

## The End is But a Beginning

### Courage Type 1

The supposition of failure rends reality in twain,  
drowns the soul in doubt,  
bifurcates mind and brain.

Dreaded Dissonance's disgusting demon-like dogs detach dauntlessness, diking a dying spirit with the  
dire.

At the crux the recusant channels the shame,  
Discerns the nexus betwixt feat and defeat,  
In the depth of yin finds yang.

Mired mind finds a vital spark internalizing what life's taught. Utilizing ire as tinder it contrives a  
revitalizing pyre.

The line of demarcation begins to wane.  
The soul finds utility in being;  
Success and the attempt become the same.

Fluorescent feeling flutters, first fleetingly, then finally flies forth, floating on a flurry of fresh fervor afire.

Courage, like a phoenix, burns again and again.  
The soul's ashes descend from the heavens  
To fight the fear of failure again and again.

## It Was Your Eyes

It was your eyes. While I had seen pools,  
Your vast oceans dwarfed any in my life  
I had perceived. Men must turn into fools,  
And avert their gaze, lest they lose their might,  
And drown in your depth, overcome with craze.

But I bravely, nay recklessly, rushed in,  
And quickly overwhelmed, I stood quite dazed.  
Your eyes withheld the world's wonders within.

Mesmerized, I too was divinely seized.

But augmented in mirrored reflections  
Were my mettle and chi. I stayed my leave

For life till now, beyond recollection.

'Fore I knew, I was in a changed time, changed space,

A beatific place where our lips embraced.

## The Waltz

T'is merrily a pleasing day indeed when I may lack mute

And verily pave a sweet dulcet for thee as if by lute.

I hope not that this harmonious jive be deadened

By rustic, crude, and uncouth thoughts prone to this poets nature,

But instead, let it luminous like the light you use to brighten

The world; enlivening stanzas with the rapturous-ness of your spirit encaptured.

May the rhythmic footfalls of a waltz embody these prose

And jet forth tendrillar flows encircling me with your beauty, within and without.

May they entreat thou's interest to bloom like a summer rose

And eliminate all my previous forlorn fears and doubt:

Apprehension that your acquaintance may end with unrequited attraction.

But affection returned or nay, the honor will still lay completely at my feet.

For whether our time be as little as a day, a minute, a second's fraction,

Thoughts of thee has inspired artistry, giving me true hope when I had need.

Justification, I think, for this poetic tapestry representing our spiritual fornication.

## Suicide

Why don't you tell me all the reasons I shouldn't try, huh?  
And how cowards fall and the strong fly?  
I can't fly, huh?

Why don't you tell me how external forces bred within me the wrong choices, huh?  
And how my mind listens to mad voices?  
My mind is a mad voice, huh?

Why don't you tell me its a permanent move from an intermittent place, huh?  
And how the me now was placed here by past mistakes?  
The me now is a mistake, huh?

Why don't you tell me how I cracked under the great pressure to change lives, huh?  
And how it turned me into a spirituous guy?  
I shouldn't drink and drive huh?

Why don't you tell me how I could still become like everybody else, huh?  
And how I could slowly care more for myself?  
Teach my soul solely about wealth?  
Maybe I'd rather die.

## Existential Life Hack: To Begin, End; To End, Begin

A beginning is an ending;

Living is for the dying.

Fear is prudent,

Or fear is debilitating.

Courage is boundless,

Or courage is reckless.

Hate is motivative,

Or hate is destructive.

Love is strength,

Love is pain.

Pain is growth,

Pain is innate.

To cry is to cherish the past,

To dream is to cherish the future,

To cherish the present, laugh!

Life's good; Life's bad,

Change is always coming.

Dying is for the living,

An end is but a beginning.

