

t_0 - Collection of Poems [2/24/23 - 6/5/23]

Paper Pact

My words are not my words at all

but they are what I feel-

left there by my pencil dust;

a lint of aspirations

fill my heart and soul with love

bounded by the fault lines on your face

writing in between the lines-

my paper pact

Blanket Page

blinking on the page

stare for days

until mind puts to pen

and that word comes to my head

write it down

then have an image viewing

screening in my head

for me to bestow imagery to words

that reach every crater on this blanket page-

transport me

to where textured bumps are hills

and where I stand; the shallows; valleys of this landscape-

my words crawl throughout crevices

rooting down and out

growing over hillsides into fields of green-

lush spilling out as I bring the page to life

Jupiter's Big Bruise

Jupiter's big bruise-

a constant storm

inside my head

Skull & Horn

Faded by light

that knows not what it's touched-

skull and horn carved into a paper page

World of Sea and Lights

Open sea-
reaching as far as our eyes can see in every direction
lit by only the bright white of the moon
and the faint yellow lights of our boat,
dimmed down by the veil of fog
that wraps itself around our vessel
obstructing the once clear view of the
expansive sea that we sat idle in-
alone,
with not another boat in sight
to take away from the sheer beauty of
silence and stars over the open water
while we anchored down
into this world of sea and lights

As we stared out through the mist
with only our lanterns to illuminate
the shroud that surround us-
a cry-

the weakest of tones
carried to us on the salty winds
that whip past us in all directions
coming from anywhere in the world tonight

The tone began to widen
and this cry was no longer any cry at all-
but a song of lonesome and yearning

The fog began to rise and soon was completely gone,
like it had never laid itself to rest on our boat-
sky, where all of the white dots stared down,
seemed to glow brighter than any other night on the pond

You see, we have come to this place in the ocean before,
wrapped in mist with nothing but the stars and our lights
with the moon shining brightest of all to light our night-
but the sea is a near endless expanse of water and waves
that we never end up in the same spot twice
like how every snowflake and human is unique,
where the sea takes us in our journeys out-
is one of a kind every time

And on this still night,

for the first time-

a cry-

Signaling that we might not be the only ones

to admire this world of sea and lights as a

gift from the universe after all

Right as I think this, their song begins to play-

(weary angelic vocals bless the air)

The image displays a musical score for piano, consisting of four systems of staves. The first system begins with a tempo marking of $\text{♩} = 97$ and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in 4/4 time. The first system contains measures 1 through 5. The second system contains measures 6 through 10. The third system contains measures 11 through 15. The fourth system contains measure 16. The score features complex piano textures with multiple voices in both hands, including triplets and various articulations. Measure numbers 1, 6, 11, and 16 are clearly marked at the beginning of their respective systems.

Syren overseas pays homage
to the beauty of the night sky over open sea,
hymn warped by the ocean breeze into seaside wind chimes-
bringing the universe right to my ears

Seaside syren lamenting to the endless darkness-
I wonder if they see our lights,
or if like us, think they too are alone
in the embrace of the winds and mists of foggy nights
out on this open sea