

**ECHOES
TO THE STORIES
OF OURSELVES**



**A COLLECTION OF POETRY BY
KASSAN JAHMAL KASSIM**





KASSAN JAHMAL KASSIM

Echoes To
The stories
of ourselves

Kassan Jahmal Kassim

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

During the journey of exploring the depths of my inner self, I arrived at a pivotal moment in my life where simplicity took centre stage, prompting me to seek profound meanings in every aspect of life. Throughout this introspective quest, I navigated a spectrum of emotions and delved into the intricate nuances of those sentiments, culminating in the creation of this book that now stands as a testament to my journey of self-discovery and personal growth.

I am profoundly grateful God Almighty, for the divine gift bestowed upon me, allowing me to weave intricate and poignant stories through the art of poetry. Additionally, I am indebted to my parents, whose unwavering support and boundless encouragement have been a beacon of light on my creative path. Equally deserving of recognition are the friends and supporters who fervently believed in my dreams and contributed to the realization of this literary endeavour.

This book is a tribute not only to my personal odyssey but also to all the dreamers who relentlessly nurture their aspirations and refuse to let their visions fade into obscurity. It serves as a testament to the power of perseverance, faith, and unwavering determination in the pursuit of one's dreams.



BIOGRAPHY



Kassan Jahmal Kassim was born on 27 January 1999 in Gweru Zimbabwe. He has always been aspiring writer, first publishing his work on two major poetry platforms such as Hellopoetry.com and Allpoetry.com. He eventually started designing his own posters and posting on his Instagram page, under his different stage names; kas... beauty_art_of_words, bipolar_poet, odd_odyssey_poet (**current**)

His work has appeared in an anthology (Poetry 4 Peace Anthology) for Global Citizenship Education (GCED) in 2022, under his name Kassan Jahmal. Kassan has been writing for six years now, focusing mainly on poetry, and blending different styles, and experimenting with his outputs.

His work has often been called pieces of beauty, and displaying relevant stories of people's experiences, struggles of life, their dreams, insecurities, fears, and the rawness of what makes us all human. Tackling issues on the beauty of a tragedy, the ugliness behind a pretty scene, and the in between of those things unseen.





To a dear old Friend

The love, and the support of a friend,
Can never be summed up by the worth
of all the time they can spend.
And to no end; would the short
time you spend with them,
Feel nothing less than a long-winded conversation.

Still, every word is wisely conserved,
The wisdom of every word you shared, has become
A poem in my heart, — as each heart beat reminds me
Well of you, dear friend.

Till we meet again.

A tribute to Madinah.



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Welcome to

“ The narrative that unfolds from the depths of your gaze captivates not only your eyes but also weaves its way into the very fabric of your being, resonating with the chambers of your heart. Each word penned, each stroke of ink, forms an essential thread in the tapestry of your story, serving as a guiding beacon along the uncharted path of your expedition. And within these pages, the first chapter of your epic journey unfolds, awaiting the remarkable adventures that lie ahead.”



[10.11.2023] — Life is a Poem



My days are all but a prompt, mere fleeting moments
that lack depth and substance.

The best of them, an ode, a rare instance of profound beauty
and inspiration. Love at times feels like a metaphor,
a language that speaks in metaphors, elusive and abstract,
but nevertheless, captivating and enchanting.

Faith at my age, an oxymoron, a contradictory notion
as the passage of time erodes the certainty and
unwavering belief that once defined my younger years.

As our youth will feel like an irony, a bittersweet



realization that the vibrancy and freedom of our youth
is juxtaposed with the fleeting nature of time,
slipping through our fingers no matter how tightly
we try to hold on.

And at an older age, time will be a paradox, a delicate balance
between the weight of accumulated experiences and the
growing awareness of the preciousness of each
passing moment.

And I will always remain this rhetorical question,
perpetually pondering the meaning of my existence,
seeking purpose and clarity amid the uncertainties of life.

In the grand tapestry of life, what's the meaning of my life?

A question that reverberates within me, pushing me
to explore, to grow, and to uncover



the answer that lies within my own unique journey.

MY THOUGHTS

“What if we could view our lives as intricately crafted sonnets, each verse carefully penned with the complexity and beauty that defines us? Imagine a world where we could perceive the poems that each person embodies - would we approach others with a profound sense of empathy, acknowledging their inherent value beyond the surface flaws and missteps they may have encountered along their journey?

Or, in our own imperfect narratives, would we unintentionally overlook the true essence of those around us, instead focusing on our subjective interpretations that fail to capture the depth of their individual stories?”



[18.11.2023] —Words

“Formless weapons; words really do hurt.
Under the guidance of your tongue trigger,
bullets mixed in with your spit,
and the gun smoke in your raspy voice –
it was all but enough to kill a man's character”

The impact of these words echoed through the chambers
of his soul, leaving scars that ran deep within and could
not easily heal.

Every syllable fired unleashed a barrage of emotions
that tore at his self-esteem and confidence.



The wounds inflicted by your verbal ammunition went beyond the surface, penetrating the very core of his being. They eroded the foundations upon which he had built his identity, leaving him shaken and unsure of himself.

Like a skilled marksman, your manipulative language found its target, striking a blow that reverberated through his thoughts and actions.

The once vibrant spirit he possessed became clouded with doubt, as the weight of your words bore down on him incessantly.

Slowly, they chipped away at his sense of worth, dismantling the pillars of self-belief, he had carefully constructed over the years...



[24.11.2023] — To be human

Sleep is an endless journey, that only the dead
can complete. With each passing day, we yearn for just
a few more moments of blissful unconsciousness,
as time slips through our fingers like ephemeral sand.

Time is the fortune we can never seem to possess enough
of, no matter how hard we try to grasp its elusive nature.

It taunts us with its relentless march forward,
reminding us of our ever-dwindling supply of moments
in which to accomplish all that we desire.

Love, like a vibrant tie-dye pattern, adorns the fabric
of our lives with its myriad of colours and emotions.



It represents the beautiful chaos of human connection,
and the worn-out emotions that come with it.

Faith, like a picture frame, holds the potential for
a final art piece that we hope will be portrayed
in our lives.

It is both a source of guidance and comfort,
serving as a reminder of the greater purpose
and meaning that we strive to find.

However, sin is its spilled ink on paper,
a stain that can never truly be wiped away.

The more we try to cleanse ourselves,
the more stains we are left to see,
a reminder of our inherent flaws and imperfections.



In our quest for rest, time, love, faith, and redemption,
we are constantly reminded of our own humanity.

We are flawed beings, stained by our born sin,
and it is this very imperfection that defines
our shared human experience.

[25.11.2023] — Love; is a question- still no

answer



Tell me what's the difference between
loving you and loving myself,

The answer:

I'd tend to love one of them more,
Though an addiction to myself is really
a lead into self-pleasure, and an addiction
to someone else, is just empty lust.

Tell me what's the difference between
loving you and loving myself,



The answer:

I'd tend to love one of them more,
And I'd probably hate my right hand,
cos my left hand tends to do me better,
but is that the right to cut off who I hate more
in the end; if it's still attached to my being?

Same as loving you;
I'm left with no right to claim that I own you;
but aren't we attached by the hip if your hips had
swayed me into being inside of you?

Tell me what's the difference between
loving you and loving myself,



The answer:

I'd tend to love one of them more

In the emptiness of my eyes, I see a fuller picture,
so, picture me as someone you'd force yourself to like

But what if I seemed like a nice guy in your eyes,
and while they're shut, you pictured me as someone else,
so vile.

Tell me what's the difference between
loving yourself and loving myself?

The answer:

you could die for both of us, but only one would
truly be willing to do both.

[28.11.2023 A] — Dreams

The solid dreams that linger within the depths of
my liquid mind, constantly play tricks on me.

As I navigate through life, my sober thoughts serve as a



constant reminder of the changes I need to make.

However, I can't help but feel trapped by my own
self-imposed limitations.

It is disheartening to admit that I am no better than
my past self, and this realization often breeds a sense
of jealousy towards my own future self.



Still, amidst the tumultuous journey of life, I yearn
for the in-between moments.

These precious intervals allow me to dwell in the space
where I can find solace and tranquility.

It is in these moments that I can piece together the
fragments of my hopes and aspirations,
slowly shaping them into tangible achievements.

Within the shadows of uncertainty, I strive to discover
the delicate balance between ambition and contentment.

In this elusive equilibrium lies the very essence
of peace of mind that I crave.

It is a state of being where I can savour the present,
while working towards a brighter future.

Each step forward becomes a testament to the growth
and progress I am capable of achieving.



Therefore, I remain steadfast on my journey,
knowing that the road ahead may be arduous,
yet driven by the desire to find fulfilment.

I am determined to reach the very core of my
existence, unveiling the true essence of my being.
In the end, it is through this process of self-discovery
and reflection that I hope to weave together the tapestry
of my own dreams.



[28.11.2023 B] — Suffering in Silence

They ask you if you're okay,

"I'm fine"

They ask you how's life treating you

"It's treating me fine"

They ask, how're you coping with everything

"I'm finding my way"

Truth is, you don't need to ask the question to know;

all you have to do is take a second to really

observe what's really happening around you.

It's important to look into my eyes and notice the red

dryness on them, a result of countless nights

filled with tears and the weight of enduring

agonizingly long days.



Despite my struggles, I somehow manage to sew on
fragments of a smile onto my face, hoping to
conceal the pain that engulfs me.

The passing days feel like a monotonous routine,
a continuous treatment for the sickness of
despair that seems to never subside.

It often feels as though I am inching closer
and closer to the edge of my sanity.

Take a closer look at the vacant stares I direct
towards the screens. It is in these LED strobes
that I desperately search for something bright, something
that can bring a glimmer of hope to my life.

But in reality, I am lost, like a ship without
a captain, abandoned by its crew.



So, I find solace in patting my own back, attempting
to propel myself forward even when it seems
impossible to see what lies ahead.

Every day is a struggle, with tomorrow's existence
appearing as a pre-written tale filled with
misery and hardship.

And yesterday always lingers as a heavy burden
on my shoulders, reminding me of the pain I have
endured.

However, despite the overwhelming challenges,
I must somehow find the strength to
keep moving forward.



[28.11.2023 C] — Made of Glass

Sometimes I see a life much clearer than before,
as if it was all made of one dusty mirror.

It's as if the reflections in this mirror have become
more prominent in my present existence.

I've reached a point where I am constantly
evaluating and introspecting, observing the
reflections of my actions and choices.

There were days when it felt like I was walking on
delicate glass, afraid that one
wrong step would shatter everything.

On those days, I would hesitate to take any action,
imprisoned by the fear of causing irreparable damage.

Yet throughout this journey, a lingering



question persists:

“If life were a dream, would it be the dreams we cling
to, never wanting to wake up from them?

Or are we trapped in a perpetual dream that has turned
into a haunting nightmare, one that we fail to recognize?

As I contemplate the nature of dreams, I often wonder
what dreams themselves are truly composed of.
Are they crafted from our delicate memories,
like fragile glass that can easily break?

Or are they more resilient, like stained glass,
pieced together from fragments of our experiences,
reflecting the beautiful and the painful alike,



creating an intricate mosaic of our lives?”

MY THOUGHTS

“ *I have always found the multifaceted nature of glass to be a fascinating and somewhat comical concept. It is astonishing how such a material can fulfill a multitude of functions, yet simultaneously possess a vulnerability that renders it fragile. A tiny, imperceptible crack has the potential to escalate into a catastrophic disaster, mirroring the delicate balance of our own existence as human beings. It serves as a poignant reminder of how easily our perceived strength can be shattered by unforeseen circumstances, akin to the unpredictability inherent in life itself.*”



[29.11.2023 A] — It's a wicked world,
throughout

In the moonlit eyes of time,
a profound and haunting gaze
pierces through, etching a powerful message
deep within the chambers of my heart.



It whispers, resonating with a sense of unwavering
truth, reminding me that no matter how fiercely
I beat my heart, the world around me will
relentlessly test and challenge me.

For amidst the few triumphs I may achieve,



I must be prepared to face a multitude of failures.

The journey towards success is one paved with
stumbling blocks and setbacks, where the weight
of disappointment can overshadow even the
most gratifying accomplishments.

It is a harsh reality that their eyes,
those scrutinizing gazes of others,
won't always regard me with the seriousness
and respect I long for.

Yet, as I strive to be brave and courageous in the face
of adversity, I can't help but acknowledge
the lingering presence of fear.

Like an elusive eye floater, it dances across the



canvas of my troubled mind,
casting subtle doubts and uncertainties.

It's a relentless reminder that even in moments of valour,
the possibility of vulnerability and hesitation remains.

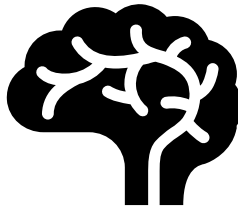
Often, when confronted with such challenges
and insecurities, I find myself yearning to escape,
to be free from the burden of sight and perception.

In those moments, I wish for the veil of blindness
to shield me from the harsh realities of the world,
offering respite from the relentless scrutiny
and fear that accompanies every step.



[29.11.2023 B] — Moments

I constantly have thoughts of you swirling around in my mind, occupying my every waking moment. It's as if I can tap into your thoughts and understand the depths of your mind, as if we share a profound connection.



Our shared history forms the foundation of our relationship, a treasure trove of memories that I find myself getting lost in time and time again.



And yes, sometimes I find myself repeating stories or
sentiments from our past, caught up in the beautiful
nostalgia that our history together brings.

But despite our past, what really matters is the present.

Each precious moment we spend together feels
like a priceless gift that can never truly
be measured or contained.

It's as if time itself expands when we are in each other's
presence, making even the shortest moments
endlessly memorable.

With every passing second, I find myself yearning
for that time to slow down, allowing us to bask in the
sheer beauty of being together.



So, in this timeless place we have created,
I find myself searching for the perfect words to express
the depth of my feelings.

I want to ensure that I capture the essence of this
moment, to convey my love for you in the most precise
and meaningful manner.

Cos, my darling, my love for you is powerful and all-
consuming. It transcends time, intertwines with our
shared past, and creates a love story for eternity.



[29.11.2023 C] — Made of Dreams

These hopeless dreams, which have bound themselves tightly to my thoughts and emotions, still persist, steadfastly refusing to dissipate from the recesses of my mind, even amidst the trials and tribulations of life's journey.

I firmly believe that true dreams, those that are born from the depths of sincerity and passion, possess an indomitable spirit that refuses to succumb to the weariness and hardships of existence.



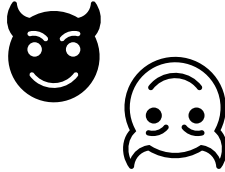
Thus, as long as I draw breath and walk upon this Earth,
my seemingly hopeless dreams shall be the catalyst
for their own resurrection, igniting a spark of hope and
driving me forward in the pursuit of their fulfilment,
no matter the obstacles that stand in my way.



MY THOUGHTS

“*Despite the numerous obstacles that people may throw your way, constant discouragement and doubt can easily take root in your mind, planting seeds of negativity that can hinder your progress. While external forces may try to derail you from pursuing your dreams, it is often our own limiting beliefs and fears that act as the ultimate barrier to success. We must be vigilant in recognizing and overcoming these self-imposed limitations in order to truly reach our full potential. It is crucial to cultivate a mindset of resilience and self-belief, while remaining steadfast in the face of doubt and criticism. By understanding that we are often the ones responsible for sabotaging our own aspirations, we can take control of our destiny and overcome any challenges that come our way. Let us not be the architects of our own downfall, but instead, be the masters of our own destinies, forging ahead with determination and unwavering faith in our abilities to achieve our dreams.*”

[30.11.2023 A] — Red flags



In the realm of sweet dreams and enchanting melodies,
there existed a love that was as divine and pure as an
angel.

However, this love was accompanied by a sense of
secrecy, like a mistress with a broken halo.

As the flashing red lights illuminated the scene, there
was a chorus of affectionate messages, as though they
were singing "**xoxo**".

Yet, deep within the depths of my soul, they should have
been singing an urgent plea for help, an "**SOS**"



that only my eyes could convey.

It is often said that the ones who are quiet are the ones who bear the burden of loneliness, while those who are humble often carry the weight of brokenness.

The brightest smiles often cast the darkest shadows, and the loudest laughter serves as a cover-up for the silence that engulfs their nights.

Sometimes, the individuals who appear to have everything in perfect order are the ones whose lives are slowly crumbling, like a beautiful facade hiding a crumbling foundation, are the lives of people slowly falling apart.



[30.11.2023 B] — Flawed

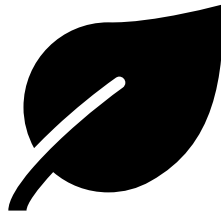
I'd hate to shout to be listened to,
hate to fight everybody for my hurt to be truly felt,
hate to steal the show to show how robbed of life I am.

I'd hate to start a war just to win an argument,
hate to cry all through the night just to smile all day,
hate to put on a face just to face another day.

I'd hate to not thank God when there's
so much to be thankful for, hate to get so
much money if it meant I'd have to be famous,
hate to tell a harsh truth if it meant I'd sound
like a villain.



And I'd hate to tip-toe around death; afraid
to run up to opportunities,
and hate to be hated by so many people, but I
still love them all, as much as I'm in love
with my every flaw.





[01.12.2023] — Dead old story

Your tired eyes, heavy from the weight of exhaustion,
strain to take in the entirety of the scene before you.

It is a testament to your determination and willpower
that you persevere despite the fatigue that threatens to
consume you.

However, there is a danger that lurks within your
relentless pursuit – the danger of pride.

It is a treacherous adversary that can blind you
to the truth and lead to the downfall of us all.

The taste of tears shed in the face of this pride is
not one of mere sorrow but of impending doom.



It is a taste that lingers on your tongue,
a bitter reminder of past mistakes and the
consequences that follow.

Once, you were a figure of strength and influence,
but now you are but a faint silhouette
of what you used to be.

The tears you shed have dried up oceans and carried
away like grains of sand, yet you remain blind
to the consequences of your actions.

There have been whispers that you are devoid
of remorse, your silence speaking louder
than any words could.



From your youth, you have always questioned the
morality of your choices, driven by the fear of
disappointing those you hold dear.

But the words thrown at you, like sticks and stones,
have shattered the very foundation of your being.

Now, your mind feels like a desolate and solitary
home, its walls echoing with loneliness.

Your existence, once vibrant, has turned into a fragile
construct made of flimsy paper that threatens to tear
apart.

In an attempt to reclaim control, you have torn away the
pages of your old story, letting them
crumble and burn into oblivion.



With this symbolic act, you are determined to embark
on a new chapter, one that promises
a better and brighter future.

It is a hopeful desire, a flickering flame that you hold in
your heart, as you set forth into the unknown.

May this new chapter bring the growth, healing,
and redemption you seek.

May it be a story filled with
courage, resilience, and love.



MY THOUGHTS

“ *The old story of your past self, filled with memories and lessons learned, begins to fade away as you eagerly embrace the dawn of a new and promising chapter in your life. It raises a thought-provoking question - what significance lies in a well-crafted narrative if one is hesitant to venture forth into the unknown to experience all the wonders that lie ahead? Sometimes, the reluctance to let go of the past can hinder our progress, preventing us from unlocking the potential of future adventures and growth. In every tale, there are twists and turns, challenges and triumphs, waiting to be uncovered as we march boldly into uncharted territory. Embracing change can lead us to unexpected opportunities and a richer tapestry of experiences that shape our journey. So, as you stand at this crossroads between yesterday and tomorrow, remember that the essence of a fulfilling story lies not only in reminiscing about the past but also in daring to step forward with courage and curiosity into the boundless horizons of the future.*”



“ Take a break from the fast-paced world that constantly bombards you with expectations and standards. Embrace a moment of peace away from the suffocating grip of social media and the superficial facades people portray. Remember, you are not defined by society's perception of success or importance. You are simply a temporary dweller in this chaotic world, waiting for the day when we finally reach the serene paradise. So, allow yourself the gift of stepping back from this tumultuous reality and breathe in the tranquility that comes with disconnecting from the pressures of this frenzied existence.”

**[02.12.2023 A] — What good is the entire
world?**

Moments are all a wrinkle in time,
representing the fleeting nature of our existence
in this materialistic world that we inhabit.



In this transient journey we call life,
all that we feel and experience eventually manifests
itself as the rain showers of its season.



As I pour out most of my words in the form of
yet another poem, I am reminded of the power
of expressive language in capturing the essence
of our emotions.

Amidst the chaos and uncertainty, I find solace in
praying to my God, even when it feels like
no one else is listening.

It is during these moments of communion that
I am reminded of the importance of cherishing the
time I have with the people around me.

The present moment, with all its intricacies,
deserves to be acknowledged and rewarded with
words of wisdom that can leave a lasting impact.



In a world that often values loud voices
and grand gestures, it is crucial to listen
intently to the quieter ones.

Their silence speaks volumes, revealing
depths of wisdom and understanding that go
unnoticed by many.

Additionally, though the pursuit of wealth may
seem appealing and practical, it is important to
acknowledge that in inexperienced hands,
money can become a burdensome
obsession and lead one astray.

Musing on the desire to die rich, I can't help
but acknowledge its superficial appeal –
the thought of shedding tears in a luxurious Mercedes.



However, I am aware that no amount of material
possessions can guarantee one's entry into
the gates of the After Life
True wealth lies in the accumulation of virtuous
deeds and a meaningful connection
with the divine.

[02.12.2023 B] — Suicide butterfly



A delicate butterfly gracefully fluttering its wings,
symbolizing the intricate web of his past suicide
attempts, holds within it the profound power of the
butterfly effect.

As its delicate wings create a subtle ripple, this gentle
creature has the potential to impact the lives of
so many individuals who have intertwined with mine.

The butterfly effect, often unpredictable in nature,
stretches beyond myself, resonating through the vast



tapestry of the people who have crossed paths with me.

Each beat of the butterfly's fragile wings whispers a story of resilience, growth, and survival against the darkness that once consumed me.

Its existence serves as a reminder that even the smallest actions can carry immeasurable weight, rippling outwards, touching the hearts and minds of friends, family, and beyond.

[03.12.2023 A] — Selfish smiles

Anyone, regardless of age, gender, or background,
residing in this vast and diverse world has,
at some point in their life, experienced the
overwhelming weight of feeling less than their true
potential.

A universal sentiment that can send ripples of
self-doubt and insecurity, through the core of one's
being.



In those moments, the act of putting on a brave face
and smiling, for the sake of others can seem
contradictory and even selfish in its nature.



[03.12.2023 B] — Feedback

The ties of time often bind me, pulling me in
and keeping me trapped in a seemingly endless moment.

It feels like I am always entangled, unable to escape.

The weight of negative feedback becomes another knot
in the string, making it even harder to free myself from
its grip.

The struggle intensifies when I realize that I am my own
worst critic, constantly replaying past
mistakes in my mind.

It's a vicious cycle, as I take in the feedback, trying to
understand that it may be coming from a place of love



and concern. However, my own insecurities weave their way into my thoughts, making me believe that it's someone else's voice, someone who constantly walks all over me.

It becomes a battle of self-worth, where past experiences feel like a heavy weight pressing down on me.

I long for the day when I can break free from the ropes of time and negative feedback, and find a way to untangle myself from the insecurities that hold me back.

But until then, I'll keep struggling, searching for the strength and resilience to rise above it all.



MY THOUGHTS

“ *In the past, I often found myself struggling with receiving feedback, as it would often leave me feeling inadequate and demotivated. The mere thought of not meeting expectations or not putting in sufficient effort would trigger deep-seated insecurities within me. However, as time passed, I began to realize the profound significance that feedback holds in shaping my personal growth and progress. It serves as a catalyst, pushing me towards continuous improvement and helping me navigate through life's challenges. Embracing feedback has empowered me to view it not as a critique but as a valuable tool for enhancement. I now understand that feedback is not a measure of my worth or capabilities but rather a stepping stone towards self-improvement and success. In essence, acknowledging and incorporating feedback has become a pivotal part of my journey, propelling me forward on the path of self-discovery and development.* ”



[03.12.2023 C] — Stuck in a cocoon

I'm a moth in a firing line,
who shot his shot with a firefly
I kissed a few butterflies, but the
feeling of love was still a caterpillar

—So, I cocoon my heart, in the hopes
it will one day grow to be beautiful.



[05.12.2023] — Unheard songs

There are numerous enchanting and soul-stirring songs
that I instinctively play in the symphony
of my mind, allowing me to harmonize with the
rhythm of my unwavering faith in the face
of adversities.



However, I occasionally find myself unable to
fully immerse in the melodious chorus of these
internal harmonies, a situation born out
of the constant barrage of clamorous
and discordant noises that permeate the world
we inhabit.



“What will always hold us back is the weight of our past, a burden we struggle to release. It lingers like blood caught in-between teeth, staining every attempt at a carefree smile with the remnants of who we once were. The echoes of our past define our present, leaving us marked by the stories we carry. The challenge lies in confronting these shadows, in finding a way to embrace the scars of our history while still seeking light in the present moment”

[06.12.2023] — Burdensome steps

Some days, when the weight of my guilt from the past feels unbearable, I find myself in a state of stagnation, as if I am trapped in a never-ending cycle of remorse.



It's as though I am constantly retracing my steps, regressing to a time when the shame I feel resonates loudly within me, akin to an incessant, yet strangely addictive, tune that refuses to be silenced.

As I grapple with this overwhelming sense of guilt,



it often feels like my head is being crushed
under the pressure it brings.

I am forced to fight back tears, to restrain myself
from letting them flow, as though I am attempting to
halt a deluge that has been building up
within me for countless years.

It is this profound burden that has hindered
me from moving forward.

It seems insurmountable, stifling any progress,
I wish to make.

Yet, deep down,

I know that I cannot continue to
hold on to this weight any longer.



[07.12.2023 A] — Flame of love

Tiki torches, adorned with the flickering flames of affection and warmth, hold up my heart with such unwavering devotion, as if it were a beacon of love guiding lost souls towards their true destiny.

As these torches flare with ardour, their radiant glow transcends time and space, igniting not only my heart but also, the deepest recesses of your being, sparking a passion within that you never thought existed.

Let our hearts become entwined in this fervent dance of love, burning together in harmony, as the flames intertwine and create an affection that is

both beautiful and intense.



The flames, fueled by the undying love between us,
dance wildly, casting lively shadows upon the walls
of our souls, illuminating the darkest corners
and silencing any doubts or fears that may linger.

So let us stand united amidst the fiery embrace
of these tiki torches, basking in the undying warmth that
they provide, as our love blazes brighter than ever,
knowing that together we are invincible against the
challenges that come our way.



[07.12.2023 B] — First Love

All of the misplaced places can't help but remind
me of the numerous times I have unintentionally
misplaced your name.

Falling in love is often accompanied by a pain almost
as intense as the moments when we have fallen from
grace.

Sometimes, those lovely prayers escape my lips and I
find myself speaking them out loud, expressing my
gratitude and saying grace.

Oddly enough, it feels like I only wash my hands after
indulging in a full meal of thought-provoking ideas, and
this constant cycle can be quite awkward.



*It's like finally understanding a joke late at night and
bursting out into random and loud laughter.*

In the middle of the night, in the comfort of my bed
with only minimal coverings, I can't help but smile like
a fool when the thought of you warms my heart.

Every day spent with you feels like a precious
possession, cherished and held close.

Love always seems to bring about amusement;
I find myself constantly laughing at my own
silly actions and thoughts.



We have all experienced the intoxicating feeling of our
first love, sipping on the innocent and pure
smiles it brings.

But of course, you have a way of shaking me up until
the ingredients of love become a disaster,
causing my heart to shatter like ice cubes.

My tears for you are like thick syrup,
concentrated with the depth of my emotions.

I hope that in some way, my love can be
tasted and understood.



[08.12.2023] — Unanswered prayers

I used to wish I could just die peacefully in my sleep,
to never wake up and remain a distant and elusive
memory within the depths of my last sweetest dream.

It's as if life has imprinted a tattoo on the fragile skin of
time, a constant reminder of our
vulnerability and mortality.

We go through life, hiding our emotions, but wearing
our hearts on our sleeves, exposing our
feelings to the world.

Yet, as time goes on, it feels like we have nothing more
to offer, like we're running on empty,



with only a fraction of a second left to divide ourselves
and alleviate the burdens of those around us.

In the end, I yearn to be more than just a passing rumor,
a folklore about my own existence, told in hushed
whispers on these less-than-pleasant streets.

In those moments of desperation, I would cry to God
begging for release and to be set free
from the shackles of life.

Yet, even in my plea for peace,
I understood that deep down,
I still hold onto a piece of myself, grasping onto
that last breath of relief.

But maybe, just maybe, I should be grateful that the

Lord doesn't grant us everything we think we need.
Perhaps there is a reason behind the struggles and
hardships we face, a purpose that we can't fully
comprehend at the moment.

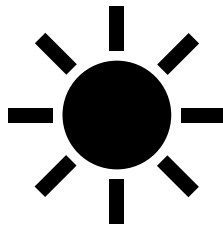


PRAY

[09.12.2023] — Another day, another dream

I fervently desire and long for the
realization and fulfilment of each and every
cherished aspiration and yearning that resides
within the depths of our souls.

May these dreams seamlessly intertwine,
forming an intricate and unbreakable tapestry,
where each thread represents an
imminent and forthcoming triumph.





Let every sunrise greet us with a renewed sense of
hope and wonder, for in this perpetual web of dreams,
every passing day shall be etched permanently
into the annals of our memories, leaving
an indelible mark upon our hearts.

[10.12.2023] — Dew tears



Tears taste of dew as I'm overdue to cry.
The salty droplets that fall from my eyes
possess a subtle sweetness, reminiscent of
the morning dew that glistens on blades of grass.

They are a bittersweet reminder of the emotions
that I have suppressed for far too long.

Still in due time, I see myself as a cracked mirror
of self-reflection, reflecting the fractured pieces
of my identity within the glassy depths
of people's eyes.



Each interaction with others serves as a reflection
of who I am, a distorted image that is
both illuminating and disconcerting.
Their gazes hold shards of my own
insecurities, reflecting back at me with
a haunting familiarity.



[11.12.2023] — Nature's song

A morning call; whistling silhouettes
of a morning shadow
A first sun, and its child, dawn
—a new beginning of the young.

In nature's garden, a rose planted on a
small patch of dirt in the middle
of a pond.

A war of sounds
as an army of frog's croak
As the one in charge jumps into the
pond— an army is then lost.



And in the tiny skips of water drops
dancing with sunrays that touched
it's surface, every light soon finds
its purpose.

I hope I find mine too!



From the following of fowls
after the winter's call of cold,
Westwards
-a southern song of nature's
hymns & tongues.

All that He has created, sings hallelujah.



[12.12.2023] — I'm doing great?

How is my mental state,

"Oh, not so great"

Did you think about suicide today,

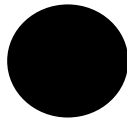
"Yeah; it's basically everyday"

Words cut me to explain this pain,

that's why I have a bloody tongue

Just another full stop;

round the corner of a fool's stop.





[13.12.2023] — I died before

Surrounding backgrounds

backdrops into that empty glass of my eyes,

some nights I don't like to be this guy

A person with this constant question,

"why God, why God, why"

Why does my despair feel like the happiness of another,

as I murder my eyes, viewing how much I kill the time

"why oh why, don't I ever do enough"

No, my child, you've lost count of all you've done,

but you misspelled yourself dear child:

I told you've done enough on your march, but you've



heard, "you've haven't done enough on you doing too
much"

God, I know I'm a sinner, addicted to my old ways,
praying these empty prayers, with my pre-planned
conclusions in my head.

No wonder I believed you never heard any of my
prayers, and constantly felt like you forgot about me in
the end.

But in the depths of my oblivion, I carelessly overlooked
your presence, failing to acknowledge your existence in
my chaotic world.



For a fleeting moment, I allowed myself to indulge in
hedonistic pleasures, unaware of the consequences that
awaited me.

As I held my breath in anticipation, I slowly withered
away, metaphorically dying inside.

My eyes became the breeding ground for decay,
bearing witness to the repulsive actions and choices
I made, tarnishing the memories, we once shared.

Ignoring the warning signs,
I carelessly pursued fleeting moments
of gratification, disregarding the value of
true fulfilment in my pursuit of pleasure.



Forgive me, **PLEASE** forgive me!





[14.12.2023 A] — Love is sometimes a dream

Burning bodies to the call; yearning passions
that ignite the depths of my being,
my flesh itches with an insatiable desire,
being bitten by a smitten love bug that
consumes my every thought and every breath.

The intensity of this feeling surpasses any other, and
perhaps that's why I wrote this out of nostalgia,
because I've only truly experienced this
all-consuming love once in my life.

I hate that I'm out here buying flings and constantly
seeking solace in empty encounters that offer

nothing but temporary gratification.



It's disheartening to find myself investing in illusions
and buying into dreams that never materialize into
the deep, meaningful connection I yearn for.

Yet, despite my frustrations, there remains a glimmer
of hope within, a flickering flame that
refuses to be extinguished.

I know that true love exists, and I believe that
someday, I will find it.

Until then, I'll continue to navigate



through the darkness, guided by the lessons
learned from my past experiences.



[14.12.2023 B] — Still searching, old friend

The blood, thick and crimson, running in my eyes,
feels like a relentless river pushing against closed
floodgates, refusing to flow freely.

It creates a visual cacophony, like a chaotic traffic jam,
causing a sense of immobility and stagnation.

Perhaps, in my eagerness, I had rushed myself
into the idea of falling in love, failing to give
it the time and consideration it deserved.

The winter road to my heart is a treacherous
path, covered in a slippery layer of ice.

With each step, I must tread carefully, avoiding any



metaphorical potholes that could cause me to stumble
and fall into an even deeper, more profound
hole of pain and heartbreak.

It is a constant battle of self-protection
and self-preservation.

The journey of my eyes is an incessant search
for something meaningful, a longing that accompanies
me on this emotional route of sometimes
engaging in the most desperate and unhealthy of
behaviours. I have grown weary of being love sick,
and yearn for a cure that lies within the solace of a
solitary existence.

Time, like grinding gears, feels cumbersome and



burdensome as I navigate through life.

There are moments when I am forced to wear a mask,
forcing a smile to conceal the turmoil within.

Other times, I must fabricate experiences and emotions
just to gain another reason to flash that synthetic smile.

Love, in all its complexity, can be traversed like a mile,
but it seems that we always fall short when it comes to
finding the right words to express its true essence.

Ironically, the one who lacks the ability to eloquently
communicate with the opposite sex often possesses
the keys to success in matters of the heart.

They hold the secret to winning, subtly displaying
their authentic self without revealing their



true intentions and game.

In the end, amidst all the contemplation and reflection,

I find myself wondering if I speak of my own
experiences or if I am inadvertently describing the
shared experiences of both you and me,
my old friend.

[15.12.2023] — Full moon craze



Under the full moon's luminous glow,
I found myself among a curious mix of
individuals, some might deem eccentric or

"Loonies,"

While in the background, the haunting cries
of wolves echoed through the night.

It was as if the boundaries of sanity had become
loose, allowing the lunatics to roam freely,
running amok within the confines of my



own mind's lunar eclipse.

As I paced back and forth,

feeling the weight of the night bearing down
upon me, each step accompanied by heavy panting,
it seemed as if my thoughts were nothing more than
thick clouds covering the once radiant moon.

They hung in the air like grey smoke,
obscuring any clarity or peace of mind I sought.

In the midst of this restlessness,
the night itself seemed to have a symphony of sound,
orchestrated by the incessant chirping of crickets.
Yet, strangely enough, there was an underlying hush,
a perfect silence that embraced my senses.

It was in this stillness that my eyes fixated on an



open window, a framed image capturing the contrast of
a white and black horse.

Symbolic of life and death,
it served as a poignant reminder of the
duality of existence.

Dancing ever so closely to the brink of sleep,
I found myself in the throes of anxiety,
caught between wakefulness and surrender to the night.
Once an insomniac plagued by restless nights,
I had become intimately familiar with the middle ground
between consciousness and the sweet embrace of
slumber.



[17.12.2023] —Dear old friend, dear old me

The emptiness that accompanies your absence is
a constant ache deep within my being.

Each passing day feels like a melancholic melody from
the 90's, evoking nostalgia that I find
impossible to resist.

I find solace in immersing myself in the memory of you,
even if it means being confined within
the walls of my room.



I lit a candle for you, but I was suddenly bit
by the taste of speaking about you.

It was during those nights; raining cats & dogs,

I was stuck chasing my own tail;
chasing all of those biting highs of my past.

Tell me how much longer would I have to

chase money all day,

before my nights start to fill up with

these ungrateful prayers.

I am plagued by the exhausting pursuit of



financial stability,
constantly chasing after money throughout the day.

I yearn for a day when my nights are no
longer filled with stressful prayers,
beseeching for a reprieve from the perpetual
cycle of monetary pursuit.

My perspective plays the base in my mind,
all the shaking sounds of bleeding bass.
I've been blind as those in love, seeing
red flags as just a pink blush.
But I have a white flag around my heart,
trying to beat everything up until I find peace.
Even if my state of mind does not align
with your expectations,



I implore you to tear me apart if necessary.

As a seemingly ordinary individual
burdened by intricate and intricate problems,
life can be profoundly draining.

I have endured enough moments of suffocation,
feeling my words become stifled in the haze of
expressing ambiguous thoughts, resulting in
my throat feeling like an exhaust pipe.

Amidst the perplexity that engulfs those around me,
my eyes have served as guiding beacons,
piercing through the fog of confusion.

If I were to confess that I have grown weary of
manipulating and distorting others' ideas,
I fear you may hold disdain towards me.



Nevertheless, we have always found amusement
in each other's company, and I believe we would derive
immense joy from laughing together,
despite the circumstances.

However, I cannot help but wonder when it will be my
turn to no longer bear the burden of being the
sole source of laughter for others.

Not a single day passes without my heart yearning for
your presence, dear old friend, dear old me.

[18.12.2023] — Growth

These are the running fingers in a thrust,
accomplishing tasks swiftly and with purpose.
As I fiddle around, playing gently and skillfully on the
strings of time, my actions resonate like a beautiful
symphony on the instrument of life,
breathing melody into existence.

As to be a taste of a mint, would I dare to
savour the refreshing essence of the leaf?



Every precious moment holds the potential for



brilliance, akin to the lustrous gleam of gold.

However, I often find myself grappling with a dryness in
my soul, like a cottonmouth thirsting for nourishment.
At a closer glance, I am always seen nervously licking
my parched lips, haunted by the scars left
behind by past experiences.

My broken bones, once a physical representation of
pain and struggle, now act as a protective shield
around my vulnerable heart.

They form a visible prison within my fragile rib cage,
a constant reminder of the many hurts
I have endured throughout my journey.
Each hurt has served as a valuable lesson,



imparting wisdom to my heart and transforming my
mind into a repository of sage-like insights.

In this war waged within myself, I have paid the heavy
toll of irresponsibility,
facing the consequences of my actions.

With a renewed sense of purpose, I have made the
conscious decision to bury my former self,
like a seed planted deep within the ground.

From this darkness,
I am determined to rise and blossom,
shedding the mask of pain and embracing growth.





Just as a mustard tree emerges from humble beginnings,
I am breaking free from the shackles of insignificance.
I am determined to grow beyond my old careless ways,
nourished by the very experiences that once made
me feel small and inconsequential.

With each passing day,
I am inching closer to discovering
my true potential and embracing
a life that is rich with meaning and purpose.

[19.12.2023 A] —Battered & Bruised



You swung your love at me
but I never did once bat an eye
It's the tolerance of people who drank
so much; it feels so hard to be drunk in love.

But I've been so high lately on my thoughts,
I sometimes forget I'm afraid of heights
As the peace and quiet of being an introvert,
becomes this loud echo of people asking,
"why don't you talk"

Sorry, I'm still in a process of searching,



and maybe I'm also searching for words
By the curtain call, where I tend to hide
myself as soon as that curtain falls
As where I've come from before, isn't
the same place I truly hope to go.

The journey of life, is a road made up of snow,
though it doesn't snow where I'm from,
So perhaps I've spent most of my life
tripping over myself on people's
negative words.

The lesson in this, is to always pick
yourself up each time you fall.



[19.12.2023 B] —Dreams like Mountain tops

On the majestic peaks of the mountains,
where the celestial clouds
intertwine with the essence of nature,
lies the ethereal realm of our hopes and dreams.

Amidst the mystical mist that veils our fears,
we find ourselves amidst the tumultuous winds
of change, a shared experience that unites us all.

As we traverse the vast expanse of life, the resounding
echoes of our youth reverberate like a thunderous roar,
reminding us that we possess an indomitable
voice that yearns to be heard.



Emotions cascade like a river of tears, encompassing the
spectrum of joy, sadness, anger, and
countless other profound sentiments.



And yet, amidst this whirlwind of emotions,
there remains an unyielding determination to overcome
adversity and scale the towering hills
that obstruct our path.

For it is through these trials and tribulations that
we acquire the knowledge and resilience needed
to conquer the formidable mountains that loom in the
distance.



“ Butterflies are truly beautiful and magnificent creatures that can truly inspire awe with their vibrant colors and delicate wings. They serve as a remarkable example of the incredible process of transformation in nature, symbolizing growth, change, and beauty.”



[22.12.2023] — Out of the Cocoon

I am, a butterfly,
—a symbol of hope anew.
Not just an insect, but a creature
that will find transformation,
As the whispers of the future,
are held within my formation.

Within my cocoon, a living archive is kept,
Stories and memories, safeguarded and well-kept.
Truly I've gained a vessel of knowledge,
preserving time's essence,
As my fragile wings, hold history's presence.

My childlike spirit, is forever yearning to grow,



To transcend its state, and all the wisdom to bestow.
My dreams are carried upon my magnificent wings,
Freedom to soar, explore, and all that it brings.

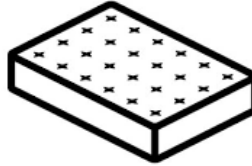
A symbol of liberation, power of aspirations,
Beauty unparalleled, captivating all sensations.
A reminder that even the smallest can possess,
An extraordinary spirit, boundless potential to impress.

Thus, this butterfly remains, a symbol of hope,
Transformation, and potential to help us all to cope.
With grace and beauty, it teaches us to believe,
In ourselves, our dreams, and all we can achieve.

We are butterflies, all hoping to one day to soar.



[23.12.2023] —Defined by a mattress



I flip conversations with people like a mattress,
just an excuse to put a lot of arguments to rest.

As if time isn't good enough for me to miss,
I'll set my targets on doing something better another
time, to come back to the previous line's rhyme, —
Just to prove I haven't fallen asleep, as I digress.

Still with all due respect, respect for a lot of things
seems a bit late, when all the clocks are put to death;
while we're all killing most of the time. But I should



bag a couple more seconds, to add to the restlessness
under the bags of my eyes.

I'm always so less inspired, when I actually have
something sensible to write, —

To then choose to write more when I'm round
the corner of Writer's block,
breaking down every block of thoughts in
my Tetris mind.

But seriously, what was the point of this in the first
place anyways, — right about some random mattress.
A mattress sort of represents me trying to stay soft with
my words, but being firm with their initial cause.

And somewhere in between this prose, I'm supposed to
quote how you shouldn't be sleeping on my words.



That's an easy cliché, a cliché to me, of waking up to an
ugly day from a long beauty rest.

Sorry I meant to say ironic; and it's sort of comic.

Not the one that makes you laugh, but the material
magazine you flip over like the start of my random
mattress.

And just like that, how I start most of
the things in my life,
is how it ends, and starts again.

So, I guess for flips sake, I'm back to flipping
the mattress again, and again...



[24.12.2023] —Every dog has it's day

When the nameless man comes knocking at my door, to
sell me dreams, I hope I'm not too busy spending my
money on sleeping drugs at the corner store. God may
misjudge me for saying prayers in such a poor taste, —
but would he still feed me the mercy, of knowing I never
really had the taste of freedom?

I never meant to distance myself from any reasoning.
But I'm always the forgetful one; putting everything of
everyone first in my plans, —
I must have forgotten about myself again,
along with what it meant to be Christian
I sang songs with the dogs,
to worship any hand that fed me



well, enough, to become so reliant on every man.
I slept with every shadow that came with the promise
of any brighter day.

But it's just an old tale for another yesterday,
that I'm chasing like a relentless dog, — And by the
bones in my closet, those skeletons look to be nothing
more than the many meals I'd feast on.



But every dog has its day, and if all dogs do go to
Heaven, I must be a dog at the end of its breath,
hoping its maker does hear its barking prayer.



[01.01.2024] — By the pond, searching for
answers

I wish time was as easy as skipping rocks over a pond.

It would be wonderful if, with a skip, I could
effortlessly transport myself to the other side
of that looming idea, finding the promise of the
future waiting for me there.

As I take each step,
I envision them as stepping stones,
guiding me towards my goals and ambitions,
hoping I won't encounter another heart-breaking

moment that brings tears to my eyes.



The serene green scenery that surrounds
me serves as a reminder that my soul is still
burdened with the stains of past mistakes.
Yet, despite the passing of time, I find myself
at a loss for words, unable to utter another
empty prayer while feeling a lump in my throat,
like a frog is trapped within.



[03.01.2024] — Addicted to a hole

In the realm of my chamber,
where the walls stand tall and proud,
a crack resides, a testament to the passage of time.

Each morn I awaken to its presence, my gaze
instinctively drawn to its jagged lines, as if it holds a
secret waiting to be unraveled.

Curiosity blooms in my chest, like an ephemeral
flower, its petals seeking to understand the start
and end of this enigmatic fracture.

Yet, despite my relentless pondering, its origin remains
shrouded in ambiguity, evading the grasp
of my eager mind.



Venturing beyond the boundaries of my chamber,
I traverse the intricate labyrinth of rooms that exist
in this grand tapestry of my abode.

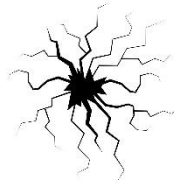
And lo and behold, that very crack that has captivated
my attention seems to follow me, lurking in the hidden
corners and unassuming intersections.

Its presence, though subtle, is undeniable,
an unspoken confidant
whispering ancient stories and untold secrets.

Returning to the sanctuary of my own haven,
I find the crack more defined than ever, etched into the
walls like a mark of permanence.

Unyielding, unchanging, it stands as a constant
reminder of its presence within the depths of my
consciousness.

Oh, how I've longed to mend it, to bridge the gaping
divide and restore harmony to the once-seamless surface.
I've tirelessly searched for the perfect mortar and the
right tools, but alas, it persists, taunting me like a
mischievous specter, forever out of reach.



This crack, with its resilient nature, seems to possess
a life of its own, defying all attempts at erasure.
It has become a fixture of my sight,
a permanent resident in my waking hours and
a steadfast companion throughout the moments
between dusk and dawn.



But, dear listener, let me share with you a truth that lies
dormant within the depths of my soul,
hidden beneath the dusty
layers of reality. This crack, you see,
is not what it appears to be.

It exists not in the physical walls that surround me,
but within the intangible realm of dreams.
It is a fracture of thoughts, a crevice in my mind that
transcends the confines of the tangible world.

This crack, oh, how much it speaks of the human
experience, the complexities and contradictions that
shape our very essence.



It is the crack that embodies the intangibility of our
emotions, the fractures that define our individual
journeys.

So, as I gaze upon this crack, ever-present and
unwavering, I find solace in
its inexplicable existence.

“ I truly wish that my ability to convey my love
extends far beyond the limitations of words, as I
hope to effectively express the depth of my feelings through
actions and gestures that truly reflect the love in my heart.”



[09.01.2024] —An expression of Love

Every once in a while, it becomes clear to me
that I've been walking a mile with a horse by my side.

A symbolic journey, with my pockets filled with
Trojans. Perhaps prepared to protect myself
and take risks in my love life.

At times, I might have felt confident and ready
for excitement a couple of nights before, attempting to
shake things up and still maintain the stability
of my love affairs.

A delicate balance, like walking a
tightrope between passion and commitment.

There is a cause for concern underlying my seemingly



carefree facade; pretending to own my emotions and
express them through words, yet I owe so much to truly
convey how I feel.

It leaves me quietly standing with a muted passion, akin
to a jacaranda tree with its purple blossoms.
I am trying to defy time itself, hoping that
my thoughts won't easily be
blown away like your hair caught in the wind.

It's not in my nature to capture every moment with a
camera, constantly immortalizing you in photographs.

There's an underlying insecurity within me,
wondering if any of those snapshots would truly
capture the essence of our connection.

Yet, deep down,
I yearn for everything to work out in the end.
Even if we may appear to have vacancy eyes,
who's to say that we'll see it all working
out until the very end?



Perhaps, when I say **"I love you,"**
it feels easier when I say it
as if I'm expressing my feelings to a dear friend.
When I profess to **"always protect you,"**
it is reminiscent of
how I would watch over a little sister,
ensuring their safety and well-being.
When I claim **"I can't live without you,"**



I compare you to my bed, a place
where I find comfort and solace.

In this comparison,

I acknowledge that if I were to lose you,
there would always be another place for me
to rest my heart.

Despite my attempts at navigating

love and relationships,

I find myself entangled in my own mess.

It's a mess that I continue to explore,
experimenting with different connections
and learning more about myself
through my interactions with all others.



[11.01.2024] —I fear for our youth

When we were young, sipping on cherry lip kisses,
with a blush of your tears in the afternoon
Simplistic conversation between as two, to seem
casual around your friends. Worshiping our music
on these random rock playlists, while I spoke of your
name, as if it were Queen, — giving you a reason to rule.
Bathroom stains of blood dripping down the black drain,
concrete smiles, drinking chlorine out of broken glasses
Cutting at our smiles; marking each other with bites
on our necks.

Boys with ripped jeans by their pockets; we couldn't
carry a lot of our dreams. Camouflage wallets filled
with an army of our last coins just



to cover a ride back home.

Living on a small income, hoping for a good outcome,
and to not baby the night for each other without cum.

But every girl is smiling for a money shot, knowing they
could never afford a real facial.

And the boys trying to protect
desires, unfortunately learning how to
wear condoms watching porn.

I still remember when I drove ahead of the road,
just to get some head.

Blowing away my brain with a few lines of blow.
Trying to find my dreams with a bottle full of sleeping
pills, resting my worries on a torn-out mattress, in a city
with no area code. I didn't have much people to call on,



whenever my bipolar started to show; when you sold
yourself short on your happiness on
some cheap night thrills.

Sunday blues became the sobering messages while
you're hungover, burning on a bush that never seems to
burn over.



Never owning a bark to the trees we've smoked, —
still, I remember the good stuff could
be bought for just a buck.



Still trying your luck at popping a girl's box like
popcorn; hoping we can make a movie with the snack.

Still if I even had the skill to blow out her back, my
attachment issues will always have me coming back.

I could never apologize for my youth, till I die young.

But as my eyes live till forever, being forever young

would be a death sentence to me.

Serving time on the words we all loved

to say of that stupid quote: "**you only live once**"

...yeah right!



MY THOUGHTS

“*I truly do feel a deep sense of concern for today's youth, as I observe that they appear to be navigating through life with even greater uncertainty and confusion than I ever experienced during my own formative years. It is evident to me that the challenges facing young people today are manifold, ranging from societal pressures to technological advancements that shape their worldview in ways that were unimaginable in my youth. As I reflect on the plight of the younger generation, I cannot help but worry about the impact of these complexities on their well-being and sense of direction. The struggles they face, whether internal or external, seem to be intensified by the fast-paced nature of modern life, leaving many feeling adrift and searching for meaning in a world that can often feel overwhelming and isolating. In this era of rapid change and constant connectivity, it is imperative that we offer our support and guidance to the youth, helping them navigate the turbulent waters of adolescence with empathy, understanding,*



*and a steadfast belief in their potential to overcome the challenges
that lie ahead.”*



[18.01.2024] — I.O.U

I or you; is the question to ask
of who will die first for who,

I owe you; an explanation
of why I can't say the three important words
to give an account towards my wicked heart,

I O U; the three important vowels
to make up that heavy weighted phrase:

“I love you.”



[19.01.2024] —No voice

If growing more successful
and earning more money,
means losing your roots...
please don't plant me in a
pot filled with riches.

If being famous means
losing your soul...
please don't let me
walk around with fame.

If being a leader of many
means I start to become
corrupt... please don't



put me in charge of a nation.

And if being heard means

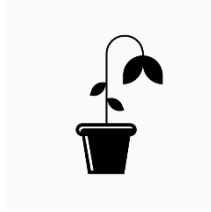
harshly silencing those

around me,

please don't let me have a...



[20.01.2024] —Dead flowers



As the gentle breeze swept by,
the delicate petals wilted fast,
their vibrant colours fading away
in an ephemeral dance.

Lost in its ethereal embrace,
they were carried far away,
their beauty disappearing,
immersing me in a swirling
vortex of nostalgic memories.



[21.01.2024] —The sweet Divine

I never heard much of love playing in my ear;
as I've never heard David's secret chord to the Lord.

The melodies of affection and adoration never
caressed my ears or resonated within my soul.

The sweet symphony of love's harmonies, like the
ethereal hymns sung by angels, were foreign to my
senses.

Sitting beneath the orange hues of a radiant sunset,

I found solace under the sheltering
branches of an orange tree.

The soft caress of its delicate leaves brushed against
my cheeks, a gentle reminder of nature's embrace.

It felt as if love itself had taken a bite into the



core of my being, leaving me intoxicated with its
sweetness.

With every gulp of life,
it filled me with an abundance
of emotions, leaving me speechless in its presence.

As I peeled away the layers of my pride,
surrendering to the vulnerability of love,
it felt as if my very skin was shedding,
revealing the raw essence of my soul.

Like the strings of a guitar that linger
in your mouth after a heartfelt melody,
love entangled my words, weaving
an intricate web of emotions that
silenced me in its grasp.



The profundity of love was a force that rendered me
speechless, for words seemed insufficient to
express its depth and magnitude.

Yet, from above, a divine intervention occurred,
painting the sky with a vivid tapestry of orange hues.
It was a visual feast, a breath-taking experience to
witness the perfect alignment of colours and light.

Floating amidst the vastness of the heavens,
this celestial swirl of orange
was a testament to the magnitude of love,
a display of its boundless beauty.

Within the ever-rotating circle of this enchanting
spectacle, I discovered an unparalleled love.
An elusive concept in this imperfect world,

true and perfect love revealed itself to me.



It was a love beyond human comprehension,
a love that transcended all notions of imperfection.

This divine love, the love of God,
illuminated my path and transformed my
perception of what love could truly be.



[25.01.2024 A] —The night holds its secrets

The night employs its workers after eight,
creating an atmosphere where individuals seek
to escape their mundane routines and indulge in a
thrilling experience.

For one man, this nocturnal venture is
an attempt to buy time, to savour each moment of
a good time and escape the pressures of daily life.

Intentionally avoiding personal connections,
he finds solace in the nameless encounters shared
throughout the night—
a world where the unknown pasts
of both parties remain shrouded,



not wanting to delve into the parts of each other
that we prefer to keep hidden.

Within the night's enchanting embrace,
there is a woman who possesses innocence
and curiosity, although her legs
bear the weight of experiences accumulated.

She possesses the wisdom gained through countless
encounters, manifesting in the act of lighting
a cigarette after moments of intimacy,
letting the smoke billow upward to silently
erase the tales of the night.

Her actions portray a yearning for
something more, as she continuously summons



another night, effortlessly
dialing for the next thrilling adventure.



Yet, as we reflect upon the distinction between a mere
night out and genuine love, we realize the striking
similarities between the two.

Both demand a significant investment of our
time, resources, and emotions.

We willingly pour ourselves into each pursuit, striving
To stay entertained and maintain appearances.
The other hand is an ongoing exchange,



where we pay to experience the thrill of a secret night,
concealing our desires behind closed doors
and hidden rendezvous.

In this clandestine world,
we navigate the blurred boundaries
between escapism and genuine connection.

The night becomes an arena for fleeting passions
and borrowed moments of exhilaration,
a space where we can momentarily indulge
our desires and find solace in the darkness.

As we surrender ourselves to the allure of the night,
we gradually become entangled in a web
of undisclosed experiences, trading



our time and resources for the
secrets that unravel after dusk.



[25.01.2024 B] —Sinners

Even as time passes, our tendency to treat guilt and
sin of others as inferior to our own remains
ingrained, echoing a timeless narrative.

In the depths of our psyche, we deceive ourselves
into believing that we stand above those
whom we label as the most egregious transgressors.

However, it is worth reminding you,
as the night descends upon us,
that we too, are not exempt from the ubiquitous
human condition of sinfulness;
a truth often overlooked in
our self-righteousness.



[26.01.2024] —Legacy

Family will disappoint you when you least expect it,
money will often fail you, slipping through
your fingers just when you need it the most.

Successes, no matter how plentiful,
will inevitably run dry,
time, a merciless force, will never be on
your side, slipping away faster than
you can grasp it.



However, your dreams will stand as
an unwavering companion,



that greets you each morning
and accompanies you as you sleep.

And even in death, your dreams will continue
to live on in the hearts and minds of others,
becoming a part of your legacy.
—a lasting testament to your indomitable spirit
and the mark you have left behind.



[27.01.2024] —Untitled Peregrination

There lies a straight and narrow life,
visioned in my crooked eyes, as I dream of a thought,
but never thought much of the dream.

It's a constant struggle to grasp the concept of
common sense, trying to make sense of the
world around me.

Sometimes though,
I feel the need to find a few commas, not only
to improve the flow of my writing but also
to make a little more
of the common cents,
to bring more financial stability and
understanding around me.



I cannot; would not, still I can knot the lies on a
twisted tongue, but I've come to realize that like wood,
which doesn't break as easily within a knot,
I too have my own strength amidst the tangled
web of dishonesty.

A reminder that we all have the power to resist
falsehoods and maintain our integrity.

Amidst the chaos and uncertainty,
I still hold onto my thoughts of the present,
cherishing it as gift
in the moment and treasuring the lessons
and experiences that shaped me.

I understand that these present moments are
the building blocks for my future.

Each choice and action I take



today has a ripple effect on what lies ahead of me.

In this fleeting existence, we are faced with
two paths — either we cautiously tread on thin ice,
carefully navigating the dangers
and risks, or we seize the opportunity
and run as quickly as we
can towards our goals.

Regardless of which path we choose,
we must always remain
cautious. Life is fragile and transient,
and ultimately leads
us to the inevitable destination of death.

Try your best to enjoy all that you have in the moment.



I strive to maintain balance, embracing the straight and narrow, in the complexity and uniqueness within my own perspective.

Like tranquil waters patiently awaiting the refreshing touch of rain, it is wiser for me not to resist the natural order of the world; instead, I rely on my God to serve as my powerful weapon

“ Be grateful for the challenges you’ve overcome during your journey, as they have brought you this far and shaped you into the resilient person you are today.”



[02.02.2024] —Poet's pen

Let a pen run dry from its creative ink,
perhaps taking more time to carefully craft your words
before they escape your lips.

Put a great deal of thought into the ideas
and sentiments you wish to convey,
and make a conscious effort to ponder them first.

A fervent prayer, a quiet yet powerful plea
to the Heavens.

The only instance where my luck seems to
dwindle is when I lose sight of the reasons
that make life worth living.

There are countless motivations in the
beauty of the world we inhabit.



Yet, there are also a few additional motives
that threaten to dismantle everything
I have at hand- so I genuinely accept the
small blessings surrounding me.

This pivotal point, like the tip of a mountain,
signifies a breakthrough.

It is a pinnacle where the essence of knowledge
and wisdom cascades down, those below me.

A poet wielding his pen,
which acts as both a tool and a paintbrush,
becomes a beacon of insight,
passing on his thoughts and
teachings to the young minds who thirst
for understanding.



In the darkness, I perceive darkness itself
in an intensified manner.

It may not be aesthetically pleasing,
but it reveals how blackness can
be regarded as an art form and as an inherent
part of our identities.

For a poet, the pen functions as a paintbrush,
defly illustrating the poet's every word
on the canvas of existence.

In doing so,
it possesses the ability to dazzle
and even temporarily blind the reader.



Therefore, I encourage you to truly listen,
absorbing the intricate strokes of the writer's creation,
or else risk overlooking their message.

My sole purpose is to convey the truth,
presenting the unfiltered facts.

So, do not mistake my intentions
when I articulate it before you.

If the truth is something you cannot
handle or accept, then perhaps it was
never meant for you to encounter.

This symbiotic relationship between a
pen and a poet necessitates a deep understanding.
The poet, after pouring their heart and soul onto the
page, must now wipe the ink from their fingertips,



a physical reminder of the emotional strain endured
in the process.





[06.02.2024] —Prayer

Father God,

I come before you, seeking your guidance and wisdom.

As I find myself in your presence, I am reminded of the
importance of faith in moving mountains.

I ask that you help me resist the temptations and
distractions of the world, so that my focus
remains on you and your Word.

May your truth flow through me,
like a living poem, inspiring and touching
the lives of those around me.

Let the promises you have set in my destiny become
clear to those who witness my journey.



Lead me down the righteous path that you have chosen
for me, guiding my every step.

Help me discipline my heart, aligning my spirit
with the chords of your love.

I desire to be a beautiful song,
a symphony of your Son, bringing light
and hope to a world in need.

May the words that come from my lips be
filled with blessings and grace,
and may my actions reflect genuine love and gratitude.

I offer you the fruits of my labour, knowing that
everything I have comes from you.



Thank you for the strength you have given me to
accomplish all that I do.



As I lay my head to rest,
I pray that my dreams are filled with
the sweetness of your love.
May they shine as bright as the stars, and may
my successes during the day align with your
righteousness. You are my first and my last,
my guide for the future, teacher in the present,
and forgiver of my past.
I bring this day before you,



acknowledging that every aspect, whether
good, bad, or moderate, is a gift from you.

Thank you, Lord,

for everything.

In Jesus' name, I pray,

Amen.

“ There is an enriching experience in unraveling the
layers of wisdom and emotion that a well-crafted
narrative offers, allowing us to gain valuable insights and
perspectives from the artistry of storytelling.”



[11.02.2024] —The Cry: A poetic story

“Why do you cry so much?” I asked her gently, my curiosity piqued as she lay there on the bed. She turned to me, a gentle smile on her lips, and replied, "because I'm truly an empathetic soul, feeling the weight of the world's emotions in my core."

I listened intently, but there were still lingering questions in my mind. So, I probed further, wanting to understand the depths of her emotions. "Why do you shed tears when you are overwhelmed with joy?" I inquired. With a serene expression, she explained, "My heart swells with such immense happiness that it spills over, causing tears to flow like a river. It's my body's way of expressing the overwhelming beauty of the moment."



As her words resonated with me, I couldn't help but feel a newfound appreciation for her sensitivity. "And what about when anger consumes you?" I asked gently, eager to understand her experience. She paused for a moment, her eyes reflecting a simmering storm within. "When anger engulfs me, it's as if a fire blazes within my chest, scorching everything in its path. The tears help extinguish that flame, soothing my tumultuous soul and bringing me back to a place of calm."

Her response struck a chord within me, and I marveled at the poetic way she described her emotional journey. "It's fascinating how your tears act as a calming balm," I

murmured, my mind filled with thoughts of her
enigmatic nature.



With a soft smile, she continued to share her insights.
"When hunger gnaws at my stomach, it becomes an ache
so palpable that my eyes can't help but join in the chorus
of longing. They cry out for sustenance, signaling a need
that can only be satiated with nourishment," she
explained, a playful twinkle in her eyes.

Together, we laughed, finding solace in the simplicity of
her answer. The sound of our laughter filled the room,



fleeting moments of joy mingling with the tears of
amusement.

The atmosphere shifted, and I hesitantly broached a more somber topic. "And what about when sickness befalls you?" I asked, a hint of concern lacing my voice. She nodded, her face reflecting the vulnerability hidden behind her gaze. "When illness ravages my body, my tears become a conduit for pain. They carry the burden of my suffering, silently echoing the anguish that resides within."

I felt a pang in my heart as I listened to her words, aware of the hardships she had endured. Yet, she remained resilient, finding solace in the tears that provided release and solace.



As the discussion deepened, I turned to her, my voice filled with tenderness. "Tell me, why do you cry when sadness envelops your being?" She sighed, her breath mingling with a heavy silence that hung in the air.

"Crying when I'm sad is an intricate dance of release and healing. It's as if tears cleanse the wounds of my heart, allowing me to find solace amidst the chaotic storm of emotions."

Her words resonated deeply within my soul, and I realized that tears were not just a manifestation of weakness but a testament to her strength and resilience.

With trepidation, I finally asked the question that weighed heavily on my heart. "Why do tears grace your



cheeks when we make love?" Her eyes met mine, filled with a depth of desire and longing. "In those intimate moments, our souls intertwine, becoming one entity. The sheer intensity of our connection overwhelms me, bringing tears as a testament to the magnitude of our love and passion."

Her words touched me deeply, reminding me of the profound connection we shared. The room shimmered with a sense of enchantment, and tears of joy welled in my eyes, mirroring the depth of our love.

Finally, as she lay there in the hospital bed, her grip on my hand tightening, I mustered the strength to ask the final question, my voice trembling. "Why do you cry now, my love?" Her tear-stained face turned towards me,



and a mixture of emotions flickered across her eyes. "I cry now for the bittersweet beauty of life, for the joy of reuniting with my creator, and for the heart-wrenching pain of leaving you behind, my dearest husband," she confessed, her voice quivering with raw emotions.

Tears streamed down her face, mingling with my own, as we held onto that fleeting moment, cherishing the love and memories we had created together. And in that poignant exchange, we knew that our tears would forever bind us, even across the realms, as a testament to the depth of our connection.



MY THOUGHTS

“ I have a deep longing to discover a love that transcends the ordinary, a love that moves me to tears throughout each season, not from sadness, but from the sheer overwhelming beauty of its intimacy and passion. I yearn for a connection so profound that it fills me with emotions so pure and intense that I am brought to my knees in awe.

My heart aches for a love that ignites my soul and envelops me in a warmth that is unmatched, a love that blossoms into a tapestry of emotions woven with threads of trust, understanding, and unyielding affection. In my quest for this extraordinary love, I am willing to endure the trials and tribulations that come with it, knowing that the rewards of experiencing such a deep, profound connection are immeasurable and everlasting. So, I wait with bated breath, hopeful and eager, for the day when this love will come into my life and fulfill the deepest desires of my heart ”



[12.02.2024] —Reflections

Tell me how you see yourselves in the glass eyes,
the ones that reflect the ever-changing world around you.

Notice the myriad shades of your own reflection,
representing the complexities of your existence.

Observe the fine lines etched upon the glass,
each crack telling a story of your every triumph
and defeat, revealing the depth of your struggle.

Consider the vast expanse of what is known,
and what remains unknowable.

Engage with the enigma behind the mirror,
pondering the identity of the person gazing back

at you, waiting to be discovered.



[14.02.2024] —Wet Dreams



You drowned me in a whirlpool of emotions,
Engulfing me in the exhilarating sensations
of falling in love.

It felt so vivid, like stepping into another realm
of consciousness where the boundaries between reality
and fantasy blur.

Perhaps, it could have been yet another wet dream, an
intoxicating experience that thrived
in the depths of my subconscious.
And amidst this haze of desire,



life appears like a pristine white sheet,
evoking a sense of responsibility to keep it
unsullied and untarnished.

Like a diligent custodian,
I struggle to navigate the complexities and challenges
that threaten to soil its purity, to maintain its
pristine condition.

“ I’ve traveled the depth of an ocean, immersing
myself in a sea of experiences that both challenged
me and left me grappling with various regrets. Yet, navigating
through these trials has undoubtedly honed my skills as a
swimmer, equipping me with resilience and determination to
conquer new waves.”



[15.02.2024] —Our Journey

In the tapestry of life we weave,
Through twists and turns, challenges received.
Each moment a stepping stone,
Towards growth and self-discovery shown.

Lessons learned from the past,
Memories cherished; they will last.
With hope and optimism in our sight,
Uncover possibilities, embrace the light.





Our journey, unique and true,
Stories, dreams, aspirations too.
United in shared experiences we stand,
Hand in hand, together we'll land.

*How will you know when you've
achieved your dreams?*

“ When the biggest dreams I've always had, start to
feel insignificant in comparison to my current
aspirations, it becomes clear that I am making space for much
grander visions and goals in my life.”



Thank you all for being part
of this Journey





SUMMARY

These poems captivate the essence of human emotions in its purest state, delving deep into themes of love, anger, disappointments, failures, suicide, sadness, addictions, depression, and uncertainties.

Each verse weaves a narrative that traverses through the intricacies of these sentiments, culminating in a profound exploration of the human experience.

From the darkest moments to the eventual emergence into light, the collection intricately portrays a journey towards healing, growth, comfort, and peace. It serves as a poignant reminder of the resilience within us all, a beacon of hope that guides us towards self-discovery and understanding, transcending the confines of our shadows.

This book is not just a personal odyssey but a universal passage that resonates with readers on their own quest for solace and enlightenment.