

Ambiguity.

I have stray doubts,
with wordless questions.
I have vague thoughts,
with no caption.
I have no arguments,
and only covered-up feelings.
Steaming, almost overflowing.
A whistle,
turned slowly into screaming.
I am a tea pot,
short and stout.
Here is me boiling,
and here is my pout.
Frustration, it may be.
Surely, ambiguity.

Damsel in Distress

The damsel cried out,
“Just a damsel in distress.
Come on over and help, dear!”

A damsel, my ass.
A witch, a fox, the wolf in disguise.
From afar, you see red, red riding hood.
But it’s just a bunch of blood spread,
Like a fine, flowing coat.
Don’t believe the lies that entail,
But see the truth behind those bloody eyes,
The truth is, it’s still a cry of help,
Not just a dog’s tale of chasing its tail,
It’s much more complicated, the reality is
Once the dog gets its tail, it yelps.
Realize that you are your own enemy.
That damsel you see?
It’s the reflection of a hopeless reality,
That we have multiple identities,
Of many categories.
So when you try to escape because you’re scared,
There’s another you waiting to take your place.
Look around you, see the landscape everywhere around you.
Overwhelmed, that bloody wolf you are,
Begins to feel condemned.
So that bloody wolf takes one last gulp of regret,
Eating away his previous self.
Finishes up, then covers up
With the only thing left,
The blood.
You become the damsel in distress,
Others see identity theft,
But you need help, nonetheless.

Balloon

My life is a balloon.
Not just any air-filled bubble.
I once lived in a small cocoon,
But I needed something
To be done.
I flew high,
high on some helium.
But it was too soon,
When I fell to my doom,
Down into the rubble.
I wanted to cry.
But I decided it wasn't the time to die.
I was scared to disappear into a fume,
It was a fear to become nothing but a prune.
A balloon wrinkly with no more air,
it never seemed fair.
Over done.
But I will overcome.
I will know where I came from,
and I'll be the first balloon
to reach the moon.

In the Sky

When people ask me,
“What animal would you want to be?”
I’ve answered,
“Possibly... a bird.”
When people ask me,
“What superpower
would you want to possess?”
I’ve said,
“Most likely, to fly and soar.”
I’ve always felt assured,
that flying was
Either a cure
or an option to escape.
With or without a majestic cape...
I’ll somehow fly into the sky.
Then the crowds will murmur,
“Look! Is that a plane, a bird, a ship?”
Simply it is I,
flying high above the cityscape.
I’ll go by as a UFO,
Under the radar of society’s scrutiny.
They won’t know me,
Beyond what they perceive to see.

The Unspoken Words

I want to speak out,
But I'm too shy to try
to bring my words into existence.
Give it life, a sound to resonate.
Before it's too late,
When I'm asleep
and they escape.
But pity,
these words won't know
What it means to breathe,
To speak for themselves,
Unless spoken for.
They won't know their worth,
Their purpose beyond letters.
There even may be
unintentional clones,
Because they're not the first.
Maybe it's not safe
For them to be out,
Because survival isn't guaranteed.
Indeed,
they'll become some wild animal's feed.
But there's a chance
For them to grow big,
Originally,
from the unseen seed.