

90's Baby

I saw the streetlights falling on her breath
Fluorescent gold ray's spine the night enwreath
I can taste the monsters crawling ivory black
Hear the wind whisper us back

The generation lost in production lines
Selling time for a chance at Hollywood's shine
Faceless people without ponder
Broken hearts are easily dyed another color

Welcome you to the reception, a party of the know
Perception of the world; your eyes illuminate and grow
Our minds inherit patriarchal opinions; a fucked puppet show
Hearts poisoned with self-afflicted sorrow

I
Want a life
A creation to appreciate
Even if it was always a mistake

A mistake

Politicians

Maybe we are who is crazy
Believing this world can shine in peace

We promised today, a new tomorrow
Forgetting our fathers bleeding shadows

Too many things I would like to say
Words that elude me, get lost along the way

We promised today a new day, when we're inspired
Still chocking on ashes, days after we extinguished the fires

Maybe we are who are crazy
Believing we can mend the earth with water

There are too many words left unsaid
Howling thoughts screaming in my head

We promised today, would make a fresh start
Blood stained the canvas from becoming art

I guess there are too many scars embed in our head
Flesh too damaged, promises unworthy of amends

My Friend's Dream

"I had a weird dream last night,"
My friend said.

A scarlet August sunset shifts over his head.

"Tell me,"
I said.

He spoke fast,
His voice sketching a story his mind embeds,

His words hatching detailed descriptions -
His subconscious begging for attention

He broke once, in a sentence, to play a familiar joke:
To make sure I had his attention, and
To create engaging laughter within the plot sensation

"And then he grabbed and started pulling my leg,
Pulling and pulling
Just like I am pulling yours" – he quipped.

We laughed as we did;
Toothy hackles pillaring with smoke from a joints tight grip

He began his story again;

"I stood with her phone,
Click-click-clicking the button,
But the picture wouldn't take.

My dead mother stood there with Joe Biden,
Happy as a clam,
Requesting an approving picture from a phone that was damned."

"Well," – I said
"I can say a lot about the topics you animated,
But we will never hear an end.

"I think your dream might be your subconscious guiding you,
Using the nurturing you know;

That even though the world might agree we should all vote for Joe Biden
The world doesn't choose what reality will show.

Stop fretting about taking that damn picture
And enjoy the presence of your beautiful mother's smile.

As you said, none of this lasts forever.

We exist within the experience and are remembered within the smiles of others.”

Question for the Giants looking down on me

“How do the stars know to shine?”

I ask the evening sky.

Mesmerized, intoxicated, fixated
by the universe’s eyes.

I’m alone in the moment, marveling
Luminous holes enslaved deeply in a black atmospheric sea.

I was inquisitive about the stars’ power; what that might be.

I know the laws of science.
The logic I remember.

Admiring stars challenging gravity’s imprisoned reflections, are
Disrupting celestial bodies of chemicals in ember.

However,
Introspection fails to relinquish my contemplation
I acquiesce to my abstracted imagination;

Asking again.

“How do the stars know to shine?”

What if?

What if we never actually had a chance?

What is

What was

Has already written

Or worse

Deprived from participation

What if time is nothing

And space is a lie

What if we are all living under a microscope?

Examined by the galaxy's eye

Stories about the universe and science

Designed to put us to bed

What if the beginning is the end?

What if we never actually had a chance

What if we were set up

To live

Dead

And our time is up.