

Personal Elements

This is more of a collection of personal things rather than a world in development.

CONTENTS

Intimacy	10
Stargazing	11
Ponder	12
Confusion	13
Admittance	14
Attachments	15
Adrift	16
Mindful	17
Did You See?	19
Burden	20
Litost	21
Agnosticism	22
Contempt	23
Wonder	25
Remembrance	26
Coldness	27
Desensitized	28
Blackness	29
Yearning	32
Rooted	33
Validation	35
Detachment	36
Anger	37
Reverie	38

Ardent	39
Somber	41
Exhaust	43
Viscid	44
Inanition	45
Zone	47
Content	48
BLANK	49

Authors Note

This is just a collection of things written over the past few years that are more personal, and I'm okay with sharing them.

POEMS

Intimacy

STARGAZING

What if you gaze into the night sky?
What if you saw the worlds in the depth of the cosmos.
Worlds and dreams: gold and diamond.
What if you gazed through your skin,
Peered through the atoms,
A quark of the mind--
Behold galaxies unfortold,
Understanding the scale of it all.

PONDER

What is true anymore, in all of the world?
Everything started to feel strange,
Inconsequential -- surely, life was an amalgam,
It's complicated and often rough,
Many suffering who don't need to-- and for what?
What for -- ? What sort of deity behind our entities,
Who chooses and guides us to our doom?
I tried to believe in something but have come short,
You see -- My belief is in energy and life,
In warmth and in cold -- us as humans, we need,
We love and we sow, we consume more than substance,
The abstract, the artificial and the imagined.
It's everything that is true.

CONFUSION

The strangest truth is that we are drawn to negativity,
And some feed from it more than others.
I used to be one but not anymore, a continuing process,
Much like fire -- it dulls to embers and grows with
abundance,
It is never snuffed to ashes -- that is growth, positivity,
I've seen many consumed by such negativity that dulls,
It puts men in a strange loop -- of bitterness and spite,
Spite can often be okay-- but this spite? Nothing is right.
This negativity hinders growth, why is it so abundant?

ADMITTANCE

I know, I know -- people don't wish to be proven wrong,
But how can we strive from such negativity,
If this admittance is so hard?

"I'm wrong." I can say that, it used to be hard,
Not due to humility but due to shame, and embarrassment,
I've learned to accept my own shortcomings,
In doing so, I've become a better person.

"You were right." I say with a smile.

ATTACHMENTS

How many changes have I done to myself to keep friends?
The most shocking I have ever felt was true loneliness,
Which is something that comes in all shapes and sizes,
But this one where I had enjoyed something so much,
So intensely that I wanted to share, I had none to share
with,
No one to speak with and so I was waiting,
Alone in my thoughts.
A dark place at that age,
And so I changed myself, in the best way I could,
I vowed never again, and changed my interests.
I dumbed down what I spoke about-- by that,
My interests in the stars -- and physics -- weren't spoken
of,
Not for some time. My interest in crafting words,
I made myself struggle and I did things I didn't enjoy.
This became a constant thing, and sometimes I broke.
This is something that is still true, and quite haunting,
Still.

ADRIFT

People are like seasons,
They come and go:
They shift into something new,
Some stay the same naught
Differing into the next year

Don't fear when one leaves,
It may come again.

Friends-- they come and go,
On the coldest of days to the sweetest of summers,
Years from a certain point in the past,
Friends-- they can suddenly appear once more

--a friend who has faded due to time,
Can one day, suddenly appear again.
Even if, statistically, it doesn't seem so.
An instant wave of relief, instant happiness--
Forestalled.

By remembering why so many things happened,
A sudden urge to leave, one my overact
But one never knows -- it's a rather...
Euclidean challenge.

MINDFUL

Somehow, pleasantly it may be
my room has been clean for a while,
for years it was, hard and unkempt,
I tried. I tried my best, and just decided to rest,
My days away until it all felt like a dream

In which the colors are monochrome,
Or yellow, or red I cannot recall,
The most heinous thought of all,
I wished to simply not be -- which,
Is no longer the case -- my dreams,

They are exhausting, vividly in my mind,
Replaying that which exists, until it plays,
A stage centered around empty faces,
Cruel thoughts and an audience who just stares,
I'm in another place entirely, and loneliness sets in

I cannot recall if its the past, or the present,
That which after a while matters not,
Because I cease to exist in a place that moves,
I am still and confused,
Hidden among the damned but I am not,

And when I awake my mind, it's just--
I'm so tired. Too tired to fall back asleep,
And so I think, I ponder and it may be,
Bittersweet -- these dreams show words,

Symbols and undecipherable lexicon

It intrigues, it puzzles my mind,
And so I repeat the dream,
But the symbols change, queried,
Accessible only by a vague hyperlink,
By the time I awake I can no longer remember,

These dreams came from the pits of my mind,
Heavy and slogging, days toiled doing nothing,
Confusion evident, and reality meaningless
The bodies rested, but the mind's tired,
At least an hour until reality is true.

DID YOU SEE?

“She never hated you.
Never. Even when she wanted,
She loved you intensely,
--- positively,
How could you have never noticed?”

BURDEN

Living is so hard and complex,
I feel like I'm too weak, too cowardly,
Suffering is as pointless as existence,
It's hard to determine.
I've been violated and forgotten,
I still feel the shame, and objectively,
I've never mattered,
It feels only -- to be used and discarded,
Nothing was done and so I withdrew,
Time and time again,
I want not sympathy, pity, --
Or hearing pointless niceties,
I'm neither a first nor a second-rate,
Actually-- fifth at best or last to know,
Despite that. Despite what I know --
Trying is what helps me continue,
I steer away from the negatives,
As best as I can,
I'm tired of a lot and I try to stay positive,
To what end I don't know, I can only be:
My own light for so long, I'm embers and ash,
Who cries for me? Who do I need to be?

LITOST

There it is again.
That profound sense of loneliness--
Is it?
I'm drowning in my mind,
-- my senses are heavy,
I don't utter a sob -- yet in my mind,
I weep,
I do not know the reason why,
These tears fall -- like a sprinkle of rain,
Yet there is no downpour.
Is it because I'm feeling so deeply?
I love life, I swear I do.
I'm in love with life despite the cold.

Eyelids close to feel the warmth,
There it is -- the admittance of such,
Washing a wave of sadness through myself,
Past me was right: at some point in this month,
This frigid december, I was going to lie --
To myself, beside myself, reflect so--
And be sad.
I don't enjoy it, so pushing through it --
It'll be tough, and these range of emotions i feel,
It comes by, little by little -- just as the tears,
What the fuck am I supposed to do?
In this world, on this earth and reality.
I hope everything I feel is not lost in the void,
Nor anything I do but fuck, it sure feels like it.

AGNOSTICISM

Among the angels, demons and magic users--
She was still a heathen, and what could she do?
Never had she ascribed in commitment, though--
She humored the notion but gave no pledge,
No oaths sworn from her to them,
Only them to her and never once she asked,
Her crises of faith was masked by nonchalance,
By chance, a flicker had only been seen by one being,
Shown in her soul and her one true will:
“I believe in what flows in the universe,
What is constantly there -- what gives life,
And what gives warmth -- I follow no god,
For gods are still folly and their hubris gives doom,
I don't view a miracle from relentless suffering,
Life takes -- gods take, and still I give.
My soul is my own, I make my ending.”

CONTEMPT

Feelings are hard to distinguish:
Many symptoms elevate to tell,
A mind, of what dwells inside,
Is it jealousy? Anxiety?
What arises from palpitations.

A heart that throbs with grief,
Combined with a glimmer of relief,
That's echo sheds with each brief,
Inhale and exhale, that causes a shudder--
A slight repulsion, with toxicity simmering.

A flinch in remembrance,
While soft -- the tobacco stains,
Contemplative and briefly, a sigh or maybe two,
The lament of what was, no longer accessible,
A turn of a page, words blacked --
It's contents were roughly filled out.

Reaching out to another, proved futile,
Fingers seeking into hearts, like concrete,
Looking back feels bleak, forward queasy,
The crisp autumn air warmed glistening,
A sigh in and knuckling drumming along the rail.

WONDER

My dreams are nigh undeniable,
And in some way, in some shape,
Or a form.
A sweet release of life,
One that I had wished snuffed in the night,
My own, with highs and lows,
The lapping of my mind through currents,
Adrift in the dreams.

REMEMBRANCE

Though if it's not a challenge,
A good memory is that -- a memory,
Let them stay that way.
What if they are repressed?
Don't unearth them,
Lest sadness hearken the heart.

Trust that you can never revive
Most things -- people, things
Without ample work.
Just continuing about the days,
-- it never happened, I'm sure.
Strangers with the memories of a friend.

COLDNESS

One thing to remember about her.

She simply doesn't care. Naught,

Tell her, "Fine. I'm going."

"Okay." She retorts,

Tell her, "What will you do? Kill me."

"If I must." She replies.

DESENSITIZED

Introspection is a hard thing, and I believe everyone does it,

It's a fickle thing that I used to avoid but not anymore,
I use it as a tool, to find out more about me and the world,
My perspective, self and knowledge -- has caused many
breakdowns,

Growing up, I used to be sensitive and then I hated it, I
wanted to be cold,

Unfeeling and emotionless. Desensitization was the
program.

Then the more internalizing and compartmentalizing that
I'd done,

Well -- it's take a toll on my I'm afraid, I started saying no
more,

And I started to be myself, even at

BLACKNESS

Let me be frank.

I don't feel black enough:

My mother's black,

My father is black.

My grandmother had colored,

My grandfather is too.

On both sides as well.

My relatives are all black,

My immediate family are all too.

I've spit in a tube -- lo and behold,

I'm a quarter European,

I'm still seventy-two percent black.

It's never invalidated.

I've been called a series of slurs:

Jungle bunny, shit skin, nigger --

I've been called Oreo and uppity,

My hair isn't deemed kinky enough,

My skin casts me as a house nigga.

I've had relatives apart of gangs,
Step-family killed due to gangs,
I've have family who are black panthers,
Quite a few people who've served time.

I'm neither hood, nor outspoken,
I'm soft spoken and quiet --
I've lived with threats of shootings --
I still hear them daily, sometimes four shots,
And other times ten and with differing guns,
I've known quite a few people whose killed,
Done things that are quite... insane,
Some who've been in the pen,
Others who've never been prosecuted.

I'm used to thieves of all kinds; from family friends to crack
addled strangers,
Promising of projects being made turned into a
hard-cooked project because of needed "motivation",
I'm used to fearing what happens when the cops are called
but at the same time relieved.

I'm used to neighbors being unfriendly, causing drama, and
giving their "input" to the cops,
When they weren't even there to begin with,
I've lost relatives to gang violence and drug violence,
The family home was raided by cops once,
They shot our dog.

And yet... I still don't feel black enough.
I've tried, but I've never fit in.
Not in schools, not in the neighborhood,
And at some point in life, not even my own family.
I was the literal black sheep -- the IT gal,
The girl who listened to that "devil worshipping music",
I still listened to Aaliyah, Ashani and Lil'Kim,
Alicia Keys, Jay Z and Mystikal.
But that didn't matter.

It's me, but hell. I still don't know who "me" is --
And I'm not black enough for black people.

YEARNING

“I love you.” My mind wants to say,
But there is no one specifically in mind,
A feeling of warmth, tender and honeyed.
Lips. It was all I could imagine.
“I love you.” I’d imagine myself saying to any person.
Would they say it black?
Would they look away?
Would there be feelings of disgust?
I would never open up that way,
I would never bare my soul,
Or let myself be complicated,
I couldn’t imagine myself going through it,
That which is emotional hell,
People have lost themselves so far into it,
It became a constant obsession --
The only thing I’ve seen come about it is pain,
I’m not sure if it’s worth it.
I’d rather yearn and say the “I love yous in my mind,
And to myself.

ROOTED

It burrows deep into the mind,
Burrowing and burrowing,
Further as it burrows through matter,
In the borough of the mind,
In labyrinth like streets,
It sets a hold and festers,
Rotten building of memories,
It replaces its own, until you,
Yes, you can only think of it --
It's whatever rots in the creases,
An idea, a person or a thing!
Heck, it can even be a zing --
A jingle of some kind.

But only for a time,
It'll change the building to suite,
The rot is a parasite with intent,
Dopamine and serotonin,
All flavors of the mind,
The rot renthusies,
For days, weeks or maybe a few months,
Fixated on that rot,
Heck well, maybe it ain't all bad,
Brain rot can be fine.

VALIDATION

Lengths have been gone through to feel validation,
Strived for nothing more than affirmation,
It's hard to care about myself,
When it feels not a single care was sent to me,
I mean... lmao, what's validation?

Is that a social verification of sorts?
Okay, okay. I know what it is,
But on a personal level, do I?

DETACHMENT

“Am I normal?” Was a thought that crossed my mind,
Then again, and again, it continued to cross.
I’d been emotionally selective and often times I didn’t care,
It was still true to a point, but maybe I’d come around,
I never did and maybe my genetics are to blame.

I’d gone through life with forming
-- some of the more serious attachments,
outside of family -- the riskier parts,
gradually, and terribly, I’d distanced,
How cruel is it to live so selectively?

What is a best friend, if not one who leaves?
Then what is an acquaintance, if not a mere passing?
I’ve found myself to be comforted by objects,
the designs in binary and creation of others,
Am I detached from life?
Or have I merely found something else to care,
so vicariously, so obsessively about?

ANGER

Hate. It's the last thing I feel,
Yet when I do. It's a feeling so deep,
It's a toxin that forms through disgust,
At a manner -- even as simple a voice,
While not shrill it's perceived to be,
An annoyance. An irritant to my soul.

That annoyance and disgust? It bubbles,
It mixes well. Thus erupts hatred --
My disdain is always low but poignant when felt,
Nothing but time can soothe it away,
but the littlest dissent always lures to near:
My anger while justified is only in one or a thing.

It had always aroused through action not trait,
From pointless debate to a flow in personality,
obtained through triviality designed made to frustrate,
The strawmans' and whatabouts' -- annoy me greatly,
And what from this I consume, is an inkling or spite,
A seed that grows or dies within' due time.

REVERIE

It starts with a thought, which begets:
a sensation coupled with another sensation --
one part of all senses, represented in qualia,

Lost in the abstract turned into form:
the idea of pleasantries and a charcuterie,
of delicacies, savory and sweet, on my tongue,

Exuberance registered and a good vibe in mind,
Roistering by the fires and all from a simple reverie,
Alone, though in company by spirits.

ARDENT

Something about creating just makes sense,
Dreams of the night are heft full of clarity,
Picking plots and traits from the sky,
Apply them, twist and give them sense,
I can't help but not to create, or dream,
or imagine -- all tools of profession,
that I once likened to have:
puzzle-maker, tinkerer and maker of gadgets.

I've dreamed and dreamed, so much that,
I've become a Designer: I create games,
stringing together rules to create emotion,
All with a particular interest that I've always had.
In a way I've done the above digital and more:
I've made systems, puzzles to solve,
designed gadgets from code.

It had always been the feverous need to create,
that which had always compelled me: I've long to paint,
Miniature worlds using brush and glue; to create a scene,
Now I do so with a game engine and the scenes are there,
but not as polished as I am with words.

SOMBER

Her eyes were glazed over in silent musing,
Her face expressionless as she thought in tunes,
A cathartic escape that was packed in moods,
The genres were normally: Shoegaze, Alternative and
sometimes even New Wave, just quiet sombers.

Tap. Tap. Shift, mouth parting with every other,
word -- or a phrase, to hook or chorus,
Toes tapping on the floor in synchronicity with,
an Instrument on the track to a specific groove,
The vibrations were felt with intensity to match.

Her mind thought of how the song was structured,
Mind picking apart the instruments as its played,
Her heart soared in ups and downs with a the melody,
Her heart swooned during shifts and stanzas,
The lights weren't on and if someone saw they'd think:

Maybe, she was upset or in a type of melancholy,
while yes, it was somewhat true.

It was a subtle melancholy that swirled,
it mixed with hopefulness and a type of release,
Happy and relaxed, the tunes kept her calm and fascinated,
Her lips would often curl to a select part she liked:
be it the beat or a lyric to hear,
The music had always been a drug to her mind --
packed with emotions to choose in a setlist.

She was in a daze, sometimes slumped,
other times readjusting her posture, sometimes staring off,
sometimes she closed her eyes to visualize the notes,
the soundtrack of life -- and then the next.

EXHAUST

There are times where I may not be depressed;
though I'm also not tired -- just mind-numbingly,
bored -- A perpetual constant for that day,
It's nigh similar to: a precursor to depression --
Neither am I sad nor is there any melancholy.

This inability is shortly after a period of emotion:
An intense day (or a week) that's weighed on the mind,
The fatigue sets in but I'm not quite tired, and so I work:
I try my best, be productive. Sometimes it helps,
and sometimes I break through. It's akin to a bridge.

Though this one is a fork: two or three odd paths,
One could lead to depression, while one is just the same,
the other is likely to be contentedness but --
the problem with this exhaustion is that nothing is clear,
And so I go with the path that draws strongest to me.

VISCID

On days that reek of dew,
That holds a persistent hue,
It lies thick -- a weighted blanket,
Draped over the mind and a width,
That creates a barrier, to sloth,
Slow... the mind, but alas,
Only the lull of sleep is kept by its pull,
The pattering of rain across the land,
A sheet of moisture across the canvas,
Of greys and blues, cloudy days,
The dull wipers scrape across the glass,
I pull myself inside as if I was about to pass,
My mind stopped to a halt,
Inside I'm drowning in what feels like the downpour,
From outside and my mind enveloped in fog,
A measure of how dense my thoughts,
And with it my stick for the next few days,
Waiting for the clarity that had been soon to come.

INANITION

A feeling that comes often more than not,
A vitae currency, it surely is -- a beget from conflicts,
"Adenosine Triphosphate." A compound of all living,
Or rather the reason for such, of all manner of life.

It maws. It growls. It steers. In viscera from below,
Every thought and even boredom it remains a foe,
As it grows so does the urge, to sink into flesh,
Of fruit or meat -- constant droning or a groan.

All of that and more it can be heard,
The decibels are louder with each moan,
Anything that beheld adenosine triphosphate,
which wouldn't be hard to find and take.

Ruled on by baseless thought and taste,
A little sprinkling of common sense (and taste),
Processed by seared, grilled, or boiled browned meat,
by fish, or fruit: caramelized or raw --
By intake and flow, it travels in guts,
a system of interconnecting tunnels,
A mass of pulsing reds and pink-flesh hues,
It's life, it's life! And oh, how it goes.

ZONE

An idea that's very intricate,
One that I've kept in mind:
It's prevalent through thriving ideas,
Artfully created, by numerous tests.
You wouldn't know when it's reached.

It's a very discreet thing,
It requires a little suspension,
A grain-scale balance of challenge and wits,
Time becomes a bird and flies by and by,
One day it's noon and in a few hours,
Moments pass by.

CONTENT

This one had been a hard one to write,
It had been the hardest to pin,
Blew only blanks from my mind,
A disarray of thoughts majority of the time,
How to quantify the feeling of being content?

It's neither happiness nor contempt,
It's a state of being that's just everything and nothing,
But it's a feeling that's everything but also nothing,
It's not an evocation of depression -- it's just plainness,
What's contained as just is and there's nothing else.

Content is the qualia and qualia is experience,
Am I happy eating chocolate or am I just content,
It's either that or stress from playing a game,
I'm satisfied but not happy -- just complacent,
The feeling for me: it's mostly work or games.

BLANK

It some point I was going to end this with content,
but now, I don't know,
in a way this is just nothing,
I tried to categorize all the thoughts n' words in my mind,
make them into something discernable,
I started off writing this strong,
but ended it heavy with doubt
but hell,
What does it even mean anymore?
I think I know now,
This is solitude.

