

Katabasis.**Now Cynic, not a romantic**

I try to think exactly why
I've become a cynic
when I used to be a romantic.
maybe it was the rejections:

*"I just can't like you,
believe me,
I've tried."*

*"I just can't
do this right
now.*

Things are

*work is h
e
ctic."*

But,
I've no regrets for making
a natal chart, hand-made scarf
or love poems.
I came back and tried again
came back and tried again
came back and tried again
on a different lady
or the same one
only to find their amusing ways
to print a rejection slip,
made by silence

or absence.

To hell
with love.
Perfect words
or perfect ways
never exists

to mend it

There was never
anyone for
the role.

My face is marked and etched by
the failures of it,

of being a romantic.

*M
essy*

in

my life,

People claimed to have found
a sliver of silver in a sky
which have no light.

Yet,
they do not want
to face the crushed image of themselves
in front of the mirror
because a few lines of words
on the phone or

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The Ghost Ship

I'm the flying Dutchman
with squinted eyes
and a dragon's tongue
All of my voyages begins in Lethe
and ends in the depths of words
which I could no longer call as my own
a perpetual serendipity,
a constant mutability,
there's no need for another mutiny.
For I have laid my Ahab to rest
and by time, and by will
I'll just be another Ishmael

Yet, here I am still
standing amongst these
violent waters
nothing will stop
my ship and me
not the waves
not the tides
nor the storm.
I'm the ancient figure
whispered with fear
by your mother
warned with tears
by your father.
A wanderer of the sea
cursed and doomed
into a forever
seeking—searching
sailing for
a distant call
whispered by the winds of all
there will be no port
there will be no shore
until I met my own fall.

In the face of pure honesty,
I must confess I was exiled into the sea
neither the winds nor the trees
the land never provides for me
my tears only found its home
in this kind of salinity,
where nothing green could ever live

only the strong, yet weary

So, here I am
wondering in its edges
travesty in its abyss
of reality and of fantasy
in dire need for a finality
For I am the captain
that always in Love,
not just in love,
but always sinking in it
And now, finally
he's ready
to drown.

Lady Lazarus.

How the strings have intertwined
with this Lady Lazarus of mine!
I've prepared your regular feast
Of words and tears.

Here, Here
Lady Lazarus, now may I ask,
Why bind me to thee?
You choke me
until I'm a pale flesh,
naked and on my knees.
You brand my chest,
a mark of your slave
—send me crumbling into my grave.

Here, Here
Lady Lazarus, now may you see.
Nothing permeates from this skull.
Every meat I eat tastes like sand.
And there's no more color to see—
even the rainbow is now
filled with nothing, a white sorrow.

Here, Here
Lady Lazarus, now you may know.
You always rise from the tomb
I've sealed you in.
Every night, you bring me
flowers to my doorstep,
and I reply them with these lines.

Dear, Lady Lazarus of mine
murder me with your words.
Let me perish and die!
For now I know,
I will never call you as mine.

Ouroboros.

A child.

The mere sight of them put trembles to these knees, the droplets of sweat stem from these palms and within the shiver accompanied by a bated breath has revealed my oldest friend, fear. A chance to actualize an ancient prophecy which has recurred decades before. Perhaps, all of this started with an uneasy reflection in the mirror: a child, whimpering and sobbing, haunted by a sorrow known to him or in the next making.

I knew a pattern, I knew a pattern, I knew *the pattern*.

It's in me, it's my flesh, it's my mind, it's my soul, it's me.

I've accustomed to dysfunction. Should I blame his temper? In his eyes, I've seen the burning pain of failure. A man, unrespected, isolated, a disappointment of the ideal child. Ever since this child tasted words, he used them to fight. From his tongue, he learned the language of rage. Shouted by the echoes of his father and the father before him.

Or perhaps I should blame her stubborn naivety? In *her eyes*, I've seen the innocent optimism which I yearn to hate, only because I couldn't have it. From *her tongue*, I've learned the deafening sound of silence.

No one ever listened to his words.

No one ever listened to her words.

And from that moment on, *my words* have also become a venom for those who hear them. I've never said much but my words haunt with a precision that even I fear.

Now, I ask: what's left? There's no room for me, a creature torn apart by its own duality. The cold embrace of being alone, alienated by itself and from itself; fragmented by the way of his becoming and also by its own understanding. I know this much, too much: to blame the past is such a luxury.

And then comes the question of

a child.

Should I, a snake who eats its own tail, end this cycle?

Or not?

Separation

forever apart,
for ever a part.