

## **philosophy of sound**

why do we have to make noise?  
to be heard

why do we have to be heard?  
to be understood

why do we have to be understood?  
to be together

why do we have to be together?  
to make more noise

## **intervention**

held back after class  
i sat down as instructed  
watching a girl walk out  
but before she could escape...  
“are you on drugs?”  
momentary shock  
still watching the girl  
she speeds up  
gone.  
“are. you. on. drugs?”  
i shake my head  
some moments later  
“you’ll never graduate”  
maybe not, we’ll see  
school’s the least of my worries

## **underwear & cigarettes**

belongings proven to bite me in the ass  
belongings hidden within my backpack  
belongings inciting investigation again  
belongings i no longer give explanation  
belongings i keep on me  
... due to lost sense of belonging

### **grass stained battle scars**

mother always warned me against playing in my jeans  
but i was proud of the grass stained battle scars  
intrigued by the blues submission to the greens

blue was always my sister's favorite color  
i gravitated towards red with competitive flair  
and naturally green belonged to my little brother

destined to differentiate, he didn't get to decide  
but ironically my mother loves green on me  
matches my skin tone, brings out my indecisive eyes

some time ago big blue really was all water  
until the oceans were invaded by the land  
and the efforts of its inhabitants got broader

green forced to comply with the creation of man  
like small towns with expansive southern fields  
or a crowded city engulfed in sand

now we're full circle in the times most dire  
ice thinning forearming the seas for war  
overtaking shores, green caught in the crossfire

### **deep end**

just a pale dumb boy drowning in the waters  
telling myself i never really knew how to swim  
so i would learn how to backstroke all over again  
just to find myself being dragged down in the deep end  
"believe me, there's no use in testing the waters  
settle on the shore, you're not going anywhere"  
said the anchor who promised they'd always be there  
so instead of chasing the setting sun, i sat and stared