

Love is Real, I Guess

Let's be blunt,
Suddenly all the lights seem too bright for me and
I can feel the sting of how the artificial lights burn
Burning a hole into the crack den from
Trainspotting;
I spy with my little eyes a golden spoon
Feeding children addictions
But, Mother, we're okay,
We're all alright,
I swear;
On thy hallowed ground
We smoke to commemorate the dead cells,
Celebrate faded figures -
Oh, God, Ma, we're so faded
And I'm fading quick;
Someone hear me, SOS,
Mamá mia, por favor,
Favored we are not in the eyes of God
The only illumination we have is from the dying joint,
The embers twinkling across our faces
As we face a myriad of troubles climbing pyramids, climbing mountains,
Mountainous depression and anxiety and mania -
And I'm manic,
Doing what I shouldn't
But it's what I love,
So yeah love is real, I guess,
In the form of a blunt.

Saint of Lost Causes

*Padre nuestro que estás en el cielo, santificado sea su nombre -
Por favor no me creas inútil o pérdida,
Trato, estoy tratando de ser mejor.
Ay, papá,
Lloro, lloro con una gana porque nunca sé cuándo me voy a curar, si me voy a curar -
Soy plata, afectada pero también no,
Estoy en el medio de una guerra mental en que estoy perdiendo.
Santificado sea su nombre -
Bendita la luz que me despierta cada mañana que me recuerda que estoy viva -
Bendítame y perdóname por olvidar mis raíces momentáneamente.
No era a propósito.
Me perdí mi camino con los obstáculos en la noche.
No veo.
Jesús, regálame la oportunidad de ver mi familia una vez más, si sólo para pedir perdón por
volar muy lejos -
Alcané el sol y mis alas se derritieron
¡Carpe dicen! Dicen, dicen que tome cada oportunidad, ¿pero eso me aplica?*

*Madre, serás mis ojos, guillándome en la vida con sus palabras sagradas,
Sus raíces enterrada tan ondo en la tierra que nadie te puede quitar.
No te vallas, por te quiero demasiado.
Envuélveme en sus sábanas azules y doradas y cántame hasta que me duerma
Te lo juro, una noche me dormiré
"Hay, mi joven, no llores por gusto,"
Pero sí lloraré, porque el mundo es lindo, sí, pero también está sucio y violento.
Quisiera cerrar mis ojos y ver namas lo mejor de las gente.
"No seas mala, joven,"
Pero será mala al mundo que me ignora, y pensaré en Juda cuándo yo no crea que podré seguir
viviendo.
Me da fé -*

"Grant me faith, St. Jude, as I look through this green lens of ambition and calm and envy, seeing beyond the murky water to the green light."

*Gracias, Díos, mis ilusiones siguen por un día más,
Te veré en el cielo sentado en una nube palacial y te conocerá personalmente, gracias -
Padre, madre, como te quiero, me verás eventualmente -
Joven, no te pierdas, por favor, tú puedes llegar al final.*

Daydreams of a Muse
Inspired by T. S. Eliot's The Wasteland

I.

My mind is numb at the thought of my well-loved scenery,
Not overflowing with yellow leaves,
But of my stony wall with a hanging lightbulb -
How I yearn for days gone by,
Yet also yearn for days of the future.
I yearn for the days I could stretch high into the sky
And sigh with relief
Because the day was young and I could tackle it;
Instead my days are now littered with red leaves,
Bitter, mad leaves that inhabit broken dreams,
Just like the broken surfaces that they are -
I'm sorry the insects have eaten away at you.

The summer has faded, I know, and I'm sorry the cicadas have passed.
The trees are growing bare, the leaves are falling,
Falling into a despair,
The barrenness, dear baroness,
Your majestic royalty,
Your throne of dead leaves is slowly being eaten at as well.
God Bless You -
Her royal highness is now dead.

Now I am lonely in a wasteland full of despair and destruction,
Obligated to watch the world fall away -
How could I not watch?
It's so bad I can't look away.

II.

I long for the days in which he and I could forever reunite,
Yet at the same time I yearn for days in which I find better.
If the concept of perfection is false, then I choose to seek the closest thing to perfection.
I suffered years in a tundra,
My body was barren as the surface,
But only my surface area was affected.
I kept my heart warm with memories of the past because the rose-tinted view will forever glow
with warmth.

Not quite so the green light of Gatsby's,
Nor is it the blinding light of God,
Instead the rose-colored view makes my life seem smoother,
My life is the flute of rose waiting to tip over into the mouth of another
Like how my feelings will flow in through one ear and out the other;
May the world some day hear my prayers
For I miss the touch of warm hands
And the sensation of bliss.

III.

Atomic bomb -

Atomic aplomb -

Atomic neurons -

They rush around in my head to the beat of applause

As they giggle and cheer and whoop for the sake of it

Because they know they make a difference

And my positrons cannot hold it together because

Similar and similar

And opposite and opposite,

Neither work -

Nor do opposites attracts, I'm sorry -

All the pent up electricity shakes my body and I walk with a jitter,

I jump, startled, scared, in fear of one day when the energy is too much to handle.

Who gets shocked then?

The forces of nature are far too strong,

The orbital pull draws me close to the end of the world -

The explosions are silent in the dead space and

I wish I could hear the sparks of the asteroids catching fire and

The comets sweeping by me, collecting stardust and starred wishes,

But the wishes of a summer are long gone.

Farewell

I read hymns like they were him
like I was breathing in the sacred word of
Him.

But there was no sacred text that could
possibly cause so much war in my heart -
My body was no temple, but a warzone
instead

The hidden mines exploding into the sky,
My feelings ricocheting across the sky like
limbs flying off my body -

I lost my heart that day and gained a
backbone.

I now see the future:

I am twenty-something,
Proud and tall I stand at four foot eleven
with the charisma of a Titan,
The General of my life because nobody may
dictate what I do now but me.

Farewell to Florida,
Farewell to the old Sophia,
Farewell to the girl who hid behind texts and
fables.

I am the Sophia writing the next American
novel.

I only lost the battle, but I still won the war.

I should have learned no amount of kindle or
care would rekindle a flame of the past;
All we had left was the ember on the
ground,

The only thing it was burning was my foot.
I can't ignite a bonfire if the bonfire never
existed -

I am not Prometheus,
I was Pandora, a mortal made only for the
games of gods,
My only role the Fool
While he stared on at me.
I only had eyes for Zeus.

I lost my tears that day and gained foresight.