

Psychodelicate

The prologue

Ladies, gentlemen, and those who are neither,
Face forward, follow my voice,
Makeshift through the polygon maze,
Squint through the radical haze.
Look for the gleam and glisten,
The sound of hiss and pistons,
Make eye contact with the ego machine,
The persona soldier, the psyche conductor.
See it's eyes flicker like a screen,
Watching you swallow the words you cannot muster.
Technicolor expression, dragon teeth,
Halting to a stop, just beyond your reach.
Pardon it's razor tongue, when it speaks:
"My, what a ruptuous crowd, no doubt.
Surely, you're the only one that counts.
Listen close, dear friend,
For this is the beginning of the end.
Rejoice, for you are a witness,
Of the greatest, most abstract, off track,
Mind splitting, moral killing, ever thrilling,
Performance for the one and only."
And it would turn on it's heel,
And shake it's head in rapture,
"Soon this will all be real,
You will have your ever after."

Echoing

When we met, I was bubbles, and I said
"Hold home optimism, for I'd hate to dread."
and then I was air, and then I was the sky
then clouds, then a storm, then rain
when I came back down, I said

"i live in fears, and i live in scars
as long as you have this, i'm in your heart."
Thrashing is pointless, the waves will rise.
And watching the tide, you didn't think to hide.
They can swallow you 20 feet, 30 feet, 60 feet.
Your coughing so indiscreet.
The fact that you failed to run
means you deserve none.

Dissociate; verb

"The only time I hit the earth is
when I'm too tired
to be up in the air anymore."
The captain pointed far, to the edge,
The line between horizons, and asked-
"Can you feel it? The dimensions?"
I can feel it's shapes, now that she mentions,
But my skin is fleeting, void of good tension.
They crumple into an aluminum sphere,
And the static rumbling will now commandeer,
The pictures and cinema and sprawling gears.
The polygons and textures slip through my fingers,
And the clouds around me start to linger,
And the questions in my head are left on ringer,
I can picture my eyes as they get heavy,
Mind swaying, I feel my vision deter,
I grasp at air, nothing to keep me steady,
Everything's so far off, I can't tell if my feet hurt.

Little me inside my guts

Abinol is the feeling of your tongue
Turning hot and then cold.
Smog billows from the lung,
Feels like withering to old.
Scratchetry is a centipede feeling,
Rickets and needles nationwide.

So we'll leave it reeling,
from acids and pesticides.
The worst is when the mind tears in two,
It makes your hands quake, your stomach curl,
Clenches you with an hurt you never knew,
Hiccup, stutter and your head whirls.
"I need to fix my broken aptitude,
Go find help, it's all I ask of you."

Disaster

"If he decided to change
If he decided to light up the sky
Instead of taking the sun away
I'd rather stay inside that day"
I watched the water mirror the red,
when the sky burst into velvet.
The lightning could reach the sea,
red and stringy, like her veins.
I would get on one knee, and hold the ground,
and I could feel it splitting the manufacture,
falling to fractures, tearing the world into digits.
The sand scorched my fingers, and my lungs
The air grew thick and hazy.
The lines of the trees and the rain blurred together.
And as all this enraptured me, I didn't think
for a second that I wanted it to stop.
The favorable fallout, this better terror,
The risks didn't matter, the consequences would be worth it.
Anything, anything but his ultraviolet light,
anything but his garden, and his graffiti
anything but his poetry, and literature, and gifts.
Anything, anything.

0.5

Let's sweep off the dust of tragedy for a moment,
Stretch out the cloth, make a loft of ornaments,
Let me show you the garden, the oasis, the apocalyptic paradise.
Empty highways, short skyscrapers,
river streets, stadium gardens,
Though all was destroyed, it was not stolen.
Everything is still here, shattered into pieces,
the world is still ours, torn by the layer.
Watch me closely, observe intently,
Notice the breeze swaying my clothes,
watch the sunlight change the color of my hair,
my chest move when I breathe,
my fingers flex below the atmosphere.
The world is all around me, and I am within the world.
It affects me, manipulates me, touches me, feels me.
I'm here and reality is real.
Isn't this all a big deal?

Obscure Master

Here we are in the scene, catastrophic as can be,
No bastard greater than me, whos going all in it.
We're certain you'd crack under this energy,
But it's so nice knowing who is committed.
I can't take it, there's no space
Every idea is running in a cross stitch.
There's no room for my mind to race
And every thought is falling off pitch.
Yet that's the beauty is the entropy,
The entities that loom in the ether,
Don't know what is wrong with me.
Like, "I sense doom in this creature."
Me being of abstract kinds,
That comes as no surprise.

No feelings

When the situation is over, and it has been delivered
There's a sliver, a miller, of the rapturous killer.
The barricade grows, the crowd triples in rows
It will wail while it's sailed to the slab.
You ever wonder why we get so nervous?
If we reject that nervousness,
are we really ourselves?
When we swallow that hard,
Are we so afraid of being scarred?
What can we do to keep it from eating us?
How can we change this, so our feelings don't kill us?
Look forward, face the purple squiggly lines,
and run head first into them, get caught
get tangled in the queasiness, struggle and fight.
Feel your heart race, throat tighten, and hands shake.
Gag and squirm, fidget and burn.
When the lines finally snap, or they become light.
Thin enough to pull apart or push away,
then you open your eyes and find nothing was taken.
You look down, pat yourself down, search around.
Only to find everything is still here, intact or not.
You did it, you pushed through another hedge,
that wasn't so bad, was it?

Mr. Dawn / Blue Hour

Blessed evening Mister Dawn,
I haven't seen you since the early morning fog.
Seems like the epidemic has finally come to a close,
And we can wake up in yellow and blues,
The world finally painted in a kaleidoscope of hues.
All is put where everything is due.
My, where has your smile gone?
Rejoice, for it is another night of the waking world!
I understand, surrounded by all this rubble,

You must feel trapped in some sort of bubble.
Hm? Do you have wisdom to share?
Oh please, do tell, I'd really like to care.

Look around General, do you understand the sky?
It's the blue hour, my favorite moment in time.
The fallen buildings and the tattered streets,
Are carefully covered in light blue sheets.
Like the city has been swallowed by the ocean,
Carefully digested, like a cynical potion.
Don't you feel it, General? It envelops you too.
All of us together, in this planetary brew.
When I consider every mistake we've made,
It doesn't matter anymore,
We have a chance to live happily here,
Make a home in the wreckage,
Relay a new message.

The Beginning

"What should I say? Okay, okay-"

The applause roars through like a rush,
Like the motion to sound thunder.
It captures the entire hall, wall to wall.
Only one stands, having yet to bow,
There's one more thing to say, here and now.
"Tonight, you have all been a score.
How should I thank you for this many and more?"
It chuckles it's wheezy laugh,
"The show is over, but the story isn't,
His road only continues from here,
More wired, intricate and committing.
It will be dastardly, difficult, and scary,
But we know who this is, so what's there to worry,"
It's smile falls to a thin line, and leans forward slowly.
"Young being, we implore you,
Go forward in your life in a place like this,

You've come so far, but this is only the beginning,
Sprint, run until the wind fights you,
Scratch your mark on the ground, make your name known,
Rip every part of yourself that deserves to be shown,
Never hesitate or hold back,
Always be vibrant and stand for attack,
Go create abstract disaster,
Go and have your ever after."

Behind the scenes

The series of poems in general go in a story style. They talk about a world ending and then picking itself back up from a vague, unknown apocalypse. In reality though, the story is one giant metaphor for mental issues, at least my experience alone, and how it affected me through high school.

The prologue

This one is a general introduction to the rest of the poems. The character speaking and also narrating is called The General. It's a symbol in my life, and although it represents madness, it's this controlled kind. Sometimes it's docile, sometimes it's off the chain. I would draw The General on my paper whenever I was having some sort of breakdown. My teachers would notice and I got sent to the counselor a lot in ninth grade. At the time I described it like being on a stage, and though it felt more like a zoo animal, in this poem I wrote it like a performance. The General is well aware how bizarre and crazy the show will be, but they're going to do it anyway, and everyone is a witness. In the end he's speaking to someone else.

Echoing

"i live in fears, and i live in scars
as long as you have this, im in your heart."

I wrote this line sometime in 2017, and I was referring to the sick feelings I get when thinking about somebody I left. It spoke like it was a living form of pain, and it was confirming that I can't run from it.

It started calm at first, like bubbles. Then it turned into tidal waves and I was just taking gulps of water at that point. As in, running from your problems is easy at the start, and then soon enough you're drowning in your own head.

"The fact that you failed to run, means you deserve none."

I failed to get help for my issues, so I mentally deemed myself unworthy of it.

Dissociate: verb

It is what the title says, a poem about what it feels like when I dissociate. For me it feels like those little loading circles are on my skin. I feel like the ground isn't under my feet, and a machine is trying really hard not to overheat.

In the poem it's described as some sort of system trying to ground itself again, but it keeps slipping. The first three lines I also wrote at the beginning of this year.

To ground myself again, sometimes I need to describe the earth as one big image.

Little me inside my guts

This one is more literal. First it describes what it feels like when I feel anything. It always comes out machine like, or creature like, or some kind of force of nature. The last two lines are the little me in my guts, speaking to myself, to go seek help for my broken brain. That part is a metaphor, there isn't actually a tiny me.

It's a poem about the point I realized my mental issues were affecting my relationships and life. My teachers could pick up on my lack of work. At some point sophomore year my teacher had asked me if I was okay many times. Not only that, but my dad was concerned I never looked happy, or that I was enjoying anything. I always felt tired, and everytime I tried to explain it I kept using made up words.

Disaster

This one touches back to the second poem, Echoing. The "He" being someone I left in my life, for the better of my health. The "she" is just the planet, no person in particular.

The "He" is someone I used to be very close with, until he started hurting me more than he could care for me. The first four lines I wrote one night when I was thinking about it again. I was thinking, "Even if he became a better person, and amended all his wrongs, I still don't want to talk to him or ever see him again."

Which is what, “If he decided to light up the sky, instead of taking the sun away, I’d rather stay inside that day” is referring to.

The disaster is one giant dramatization of a mentally and physically exhausting nights I had, trying to come to terms with my experiences with this person. It felt like my world was ending, and I was going to die, even though I wasn’t. The shoreline falling apart (it took place on a beach) is a metaphor for how literally, painful that particular night was. Even though the world is falling apart, there's this light in all the wreckage. Some definite feeling that there will be healing, and growth when it’s all over, because that’s how the world works.

0.5

Originally titled “Intermission”, was going to be the split between the first and second half of the series of poems. The first half is the fall, the second half is the rise. 0.5 describes it as the world, after the disaster. With all the broken buildings, and plants have taken over. The narrator isn’t me just yet, but is speaking to someone like me. They ask the reader to notice the breeze and the sunlight. They’re asking the reader to acknowledge the world around them so that they can ground themselves to reality. If every other poem didn’t say it enough, I feel like I’m floating. In 0.5 the narrator tries very hard to keep me on the floor, show me ways I can do it by myself. “I’m here and reality is real. Isn’t this all a big deal?”

Obscure Master

A short sonnet about inflating my ego. Despite how much my mental issues have ruined opportunities for me, or made me feel like hitting myself; this poem talks about the moments I took pride in it.

Not for the pain it caused me, but how it makes me an individual. There is nobody like me and there never will be. I can thank it for some of my creative ideas, not to say they all come from it. It feels good to be this way sometimes, sometimes I like the way I think and see things. I think I have a very unique vision of the world, from how damaging it is to how beautiful it is. However it is, it is mine alone, and I wouldn’t want to lose such a large identity of myself.

No feelings

A poem about the one time I thought, “What if i stop trying to run from my feelings and just face it?” and then did it. This in particular was about a sick feeling I had

from a situation. Instead of curling in a ball and hiding in the bathroom, I paced around the room and let the sick feeling swell in my stomach and not throw up. Even though it was agonizing, when it was over I was exhausted, and relieved. It felt different to accept those feelings instead of aggressively denying them. I described it as squiggly lines, but it comes in many forms, anger, sadness, fear.

In the end of the poem, it's described as coming out of a whole shabang. You check yourself for any broken bones, look around for any lost items. Then you realize everything is intact. I will always run into those hedges expecting to die, only to walk out still together, or at least mostly.

Mr. Dawn / Blue hour

A simple poem about me returning to the narration as Mr. Dawn, it's also about my favorite time of day, called blue hour. The General narrates the first half, as it approaches Mr. Dawn. It assumes he is depressed, since he is never outside at this hour. The General probably represents a friend of mine. She found me outside her house very early in the morning, and assumed I was upset. I remember this experience because she told me something that sounded like, "Hm? Do you have wisdom to share? Oh please, do tell, I'd really like to care."

My friend doesn't think I'm crazy, she just knows I think differently. She described it as wisdom once and it changed the way I look at myself.

Blue hour is that time around 6am, and 6pm when the world looks blue. The way the sun is setting makes the sky look very saturated and it's like blue light is shining down. It's very beautiful and my favorite. When it's blue hour, it feels like the world is totally calm, like it's starting to fall asleep or wake up.

The metaphor of the waking world, is exactly what's happening in the series. Now that the disaster is over, it's like the world is waking up. Mr. Dawn only appears in the morning blue hour, but the world is so beautiful in it's recovery, he can't help to come out in the evening too. My disaster is over, and I still come out at blue hour, if i'm ever awake. It feels nice to reconnect with that moment in time, it was my biggest comfort whenever I had nobody to talk to.

The beginning

The final poem of the series is an epic poem of The General, speaking to me, in a sentimental tone. The truth is it may be some symbolic, artistic representation of my mental issues, and head experiences. In this poem The General speaks kind words for

the first and last time. The show is over, but my life is still going. In the final lines, The General is being kind of dramatic, but is right. I will heed it's words to run forward in life, make myself known, and be more of myself everyday. It's all sentimental and gushy to me, probably cool and epic to it. It made good use of foreshadowing and symbolism in my own poem.

It's all so strange, I can be gorgeous, and I can be heinous. A blessing and a bastard. There's gonna be paradise and disaster. Whichever one I do, or am, I will always be me. Just because I'm ever more of one thing at a point in time, doesn't mean that is all of me. I can be various, obscure, and everything at once, it's all me.

I'm my own person, and I'm also a person. I live on the earth and I have friends and family here, I have passions and hobbies here. I've never had home anywhere else, and I'll never want to.

I understand this is all still very vague, but there are some things that no one can ever know. These poems grab onto the depths of me, but I can only explain so much. The rest is in the lines and rhymes. Hope you understand, thank you for reading.