

Curse of the Faceless

Mask after mask,
shell after shell
the Faceless wanders

It longs to fulfill a caricature
but never itself

Who shall it be today?

A creature of self-loathing,
memories of its soul
wound its mind

It seeks to devour the past
weaving itself an epoch
out of silky lies and venomous grandiosity

Weaving makes it want to weave more
and more...

until

the Faceless is trapped in its cocoon

Forever

A Protest

I speak of a protest in our nation,
Where only taxation,
Procreation.
And the likes are trying my patience.

I hold to my paces and let known,
Tired of money that rolls,
And flows,
From the holes in my clothes.

The forever waltz three basic steps,
Peace leading into corruption
Revolution,
And there we go back to starts.

Let's begin our revolution, let's restart a new
A bloodless revolt, a changing of steps in peace.

Young Writer

Sleep does not come easy. I feel I'm bursting at the seams.
Poems haunt me when I should be hunting dreams.
It seems the best of them come late at night,
Sometimes even causing me to abandon darkness and turn on the light.
My best works, I think, have been written between 10:00 and 2:00,
And I don't mean the times that span from morning to afternoon.
I put off bedtime, despite the trouble I might get in,
And write on, even when my spelling is bad because of the tired fog I'm in.
I think my mom controls my poetry, for sometimes it's like she flips a switch;
She says it's time to go to bed, and suddenly my poetic fingers start to itch.
I start thinking in couplet and rhyme,
And I hope to pull something good out of the messy slime.
I can tell that I've written long enough
When my left ring finger has an indent on my writing-callous bump.
I hope this will be the last one, for my body screams for sleep,
But staying up appears to be worth it, because I've written one I'll keep.
I snap my poetry journal closed and drowsily head to bed,
Willing that no more poetic thoughts fill my resting head.
Now that the poems are out, I have no problem falling asleep.
I'll need every second I can get before my alarm clock starts to beep.
Though I'm glad my poems are done for tonight,
The thought that there will be more fills me with delight.
I've yet to write the perfect one.
Who knows what on the morrow might come.