

Dazed

I write these useless, senseless poems,
I know I don't make sense, but they are words.
Words never make sense, just like life.
Here I am, living every fragment of it, and I don't understand it.
I am here, but I don't know about it.
Those historians are wrong,
We will never learn the truth about anything.
It's all talk and no real facts,

See me cling on to this branch, see it break and see my bones break,
But know one will ever know why I did it, I knew it would break, so why did I do it?
No one knows.

Life's like that,
You do things and no one ever understands not even you.

Here I am, rambling on again,
Trying to set my mind free, but it will never be free.
It's inside my skull, and my skull is covered with flesh and skin.

Bring me down,
And turn me around.
Push me down the descending hill,
Which I call my depressed core.
And the one you've been dying to explore.
With your insolent remarks about me,
And your ideas on being free.
While you don't know anything about freedom.
So let me be.

Be there for you
Come my friend, we have much to do.
I fear, I won't see you anymore,
My eyes can only trace your silhouette,
Come soon before you disappear altogether.
I worry you're not around now.

Let not others think for you,
Let yourself think for you.
Do not be influenced by others and what they say,
I'll be there to guide you, not to tell you what to do.
Please, stay my friend.
Don't run off alone into this cruel world
Stay with me
Or take me with you

Desire

I dream of things I don't have,
I want things I can't get,
I wish for things that I would never have,
I dream, I want, I wish until all my dreams, wants and wishes are
wasted into pure nothingness.
Isn't this the truth?
Don't we all do it?
Don't we cry our hearts out for things we can't have?
We all do it; it is pure instinct.
It's our desire, It is the fire, Which finally bums our hearts out.

Cracked

I smooth out the creases and then push away the pieces of my broken heart.
I lay down my aching head,
Aching from your cruel intentions to hurt me.
You have accomplished your mission so leave me to my peace.
Let me ease my own pain on my own,
Leave me alone.
You have proven to me that love is nothing but true malice.
I'll survive without it, Even though I still long to be held,
And I still long to be loved,
And though I am cracking bit by bit,
I'll survive without it. You lit the fire,
That turned into my desire, And you let the fire out,
I had no doubt, That you would be so cruel and let the only happiness in my life die
out.

I

I am not experienced like you,
I don't act like you,
I don't see things like you.
I don't feel like you, I don't want to be like you,
I don't like like you.
I am not you.
I am I,
I see eye to eye with myself only and no one else can take that away from me.
I want to be free, so let me be.

Not You

Jumping up and down,

Waiting for a sign from you,
I have you wrapped around my finger,
While I linger inside your little world.
I am impatient,
You with your salient remarks,
About the other world that you don't belong to, my world.
I grasp at every bit of air I get, my kind of air, not your kind.
I can't breathe your air because it isn't my world I am in now.
This light has made me blind,
Because it's not the light I am used to.

Strength

Twisted &mm can never hurt my soul
It will only make me stronger.
Acid voices never melted me
Neither will your penetrating eyes.
My life lies in-between your virulent vines.
The ones I get trapped in all the time
See me die in your perfect bloodstained hand,
Strangle my neck and cut me so my blood runs out,
And solidify the moment in your thoughtless mind.
Then revive my empty blood vessels, make me come alive and make me your prey
again.

...

Ease the pain
Unfold your fears
Try to relax and be brave
You know you can go further
You know you can take a break
You know you can change your mind
So be free.
Be loved. Shake of the worries
And balance good with bad.
It's the only way to live..

P.s. I don't really feel that way, it is true

Y2000

Music moulded my mind,
Television gave me the wrong vision,
The future is here, so why are we still calling it the future?
We are led to our destination nowhere,
And all we can do is not stare

At our own empty faces in a
State of total confusion.

We march for something we are sure we want,
But only to realise it isn't what we wanted.
We have this beautiful image planted
In our brains.

But the truth is we really don't know if it is true beauty or not.
We want things we haven't got
And go through our whole life wanting and dreaming about it
But not trying to get it.

Our whole life is founded on fragile ground
And all you here is your sound
The sound you make when you're in the last grips with reality and life.
And for once you truly believe in yourself and start to love yourself as who
you are and not what you are....
Only to find that it's too late.

Twisted tree

And flying seeds
Little ants that feel so free

Floating castles in the air
Buy me a blue strip
And put the castle there

Yellow gem studded night
With you on my wings
I take flight

I fly over mountains
I cross the sea
And circle the plains

Uncovered lands
I discover
Cotton felids
And white sands

Yellow gem studded night
With you on my wings I take flight

Seek the shelter,
I have given.
Use the warmth,

I have given.
Eat the food,
I have given.
Then maybe, we'll find each other,
On the plains and the rough seas.
Below us the mighty fire will roar,
Up above us, the light will shine.
You and I will define fate

The charred remains of our culture
Is washed away by our carelessness
Eaten away by the vulture
That haunts us everyday
Taking away the virtues and leaving only the vice
This is the price
We have to pay when greed takes over us
Then we pray
To Him
For forgiveness and pity This is what we are; this is what we have become.

When Blue whales roam the earth

Blue whales roam the earth
The fire and hearth
Have merged

Over the skyline
A dozen stars light up
Illuminating what was *blank*

Recalling the voices that were once lost
Strong and agile
They carry on, file in file

A dynasty of *power pumping* volcanoes
That are now *extinct*

Never to return

And the *Blue whales* will roam the earth
And the fire and hearth
Will forever merge

Walls that keep

I stand here
Between these cement walls
And these empty halls
They block my perception
And they block my vision
But I can't help staring into space
The only place I can find comfort
I long to belong
But these walls keep me
They have kept me all these years
And they will keep me for the rest of my life
And when I die, they will still keep me.

7 good reasons to love yourself

Who makes the choices in life for you?
Who has control over you?
Who's always there, no matter what you do?
Who can you trust with all your secrets?
Who never lets you down?
Who knows you better than anyone else?
Who's known you longer than anyone else in your whole life, but you.

1999

2001

Feet

My feet with wrinkles
They stretch out before me
A network of cells,
Brown stained
Lined, they seem grey to the eyes.
Protruding sticks curl out
They, uneven in size
Have no special use
But my feet,
My feet, I cannot live without,
My feet, brown stained,
Wrinkled and lined.
My feet.

Plasticity

Everywhere I go,
Everywhere I look,
Everyone I meet,
God, there is no end to this plastic feeling that surround me,
And I feel I am suffocating in this chemically contrived world.

No end to this plasticity.

No end to the plastic people,
No end to their plastic, pointless ideas,
Their falsity is toxic,
And I feel I am drowning in their artificiality.

I call out for God,
I call out for help,
But God's words of peace are lost in the pandemonium of the earth,
They have being crushed by disorder instead,
And I feel I am dissolving away in this chemically contrived earth.

What's the point of trying to progress?
Can we really define progress now?
While we progress technologically, we regress morally
And I think if this is what progress is, we don't need to progress any further,
Because once we reach a point where progression is non-attainable,
We just start regressing.

Death

Death came to me today,
As I was lying in my bed.
I saw it coming all time
And knew my time was up.

It's face distorted,
Showed no mercy,
No kindness, no regret.

Death came to me today,
It took my soul away.

The Sweet, The Bitter

How can one go on living-
When living seems to betray you at every corner.

Those you consider as friends,

Turn against you.
After they have quenched of the sweetness,
Of your love and heart,
Leaving only the bitter and the sour to rot away your soul.

So, how can one go on living-
When living seems to betray you at every corner.

Trails

This broken mirror
The jagged edges cling unwillingly
Like my broken heart.

This infatuation, Born with no beginning
Has no end.

And so, must I wander looking for one
And so, must I circle paths familiar to my soul

To find that end,
Born with no beginning.

Bitter and Sweet

Realize all that seemed so real
Is now just bitter, bitter history
Was so unreal,
Was only a sweet, sweet fantasy.

Climbing these non-existent mountains
To reach you.
To hold you.
To love you.

But the top seems so far.
And the farther I climb,
The more real it seems
That I what I am holding on to never existed.