

Preview of
“Seasons Come, People Grow: A Poetic Journey”
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Preface

For many years, I didn't understand poetry. In school, the majority of students, including myself, just viewed it as fancy wording that rhymed. Because of this, most of us didn't take the time to understand it nor appreciate its beauty. The poems were in no way relevant to our lives or what we were going through at the time. They were just fancy words put alongside one another to sound beautiful and to confuse the masses.

But, as I came to discover, this didn't have to be so. Lyrics are poetry in their own way, and lyrics are many times written and sung in a straight-forward, yet vague manner, where listeners can feel part of the song. Lyrical poetry grabbed hold of me during my middle and high school years much more so than poetry that was taught in class.

Through the power and beauty I saw in lyrics, the power and beauty I saw in poetry; so I began writing. At first, it was nothing but an outlet, a cathartic release for myself, but once I released the frustration and anger I had built up, I began experimenting with poetry.

I've always been a keen observer, who doesn't forget anything. I've always had a thirst for knowledge and for understanding others. I also went through a lot growing up, so I know how isolating times can seem. Sometimes, all it takes is for another to sit down, listen, and truly show they understand where the other is coming from. That feeling of emptiness is filled, as one realizes they aren't alone in their feelings and what they're going through. So, I began writing some poems, where I'd empathize with an individual or situation that I was witness to in one way or another. This was used for me in attempt to gain a better understanding of the person, so I could perhaps think on a similar wavelength, and reach them. It was also used to try and touch the lives of others, so they knew there was someone out there who understood, that they were not alone, and that there was hope.

I also became appreciative of poetry and art in general, because art is never afraid to widen the boundaries, expand horizons, and tackle controversial subjects. Some people use the word “controversy” to describe an artist or work of art that they don’t understand, and as I’ve come to learn, many fear what they don’t understand. Many times, it seems many don’t want to think about the questions that these “controversial” works of art raise. But, I think these questions need to be raised. Without a question, where is the answer? Many times, people are born into the answers. We’re all raised differently, in how we’re disciplined, what language we speak, what traditions we partake in, what religion we follow, how we politically lean, what music we listen to, and how we treat those around us. Sometimes these conditions limit our scope of knowledge some. New knowledge may be rejected from one’s mind for the simple fact that all the figurative doors upstairs have been shut. Some go about life believing all they’ve been told without asking any questions. But, how can one truly know what they believe if they have only been taught one way? What if they were exposed to something new? How can it be for certain they wouldn’t gain some knowledge if they were exposed to something different? I believe we can never truly know what we feel and believe until we have sorted through different options. If we’ve been limited to one option, that one option has been scolded into us from day one, and brainwashing is the consequence. So, I’ve also tried to write poems to provoke thought. To do this, I go against what is believed by the majority, create awkward juxtapositions, and tackle subjects that some don’t want to think about.

Poetry is not a genre-favorite amongst most people. It wasn’t a favorite of mine when I was growing up. But, a new light dawned upon me with lyrical poetry. Within words reside power, beauty, and emotion that every living person can feel and relate to in one way or another. My ultimate motivation is for people to gain something positive from reading this book. I hope

that it provokes thought, provokes smiles, provokes tears, and helps all to appreciate the magnificent journey we call life.

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A Mosaic

The wind blows in my face,
As I gaze up at a clear blue sky,
I hear some dogs bark in the distance,
As I get a sweet taste of life,

What is real?

What is true?

Do our senses tell us?

Or do they just hide it from you?

How can the blind see more clearly than I?

The deaf hear things that I cannot?

Are the things around us just a backdrop to a painting of some kind?

Or does it all truly exist?

Are our senses a temptation from the devil?

Or are they a true gift from God?

Are we all experimental droids created by a higher power?

Each and every one of us representing a different variable?

With these, we smell each other's stench,

We prejudge other's appearance,

We hear vulgar and explicit language,
We get a taste of being human,

As the wind blows in my face,
I contemplate about life as we know it,
Wondering if all I see and hear is true,
Or if I'm just part of a beautiful and endless mosaic.

One Voice

A whisper in the distance,
From a far off place,
Unknown is the source,
Unknown is the time and place,

A voice in the distance,
Unable to make it out,
Only a few others notice,
The rest go on and walk off,

Screaming with all his might,
Unable to get the words out,
Feeling that all is hopeless,
Feeling that all is lost,

I scream for the world to hear me,
But only one voice am I,
Caught in a crowd of billions,
The whisper in the distance becoming a longing cry.

Long-Distance

I give you a call,
Expecting nothing,
The phone rings constantly,
No one answering,

Only time I hear your voice is on the machine,
I contemplate leaving a message,
Pessimistic of getting a call back,
Frustrated of the inequitable effort,

I dial your number,
A busy signal comes up,
Discovering that you were certainly home,
Just had no need nor desire to talk,

No matter how many times I call,

There is no getting through,
You seem so distant and far away,
Even though I lay right beside you.

Puppets

Held by the strings,
Never in place,
Our head and arms dangling,
At their mercy,

Guided on the stage,
Directed where to go,
How to act,
What to wear,

With each repetition,
Performance becomes easier,
Practice pays dividends,
To a sense of mastery,

Held by the strings,
Just a puppet in life,
How it's time to break free,

To find my own path,

The strings have broken,
My head looking forward,

The door is wide open,

The master in control.