

Anthology of ? NoeticNonsense



Presented by

My poetic Side **P**

Dedication

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*For those who have carried storms in silence,
searched for meaning inside the wreckage,
and kept becoming despite everything that tried to undo them.*

These words are for you.

? Noeticnonsense

Acknowledgement

To everyone who inspired a thought, survived a storm beside me, or found a piece of themselves within these words, thank you.

This collection was shaped by experience, reflection, loss, healing, and the quiet courage it takes to turn what we feel into something we can understand. May these pages meet you wherever you are and remind you that even our deepest wounds can become language, meaning, and connection.

? Noeticnonsense

About the author

Brad Wong, writing as ? Noeticnonsense, is a writer, observer, and translator of psychological weather. His work explores grief, perception, trauma, love, accountability, and the quiet architecture of the human mind.

Through poetry, reflection, and philosophical inquiry, he gives language to experiences that are often felt long before they are understood. His writing does not seek to provide easy answers. It seeks to create recognition, connection, and a clearer view of what lives beneath the surface.

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Consent to the Fall

and should you meet my love by chance in a reading room or a café you'll be met intimate and gentle by a love that lands soft but permeates deep but should we meet in Eden and find ourselves entangled between satin sheets I will devour you then feed you the apple I truly fancy the fall but I fall all the way I love beyond the point of safety my love bleeds passion I'm pragmatic in the middle we meet then climb to the top a team it's your hand that I want to hold let me chaperone you into the shadows where I can show you my truth

Noetic Babble

There's this up, down, on, off emotionless gnawing in the chase.
It's the room of smiles where I feel the most out of place.
Imprisoned by the shores of infirmity.
Each stroke digging the trench of eternity.
Love is the paste of life sticky, permanent, and discolored when it dries.
Loneliness is the victor, no matter how one tries.
The gut is the courier of truth trying to warn the watchman of consciousness who's always on break.
The heart is the innocuous dreamer, the victim with a beating to take.
There's a poetic storm with a story to tell. It's an analytical nightmare,
I'm the observant over thinker manifesting my hell.

Desvelarim

You occupy me? the way the moon light occupies the dark. You are the sunburn on my soul, precluding another's touch. You are the mystery of the maze; filled with tar-pits at every turn. You are the unwritten letter? the lie in the story of love. You are the beauty of imagination, a conflagration of emotion. You are an alchemist? every year on Halloween. You were the beginning, the end, and the liminal space between.

Lachrymose

My mind is where you live, but my heart pays the rent. The toll was all yours as you took one from me today. Every other thought, I push, I drift, yet you stay. This one is deep. Stitches won't do. I'm really not okay? my scars all in the shape of you.

Zelotypophobia

When I spoke your name?it turned on the moon. The sun began to burn with
passion; it scorched the land with jealousy. The earth began to tremble, trying to shake me
awake.

Cathedral of Sorrow

In the cathedral of sorrow-
the heart aches,
broken by candlelit memories.
The mind, a prisoner,
trapped in Plato's cave.
Echoes of truth
whisper from the core.
Haunting denial passes
back and forth on the wall.
A shadowy figure plays
an organ of bone,
leaving frost on the ribs.
The bell looks down
but offers no comfort.
No audience remains?
but the dead

Incoherence

It's this room; where
the furniture of comfort
has been rearranged.

The shelf of delusions,
warped by the crushing
weight of reality.

This ache, it's universal.
Manifesting destruction,
collapsing stars, every
atom torn from the inside.

The polarity between thought
and feeling?incalculable...

My pen bleeds on this
page, an attempt to
contain my dormant rage.

The toothless jaws of
hope?masticate with
pernicious force.

Devoured by a thought
of you mishandling my
heart, you know it's made
of glass.

Desire transgresses
intuition, an odorless
sense.

I think, that when I think
about what I think, it only
makes me think...

Love Rooted in the Ribs

From dust, a moment formed?
everything began.
Love took root in bone,
deep in the ribs?
quiet, unseen.
Like bamboo?
years beneath the surface,
then suddenly?everything.
But the soil turned.
Poison crept in.
Some days,
I don't recognize the eyes
that look at me.
The branches withered.
They said it was dead.
But roots remember.
What grows underground
is always stronger

Here, There or Somewhere

And then, everything
was nothing?that's
when nothing became
all.

All took the fall
for everything, when
something arrived with it
and made everyone
look small.

Everyone felt tiny,
but tiny was truly big.
Out of the blue came
the twins?

This and that;
and the twins,
they lived tit for tat.

But enough of that?
let's get back to it,
because around that time
fate kicked in the door,

saying everything
came from nothing;
now be on your way?
and let someone take all.

Nothing became
something,
and it was something

that took this
and blamed that.

It was then
appearance arrived?
fashionably late?
for its ride was karma,
who always takes
his time.

The Logophile Museum

The way ash settles on memories, Each page covered in dust. Torn and tattered; the unwritten pages fall apart. The brittle binding cracks Vellichor permeates the senses. Knowledge drips like condensation from the walls of indiscretion. The words still take on the shape of the hurt. And the author still struggles to put his Quill down.

Decoded

It's the meeting of the minds, the two within. A place where the anger is stitched into silence. Emotion becomes a controllable current. Reaction becomes intention. Clarity permeates the aphotic eye. Voice becomes utilitarian? Insight invariable, inclinations perpetual; it's the birthplace of transcendence...

A Lucid Dream

A mirage of breath
on a hot night.

Steam rose from
her lips as she spoke.
My heart gave way in
intervals?before it
broke.

A dream perhaps? It must
have been.
Yet the scars feel real,
they're raised from when?

The verbal knife, plunged
past the ribs and lacerated
my heart.
I'm ready to wake now,
from this dream I never
asked to take part...

Noetic Horticulturist

The fallow soil, ready to plant. Beware the gardener, the access you grant. To the garden of the mind. Whether they plant flowers or weeds, guaranteed they'll bind. Roots dig deep? they become one with the soil. It's best to tend, it's worth the toil

The Perverse Presence

I live in the here,

just not right now. I presently, live in the past. In the past, I've lived in the nuanced present. I go internal so that I can externalize. And when I wake up; sometimes, I feel down. They say if you can't beat them, join them. I'd rather leave them than lose them. If we're talking about right now, just save it for later.

Diaphanous Nostalgia

You used to
be the squelch
to my static.

Now you're nothing
more than a ghost of
a memory.

A shadow of a
thought that used
to be stuck in my head.

A perfect picture, covered
in dust that I can almost
see.

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Tangible Silence

I would do anything
to get out of my head?
and let go of all the things
left unsaid.

If I could shed my ego, in
all the places it's been bitten,
I could take back all the words,
and sentences left unwritten.

The Mechanism of Weather

And just like that,
the tide pulled me
back out drowned.

The low hum of
the current, tuning me
to the frequency of a lost
signal.

When I was little,
the ghosts?
they frightened me
as they
surrounded me in
bed.

Today they grip
my soul, tearing one
piece at a time,
suffocating me as they
try to escape the
graveyard of memories
haunting my head.

This sadness? stitching
fragments of moments into
emotion woven by the
unforgiving needle of time.

I spoke to the sun the other
night, as she spoke back?
her voice dissolved all the
fright.

The flood shows up in
a flash and I never did
learn to swim.

It comes for me?because
the storm is mine.

Standing at the edge of
the cliff, I've learned to
take a step back, but tonight
I cannot control the weather.

But I can see the pattern.
It's no longer the storm I track
so I embrace the winds
of ambivalence with love
as they fade.

It isn't poetic.
I know they'll be back

Semicolon

Speaking of my
addiction, it resides in
those hazel eyes.

A place I can feel,
a place where
love lives without the
translation of lies.

She's the margin on
my page, the semicolon
that connects our clauses.

She's the cream in
my coffee,
the tea in my cup.

She's the pulse in
my poetry, the quickening
of my beating
heart.

From the field, she
materialized. It was right
then that I realized:

the importance of this
connection. Our
communication moves
in the same direction.

No misdirection, no
indiscretion,

no fracture in veracity.
It's all truth,
worthy of protection.

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Undertones

My fidelity is encrypted,
Like 802.11.

I'm connected, I'm locked on.
One's and zeros but the four
comes after the seven.

You may be lost, in that last line,
but I was there for it, it's
fine?it was the undertone-life
on the line.

She's an AP, but the algorithm,
the key to cipher, authenticates
through me.

A collapsing wave, she became
my view. a quantum connection
one wave collapsed into two.

The frequency of love, a virus in
the code, \$ chmod +x- let it run,
it's the story that time told...