

# Balance

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Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## summary

Father Issues

PROCLIVITAS

Observer

Asia, my mistress.

My letter to Sylvia Plath.

Age of November

## Father Issues

I was a wallflower you couldn't reach,  
So you tore through my roots,  
Like a raccoon.  
Now I'm growing in your garden,  
A prisoner- I'm not guilty of your insecurities.  
You're not my maker,  
Now I'm free,  
My petals are growing elsewhere,  
Your hands oiled while I slip through them.  
Don't pick me up-you'll only drop me again.  
The memories are fading-  
Isn't that a relief?  
My psychosis is revealing,  
Oh the lessons it has taught me-  
Learn learn learn; I never do.  
I thought you were my teacher-  
Teaching teaching teaching;  
the habits that exhale from those lips.  
My father embedded in your demeanour.  
Martin, release me- release him;  
There's no power between us,  
Only your ego and my naivety.  
I want to be a woman; but your creativity moulds me into a girl.  
The man I need does not possess you;  
I need the protection-not this superficial security.  
Are you connected by wires or by heart?

## PROCLIVITAS

Addiction, a trance without reality,  
A person,  
Substance,  
Hand me that cigeratte- I don't need an exhale,  
Love without attachment.  
Shoot me,  
Mumma- you're right.

## Observer

*Two balls of dimensional power-  
Glaring at the light;  
A projector of motion picture.  
The trees are bodies of visibility,  
But their roots are in another plane of existence,  
Where our eyes cannot comprehend,  
Because the bottom of the ocean is so deep,  
We have amnesia when we get to the bottom,  
Because the sky is so high- beyond is space of desirable sight.  
People are like parasites,  
Our microscopic lense awakens to the masses,  
Rushing through their lives- like there is a finishing line.  
There are no champions where there is no race,  
A race of one but lives of many.  
The individuals are the pieces to a puzzle of collective,  
A hive of consciousness.  
Can you open your eyes to the light,  
or are you infected by the darkness?*

## Asia, my mistress.

Thailand, her hands caressing my waist  
With her teasing fingers,  
Laos, an emotionally vulnerable lover  
Her tears washed with corruption.  
China, she's a woman- putting me in my place;  
nurtures me in fearlessly,  
yet, she is not familiar with the unknown-  
A homebird- not ready to flee the nest.  
Vietnam, exhibited a love that I had not yet experienced,  
Human touch was not a comparison,  
A spiritual affection that renders me breathless .

## My letter to Sylvia Plath.

Sylvia, our lives symmetrical in geometry,  
Our childhood torn through grief,  
An early demise of Daddy.  
Sylvia, there's a better life for us,  
Where the bees aren't confined to a box.  
Sylvia, our mothers can't make us stone,  
When we are the serpents in the water.  
Oh Sylvia, our reliance on men is perished  
By our resilience,  
Don't let tragedy become reality.  
Sylvia, the incarnation embodied in my very existence,  
We thank God for a second chance at this.

## Age of November

A turn around the sun,  
The face wrinkles with elderly fun.  
A child will die,  
An adult will awaken.  
A year towards death,  
But I've never been younger.  
A woman rising from the ashes,  
Through the flames of Gaia.  
Age isn't a definition,  
Only a measurement of experience,  
Not wisdom.  
An old soul's eyes staring into the void,  
As youth does not prevail.  
Age is a cultural appropriation,  
A law prohibition.  
Let me grow my roots,  
Imprint my demeanour into the very soil.  
Humanise me,  
But the other side excites me.