The part of me I couldn't give up,
And now time invisibly whisks away
The part of me I hold today.

My life, it vanishes before my eyes
And there's no one near to hear my cries
They all despised my asking for a hand up
I had too much potential to screw it all up.

So all the failure belongs to me
And that's the best teacher to make the blind see
Except that teacher beats away
The part of me I need today.

Death Candy

Sweet death I feel most sharply when I feel nothing at all;
The sound crushing my mind is that I cannot hear the fall.
In agony we cry for release
But when it comes, we lose our taste for sweets.

The terrors of night are nothing compared to walking dead by day;
My nightmares I would welcome back if they would break my feet of clay.
But the sting of death gives no prisoners back,
Lost is the fierce hope black sorrow attracts.

When consciousness is fully seared, death steals from us our pain,
And what was complex harmony tastes stale and cheap to an ironed brain.
My own pulse in my ear was unbearable to hear
Until its absence released the oblivion beneath.

What's lost can be brought back, but what's never there is harder to place.
The suffering of one small planet is nothing to the cold vacuum of space.
The deception of insanity is most mind-breakingly terse
Disguised as unswerving normality during 60 hertz.

I've lost my taste for sucrose, fructose, and the rest;
Inside the sensory deprivation hole disgusting tastes the best.
The siphoning of bland sugars suffocate more life
Than the salty sting of sorrow ever burned with surprise.

The Dichotomy of Obscure Sorrows

Tossed by the ocean of life's inevitable kuebiko;
Ringing from the blows like the whole ensemble's taiko,
The redemption of agony gloriously self-supplants;
Life without calamity is like an anthill without ants:
The quest for meaning burns because we want what we don't have;
Since Eden travail gives birth to life;
ripping wide holes to calve.

Lachesism yearns for joy that is only got one way;
The universe shines clear in darkest night, 'til disfigured by distortions of day;
The Phoenix' against-grain reaction to death coronates it the most glorious bird;
The acquired taste is the richest and rarest; the obscurest the most precious word.
Common, easy feelings become sentimentally underrated,
But trials of star-crossed lovers forge tungsten bonds platinum-plated.

The wafting wonder of petrichor crests the apex of drought and storm,
And nothing like hypothermic fingers makes you celebrate just feeling warm.
In every form of suffering true philomaths find new joy:
Wherever there is evil it's working in Good's employ.
In the worth of such exchanges don't forget to value
Conformity to the Exemplar, the Kingly consecrated fate.

Don't squelch the lament; don't succumb to Liberosis,
Neither lose yourself in grieving, and so drink from the pool of neurosis.
Expunge the hurt and toxins, then cleave to the rod and staff;
Let wisdom guide the neuron's path that separates wheat from chaff;
And once it shows which trends toward life and which will be despaired,
Then drink from the cup overflowing, and feast on the banquet prepared.

And like a clam your pearl will gleam with splendor past your scope;
Crystalized cruciform memories of when you thought you couldn't cope.
Just as a mollusk does not value the treasure taken from it's life,
Our labor's fruits we may not taste –only the jagged knife;
Our gems refract a higher glory than mere self-satisfaction,
The cross we're gifted pays the cost of another's benefaction.