

Anthology of delusions



Presented by

My poetic Side 

summary

Suicide Culture.

Corporate World

Read Me.

Mordlust

The Mouth of Meaning

The World forgot it's shape.

The Age that took our purpose.

Intervals.

A Faint Recollection of Home

If I have to ask.

To Thee, My Heart.

What if we could change this world today?

Foreign Pain.

FOMO

Suicide Culture.

I.

Salt on my tongue,
not from the sea?
two tablespoons
of what I couldn't say.

Water,
enough to wash
the weight away.

II.

I sit here, relapsed,
rethinking every setback.
As rationalism disappears,
the razor's purpose changes.

III.

Wanting to be someone of worth.
Impatience makes me realize
how far away
I shouted.

IV.

So I cut the blue hair,
and it all becomes purple.
My vision darkens so much,
I see light.

V.

Regretting
as everything slows down,
my thoughts grow distant,
until everything's silent.

Corporate World

I.

The receipt laughs in disgust
as I buy something
I don't need.
It cost me
my sanity.

II.

Office buildings swallow everyone whole,
as you drift off
and become a part.
Cables.

III.

Trapped in concrete,
lost in advertisement,
azure and slate
becoming your world,
making you addicted.

IV.

You are copper in the walls,
current beneath fluorescent skin,
another wire
carrying someone else's morning.

V.

Thin air and moist carpet,
covering the inside of your throat.
Diminutive legroom,
cramps that keep you up.

Read Me.

I.

We scatter our words,
like breadcrumbs,
hoping someone follows them
back to us.

II.

They ask for criticism,
with their fingers crossed
behind their backs.
They want witnesses, not critics.

III.

Every poet wants an audience;
Almost none want a mirror.
I ask you to read me. You read me to ask you.
And we both leave before the other one
reaches the last line.

IV.

Perhaps Poetry was never meant to be read.
Perhaps we only wanted proof
Someone had opened the door.

V.

So I will read you.
Not because I care what you wrote.
But because I want you to read me.

Mordlust

I.

Dahlia and chrysanthemums blooming in the dark sky,
the sun disappears,
briefly, the urge returns.

II.

The forest drinking their blood,
as they slowly become dinner of flies,
Termites nesting in their carcass.

III.

You said your iron levels were low,
now your head is full of it.
Should have specified, you liar.

IV.

I watched the maggots
crawl beneath your skin.
They looked healthier than you did.

V.

By spring,
the roots had reached your ribs.
And the tree grew crooked,
mistook you for soil.

The Mouth of Meaning

I.

I swallowed a question,
I felt it move like a second heartbeat.
It had teeth.

II.

I asked god why
we were made,
He pointed,
at the meat between my teeth.
I had forgotten I was eating myself.

III.

The horizon opens it's mouth,
Birds mistake it for instruction,
Trees mistake it for permission,
We mistake it for hope.

IV.

We spend our lives,
building mouths,
large enough to swallow the universe,
then die,
before tasting anything.

V.

Perhaps that's what life is.
A wound inventing a reason,
to remain open.

The World forgot it's shape.

I.

People gather beneath a dead sky,
an audience carved in stone,
waiting for the hoax to end.

II.

Every eyeball fixed on the same horizon,
watching nothing,
become something,
become nothing again.

III.

The city is caving in
without making a sound.
A siren buried beneath concrete,
screaming through the vacant streets.
Leaving behind a silence,
so vast
it has forgotten how to be silent.

IV.

Behind the walls,
yesterday is fermenting,
turning warm and sour
around everything we forgot.

V.

I walk through the loop,
as if repetition were a law,
as if returning
could ever mean arriving.

VI.

Maybe the cruelest hoax
Is that we call this living
because everyone else does.

The Age that took our purpose.

I.

There were gods
in the cracks of stone,
and every shadow
had a name.

II.

They planted their lives
like seeds beneath the sky,
and called the harvest
a reason to exist.

III.

The bells rang.
The fields breathed.
The dead
were still part of the world.

IV.

Then we built a cage
from our own comforts,
painted it gold,
and called it progress.

V.

Now the lights never die.
Neither do we.
We simply remain.

Intervals.

I.

Everything enters me uninvited.
Light through the curtains,
Voices through the walls,
the small machinery of other people's lives.
There is no silence, only intervals
Between one intrusion and the next.
I stand inside myself
Like a room with all its doors removed.

II.

I am my mind,
I am my lungs,
I am my Eyes,
Perceiving the world as the never-ending
absurd cycle of pain that builds us.

III.

I remember things I haven't lived,
miss places I have never been to,
feel joy with the aftertaste of grief.
For one impossible second,
I mistake excess for infinity,
look to be the person I will never be.

IV.

And then ? Nothing.
Not peace.
Peace is too gentle a word.
It is the moment the universe has
exhausted its vocabulary for pain.

A Faint Recollection of Home

I.

In scattered halls where echoes dwell,
Buildings weave their stories well,
A tapestry of lost design,
Beautiful chaos, a strange align.
A hallway drifts with nowhere to end,
A staircase climbs where the ghosts descend.
Behind a door I can't recall,
The lights are on,
casting a thrall.

II.

This place feels like déjà vu,
Not quite here,
yet hauntingly true.
The wallpaper speaks in colors anew,
Windows misplaced, askew in view.
A vending machine offers curious wares,
I navigate familiar, elusive layers.
I know the hallway to the restrooms' grace,
The elevator's chime,
its familiar embrace.
I dare not glance through
the basement's eye -
A secret I carry,
but don't know why.

III.

Some rooms cradle the trace of the past,
A chair left waiting,
memories cast.
A television hums a spectral tune,
To channels where shadows of ghosts commune.
A coat hangs still,
warmth in the air,

I linger,
hoping for someone elsewhere.
Yet time reveals in quiet despair,
I am the one waiting,
caught unaware.

IV.

The building whispers in muted tones,
Lights dimmed softly,
tired moans.
Doors cease their dance in silent repose,
Even the walls wear the weight of woes.
Today I found a window's glance,
Outside lay my childhood, a fleeting chance.
My house stood there, a beacon bright,
My bedroom aglow,
a comforting light.
Behind the curtains, a figure near,
I waved to a shadow, and it waved here.

V.

But I didn't leave;
I felt no call to a home that might not hold me at all.
I wandered onward,
through rooms that sigh,
Past staircases spiraling into the sky.
Little mistakes the building had made,
While grasping at memories that surely had frayed.
Eventually,
the chaos faded from view,
As comfort emerged from the strange and the new.
Perhaps what makes a place liminal,
Is not the unfamiliar,
but the familiar,
visceral -
For a moment,
it feels like the heart's own throne,
More familiar than home,

yet never my own.

If I have to ask.

I.

I leave little pieces of myself
between the words,
waiting to see
if you notice.

II.

I tell you about the worlds I enter,
the things that keep me awake,
and wonder
if you ever wonder where I go.

III.

I stopped knocking.
Not because I left,
but because I wanted
to hear your footsteps first.

IV.

There are rooms inside me
I have never shown you.
Their doors are open.
I only wish
you'd wonder what's behind them.

V.

I don't want to teach you
how to miss me.
I want to be missed
before I disappear.

To Thee, My Heart.

I.

In shadows deep, where silence gently sighs,
Thy presence lingers, like a distant star,
A gentle whisper, sweet as evening skies,
Yet miles betwixt us stretch, both near and far.
My heart doth ache, like waves upon the shore,
For every thought of thee, I yearn for more.

II.

What strength resides in passion's tender flame,
A force that weaves through longing, pure and bright,
In dreams I wander, calling out thy name,
Each breath I take, a prayer through starry night.
Though time may part, my spirit shall not cease,
For in thy absence blooms a love of peace.

III.

When dawn doth break, and sunlight paints the morn,
The echo of thy laughter fills the air,
A symphony of warmth, in hearts reborn,
Each moment spent apart, a weight to bear.
Yet in this distance, truth reveals its art,
For love transcends the bounds of space apart.

IV.

O cherished soul, my thoughts are ever thine,
Like rivers flowing softly through the vale,
A bond unbroken, forged in love divine,
A promise whispered in the evening's tale.
As seasons turn, and flowers bloom anew,
My heart shall ever long to return to you.

V.

So linger not in dreams of what may be,
For every heartbeat sings a tune of hope,
In time, our paths shall pave a way to see,
And love shall guide us, ever free to cope.
Until that day, in silence I abide,
With thee, my heart, forever as my guide.

What if we could change this world today?

I.

Humanity awakens to the world's fluid grace,
A canvas waiting for strokes of change,
Yet in the tapestry of dreams and hopes,
No two hearts can trace the same design of "better."

II.

Voices rise like a chorus, harmonizing dissonance,
Each soul a brush, each wish a hue,
In a gallery of visions, painted bold and bright,
But what is the masterpiece if none see it true?

III.

In this dance of ideas, we stumble and sway,
A whirlwind of passions, each claim a spark,
For to envision a future, we must first find our way,
In the labyrinth of longing, we wander in the dark.

IV.

So let us seek, not just to change, but to find,
In the rich soil of our discord, a semblance of peace,
For the path to a "better" is slow, intertwined,
A journey of hearts, where love might increase.

V.

Let empathy shimmer, a distant star's faint light,
A lighthouse flickering, lost in the night,
In unity's longing, we chase shadows astray,
A tomorrow elusive, just out of our way.

Foreign Pain.

I.

A Sudden urge to be better,
chokes me into confusion as
I forget who I was when
The answer to who I wanted
To be was, to my knowledge

II.

No matter what, I swore
To myself not to end it,
nor to lose my end.
Like a strand of hair or
the end of a thread that got burned off.

III.

It doesn't make sense,
but to let go is to learn
that it doesn't need to
make sense.

IV.

I became foreign to myself.
snow blows into my face
and forms into water,
as sun hits my face.
All this freedom,
stuck in a body.

V.

I'm starting to notice things I never saw before.
Well. Maybe I saw them.
I wasn't paying attention.

FOMO

I.

I watch them go without me,
their laughter fading
somewhere I cannot follow.
Another evening becomes a memory
before I have even lived it.

II.

And when I cannot come,
I imagine the empty space
where I should have been ?
the joke I didn't hear,
the picture I wasn't in.

III.

"You can do it with us again sometime,"
you tell me,
and I want to believe you.
But it still hurts
because I wanted *that* time.

IV.

Because "again"
is never quite the same.
The same movie,
the same place,
the same people ?
but not the same moment.

V.

And eventually,
you forget you promised.
I don't remind you.
I just watch another moment pass,
quietly afraid
of how many more I'll miss.