

The Unknown

For the love of God,
I just can't seem to figure out what to do with my life,
and don't get me wrong I have a plan,
it's all set I'm stone,
all laid out in my mind very nice.
Then people start with the whys.
And that's when my plans go to shit,
and I find myself in a struggle to commit.
Follow your dreams they say, fight for your passion,
but they never know what I imagine.
How I won't be able to pay my bills
or eat a decent meal.
Because no reader will take me for real.
Or how my school debt just keeps piling up,
because at one point I couldn't say enough.

See I was 17, ready to go to college, ready to follow my passion,
but everyone said study a career that gives you an advantage.
Listen to the more experienced, the ones that came before you,
you're young and the reality is you don't know what to do.
Now fast forward to the future and I have two degrees,
both can give me two careers
and still, I'm filled with so much fear.
There aren't any jobs, which I'm qualified to do
and the ones that I want don't even look at you.

I struggle my battle inside and many times I ask myself at night
if what I'm doing is right.
If should keep pursuing my path towards more education
or should I give up on this empty fixation?
Should I fight to give my words to those who don't even know I exist?
or should I just resist?
Should I follow the path with a stable ground?
even if I do this with a constant frown.
Should I let art take over my life or should I help the unstable of mind?

They say fight, fight for your dreams
but what if I don't have the means.
What if following my dreams
will prevent me from having my own family.
What if everything turns in to a tragedy?
They say follow your dreams,
but I'm scared that one day I won't be able to put food on the table
or even worse; that my presence is like a fable.

They say follow your dreams but they don't know the wars you have inside,
because at the end of the day there's no one by your side.
I want to give my all for my art,
but I'm scared the result will tear me apart.

Resurrected

When was the last time you heard a story?
Not just any story, but one that left you craving for more.
I remember when I heard her story, tears rushing down my face.
Life so short, a constant race.
So broken and alone somehow managed to always say grace.
Yet nothing seemed to change in her eternal maze.

Abused and mistreated, the days of her life,
but she still had in her so much fight.
Grew up in a dysfunctional home,
from here and there her family always roamed.
Make new friends, leave those behind.
New home, new school, once again left to find.
Raised in an unconventional bubble.

May sound good to be a little different.
But all it led, was to lots of trouble.
Built a structure made from rubble.
No firm foundation, no clear direction.
Her father had to go to work, put food on the table.
Made his presence like a fable.
Never knew when he might appear.
Her mother strong as they come, took the role of two.
Tried to help her out as she grew.

Her teachings weren't always the best way.
Never gave her the desire to stay.
People around but she always felt alone.
So, she grew up sad.
People started to ask if maybe she was a little mad.
Maybe this girl was a rebel.
Starting throwing words, small pebbles.
Little words became great stones.
All these hits created an immense concussion.
Started losing herself.
Got sucked in by others thoughts and ideas.
Got her repeating the Ave Maria.
Walking a line so pure, so holy.
While all their souls long ago past dirty.

Then she meets that one person.
The one they all think will turn it around.
But her life started turning loud.
Got mixed in with the wrong crowd.
Got distracted from the important things in her life.
Stopped putting in a good fight.
Put that bottle in her mouth.
Light that cigarette, going south.
Got wrapped up in a game of legs.
Can't remember what was in her head.
Tossed around in many beds.

Now she stands in front me.
Tells me she wants to be set free.
She's ready to escape from her cage.
Has to let go of all this pent-up rage.
I smile reassuring, tears still on my face.
Admire her soul, so brave.
Ready to leave her grave.
Fighting to get back all she gave.
Face the world with one last grace.

Pills for the Weak Mind

They tell me it's not real,
that I don't know how I feel.
That I'm inconsistent and consistency is key,
that I can't be between two people, much less three.
One day it's someone; the next week it's someone else
and a month later someone new is there,
but what they say isn't fair.

It all feels real and it all feels different,
in my mind I am consistent.
Is it my fault if things fall apart?
Does the blame fall on me if people don't love me the way I love them?
Am I supposed to wait for the perfect when?
Is there a time limit to start and to stop love?
Is there a special sign from above?

They say it's my mind, it isn't right,
that my diagnosis won't let me distinguish from my left and my right.
But then they expect me not to fight.
How can what I feel not be real?
When I lay awake, aching for a simple taste.
Waiting for my perfect fate.

Take your medication they say,
it will make you better.
But what then? Do I pop the pill forever?
Do I let a substance rule my life?
setting a reminder for every night.
Do I let my heart become groggy and confused,
while substances tell it what to do?
Do I choose “stability” and conformity?
over my own loyalty.
What if I take your pills and there is no change?
Does that mean I lost the game?
What if the numbing aching pain never goes away?
do I just keep taking your pills day by day?
Or do I let it all fade?

How can a small chemical unbalance in my brain,
lead you to question if I’m sane?
Why is my brain different just because I have the desire to love?
Why is it not right that I want one and only one to trust?
When did my hope become a disease?
When did things stop flowing with ease?
When did searching for happiness become so hard?
When did the search start tearing us apart?
They say take your pills,
and maybe one day I will,
but not before I get my love refill.

The Faces of Death

I have never had someone who was close to me pass away.
I have never seen how their breaths slowly start to fade.
Yet I still feel how death has been by my side too many times.
The first time I remember feeling death, I was six or seven or maybe eleven,
it’s hard to remember precisely, when you’re 23 and try to let all the memories set free.

But I was young much younger than the youth I have now.
Still I remember how death hit me,
we were moving from the only home I ever knew.
Now that I think about it I was just turning six and my mother played me a trick.
She gave me a puppy to keep death away,
little did she know death would come back in the same way it was taken away.

I was nine when death returned one of my dogs had been put down,
bit by a poisonous squirrel, because of course in Puerto Rico we had to be overachievers and
couldn't have the normal kind.
I felt death again in the middle of fourth grade,

when I was told again we couldn't stay.
We couldn't stay in the second home I'd come to know,
death had to make it its own.
I felt death again at the end of fifth or sixth grade,
when my "boyfriend" broke off our "relationship" to be with my best friend.
Those relationships that when you're older really mean nothing to you.

And for a year or two death stayed away, that was until the end of seventh grade.
When once again we had to move away and death being so cruel,
not only did death take my friends;
but also the boy that I "loved" two days from my birthday.
And once again a puppy was thrown at the problem
and for a while it seemed to work,
until unexpectedly death claimed him too,
long before his years were up,
but death called him from above.

Death stayed with me then for a couple of years,
although a new puppy helped.
Death started transforming into something new,
something called depression.
No one new death had taken a permanent seat front stage,
even I couldn't tell death would be passing by frequently through my life.

But death liked to play tricks on me now,
disguised as lost friends, bullying and most of all loneliness.
But death has a great opponent and that is love.
And when love came death went away and stayed away.
Death didn't come back for many years,
until by my actions and choices I could feel it was here.
Death came and took what was most sacred to me, my love.
And every time, I had the courage to love;
death would come and strike it away each time more fierce.
Death was cruel, death was bitter and I couldn't accept it either.
Death kept striking me down but I wasn't going to give up, not without a fight.
So when love came I grasped at it with all my might,
but death was sneaky and would come at night.

I could feel death creeping in the first time love screamed
and I couldn't understand what turned love so mean.
I could feel death when love started hanging up the phone,
something he swore he'd never do, but that promise love broke too.
I felt death, as love didn't want to hug me or kiss me hello.
I could feel death when love didn't want to come over anymore.
I could feel death when love said he needed space.
I could feel death when love screamed in my face.

I could feel death when love got angry in every call.
I could feel death when love didn't want me at all.
I could feel death when love took his stuff.
I could feel death when I was grasping at straws,
trying to save what didn't exist,
because although love had given up,
I still had to resist.

I could feel death as we tried to fight.
I could feel death when love kicked me out on my birthday night.
I could feel death as love and I worked through our problems but never found a solution.
I could feel death when love said he didn't want to fight for me.
I could feel death when I finally told love to never call again,
because he was so quick to let me go.
I could feel death as I cried myself to sleep for more than a month.
I could feel death as I tried to carry on.
I could feel death when I finally said goodbye,
I
was going home to start a new life.

I could feel death as I boarded the plane,
I could feel death at my first stop.
I could feel death as I finally reached home,
where death once ripped my first love.
I could feel death when I sat with first love once again for dinner.
I could feel death as first love looked into my eyes,
I could feel death as he looked at me with a tender smile.
I could feel death when first love thought I was laughing at him.
I could feel death as I let first love go.
I could feel death as I realized first love still had my heart.
I could feel death as this notion tore me apart.

I could feel death when first love told me he had moved on, not with a person, but just in his heart.
I could feel death when first love said he still cared about me,
but his pores screamed indifference.
I could feel death when first love and I started going to the gym,
but this felt more of loss than a win.
I could feel death every time first love and I said goodbye.
I could feel death, as I said never again would I let death win.

I can feel death as I still try to build myself up.
I can feel death as I try to grow up.
I can feel death as I try to focus on more than love.
I can feel death as I try to learn who I am,
I can feel death as I take myself by the hand.

I may not know death in the normal sense of the word,
but I know death in the many ways it has strangled my world,
I know death in every heartache and heartbreak it throws my way.
I know death through the memories that always seem to stay.
I know death in a way I can only comprehend,
I know death in a way so intimate;
that death has become my only friend.

The tourist

A tourist in my land, he takes my love and guides it with his hand.
He has a permanent visa like he's going to stay
but we know how goes this game.
He makes love to my emotions, he reproduces desires.
He kisses my thoughts he builds fires.
He conquers my land with slow movements,
but we travel my whole world in one moment.
So much passion in my torment.
He sets a home, deep in my best land.
But he never stays; he goes and returns as he pleases,
every time it's a bit more easy.
The first time was the hardest; my land still had a lot of imperfections,
but he plowed his way through,
and now he has a home to do,
whatever he wants to do.
But the next minute he's gone
and my land is put to sale,
leaving behind just the markings of his trail.