

The Ocean my Purpose in Present

Submerged below the blue,
somewhere past a gold horizon,
and just before a rocky bottom,
stagnant, immersed, I stay. I wave
at that which travels by:
Driven divers chasing, reaching the indigo.
Shady sharks moving, hunting the relent.
A tiny trinket falling, catching the foreign glare,
a wink as it sinks,
like this was always the plan.
And I stay. I wave.
I make the waves
that push them back to shore.

You Are Unique!

No one else is like you!

Isn't that grand?

So just be yourself,

cause your self

is special!

Yes!

No one can ever know

what it's like to be you.

Cause you're one of a kind!

All by yourself!

Only you alone

can be only you.

Alone.

You're alone.

And no one will ever understand you.

Cause no one else is like you.

Isn't that grand?

Demons are a Dog From Hell

My demons are my beagle
clawing at the front door.
She whimpers for air.

I clasp the leash.
I open the door.

We go around the block
and return back home.

Only then can we sleep at last.

Writing is Easy

It's tucking Instagram in for the night that's hard.

It's turning down parties, hangouts, and chills that's difficult.

It's waking up an hour earlier, slugging to your desk, that's hazy.

It's resisting the logical financial stability of nine-to-five work that's complicated.

It's silencing everything around you to peek within that's terrifying.

It's presenting your tormented soul on innocent paper that's stressful.

It's showcasing your insecurity for feedback from those dear that's crippling.

It's

going for a swim in the eternal pool of self-hatred and hopeless oblivion, and

digging blindly for some clever line, like a pearl on the ocean floor, while

fighting off paranoia mermen and krakens of doubt as death plays and tempts

that

makes you question why you didn't just surrender years ago

and just get an accounting degree from SUNY Ithaca for mom.

He Had Nothing

He had nothing.
He wanted everything.
And he would give just about anything.

So one day he stopped at nothing
to conquer anything,
until finally, he got everything.

But as he sat there in everything,
he began to fear that anything
could return him back to nothing.

You see, the thought of losing everything
after once having nothing
is more terrifying than anything.

Now when he takes a look at anything,
amongst his realm of everything,
all he can feel is nothing.

So if you'll take away anything
from this poem about nothing,
it's to never strive for everything.

And just be happy you have something,

you ungrateful prick.