

autumn blues

I venture out of my house
for two things this time of year—
coffee,
and inspiration.
There's a café not far from my apartment,
inspiration is a bit further of a walk.

I stroll through old streets,
staring up at the maple trees sneezing in the cold
with nothing but the wind to wipe their noses.
They sneer at me with their branches,
auburn leaves fall through the gaps in their teeth.
I miss the beach
and warm hugs from waves in the summer,
baking in the hot sand with nothing but the wind to wipe us down.
Playing in the bays late at night,
swimming in sunsets painted across the gloss
of the water's smooth canvas.
But I'm months and miles away from that tonight.

I take a right towards Willow's and order my poison.
I stare out the window,
sipping slowly,
wishing the weather outside was half as warm as the cup in my hand.
I stand and watch as blotches of wet begin to form on the ground.
Great.
Inspiration will have to wait until later.
I head home,
dodging the droplets plunging towards me,
protecting the pages of the dry notebook I hold in my hand.

I pass back under the maples,
still sneering,
the rain pools on their lips
before it drips down at me
in big beads and blobs—
spitting at me.
One big drop wounds my notebook in the side,
venom leaks in just above the spine
and seeps into the pages like waves into sand.
I'm not too mad—
there was no ink or inspiration
amongst the blank spaces to smudge.

I trudge inside and leave the notebook on the windowsill
with nothing but the wind to dry it off.

I miss July,
the clear skies of sun
beaming down on the coast
like gold.

Warmth you can feel from your skin
to your bones,
filling you up with light.
But I'm months and miles away from that tonight.

And so,
for now,
I sit,
sip coffee as the rain drips
slowly down my window
like soldiers marching in line,
and wait for inspiration to strike.

hand in hand

I feel my ancestors nestling in the crevices of my bones,
whispering in the creaks and crunches of my joints as I crouch low
to touch the same soil that once kissed the soles of their shoeless feet,
walking across savannahs hunting for meat and honey.
Back home my toes kiss cotton, kiss rubber, kiss concrete
above soil burying blood.
Blood that once rushed through veins the same as mine,
webbing like vines through hands
that knew the earth better than the roots of the trees.
Hands that hunted for flesh,
palms that gripped bows,
nails that picked at tissue and stripped sinew from bones.
The spines of arrows etched into their fingertips in calloused braille.
My frail fingers kiss metal, kiss glass, kiss flashing images on a panel—
each tap taking me further from those that came before me.

But they're still here,
my people,
tip-toeing through my cells,
dancing along to the pulse they passed on to me.
I feel them in my feet,
barefoot on the dirt,
far from where I live but somehow closer to home.
I feel them in my hands,
gripping onto sands thousands of generations old.

And so, as I return back to the hard ground below me,
covered in concrete,
bleak, grey, and cold,
I'll feel them in my body,
flowing through my bloodstream,
floating along to the rise and fall of my breath,
stirring in my soul.
Because no matter how far I drift
from the lands my limbs have forgotten how to live on,
I know I'm not alone.

movie night at the pessimist's

we are forgotten frosts
melting with the morning sun's dance across our faces.
chasing dreams just out of reach,
running circles in separate places at the same time.
grinding our teeth in the night,
cracking our bones in the morning,
walking to work with the same two legs we run away from our problems with in the evening.
we call it exercise.
we wish we could stop all the things we watch ourselves do.
but we don't.
perhaps it'd be easier if we just didn't watch.
but we do.
sitting back in our seats,
pointing our scrawny fingers at ourselves
and then wondering why we feel so self-conscious.
the actor and the audience all at once,
we stare at our screens
wishing we could change the scenes as if we weren't the ones writing them.
tomatoes in hand,
the laugh track on repeat,
playing with the last few un-popped kernels at the bottom of the bowl.
the credits roll.
we chisel them into stone
and stick them in the ground above our passionless heads.
"dead"
they'll call us.
as if we weren't already.

from my balcony

18/07/21

What's the point in all of this?

Staring off at cityscapes from my balcony,
rusted over by owners over time.

I wonder how many have cried right here,
tears slipping in-between the cracks in the concrete,
creating tide pools of salt and sorrow.

Perhaps I'm the first.

Well that's not so bad,

I'm a pioneer.

I wonder what I could accomplish here for the first time tomorrow.

19/07/21

What's going on out there?

I sit alone in the quiet night,
looking out at little slivers of light chipped into buildings,
small squares of yellow and white stacked on top of each other like dominos.
Silhouettes moving behind them,
shadowy shapes faceless until morning,
simple outlines with complex minds I'll probably never meet.

And I don't think I'd want to.

Because how would I explain that I stay up late at night writing about them?

Flickering screens on the walls in the back
distracting them all from what lies beyond them.

I wonder if anyone else is alone like me?

Feet up on the guardrail,
sitting on a foldable seat I stole
off the street a few weeks ago.

Smacking my gum between my teeth,
letting out farts I hope my neighbors don't hear,
but I also kind of do,

because what are they gonna do about it?

Biting my fingernails and getting pieces stuck inside my chewing gum.

Yuck.

That'll teach me for being so childish.

I seem to be growing older and not up.

Oh well.

I just farted and blew a bubble at the same time,
a double release of air at both ends.

I bet no one else has done that up here before.

Well,

looks like I've made history again.