

Title

Poet Mantra, Poet Contra Poet

I will project these thoughts in my mind...

not for ego, pride, nor attention.

Just a jaded poet here to find-

myself, or to share what was mine.

These words are yours but give no mention.

I will project these thoughts in my mind.

Read the words the poet confines.

A brain, a heart, a soul in suspension.

Just a jaded poet here. To find-

courage to break my words repression in time.

Your eyes take my words, that is the intention.

I will project these thoughts in my mind.

Take it! Take every word from every line.

Take my words despite this tension.

Just a jaded poet, here! To find-

where doth sign-

to seeketh permission,

just a jaded poet here to find!

And I will project these thoughts in my mind...

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Title: Pro-Humanity Sestina(Anti-fash)

|We should not give-

|fascists sympathy

|Where is the support?

|Yet all of Humanity-

|Is there someone to give?

|Where is our humanity?

|is not bad

|Someone who is not misled

|We call out more for support

|We are misled-

|A owner of the sympathy

|Not inherently bad

|and without support

|Understanding isn't bad

|We have so much to give

|Who will guide Humanity?

|We must learn sympathy-

|c'os are hearts are misled

|Always to be misled

|This has been Humanity

|Am I bad?

|Fascists share no sympathy

|Misunderstood, misled

|Can we infect with sympathy

|They don't think in support

|Can anyone give-

|Will things always be bad?

|But they want to give-

me a piece of humanity?

|Is there accurate support?

|chains to their idea of bad

|A slice of support

|Reform what's misled

|Does anyone deserve sympathy?

|Come together as Humanity

|and see what love can give

|Can we infect sympathy and reform what's misled?

Will things always be this bad if we come together as Humanity?

|Is there accurate support to see what love can give?

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Title: Take Me Or Go, My Love

The days go softly

We're braised and coughing

There's no turning

There's no stopping

Tell me a little more, what you are...

...show you a little more, of *little me*

No more blaming our faulty parts

No longer surrender to *faulty needs*

Speaking the true matters in *our hearts*...

You struck like lightning through the pixel screen

The proposal; love within the arts...

Together infinity, divinity, we dream

The days go lightly

We're awakened by nightly

Struck by thoughts

Of what it might be

Gazing softly...

...praise the body

Strike me now

I'll go down fighting

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Title: Tea for Blood Pantoum

There was something my family wanted from me
There was something they thought I was to be
They wanted moldable clay and named it after Lee
They wanted me on a pedestal, I wanted to be free

There was something they thought I was to be
I forged my own path and grew my own tree
They wanted me on a pedestal, I wanted to be free
They wanted a doctor or lawyer, I wanted the sea

I forged my own path and grew my own tree
Oh, just an artist, yet they beg and plea
They wanted a doctor or lawyer, I wanted the sea
They told me to die for society

Oh, just an artist, yet they beg and plea
For me to take care of them unconditionally
They told me to die for society
They play ignorant and drink the blood I bleed

For me to take care of them unconditionally
Family stains worse and creates more debris
They play ignorant and drink the blood I bleed
Would've been blessed with a boy, I agree

Family stains worse and creates more debris
Chipping at my cracks, poking at the seams
Would've been blessed with a boy, I agree
Where I am gender-fucked pro-anarchy

Chipping at my cracks, and poking at the seams
Their water boils and is overflowing
Where I am gender-fucked pro-anarchy
I pour the crystalline sweets into my tea

Their water boils and is overflowing
I have a fillable cup, but not for free
I pour the crystalline sweets into my tea
I blow off my steam and taste my own drink

I have a fillable cup, but not for free

There was something my family wanted from me

I blow off my steam and taste my own drink

They wanted moldable clay and named it after Lee

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