

# POEMs FOR TRAILBLAZING

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## Michael Jackson

They told me to drink, have fun,  
and to sleep with the women that come my way.  
I was like, 'Ok, what else is a youngster  
supposed to do, anyway?'

For many years I thought this was the right thing to do,  
until the pointlessness started to seep in and created  
such a deep void that I almost forgot who I was.

But life is strange,  
and its answers can put  
Michael Jackson to shame.

A friend of mine gave me this green stuff that you smoke,  
and I was instantly hooked, not because of the pleasure  
it gave me, but because it told me, 'Forget them,  
there is another way.'

I realized that it's better to have friends than co-defendants,  
it's better to share affection than leech on people,  
and it's always better never to follow the crowd,  
as their still busy figuring out Michael Jackson's death.

## **In a relationship**

This girl I know  
is trying to take my balls away,  
balls that I took care of  
and made brave.  
She thinks that I need this,  
because my balls are reckless  
and they drink too much.

She'll chop them off and  
keep them in her purse,  
and every now and then  
suck all the juice out of them,  
which took me so many  
years to make.

The sad thing here  
is not the fact that she's going  
to drink all of my juice, it's been  
done to so many men, that who cares  
that it's me who's next in line.  
But I can't stand her thinking  
that I need this, or the fact that she can  
sleep peacefully at night because now  
she thinks she has someone's soul saved,  
while I'm unable to sleep, as wide-awake as can be,  
unzipping and zipping her purse,  
unsure about stealing something  
that's mine to begin with!

## At the bar

I sit here alone with my drink  
and contemplate the chaos of the world.  
Prices are rising like we all have plenty.  
Time is slipping away and we all want  
to live forever.

People surround me,  
but they don't know what's coming,  
their friends and liquor help them evade  
this reality.

They will know soon what fate has in plan  
for them. But imagine knowing this  
from the start, but feeling helpless against  
the path of time.

'I told you so,' doesn't affirm you,  
it only leaves a bitter taste like life itself.

Now should I risk being the messenger, and get  
laughed at, or should I finish my glass and leave  
these fools to their fate?

The latter seems the right thing to do,  
for who wants to be laughed at,  
when it's you who's telling the truth?

## Sympathy

I don't know why we talk  
about losers and people who  
lost their fortunes like the way  
we do? Do we really know  
the reasons for their demise?  
I guess if we really did,  
we wouldn't be talking about  
them the way we do.

People forget  
that life is a hard struggle,  
it doesn't matter whether  
you've plenty or nothing.  
To be born is to be cursed,  
and only few evade that curse  
with grace.

So next time you decide  
to feel better about yourself  
by putting some poor soul down,  
just remember your curse  
isn't over yet.

## No limits

Our brains are the ultimate tease,  
the good looking hooker who knows  
how to carry herself, so that she can trick  
a rich john, doesn't even come close  
to this pink mushy labyrinth we carry  
in our skulls.

We dream and envision so many things,  
but only few come alive, and that too  
if you're lucky.

Imagine though, a world where we have no limitations,  
where our greatest efforts wouldn't be wasted  
in reinstating things already said and done. Now  
that would be a fair world to have these brains  
in our skulls, or else we'll just have to get use  
to the bitterness, like it was an occupational  
hazard.

The greatness of having of no limitations  
is too great to conceive. Just think about it,  
instead of being desperate for short-term precautions,  
you would be flipping through a catalogue of permanent  
remedies.