

I, The Old Man.

What's to become of me I ask.
I wonder if I'll find the answer at the end of this flask.
But who am I to fool?
I'm just a troubled old stubborn fool.
Is that what the kids are calling it these days?
I wouldn't know. It's like me to stay away.
I stay hidden, comfortable in my own personal bubble,
Only leaving when I need to take the shuttle.
I never do go far.
Precisely why I don't need a car.
I see you, but you don't see me.
That's O.K.. I'm waiting to be set free.
So until then, I'll continue with the drink
until the last blink
It's not like anyone is going to know
When it's to be my final show.

Floor Old Ideologies

All these quotes and ideologies fill up my mind

How do I ever know if what I'm doing is right?

"You've got to feel it on the inside"

But I feel like Tom, the old senile guy whose half blind and can't lie,
cloaked in a 20 odd year old female's life.

Next door to my apartment is where he resides,

and

he talks too much when he sees I pass by.

I'm quiet and smile,

until we're both uncomfortable for a while.

then we finish our talk,

and depart for our separate walks.

Neither of us knowing the truth,

nor what to do.

Perhaps we're both doomed.

We both don't know a damn thing,

except to maybe answer life's ring;

and if not, well, the floor is always welcoming.

Face Pinched and Left Checkered

A pimple
I love how it oozes
Real simple
It's left red puffiness
It irritates
No more white on my face
Red patch flakes
I wonder how they taste

Blackheads cool
Take a bit more effort
They're white stools
My face is left checkered.

It's impulse
Habit I've always had
More pimples.
Sometimes, they make me glad.

Be Weary on a Friday Night

Walking,

Young man,

Follows,

Drunk.

Not out of hand.

So warm,

You want to hug all the plants.

No, don't be that creepy.

Remember all of your teachings

But he's getting away.

You could tell he was gay.

Wonder what his squeals and prayers would've said.

You see him again,

As curious as a fawn.

Only a life sentence to gain.

Let him skeedaddle and begone.

The red light, he stops.

I'm behind

Yet above his hops

“Kingdom Fucking Gone”

I'm waiting for the day you become a faint memory.

It has been 2 months to the day since you have left me.

You stay away from hazardous chemicals, and relinquish bad habits

Why else would you tell me to go?

It has been 2 months to the day since you have left me.

And I still sit cold outside your kingdom - no matter the weather.

I try to listen to the winds, and go where they tell me

But it has been 2 months to the day since you have left me

And even without reason,

With no wanting to stay,

I cry by the barred gates.