

WORDS CHANGE WORLDS

From the tip of my pen I repose my fears,
insecurities, troubles, shortcomings,
successes, jubilations and exhilarations.
Words that seem incapable of exiting
the confines of my mouth into the open world
climb down through my fingers
and into the oft black ink of my Paper-mate.
And after every line, there's this feeling of liberation.
The same feeling, with a different feel every time.
And every time, my notebook has proved
to be understanding and willing to accept
all that is racing through my nomadic mind.
A safe confidant,
that I trust would not disclose my fears,
insecurities, troubles, shortcomings,
successes, jubilations and exhilarations
to the world
until I feel ready.
It has showed me the importance of liberating
our words into the world.
Because
words change worlds.

THE WOMAN ON THE TRAIN

She struck me instantaneously,
The woman with the velvet shoes.
Her big and captivating brown eyes
Would make those of Tracee Ross appear measly.
But I've got to give the woman her dues.
Those seducing eyes
Would make any man confess his lies,
No matter if they were big or small.
She was dressed as if she was on her way to a ball,
The woman on the train.
But I couldn't understand why she was riding with us.
Men and women alike looped upon her with lust,
Gazing with intent
To capture her photogenic face in their brain
To possibly replay at night.
When everything around them is quiet,
And not quite alright,
They'll remember the woman on the train.
That is the impact she had on us,
All bunched up inside the clattering F line,
From college wanderers like me
To pros fresh off a quarrel with their boss.
In the midst of chaos and stuttering train traffic,
She made everything seem fine.
If I could with all my will,
I would've made time stand still.
With this impossibility, I felt cumbered.
Even still, she's always with me.
Cause I will always remember,
The woman on the train.

HER

I can't stop thinking about her.
But I must stop thinking about her.
It hurts when I think about her.
But a brief smile grazes my face when I think about her.
I'm enclosed by sadness if I think about her.
But I envision happy times if I think about her.

All I want is a second chance,
All I want is one last dance.
What I want is to see that smile one more time,
What I want is to be with you doing shots of tequila and lime.

I can't stop thinking about her cause she's all I want.
She's all I want.
I can't stop thinking about her.

ONLINE

Do we cease to exist
If we deactivate our accounts
Do we cease to exist
If we don't post for months
Do we cease to exist
If we don't interact over networks
Do we even exist
When our accounts are activated
Do we even exist
When we post everyday
Do we even exist
When we like each other's pictures—

—online
chaos

like

stream
off line

dislike

while

followers

mirage

live

first

fomo

story

photo

x has posted for the first time in a

addiction

WORDS CHANGE WORLDS II (MY OWN SPHERE)

Words mean the world to me.
Countless times, words—
or more often—the lack of words
have shaped the world that I live in.
This sphere that I inhabit, seemingly different
from that of everyone else,
is populated solely by words.
They never seem to be able to make it out.
They are at once torturing me and being tortured by me.
How can I feel guilty for them
when I feel their wrath at the same time?
I wonder if other people also live in their own spheres,
or am I alone in this dilemma?
I ponder if I am simply in my own sphere,
while others live harmoniously in another world.
It is as if I'd been rocketed out of earth.
I'm reaching deep inside my memory bank
but I can't seem to remember the voyage.
And now I'm in this space, stagnant and orbitless,
I'm stuck in my own sphere,
just me and my words.