

Fountain

In books, films and stories
I've been told of a fountain.
Be it an allegory or a treasure oasis,
Technicalities matter little.
The countless voyages that have ridden the earth
For a mere drop of its offers.
What promises it must have in store.
"Youth forever. That is the gift."

When I find it, it shall pour with pride
As it adds lost thickness to my hair
Filling up my cheeks with blood
Deleting the lines on my forehead that could count
Years of wisdom and stories left untold.

I wonder, is this its grand offer?
Shallow prophecies and the endless chase.
Must I participate? May I not concede with grace?
Should I strip my sense of self
Gift away the confidence in my step
Or each dimple on my legs earned from hurdles overcome,
In exchange for pubescent hips?
A life's worth of progress undone.
All this for the satisfaction of someone else's eyes,
Not for the satisfaction of my soul.

For the lessons I've learned
Shall be more visible and pronounced.
Whether they please your eyes affects me not.
My words conjure up a storm
Disarming stronger than any curve on my body.

I'll take no part.
Sip not a single sip
From a charlatan disguised as lore.
Conceived to keep me small and digestible for your gaze, no more.

May my mane grow grey
And the silver slice the disapproving eyes
That peer my way.
I welcome the depth of the lines that remind
Me of the countless times I laughed and cried.

I reject the cloaked, magical gimmick.
I'll pay it no mind
As modern-day minions wait with their scalpels.
May this fountain drown in drought,
Heading towards extinction

Meta Crisis

Do I let the rhythm move me?
Or should my words fly outward?
I'm deaf to the poetry
Greeting the mirror's coward

The message is like a ring
So loud my ears explode
Paper isn't meant to sing
Yet I'm left to write this ode

But it sings, I fall victim
I scold the sloth that resides
How he hangs, it's almost grim
So the words stay stuck inside

6am on 6th Avenue

"Oh! The shame!" He spits.

Eyes panning up and down

The shabby shirt and shitty shoes

Wearing his leather loafers and silk-made suit.

"Then dress me!" Cried in plea.

Polished wooden soles

Crush the stones beneath them

As they walk free.

Therein lies a salty irony

As man wails

At the dirt of the other

Wearing the answer on his collar.

Lonely Lockdown Afternoons

Let's share one last kiss
Before the season changes to spring
And we miss the smell of the cherry blossoms
Only knowing of their presence
From their flying fleeting petals
Passing our windows
While we dog-ear our books

As the last cold wind lifts and twirls my hair
Hold it down and cup my face
Before it goes untouched
Only to be kissed
By the rays of sun
Through curtains

Isn't it strange?
How quickly we forget
The scents of one another
Becoming more accustomed than ever
To the scent of the chipping varnish
On our living room walls

Mirror Mirror

(reverse poem)

It can't be that hard
It's pathetic to assume that
Success isn't always achievable
Trust me when I say
"The system is rigged!"
Is a lie
"The good always thrive!"

(now read from bottom up)