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

blanking 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 bruisea constant storm inside my head

Skull & Horn

Faded by light
that knows not what it's touchedskull 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 inalone, 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-

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 boatsky, where all of the white dots stared down, seemed to glow brighter than any other night on the pond

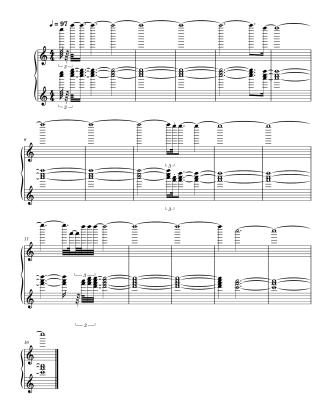
You see, we have come to this place in the ocean before, wrapped in mist with nothing but the stars and our lights with the moon shining brightest of all to light our night-but the sea is a near endless expanse of water and waves that we never end up in the same spot twice like how every snowflake and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

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)



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