

Anthology of Julia's Poems

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Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

I dedicate this collection of poems to 6-year-old Ariana Julia.

summary

Working?s Enigma

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littera scripta manet

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My sudden anger

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Working?s Enigma

It should be easy.

Choose your path of life,

career, love;

However, it is complicated.

Grandparents die, unfunctional relationships wither,

and there are too many choices.

Keep me here in the air here I can

float in peace,

Knowing I have a destination.

The clouds do not care, yet they carry a nurturing air to our earth.

I would like to be like the clouds. Always

bright when it is sunny;

but they can carry rain for miles only to drop it onto the earth,

nurturing the ground with its heavy burdens.

Their darkness gives us rest and its water invigorates.

They are always changing.

Poesia of a call after 21:47

Who knew that one call could change your universe.
One difference in society could change your preferences.
One person could change the world.
It's vital to understand my worth because it is
the foundation or crumbling of my heart's drawstring.

Disheveled

Keep me in your thoughts and prayers please.
I don't have the capacity for more losses.
I'd like to capture all my loved ones and keep them in a box forever.
So that we could live happily together.
But this is not happiness, no choice of free will.
Life and Love must move on.

Confused

It pains and aches
But the earth keeps rotating
Every day and hour the sun doesn't stop gleaming for a simple plight.
Misfortune won't make the moon dim its eyes.
Too many people are still waiting for joy.
She does not come when you want her
When you need her
She is already waiting for You.
All you need is acceptance.

Resentment

Bring her in though the bitter odor of hate fills your house.
Don't let it harden you.

Your energy will be complacent without the dew of joys effect.
Like molasses it will melt as sweet iron enters your soul.
And your heart will be strengthened by endurance.

Adoption

littera scripta manet

"littera scripta manet"

- "the written letter lasts" -

Pour out your head

Onto the canvas in your

Hands.

Let it flow like milk and honey.

It's consistently sticky and smooth.

Vibrant.

Abloom.

Asthecial.

Erratically,

Unappetizing.

Anemic.

Austere.

Like milk-and-water.

Poesia no. 27

Keep out because my gates are locked.

I've thrown away the keys.

The spare remains in his heart.

It will always stay there.

It feels like the safest place for something so precious.

I hope it stays safe.

Poesia no. 25

Zoom into your skin.
Read your life lines, caress your scars.
Its color is built from thousands.

Memories are soaked up in your skin.
Fear is engulfed in your complexion
Asking for forgiveness.

Look closely at your scars.
How many do you have?
Have some left pain?
Numbness?

Eu tenho saudades dele.
Dela.
Não sei porque eu estou sentindo assim.
Eu quero deixar essas emoções.

My petition is that one may appreciate their scars.

My sudden anger

I wish

To be understood.

Like the bees understand flowers,

How leaves understand seasons.

change fills the air.

Touch my heart's depth.

Pluck it's strings.

It's tune is unfamiliar

To the weak.

I hate the unfamiliarity.

I am familiar with the unfamiliar.

Keep my proprium

Far away from

Your words.

I hate your ethnocentricity.

Not of your skin, but of your mind.

You don't know the color of one's brain.

Only of their veins.

We all bleed the same color.

Poesia no. 23

She left me.

*She went away for a
Second.*

She said "I am going to die."

Taken aback.

Shocked.

Arrived in disquietude.

Questioning the thoughts that drop like marbles.

My adrenaline kicked in.

In an instant

My conception was a question.

Was I to be responsible?

They say he died because of time.

She didn't appease time

Punctually.

Sapiens with darkened frontal lobes.

I can't imagine being irrational.

Insufferable people. Insufferable response.

I go home and I am embraced in tremors.

It's scary!

I loath ungovernable gesticulations.

One foot in front of the other,

Or two feet at a time.

I can't believe it.

I won't.

I refuse to give in.

take me back to the hiraeth

I wish I was back.

Hiraeth.

Homesickness for my lost past.

*For delight that was never my
Own.*

Keep me in the middle,

I vacillate.

The boats of stability and insanity are calling for me.

Their call echos.

I am still standing on the dock.

The port that keeps me at bay.

My clothes are white.

The ones you can see.

They show perfection, beauty, and sophistication:

*Undergarments black and in tatters, needing
Revival.*

The tatters show my true sentiments.

What I feel on the inside.

They change color; they

Are sometimes red.

Not the scarlet of love,

But the flames of anger.

Other times they are black; they place me in the depths.

I never know how to maneuver my way out of them.

A size too small; tight.

Keeps me suffocated.

They are so hard to describe.

They can be blue.

*Not the blue of the sea, but the blue of the sky during a storm.
I have these often.*

*But the ones I use most of all are eclectic.
It's colored black, red, and blue.
Make a gray mixed with purple.
But the purple is not Royal.*

*My vestments are ready for the sea of stability.
But what is my head ready for?
If you peeled back my layers,
What would you see?
Think.
Understand that my undergarments label me for my insanity.
They hold me back.
I keep vacillating.
I need to choose who I want to be.*

*Take me to the Abditory.
Keep me there.
Sometimes it feels like the dock that keeps me at bay is my foundation.
But,
It's not steady.
Not a rock to plant my feet.
It cracks and breaks.
Needs to be fixed.
The selcouth bearing of familiarity
is its snare.
Which shall I choose?
Shall I fight the magnet force of the dock?
Or, will I choose a boat?
Will it fit my clothes or undergarments?*

Personification of my eyes

Eyes blue,

Eyelashes blue.

Shirt blue,

Tights blue.

My chest feels heavy.

Pesada.

¿No sé cómo explicártelo?

Tengo una escalada pesada.

Nerves vacillate.

The impairment of feeling,

Injury of words.

Who knew something so expected could

Kill?

Why can't I learn?

Themes of the mind no. 2

My eyes were opened.
My heart embraced in understanding.
A wound opened, with
Ambiguity.
It was sweet and reminiscent,
But with the background of grief.
"Your inner sea"
Water.
It flows with
Anguish, Understanding.
He did.

What is the magic behind Understanding?
Who can tell His secret?
We all feel His presence,
Though sight is not always the
Mode of communication.
We feel Him,
That is all it is.
A presence.
A fact or feeling?
That is the question we must all answer.

Themes of the mind

Like a blank canvas.
Could be a new beginning
Or a cement wall.
There is no limit to
My mind. No capacity,
No barrier of passion.

Let it free, Keep it
Going.
Don't stop now, it's not
The time!
When?

Nose up, smell the
Earth. Hear the
Cars race, feel the
Clover.
Gratitude,
Like an ocean. Never
Enough, with endless
Possibilities.

My epitaph

Julia

Born near the Sioux

Lived in the city, though it was a jungle.

I moved from my familiar domicile to

the greatest mountains bestowed to my tiny eyes.

*I played strings horizontally, vertically, level to the ground,
and inside my heart.*

Most holy, youthful, the origin of my name,

Greek to me.

To be remembered for my soul is my deepest desire

Remember me for my love.

My care, patience, vigor, strength,

Only if I possess these.

To be solely remembered for accomplishments is

Foolish. Thirsty I craved for

Validation from those who didn't matter.

They don't understand my brain and how I think.

I tell you to live for life's battles

Live for strength

Themes of my heart

*Grasp Sadness's melancholy, understand
her weight.*

She doesn't see her inspiration.

How does she cope with insufficiency?

??

Empathize with Griefs pain

His heart in shatters

Perturbed.

Who will pick them up?

??

Learn Sufferings strife

She has no end, and no definite beginning.

Novice we all are with the anguish she feels.

We wish her death.

??

Commiserate Fears apprehension

Do we ever ask if he sleeps at night?

Bliss is withheld from him like unrequited love. He yearns to feel her peace.

How does he deal with his uncertainty?

My home and resentment

Malaysia

City in the jungle,
Paradise of establishments.
I hate your gentrification,
Loathe your generation.

Show me your beauty.
Batu Ferringhi, Botanical Gardens,
George Town, G-hotel, Straits Quay.
How you excite me! Iron Kingdoms,
Glass castles.

Multi-millionaires and poverty,
Working side by side.

Show me your wonders.
They were right about your shores.
Your sandy beaches filled with dust,
Debris, trash.
Water black and brown
Like a sewer.
What sea life dwells there?

Multi-religious.
Like the people. Some black, some brown, some white, some gray.
Was it the religion?

Show me your abundance.
Your gems, hidden to the multitude.
Jackfruit, mango, soursop, star fruit, cat's eye,
Rambutan.

Exotic fruits of your mother earth.

Abundant in wealth.
For the mouth and eyes.

Show me your song.
They knew this song from memory:
"Life on every corner,
Food for the soul.
Love in the stomach,
And warmth for all."

Festivals of spirits.

Show me your flora.
Playgrounds of green and rainbow.
Plastic, Steel, Leaves.
Foliage the size of your head.
Keep the gentrification of
Forest fortresses away.

Your color haunts my recollection.

Show me the memories.
The "terra firma" holds the echo
Of my past.

The best souvenir I hold is of the reminiscent dreams you gave to me.

Show me another paradise like this.
Show me my new sanctuary.

conception

*Regret, Fear, Shame,
Worry, Rejection,
Care is rewarded with guilt
Gilded with worry
Glamorized with affection.
The regret of knowledge
"Ignorance is bliss"
Translated to
Know as little as possible if you do not want to be changed.
Listen with caution
Feel with fear.
Know the consequences of
understanding.*

*Feeling
Live up to the storyline
Follow it
Breaking
Guilt for yourself
For preferably
For attraction
For needs
For wants
For peace
Stop.*

*Leave me alone.
Let me think, I need time.
I don't understand my reaction
So unlike me.
But what am I like?*

What makes me important?

Stop.

It's so familiar

This feeling of dissatisfaction.

Of remorse

I am to blame?

For myself?

"You had no wrongdoings"

But I am

"To blame"

What do they feel?

How do I make up for unrequited love?

How do I fix it?

"You don't"

"Why?"

"Because you can fix their perception of you.

You can distort it, but you will always haunt them"

Stop.

I didn't ask for this.

"Lucy misfortune"

"Suffering from success"

Stop.

Successes shouldn't hurt,

Cutting from a knife.

Tightness in your chest.

Testing your loyalty,

Stop it.

Stop it right now.

I can't handle it.

I can't take the

responsibility.

Incompetent.

Tired.

Stop.

Overstimulation.

I can't feel anymore.

Terror.

Stop. Stop it, I said Stop.

End it please.

I beg of you.

Stop.

Afflictions heard

It starts in your head.

Ambiguous Perception

Stubborn Fatigue

Silent afflictions.

Then you feel it in your throat.

It drenches your skin in salt

Ragged and dry.

Your chest

With every heaving sigh you

Feel it.

Like your lungs are too tired to breathe.

air is too big to pass through.

Like you have no energy to breathe.

"Inhale, exhale"

Such a complicated matter

All that rises must fall.

Where is the balance with that?

Then it enters your legs.

Every move you make hinders your progress.

""What do people get for all the toil and anxious striving with which they labor under the sun?"

I keep asking myself the same unanswerable questions.

No answer.

How much can I take?

With Him,

There is no limit.

My Mountain

Stories, laughter, words
Too much to tell.
Love to endless to
Express. Love
Too sweet to fall.
As the leaves change
And the blossoms come
And go. I'll always
have you through it all.

Indescribable worth
Extraordinary strength.
To me you are a mountain,
Strong and beautiful.
Unlike your structure you
Are humble.
Your peaks hold no self-image.

Embody that gold I see
In you. Nourish your soul
with your own delight.
How many stars
Does your future hold?
I know the answer
Though I am finite.
There are infinite stars
in your heaven.
You are one of them.

Control

Control

Focus on what's at arm's length,

Perceive what's tactile.

What is it that you can control?

Ones bearing in the middle of hardship;

Countenance through a storm.

Lift your chin without lifting your nose,

Raise the caliber of your ideals.

Stand like a pillar

Don't erode with them,

Rise out of melancholy as

Vacillation is torture to the

Soul.

Find peace in your mind.

Let it wrap you in it's warmth

Let it enclose you in honeymoon delight.

What can it hurt?

Feel, Understand, Learn,

Grow,

Let go.

It doesn't last a lifetime.