

Anthology of Sugiura Asuna

Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

Dedicated to all the ones before, after, and with me, in this race for time.

summary

A Silent Howl

A Fighting Spirit

The Lonely

Change

Missing

Sea

The Sea's Heart

The Shit-show of What Feels like the Century

Again

An Invisible Glass Wall

An Invisible Glass Cage (a kind of continuation of "An Invisible Glass Wall")

Seasons

Words

An End

Beach Cries

Back from Whence I Came

Time's Midnight Ride

The Song of Old

Fading

The Edge of Time

What's in your Cup?

A Broken Teacup

Time's Truths

Thinking of life

A Silent Howl

I howl

The forest answers with it's icy silence

I've given up expectation of an answer

I've lost my pack

No goin' back

My paws hit the forest floor

The pads so sore

My lonely song

Like a ringing gong

A single Flute

Or a simple Lute

Song of my Fathers

Song of Time

Song of death

Song of Rhyme.

A Fighting Spirit

A silent howl

A low growl

My hackles raise

For all my days

Hunting in the night sky

Never will my spirit die

The Lonely

I sit alone and sing in my head
I wonder when I'll be dead
I look in jealousy and almost hate
Is this fate?
I long to belong
To feel like a pack
But I don't think anyone will ever have my back

Change

My howl comes to a screeching halt
Like an Eagle's screaming squawk
My blood drains
As darkness rains
Does humanity have no brains?
Ruled by the masses
Afraid to think for themselves
Like a school of fish.

Missing

One of my friends recently left the school that I go to. So this was written for her.

A Missing Member

Sent away with tears

A companion for all those years

The one who taught me to howl and hunt

My time in a pack will now be sour

I can still hear her faint howl

She is off on her own to discover her place

In this sad historical state

Sea

Bald Sails

Strong gales

Sailors bail

Wind and rain

Lightning maims

Sirens sing in the storm

Wives will soon mourn

The Sea's Heart

Their cold hands hold my heart
They miss their own with it's unique beating start
Their songs entice even the bard
Birds sing to the tune
But beware the flashing sea,
To which sailors go
For it will break your heart

The Shit-show of What Feels like the Century

It took minutes
That thing that felt like it took hours
A dysfunctional friend group
The one that wasn't there through thick an thin
A 2-minute shit show
It comes with free-tickets and a prime spot
An endless amount of time and words for weapons
Filled with plot twists and "I didn't see that coming"
An unexpected start and an explosive finale
Something that's unforgettable and bound to be repeated

Again

It always happens
I can feel the time is near
I'm being left behind again
There is nothing I can do but wait, watch
And wonder what cruel new way fate has decided to break me this time
The feeling is like melancholy, a sadness I can't shake
It strikes a nerve within, it causes anger, flashing white
But as with most light, it soon fades to darkness and the weight returns
Dragging me down to the dredges of depression

An Invisible Glass Wall

As I try to peer through the glass
I'm afraid everything will crash
That I'll tap the wall a tad too hard
And as pieces rain down I will hang my head
The things I've worked so hard for, tumbling down to rest
On cracked floorboards and dirtied feet

An Invisible Glass Cage (a kind of continuation of "An Invisible Glass Wall")

I panicked and pushed against the glass walls
Walls I had worked so hard to build
Walls I thought would keep me safe
I thought that if I tapped them they would shatter'
But now as I pound, unseen by the world, I realize that I'm now trapped

Walls I made
Yet I can't break them, I built them to be strong
I fixed all the flaws that I saw. I can't break them.
A beautiful but invisible glass cage

Caught, again, this time by my own thoughts, left alone to rot
Afraid to impose, afraid to appear weak, afraid to face the unknown

And so, I pose, picturesque, my cage unseen by others, but there nonetheless
And when others leave, without me, my fear comes alive, suffocating my brain
I scream and cry, and panic again, trying to break out
Of course, I can't, or maybe with help I could, but yet again, I'm afraid to impose
When death creeps closer, seeping through the cracks just as my fear did
Asphyxiating my brain with toxic thoughts and casual forgetfulness, no, casual ignorance
A beautiful dead bird, caged by the glass

(optional addition, I didn't know if this should go in or not)

I gasp, rearing up, attempting to soar. Only to be crushed once more, by the heavy weight of fear,
and the stench of rot

I can't break them, I think someone else could
Once again, a beautiful dead bird, caged by the glass

Seasons

Over and Over
The cycle repeats
Winter takes over
Seasons compete

Words

Our words pollute the air
We hurt one another and don't look at the damage
Eventually we can't manage
Our words are swords
They strike chords
And as time goes on we love this song
All the hate that we have for ourselves we dump on others
Accompanied by the praise of peers and the whimpers of the ones we abuse

An End

Hurt blooms in my chest
Not the sharp stabs of a spear
But the festering of an old sickness, an old wound
It fills my chest with rotting blood
This is a breaking point I foresaw long ago
It seems like the end of an era
The falling of Rome
The ending of a friendship, it strikes close to home

Beach Cries

The Waves hushed my crying.
The wind asked me what was wrong.
The stars comforted me.
And I broke in Night's unfolding arms.

Back from Whence I Came

Thumping footsteps and a beam of light
People with guns and orders to shoot on sight
Rebellious and confident I tried to fight
With a boom and a shout of pain, I realized I had been shot
And no matter how much I fought they were prepared to drag me back
I had been caught

Time's Midnight Ride

Time rides in Midnight's arms
It's feathers flit like fish fins
gliding through the air
The world flows by in a blur of color and sound
A black tunnel appears ahead,
A strong wind buffets time
It begins to fall
Plummeting slowly
Torn apart by the claws of death.

The Song of Old

It sings to me
To rhyme a rhyme
Rhymed by old
Like a hand hold,
A comfort in the cold
To sing a song of old

Fading

Time, Time slips away
Echoes in a beautiful way
While fading like the light of day
Is mourned by stars
And at the end is reflected by the moon

The Edge of Time

On the edge of time I perched
My feet dangle off the edge under me
My arms arms are folded
Wind carrying the words of loved ones caress the grass miles below me
Streams of memories flow past me
Life has no limit
And all is "right" in the world

What's in your Cup?

A little bit of lonely
is a little bit of honey
because life is a giant cup of tea
and time is a familiar stranger drinking every last drop.
Earl Grey with a pinch of sorrow.
Shattered cup and shaky hands,
bloodshot eyes paired with suicide.
So what does your cup look like, what does it mean?
And what's in it?

A Broken Teacup

I've lost it and I can't find it
Misplaced it and don't know where to look
I got too close and came too far
I don't want to risk it
But can't bear it
If I leave a piece of me stays
But if I remain a bit of me goes
I cracked long ago
But am realizing it now
Discovering a weak point in the glass
I'm out of options, it all started with a single crack
Soon it will spiral
And finally, fracture
There is no option c
Plan A, Plan B, and Plan C were the same
A fools errand to buy time
A myopsical hope in a grandiose scheme
Kintsugi is unlikely to succeed with me

Time's Truths

Time may dry the tear-stains
But it doesn't heal all wounds
It passes as though a ship in the night
But follows as if haunting us
It is one thing all have
Yet the amount is inconsequential
In the end it is what we do with the time we have
So what have you done, what will you do and what are you doing?
Consider time wisely and use it accordingly
Take heed and the results will be worth it

Thinking of life

Draw strength in vulnerability
And find yourself in the dark
Hold on when it feels like your life is cap-sizing
And dont forget to let go when it's stable
Search when you think all is revealed
Think before you act
Actions speak louder than words
Contemplate before you speak
Sometimes all that is needed is a gentle nudge
Consider a situation
Find it's faults and flaws
Time is precious and so is life
YOUR life is precious
So dont give up