

Lugubrious

We were walking,
my friend with the starry eyes and a smile fuller than the milky way.
I with a motion-sensor light,
so bright when the cosmos drapes round my shoulders,
Such night when Kronos scrapes his talons against the clock that stops my day.
“Isn’t lugubrious a funny word?”,
voice dripping cheer and guerilla gear, does she know fear?
“It’s funny that such a funny sounding word is used to describe sadness”
and I start to think so quickly,
a frightening madness of the poison of irony,
of what small ocean separates me and such a word.
“I heard it from my friend Phil” and no traverse of trepidation dances the tiles of my
thoughts,
the clarity born of a chill.
No, my brain begins to fill
with the infinitesimal optimism the world badges on my chest.
An officer of smiles and making possible impossible quests.
“If you get high, I want to see it. You’re such happy person it would be hilarious”, said she.
Is that what they see? Could she really be serious?
I don’t dip my toes in the water because if I slip,
I will drown as surely as the sun continues to rise,
the sweet kind of demise I only rarely fantasize.
It’s strange that some things that seem funny defy their paints.
Could you really describe a sad sight as lugubrious without a mouth tight,
a smile that fights at such a funny word?

March

I march past nesting doll fortresses with houses at their centers,
Blades of grass with hilts in soil brush the bottoms of some letters.
And my stomach lurches with every word on those signs and flags I see,
I'm marching on a foreign soil and the hatred here's not free.
Not free as they pant with the weight of Ar15s on their backs,
But they're threatened by two men with hands interlaced who share a laugh.
I don't want to belong here but I can't go yet, so I wonder should I claim,
The tilted pathway I watch grow small with the podcasts I'm listening.
So as the oaks drip down and my laces fly over garbage that piles up,
I'm trying not to think of the world as simply them and us.

But I march past the wrought iron walls of an empire I don't belong,
The guards take in my teal blue hair and that my shorts are not quite long,
Some smile and indulge in pleasantries as if their hands aren't red,
From all the hate their privileged fingers deliver from their homesteads.

Backwards world

I've got tears making little canyons in my foundation again,
But these rivers aren't of sadness.
Tonight, I laugh myself off the edge of madness,
For all the anguished nights and pain,
Born from boys no good for looking.
The nice guy never is the one with the wart,
Not the poor soul with the acne nor,
The one who holds the door eyes to the floor,
They're just what you get from lowered standards.
Making compromises while i want big green eyes,
It's just walking the aisle to my heart's denial
No wonder going down didn't work,
We're taught to settle for a few kind words,
But that's not at all what i have learned.
If one things true in this backwards world
you make it what you want once you know its yours

To Judge a Tree

There's a tree in my backyard. Bark as spotty as a balding man's hair and a trunk that weaves in and around the air like it was trying to do a jive when Mother Nature finally made it stop growing. And then it's got these branches, bent and gnarled that remind me of an old lady's fingers, fanning around the yard with a cardigan of threadbare leaves. I've always liked this tree and I've never forgotten what it looks like but neither have I judged it for what it is. It's odd and mishappen and old and hurricane battered, but the way it stands there rooted to the ground and proud is something of a miracle to me. Maybe humans are flawed and our skin is marked up and wrinkly or spotty. Maybe we're shaped differently like the wind decided to hit us in random places, to carve us into intricate and uniquely shaped conglomerates of matter. I've never judged a tree for doing the same thing, and yet, I was taught when I was but a sapling that I ought to do so and especially to myself. Some dead roots ought to be cut off.

A Sometimes Pretty Journal of Sometimes Ugly Thoughts

Generation Z

An off kilter generation, we sell ourselves to hide the pain.
There's nothing worse than being stuck on an elevator without your phone made fame.
We can't exist in nothingness,
constantly looking for the highest bid.
And we don't know how talk,
so we just send pictures cropped with filters bought.
We're so good at pretending our lives are just an endless plane of highlights,
and we snuff the dust from off our screens so much that we don't fight.
The grandiose facade we wished were true but can't admit,
That we're more broken than those before but masters at hiding it.