

WORDS CHANGE WORLDS

From the tip of my pen I repose my fears,
insecurities, troubles, shortcomings,
successes, jubilations and exhilarations.
Words that seem incapable of exiting
the confines of my mouth into the open world
climb down through my fingers
and into the oft black ink of my Paper-mate.
And after every line, there's this feeling of liberation.
The same feeling, with a different feel every time.
And every time, my notebook has proved
to be understanding and willing to accept
all that is racing through my nomadic mind.
A safe confidant,
that I trust would not disclose my fears,
insecurities, troubles, shortcomings,
successes, jubilations and exhilarations
to the world
until I feel ready.
It has showed me the importance of liberating
our words into the world.
Because
words change worlds.

THE WOMAN ON THE TRAIN

She struck me instantaneously,
The woman with the velvet shoes.
Her big and captivating brown eyes
Would make those of Tracee Ross appear measly.
But I've got to give the woman her dues.
Those seducing eyes
Would make any man confess his lies,
No matter if they were big or small.
She was dressed as if she was on her way to a ball,
The woman on the train.
But I couldn't understand why she was riding with us.
Men and women alike looked upon her with lust
Gazing with intent
To capture her photogenic face in their brain
To possibly replay at night.
When everything around them is quiet,
And not quite alright,
They'll remember the woman on the train.
That is the impact she had on us,
All bunched up inside the clattering F line,
From college wanderers like me
To pros fresh off a quarrel with their boss.
In the midst of chaos and stuttering train traffic,
She made everything seem fine.
If I could with all my will,
I would've made time stand still.
With this impossibility, I felt cumbered.
Even still, she's always with me.
Cause I will always remember,
The woman on the train.

THE COFFEE SHOP

A reddish hue.
The spacious tunes of indie pop.
Laferrière's book on the counter top.
Two blondies occupying my view.

Two miles by foot
To this lovely shop on the corner.
Conversations are mute.
Here, where the most artful souls gather.

At South 1st and Driggs
Lay my car dormant.
In this time of festivities,
My sole companion was the Galant.

My pen drifts towards sadness;
It is its natural course of action.
Though I'm not one for a resolution,
I vowed to cure my loneliness.

Together in isolation,
We gathered at Black Brick.
One needn't give their reason,
We were so different yet so generic.

But this is a celebratory poem!
Encouraged by the sweet dark brew
And the convincing smile of the lady in blue,
I rise out from my state of doom.

CAMARADERIE

Friday 8 pm.

The pizzeria at N 3rd and Kent.

Across the restaurant three Latino men are assembled.

Downing a couple beers in their work clothes.

I'm guessing they're washing away the thoughts
of the grueling day they must've endured.

Stuck in the amazement of their camaraderie,

I'm caught peering over.

I can feel his dead stare in my direction.

Little did he know I could not even see him well
all the way across the room without my glasses.

I sense the brute force of his gaze

And it's quickly ripping a hole through my chest.

But I'm willing to withstand the pain

if it meant I could infiltrate

and experience even just a tiny bit

of their camaraderie.

They had something I was desperately lacking.

And I would sooner accept being ripped to shreds

than leave the pizzeria without experiencing

their grasping camaraderie.

WORDS CHANGE WORLDS II (MY OWN SPHERE)

Words mean the world to me.
Countless times, words—
or more often—the lack of words
have shaped the world that I live in.
This sphere that I inhabit, seemingly different
from that of everyone else,
is populated solely by words.
They never seem to be able to make it out.
They are at once torturing me and being tortured by me.
How can I feel guilty
when I feel their wrath at the same time?
I wonder if other people also live in their own spheres,
or am I alone in this dilemma?
I ponder if I am simply in my own sphere,
while others live harmoniously in another world.
It is as if I'd been rocketed out of earth.
I'm reaching deep inside my memory bank
but I can't seem to remember the voyage.
And now I'm in this space, stagnant and orbitless,
I'm stuck in my own sphere,
just me and my words.