

A MIND
unEDITED

Running In The Sky

I see through the eyes of a man
I see with a range larger than the plains
My eyes grasp to the future
While standing in the present
I write to a story
For I am an open book
Though, locked inside of an individual
Locked inside the body of simply, one man
I see the entire world
But only through my eyes
And my eyes alone
As I try to make sense of all that I see
I get lost in the clouds
Still in my view
Taken to a night to see stars
Scattered amongst the moon
I look into water, but don't look down
For I dare not see my reflection
For now, I only see the future
And my reflection is, yet, not there
I am optimistic with what I see
And it is in a life that I dictate
And I create
Controlling every outcome
Reaching for something bigger
Than all that I see

Why I Edit My Mind

A Mind Unedited

Is my depression in the form of poetry

It is my bipolar stream of consciousness

The Reason

The butterfly sits perched on the branch
New to the world he is in
In a second state of existence
Healing from his transformation
Healing from his separation
From new to new again
From young to older
But not old
Loosing love
Gaining more too
His life changes constantly
As that is the only constant in his life
I see myself in this state
I see myself changing
I see myself healing
For I am accepting
The permanence of change
The colours of life comfort me throughout this transition
And I move myself
From branch to branch
Sitting, healing, accepting
Moving, running, living
Remembering
Seeing the world ahead
Sometimes changing so much
That I cannot recognize myself
I fight to capture
All that was once, me
Jumping from branch to branch
To find, who I am
To not forget, what I have lost
Getting lost in myself
While finding my way in the world that I travel
Guided by life, and the urge to feel it
Seeing myself from where I have been
To where I am going
Finally healing
And accepting
The place that I am in
Who I am in it
And who I have become

Today

My wings take me here
The wind is the reason

Standing While The Sun Lies

I see the sunset
As it falls in my eyes
It is warm and I cannot even touch it
It is beautiful but I cannot even hold it
I fly in different directions
Wanting nothing more
Than to see all of it
Above
Below
Beside
Around
I travel just to witness
All of its beauty before it is too late
It stops me though
Dead in my tracks
Dead in my flight
For when I just stand
Still against the wind
I realize I can see all of it
And I am a part of it
It touches my face
I feel its warmth on my brow
I stand
Arms by my side
I stand
And I turn my back to it
I try so hard to feel it
With my eyes closed
With my hands at ease
Putting my body at peace
It is so beautiful
It is so unbelievable
I open my eyes
To see
All of the colours it paints for me
A palette, that is, a painting itself
Opens a path in my mind
One that need not be walked on
But one that I stand tall on
Head held high in appreciation
As the sun leaves, once again

It Is So Nice

It is so nice
To see the ones you love
See nothing, but good, in you
A bond is shared
Amongst friends
And in the truest terms
Those bonds are never broken
Friends are here with you
To hold you up
To raise your spirits
And to share every accompanied moment
In a manner which is cherished
And remembered

Never forgotten

When you travel alone
Your path is accompanied
By the memories
Of the moments
That you shared

I look into the plains
Towards a mountain's view
Alone in this state, I am in
With friends in my mirror
Waving me home
Waving me goodbye
Holding up their arms
In approval
Of where the road
Beside the field
Next to the mountains
Under the sky
In which I am travelling
Is taking me

I think of my friends
And in this moment
That I will cherish
And remember

I am not alone
So I'll write
To thank them

It is so nice

A Phone Call To Heaven

Mom,
You always loved me
You always held me
You always helped me
And guided me
You were one of the sweetest
Kindest
Loving
And most caring people I knew
And as I reflect, it feels as if you are still with me
Guiding me
Holding my hand
I dreamed about you after you took the next step
And you smiled and hugged me
Letting me know that you are still with me
Letting me know that our love will never fade
I once asked you if you believed in heaven
You did
I then asked you if you thought you were going to go there
You replied yes
And that comforts me
Because I believe that is where you are now
We all love you
And we will miss you
More than you know
But we take comfort
Knowing
You are at peace
I love you mom
And I will let your light lead the way
Thank you for never giving up on yourself
Thank you for never giving up on me
You will be in my thoughts
Until I see you again
Forever and always
Your son,

Blake Robert Horsley

Life is.

What is life? Choose your words carefully. Choose your words systematically. Choose your words purposely. Choose your words perfectly. Choose your words elegantly? Choose your words manly. Choose your words subjectively. You are your words, can you not see?

This state of living is angelic.

Do you not see? You are growing; a part of the earth. The way the universe understands itself. You are gentle to the lake. You shape the rock. You sink in the sand. You are the element that makes sense of what it sees. You are the block when you write, on a street with no name.

You are alive. You hurt some of the time. While your heart beats, you break, never. In this life there is only one shot. Do not be scared. Embrace it, shape it, change it, make it, and mould it.

Gravity will not subdue you.

Gravity will mould and change you.

You are life, and that is incredible.

Every single day, every time you question, think of life and think of living it the way you love.

The World Where I Lay

So in love with the voice
The one, where I lay
The one, where I stand
The one, I will not fall
Here, I am a man
Here I am, a man
Here, I am a man
The sun hits my face
The clear blue is all around
The light brings heaven down
I storm, with simple words
Shaded by myself
Home with whom I love
Streaming back to reality
Streaming back to muffled sounds
As the wind blows all around
Look what the world has made
Look at the world
Happiness, and my life, I have saved

Guarded Stance

I lay

Guarded in this state, I am

Aware of my mind

Able to control

Ready for myself

I stand,

Guarded in this state, I am

Ready to control

The only thing we think we can

Though sometimes, we cannot

I hold,

Disciplined in this state, I am

Ready to fear not

While grounded in the present

Ready for the future

As my past, I accept

My mind,

Wanders a far

I will bring it back

For in this moment

Guarded In this state, I am

In this stance

I will stay

The Earth Is Your Seat

Finding that finite centre in yourself
Creates a form of thinking that an entire universe creates
Lost in thought as you sit and work not to think at all
Attempting to escape the temple that carries your energy
Balance is accomplished when the tension subsides
Balance is brought on by no thought at all
Clear minded
Conscious of your surroundings
Though not distracted by any of it
Travelling nowhere and centred in this state
While moving somewhere
That is free of what ails and displaces you
You sit motionless, on a seat the size of the earth
Surrounded by the stars
Touched by the sun
And watched by the moon
You do not fall, or even sway just a little
You simply breathe
Your thoughts, invisible, infinitely so
Your eyes closed, as the light blends through both eye lids
Seeing the light, far from the dark
Warmed by it too
Far from the emptiness that only a cold room, with no windows, could offer
Grounded in an earth that you are now centred in
Balance is free from the past
Not yet in the future
And fully aware of the present
Nothing is more true
As the clear light you see through your shut eyes
Nothing is more honest than where your thought lies
Out of a body that remains still
Looking at yourself within
From a view close above
That will not move
That is a creation, in complete stillness
Out of the body
Inside of it too

You Are The Light

Flying towards an empty space
Feeling no wind beneath your wing
Gliding towards an open sky
Accompanied by nothing
Not even a cloud
Lit, you are, in this dark abyss
Light the way, on your path, you must
As you carry yourself throughout this journey
Whose only end
Is when your life finds the light
That lit the very candle you hold in your hand
Free from death
Attached to life
You will carry yourself, as if, you are the lamp
You will lead your way, with a light only you can shine
Feeling no ground
No ceiling
And no gravity
No wind to leave your flame a daze
No obstacle is present
At this point on your path
Your flame is strong
And it cannot be suffocated
You do not buckle, for there is no force preventing your flight
Pushing off of nothing
You carry only one thing
Yourself, your thought, your strife
Your life
You are the light
Separate from yourself, you will
Only to reconnect and become one, once again
As each second in time trickles by
You change
You grow
You move
On a journey where ultimately
You are the carrier
High above, and far below
Every place you ever once were
And have yet to be
You light the way

As you fly
Into a dark and distant open space
Your lit state is all that you can see
It is the one thing you carry
Its is yourself, your thought, your strife
It is, your life
And everything your life will become
You are the light,
That lights the path you are on
Continue you will
Until the light is gone

This Love

I sit in complete satisfaction
I sit with complete confidence
I sit with myself
Beside the girl I love
Beside the person who holds my hand
I sit in the company of complete trust
I sit, in love, in this state
In love with this place
In love with this girl
The only one who truly understands
All of who I am today
All of who I once was
And all of who I will be tomorrow
She makes me feel so safe
She makes me feel life
In a way in which I once ignored
I love her so much
And all I want to do right now
Is read all of these words to her
She is the best thing that has ever happened to me
She has centred me
And given me the strength to ground all of who I am
She shares laughter at just the right moments
She shares conversation in just the right places
She shares love, as it can be seen on our faces
Amanda is her name
Blake is mine

I remember when we took the photos of the birds
I remember when we shared the view 19 floors up
I remember when we got our first dog
And a little while later she came home and surprised me with a second
I remember standing on top of a ski hill in the summer
Taking a picture
And thinking that she was an angel
I remember when she said yes
I remember when we first met
I remember when she said, "I love you" a minute ago
And the countless times, those words, she has said before
I remember why I love her
And that I'm so lucky to have met her

And, this love, I'll always remember
This love, I'll never let go

This Is Fun

I am in a state of euphoria
As thought just pours out
I am in control in this state
Writing line after line
Feeling the wave
Riding the ride
Never letting go
I breathe
I feel the air
I love how it feels
Though rarely do I even acknowledge this act
Who am I talking to?

Slow down your heart rate
Slow down your thoughts
Slow down your mind
Ease into this air
Feel nothing
Feel no despair
Release yourself
Let the truth out
Heaven holds a sense of wonder
This world holds a sense of imagination
You are your words
You carry your sword
You are your breath
You feel your heart
You may or may not question why you are alive
But if you do you will see
You are everything in your world that is meant to be
A sense of nothing
A sense of emptiness
Is now being replaced by something beautiful
Let the beat of life guide you
Let the air you breathe fill you
Let your thoughts direct you
Let your heart complete you
Do not fade
Let your light show you the way
Let your light be the journey
I believe

I have seen you
I have met you
I will never forget you
I look into this computer screen
I see my reflection
I am you
Go far
Come back soon
Leave again
Sit in this room
Run outside
Feel alive
Look up at the sky
And have fun asking why
Try to make sense of all that you see
You will trip
You may fall
But a truth that is your own
You will find
I believe, this is fun
I breathe
I feel the air
I love how it feels
This is fun

The Caress of a Cloud

As my father sees me off
And my mother smiles down
My brother waves goodbye
And in this moment, all is found

My leaves have fallen
And I have mourned
My branches bend
From a winter's scorn

My journey gives me courage
And with it I'll stand tall
There is only one obstacle
Open sky
And that is all

My branches begin to reach
High up, and through the clouds
The sheer beauty of the lit sky
Forces me to take a bow

I stand on this part of the path
Routes finally reaching into the ground
The wind sways me from side to side
As I stand strong, and do not buckle down

Flowers grow in every direction
All around, for me to see
Scattered colours creating inspiration
In this moment that I hold in me

It is bright where I stand
Though dark in the distance
The love of my life joins me
Creating one voice
In which we carry with us

Never leaving anything behind
And never fully saying goodbye
Always remembering, while looking forward
Chasing the reasons why

I am a tree now
Blowing in the wind
The cloud that caresses my branch
Is love that only heaven could give

Accompanied in this life
Held high up in this place
As the love from a clouds wind
Carries my branch to a direction
I must now face

I gaze at the sun
Hidden behind the cloud that now holds my hand
I say goodbye to the darkness
And in this moment
I embrace the land

As I stand, a tree
Blowing in the wind
My roots keep me up right
In this journey, in which I see no end

Sea Horse

There is so much attraction to be found in the birth of any beauty. Its pressure pushes out. Its gravity pulls it back. The weights of its wings are strong, though heavy, as if the weight of the ocean is raining down. As this beauty unravels and begins to separate, it tries so hard to run in different directions. The wings take the shape of something as majestic as a horse. Every piece, not broken, but no longer together, transforms into a butterfly, only to be brought back into a kingdom in which its crown is symmetry, and complete balance. This explanation defies logic, but how can one even begin to understand beauty in the first place? And so it goes with the universe, and our attempt to understand its beauty in which we see.

Wild Fire

In this chaotic life some of us live, in a world that is so concrete it almost seems natural, it can be easy for one to loose their way. Like a jungle in which one is lost and there is no obvious direction to follow, it is almost more realistic to wait and hope to be found. Embracing the commotion, you simply bathe in the sunset. You give in, embracing this man-made perfection and appreciating the graffiti and writings on the wall. This unnatural obstacle course lights both day and night, like a wild fire that cannot be put out.

Technology Tree

We are part of a cycle; a man made strategy devised to get from one milestone to the next. At times it feels robotic, like we are just a small part of a bigger plan. But if we are aware we can experience moments of clarity that makes us human again. Our technology is temporary. Our roots in life are permanent.

Attempt To Seek Stillness

As I attempt to find stillness, I read a passage from my favourite book

"The perfume of flowers goes not against the wind, not even the perfume of sandalwood, or rosebay, or of jasmine; but the perfume of virtue travels against the wind and reaches into the ends of the world." (The Dhammapada, verse 54)

I am still travelling.

Earth Lines

There is so much disconnection in this world. But one must not forget the solidity and strength of its core. The rock is permanent, the water is as old as the earth itself, and the sky is constant, even through change. The earth never loses its shape and will always come back together.

Still Sky

The flight before the calm takes place in the windy sky. Each bird circles through life, eager to enter a door so welcoming it is almost impossible to find. Flying in all different directions, the birds spread their wings with one anticipated destination. One's entire life, if lived right and true, is to find this door. Each bird guides the other, spending countless years trying to find this opening. The world outside this room is vast, though seemingly empty in its offerings. The world inside this room is a sky that is still, with a tree that will blanket, in a state that is grounded. Once the door is opened there is no need to move. Stillness is achieved and a permanent home is the offering. This is one in which only our earth could provide. This door that is so hard to find remains always open. It is not an escape from suffering; it is an acceptance of life's offerings. Open your wings and find it.

Beyond

The owl is wise, having lived through so much until now. His knowledge gained from life experience grants him such a strong foundation. His eyes gaze forward, fearlessly looking beyond the present. He sits, perched on a mountain, shaping it with simply his weight. His future appears beautiful, but its destination is out of his control. His manner of travelling is found, as his wisdom is permanent. He is his own guide, as he sits and stares, never regressing and always preparing in his present state.

The Universe Has No Walls

I write
A way in which I have not
Since I questioned too much
I sit
Carrying thought
Through my lenses, that captures the light
My day is revealed
As is my night
Light travels through
Inside
And above
Reflective of all that it touches
With a purpose to show
A universe now exposed
With no walls to reflect
I stay awake
Trying to understand too much
Until darkness is all I desire
The walls that contain my presence
Disappear to a distance, life, cannot reach
Light, in this place
Can no longer carry its own weight
Sleeping to escape
My world disappears
While the walls that contain me
Reach further than my home can touch
My mind is sheltered
By the sleep my body provides
My universe inside is as infinite
As the sheltered mind
In which, my thoughts
With no walls
Now lie

Dreaming While Awake

In my attempt to seek stillness and awaken my being, I travelled here. Inspired by so much and connected to a love that has no limits, in a life that is presently calm. In this still place there is no sound, no obstacle. There is, only you, on a seat the size of the earth, looking at your reflection flying overhead. This moment is dreamlike and only found while one is awake. It is a calm, guided by one's own hand. There is no storm, as you sit, aware of all that is life.

My Reasons For Air // April 11, 2013 // 0 Edit

I question life too much
I question and try to make sense of death too much
I hurt when I do this
I venture into deep waters when I think
Thinking is my greatest enemy at certain points
It is during the drowned thoughts that I forget to fight for air
And simply, live
I forget who is important
I forget there are people in my life that I value more than myself
I become consumed in selfish thought
And when I do I get panic stricken
I become afraid of myself
Afraid of my dark potential
For I have a mental illness
And it is hard to not love myself
More than my mom, my dad, my dog
And my incredible girl,
Amanda
I love her so much
I cannot slip for I will drag her down too
I will drag down my angel
I will hurt
And I will lose,
Love
So I must stay strong
And far from suffering
I must remember to breathe
And for once, forget my own heartbeat
Whilst thinking of each heartbeat of everyone I love
Only then, can I live,
Always,
In peace
I love Amanda so much
When I think of her, breathing is so simple

You Just Have To Find It

I walk
Hand in hand
With the woman
I love more than life

This woman is all the life I've ever wanted
Her beside me
Comforts and calms my tortured mind
In a way no other life can
She is my, everything
She is my whole world
A world I stumble in
So hard
So fast
So as to quickly find my path

When I fall
She helps me
When I cry
She lends me her shoulder
There is nothing in my life
Stronger
There is nothing in my life I value more
Than simply
Her presence
When I'm happy
Her doing is all the reason

When I'm at peace
Her being becomes
The only company I want
As her love is the only energy I really need

I look for love
She approaches
I look into her eyes feeling no intimidation
And it is found
Inside I am so happy I did that
She gives me so much
Asking only for me in return
So in return

She'll have me
In return she'll hold me
And in return I will never let go
As I will forever hold her in my arms as well

Never have I ever felt such a purpose
Waking moments transform into two dreamers
Carrying the night into the day
So that our dreams can be brought
To the clear blue, up ahead

Love is real
You just have to find it
And let it find you in return

Sometimes We Meet People

Sometimes we meet people, but very rarely do they let us into their lives. Friendship can be found at any moment. The result is very often many happy moments to follow shared with the people that now touch your lives and let you into theirs. If you're lucky too, you'll be able touch theirs as well. We choose our friends, for our friends bring us happiness, and this feeling is contagious because even through the darkest moments a true friend can always make you laugh and always make you feel safe. It is your duty as a friend to always do the same. Through thick and thin your world will be more beautiful because of the friends you share it with. And when you forget to notice the beauty, a friend by your side, will remind you to open your eyes, and tell you where to look.

The Drip Is Stale

The drip is stale
As yesterday was its cause
The memory of the morning after
Forces me to pause
Now is the reason, more than ever
To never go back looking at yesterday's forever
The pain I have felt, stems from not one's simple touch
As all that is in me is something I have carried
Something I own, something I admit, something I clutch
My words are invisible, just as thought lies
My memory is so visible it makes my heart die
I hurt when I think of the person
The one who is to blame
For all of my strife
All of my suffering
For all of my internal
Resting
Pain
In me I shall find him and guide him to a better state
In me I shall find him, after all, he hurts just to wait
He is I
And I am him
Standing where the walls are thin
Standing where sky caves in
Praying to overcome this self inflicted sin
I challenge this person
Let the killer come out
So I can smother him
Subdue him
And never let him force doubt
In the mind of myself
Where my torture takes place
In the mind of myself
Where an illness takes shape
Lies another me that I try so hard to control
Lies another me who hurts my tortured, weathered soul
I will ally with this demon that rests within my mind
I will convince this spirit to come out, praying peace, he shall find
In a shared state where two minds now collide
The low and the high finally meet with every waking stride
Get a grip I tell him, and he asks

Where and how
I hold out my hand to him, as I, am him, now
The pain disappears as the hurt meets the strong
My life becomes one, and I realize it was only one
In my life
All along

There Is An Ocean That Remains

I am a man with glasses
I think while I sit
Free from everything except my own mind
I think, all, of, the, time
Loosing grip of those very thoughts far too often
My window is open and through its opening
The traffic that is my world
Is silenced
As the night is at an end
Calm as I reflect
As yesterday makes me smile
For yesterday was shaped into a new chapter that is my life
Today
A life I love
A life, I share
A life I compare to the past
A past in which, I can finally, let go
For it, is not here
For it, rests only in thought
As my pain, in my mind, disappears
I, an artist
I, a writer
I, a person
I, like so many
Can and will, channel my demons
Transform my nightmares
Into beautiful creations, I make
To a story's ending, I write
That pours out on lined paper and canvas
With permanent ink and beautiful layers of colours
I choose
I pause and listen
As the world awakens
I feel my breath as I inhale deeply
And whisper the words, my words
These words
That comes out, so softly
Peace is with me
Purpose lies ahead
So, I, will, write, these, words, down
And think about them

Over and over
When thought is my only sound

The coke drip is forgotten.

I wont ever look for it again
My heart reminds me
There is an ocean that remains
An ocean filled everything I've ever been through
More times than I can count
An ocean filled with everything I've ever wanted
As love, is the voice that guides me
In a straight line
To stable ground

As I Listen To This Tupac Song

I flow like the water in my tap
I sing like the bird in my tree
I see like the all-seeing crow
I hurt, then
I release, now
I am strong
As I listen to this Tupac song
I am a man
In everlasting life
Grounded
Feeling no pain
Watching the whole world
Move in slow motion
The beat in my heart goes on
Filling the ground with a base
One that knocks over my enemy
In the end, there is no end
Just as there is no beginning
Thus, I let happiness flood
My gates
My gates
My gates
My gates
Heaven is here, with me
On my road, steered away from mania
Steered away from despair
Fully, acknowledging, that this feeling
Is rare
I am happy as I write
Excited for the future
While drawn to the present
As, now, I feel, nothing, but heaven
I am a book
With so many words
With a universe I see
Through the eyes of a man
Who's to say, a man, I am not
For in this state
I know I am not wrong
Trailing, trickling, travelling
The waves that are my world

The path that is my life
Gathering happiness along the way
Not strife
I, put, down, the, knife
Until the end of time
One cannot, simply just, turn me off
I, can, just, live
Everlasting
In peace
Everlasting
In happiness
Everlasting
In a conscious state
That is awake

The Mud, The Rock, The Grass

I walk through the mud
I choke on the dust
Sinking with each step
Drowning with each breath
My heart aches in this place
Movement becomes so difficult
The air is dry
Happiness, I envy
Scared is my reality
In a world that seems too terrible to be real
Occasionally I find a rock
And when I do I step on it for stability
When I find it I move even less
And feel grounded
Even if it is in a moment that doesn't last
This peaceful place
For me
Seems to never last
For the rock always sinks
In the mud, I just can't escape
I see grass growing in this place
When my eyes are closed
And it is soft to lie
It is easy to run

Sickness Is Alone

When all is lost,
You can forget all that was found
Go back to it, if you choose
Go back to the ones you love
Go back to the one you hate
And scream into the demons that blow in your ear
With nothing
Not
Even
Fear
You are possessed with humanity
You are possessed with your brother
You desire protection for your mother
As you blow hatred towards your hero
And crave guidance from your father
You suck up to your enemy
While you continue to be cruel to yourself
Gasping for air
Waving it through, as if you are the one creating it
Your mind is unravelling into its full potential
You can do, say, be whatever you want, or not
And that thought is both humbling and terrifying
Polar opposite, at the exact same time
Your words are your carrier
Your words are your system
In this manic state
In this dream while you are awake
Your lyrics don't follow the beat, for they are your own song
This day just continues to get more beautiful, but you still want to move on
The breeze blows into your room, and reminds you that you cannot fly
You won't fall
You will stand tall
Over
And over
And over again
You have done wrong
But you will, build a throne
And you will, hold
You are your conscious state
You are my friend
Sickness is alone

Sickness is alone
Sickness is alone
With no throne
You are mine to hold
You are mine to hold
You give me gold.
You give me, my home
I'm going home
You are home
You are home
You are home
Go wherever you want
Alone or by yourself,
You will find something amazing

I am home

Thank You, For Seeing Them Too

I loathe in sorrow
I drown in a lake daily
I puke my own words
Sinking in self-inflicted wounds
Look at the stars
Look how they shine
I wrote this for you
I'm sorry for what I've put you through
I write with intention
I write with purpose
I write with passion
For I am alive
I ache as I hold this pen so tight
I am sorry for me
I love you
That is why I grip this pen so tight
I write with end in sight
For you I bleed myself dry
For you I wipe my wounds dry
Look how I shine for you
Look at the stars
Look how they shine for you
Thank you for seeing them too

What Time Is It?

The question isn't a step forward. The question is a stalling point. When one questions they are observing, possibly conversing, and always attempting rational contemplation. The question makes time not matter. The answer at hand takes a measurement of time to gather. I don't like questions where answers can be found. I like looking through the dark. I like imagining the light. I move slowly, so as not to stub my toe. I question why I even am questioning, while I ask myself a question. How did everything that is, become? Why does the light burn out, but the dark always stays? Why does life feel so good, and kill just the same? I question all of the time, making use of the time I aimlessly ignore. If I'm lucky I may stumble across answers. Time begins again, until time travelled, becomes a time unravelled in questions that for the time being stalls thought into thinking. Think and you shall find, and when the answer is found see if only you can answer this question without asking or looking. Let your imagination tell you... What is the time? This then becomes religion, which is something that fascinates me, because I question if faith and truth are related. Time stands still, when I imagine they are. Time races forward when I rationalize that they aren't. Both answers are left in the closet, with the door shut, as you try to decide what to wear on this day you have not even seen. There is no wise choice when you're left in the dark trying to make sense of the time you have left. Now that you know you can't tell me the time without time telling you, don't keep asking the same question. It's a waste of time. Answer it before you even ask.

Fuck Sake

Fuck sake
I'm dying every day
I'm aching with a collapsed lung
My stars are swimming
And I am falling towards them
The law of gravity disappears
As the ground crashes into my face
And I loose its grip between my fingertips
Falling towards the sky
Feeling death and the heart of life
Never giving in
And attempting to swim
As I fall towards every sin
My mind is grinding into its self
Surrounded by an empty space
That collapses my breakable body
Spreading pieces of its whole into every endless direction
So terrified
But too stiff to fight the thoughts that race
The thoughts that fear even themselves
As my fear is felt in a conscious state
And the world slows to a stable ground
And I remain
Awake

What Is Life's Biggest Mystery?

I look up to the night sky, standing beside a building nearly forty stories high. My view is guided past the clouds that reflect the artificial light that surrounds my man made world. I feel so small in comparison to this building that was pieced together by hands similar to my own. As I look up I am guided to an open abyss filled with very little blue and very much black. I see the universe, separate from the world in which I stand. I am centred in a room with absolutely no walls. I talk to myself wondering, what the fuck is in this room with me? It's dark. It seems to have no end. It seems like a place that has no occupants. The universe is like an ocean at night; one I am swimming in, and one in which I have no goggles to see passed the darkness. I look down, trapping the universe in my imagination. My eyes watch my slow and steady steps, as I kick rocks to bring myself back down to earth.

I can't though. I can't get that room with no walls out of my mind, even as gravity reminds me that I am still breathing. I walk, and as I do I loose focus. I begin talking to myself. I begin getting excited. What is in this room with me?

Right now I stop. The clouds overhead, are rushing above and behind me. They blanket me from this seemingly empty and never-ending opening.

The universe escapes my mind. The sky reminds me that I can't fly. This room has so much in it, but it is so vast that at first glance it appears empty like a building with only a frame, no walls, and nothing in it.

I walk through this building as I close my eyes. My soul is heavy as I carry it slowly to a place I now sit.

What is the greatest mystery in life?

It is not the universe, for we see it every night. It is not a dark room, with no walls and endless sight.

Life makes sense if you think about your own. You don't even have to think to breathe; you just have to find your home.

But how will I venture away from this world? I live and will one day die on this big blue and green pearl.

I can't travel passed the blue blanket sky. I cannot move past the dark clouds floating by.

When will gravity let me go? When will I see the universe and a seemingly endless show?

I write, because I think, and I think because I'm alive. And at this moment I realize the greatest mystery is when we die.

Will I fly passed the sky? Will I search for the light switch that surrounds my comfy seat? Is there such a switch? Is death dark like sleep? I sleep and my world slowly turns dark. The walls in my mind disappear to a distance only found by morning's spark. My mind becomes infinite and empty all at the same time. My universe inside is lit by dreams that I find.

The excitement of this mystery is destroyed if you rush towards the knife. The greatest mystery is death, something that happens to all life.

I am so scared of death, but now as I write, I have this feeling of excitement. Death is a part of my life, even now as I breathe without even thinking. I know I am alive. I know I will die. It doesn't even fucking matter how or why. But what happens?

What is next? Where do we go? Is there something after this? Is there something more?

Where do I go in this room that reveals no walls? What do I take with me, is there any point to it all? Do I stay close to where I sit, on this earth, on this rock? Or do I move passed the buildings, passed the sky and passed the clouds in which my view is often blocked?

I see the light, even at night. Do I become part of this sight? Does everything go black? Does the light burn out? I know it just might.

Are there walls somewhere out in that endless abyss. Or is there, only one life, right here, only this?

As I stop and look up at the endless universe in which I cannot reach, I ask an empty space, what will death teach?

When I die, is there somewhere to journey and go? It's kind of exciting that in life we never know.

I'm in line for a roller coaster, and even now I am scared. It is a ride in which I think I may never be prepared.

I no longer chase death, though a mystery that big is somewhat intriguing. I wonder when we die if this place, we'll be leaving.

I'm comforted by the fact that this room in which I sit seems to never end. I wonder which way death's roller coaster will bend.

We can never know what happens when we die? But as I stop, sit, and think, I know I'll never stop asking why.

I walk back to my car as the night's cold reminds me that I'm alive. I chase comfort in a life that is impossible to deny.

I breathe, my heart beats, I'm awake; I'm alive.

I breathe, my heart beats, I'm awake; I will die.

Excluding everything in-between that about sums up why.

Why run in a room with no walls to shelter you? I choose to put the knife down, and wait for the cards that will be dealt to me.

I sit, I stand, I walk, I run.

I have no choice but to just let death come.

It is a mystery in life that none can avoid.

I wonder now, if death is a void.

I inhale deeply, feeling life in a form so pure. I know I will die, but what happens, I'm not sure.

Only Tonight

I look forward to the smell
The one that drips down
I salivate for the taste
The one that self medicates
I feel naked without this manmade light
One that burns to the touch more
When the light fades to dark
I envy the night
As I run past the day
Sickness is felt before
While I sniff my illness away
Oh how I love this rush
Like a car speeding past a stalled train, and a traffic jam
Oh how I love the lust
As I lie to everyone about being content as a man
This room is dark
The one I have entered
The drip is stale
Creating a balance not permanent
But now centred
Who am I?
Without this drug
Who am I?
Merely a man who chooses to find
And loose
Love
So my quest begins again
For manmade light
Until the dawn of tomorrow
A day that is 24 hours in a capsule
24 hours in a room with shut blinds
Crumbling only to reveal the next night, I just can't fight
Without the drip
There is only tonight
There is only tonight
My body is bent

The Words In This Song

The road winds up, down, sideways, and in a direction all around
I venture further to a place where only conversation carries sound
My tires spin fast, throwing stones on the dirt road below
This path I am on, is just so, beautiful
I look all around and see the endless blue sky
I play Bruce Springsteen and for once I don't cry
For once in Philadelphia, his words, I don't relate
For I feel so alive, so free in this state
The company beside me is all that I need
On this country road I follow, at a slow and steady speed
My best friend is with me, and though we are lost
The lines in the dirt road give us a choice we now cross
The air sings to both of us, as the radio, I turn down
Alive in this place, my home is now found
I reach out my hand to the girl that I love
I'm guided back home, sheltered by a blue blanket, up above

Only Thought

I sit pondering on the conversation I just left
My mind wanders to a place I have now found
Close to the ground and far from the sky
Alone in this state, feeling no urge to cry
I vomit my words, honest but why
As I fail to have reason, to escape my drowned mind
I hate my honesty sometimes
It weighs on me, like a blanket when you have over slept.
I puke in this stained bed with nothing in me, for thoughts do not lie
I puke in this stained bed with nothing in me, but a silent voice that keeps me awake
I am suffocating, in, this, place
I breathe to escape but honesty gives me company
So I hide in this bed
So I hide in this bed
So I hide in this silent place where honesty can't be heard
Only thought

To Waking Up

I alone stand naked for my neighbour
I alone am honest to my brother
I walk, in this vulnerable state
Unafraid, in a moment I now know, will only continue
Finally, for I have taken something
Finally, for I have discovered something
Finally
For I, have, achieved
One thing
Finally
As I, have given, everything
It is in this self-proclaimed acknowledgement
That I feel a moment I know will last
More than a moment, in a life moving so fast
Content and completely satisfied is how I finally feel
Sincere with my presence
Honest, with my essence
Understanding the importance of my lessons
Knowing that I have a purpose, one with a message
Know I, can say, like I have so many times before
That today, "I am happy"
There is no other word that can define me
There is no other feeling that I have ever tried so hard, to understand more
There is no other truth, in which I have strangled, so many times before
There is no other state, that I know, to be this true
That is this lit, because of what I have done, and will only continue to do
Even when the walls all around
Try their hardest to darken this way
And try their hardest, to darken, my ground
The sun sets
And the mind rests
Though too excited, to go to sleep
But looking forward
To waking up
I have unclothed myself from shame
I have put down the burden of guilt, I have passed on the blame
And I've done this because I have had so much help along the way
Since I first got sick
Since the tunnel got dark
Since I first travelled, along this path
Since I first stumbled, alone, towards my reflection's wrath

Trying to find my way
For so many seemingly, endless, fucking, terrible, days
So as to find, this day
So as to feel, today
In a manner I can only describe as
This
So as to find, my way
So as to want to do nothing, but sit where I am
And just stay

I just want to stay awake
I just want to stay awake
I just want to stay awake

I just want to stay here
And see,
Tomorrow
Too

Do I Suffer

For what do I suffer?
When it is I who causes such
For what do I run from?
When it is I... who I find myself facing
For fear, do I discourage
Wrapped up in a blanket where nothing takes place
I do not move, not even a little
While longing to be somewhere else
While longing to be someone else
Where do my thoughts take me?
When they do not travel to a desired destination
My thoughts are here
With me as I look forward
With me as I don't even move
Where am I going when thoughts are discouraged?
Where am I as dreams are only carried?
Not created
As I state this, I want more
And so, onward I must go
For the sake of happiness
For the sake of tomorrow

Forgotten Souls Wander With Aimless Precision

Forgotten souls wander
Empty in body
Staring back with blank faces
Eyes rolled back
Looking backwards, blinded by the forgotten trail
As time carries the fallen luggage
As time falls down
Dropping only itself
As we face the fallen crown
And kneel to the dead
As the living is forgotten
We kneel, on the ground
We kneel, on the ground
Devastated in this state
Devastated in this place
Fearing what we now face
Left with only ourselves
In a dark room, with no window and no way out
Divided and alone
Battling all of which is a silent debate
Battling all of which is inside of us
We tear at our eyes
Without even raising our arms
Seeing so much
Except for that of which lies ahead
Loosing control of the blade
As it tears, cutting through light
With aimless precision

Dress Rehearsal

Slipping with sad eyes
Carrying the silent cries
With a pain whose birth just won't die
As I stand feeling too heavy to fall
Too heavy to lie
I question, why, and what did I do?
As this pain is felt, as this sadness came true
I have been broken and separated through
And through
Where do I go?
If only I knew
Loneliness from the one I dislike
With a friendship of distaste
A disclosed fallen spike
Armed with a secret, so blatant, so obvious
Carried by someone else, not cowardly, not masking this
The truth is now real, and out in the open
What it is though, is a friendship I've had has come to an end
I thought we were something, I thought we were one
This empty song is never shared though, now only sung
I hate the way people act at times
I hate not seeing all of the signs
They come for so long
They come, they come, and they come
They come, and stay with you, sadly
Rarely wrong
But always far from the past
And far too long
I feel a loneliness only given by an enemy
I feel loneliness; one a friend has given me
I feel a friendship, where love has granted me
Nothing
For only sadness
Is felt in me
And so I dial out
Late at night
Hoping for a friend to answer
Hoping for something bright
In this never ending conversation
In this never ending dress rehearsal
Where people merely act

Where people are not true
Where people do not care for me
And act as if they care for you

Nothing Is

We call the "so-called" beginning a creation. Something must have lit the fire that is existence in itself. The candle that is the universe is an apparent flame that will never burn out or self extinguish. Something must have lit this candle, and that same something holds it presently, held it then, and will forever keep it in its grip. Most call this something, this creator of creation, this spark, God. This three lettered, English label must have made everything, and everything else that continues to be made. This feeling of company must have been lonely. This complex watchmaker must have made the universe whose sole existence is a measure of time that only the most complex watch could ever attempt to calculate. This watch must have been turned on, but even we find it impossible to believe it will ever be turned off.

This God most pray to, is infinite, and now it's creation, the universe we try so hard to understand, will forever be as well.

But, if you think about creativity, wouldn't a painting simply be an extension of its creative and inspired painter?

Thinking this way, one would now assume that the universe is an extension of God. And, thinking scientifically, the universe, most definitely had to have created us. This universe created life! Thus, we are an extension of our universe.

However, we know our fate. And that is one in which we all have had a beginning and we all will have an end.

We are finite.

Some, well probably most, imagine an afterlife that shares a commonality with our most perfect creator. This afterlife we cannot choose, is infinite like the God that decides what and where this afterlife will be. Such a thought seems perfect, doesn't it?

I find this hard to believe as an infinite existence cannot have a beginning, similar to the shared lives, we know, most certainly do. Something found to not have a beginning, can only carry this truth if it can be proven that the past is nothing.

I'll let you think about that for a second. Re-read the last sentence if you think or feel it no longer exists. But it does, and you most certainly know this to be true, as you continue to read further, whether the words you read rest in the last sentence, this one, or the next one in which you've yet to see.

Thus, the past, is, something.

If we are an extension of the universe, like a wing to a bird, we evolve from the universe, like a wing to a dinosaur. Physically we never disappear, and this, can be seen, in the world, that we live.

We, simply, change.

We change, into something else, into something different, into something more, or maybe even, something less.

We try to make sense of existence by placing it in a capsulation that closes our minds to a common law of understanding it, and gives it a definite characteristic. Existence has a beginning and also an end. We say this because our lives begin and end. While we are here, to most, it just makes the most sense that everything else that is, once was, and eventually will be, does, did, and will, begin and end as well. Everything was once a cold, unlit candle, that now burns a flaming heat that lights the way. This light that is felt we pray will stay. This light, continuously created, is beautiful, but we see that the light always burns out and the dark always comes back. This impending fate is the route cause of all faith, a faith that is shared amongst many while fought over simultaneously.

But, there has to be something, something so perfect, that has, and will, only continue to be forever constant.

What could it be, besides a creator called God that is somehow more infinite than the painting of a painter that painted us, and the beautiful afterlives we paint for ourselves?

It, is, change.

When an extension takes place, change is the result.

If God created the universe, which then created us, this lateral flow, which is the essence of existence, is a change that is constant. One could now think to call God something else.

What word describes our infinite God, that forever exists and made all existence? What describes what is and always will be never the same? It is something similar to the universe in which we see, on the earth in which we sit, in the lives that constantly do, without a doubt, always change.

This change is a constant that is as infinite as the painter of the stars in which we paint, when we're not painting the sun and the moon that is seen through the sky that lights the way for the creation of us. These paintings have become a constant

extension of everyone, a constant extension that is, was, and will always be, never the same.

We paint what painted us, and we always change after we do.

We paint God in our minds, and our idea of what or who this perfect being is.

We paint the cause of creation. It is a change due to inspiration, and most call this inspiration God.

Thus to most, God is Inspiration. God is the creator of all existence. God is a permanence whose creation will always change. God is existence and the painter of everything that extends from such.

So I guess, if you believe in God, God is an extension from nothing, as he must have created himself.

But if God exists wouldn't he always change as well?

You would think, as he is permanent in our minds and so is change.

And, if nothing existed before God, wouldn't that mean there was once a beginning, a time where time did not exist, and nothing ever changed?

Yes, I guess it does.

Well, then what is nothing?

Everything that does, did, or will not exist.

Doesn't that contradict itself? Doesn't that mean that nothing is something?

Yes, I guess it does.

Wait, then will there be an end, will there be nothing?

Wait, and you won't see it.

Well then, what created everything?

Something.

Then what created something?

God?

Then what created God?

Nothing.

Then what is God?

Nothing.

Then what is your painting of him?

Three letters that provide people with faith a feeling of company, real or not, that is, without a doubt, something.

But, what is the opposite of something?

Nothing.

Will this change?

It already has.

What is change?

Something that is constant.

Will that change?

We will never know.

I guess, what I'm trying to say is a beginning and an end, are polar opposites of the same thing. They come from and lead to nothing. We exist, like all that exists, right in between, and we, and everything else exist because we are something. God is nothing, and that is something.

The Night's Kiss

The caress of the cold dark sky
Touches the skin and awakens the tired soul
Alone but in the company of memories past
While facing a future that only dawn could bring
In this thought love is found
It is warm to the touch as is the Sun's Ray
And so this lonesome fool marches onward
To tomorrow
In the middle of the night
In the midst of this unshared cold night's kiss

The Waves

Running into the waves
Falling flat onto the windy shore
Wanting so badly to just dive in
Wanting to see so much more
Treading water as you dare not even move
Feeling the sand below
Feeling the ocean shaped groove
Sinking as the waves crash all around
Feeling waves drown out the noise
A suffocated existence
A muffled indescribable sound
Treading water as you try to stay up
This storm keeps you at bay
In an earth whose water is merely a cup
This storm has no end
On a day now black from light
This day is only one
Of so many impossible nights
You write into the sand
Lord, please help me find home
You look into the sky
As your eyes are carried to an open door
This room is empty and drowning all at once
It is an ocean of everything
An emptiness of abundance
You climb on a rock to catch your air
Feeling a sky whose back is now turned
And a body of water that just does not care
And so you dive right back in, in the ocean where you started
For you know now though
The waves are still here
This ocean cannot be parted

Depression Is Not Laughing

I hurt inside and out of body too
I walk with pain every step
I mask it by being a man
But I am only human
And sometimes I feel like giving up
Sometimes I feel like letting go
I just want this journey to end
I just want to find my place
In this existence
In this unbearable state
I feel like I walk back with every step forward
I feel like I can't go any further
And yet I march
And yet I march
In search of so much more
In search of this blue blanket
Gracious past
Into this life, where time is my only companion
Where time moves oh so fast
And I just stand and fall
Depression is not laughing
And nor am I as I have forgotten
To enjoy
Just
Standing

I start this poem with a question
I beg life to answer
Why, oh why, oh why?
Do I hurt so much
Inside

Plural

Succumbed to the emptiness of the path all around
Feeling heavy in this weightless place
Floating and sinking all at once
My feet find no ground, as thought is the only sound
Screaming inside but too tired to continue
Whispering outside but too desperate to give up
Thinking of hanging
Bleeding
Thoughts of not breathing
Thoughts of not being
The light is dim but wouldn't it be a treat if it just stopped
Along with time in this universe with no watch
My poem is sad and hopeless, as are most
My mind is trembling; I do not even want to be a ghost
I don't even want to exist
I keep going
I keep going
Asleep as I march on
Depression is such a lesson in this children's school with no song
Alone at my desk listening to the lecture of life
I'd rather be out, past my windows view, running with no knife
I don't know what I want
I don't know what I have
I'm fucking pathetic in this conscious state
For I have control of my mental state
And so, I take the pills
Morning and night
I sleep to escape
I wake to fight
I say I love life
I just hate this night
And yesterday too
I wonder where I will go tomorrow
I wonder, where am I now?
I wonder if even I, the one who suffers really gives two flying fucks
Depression is a joke
If I do nothing I will win
If I do nothing I will loose
If I want to live, that is something I will choose
And so myself, I will continue to abuse
Until my body is a bruise as my mind feels like a burnt out fuse

Healing until happiness finds me again
And then runs away like a friendship come to an end
On me I know, I must always depend
And so this sad thought I will let go
And so this sad place I will bend
And so this depression I will ignore
Until I sleep
Until I sleep
Until I wake up
Until the lit sky distracts me
With a thirst to put water in my cup
And just take
My
Fucking
Pill
Plural

I Think So

When will the pain vacate?
When will my mind be at ease?
When will I be happy; when will I find peace?
I strive to complete every step
And just continue moving forward
Lying awake, I can feel myself fading away
Lying awake, I push myself on, for I cannot stay
I wrestle at life
But I have stopped training
I've put down the knife
But my scabs I continue to open
For as I begin to heal
I long for the steel
And so, I hurt, as I hurt myself
I hurt, as I am too tired to wipe the blood from the floor
I hurt, as I cannot find the door, the way outside
Longing to love where I am, but wanting to escape
All at once, all at once, all at once
All at once
The pain keeps me upright
Until I find a place to rest
Where life seems at its best
And I am not even awake to see
And I am not even alive to feel
For now, life, is pain
And so I must take the next step
To find my place again
I keep my eyes open, hurting as I do
I close my eyes and life becomes a beautiful dream
But it's only a dream
It is not true
It is simply a release, one I have found
Wanting nothing more than strength and stability on this shared solid ground
Wanting nothing more than to heal, in a life that is only real when my eyes wander
When the pain is my company, when I cannot choose, only ponder
Can such a feeling be found?
As my eyes wander longing for more
I think so
I do
And so
I will go

The Target And A Wall

Broad daylight
Target in sight
What is the right thing?
When one arches the bowstring
Aiming for something real
Shooting at a life to steal
I hurt when I do not look through the sight
As my body bends into an endless fight
Striving for a target in which to track
Though constantly loosing grip, always falling back
Loosing a handle on my very bow
As the arrow I clutch, I cannot let go
Aiming for something greater, something more
Though consistently blocked by a closed door
The arrow flies free, as does my release
Hitting a target so far away, landing in one piece
Where do I go now with an empty bow in hand?
I am merely an archer, with no arrow to now stand
The sound of company leaves me in peace
As I am now alone, under God's tree
Broad daylight has returned, actually there all along
For, what do I do with my bow?
Its emptiness feels wrong

Screaming With Tape Over My Mouth

WITH TAPE OVER MY MOUTH

My mind is venturing far away from its existence

Going forward

Screaming backward

Far from here

Far from here

Wait

I am here

Where am I going when my voice is screaming?

With tape over my mouth

Where am I?

With tape over my mouth

I am okay

I take the tape off

I can still breathe

I am still here

I am still here

I can still breathe

I am still here

Still Standing

I whisper, it's so hard
I scream inside
As my knees buckle outside
I collapse, seeing the ground rise
Feeling the ceiling fall
But I am still standing
Completely understanding
That I cannot move, with the voices
So loud
One voice, multiplied by many
My voice, unlucky
My thoughts screaming I can't
As I whisper, I am
Inside and out
Still standing

Smudged

I write manic, but content
My mind is a paragraph
My body is bent
Depression is slept into silence
Though I know good feeling could be violent
And so I end a conversation I've had with myself
For self-induced pain need not be felt
I aim for happiness and a life full of joy
Comparing it to a picture of I as a boy
Innocent he was, with a sick mother whose illness he judged
But now he has felt it, and his self portrait is smudged
I pull out a new canvas and fresh paint to play with
For in this life, I am still the same person, and so my voice shall state this
I loved myself then, and I love myself presently
And so I will paint a new face, with colours, bright strokes and beautiful life indefinitely
My mother inspires this painting
For even as I begin
I feel myself changing

Prescription

Where do I go from here?
Where do I let my body steer?
Is it the past or present, in which I fear?
Or is it the future, far away or near?
I lay on the ground looking down
But dreaming up
How do I even begin to fill up my cup?
How do I make sense of my deprivation's luck?
When so many times I've looked at bare wrists and a blade, not knowing what to cut
I feel so much shame, so much judgement, so much stigma
Is my mind nothing more, but a vulnerable enigma?
Do I grab the gun and pull the trigger?
Do I keep venturing further, letting the universe grow bigger?
Mind bent, body broken, life giving, never taking
This truth is a reality that keeps my spirit aching
This sickness is invisible, but its truth is not faking
I take the pills to a path I that I am now making
I wish I could take the pills and just be
But I am bipolar and I want the whole world to see
Is this suicide?
Or
Is this me?

I Can't Even Pretend

I am a man giving
I am a man forgiving
I am a man living
In pain
Not me
We never lost control
A man who sold himself
For fame and wealth
To a place I end
To a place I find pretend
Gazing into the sky
Asking why, a long, long time ago
Who knows

I walk with a pain in my chest
I walk looking at what's best
I fall forgetting thought
As
I
Am
Brought
To a place I run away from
In a day that has now come
Bringing forth another tomorrow
I want to run from
And walk towards

As I can't even pretend to act like I am
Not
Moving
Forward

I Just Stare

I run past the sky
I talk to the moon asking why
I run, head up, shoulders back
Streaming towards something ahead
But why am I always looking back?
I scream, let me go
I scream
Why is this so?
I scream for my dreams
A vision of tomorrow
One, I just can't know
I stop screaming, for as I do
I, am, no, longer, dreaming
Why, then, do, I, run
From nothing
As the past, is, no longer
Something
Fuck these thoughts, they are all self-taught
They are regret
They are despair
Where free feelings are never found, and far too often rare
Take care
Take care
Please something greater
Please, fuck you; take care
I long for the sickness
I long for my illness
To no longer be here
To be there
Where I will go?
Will my life show?
A life I must repair
I just stare, wishing I could just know
But I don't, so I continue running
Looking back

As I Sit

Parked in my car

Through curtains lies the truth

And so we go, through and through

Who Are We Kidding?

One falls, when the anger takes hold
Carrying truth in lies, as solid as gold
Let the demon be released, but chain him back
For sins seep through, even the smallest crack
Calm is the relief when the bitter taste is swallowed
And so we venture, to serenity we follow
It is in this bright place that provides sleep
For carrying a conscience of guilt, keeps the soul weak
At any time, one can muster
A web of lies, a sticky cluster
Who are we kidding when we hold in our anger?
Our life suffers
Our intentions dangle
And so I choose to continue this conversation
It is one that keeps me pure
In this path I am shaping

Fuck Dishonesty

We walk with an emptiness deep within
Some look to drugs, some look to gin
Forgiving our souls, we try so hard
Most giving our life to a manufactured scar
One so permanent in a life that fades
Some take in air, some seek the blade
I imagine a life of dreams, a life unseen
And so I am brought downhill, to a calm flowing stream
Though it is shallow, too rocky and jagged to stand
And so I just sit and stare questioning
Am I truly a man?
I take that stand, looking down river
It gets dark outside, so cold I even shiver
I blanket myself with the comfort of a bridge above
I am alone now, how do I love?
People walk by, here and there, overhead
I live surrounded by many
But I know inside, a void is what's said
I hate this rhyming shit
Is it life I want to quit?
I'm so angry; everything I write about is me
I want to get out of my head; over there I want to be
Everything is I, I, I, over and over, I
Why, why, why, do I write this crybaby sigh?
I hurt, I'm in pain, but am I selfish, am I vain
I want to write about what I see and what I observe
In this world that's undeniably beautiful, but so absurd
People driving back and forth, focused, but dying
And I just sleep away the shared pain, too tired, seen crying
Who's lying, fuck dishonesty
It's the world's biggest travesty
Be true, be righteous, aim high, be a man, make unselfish plans
Fuck this rhyme, I don't even understand
Is this what it takes to be good and to be human
To care about this crazy world, that never stops moving

Something We Know

The day begins and ends with you
The universe grants us a gift
The essence of summer's kiss
And the sun is the first to sink in
As it is the one clarity that lets life begin
We run towards it
We walk away from it
We are blanketed by warmth that cannot be ignored
As our dreams blossom in a lit place
And do nothing
But soar
The door lets the sun set
To a peaceful place of nothing more
Than a days end and a new beginning
One where life stops singing
The sun is everything in this room with no walls
As we are the object that reflects its strength
And so for this life, we give thanks
Letting the darkness finally come
As the memory of light lets our dreams continue
Into the night
Our vision reflects even the warmest memory
With our eyes closed
And a tomorrow
We do not know
Except that the sun
Will be there

Sharing Loneliness

I walk
Through the halls with bare walls
Socks sweeping the seemingly dustless floor
What day is it? People stare from their rooms
Leaving their escape only as big as the crack in the glass
The air is stale
Loneliness is a shared state, in a psychiatric ward that is a new world
I am heavy
I am exhausted
I have nowhere to go, and so I go, back and forth, back and forth
As I walk, I want to run
As I imagine running, I want to scream
As I scream, I open my eyes, for I am only dreaming
As I pace, in this race indoors
I can't fight this fact
The memory always comes back
In these bare walls, this empty hall, this sick place
Contagious, with loneliness I cannot escape
I drape myself in this heavily medicated sober state
I am nowhere
But want to hide
Pacing alone, on a lone table, unstable, understanding my own insanity
Leaning on walls, my existence contained
I run, I fall, blinded by artificial light and unbreakable walls
Why did I come here?
It is safe, there is no knife, but this isn't life

A patient comes up to me and gives me a clementine
He does not speak English, but I understand his language
He is showing me something, and so, I accept his offering
This may not feel like living in the real world
But even good contained, can be shared
And so, I smile at him
As he just stares

A Movie Script That Never Got Made

We rise early to see the traffic take form
And so this insanity is just the norm
We get in line, a line that starts where we stand
In this time, a time that defines our land
Tired but yet we breathe
With one thing meant to be achieved
We are still this world's children
We are still so far from wild and,
As we conform to a new beginning
That is so repetitive in this empty silver lining
I once contemplated suicide
Today, but what about yesterday?
What about tomorrow's ride?
Fuck this noise
This traffic muffles the joy
The sky is gray, in this backlit day
As, we all, just, want to play
"What do you want?" I say, to the person next to me
But he can't hear, even the best of me
I look him in the eyes
And don't even see the human hidden behind his cries
The birds rest on a line above
Their peace is beautiful, but it's above
As we are so far down
Having only emptiness on this over-populated,
Stagnant ground
And so I just stand in line
Feeling so sublime
For I am playing, and writing this movie script
This, is my secret, one I have kept
Written with the blood on the blade
Knowing this movie
Won't ever get made

Lifted From Fallen Ground

I run faster than I ever have
I give more than I ever have
I scream louder than ever before
Wanting nothing more, than to open the door
The one to my life, the one weighed down
The one to my freedom, lifted from fallen ground
I touch the flame, but do not let it hurt
I subdue its strength, and I am still fine
Knowing this path I am shaping is shared
But all mine
And so I go, onward through today
Opening the gate, opening the door, tearing down walls
Standing strong, where I envision
Falling nowhere, aiming with pure precision
This is my poem
This is my home
This is my path
My past is my wrath
And I will not lose track
I will not be submissive
I will penetrate through barriers
I will be, only, persistent
I never give up, as do you, and so I am inspired
Waking from a dreamlike state, awake, not tired
I am alive, and just want to run
I just want to relive my mistakes, as if life has just begun
This journey seems to never end
But right now it is only one
And I am included
So today, the one sky, I will see
I will stand below
And I will just be

God's Voice You Ask For

The gun's cocked back
What do you do?
Do you pull the trigger and end this seemingly endless dream?
Or do you float, calmly, down this spiralling calm current
The world seems to wind down, and so you live awake through this contagious state
You put the gun down, picking up a knife
What do you do?
Do you release yourself, from this shared pain that is undeniably felt?
God whispers, but you cannot hear him through the breeze in the trees all around
And so this knife leaves you afraid
And so this knife, you just leave on the ground
You cannot look at it, for it has strength that cannot be ignored
You cannot look anywhere, but everywhere, except for where the blade lies
Do you live, or do you die?
That is easy; a question you can answer... isn't it?
You're still alive, and you've forgotten where you've rested the knife
God has taken the gun
You walk, not picking anything up now, free from the weight of choice
You are free, and rejoice
You are free, as the breeze is your voice
God's voice you ask for, but you hear only your own
It is the one that tells you, to go home
But you know what waits for you there
You know, but are you prepared
This freedom is not fair, for it is only life you face
And so, your reflection in the water is where you stare
And so, your life is your chase, in this place in which you go back and forth
In circles that never end
You stand high above the trees, all around now
But still, God is not found
As the friends you have left behind
Are the gun that has been taken
And the knife you left somewhere
On the ground

Is Freedom A Lie?

We stare through the window
Each we call our own
We punch the glass to escape, our only cluttered home
Breaking only ourselves along the way
The walls cave in and here
We will not stay
As our home sways even a little
As our trapped life seems only a riddle
We look around the walls and ignore the cracked glass
We look around to a door, one we cannot see past
Get up, you do
Run towards the door
It is the way to choice
It is the way to so much more
We are now free
Free from ourselves and who we thought we'd be
We are now outside
Surrounded by many, but alone inside
Is freedom a lie?
For back home is where we only see
And through the door and back, we'll only
Ever be
And so we go
Back to sleep

Life Is The Fear They Sew

They hear voices that scream
Closing their eyes
Eyes still closed
But the voices chase them into the night
The voices chase them into their dreams
And they open their eyes to the dark
A backlit canopy, blocked by the ceiling
One they cannot see
It's dark, and they just hear the screams
A cold feeling, scraping beneath, beside and above
The demon is below
The witch, beside
The ghost, above
Their dream is a nightmare, and they are awake
Their reality is their dream, one that is as clear as day
Even in this dark place formed by the night
To sleep or to stay awake is the choice they must make
Where only their life exists
In a night filled with death
And a cold devil's breath
Would they like to be alive to face this fear
Or would they like to die, and join the voices so near
This is a question, even they do not know
But what will death bring?
As life is the fear they sew

As Long As The Rest Of Our Lives

I am not alone when I cry
I love more than my own reflection
The one who chooses to stand with me
And I am so grateful that she holds me
I feel the beat when she is next to me
And just her memory helps me to my feet
I owe her my world, because she is my own
I owe her only all of me
In this time where sometimes I cannot see
In this time, where alone, I cannot be
Depression is a lesson that all who breathe must, at times, follow
But I alone cannot battle my own
Knowing all too well, that in which is the void that I bottle
Does not break because she keeps it from falling
As I tread in deep waters she reminds me to breathe
And let the waves just do their work
The emptiness inside is sheltered with her presence
The sadness I feel is distracted by her essence
As she continues to guide me through life lessons
And I continue to keep running, chasing her heart
With my own
For, it is the beat that I feel, and the one that reminds me
I am not alone
Her voice is the one that brings me home
Her behind me pushes me to continue moving onward
As together we heal, running and resting
But always looking forward
We chase dreams that only together, we can reach
In a song as long as the rest of our lives
About love, and my life
One that heals because of hers

I Was Breaking

I had a conversation yesterday
I was breaking
My pain, I was not faking
I paced, I shook, I hurt, I was scared
My friend talked to me
My friend walked with me
My friend sat with me
And guided me
He said words that showed me who I really am
And not what I have come to understand
I wanted life to end
Before the conversation had even begun
But I have a friend
But I am lucky
I have a friend
Who told me I am strong
Who told me I have done no wrong
Who told me that life is a song
And I just need to give it a chance
And I just need to walk and run through it, like a beautiful, endless dance
He made me look in the mirror with his gentle words
And into my own eyes I looked, as deep as I could
I cried
I cried because I knew I was wrong
I cried because I knew I was hurt
I cried because I looked at my wrists, underneath my shirt
And it said "Love Life"
It said love the gift your parents gave
It said love the path your friends have made
It said love yourself, because you are loved by someone else
And because of him, less pain is felt
All I can say is thank you to my friend
On him I know I can always depend
And because of him I remember that I love myself
And I don't want life to end
I want to just breathe, as my tears are no longer there
I just want to let my path bend
Tell me friend, can you ask for anything more?
That is truly what a good friend, an amazing one
Is for

Light Sky

We venture into the light sky
Streaming down an open road
The clouds caress our eyes
And act as pillows
In this whimsical blue day
We wave to those venturing down the same path
Seeing smiling faces
Travelling with no destination
Travelling with no hesitation
Only the many paths they are making
I am vulnerable to happiness
I am welcoming joy
With a new found love for life
With a new found love in sight
As I share this day
With those who just will not stay
In a darkness that was, yesterday

You're Falling Asleep

Driving past the sign
Driving all the time
Where the fuck you going this time?
You look lost, again
You drive everyday
But where do you end up?
Where the fuck are you now?
Back home
Somewhere else
Where else?
You're not even moving
Bitch, where the fuck you going?
You're falling asleep
Pull over, you don't need to keep driving
Pull over, go home
Go home, you always do
What's different today?
Where are you?
You haven't even moved
There's nothing different
You'll always be you
No matter where you go
Just be, you don't need to fucking drive
To make you see
But who knows
The next drive might be different
But you're still gonna pull over

We Are Still Writing

I see past my walls and see all of you
For when I'm in your company
There is no shadow, only open view
You open the door, the one to my world
You are the reason, this is why
We hold each other, we push forward
Together we lie
You've pulled me outside
This feeling is unconditional
This moment just goes on
We share a sight, daring not blink
We are in love, as the world is awake
We are in love, in a room that is warm
We have moved on from yesterday
No longer cold from a storm
Open your window
Open your heart
Open your eyes
You are the reason I don't want to die
Our path is something that seems strange
In a movie with no name
This is love, unconditionally
This is love, and this is enough
But we both know, there will only be, so much more
For this movie's ending
We are still writing, in a life, we are still living
As this love, we won't ever stop sharing
Thank you, for letting me into your heart
Thank you, for sheltering me from the storm
Thank you, for saving me
So that I can write this
So that I can write, whatever I want
And just not care
As I cannot deny
How much I care
For you

I Walk With The Kings

What is this feeling?
I feel bent, for I am content
Not used to this feeling of bliss
How long until I miss this
Screaming to the sky, as my tears stream down
Bipolar's a funny game
I think I'm sad
I think I'm depressed
And so to God, I undress
Only to soon feel blessed
I feel happiness, I feel joy, I feel unchained
Engaged in a state of mind, that always plays a game
This is so strange
I am a man, stronger than yesterday
But still the same
A man with a name, let's get this into perspective
One day I don't want the air I breathe
The next, I just want I just want to be, in a life I won't ever leave
Until there is no air left to feed
So that I can arrive at a place, I feel now
Can't deny this truth
I walk with the crowds and maintain my virtue
I walk with kings and happiness is my future
For it is in today too, but how long will I say this?
Without lying to you
Holding onto this
I'll never stop trying to do
Am I happy?
Or am I just trying to fool?

This feeling feels store bought
And one day I'm going to throw it out
For now, I'll just play with it

Live

Understand there is a point to this mess
Listen to the lyrics to this song
There is reason for all of this, just listen
Get up, keep going, you know you can
Try to understand, you are so much stronger
Than you think
Don't even blink
Just listen
What does it say?
What does it tell you to do?
You can keep going
There is so much more
Chase the wind; let go of sin, you are you
You are not him
You are so much more
Open the door; listen to the voice, the one that sings
Only you, alone, are the one that can swim
Don't ever give up, there is so much more than this
There is so much more, you will not miss
Understand, you are someone
Understand, you are human
Understand, you can move on
Understand, you know you can
For you've done, no wrong
You are you, understand?
Hold out your arms
Listen to this song
Chase the wind
Let go of sin
You are you
Just listen

3 AM

I walk into the night sky
Towards a moon as big as my eyes can see
Scared in this place, for I am alone
Scared in this state, for I'm on my own
I've survived the wrath of the lit day before
Covered by a gray cloud, one that is gone in this night
A night that sings with an open view, and open sky
One I just can't fight
The stars try to tell me something
They try to tell me, there is so much more, you are still here
Even in this place that I just don't want to face
Even in this place that leaves a bitter trace

Because of their light, and a moon up above
I can see into the darkness
But I'm alone, I can't contend with that fact
I'm alone in this night and I just can't forget that
What will tomorrow's light bring?
How loud will the birds sing?
Will I chase that one thing?
Or will I run, from just about everything
I just don't know

For now I'll continue walking
Under the night sky
The one that reflects a starlit path
That is my life today, at a time far from day
A path that is my only light
A path that is my only strife
A path that brings me into the dark
Out of the sun
And out of the light
Then back again

I just want to find my friend
I just want this night to end
I just want to no longer pretend
Tonight there is just not enough light
And though I am a man
It's the witching hour

And I am scared of the dark
For, I'm alone with myself
And, though I can see the path in front of me
Because of the stars above
I just can't see this night's end
And, I just want to no longer pretend

For, I am alone
With myself

Frozen Memories, Pain, and Self-Remedies

Conflicted in a stage of addiction
Can't let go of this painful affliction
Chasing the broken needle with a hopeless intention
With a shameful truth, I just don't want to mention
This unnatural state leaves a bitter memory
With a weakness inside that always destroys the best in me
Oh, for how I wish I could just let it be
But my craving for more does nothing but control the rest of me
I recover from my own man-made elevation
Always falling into a state of self-deprivation
Why is it that something I do nothing but run from?
Forever turns into something I'm chasing
This is a truth, one I just cannot stop facing
My mind won't stop racing, I just can't stop pacing
I am just sick, and the remedy I have chosen
Is the wrong solution, in a time that feels frozen
What is this drug, this is not love
But when I am done, I always come back
To all of the above

Who I am In This Ocean?

Lost in translation
An ocean's view
I am now facing
Seeing pain I have for so long been chasing
Seeing pain swim, into the deep
Seeing it drown, directly below the sky's feet
I am free, without hesitation
I am free, in front of a view God is now making
Diving into water, afraid
Diving into the rest of a life my future has already made
Breathing to fight
Fighting to breathe
Looking at a shore, one I just cannot bear leave
I swim to not think
I swim to not sink
But I can't help but think
How can I just stand?
For I just want to continue this journey
Found on solid land
This water is too much to even begin to comprehend
This ocean ahead seems to have no reachable end
So I will just swim, until the end of time
I will forever stand, in my sick but healing mind
And who I am in this ocean
I, will, find

But First I'll Rip Out My Eyes

I tear at my face
Screaming at my hate
Leaving a life I can no longer embrace
Fuck this world
Fuck this slavery
Serving it in a place of shared but unfair bravery
With no choice, a shattered voice
And a sound louder than any noise
Could ever make
Is this heaven, for heaven's sake?
I rip out my eyes
But my memory lights my view
In a world that makes the healthy sick
A spec of dust, enough to make the sick spew
And so what I just can't see
Is this the man-made place I want to often, forever leave
But it's my world too, and it just won't let its people free
This is not humanity, can't you all see
I am drowning in a black hole's existence
Evil thoughts become even more persistent
And so this hate is what makes me more resistant
And so sleep that as a child seemed possible, just now isn't
Fuck you too, if you don't want to heal this home
Fuck you too, you're the reason we sink and just can't move on
I whisper with one voice, alone and scared
I scream in the company of billions, fuelled and prepared
I will not lay wrapped in stained in sheets, on a cold bed
I will no longer wait to be caged like an animal that is forever deprived but fed

My eyes heal themselves
The blood in my veins makes my throat swell
And all I can do is scream to get out of this hell
I feel like I'm living on cracking eggshells
For I am one man of many suffering in a life
For I am one human of many, suffering sin's strife
Raise your arms and drop the knife
You can stop you, but you will not stop life
Our home is the reason we sometimes do break
And so a better world I choose to now make
But first I'll rip out my eyes
Because to be a man I must, no longer, wish to die

I must stand strong, and dare not begin to cry
I must stand honest, and not live this world's lie

I've Saved Him

I whisper to a song I can no longer sing
Carrying an empty void I can no longer bring
Weightless in this new found travelling state
Tired and awake, knowing it's really not too late
I climb up a hill with less effort than before
I enter a room I've already been, with an already open door
Where does this life take me, I just want to know?
What is the point of this feeling?
Is this where life goes?
Calm is the presence, the one I feel all over
Pain is a past, buried much lower
And so I continue on this once arduous journey
The further I get, the far less it hurts me
I gain strength as my gravity above becomes lifted
I know I am strong, for I can't deny I'm gifted
Remembering the dreams, the ones I had yesterday
Coming true they are, as the darkness leaves the best of me
I live pure, true, honest, and real
For though the world softens, my heart can't help but feel
I am a man scared to be reminded
I am a man living, seeing, not blinded
The hallway becomes shorter, I move closer to the light
My future is nearer, and finally it seems bright
I am happy as I write this, and this, I do not lie
Can I carry this weightlessness, I pray, and I will try
This is purpose, in this complicated life
This dream is now real; this feeling is not strife
I never let go; I never gave in
And so I walk in good company, for my reflection, I've saved him
I have a friend, and he is myself
I am not alone, as right now love is felt
Thank you I say to him, and he says it back
Forward we'll go, and we'll never look back

What Happens Next?

Where is the past?
Is it real?
For I know it disappears
But still I can feel
What is the present?
For time is never frozen
Why is it often something I hate?
And sometimes the thing I've chosen
I ask these questions
Looking for lessons
Looking at a future
Hoping I'll be let in
It is not happening
It is not here
Like our past it's invisible
And so it becomes fear
Is this time?
Is it these three things?
Is it the void that already took place?
Or is it what the sky brings?
It must be now; I know it must
And so this time I will trust
I'm alive
Breathing this second
What happens next?
Is the past I am left in
Let go of time
And you will just be
Hold onto it
And you will forever see

This Is Love

I run into the day ahead
Leaning on a pain I have led
To a sunlit sky that tries so hard
To keep me up, to push me far
My scars no longer bleed
And life just moves at an unreachable speed
Is this love?
Or is this greed?
Forgotten soul of mine, wandering through the deep
A spirit inside finally taking that incredible leap
I ponder in this wanderlust
Sitting long enough to just wonder
Thank you beyond words
For without you, there is no us
And with you beside me, I just know
This is love

Purpose In The Night

Please don't judge me
I'm just mentally ill
I just hurt so often
I try to make sense of my mind
A truth I just cannot find
And so I write
To find purpose in the night
And so I write
To make sense of my pain
To make sense of gray skies with no rain
I hurt when I pace
I race back to sleep
And vivid dreams are all I see
And terrible dreams are what I see
Waking up I just want to be
Different
Waking up I just want to be
Happy
But the anxiety takes hold
Fear of the future
Fear of what I'm told
Fear of the past
Fear of getting old
Sadness, for I hurt
Regret for who I've hurt
Remembering who I've been
Seeing myself now in something
Too real to be a dream

My Own Shadow

Screaming inside but silent on the exterior
Running in my mind
Sitting in reality
Life is far superior
Barely eating
Barely drinking
In a depressed, undressed, uncontrollable way of thinking
Can't stand the light
Can't stop blinking
There is no cure to any of this
Who I was in the past
Is the one thing in life I just can't help but miss
Happiness is a reality that I have held
But why?
When it is over
Do I venture back into this hell?
Help me, I ask my own shadow
For inside of me is the place of this battle
Go to work every day, like everything's okay
Making others smile, the highlight of my day
Pathetic is how I feel, like a baby, can't stop complaining
You're probably reading this,
Thinking it's so fucking draining.
Does being sick make you a baby?

Her Face

Lying in a warm bed
Kissed by the one you love
Missed by the path you've led
You hold her tight, forgetting your burden
She holds you the same
And you don't even think
You just listen
You listen to her breath
You match it to your own
And in this moment, you are every place and home
Alone was yesterday, and it was amazing
For it led you to the place where this moment would take you
It led you to this moment where your eyes are closed, and all you see is her face
It led you to now, eyes opened, and the face you see is hers
You are not alone
You are not scared
Sadness is a memory
A future now prepared
Shared is this moment that will forever be
For even when your future takes you somewhere else
Her face is what you see

The Echo of Thought's Song

The venom pours out on lined paper
Thoughts of the end take shelter
Life begins again as time is forgotten
The apple I eat is far from rotten
I look to God and hear my own voice
The question I ask leaves thought in silence
My mind is weathered
My mind is violent
I end with reason as the leaves blossom
I end with reason as my thoughts escape
Where do they go?
Scattered across the earth
The rock in which I sit
The rock that carries its own worth
I sit and ponder
My mind escapes me to wander
I bleed as my voice screeches to a halt
Looking back I realize nothing was my fault
I love this place
Though I look to move on
I love this place
Alone I hear the echo of thought's song
Where do I go?
Where do I go?
As I sit
And realize
It doesn't matter

Procrastination

We drown our thoughts
With the dying sound of our constant breaths
Masking our fears
Masking our tears
Wearing a mask for our ignorant years
This place is toxic
This place is home
There is piss on the floor
There is dirt on the walls
But we ignore it
We abandon ourselves
Leaving our souls in a dream
And our body in a room with locked doors
We want to leave
But we can't
We want to clean up this mess

A Sip

The world ventures onward
Closing in on its own wrath
The road less travelled
Has become our only path
The candle still burns
The bird keeps it a flame
With a calm breeze
Carried under the bird's wing
The light still calms the night
As the dawn still rises
The light lights the sky
The one we push towards
We reach
I look all around
I reach to the heavens
My body touches the sky
My mind wanders around
I sip a taste
The one I hold in my hand
The ground forces me to drop it
Spilling it to the ground
I touch everything

Hope Has No Ceiling

I will not deny this truth
Pain is a path I can't choose
I am strong, I always will be
I never gave up
I never will leave
And the rest of this life is something I will beg to see
I hear voices
They tell me to end my own life
But I never will, nor will I pick up the knife
A symbol I have made that represents suicide
I've made that promise to myself
And I make it to you
Abandoning such, would be a pointless thing to do
For though this life carries suffering, its magic is heaven sent
The voices I hear are one in the same, never bent
Calling my name, a name life has lent
They are my own, telling me I'm fragile
Screaming I'm insane, heard inside for miles
But they are just voices
They are just noises
And my voice is carried by a mind that chooses to make choices
Rejoice, for I have chosen, to live, and to live is to be strong
And to live is to just be, and that is something even I can see
These voices are simply noise, noise that I can tame
I scream as one, louder than any of their commands can ever say my name
And so this life I live, and so this wisdom I find, and this examined existence finds itself
Because of this, both pain and pleasure, polar opposites, are felt
And it is you I teach
Even, as it is I, whom I speak
You know now, I am bipolar
I am not weak
Sounds of myself simply leak through
But it is this same self that speaks to all of you
Listen if you want, ignore me if you choose
But I have made the invisible visible, so stigma and ignorance will lose
Tell me I am wrong
And have been all along
I will tell you I thought the same
But still I write a song

This is merely a symptom
This sickness is not a game
This is a symptom of a sickness that will listen
To the choices you make, to your undeniable position
This sickness is heavy, and ready to cause suffering
But through words of honesty, it can become just one thing
A thing that gives one purpose, which gives one reason
To never run from this life, to embrace pain without leaving
For after you hurt, you will find yourself healing
And the sky will open up to you
As hope has no ceiling
Let the sky just be
Darkness you will find
Heaven you will see

As Death Nears

As death nears the path we walk
All I hear are the Angels talk
I am weak to their wishes, honest and true
For we both know they guide what is inside of you
My heart is strengthened, guided by their steady hand
And it is an Angel inside that keeps me a man
I look to their strength and I'm guided to my own
I look to myself, and I am sheltered to my own home
I am safe in this existence in a calm state of serenity
I am happy inside, for life, I now let it be
I love who I am, and what I'll become
For though I am scarred, heartless, I am none
I have ventured this far and already I have lived many ways

Lost Stream

When it is I who hurts so much
When it is I who won't find such
When it is I who can't escape
In a life I chase, in an existence whose sense I just can't fake
Where do I venture?
How do I leave?
Are we in heaven?
If so, why do I grieve?
Empty and weightless is my gravity
Surrounded by so much, is what I see
I embrace this pain, kneeling on the ground
I embrace this time, forgetting thought, feeling found
But I hurt, as my thoughts are guided to carry so much sound
Where do they go, where do they come from?
Why are there so many, and yet I feel lonesome?
Why are they heavy, and yet I can't stay in one place?
Why do I escape thee, and yet I cannot find face?
For even my reflection does not leave a bitter trace
And this, a never-ending obstacle that chooses to not stay
As I, all too often, end in the same place
On every, different day
Where am I?
Where am I?
Who am I?
To you I am someone else
To you I am a knife, the one you have felt
Stabbing in your stomach, cutting off your air
With a grip of the knife, I cannot let go
For I see your fear, and I am scared
We are both not prepared
To let go of the blade, to pull out the pain
The thought of leaving you alone, leaves me insane
I am insane
I am insane
I drive through traffic, cutting through lanes
Where does this stream of consciousness take me?
What does this existence do to and make me?
Who am I talking to?
I just can't face the
Fact

That
I
Am
Something to contend
Something to comprehend
When I cannot see where I am
And thus I cannot see an end
Streaming down river
Swallowing so much lithium
I can't bear to see my liver
I scrape the medal
I scrape the smooth handle
I cut myself
Stitching the wound back together with slivers
Where do I go, where do I go, where do I go, where do I go?
Where
Am
I?
Where
Am
I?
Am I?
Where do I stay?
Where do I run?
Where do I lie?
Why?
Do I not die?
Why do I not cry?
Why am I scared?
Why am I not?
Are you prepared?
This does not make sense
My mind is a paragraph
My body is bent
And these are just words as permanent as my thoughts
Which isn't
Permanent
For it is merely loaned
And I am merely bought
This is just free, in a mind that just wants to see
Leaving no words to be fought
And right now, I do not think, I merely talk
Let them come out
Let them escape

For it is the void inside, that keeps me awake
For it is the noise inside, that helps me forsake
For it is the joy I find, that I cannot bear fake
As my holes open up
As my holes begin to gape
I am stable
As I see a man walking and able
As I see a land that I try and fit in a book that I rest on a table
As I look at my reflection
And it is I that I label
For I have been told a fable
For I am unable
To think clearly
Without
My
Medication
This is thought
This is not contemplation
This is letting it out
And then seeing what you can think
I pause
I blink
I think, because I don't know what I am saying
I don't understand
I don't know what else to write
For
I
Have
Lost
Sight
And I feel
Lost
Tonight

Stars From The Streetlight

I look down as the rain drops
I look down as the rain hits the sidewalk
I look down as the water says something
It says keep looking
What do you see?
I see up
I see into the sky
I see through it
Into the dark
Into the room with reflections of light
No wall to reflect
And nothing, surrounding infinite things
A dark, in which, we see ourselves in
I see up and I am down, in good company
Dreaming while I think
And so I keep looking down
As my eyes were guided up
As my eyes were brought somewhere else
Without even moving
Without even blinking
I blink and I think
I focus my thought and bring it to the streetlight
As the streetlight reflects into the water
And out again
I venture away
Leaving the puddle behind to a new one
With many small reflections of street light, bouncing off the ripples
And clustered like night sky when there are no streetlights
I see the sky, the one with no light from the ground, in that puddle
I see the stars
There are stars on the ground

Existence

I am not an atheist, but I am definitely not religious

I believe in God, or so I call this belief that

I feel God is never beginning, never ending existence, and the world, the universe, and we are a branch from that existence

I call it God, because that is the most powerful word in the English language, and I

don't know what else to call it

Is there an afterlife?

I like to believe there is, but I can't prove that, so why would I fight over that belief, like all religion does?

Do I believe in equality of all people, of all types, who are good, from both genders?

Absolutely

Does religion

No

I feel that God is just a three-lettered label on something we cannot understand, and even come close to define

And in both theist and atheist perspectives, it is simply a feeling of company one either has or does not

I like to feel like I have that company, and it helps me

Do I need any religion, run by man, to give me that company?

Absolutely not

Do I need humanity to have a good conversation about that company?

Yup

Ultimately, my faith rests in my mind, and that faith should matter to no one else

My purpose lies in being good to the people I share this world with, in this life I live, that simply wants to understand my own and shared surroundings

And that is pretty infinite when I look at a night sky

We are here because the world allowed us to be, and atheist or theist, we are here to help this world, and to help each other while we do

We are life

We should spend more time preserving that, and less time fighting over that, which does not exist

And like I said

My belief in God is never beginning, never ending existence

Excerpt From "A Man With Glasses" - It Starts At Home

After just over a month I was released, and free to go home. From that point on journals I kept beside my bed were filled daily. When I looked in the mirror, I knew more than ever who stared back, and how he thinks. My reflection was making sense, and it was that of a man, vulnerable at times, but stronger than ever at others.

I was proud of who I was and I liked the man that I was becoming. I still never lost the intention of writing a book, though the act of writing it became more of a form of therapy and less a symptom of mania.

In 2009, three years after my previous manic breakdown, it happened again, only this time my book had a title. It was a book that reveals the mind of a person becoming a man and gaining control of his mental illness. This would be a written revelation of one's mind, which is bipolar.

At this point I was hospitalized again, and once again, for over a month, I paced back and forth in the halls with bare walls. I found God in those walls once again, and formed friendships I can hardly remember but still to this day I laugh just a little inside when I think of them.

Once again I was released. A hospital's stay is never permanent, as the vast majority slip back into a rational state of mind; a mind whose only cure if one has a mental illness, is that of the very control managed.

Though, this time I crashed. I felt so much shame, so much stigma, and I could not accept my college peers, my friends, my mentors, my family, and the girl I had a crush on, seeing me in such a state. I crashed harder and longer than I ever have in life. The heaven I once found was now a distant figment of my imagination, something I just could not bear to accept. My life, at this point, and for two long years, lost all meaning. I drowned in a lake daily, so far from shore and so far from hope.

But I did something in the meantime. Two years can seem like an eternity, when no good end is in sight other than the end to one's own life. I lived with depression. I stayed alive through all of it, with a mind that was unbelievably self-destructive and self-loathing. I battled constant drug abuse, snorting my way to happy thoughts and suicidal crashes. The tattoos on my wrists, that both my mom and dad wrote, that read "Love Life", reminded me of just how much I disagreed with that statement. Every

time I looked at my most vulnerable points, my wrists, I wanted nothing more than to rip them off and watch the blood pour down my arms and onto the floor, until a last breath I no longer had. Life sickened me.

So what did I do when I wanted to die?

I took a symptom of my mania and channelled it into a symptom of depression. I wrote. I channelled that symptom into my room, with shut blinds, and barely any light. I wrote reasons. I made choices.

This is that chapter. This is my mind coming to grips with my reflection.

This is the power of words, and the potential beauty they can inspire. It starts at home. It ends with you.

Excerpt From "A Man With Glasses" - As Infinite As Your Mind Will Allow: Present Thought, June 28, 2014

The universe begins and ends inside of you. When you are born the universe is only as big as the room in which your eyes are first open. As your years pass, the universe can reach as infinite as your mind will allow, and that can be terrifying, for now, more than ever, you realize how finite you actually are. If you wish not to live anymore, you have the ability to destroy all that you have ever seen and all that you have ever come to know. You have the ability to make the infinite disappear, into nothing, not even thin air. For when your eyes are shut, the light to understanding the universe is as well. You have created yourself, just as the universe has created itself, and you have come to understand both, in the beauty and darkness revealed day and night. To be good, to do what is right, is to never destroy what you create. Alone or with God, in heaven or in your own home, you write the story of your existence. You walk in heaven, on earth, or in hell, in a manner and direction of your own choosing, if you are free enough to do so. If your candle fades, stay awake long enough and the wind will give it all the more reason to burn even stronger. Presence, only, is true, if your light shines for you to see it. Behind closed curtains, inside your mind alone, or on a seat the size of the earth with your eyes wide open. Here, warmed by the sun, blanketed by the sky, watched by the moon and touched by the stars, you are alive, and presently, you have so much potential to find peace. Even if we are only here a fraction of time, a piece on a never ending, never beginning clock, or go somewhere eternal after our cherry blossoms fade, we can live happy and strong now, in a heaven we call home today. Everyone's mind has the potential to find his or her own version of peace, and it is my belief that this peace is our very life's purpose. Happiness feels like heaven, and its memory is reason for hope when life makes it hard to breathe, and days seem impossible to face.

How did I not kill myself?

I reminded myself of the heaven I once found on earth, and the happiness I once shared with so many others throughout my incredible life. My universe does not begin nor end, does not have a creator or a destroyer, but it has love in a life, that has created itself. That more than anything, gives me a heartbeat. And, when I am happy, even if no one is around to share it with, I never feel alone and I always feel at home.

I thank God for this, and feel him right beside me as the birds chirp all around before the sun warms my morning. Thank you mom for bringing me into this heaven. Thank you dad for teaching me how to be a man in this life and the importance of questioning the unknown and purpose of it all. Without my life, mom, I would never be able to love,

and without you, dad, I would never understand the importance of loving the most important thing. Life itself.

I love life, and I now cherish the tattoos my mom and dad wrote upon my wrists.

My mind has suffered. I have suffered. But through it all, now, I can look at my wrists, love my tattoos and thank God, and the universe that I have come to understand, for the parents that brought me into the room where it all first began. Even though my mother is gone, her writing of love will always be a part of me, and every time I look at that word I feel her alive, just as she was to me yesterday.

In the mornings, I now, always remind myself, to pause, take a deep breath, and open my blinds so that I can remember just how big a part of heaven I am so lucky to see everyday. I remind myself to "love life" and the air it allows me to breathe in and out, as I look towards the day I sometimes forget I can face in any manner I choose.

Hopefully I'll stay stable enough, with a mind that is under control, so that my own voice doesn't drown out the real sounds life has to offer. I think the way things are going I'll be just fine.

As Biggie once said, "the sky's the limit." It's funny, because a song titled "Beyond The Gray Sky", and a friend who played me that song, inspired this book.

Excerpt From "A Man With Glasses" - The Meaning Of Life Is To Find Meaning In It

So I ran, and this time my clothes stayed on and I was not looking back. I had escaped again, with no destination in mind. Occasionally I would venture into the odd restaurant and ask for a cup of water. I played in the dirt, and was envious of the ants, whose version of heaven seemed so much bigger than mine could ever be in comparison. I ran through traffic and attempted to enlighten strangers with a simple hello. I even placed and bathed my hands in the water of a restaurant toilet bowl, for faith had me convinced that such an act of letting go would be the way to finding holy water.

I sprawled out on the ground carving an O around me, with nothing but a small rock in my hand. I needed an audience. I needed to convince others to open their mind. I had to be seen. I had to be heard.

I had found heaven, and it was right here, presently on earth, sheltered by a universe as infinite as its creation. My mind, though finite, would unlock the mystery of life, death, heaven and hell, in a universe that gives life the choices and chances to experience all of the above. But I had one major problem. I was the only person who realized that.

I had to be heard. And so my journey continued, and even with God's voice in my head, I felt so alone, and I missed my dad. I walked with squinted eyes that could barely see, as tears rolled down my cheeks. But as I walked my surroundings began to get very familiar. I... was almost home.

I prayed that I would go home. I prayed that I would see my mom and dad again.

Over and over I prayed, as my feet brought me every step closer. I asked God, my inspiration, and in that moment, my only friend,

"Open the door to the place I rest my head."

I thought to myself, if you believe your prayer to be possible, you, yourself, could make it a reality, true to what you desire.

So what did I do? I walked down the street, hopped the fence into my backyard, opened up my side door, and walked into the home in which my inspiration began. My prayer came true. God is real, and I was his son.

My parents were frantic. They screamed,

"He's here!"

"Send them away Walter!"

"Don't worry," I said, "I'll take care of it."

I stepped out the front door with no shoes on my feet, looked up at the clear blue sky above, put my hands in the air, having never felt so grateful and vulnerable to be a part of this life that I am so lucky to experience, and thanked Jesus over and over and over again, until, I, was interrupted. A voice, that for once was not my own, thanked me and said, "You can put your hands down now."

One officer approached me, even taking the time to kneel and tie my shoelaces together. I was not surprised by this act. I was Jesus reborn and had earned such respect.

The second officer put handcuffs on me. In this moment, I now knew I was a threat, for my potential was far too God-like. I was going to die. I was going to be executed.

I lay in the back of the cop car, staring at the blue blanket sky overhead that surrounded the clouds. My thoughts raced, and I had no pen, nor any paper to slow any of them down. I did not understand the situation and my mind made no sense because of it. Fear and confidence battled like a war in my brain. They were taking me somewhere. They were going to protect me. Or, they were leaving me somewhere. They were going to execute me.

But the car stopped, and the building I found myself looking at struck nothing but fear and despair even a confident mind could not steer away from. I was back at the hospital. I was going to die. They were going to kill me, for I had the key to unlocking heaven on earth, a playground that I was certain, we all could share. This truth, this ultimate truth, must be too good for humanity to comprehend and even attempt to begin to accept.

I was escorted in handcuffs, accompanied by two officers as they walked me through emergency, and took me to the washroom after I requested to take a piss. I spoke in tongues as I peed, and even saw a feather fly out of my penis following the trail of urine into the toilet bowl in which it travelled. In that moment I could not speak. I knelt down to the toilet in which the white feather fell, seeing it disappear as soon as it touched the water. It was there, I know it was, but I looked and looked and did not see anything but a toilet with clear water resting inside. I was a fallen angel, finally escorted to, and placed, on my final bed. My wings would be forever shackled. They were going to kill me. I had the key, and man did not want the door unlocked. Such a right and good truth is just so hard for humanity to accept and allow. I had to be silenced. In that moment I began to accept my fate.

As I lay on the bed I spoke in tongues. My audience wore uniforms and their expression seemed sad and hopeless. I was tied down with straps so tight I could barely move. As the walls closed in on me a man in uniform asked me to take a pill, assuring me it would help, and instructing me to let it dissolve under my tongue. I did, and as the pill dissolved, my mouth filled with a sweet flavour. I quickly spat it back towards the person who gave me the pill. It was a chemical candy that I knew was nothing more than poison itself.

I began to scream. My body jolted the bed back and forth. I tried so hard to break out of my restraints. I tried so hard to find the heaven I could only find if I was free to do so.

There was a hole in the wall. I looked at it. I saw an opening to the next chapter, a gateway to another existence. I said, "O", over and over, louder and louder. I wanted my audience to open their minds with me. I wanted them to share in what I saw.

I was injected.

I closed my eyes looking at the hole for the very last time.

I woke up.

I was in a psychiatric ward.

Stumbling While You Wait

Stumbling down the hall
Feeling weightless, yet you fall
Suffocating from closing walls
As you ask in contemplation
What is the point of it all?
Your conversation is internal
As you hear no answer
And so you light another cigarette
Feeling the cancer
You cannot let go of your thoughts
The ones that trail behind
You look to an exit and ask
Will I be fine?
But no one calls; no one hears your voice
And the only thing you hear
Is your self-made noise
Do you stay or do you go?
That you do not know
And so you wait another day
Until the dawn of tomorrow
Alone you awake, with another choice you must make
What do I do, for I don't like this state?
Once again
You wait

Thanking The Blue

Your day is just beginning
The birds are now singing
Where will you be going?
What will you be bringing?
Does it even matter?
Do you need to question?
Maybe there is no answer
Just another lesson
It is beautiful outside, as you look through the window
What does your heart tell you?
What song will you sing still?
You ask the heavens, please stay with me
You ask the clear blue, to not turn filthy
Where is your company?
On this pure day
Should you embrace the beauty alone?
Or should you find someone else to share in the sun's rays?
You like where you stand
You like where you are
You look up and look down
But you close your eyes and see scars
Why does it hurt?
When your mind does not see
You know the answer
So forward you must be
Alone you go, on yet another adventure
You thank the clear blue, for keeping you centred

Found Calm

I sit in silence
Waiting for something
Is that what life is?
A fucking waiting game
Everything in my life has been given
Even my name
I hear my own thoughts echo passed the sky
Memories I can't ignore
Reaching out to me, screaming why
And so I get exhausted, and where I am found
I must lie
I know I can do more
And so
I must try
Left crying no more
For I have found strength
Where do I go, for only myself I must thank?
My mind is a paragraph, in a page that is blank
As I continue swimming
In
A
Bottomless
Lake
I will not drown, for the air has been given
And only on solid land will I try to keep living
I swim to the shore
As the sun sets behind
My toes touch the sand
In a calm
I now find

Your Reason

It's dark outside
It's dark all around
Even inside you
Nothing is found
Scared you feel
Sitting tired, and afraid
In a life you take for granted
In an existence
God has made
Where do you go?
Should you escape?
But all you do is sit, contemplate
And wait
For another moment
For another answer
For another calm
One that you can just dance in
But you are too afraid
To even begin standing
As you float about ground
Far from the landing
You are a man
You must not forget that
You have a dream
It is your purpose to go get that
Do not forget
All that you desire in this life
The one that you live
There is so much in this universe
That from you
You can give
You are alone
As you sit
Surrounded by the dark
But even in this night
You are more than a spark
Run passed this night
Run passed this day
Run letting go

Run any way
Your dreams are your light
Your dreams are your reason
Keep following them
And the dark you'll be leaving

You Break The Mirror

The world is beautiful and that is so obvious
But so many forget that
Only looking in mirrors
With shut blinds and wasted time
There is more to this life
Than just one's reflection
The lesson faced calls for us all to cherish this place, and not waste what is given
Who are we to throw stones in our own home?
The more we choose to turn a blind eye to what we destroy
The less life there will be for us to enjoy
You break the mirror when you stare through it too long
And the glass will cut you as you bleed on the earth you have wronged
Chase the air and chase all that is granted
You must give back to this world
Do you not understand this?

Wasted Time

Craving the taste
Of the time wasted
Leaving bitterness behind
As you state your focus
On something you cannot find
Where are you going?
You know not what you're doing
Only that you've left good feeling
On the doorstep
As you are nowhere near home
As you are nowhere near comfort
Confused and alone
Far from happiness
In a decrepit zone
Feeling lost
Feeling found
Feet far from the ground

I Just Want A Cigarette So Bad

The trigger makes time stand still
As your mind falls and can't get up
You sit motionless
Begging for the future
Anything to bring you closer
To the remedy that will silence your craving
Out of breath you've become
Without even standing
Everything seems impossible
All you can think about is time moving faster
Please move faster
This moment is a disaster
You can't escape
You cannot escape this feeling
For your cell door is locked and closed
And you know
You
Are
In
It
For
The
Long
Haul
This you cannot deny
Please God, why?
I cannot rest
I cannot cry
Why do I crave these things?
That I am certain
Will make me die
I just want a cigarette so fucking bad

Fallen

Floating through an empty room
Space between walls that seem out of reach
Trapped without even trying to escape
Letting go of yourself
Letting go of your hate
Fuelled by thoughts
The one's that whisper, "You are broken"
Fuelled by despair
In this existence, you have chosen
Where does this ride take you?
Where will it land?
Fallen you have become
Begging to understand
You release the anger
That which chains you down
You run towards freedom
Found on fallen ground

The Engine Echoes

Reaching a place
Where the traffic is gone
Hearing the wind call
Hearing a bird's song
Listening as you think
To not think at all
Wondering what this silence brings
Knowing you won't fall
Sitting in the company
Of only you and a beautiful day
Speaking to no one else
But still not knowing what to say
A plane flies overhead
Its engine echoes far above
The freedom felt takes you far
The freedom gives you so much love
Fields of green guide your eyes
Paths lead you, further down
You sit, you stand, you walk, and you run
Anywhere you desire, found on endless ground
Around this place
Lies a man-made wall
But you climb up, and over it
Knowing you won't fall
You are free in heaven
Only today can bring
You let your mind ease its thoughts
To a future, whose past you will not sing

What Dreams Do

As the doves cry
As the sky calls
As the sun sings
You forget and you stall
Letting go of this path
The one that breaks below
Loosing grip on the edge
Chasing tomorrow
Dreams fall down
Dreams hold you up
Dreams are the reason
You have yet to spill your cup
You talk to the angels
The ones you hear in your room
You ask for forgiveness
You write an honest tune
Releasing your regret
Releasing your hurt
Raising your arms to the sky
Letting its clarity speak first
You are falling, do you not see?
You are letting go of the past
Chasing, what makes you happy
Gripping yourself so tight
Gripping the pages you write
Telling a story of courage
The only truth, that is right

I Will Listen

Memories give me strength. Memories encourage me to keep going. My past is an obstacle I'll never let go of. It guided me to where I am today. But, I cannot deny this. It hurt me along the way. It showed me reasons, reasons I cannot forget. It showed me horror, and pain I cannot let go. I try to let go. Every waking moment, I try so hard. But as I look to my dreams, I am chained with scars. I think of them. I think of why I'll always have them. I think of the pain they gave me, even now, in the form of a phantom.

But I breathe. I choose to breathe. And I listen in silence to my heart, which speaks to me when thought has little sound. I know who I am. I know what I can become. I know all this, because, I know where I come from. I come from a home. I come from a place of love. But it is this very love that grants me my sadness. It is this very love that unleashes my anger. And to be honest it's this very anger that makes me a man.

I hide it though. I hide it with fake smiles. I hide it with tears that are shared. I hide it behind a soft exterior. I am honest about my hurt. But I am dishonest with myself. I play dumb when I look at the man in the mirror. I awake with a fire underneath me. But I ignore it and let it burn me. And this is why I have so many scars. This is why I aim so far, but I let life win the race. I speak to you about mental health. I speak about happiness. I speak about vitality and a life filled with purpose and substance. But I forget what I know, for I ignore how I truly am. I am happy, because I do not carry shame. But I am angry because I live a life where I do not reveal my true name.

I die with every choice that I choose to regret. And so I live a life where it hurts to hide for I know such an act is living a lie. I want to be strong. I want the pain to move on. I want to dream as if I can live forever, and live as if I my dreams are real. But how can this be, when I'm not honest with how I feel?

When I play Biggie in the car or Tupac on my headphones, I get riled up. I think of how tough I am. I think of how much I have overcome. I think that I can do anything anyone or any man can do. And I carry myself, with a confidence that I hide when I mask who I truly am.

I try so hard to be nice. I fucking lie inside so much though. I'm a man; I'm not some pussy that's going to give up!

I'm bipolar. But bipolar isn't me.

I'm strong, and I don't always show it because far too often I beg for you to see my sadness, but not my courage. I beg to be seen as brave for showing what bipolar

really is, but I forget to show the anger it creates that fuels me, and only makes me want to be a better man. I distract myself by being too sensitive and I forget to show an exterior that I really only consistently carry when I have moments in which I am alone and in which I escape. The very moments where I dream while I'm awake. What am I trying to prove? I know who I am. And when I remember that, I remember that I do love myself. And when I love myself, less pain is felt, and I don't feel the anger that far too often I mask with forced vulnerability. I do something with it instead!

I am angry, angry towards myself. But I try so hard to do good with my anger, and now, I know, I will only do better. I will channel it. I will use it. I may only be human, simply one man, but I am alive and I will make a choice. I choose to be honest. I choose to embrace my sadness, chase my happiness, and shed my anger by making use of it. I choose to make the right choices. I will live better. I will let my feelings guide me to where I want to be. I will not lie. More importantly, I will not lie to me. I will look in the mirror and see the man staring back and I will tell him what to do.

I will listen.

Letting Go

The city will not rest
It screams loud through the day
It carries one through the night
Traffic moves slowly
People walk by faster than cars
That sit motionless
Night has come
The sun has fallen
But the lit buildings drown out the stars
Above it's only black
A sky with no walls
Everyone is in a hurry
To get home from their worry
People seem trapped
Even as they walk to and fro
What are they holding onto?
What are they letting go?

Do I Fall?

Anger consumes me
It misguides my decisions
I mask it with withheld emotion
I mask it with soft callings
Where is it taking me?
For when I let it consume
I stay stagnant
Surrounded by walls
And a ceiling
Where do I let it take me?
For, because of it, I do not move
This emotion laughs at me
This emotion grips the floor
The one that I walk on
Scream, I tell myself
Scream it all out
But I open my mouth, and nothing comes out
It hurts to breathe
It hurts to suffocate
What do I do then?
What do I do, when it hurts to comprehend?
Is this where it takes me?
Is this where it guides me?
To a sunlit runway, where I just sit
To a grounded state, where I am trapped
I ask myself, how do I stand; how do I fall?
Do I fall?
Screaming so loud, what is the point of it all?
But I open my mouth
And nothing comes out

There Is A Point

Memories haunt me. My mental illness is my reason for running towards the future. My mental illness is my reason for fearing what I run to. I once thought the world was watching me. What if I lose my mind again? What if I end up in the psychiatric ward again, for the eighth fucking time? I take my pills every night. But they hurt me! They help me. But they hurt me... What if they stop working? What if I get high again, but don't come down, or keep falling? How will I get up? How will I stand? I am sick, always will be. I never gave up, but what if I do one day? What if I betray those who love me? What if I lay cutting through wrists, taking all my meds . . . Hanging? Bleeding? Forever not being? Suicide is on my mind all the fucking time. Even when I am happy, it chases me through halls with bare walls. When I am sad I think of my friends and family. I think of how much they'll miss me. I think of our memories. I think of their anger, and loosing the ability to forgive myself. I think of love. I think of the importance of it. I close my eyes. I see my dog. And after saying allowed, "Put a gun in my mouth." I say to my dog, the one I see with my eyes closed... "I, will, never, abandon, you. I will protect you." And I open my eyes to see the surroundings my life has made. And I imagine my girl. I imagine my dad. I feel love that only being alive, and staying alive can give. And I no longer fear the future. I look forward to it. I am proud of who I am. I am Blake Horsley and I am a man who wants to help the world because so much of the world loves and gives me reason to not leave it. It is my illness that tries to blind me from reasoning. I choose to never abandon that which loves me because love is the reason my illness does not defeat me. Love is the reason I take my meds.

My mom tried to commit suicide more than once. I saved her when I was 12. If I do the same, what would have been the point?

Thoughts That Keep You Company

Get fucked
Get over it
I tell myself
Be so much more
Be forever different
You forget just, who you are
What you have already overcome
In a room that is cluttered
Do I stutter?
As you do nothing
But shudder
This stream of consciousness is lame
And you are just one man
In this seemingly endless game
Why is it so painful, to simply hear your own name
Your name was given
Your life must be forgiven
Your emptiness is felt
For you share your pain
As the doves scream to you
In purple rain
And you ask yourself
Is this the meaning of insane?
Is this the ending of your game?
The one you play by yourself

Eternal Night

I loose my fears
I withhold my tears
I am exhausted
For what it's worth
Looking at life, with the sun setting behind
Kiss me, sunlit sky
For without you my eyes are dry
As even tears cannot cry
Pieces of me scatter amongst this man-made path
As I carry no one's weight, but my own
I miss my mom
I miss my home
Sunlit scars
Shadowing stars
Where am I going, for I have not travelled very far
I carry my weight, on this unlit day
One so bright
I cannot even see the light
Begging for stars to lead me somewhere else
Begging for anything to be felt
Begging for something else
I am close
I am close
I am close
To the edge
To a night that is forever
In a darkness that is eternal

Lessons

I don't know how to write about happiness
I've forgotten how
I've forgotten who I am
Seeing the sky leave me
As I do nothing but fall
Who do I turn to?
Who do I call?
Seemingly endless pain
That will not wash away
No matter how much the sky cries
No matter how much the sky rains
I leave empty
I stay hungry
I hurt no matter where I go
Fucking pathetic, just thought you should know
Empty
Weightless
Forever falling
As I do not even hear nature calling
As I continue stalling
Walking through streets with no name
Fuck this seemingly endless game
In a reign of terror
In a reign of despair
Knowing that natural good feeling is so fucking rare
I hate depression
What is the point of its lessons?

God's Creek

You sit motionless
You grip nothing
Releasing your thoughts
Seeing just one thing
Yourself, your own man-made reflection
Running from who you have become
Towards the unknown
Praying you'll be let in
Weak
As you speak
Floating helplessly
Down God's creek
Where are you going?
What do you run from?
Is this what you wanted?
Is this what you've chosen?

Let Go

Far from a shared state
Screaming out as you wait
Trying to let go of sadness
As you throw away hate
Still not knowing your potential fate
Let go of your past
Let go of your future
Let go of your sorrow
Let go of the New Year
For it is not happening
It is not here
It is not anywhere
It is not near
You write to a beat, the one inside you
You write to a story, letting the words guide you
Asking for forgiveness
Asking for answers
Asking for questions
Fearing the man's lour
Who does he lour?
If only you hear him
Who does he bother?
When it is you that fears him
Let go you beg
Let go you ask
As you sip what heaven gives you
A seemingly daunting task

Tear Down Walls

I try to escape my hunger
I run from my despair
But who am I in good company?
As help seems almost rare
I stare through windows
I imagine torn down walls
But I am trapped in this room
Hearing only my own calls
Begging for something different
Begging to let go
Please someone guide me
To another room that you'll show
My weight is so heavy
In a body that is empty
Gravity subdues me
And because of it I am heavy
I beg for this emotion
The one I dare not to have chosen
To just release me
To guide me to onward motion
Let the birds speak to me
Let me hear their calls
For with only my own voice
There is no point to it all
Where have I gone?
What is my direction?
Is it the past I run from?
To a future I ask to be let in

Simply

End is near
As a new day has fallen
Echoes seem persistent
For you cannot stop calling
Please, someone else, hear my cries
Alone I have become
Alone wondering why
Is this where life takes you?
Alone, as you die
I do not know the answers
I do not know who
Shares in my company
For alone, I am left to do
Anything and everything
That a man simply can
But I am alone now
Simply one man

The Wind Says Something

The wind says something
But then dissipates, into nothing
Retched scorn
Let go of the past
For in it, all that's left to do is mourn
The wind separates me
And my body and soul are torn
Let go, let go
I scream
Let go
Let the wind guide you
Let the wind carry your soul
Feet fallen on crowded surfaces
Freedom is felt, as the wind carries us
And I do nothing but let the wind just
Be

Craving

Craving the taste
The one that drips down
In a white pile of waste
I lie, like a masked clown
Who am I without this drug?
Who am I, falling down?
My heartbeat separates
My heart beats far ahead
As I clutch the sheets that wrap around me
As I clutch the blood stained bed
I envy the wind
The one that blows through the strands of grass
Its freedom is felt and eternal
Always moving forward, never stuck in the past
Where is it telling me to go?
For I alone do not know
I hear its whisper
I hear it calling
As the birds chirp all around me
And I continue, clutching and falling
And I continue, masking my true calling

Budding Leaves

Budding leaves stem from the branches
In a tree that does not move
In a life with many chances
Simply, to live
Simply, to stay
In a lit sky
In a darkness that was
Merely a day
The roots are the age
The height is the stage
And all that is sheltered
Is what one protects
In a life filled with rage
You can climb these branches
You can rush above the shadow
You are your own light
Above the tree
Below the sky
There is only one question to answer
And that is merely, why?
Bend the branches of the tree that shelters you
Stay underneath if you are content
Climb above if you wish to see
All that is heaven sent
All that is meant to be

The Stained Mirror

Ashes rest
Forever motionless
In a tomb covered in dirt
Buried so that one can hide the hurt
You've called only yourself
You've forgotten all that can help
And above you is shade that is felt
You've created a ceiling
In a state that is kneeling
Forgetting your sadness
Embracing new feeling
Come, go, and stay...
You can travel any which way
But you cannot change all that is yesterday
Your pain is like a door
Your name deserves so much more
This is not what you intended
But this is what is in store
Good feeling is sheltered
By walls you have built
Tear down your own creation
Tear down your own self
Rebuild a life you desire
You need not retire
You know who you are
Do not be a liar
When you look into the stained mirror
You are the one that came all this way
Don't look passed how you got here

The Tool For Reason

What is the importance of hope?
It has become the tool for reason
It is why we embrace pain without leaving
And we are merely talking
As we are not seeing
Walking through existence
Straight or falling
Always begging for our calling
But consistently stumbling
But consistently falling
Hope is why we do not submit
To our own sadness
To our own bullshit
I will not forgive
The day that almost destroyed my hope
The day I almost hung from a beam in my garage
Defeated by, simply, a piece of rope
I choke
On the memories
The one's that hold me back
Where will life take me?
Will my mind crack?
Despair and sadness
Transform into anger
And we all know dependency of such
Creates our own self-made danger
Who are we talking to?
When our reflection is a stranger
Our intentions are real
In a state high above ground
That dangles
Who am I in the future?
For that is all that hope is
A desire transformed into faith that things, will get better
Though this time, we do hate
And I sit
And I wait
For hope to give me courage
For hope to give me strength
For hope to keep me going

For whatever my life's length
I am happy when lost in hope
I am found when I am happy
It is this found happiness
For the reason I let go
Of the rope
That almost smothered and destroyed
My very hope

What Have I Done?

With merely a question
With merely an answer
With merely nothing
With merely chances

I Walk Underneath

Under a dark cloud I walk
I walk under few raindrops
Far and few between
My desires are stagnant
As my feet are not moving anywhere else
The pain just lingers
And continues to be felt
I long to run free
Far from this dark abyss
But under this cloud I stay
Seemingly, forever
Seemingly, motionless
Where is the pain?
For in my mind alone I hurt
Though there is nothing hurting me, directly

She Is

I don't want to loose her
I don't want to let her go
All I want to do is hold her forever
All I want to do is show
How much she means to me
How important she is
For she is my whole world
She is my light on this dark path
She is my guide
She is my angel
She is the reason
The reason my life does not dangle
In emptiness
She is my completion
In contemplation
She is the reason
In darkness she is my sunset
In exhaustion
She is the reason I do not rest
In loneliness
She is my company
In sadness
She is what makes me happy
In darkness
She is my guide
In blindness
She opens my eyes
In pain
She is what heals
When I am numb
She makes me feel
In loneliness
She is my company
In depression
She is my lesson
As I do not love anything more
And that is without question
She is my answer

I Will

Call me and I will wait
Ask me and I will say
Hold me and I will stay

In Good Company

When you can forgive
You can love
And when you can love
God's light will shine on you
Let go of your anger
Let it run free into the wild
This is what makes your reflection smeared
You cannot see you in the present
If you do not let your mind heal
Kneel before the sun in the sky
Stop looking to the darkness
Stop asking why
Open both your eyes
And see
All that is heaven
All that is meant to be
For happiness is so much better
When you share its state
When anger does not wait
When you throw away
Throw away, all that is hate
You can move forward
That is the ideal direction to follow
So walk straight on this steady path
The one to the mountains
The one to the shore
The one in the fields
The one to the door
A door you can open
And be at your best
In good company
Where happiness does not rest

Unnatural

I embrace an unnatural slain
The pain washes away, seeping down the cracks
It itches where it heals
And so I pick the scabs
I pick, every waking moment, I pick
I cannot heal, for I pick
The bleeding will not stop
Am I the cause of my own pain?
It's insane to think I am
For I beg myself to let go of what hurts
And yet,
It is I who continues to make it so
Let go
Let go
I scream inside
Let go
All over again
But the pain is persistent
And I cannot stop making it worse
This existence is absurd
I continue making it worse
As I do not move
Am I the cause of my curse
What am I saying?
What am I to do?
Is this living?
Or is this dying
For it is not happiness
For it is real
In a life that feels fake
This must be dying
I am left crying

Time Seeps Through

Time
Seeps
Through
All I can do
Is let time seep through my fingers
All I can do
Is let my existence linger
This sadness is a dream
But I am awake, longing to float down stream
Instead I stand
Instead I fall
Instead I continue to question, what is the point
The point of it all
I cling to the time
The time that dissipates
With a feeling that evaporates
Where all I can do is sit, and wait
I don't know where I am
For I don't know where I go
As the sky continues to show
A seemingly endless day
Into a night that blocks the sun's ray
What do I do
What do I say
Why won't this sadness
This sadness
Just go away
Because it is a symptom
And it will

Do I

I breathe in and exhale a soft, gentle tone
I am far from company, on the ground and alone
Silence is what's heard, and calm is what I feel
The sun has set behind and a blanket canvas now kneels
I listen to the calls, the ones inside my head
It is dark outside, but I am still far from bed
A bird now sings an honest, giving tune
As I scan the dark sky, in search of the high moon
I beg for nothing, for now, I am content
The night is warm again, this place is heaven sent
Programmed to feel lost, naked and alone
Reoccurring daydreams of finding my only home
I let go of the past, for it often leaves me in despair
I look to the future knowing much, though still, not prepared
I love this night, as it speaks through the bird's voice
It is an omen spoken to me, when thought has little noise
Words disappear and reappear like a faded, twinkling star
This night gives me so much, but doesn't take one very far
I sit in the comfort of only my lone, begging company
Not a sound is heard anymore, and that does comfort me
The emptiness all around leaves me woken, and afraid
Though I know this feeling won't last, like any bed that is ever made
I pray to God to keep me safe in his given, guiding arms
Looking inward I rewrap, my bloody, bandaged scars
I will not fade, I will not lie, and still, I do not sleep
I will let the night lift me, back into the deep
The voice in the backlit canopy speaks, only, given truth
Do I stay awake and dream, or is it sleep I now choose?

Please Come Back

The weak become weary
My strength is not near me
Cold I have become
My strength has succumbed
I search for a palace to wash my cold weathered hands
Is being lost my only given plan?
I kiss the ground below my broken feet
My life is a sound
A streaming, strumming, drumming beat
And every breath, I know is my only given treat
Why does being alone make me so lost?
Why is every road just another cross?
Do I go this way or that, I do not know?
But forward I must continue?
Onward I must go

Open Space

I sit and ponder
As a secret begins to wander
I look up and question
Why am I so lucky?
Why is this world heaven?
Grateful thoughts inspired by a current
Grateful blessings no longer lie dormant
The sky opens up like an ocean filled with mysteries
And I am happy now, growing like a budding leave
Where does this take me?
A ride that does shape me
Thinking out loud I cannot mistake
The feelings inside that forever do make me
I visualize a future, one near and far
In it I ride through nature, windows down, in my favourite car
I am not alone I am not forgotten
It is love I feel inside
It is company whose comfort I am lost in
I breathe in nature's gift
The air that moves so swift
And for once I am peaceful
With strength for a future, one I now lift
Presently
Peacefully
Letting go of a mind that once did nothing but hurt me
Loving life in this very moment is nothing
But a sure thing
Let us see where the night guides my inner voice
Let me see a morning filled with nothing more than a lifetime left of choice
And as you sit in the company of my words and of me
Know I am the creator of my own destiny
And so are you
As you look at the same sky with no walls
Or inwards into your own inspired view
Eyes shut
Eyes open
You have every right to choose
And as we both let love guide are creation
Know now this is our world we are facing
And the universe surrounding
Is our open space where love is made in

Surrendering

I wonder who is listening
With all in the world that is happening
I wonder where I am travelling
With a future that I just can't see
I wish I knew what I wanted
I wish my mind wasn't haunted
I wish I could hold onto my dreams
Instead of drowning in a shallow stream
My words help me cope with my mental state
And happiness gives me reason to wait
I don't know why an illness does this
I don't know why I cry inside
I don't know why I am happy this morning
I don't know why my life keeps turning
I go in circles almost daily
One second I love life
The next I can't stop falling
Depression lingers like a sniper's trigger
It follows you everywhere until you let it get bigger
And then peace is found when you shut off your mind
But it always goes away like every second in time
Oh how I wish I knew how to kill my demons
They are inside and they are always found screaming
And that is why I look to the ceiling
And to prayers and wishes I never stop kneeling
I aim to get better and hope to be free
Of all of the sickness that keeps following me
So I'll take my meds and just let my mind feel
Through pain I'll find purpose
Through surrendering I'll heal

This Side Is Better

Yes
All I want
Is the best
To be emotional
To be free
To go up
And to see
The landscape painted by an artist
The reality explained by a writer
The perspective of an individual
One who sees through dark
One who blinks under light
Hearing the waves
From a room, with a closed door
Where pain is soothed
Where sanity is sustained
Where rust is removed
And sorrow and hurt is a definition
A definition of the past
With a day whose history does nothing
But last
But move
But carry
But guide
One
Into a world whose side
Is good

I Woke Up

I did it again
I admit it
I lied through my teeth
I told you everything was okay
I hurt you along the way
As I say
I can get through this
I can do this
For you, and just me
But why can't I just see?
Why can't I just be?
Happy?
Why can't I just laugh?
Why can't I just love?
Who I am
Who I aim to be
I woke up
I feel different today

You Can Draw

We are the step
The next one
The one you trip on
And catch yourself
Telling yourself, aim at the wealth
Glide through life
Like a stealth
No pain is felt
No hurt is left
Everything bad is in the quest
The one that takes you backwards
As you walk on a sidewalk
That only moves forwards
You are healing
A life you've been stealing
A prayer you've been kneeling
In a universe whose ceiling
Is the one that answers
Is the empty room
Full of reflections
You can draw on
And find a ground
You can land on

God Is In My Head;

What is in yours?

It's Easy

What am I doing today?
Where am I going when I say?
That I lied to you
That I wasn't true
Do I let go?
Do I?
Hold on?
Do I?
Forget?
Do I regret?
The pain goes away when I don't lie
The pain goes away when I try
The pain goes away when I cry
And I just don't know why
I am happy and it's real
It's not a lie
For once in my life it's real
And I just want you to feel
How good it is to heal
How good it is to deal
How good it is to be real
How good it is to be you
As I am me
And you are you
In this crazy world where the traffic is slow
In this crazy world where the days just seem to go
In this crazy world where it's easy to feel crazy
And hate yourself because of it
And absolutely hurt because of it
And tell yourself not to give a shit
I saw a woman feeding squirrels this morning
I let her do it
And I didn't take a picture
But I asked her if next time I could?
And we became friends for a second
I can't wait to wake up early again tomorrow
I can't wait to continue to let go of the sorrow
I can't wait to be happy
In the future
Because it feels so good in the present
I can't wait to write to the next sentence

I can't wait to finish this poem
I can't wait to want to be home

What Really Hurts

There are things in the world
Life that matters more than my own
When I shut my eyes, usually I float
I float directly down a calm stream
But life just woke me up
For I am in pain
Pain I can only see, in my dreams

Serviette For Healing Lets

Stare into the vast space
Make sense of all the waste
It feels so good for you to taste
A simple prayer to heaven's gate
Where all the greed has come
Angrily gone
Where all the toys are
All upon
Where the fuck is your napkin?
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck
Just wipe your tears
For there is Sun
And all are made to just let go
As into light days come and go
And go
And you have yet to sing battle
As you are just starving cattle

I Never Did Heroin

Standing shifted
Standing woken
And drunk, without even swimming
A punk who let go of emotion that crawls
A punk who let go of a system that falls
Heroin he pokes fun at
A war he's already won, but will fight again for fun
These gifts
These offerings misguide an awakening
Exposure is the biggest poser
Drug addiction is a loser
And the war is fucked, for its already been won
And all that weighs is a shifted sun
Fuck drugs forever

I Abuse

I go into a state
I travel into fate
And through my life, I am late
For I show my true colours
When no one pays attention
And I forget to mention
That I'm in the same world I seem bent in
I bow to an audience of simply friends
Who don't understand my heart that bleeds
There is so much I need
And so I plant a seed
And so I do a deed
Is it emotions I dare leave?
Or is it simply greed in which I've always seen?
Fuck this dream
I block the truth
And so I chip a tooth
As my words in my mouth
Slip out, and it is my mind I lose
As it is emotions I abuse
"I Abuse" but will not choose

Memories Simply Stack

Staring with eyes that don't blink
Stopping to grasp, stopping to think
This is my story, and I'm telling you
My story was that of a fool
My story was true, but this is not what I wanted
I hurt, being chained down
I wore, something heavy
I wore a false crown
I was forced to do something
I was forced to drown
Face painted like a clown
And in that state, my soul I had found
I run now, different then before
I run to something I desire, I run to something I adore
I crave so much more
I find it, as freedom is felt, as being awake makes me soar
And to my past, I close my fucking door
But memory paints my life, for my clown mask can't be scraped with a knife
I am a child, holding that knife, in his one and only life
Like a child, who cuts his finger
Like a child who is not taught
Like a child that lingers
I can't write
I can't remember
I'm tired
I hate looking back
How do I make sense, I can't
And so my mind, I crack
As sadly so many memories
So many memories
Simply
Stack

The Wall I Built

I broke a wall, So I could see the sun
When I climbed to the top
All I could see were clouds
As the sun was blocked
So I looked at myself
Staring deep into my hands
I built the wall again for something to do
As the wall was built
The clouds cleared
But the sun had moved behind me
I would not look at it, for in the wall
I now saw a shadow
I punched it and only hurt myself
The wall broke
I asked myself
What is the point of this?
Then, the sun answered,
As my shadow no longer consumed me
There is no point to building a wall if you are just going to make it fall
There is no point in having a sun if you hate your own shadow that comes
And so I stood up
Gathered the rocks
Built the wall again
And waited until the next day the sun would arrive
To tell me something new
When I saw my shadow,
I realized I was just waiting
To talk to myself
Instead of talking, I climbed the wall
I don't know why I did this for I needed not do it
But when I got to the top
I could see the sun and my shadow together
I was happy to see them

I've Already Let Go

Comforted by sleep, in daylight, hidden by blinds
Ones for now that only make me weep
This view calls to my soul
A soul that can't fall, no matter how high, no matter how steep
Today I will not let go, today I will hold on
I choose to live by choice and choose to not leap
Forever I convince myself
Forever I convince, only myself
Forever I beg a voice inside, to listen, as I ask with words that don't hold back
Please, help, I can't yell, I can't yell, far from hell, I can finally tell
I am strong, the voice of my own says all along
This is certain, as he tells me my soul is not wrong
I will not wrong, only living to just be
Only living to be strong, taking myself to a place I can finally see
That in which is forever, that in which is free
I am forever, in an existence I only ever belonged to already
Why is this freedom felt so much, with a sky above so heavy?
Why are my thoughts loud, I know now I can make them a whisper?
I am finally ready and I will sing to write lyrics
I sing to write a song
To survive life that seems short
To survive days that seems so very long
I open my blinds and my reflection is not seen past the window
But the pain of my finger prints from yesterday
Is in the way of my vision to help me make decisions
It is a stain in front of a view of clouds with no snow and no rain
I am so high, as I look out, and in the sky, as I look down
I am stuck wondering why as my answer is already found
I am far above ground, no longer swimming in water, right now, I am dry
I am far from drowning, I can breathe, as I don't even try
I need not try and I am confident that today I will not die
I need to look out, I need not cry
I look out into the horizon and feel I can reach it
I know deep down I can as my sins remind me that I am only a good man
My soul is here as my soul can see
As the window I look away from becomes the door to my room I walk to
In the room, I've already let go
I let nothing stop me, to just breathe, to just be, to just see
The place down below has become the path I can finally run free

Pills In The Dark

I forgot to take my pills
I know I am sick still
For dreams do come
For reality I question
I run from a night so very long
I run from 3 am
And darkness so very strong
What do my pills do?
Without them I am sick
Without them my life is that of a fool
I don't know why my life is saved
By chemicals that hurt
By chemicals that already bury me
In a shallow, muddy grave
I hate the chemicals that I know help
For, because of them, pain is felt
I take my pills, as dreams stall sleep
I take my pills, for open eyes
Still make me weep

A Covered Mouth

Seldom have I ventured down this path as of late
I have an overwhelming desire to sit and just wait
To sit and just crash and write this poetic shitty trash
I've ventured along a suicide's rope
I have climbed the hillsides like an uneasy mountain goat
Manic was yesterday, and depression was the result
And so I sniffed white sand and a metaphor of salt
My eyes are heavy in a night that seems dreamy
All I can do is just try to be empty
My soul is worth more than the suffering I grant it
My soul's song makes little sense as I continue to chant bullshit
Fuck God and his Angels in my long stupid dream
Fuck this shit I float in, in this once so calming stream
I envy the words that my mother used to say
Of how amazing I was, I always made her day
My youth was not nearly enough for her to sit and just stay
And so I drink throughout this coke-distracted drip
And so I drink another suicidal sip
If this is a trip, I dare not take another step
I am too fucked up to have even have slept
In the middle of the night, my ride through given gates has brought me to here
And all I can do is find an Angel's giving ear
To sit and just listen to my greedy desire
To sit and just listen as I forget to light fire
Why does my body desire, all that is lost?
Why is my body here, in a state I'll never trust?
I let go, and so I forget how to cry
I forget how to live
I forget how to try
Senseless I am
And fragile I've become
Stupid and dumb, is this lesson and some
Broken bones, not willing, but still trying to be stable
Broken thoughts, not listening, but still giving and able
In this lit fairy tale, a melancholy fable
This life is not easy, but really whose is?
This writing reflects how life can be abusive
I forget all that I've known and all that I've questioned
I forget all I've been taught, my very own lessons

Climbing and falling all into states of depression
Searching and seeking all that I'm left in
A covered mouth can't stop me from calling
A broken existence won't keep me from stalling
A painful persistence, though you won't see me balling
I am still alive, breathing but falling

Through The Same Windshield

I see the kids standing in front of the corner store
I see the guy, playing guitar, in front of the pizza shop
I see nothing
Time stands still
Am I stuck in this linear path?
Distracted by the one
The one I love to be next to
We walk in circles everyday
Without even moving
Without even blinking
I'm alone now
Memories float back to her
Thoughts make sleep stay awake
Lights make night disappear
Open eyes
Open hearts
Away from each other
But still finding
A time that dives
From my balcony
To the car that she drives
When the day lets us see
I want to see
Everything I can
In the company of her
In the passenger seat
Of the car that she drives
So even when the rain won't subside
We go for a ride
In her car
To a place, I've never seen

What Lies Below?

What lies below?
How does this go?
Am I looking the right way?
How can I know?
Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust
With angels that carry
To deceivers we trust
Ashes that blow from an open window's wind
Ashes that settle on all of my sins
Where do I stop, and where do I begin?
Is it me I am looking for, or is it him?
This God I call to, this God I trust
This pain I envy, this feeling I lust
Slain from a mountaintop, falling from cliffs
Slain from a remedy, choking on this
My words are weathered
My legs cannot stand
My thoughts are scattered, trying to comprehend
My body is weak but awake for new days
A feeling of warmth searching for sunrays
I lay on the grass
I lay in the fields
My mind is a race, thus I stop and I yield
I reach for the sky, hoping I'm found
I reach for something greater than all of this ground
The devil lies below, but below I won't reach
My presence alone, leaves much left to teach
And so I breathe another breath, and live a little more
I know not what is left, but I feel so much more

From Drugs And Depression

Staring through broken glass
Time stands still, as pain won't pass
I see the mountaintop, where ice moves not
I see through rock, standing in one spot
I fall at the bottom, begging to climb high
I fall back asleep, hoping I won't die
My honest intentions are blocked by my choices
All I can hear are my own tortured voices
I hurt when I think of the person, the one who is to blame
I call to the sky
I call out my own name
I will try again and I will try hard
I'll heal in sleep, leaving my scar
What have I become, my sweetest friend?
I am this person, I cannot pretend
The light is on as my words are calling
The birds are chirping as the dark is falling
I hear a voice, a god given truth
My mind is beautiful, and yet it's abused
I rest my breathing slowing down thoughts
If this is the one life I live, I'll have to be taught
I'll have to listen to my voice and to my own instinct
I'll have to end this battle and find a clear link
Where do I go when my thoughts are a race?
How do I slow down in a life I can't escape?
Depression is the cause, but that's not the reason
A weakness lies within me, in a room I'm already leaving
I stare out the window, for a new day has dawned
I stare at my reflection, for I only have one
How will I change, how will I let go?
How will I be stable, when will the sky show?
I wear a crown of thorns, upon a liar's chair
I live in an open book, in a truth and not prepared
I will end this one-day I know I will
For it is life I want, but it is I, I kill
I can still be the man, the one who wears glasses
I can still find the light, for I've already passed this
These are my words, all written with honesty
This illness I have, I've chosen to let you see
Could this be, that I don't know why
The sun has risen, and in bed I lie

I Bleed

The voices scatter
Talking to city streets
Saying words that don't matter
Talking to the crowd inside
While a racing heart beats
Left alone with a mind that remembers
Writing words with a pen that scribbles madness
In a book that clutters thoughts left alone
Smoke settles in a dim lit room
If I could start again
I wouldn't let the blood hit the page
I wouldn't let the blood hit the floor
I would not bleed
The ground twelve stories down buries the noise
The window carries my voice
To a God I just can't hear
To a place that is not near
To a fire lit with all of my fear
For I am here
And I bleed
While I stand

Through The Cracks

Confusion guides one upside down
Gravity shifts sideways and from the ground below
Choices are drowned by the world's voices
Noises are carried to an empty room
The wall begs to be written on
The pages are only one
Distracted by the guilt from yesterday
Retracted from the path of history
The clock moves forward, and one does not
One simply sits, barely moving from one spot
Pacing and pacing, dreaming of chasing
Thoughts shift from questions to conclusions
Conclusions shift to afflicted, affected delusions
The will is strong, but tired and stalled
The will is life, in a place shared by all
To see through the vine, to see through the ghost
To see through the cracks, one sees the most
Empty is the body with a mind that is heavy
Wanting to go forward, wanting and not ready
Letting go of the spirits, letting go of the departed
Letting go of the home, the place it all started
Praying to silence, listening to violence
Peace is a moment, a fleeting persistence
Confusion distracts from understanding existence
Breathing underwater, life finds resistance
Choose your last words and all that is left
Choose your last path, letting go of regret
When gravity is war, so is the next step
When pleasure lets go, happiness finds threat
Love is the answer, and all do know this
Love is the gift guiding one through a light lit
Outside, naked, weathered by the wind
Inside, creating a life full of sin
A friend helps one to finding their way
A family gives reason for one's path to stay
A reflection is all that is granted alone
A reflection finds shadow, knowing not where to roam
A day brings good company, something for one's purpose
Night brings one's dreams, resting just for this
The sun now sets making confusion's strength tired

Praying to silence, is thought now a liar?

The Doves

I screamed in sleep
Drowning in dreams
Drowning so deep
Past week decisions caught up to me
Panic attacks weighed down on me
Pop another pill, it will help
And so I did, taking a big gulp
Antipsychotics that leave me robotic
Blind diagnostics
Medicated optics
It happened again
And I just couldn't stop it
I woke not knowing where I went
Pain was gone, for it was sent
My mind, an empty space up for rent
And the thoughts were lent, back to the heavens above
Back to the hell, the place I seem to just love
Get me back onto my feet
Get me back on my own street
Give me back my only heartbeat
The hard, the soft
The pills I pop
It has to stop
Or the knife I'll drop
I puke the misery of yesterday
I call for the mystery of everyday
I ask the sky, make mistakes go away
But here I am
And here I've stayed
Wondering why, the drip wont dry
Wondering why, I try and try
The sky leaves me small in a world so big
My own grave exists, as I've begun to dig
I've fallen in the hole
Hanging on to all I love
I wish I could fly
Like the birds that that call
Like the doves above

Too Many Words

Words hit the paper through held bleeding pens
Words whose beginnings are shaping all ends
Love is the lust that all words do chase
Love is the middle in all we do race
Speaking through thought in a room shared by many
Thinking in a world that sometimes feels empty
Pain is persisted in a trance so pursued
Healing is resisted and felt by so few
Letting go of distractions and all our confusion
Holding onto one's focus that targets delusion
Slipping and born but forced to stay up
Balanced and torn, not spilling one's cup
Life is ridiculous as death is so certain
Life begs to wonder, what's left behind curtains
Blind to the light, one that does wake
Seeing through dark as days done do all make
Too many thoughts leave too many words
When peace is so fought, and thoughts are not heard
Silence becomes practise in company by so many
Silence is nothing, but is the most heavy
Left alone with your words life begs all for its purpose
Left alone with all meaning, is all said now all worth it?
I've lived through the lines of a story I've written
I've fought my own words through dialogue I've bitten
What is the next line?
Does one now read or now write?
Life is felt inside, on paper, on light

Stained Tracks

Stained are the tracks
Leaving it all back
Walking to the sound
Not even touching your ground
Wasted in space
In a time one can't trace
High on the chemicals
While counting all decibels
He talks and you listen
Minds wander through prisms
Wanderlust is felt through a rising cold sun
The day has just started but should be now done
The neighbours still lie, minds dreaming in beds
The neighbours could wonder where you were led
Whispers you make for you must not reveal
For high you now are, so unnatural you feel
You ask to go out to just be alone
But paranoia leaves you frozen in a place not your home
Drugs started with drinks, but turned into choice
Drugs make thoughts so loud, drowning one's voice
This place is a heaven that won't last the day
You'll end up in bed, having questioned your way
You now feel good, so presence you crave
You have one last line you know you can't save
Let it all go, let it just be
Hold on and self-medicate
Hold on and you'll see

I Show You Everything

The pain was so obvious
As we both say in god we trust
The walls came down
I showed you everything
I show you everything
Why am I still hiding?
Why am I still ashamed?
Do I even know my own name?
The morning is here and I have slept
The night is gone for I have wept
This path is long, as I have stepped
You are with me for you I've let
Broken lights force me to open blinds
Let's be selfish and see the sun
Let's be selfish and not be done
I don't want to hide
I've already torn down walls
I clean off past guilt everyday
What defines me, I ask myself?
Is it what I show you?
Or is it what I don't do?
The sun hides behind clouds
The morning begins by taking a bow
This apartment, high up, feels underground
And though I am content, I cannot look down

Silent Song

The abuse breaks words
The abuse breaks thoughts
Scribbling line after line
Scribbling a covered mouth throughout stolen time
Past inspirations get put in the corner of the room
Past realizations get lost in one's doom
Imperfections are so honest
They become so real they must be perfection
Imperfections are your voice
With thoughts that have no choice
Kiss me before you go
For your distractions, I'll miss them so
Scribbled thoughts rest on crumpled pages
This life is ending throughout all ages
You can't remember what made you write in the first place
You look in a broken mirror and see not your own face
And so you save the next page
For this empty paper you dare not waste
You've seen the world through your window
And so you gather all that belongs
You've seen the world through empty eyes
And so you listen to a silent song

Stand

You hear a voiceless song
Blind from all that you have done
Dancing to a static beat
Dancing for the stars to see
Empty is this room so big
Slipping in a hole you dig
Relive the days because you can
Fall off the path, and you'll still stand
You are here
You're everywhere and here
You are here
Everywhere, and near
Let go of mistakes
Hold onto choices
They're yours to make
Screaming so many voices
You are special inside, you see
You can live, as you'll always be
The sky changes for all it shelters
There is no yesterday in its colours
Fall off the path and you'll still land
Find your place
To simply stand

The Same Ceiling

The night keeps me awake
Staring through the ceiling
To a dark sky forever kneeling
I'm so far from so much
I'm so close to myself
I hear a voice
Not my own
Not in my own home
Though right now I'm alone
I ask it, where am I now?
Falling in the universe
Laying to gravity
Flying to the heavens
Asking to be let in
Time ticks seconds into daylight
Waking and never sleeping
Speaking and never seeing
Living and always dreaming
Selfish to a sunlit sky
Humbled by a weakness one can't deny
Surrounded by so many faces
Only a day could wake them
And bring them back to the same night of all places
I move so far
Under the same ceiling
The one I look to
The one that shows me the stars
I hear a voice
And I'm alone

The Bird In The Room

A breath lifts birds into flight
A breath gives strength to all life
The wind carries your body to journey's end
A journey that does not bend, one will not pretend
You breathe alone
You breathe in good company
You breathe at home
You choke on one's suffering
Left in the cold, you beg to come in
Always you're told, is this how to live?
You climb the highest peak
You kneel on the shore
Finding the right words to speak
Begging life and pleading for more
Is this the life you expected?
Is this your dream perfected?
Why are you lost, why are you left in?
This place?
This stage?
This room?
You breathe
You can't find your breath
You breathe, lost in regret
You breathe, not knowing what's left
You breathe, as prayers are now debt
Words are formed, like a cluster of birds
With purpose, or so it seems
Unified to those who speak
Tied to all, strong or even weak
And so you leave your room and breathe
And so you fly, with the birds you see

Tomorrow Is Today

Is such a poem near or far?
Are such words laid out like the stars?
When you breathe do you choke on the choices you make?
Is it life for granted with those drugs that you take?
Sniffing and snorting, while you're father is asleep
Falling into heaven, making unnatural leaps
Oxycontin is the medicine, a pill in powdered form
Calm is the outcome, then drowning in a storm
As you lie awake, you itch from yesterday
Scratching weathered skin, now burning and blistering
Your scars, you cannot hide, not even without mirrors
You write thoughts of suicide, your own words you now fear
Tomorrow you will stop
You say this everyday
Tomorrow has now come
Tomorrow is today

Saturday's Moon

Kissing to stop time
Holding hearts in a night that shines
Walking through the vines, touching broken branches
Floating above ground, having infinite chances
The pendulum does not swing
Two voices connect
Two voices sing
Crazy and calm, this can't be a dream
Past is now silence, pain cannot scream
Love finds its place through all of this comfort
Love will not race in all we now run with
Two lovers repeating the words they already know
Telling each other over and over, they will never let go
Discovering new reasons to never think of leaving
Running through seasons, that change while they're dreaming
Songs play now, like gifts from an angel
Songs that are written, telling beautiful tales
You held my heart
You kept me warm
You are my strength
Through yesterday's storm
There is nothing in our way
There is only today
And I am not writing about someone else
You know who you are
You don't deny all we have felt
So I'll start time again and wait to see you, so very soon
And kiss you tomorrow, under Saturday's moon

Why Is Day Only Night?

Steadily you write
As ashes hit the paper
Awake, though it is late
The night has come and so you wait
You dreamt tears of sadness
A pain that is deep within
A pain that seems, has always been
You dreamt and woke
It's almost easier to be awake
For even in bed, you cannot hide from it
Where is the shore surrounding this empty abyss?
You don't know what you want, and yet it's everything you miss
The blankets consume you, no longer with comfort
What is real?
Is all of it pain?
How can you feel, alone, wanting more?
The rain does not fall, on this cold dreary day
The rain does not come; a bedroom's ceiling blocks the way
If I could have started again
I know I would have lived different
If I could have started again
Would the pain have been lifted?
I stay in bed until the night turns to black
Eyes glued to nothing, except thoughts of a broken reflection
One trying to go back
My only voice, scribbled on line paper in the middle of the night
Depression is just a part of this sickness
Depression feels like God's love has been lifted
My love for myself has been shifted, from a conversation not speaking
God's comfort, I'm not seeing
I write to give myself meaning
I write to keep myself company
Words with no purpose
Attempting to scribble anything that is worth it
To tell myself this makes sense
To tell myself, everything will be all right
If this is my life
Am I loosing the fight?
If this is my life
Why is day only night?

Waking From Silence

Paralyzed Conscience
When the world is asleep
I am awake
When the world is awake
I am asleep
Dreaming in a state of paralysis
I beg to my dreams, wake me
For only then can I cry
For only then can I make sense of why
I fight to move
But breathing is easy
I wish the world and I could relate
I wish my ceiling were an escape
I wish my ceiling didn't stare down in my depressed consciousness
I ache without pain
Dreaming of the night again
My pills put me to sleep
So sad I am I cannot even weep
I spill my drink
My mind races to think
Before I can even blink
I talk to myself aloud
With no answer found
I listen to music on this precious day
Awake for once, while the world goes to and fro
I write with the blinds closed
I don't pay attention to the ceiling
I look through the cracks of my blinds
And I see the sky
I see no reason to feel
And so I let go, and to my greater power
I submit and I kneel

An Angel I Knew

Scattered amongst the stars
Is a life that has felt scars
Amongst a pain that does persist
Is an angel living through the mist
In life, good company she had made
To the heavens, her soul, she has gave
Laughter is subdued by all of our tears
A life too perfect, to an end so near
Our thoughts do question, why is this so
Where is this angel, where did she go?
She left you longing for us to stay close
For her love for us, was more than most
I beckon to the wind and look to the shore
I ask is this real, where is the door?
Calling her name is what we can do
Seeing the pain, dampened by dew
I love the path that my friend made
Her soul now travels from a body now laid
The days are long
The years have been short
My mind inside carries thoughts through the dark
I miss my friend
I miss her laugh
I wonder now, what is her path?
God can seem so harsh, life can be so hard
But her breath was so soft, both eyes lit like the stars

Her name was Amanda Olmstead, and she was my friend
I wish in my life, hers did not sadly end
But I am certain she lived a life full of love
Because though she is gone, I feel her above
She had strife in her life, that in which, I cannot deny
But when I think of her character, I cannot but cry
She opened her arms, and held just so many
That with eyes closed, this world feels so empty
Her humour was contagious, with empathy so unbroken
Her years she was given leaves questions I'm lost in
Wise her mind was, and gentle was her touch
And though she is gone, her love I still clutch

What can I say?
I miss my good friend
A life so beautiful, why did it end?
I will never forget the love that she gave
To those that knew her with me, her memory we'll save

A beautiful person gone, I just don't understand this
An angel has left, to heaven a soul granted

But I will accept this, I must trust to do so
Amanda, your love, I will never let go

Thank you my friend for a bond that will never be broken

You're an angel now
One God has now chosen

The Verse Of My Life

Lost in translation, watching traffic to and fro
Where do I stay?
Where do I go?
I listen to music drowned by a bird that hums
And so, my mind reels forward
Down a street driven by the blanket on my bed
Medicine is consumed by conversation
I just can't stop talking
As silence is my footstep as I continue walking
Water flows in my dreams
Air is the canvas in which I lean
I breathe deeply
I exhale to the tune of a song
I do nothing, yet so much, as my life moves on
Poetic unchained melodies
The conversations I have, so seldom, I can barely see
Yet the responses I remember are never the same to be
As all we are, are the verses of our names

Drifting From A Blink To Open Eyes

Sadness seeps through days that never end
It stays as years vanish over and over
Happiness is a blink
I wish it were more than a thought
I wish it were permanent
For suicidal ideation, is a place my spirit wanders
The afternoon comes from a morning where I knew not how to wake
Dreaming of an escape
But the woman I love
Stands by a heavenly gate
She takes, always, my reflected hate
It's the way she makes me feel
With her company
With her words
With her love
Happiness is a place
Where my eyes can stay open
And they do

A Rhetorical Ending, A Questioned Beginning

The grass breathes as the wind increases
And so I lay, on broken pieces
Waiting to inhale
And exhale, so broken
For through my thought, no words are spoken
I stay home, to forget
I leave without regret
And so, the stage is set
I cannot steer
Alive without fear
Dying seems near
I don't know if my time is ending or beginning
I am empty with scattered thoughts that overlap
Leaving me with nothing, but a reflection caught in my mind
I wish I knew the day
I am lost in this rhetorical time

Crazy, I Cannot Be

Sirens scream loudly
In a day so cloudy
I can barely see
Deafened by my own inner thoughts
Overwhelmed by everything
Surrounded by nothing
I want to lie
But instead I splash through a never-ending current
Crazy, I cannot be
For even when I am lost
Through darkness I can still see
This cannot be the way life should move
Is everything gained?
When memories fade, and the past is no longer a journal's last page
I ache from a numbness that feels so strong
I ache from things I just cannot say
Am I young?
For, does it not feel so strange getting old?
It does

Paralyzed By The Past

The past fills me with running thoughts
Mistakes I have made, over and over
Again and again
What keeps me breathing is the love of my friend
But I disappoint even myself
Am I worthy of a better life?
Do I dare handle the knife?
Breaking, not broken
Living, not dying
Can't even begin to start crying
Paralyzed in a dreamlike state
While I sleep, no longer awake
And so I dream again for tomorrow to take me
Guided by my inner hatred
Of a life, so naked
Waking is exhausting
Tired, not even walking
Pain is so hard
But so easy to write
Blinded by day, guided by night
I want to change
God knows I do
But stuck in my thoughts is all that's new
I did drugs
I've decided no more
For the sadness and hopelessness
Turns the next day
Into the next night
Sober today
Recovered from yesterday
Far from a couple days ago
I can't take any of it back
For reaching towards the past is everything I lack
Change your life
Change your way of thinking
Keep your eyes open
Without even blinking
You're all right
It's okay
Let go of the past
Hold onto today

A Conversation

I hang in a mind that wonders why I should
And tells me why I shouldn't
For the people I love I couldn't
For family, for love, I wouldn't
I untie the belt
I put it back on my robe
This room is a conversation
Only this one is one sided
Who am I talking to?
Walking through
Wanting and willing for so much more
This room has a door
But I sleep in a paralyzed state
Dreaming while awake
Not moving for I am in an exhausted state
I wonder where this blanket will take me
For when I hide under it
I am lost
For when I uncover myself
I just don't know where to go

The Way I Used To Be

Sobriety is uncertain
It is a curtain I wish to keep closed
As the song goes
One day at a time
Sobriety wants to be a friend of mine
I write like yesterday is forgotten
A new chapter has begun
I ash my cigarette
Full of a past I often regret
Letting go of suicidal ammunition
Now I journey to an unclear, uncertain destination
The music is loud
But lost in translation
As I put down words
Talking to myself as I do
It's so real it's absurd
Am I pacing in circles?
Chain smoking as I do
Gone are the ways I used to be
Now is a new day I'm glad to see

This Is Nothing

I cannot sleep
The pain leaves me in vain
I toss, I turn
I sigh, I yearn
I think of the end
My thoughts don't pretend
I wish I could dream
What have I learned?
I feel sick to my stomach
I need to escape
I need a way out
I can't even scream
I can't even shout
What is this life even about?
My world is at war
In a way like never before
I'm in a familiar land
But it hurts so much
It feels foreign, I cannot pretend
So I fall
So I submit
So I wait
And so I sit
This is nothing, but shit
My wrist, I want to slit

Finally

I leach to the layer
I'm led by the leaf
Lazybones dissipate into air
That you breathe
The principal was only my own mess
One written on the wall or who knows
And so I leave with permission
As presently and finally
I live with intention
There is nothing wrong with one's poetic meadow

Where do I sit in this epilogue?
Why does my shadow turn frozen?
Like the sky has chosen another room yet to be opened
The cellar door creeps in the tiniest amount of cold
Just enough to turn socks to ice
Begging myself to shave my head and kill the lice
And so I am locked in this game
For I am insane
And all I can do is throw the dice
I see no mice of man