

F^N & M^A

(For now & Maybe always)

abstract

written as a guide through personal seasons of sentimentality, fragility, & spirituality. from the unseen and expelled endurance of the mundane to the breaking points or building blocks of life's consequences, these pieces seek to speak a narrative. i would encourage you, to read this aloud and hear the story told. we are all on a hike with different destinations, and it's important to converse on our way to the deep dark or the heavenly heights.

part 1

Fⁿ & M^a

(For Now & Maybe Always)

for now i'm good and maybe always
happiness like holidays
though,
it's the tide of memories
that brings you back to the shores
but i hurry about the low lands
leveling out me
yet your river reaches out
and brings me that friend
for now i'm good & maybe always

D . B . N.

(damn , beautiful night)

you couldn't have chosen a better night
moon still bright despite the cloud coverage
stars still shine, despite the city light
and even though i'm the broken one
we'd have to agree
it's a damn beautiful night for a heartbreak
but,
don't you cry on my behalf
my story has yet to reach the half
and despite the immeasurable sad
i still think my life is not half bad
the sunrise isn't far off

S . W . F.

(steep , weep , freed)

The dust that gathered steep
And after the willowed and weep
My memories are now freed

E . E . E .

(empathetic epiphany economy)

lights on,
city awake,
an empathetic epiphany economy
stirred within
by conversation.
i'm resolute
and somehow
at the same time
desolate.
peaceful and pensive
sitting in sadness
yet i'm resting and relaxing
-somehow, there's healing.
i don't think i'm alone
in this
weird location,
i'm living in...
the awoken city
the lights are on
it's an empathic epiphany economy
here.
wish you could see
what's happening
here.

F . B . M .

(to forget a brittle metaphor)

I'd put it like this:
...
We had too many in the boat,
And not enough oars to row
...
We both knew the road,
But didn't know where to go
...
Both of us reading code,
But we had no way to know
...
Now you catch me smoking low,
Lighting under the sunglow
...
I am trying
To forget a brittle metaphor
only God could have wrote

U . E . P .

(**unwarranted expectation of promises**)

an allegorical alimony
from the desired future
is prologued with the
flashlight bright warnings
and all my exiled expectations
now knock at the door,
unwarranted desires & promises
trying to enter in.
they awoke me in the night,
all the realities
of misplaced prophecies,
like crashing waves—
now i drown
from the fountains in my eyes.

I . A . C .

(**into a clearing ?**)

almost visible
right around the corner
& over the hill
come on, follow me
friends
making my forest run
maybe i am alone in this one
but i'm almost there
into a clearing—
out of the busy
far from the messy
almost to the still seas
just a little piece of peace,
just for me.

Y . D . K .
(you don't know)

thank you

...

lately, i've been thinking on us
& the time that has passed by
all the years of friendship
cocooned for a short-lived butterfly
and now, trying to do right
& make the first stride
but your actions led me to cry,
that's the first step of maintenance
wreckage for the repair
absence for the presence

so,

thank you

cause you don't know what you do
but it helped me through

I' . S . D .

(i'm scared to die)

Ma' i'm scared to die
let loose of all these earthly sins
that i've made with my own hands
you nurtured a loathsome man
& i hear you pray for your son
Pa' can you lead me to Him
the one with holes in his hands
would you walk with me again
like those hikes up mountains
& how i knew you'll guide me back home

.

God took my soul above the storm
and i'm fearing for my safety
how human of me
despite the heaven given wisdom
i still feel unworthy
i am scared to die
Jesus lifted me to fly
but what if i fall from the skies
i'm still scared to die

part 2

v i l l a i n
(paintings in my room)

Jesus,
i was painting in my room
with all the lights off
a lack of voluntarily visibility
and when you lit the match
to my horror,
i discovered in my own display
i am the villain.

b e l o w
(dust)

i am lowered to dust
i am below the dust
i am lowered to dust
i am below the dust
and i'll sliver to the surface

w e r d
(drew)

in the reversable of life's skin
i can be found down on bottom shelf
i still feel my memories thinning
and the dust settling is my wealth
yet , Jesus gives my name meaning

g r a v e
(grace)

rain down my skyward bound face
i can't bury fleeting
i can't chase this paining
away
away
my sulking heart
those grey clouds should part
'cause i found a secret place
i found the replace
grace
rain down my skyward bound face
and my hands now race
to praise
don't bury this pain in that grave

t r a n s p o r t
(e s c a p e)

i was looking for escape
comfort and safe.
a better man would go to church & i would go to her
like a train chimney & like the incense of a church
she filled the room with a haze
no check accepted
only a stack of green bills upon table top
a corner street baptism.
a prostitute and pastor
unfortunately, have more in common than they know,
transportation
just depends where you want to go
high or low.
so,
somewhere on her skin
in midst of our sin,
i lost my illusionary ticket
for a metaphysical train ride,
i want to board the translucent
we're all looking to get away
but our destination
hinges on whether we want hell or heaven

*inspired by Steinbeck's *East of Eden*

part 3

habit-attack / habitat

concealed in secrets sins
only between you and Him
is the shared space
a hidden place,
scaled skin shaming
& a felt safety misplaced
within all these shadows lingering
is your atmospheric naming,
at your heart start pounding
your habits attack
your poorly founded habitat
but only fools knowing
they are alone in this sharing
of self-deprecations

. endnote , promises .

i'll be fine
i promise , not now
. .
but i'll be
smiling at the end of this scene

salt : faults

take with a grain of salt
Jesus knows it's all my fault
and my faults..
always against my call
i think i can relate with Paul
so i am sorry for emotional blocks
so sorry for all my walls
i think i need a spiritual walk
i think i need a Jesus talk.

for you ,

shuttered light columns struck through the cabin of the car
as the sunrise reached the zeniths of the range,
castings shadows as the claiming flag.
warmth settling in as if one was embraced by a body,
caressing the skin and removing the goose bumps,
quickly becoming another member of the car ride.
also, rapidly, our transportation became a mobile island
home to polyester seat sunk bodies & the aroma of lukewarm coffee.
and it was within this atmosphere that one felt God.
felt like a needed smile, or a comforting farewell
not upon you but for you,
such is the distance & such is the presence.
and so, a small river rose in eye, flooding to break the eyelid's damn,
outlooking onto an ocean of stone, woods, and sky—
one should carve "for you," upon their soul.

for your , somebody

settle up , saddle up
callin' out all your pains
you crippled, you crutched
to the finish line
the desire in eyesight

it's so high, to be somebody
so high, to love someone
so wrecked, can't restrain
so wrecked, can't reclaim

even with
snowing deep, sunlight bleak
knowing within, kneelin' down
bowing out, raising up
coming back 'round

it's so high, to be someone
so high, to love some one
so wrecked, can't restrain
so wrecked, can't reclaim

you been achin'
far from the running
you wore the spine
for your home
it's in line sight
you're coming around

so, give it all
so, release
for your relief.

**Montana Dr , Writing Dr
(epilogue)**

lost all my mile stones
in my wandering walk
& i reveled on the distance
thought i would be able
when you went airborne
it was snowing
it was snowing contemplation
now i'd believe i'm hardly hurt
trying to wash off self-thrown dirt
this actually Montana driving
self-proclaimed healing
real Montana Drive sunsets
& i'm not believing all that i'm writing
riding for a long way off
writing all of this off
so,
can you help me find my mile marks
& all that He told i am

To All Readers , Thank You

