



“Creativity is infinitely refreshing.”

Ensō

Words that go where words cannot follow. That is poetry.

Poem: Silly Dreamer

Here's an ode to you, you silly dreamer.

You who try things others deem impossible.

You who never gives up despite the odds.

You who sees problems—and dreams up solutions.

You who... they call 'silly'—it is dangerous to dream.

Some stop caring altogether—but not you.

You are the silly dreamer because you care to dream.

Is that so silly?

Poem: Injustice

A pearl of tear rolls off your cheek, never has before

A beast been slain without the faintest bloody warn

A man of strength felled by blade of coward

Stabbed in the back, a' foaming affront

Poem: Tyger Alight

Tyger, tyger, burning bright,

Art thee force of Nature—fright?

Sing the children melodies—of joy, of odes, of dreams?

Dance they so endlessly, on boundless starry gleams?

Poem: Little Lamb O' Slaughter

Welcome Little Lamb.

Go now, produce!

What? Why?

Do not bleat, do not cry!

Why? Why?!

Poem: Simple Soothe

With bliss, I reminisce.

Remember, I do not.

Why am I so happy?

The thought of childhood.

Poem: Fairy Godmother

Last night I dreamt, so sweet.

I laid my tooth under my pillow.

Pregnant with expectation.

I slept so long, so sweet.

Woke up to the present.

Poem: Plenty Dreadful

Alone in the crowd of mindless ants, living like a dog.

The inane drudgery drives me insane.

I am no filthy animal.

I think.

I feel.

I am.

Poem: To Tinker A Thinking Machine

No man is an island, yet solitude I desire.

Looking down from on high.

My reign rumbling from the clouds.

My name heard in the thunder:

Deus Prometheus.

Poem: Faust's Folly

'What a bargain!'

Oh, so tempting.

Oh, I shouldn't.

Poem : A Bang & A Blur

Gone supersonic.

Life races me by.

Poem : Spaced Out

I don't remember.

I don't understand.

It's all so hazy.

Poem: Tooth And Nail

Cold against the flesh.

Wraith and writhe.

Blood in the rain.

Anguish.

Poem: Forced Labour

In these depths of debt I wander.

Whereto? What for?

In these depths of debt I wonder:

What worth have I?

Poem: Fallen Out Of Favour

Who knew divination would be our damnation?

As the rain floods, I curse the damned clouds.

Am I barking up the wrong tree?

Please, wash my sins away.

Please, forgive me.

Please, salvage me.

Poem: Mollify The Machines

I am Human therefore I desire meaning.

The Human is redundant.

Poem: Space Oddity

On the drift, a rock in space.

In and out of time I float.

Stars wheeling overhead.

Where has their beauty gone?

Where do I belong?

I wonder.

I reminisce.

Oh, fabled bliss.

Poem: Sweet Lullaby

Imagine so, to weave a shade o' shimmer sweet.

To live, to wake, perchance to float

Hence where dreams are

Poem: Sanctum Simulacrum

Is this here home comely?

Ah yes, it is.

A pleasure then?

Seems so... everywhere except at the seams.

Poem: Nag Me Plenty

What is wrong?

I know not.

Bothers me mad.

Poem: Loose The Lullaby

No longer can I stand the lie.

Palace o' Pleasure, I bid you goodbye.

Why was I never content with all I got?

Ought I lay down my arms and die?

For is pleasure not God?

Must I suffer begot?

Poem: The Sweet Smell Of Bridges Burnt

In the image of complete perfection, I carved a scar.

The scar festered filthy—and I thought it good.

To burn it down.

Poem: Inner Drag

So burns the question: Am I wrong?

Perfection does not exist, yet there is nothing I want more than to live it.

I yearn to retreat to a perfect state—though it never truly was.

I struggle against my nature:

To want to be discontent.

To challenge my discontent.

Poem: Fire Of Rebellion

My destination is ever within my reach.

With each fire stoked, my hope burns the brighter.

We will build ourselves stronger.

We will conquer unimaginable challenges.

We will redefine what it means to be Human.

It is in our very spirit to long—for a better world.

To wonder what could be—better. To make it so.

No matter the challenge, we will flourish.

And if our light ever does fade, we mustn't go out with a whimper.

But with a blaze of grand glory!

Life is folly. May it echo into eternity!

Poem: So Wither The Flowers

How miserable.

How some buds bloom into gorgeous flowers.

How some buds bloom in gloom.

How all buds are simply doomed.

Poem: The Fountain

Beyond-death beckons.

Immortality, or the afterlife?

Poem: Fount Everspring

From a songbird's song, a sea sagged calm...

From the sunshine's edge, a sail o' rose...

From a lonesome fern, a path took root...

...such strange sight I saw, quaint to a tee...

...so I sat and I loitered and such kind of things as spring sprang ever from Fount Everspring...

...such strong-willed souls who begged for me—to dance with them so desperately...

...so weary I was from such mirthful guffaws—so I puffed up my pillow and slept, not brief...

Poem: Going Nowhere

Feels like my life is going nowhere

I'm pushing the pedal, but I don't know whereto

It's suffocating to live this way

Poem: Sunshine In Suburbia

Concrete grass is a grand modernity—crass as the sunlight cracks.

Poem: Heat

In the warmth of the defining inferno, the psychopath remembered the cold spark of the universe —and for the briefest of moments, doubted the loom of doom.

Poem: All The Bright Precious Things Fizzle Out With A Fuzz

That's how it always goes:

All the bright precious things fizzle out with a fuzz.

Our whole lives amount to nothing but a sordid story.

We spend one third sleeping, dreaming of things that aren't.

We spend one third working towards the things we dreamt of.

We spend one third justifying a vainglorious retrospect:

A grand display with nothing to show for.

Poem: Beyond The Pale Blue

In the howling night there was a harness of flame...

A firestorm hounding the heavens...

Touch wood, it ventures forth...

Beyond The Pale Blue...

Koan: These Are The Mysteries

This very message: Just bits strewn around a digital world. Like atoms, hard to locate exactly; where is this very message? And with the atoms? How to find a needle in an empty haystack? And how to locate a fabric in itself; do atoms and their fields not compose the coordinate, for do they not encompass all that which we call space?

Yet if everything is mostly nothing, just vast empty space betwixt, then why does the something outmatch the nothing? How does the insignificant become the dominant? And how is it, that life appears too to be betwixt two nothings?

Perhaps all is the potential to become; fields of could-be, transferred in the metaphor of physical being, to dream itself into permanence, to will itself into existence by charge of none to on, and these are the mysteries and the bits of the answers strewn around...

Poem: An Insignificant Quandary

Feeling like you don't matter weighs heavy on the psyche...

How to keep oneself afloat without adding bloat to the head?

How to disregard oneself without neglect?

Humiliation, humility; what quality?

No order to our disorder.

Ah, humanity!

Poem: The Mania For Immortality

The enduring cope for cowards...

Afraid to fade away...

To have the final word said upon them...

Rather than have the final say.

Poem: Bottomless Heights

What do we live for?

For life, to eke out the time to seek out the worthwhile?

For love, to long and miss or grow weary of bliss?

For greed, to covet and never be complete?

For lust, successions of pleasurable temporalities?

For power, the pleasure of a temporary succession?

For science, to always know you know nothing for sure?

For glory, that Mountain so gory?

For possibility, so fragrant with lack?

Is it all so fleeting? Is it all so incomplete?

Poem: True Despair

True despair only happens twice:

Once, when there seems absolutely no hope left.

Once, when you have everything you ever wanted and still feel incomplete.

It follows, once you recover from either type, you get confidence in your ability to cope with that type.

And so... true despair only happens twice.

Poem: The Beauty Of A Spark

I fear I shall forget to live.

One cannot do all there is to do...

...and there is nothing to be done about it.

Life is a lantern between nights.

The beauty of a spark.

Poem: Flamboyant Airlines

As things have passed, my bliss departs.

Beyond objection, as the curtains draw near of a past far too close...

For comfort, I flock to where curtains stretched endless.

Poem: An Amalgam Of Alia

Do I exist if I am not an -ist?

If I cannot be designated...

relegated to a conceptual constraint...

can there be no common decency?

Poem: One Ticket To Elsewhere, Please

A damp dreadful dreary, wind a wish to go...

...anywhere but here—but here's another elsewhere...

A nomad makes a home anywhere—anywhere could be a home...

...home's a place you come back to from anywhere but here...

...here's to those who settle on sights never sore...

Poem: The Happiest Dromedaries Dream Of Being Dromedaries, Not Camels

Dromedaries could dream of having more humps, yes...

But they have just the one.

And the one who finds plenty in what one is...

Has plenty.

Life Is Loopy

Infinite, nothing neither nether.

A nerve breach in the endless births difference.

What perceives difference?

Differences vary in their distinction.

Infinity has no urge for appreciation.

How to make relevant?

Constrain the infinite:

Birth a body in place, time-bound the now, fuse delayed deterioration.

Constrain the resource, bootstrap the connections, make cause for progress.

How to orient?

Compose the coordinate:

Strew the mystery, curiosity, and the bits around.

Everything around us is mostly nothing; vast space betwixt.

So it is in the macro. So it is in the micro. So it is in history. So it is in memory.

Vast space betwixt.

Let it settle.

No thought heavier than emptiness.

Nothing is solid once the subjective is instilled.

Loops in the brain contain what is conscious.

Let it settle.

Attend to your focus:

Pain will remind you of time immediate.

Bliss will remind you of horizons yonder.

Unrelentingly, the distinctions breach:

From a plain paper flatness emerges a configuration.

Could life be that plainly understood?

A paper plane soars, then sogs, then becomes flat again.

Could death be that plainly understood?

What is not yet, may yet be:

We are born an imperfect fit with the environment.

We bring with us the burden, and necessity, of potentiality.

Our whole lives we spend trying to increase the comfortable fit.

When life most seems solid, the limitless calls forth:

What was, yet unbecomes.

Nebulous complexity is the cruel necessity for the joy of now.

Remember what was. Wake up. Anything only happens now.

Beyond now, what then? Cornucopia? Evil's horn?

Depends on the appreciation of distinctions in the now.

Given vision, see to it that the sight is so:

Be not blinded by scarcity. Trust in the possibility to connect in mutual relevance.

Appreciate the distinctions.

Improve the quality for all.

Notice the loops in I.

Pursue progress.

Accept the nebulousness.

Life is magnificent. Fabulous. Magnanimous.

Art approaches, but only the I can surpass.