

# Anthology of Jacob Covas

Jacob Covas



Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## Dedication

*To myself, for soldiering on through the toughest of times.*

*And to my dearest friends for helping me through these times.*

## About the author

Born in 1999,  
Jacob covas is a biochemistry and history major at  
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go into medical school and become an orthopedic  
surgeon. He Will be joining the Israeli Defense  
Forces in December of 2017.

## summary

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## The definition of beauty?

Beauty isn't in the eye of the beholder.

Beauty is in the curve of her mouth when she smiles,  
A smile which melts my heart.

Beauty is in her eyes that remind me of the cool blue tide of the Mediterranean,  
Eyes that gently examine me when I speak.

Beauty is in her luscious blonde curls,  
Curls so golden that they reflect the richness of her personality.

Beauty is in her perfect figure,  
The figure she insist is imperfect.

Beauty is in her mind,  
The mind in which she forms her thoughts and emotions.

All these things separately mean nothing.  
Somehow when you put them all together they can mean the world.

They can mean happiness,  
They can mean comfort,  
They can mean compassion,  
They can define your world.

At times it seems as if Aphrodite herself wouldn't be as perfect,  
even if she had rode down from the heavens.

However she is the forbidden fruit of God's Eden,

You want it so bad,

And work so hard to get it,

That when you finally reach it you realize that you have been punished to an eternity of self hate and disparity.

Alas when the fruit had fallen to my feet,

I prepared to tempt fate and take my bite,

I wiped it clean and prepared my jaws for the apples crunch.

Instead I found that the Apple had vanished,

And without even taking a bite I had been punished.

## Faith?

Has God left my life?

I've grown up obediently following,

I never questioned his existence.

I've grown up disobedient to myself,

Never believing in a disposition.

I've grown up since that point in my life,

Where everything made sense,

And my mind would not soar away and fly.

I've seen more in one summer than most of my peers see in their lives.

I've run more in one summer than most of my peers will run in their lives.

Has God left my life?

What I once thought to be his kindness and love,

Has turned into the warm barrel of a gun.

What I once thought to be his will and power,

Has turned into a bombing every hour.

What am I to believe?

That this "higher power" allows for the destruction of his children?

Why am I to believe?

I've seen suffering and death at the hands of his children.

And yet I am his child,

I am not a murderer... right?

As I contemplate my purpose,

A disk shaped reminder of God sits atop my head,

He is close by,

He may not be here right now,

But maybe being God is just like any other nine to five,

And the office is just closed for a couple of hours.

## Savior?

I wonder aimlessly,  
I find myself on a street corner,  
I gaze across the street to see two characters pitching a twitching figure against a bench.  
The foreign accents of my friends whisper in the back,  
My conscious tells me to intervene,  
My brain tells me to keep walking aimlessly.  
I soon find myself standing next to the figure.  
He has gone from a distant shadow to a man.  
His friends explain to me that they are homeless and do not know this man well,  
I continue my stream of questions as I hold this warm and wrinkly human.  
He is so helpless, when I look into his grayish-blue eyes I see those of a child.  
I position his head and tongue as to allow him to breath,  
Fully expecting him to take a turn for the worst,  
My luck up to that point would only see it so  
I held this man like a mother holding her son I reassured him it'd be alright.  
Earl it will be okay,  
Earl I'm here for you,  
Earl I won't let anything happen to you.  
A connection formed,  
I was his angel that day.  
His saint.  
Just as I began to feel responsible for earl the sirens began to wail in the background.  
A man in a fire department uniform introduced himself to us.  
I stood up,  
Gave my report,  
My vitals,  
And my suspicions.  
The man with no compassion simply explained "yes, we know earl very well."  
They placed him on a gurney and wheeled him away.  
As they lifted earl I turned to his friends and said "god bless y'all."  
Without any formalities or questions I turned my back and walked away.  
My friends formed around me with questions,  
However

I continued to wonder aimlessly.



## Is ball truly life?

An individual bead of sweat drips from my brow,  
The low roar of a crowd can be heard somewhere in the periphery,  
My hand grasps the cool leather of a 29 Inch sphere,  
I slowly beat the ball on the floor as I advance up the wooden court, similar to Caesar preparing for war.  
The possession is in question,  
and as the infinite expanse of time ticks down,  
Butterflies begin to form in my stomach.  
I sprint into my opponent,  
Bracing and hoping for contact,  
I launch the sphere in the air and hope it will hit its target.  
It circles the drain and falls out,  
The game is lost,  
The game of such a cost.  
When people describe their life as being "ball" they don't understand that ball truly is life.  
A rhythmic game of elegance,  
In which each time I lose.

## Olive drab sweep.

The want nothing more than to spend another night in Jerusalem.

A city of gold,

A city of culture,

And mostly a city divided.

The next time I return to that beautiful city I will run into it,

Surrounded by my brothers and sisters,

A sea of olive drab,

A sea of song and festivities.

When I stand at Herod's wall and pledge Masada will not fall again

(Matsada lo tipo)

A tear will run down my face.

I am home.

I am free.

For many reading this you may fail to understand why a Jew from Miami would want to go to the dessert and fight for a country they spent a matter of months in.

My answer is simple.

I was born being hated.

When I wore my kippah at school I got picked on and harassed.

When I wore my Star of David on my neck I knew I would have someone try to rip it off at some point during the day.

No matter how bad it got I knew that if I was ever in serious danger,

And I do mean serious danger,

I could rely on an Israeli in an olive uniform to sweep in and save me,

simply for the reason people hated me,

Because I was Jewish.

When I take my pledge at the wall I will remember what I had to deal with to get to that point.

More importantly I will remember what my ancestors had to go through.

For that reason I know that when I shout my promise to keep Israel safe at all cost,

A tear will run down my face.

If it comes down to it I will say Shema Y'Israel,

And I will run to make sure of the fact that

Matsada lo tipo.

Don't accept your situation,

Don't be the person who is afraid to be themselves.  
Be the change,  
Be that olive uniform sweeping in to save the day.

## No pain no gain?

Pain is a knife directly to a limb,  
It isn't a cool mist on your body.

Pain is a collection of nerves reacting,  
It isn't a real sensation.

Pain cannot be stopped,  
It isn't simply put off.

For a man who really feels pain has fought his senses for so long that he no longer feels it.

For this man has learned how to fight back this "pain."

He tells everyone he's fine but in reality he will never be "fine."

Life is painful,

yet pain is essential to life.

## Tear filled eyes.

A tear runs down her face.  
She asks me "why",  
She asks me "do you want to die?"  
She struggles to see why I feel this need,  
She struggles to see why it has to be me.  
A tear runs down my face.  
I say "mom I can't explain why",  
I say "mom I do not wish to die."  
I know I cannot give her a good enough reason,  
I know I cannot ease her mind.  
I had kept my secret from my parents for over a year,  
I had kept it from them for my own sake.  
I couldn't bare to see my parents cry,  
I couldn't bare to tell them the risk,  
One such being i might die.  
Momma I love you and Dad,  
I know you guys are scared,  
I know you don't understand,  
But,  
This is something I need to do.  
The Israeli army is no small commitment,  
The Israeli army is something to which I have little connection.  
It didn't help my case that the morning after I told them three soldiers of Israel were stabbed to death  
by terrorists,  
Paying the highest price to keep holiest of lands.  
It scared the shit out of them,  
To be fair it scares the shit out of me.  
But I will go over knowing that the decision of life and death is not mine.  
I pray that God will protect me,  
I pray that he will see me through my journey.  
I have made this decision,  
And it is only mine.  
Although my parents may have tears in their eyes,

I know that they will soon be filled with pride.  
In Israel there is a belief of AHARAI,  
Which means to lead from the front,  
I have taken this to heart.  
My eyes continue to fill with tears.

## Look me in the eyes.

Look me in the eyes.

You tell me that every time you see me you feel bad,

You tell me that every time I wave in your direction you feel like crap.

Look me in the eyes.

You have told me a lot,

You have told me you loved,

You have told me you needed,

You have told me you would do anything for,

All of these ended with "me";

However,

They weren't true.

Look at me in the eyes.

I told you that a lot,

I told you that I loved,

I told you that I needed,

I told you I'd do anything for,

All of these ended with "you";

However,

I can not deny this is true.

Look me in the eyes.

Tell me why seeing me makes you feel bad,

Tell me why me waving makes you feel like crap!

I wasn't the one who hurt you.

Look me in the eyes.

Text and phone calls are one thing but I want to see those

Vast,

Captivating,

Mind numbing eyes.

Look me in the eyes,

So that I can call you out on your lies.

Look me in the eyes,

So that you can see the love that you denied.

## **Battle for brotherhood.**

"We few,  
We happy few,  
We band of brothers.  
For he who sheds his blood with me today  
Shall from now to the end of time be my brother."  
These words may have not been written by my own pen;  
However,  
They are words I live my life by.  
He who stands with me in the heat of battle,  
Whether they be literal or metaphoric battles, is my brother.  
He who stands next to me and is willing to lay it all on the line is my brother.  
The blood we shed transcends that which flows in our veins,  
The brotherhood we share transcends the blood in our veins.  
Often we question why life places us in a situation;  
However,  
This questioning only hurts us.  
To quote Tennyson,  
"Theirs not to make reply.  
Theirs not to reason why.  
Theirs but to do and die."  
The principle of brotherhood is found deep in our soles.  
As kids we are told to run away from problems and to run away from danger;  
However,  
The man I call my brother does neither.  
In the face of battle,  
His or my own,  
He is steadfast and strong.  
We all bleed together,  
We all cry together,  
But most importantly we all grow together.  
I encourage thee to find thy own brother,  
Find someone who is steadfast in their resolve,  
Find someone who will go to the depths of hell for you.



Most importantly remember that when the bullets fly,  
"Theirs but to do and die."

## Code Red!

Code red!

Code red!

The text on my phone reads.

Possible active shooter on campus my phone says.

As I sit in my class of 20,

My mind wonders.

The next text I receive haunts me indefinitely.

The group chat for the Israeli advocacy group that I chair begins to go nuts,

"Guys he's targeting Jews."

"Guys shelter in place."

"Guys stay on guard campus police are responding."

I become focused.

The safety of everyone in this room is at risk because of me.

Not only does my kippah identify me,

But the speeches I have made on campus make me recognizable.

I inform my professor as calmly as possible,

"Mam the person is targeting Jews, I believe I might be a target, can we take additional precautions?"

My teacher responded in a panicked fashion yelling "Guys turn the lights off, lock the doors."

Feeling responsible for whatever happens I take up position behind the door,

Preparing myself to take down any assault.

I begin to look at the panicked faces of my classmates,

That's the girl who I walk to her dorm at night so that she is safe,

That's the guy who gave me paper when I ran out,

That's the teacher who allowed me to turn in a late assignment because I.t was due on Shabbat.

The faces around me gave me anger.

These people will not die because of what I believe in.

These faces will not go blank because of what I've said.

I decide right there that If that door opens I will kill the person entering,

I will kill myself trying if need be.

Luckily,

Everyone receives a campus wide text,

"Suspect apprehended on the third floor of blue garage."

A calm sets over the room.

I thank God.

This text however chills me to this day,

For I parked my car everyday on the third floor of that garage,

To make it worst I have an Israeli flag and Israeli army flag displayed proudly on my car.

The thing that really scared me was that I planned to go home in exactly one hour,

Walking to that floor, in that garage, to my car.

My faith has put me in many dangerous situations,

Situations in which only I was effected,

On that day my faith almost got 20 kids and myself killed.

I was taken aback,

Taken back to the day I had to take cover behind a trash bin in Tel Aviv because someone decided to shoot,

Taken back to that day in Syria where the ground shook and I watched people disappear,

Taken back to Jerusalem as I ran to a bomb shelter.

I was taken back,

But all these memories occur somewhere in the Middle East,

This memory happened right here at home.

Since that day I have stopped wearing my kippah in public,

Due to the fact that I hope to never see a room full of panicked faces again.

My faith follows me like a scar,

It is something that is evidence of a day in which I almost died,

It is evidence that I can no longer hide.

Welcome to America,

Land of Religious freedom.

## Honor over life?

Honor over life.

As children we're taught our history,

We are spoon feed the stories of heroism,

The stories of sacrifice,

The stories of saint-hood.

Upon turning eighteen we are suddenly allowed to make decisions,

Decisions that unintentionally follow us for life,

Decisions that may not be of equal weight.

Some decide to learn,

Some decide to fight,

Some decide to do neither.

At eighteen we are young minds ready to be molded into anything,

Hoping for acceptance from those around us.

The decisions we make,

may call us to reflect on the stories we were told as kids,

The stories that painted Last stands as heroic,

The stories that told us that death while in service was not only alright but patriotic.

Some people face a daily decision in which they may choose to lay the ultimate sacrifice on the alter that is "freedom."

When we are met with situations that cause us to question the lessons we were taught we are called cowards.

Coward?

Me?

Why is It cowardice to want life?

Why is It that when I was asked to choose honor or life, I chose life?

Honor is precious,

Do not mistake what I'm saying,

But what do medals and praises mean to a dead man?

Life over honor,

Honor over life,

The decision is yours,

Make sure your choice is right.

## Living with mistakes.

Mistakes are made on a daily basis,  
Mistakes are realized just as often,  
Mistakes are paid for even more often.  
Do we ever truly pay for our mistakes though?  
Do we ever fully grasp the extent of our decisions?  
At the moment it is easy to say we do;  
However,  
We do not.  
To claim that we fully understand our mistakes is ignorant,  
To say that we fully corrected our mistakes is just as ignorant.  
Why is it that a mistake,  
Simple or complex,  
Is never fully understood?  
Never fully embraced?  
The answer is easy.  
Our nature allows us to recognize where we went wrong,  
But our nature doesn't allow us to understand how or why.  
It is easy to Brush this off as bullshit;  
However,  
Look at yourself,  
Look at what truly lies inside.  
Do you know where things went wrong?  
Do you understand the spiderweb of events that occurred as a result?  
Of course not!  
We are mere humans.  
Sent here to make mistakes and relive the larger ones for eternity.  
Do not hate yourself for this.  
Embrace it.  
Understand we are imperfect.  
If you spend your life hating the fact that you are yourself,  
You will never embrace the love you have for the fact that you are no one else.

## Spirits.

As a kid they would often visit,  
I would find myself talking to them,  
I would find myself playing with them,  
I would find myself asking them,  
I would find myself helping them.  
The first one I can remember came to me while I was at my grandma's house,  
His name was jack,  
He wasn't nice,  
In fact he was quite mean.  
I told my mom in the car of the bad man in grandma's house,  
Only to find out that as a kid she knew of jack,  
She talked to jack,  
And that she was like me.  
They come to me wherever I go,  
From independence hall to the fields of Gettysburg,  
They would come to me and talk.  
While this gift of mine has put me in touch with some evil beings,  
It has also given me the privilege of helping the good ones.  
My favorite experience occurred at the Vietnam memorial wall in D.C.  
a young man,  
No more than 19,  
Approached me and told me that his friend needed help.  
His friend had come from Wyoming to see his name on the wall;  
However,  
His name was up way too tall.  
I went to a park ranger and requested a ladder for a man I was yet to see,  
When his friend hobbled up to the wall I found myself in disbelief,  
The man was in his seventies and had a full head of gray hair,  
And when he turned to his wife and said Nate's name is one I can't reach,  
I walked up and said "sir, there is a ladder right here on which you can stand."  
I helped him up,  
And held him there,  
As tears ran down his face.

Evidently he was there.

This man reached out to rub the soldiers name,  
Little did he know that his friend was really there,  
Sitting atop the wall,  
Touching the mans hand as he reached out.

I couldn't help but shed a tear.

That was the day that my gift made me so proud.

I truly helped.

Now that I have grown I am shocked to find that I still posses my abilities,

I still have this gift in my life.

I do not let it limit me,

In fact,

I strive to help.

On my next journey away from home I already know where I will be,

For I have booked my flight to Poland in May of Twenty Eighteen.

I will travel to the camps,

In which,

My ancestors were herded and killed,

Hoping to find a spirit that still has not lost its will.

I want to talk to anyone who was in the camp;

Whether it be a German soldier,

A persecuted gypsy,

Or a fellow Jew,

I cannot wait to hear the story of how they feel.

I am a receiver,

I am someone they come to to make sure that their stories do not die with them.

With great power comes great responsibility,

And my powers are amongst the greatest.

## Have you been?

They call me a number of things.

Some call me by my name,

Some call me man,

Some even call me bro.

But then again some call me other things,

Far worst things.

Some call me baby killer,

Some call me terrorist,

Some call me a Zionist pig.

These special few who call me such terrible things all have one thing in common,

They come to me fueled by anger and emotion rather than facts and logic.

They tell me about the stories of a friends grandmother,

They tell me about the things their professors have said in class,

Or my personal favorite,

They tell me about articles they read online.

While the stories of your friends Grandma,

Your poly sci professor, and the clickbait Facebook article you read do intrigue me; I will always ask one question:

Have you been?

Have you been in a situation where the blaring of sirens wake you from your sleep,

Only to tell you that death is looming?

To tell you that a rocket with your name on it is inbound?

Have you been in a situation in which you have to run for your life?

Not because you're late for a class,

But because some terrorist decided to turn the mall your at into a butcher shop?

Or maybe you've been in a situation where you get a call right before entering a final exam?

But not a call wishing you good luck, but instead to tell you that a friend of yours was stabbed and beheaded in the street because of the flag on his uniform?

Perhaps you've been in a situation in which you've passed out food and water to school children?

But did you do so knowing that their school's curriculum is based off of teaching them how to specifically kill you?

I'm sorry if it sounds like I'm disregarding your stories and emotions;

However,

If you're going to point fingers and call someone a terrorist you might as well be pointing at the right



person.

While my country,

Israel,

Isn't free from sin (just like any country),

I can assure you I am no terrorist,

I am no baby killer,

And what the hell, i'm kosher, so I'm definitely no pig.

You can call me anything,

And you can tell me your stories;

However,

Until you've been you cannot pass judgement.

Innocent until proven guilty.

So until you've been,

I guess I'll keep asking my same basic question...

Have you been?

## Timber!

Timber is yelled as the axe strikes it's final blows.  
The blows which will strike a mighty tree from the ground.  
The blows which will alter the Earth.  
Nothing is yelled as the axe of reality crushes into us.  
Nothing is yelled as our reality falls from its sturdy frame.  
Nothing is soothing.  
As reality fades so does the legacy of ones life,  
The mark which we leave on this planet.  
As children we are told to seek truth,  
To change the world.  
As adults we're told to fall in line,  
To suck it up.  
Still seething in pain from the blows which rock us we retreat.  
We seek to improve ourselves and jump back into place.  
At what point do we decide to break this cycle?  
At what point do we decide that a direct blow and death is favorable to retreat and recovery?  
Perhaps when reality has become too overwhelming?  
When we have become too much of a burden on ourselves?  
The human spirit has deep roots and can be stubborn.  
The human spirit can suck life out of the beauty around us,  
Similar to a tree in a forest.  
The human spirit, however,  
Cannot regrow.  
It cannot turn a stump into a tower.  
And it certainly does not heal.  
Everyday is another blow to our base.  
Everyday is another blow closer to collapse.  
Over many years our spirits learn how to adapt,  
They will either absorb the blows with grace or cave in to the pressure.  
It is because of this undeniable fact that we have a choice.  
Either we stubbornly hold our ground and soak up as much of our short lived time as possible or we fall quickly.  
Both options result in ones demise.

The later being more painful and drawn out.

The later holding more beauty and wealth on life.

Stand tall you brave oaks.

Hold fast against the many blows to come.

Do not let the next strike be the one that has the man upstairs yelling timber.

## Hope in darkness

A vacation to Poland,  
What more could a young man ask for!  
Touring the cities and streets where my people once walked with glee,  
Touring the streets where my people were snatched up and tortured.  
I assure you to the fact that there is no more of a humbling place than the gates of Auschwitz.  
No more of a pain-filled and sickening place on this planet.  
Yet I walk through the gates with a glimmer of a hope,  
A quest to find the light in a world of Dark.  
Shave your head,  
take these clothes,  
eat this broth.  
This was the process of entering the camp in 1945;  
However,  
My process was a bit different.  
Buy these tickets,  
Eat these hot dogs,  
Take these pictures.  
I suffered in the thought that the single bloodiest location known to man had become a beacon for tourist.  
It truly hurt my soul watching people gorge on food and buy merchandise at this seemingly consecrated ground.  
As I walk through my camp I feel the sadness,  
I feel the emotion of despair and death.  
The one comfort I find is draped over my shoulders in the form of a flag.  
A flag with a star that once marked my people for death,  
but is now used to mark our nation.  
Each barrack, each room forces that flag tighter onto my body,  
as if it were a warm fatherly hug that offered protection from evil.  
The scratches on the chambers where my people once gasped for life,  
where my people once clawed at the walls to escape,  
marks a point in the tour where i cannot continue without tears.  
As i write this i feel tears.  
The exit awaits,

I am more than happy to leave.

After an hour in Auschwitz, i felt liberated,

As if i had been in the camp for months.

Suddenly my group breaks out in song.

AM YISRAEL CHAI.

The people of Israel live.

The tourist around us begin to collect,

shooting videos,

and joining in.

The people of Israel live.

I left the camp with one message.

What is the point of surviving persecution and genocide if your children cannot sing and dance decades after you are freed?

We survive to live.

No further explanation or reason needed for life.

Case closed.

## Ember of life.

The ember of life sparks from within.  
From the time of conception the spark is lit,  
It's glowing aura protruding from our skin.  
The moment we are born we begin our fight,  
To kindle the ember and create a light.  
We climb up mountains and wade through rivers,  
All to support the light of life.  
The fight is not simple,  
Many won't win.  
For this light,  
This ember,  
Is delicate and cannot take much wind.  
However hard,  
And however impossible,  
We fight and we fight from day till night.  
Alas,  
A passion is found.  
Suddenly,  
As if using Kerosene,  
The little light begins to grow.  
Soon to be a bonfire contained no more.  
We have fought a good fight,  
And we have lost much of our might,  
But the fire within continues to grow.  
The growth is exponential now,  
Without any reason,  
Or any how.  
No longer is it fed by passion,  
Evolution has seen it grow from family and a generous soul.  
When the tinder and fuel are depleted, the fire begins to damper down.  
The light will soon be out.  
The human life starts with the spark of a meaningless ember,  
However;

It ends with the stifling of a beautiful fire.  
A fire fed not by money or power,  
But by love, family and passion for life.

## Borrowed Time.

Borrowed time.

The greatest mystery is when the sand in our hour glass will run out.

The slow reality of mortality is scary.

It's not fair,

And ultimately it's tragic.

At 19 I am facing this reality,

The aches and pains never stop,

The doctors tell me to keep an eye on the clock.

They told me the mass inside of me might lead to my demise.

The doctor couldn't even look me in the eyes.

As if ashamed to say Mother Nature has come to rest her claim.

Fear does not cover how I feel.

How can you fear what you do not know?

I am angry,

I am worried,

I am down,

But most of all I'm in pain.

I dedicated my existence to helping others,

Went to college to study how to heal people,

Now I cannot heal myself.

How do I live with borrowed time?

What do I do as the sand continues to slide?

I wake up every morning with the purpose of life,

Not longevity,

As I continue my fight.



## Toxic emotion of life

Love is all anyone can ask for.  
It's all that anyone could want.  
When I extend love to you I expect love in return.  
Not a stab in the heart,  
Not unsubtle lies.  
Why is it that my generosity and kindness are tossed to the side?  
Thrown with no regard.  
Taken advantage of and tattered,  
I weep,  
Tears flow for my confused soul.  
Torn between love and hate I continue to work myself into a state.  
A state of hate and anger,  
For what was once a highpoint in my life.  
Self hate begins to seep into my soul,  
Fire burns the coals of my mind.  
What did I do wrong?  
Why won't anyone choose me?  
I do not deserve to self loathe,  
I do not deserve these painful woes.  
Struggling to find the light I weep.  
I weep because the cycle will repeat.  
As I bite the bait on the next snare,  
My legs flare.  
Self destruction at its finest.  
A man desperate to feel love.  
A man desperate to find the one.  
The March of loneliness continues on,  
The armies drums beat on.  
Not defeated,  
Not forsaken,  
I tie my boots and sprint to action.

## Repent

Repent:

The sins we commit are often the sweetest part of life.

They are what we remember,

Often times they are what others define us as.

The worst of sin is when you lie,

When you lie a complex story has to grow from within,

Stories that have no backing or alibi.

Lies will all crumble eventually

Even when they have gone unchecked for great amounts of time.

It'll always come back.

We lie to patch the holes in our personalities that we find.

We lie to mask the lives that we don't want others to hear or see.

I am a pathological liar.

Lying is my everyday ritual.

Routine.

Drilled into my own head by myself.

My anxiety results from the complex life I live within these lies.

The depth at which I will go to protect these lies is vile.

I am vile.

I have identified my vileness and I am attempting to fix it.

I am not whole.

I am broken.

But still I try to build on my shaken foundation.

Regretting the lies I have made,

And yet lying to myself about how much control I have over my mind.

I repent.

I sin.

I cleanse.

I lie.

The harsh cycle within my mind.

One day I will escape,

Or at least that's how I lie to myself.

## No more lies

A connection beyond what I've felt before  
The hours of laughing and joking  
Distractions from this world.  
I was reluctant to try anything  
The distance was too great  
Setting myself up for heartbreak wasn't a good state.  
We continued the conversation as I went back overseas  
But the lies you would tell didn't phase me  
I excused them, I lied too cover yours  
I blinded myself to hide what I knew was to be the truth.  
We talked and we chatted  
Sporadic, yet every moment was as sweet as the last.  
I held onto those moments of sweetness to sink my teeth into when times were bitter.  
Alas, a moment of truth.  
You came to visit me and see my pitiful state of existence.  
I tried to impress.  
I did impress.  
I met your family and all of the rest.  
But when the time was right,  
And I made my move you claimed the distance between us made all of the feelings mute.  
How?  
No really how?  
I told my mom about you.  
The special person that I thought God had finally sent to be my salvation.  
Not salvation from sin but salvation from sadness.  
A bright light that allowed me to see through the dark.  
But your lies couldn't continue.  
You tell me of this other guy.  
So you mean to tell me all this time,  
All the chatting and laughing,  
And even meeting your entire family,  
That was just the path to my own demise?

I can't comprehend,  
I struggle to breath,  
The love that I thought I had found was no longer to be.  
You tell me that if things were different,  
If forces beyond our control could change,  
Maybe,  
Just maybe,  
It could be.  
But I can no longer lie to myself.  
I can no longer try to move heaven and earth.  
I can no longer try to make mountains where a valley once was.  
You were far to broken before I was.  
I'm sorry to say but I am cutting my loses.  
The time and the emotions that I put in  
For this fake love which I found  
This over bearing  
And all too real love that I thought I had found.  
I usher it out the door  
My face winced in pain  
It is yet another scar of a passing day.

## The token.

The token

I'm the guy you bring home to show your parents that your decision making isn't that bad.

I'm the guy you show off to your family and say "look at him, isn't he amazing".

I'm the guy your parents tell you to lock down and commit to.

I'm the guy who is headstrong and willing to try to turn every opportunity With the right person into a relationship.

I'm the guy who causes you to be scared of commitment.

"Is he it?"

"Is this who I want to spend forever with?"

"Why do my parents like him so much?"

"Do I like him that much?"

These questions and so many more bounce around your head.

A head i try to probe and understand.

A head I try to hold and calm.

The damage from the past might be too great to overcome.

Our age may show as you begin to run.

I had to grow up quick, I had to become A man that my mom would be proud of.

This now ruins my prospects with other women.

This maturity and understanding of the world I show scares people away as if I yelled bomb while on a plane.

The excuses always come as they try to make me not feel so bad.

"You literally make me laugh more than anyone else."

"I'm just not ready for someone like you in my life."

"The way I think about the future when I'm around you scares me."

At first it did soothe the pain but now it just hurts.

Like an electric dog collar except it only shocks if I do well.

This is my curse.

I am the token boy.

The one you bring home to mom and dad to show off like a toy.

The one who you have decided is a worthy sacrifice at your alter.

The one who you won't ever be ready for.

## Destined for greatness

The doubt and the hate  
When I was little I didn't have big dreams  
I didn't want to be a king  
I didn't care if I found a queen.

When I was little I was okay with the hate  
People saying you can't do this  
Because they couldn't see what was behind the charade

Dumb

That's what you are.  
That's all you'll ever be.  
Unfulfilled potential leaking at the seams.

As the years passed by I shed my skin  
Becoming a young man with passion and presence.

Becoming a young man with goals and ambitions.  
Ambitions that I thought could jet me past the bumps in the road and the pain that life bestows.

As I grew my potential did too,  
People denied that it would soon be my time  
But I knew,  
I knew that one day this world would be mine.

Through the triumphs and trials I pushed on  
Falling on every stone along the Via mars.

Despite my work and my passion  
People still laugh when I explain my future.

I will succeed

I know it

I will stand on the mountain of victory and yell down to the crowd.

"Alas you can see my greatness!"

But as I look down I will realize that not a single eye is looking up.

Along the path to what I thought was greatness I stepped on so many heads

And destroyed so many others

That not a soul was left to celebrate with me in my moment of truth.

The loneliest men in the world are those who know the rare pain of finding "greatness".