

Early Morning Escapades

Promise of an Escapade (sth along the lines)

Crippling solitude
Rivalled only by
the weight of the soul,
a weary light moulded into
an ugly monster,
two arms,
two legs,

Emotion.
A total apocalypse of your state of mind.

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.
.

I am withered,

every

singular

atom

of my being,

Aches for affection;

An inescapable thirst
That caves into my heart--
My throat burns
For even a sip
That could quench the drought within.

"A cigar, sir?"

No,

I shake my weary head
-- With regrets rattling like bones,
contained within hollowed cheeks--
It will never do.

The smoke will blaze my wits,
Set my vision to become sharp.
Fill my heart with such fiery want.
I will be exposed to the truth.
My mind must say muddled to contain such fancies.
Letting ignorance save my mind.
Letting ignorance save my heart.

But then a woman walks in. And she strides over to me. With her hair bouncing and all. And she gets all cozy and starts to eye me up and down. So I motioned for her to come over since the bar was getting settled and the lights were getting dim. The instrumentalists start to warm up and the singer comes out. I just motion for her to come again and join me for a lethargic song. And so she walks over, flipping her springy blond curls all over the room. "Watchu doing all alone, darling?" She asks. No one has ever asked me that before. My loneliness was who I am. I was nothing without my solitude. "I'm just sitting alone." I should have been more smooth and cool. Like the jazz guy singing us the husky rugged tunes "Well that won't do," is all she says. I like that she doesn't ask. And just merely accepts. There's a lonely guy I like. It doesn't matter if he's lonely. I can see her lips upturn and boy, was she pretty! She looked like a movie star, the one with like the red lipsticks and all. I could tell that she liked me. And like always turns to love right? And if her like turns to love and she learns to truly love me. Then maybe i can smoke a cigarette and set the world to be more upright.

The jazz turns up and people cheer! "Oh! How delightful!" I nod and agree. We thump our hands against the table and laugh at the crowd's moves. I don't even remember when she came to sit next to my chair. "Seems quite fun!" she cries. I nod and agree. I can't even think of the last time I had danced, must be the side effect of wooing a wonderfully pretty lass. "Do you want to dance?" I look at her hand. I would do everything I can to try and go for a spin. "Come on, join me!" I look at her smile. I try to nod and agree. A twirl will be nice. But I look into her eyes. Smoked out and black and I start to start to feel fear crawling crawling near. "Nah, let's do that later. Are you thirsty? Want a drink?" I ask. My leg started to bounce. My arms twitching slightly, I was dancing alone with fate-- I needed it to cooperate. "Oh, darling! You read my mind!" She laughs. But everything was awkward now and her Hollywood glow was just a mere deceit. When had the sun set? "Well, I want a drink too. But I have no

money.” And she doesn’t laugh anymore and she frowns at me. I suppose I looked old and sad to her, all ugly and skewed. “You don’t have any money? Well, I don’t have any too. How are we to buy drinks if you don’t have any money?” I could tell she wanted to cry, she put her hands over her chest. She was closing me out, turning into her little cocoon. “Well, I don’t know. Can’t you figure it out? I don’t have any money!” “I don’t want to! **You’re** supposed to! If you don’t have any money, then you’re useless to me!” I could tell she was angry and I hate it when I make people mad so I sigh a dejected sigh and mutter out my truth. “You’re right. It’s no use. I am a worthless man. This will never do.”

So low and slow,
I walk out of the bar,
Aged another year from what the night has become.
The jazz blues fade through and I can only hear him singing:

“It will be cold and rainy today,
cold and rainy... Cold and rainy...”

PRAYERS OF BELIEF*

PART I: BELIEFS; A CONTRADICTION

“I’ve got all of Heaven’s angels behind me” (13)

....

My mother was always a religious woman.(5)

Who never missed church: (5)

The place where you truly felt (6)

The presence (6)

Of the Holy Spirit. (6)

She **believed** if you pray: (245)

Pray to Jesus; (245)

He would pitch up and do the thing that you need. (245)

She needed hope, so we gave this Jesus thing a shot (6)

She needed to be saved, so we gave this Jesus thing a shot (6)

Unfortunately, my views on Jesus were more... (245)

Reality-based (245)

God was the man who takes care of you... (47)

He’s the man who's there for you. (47)

Sure.

But as much as I loved church, the idea of a nine-hour slog every Sunday (9)

Was too much to contemplate. (9)

“Maybe the Lord knows that today we shouldn’t go to church” (10)

I would try as respectfully as possible. (10)

Time and time again.

“Ah, that’s the devil talking, Trevor” (10)

My mother is as stubborn as she is religious (9)

Once her mind’s made up... (9)

That’s it. (9)

PART II: THE DEVIL

“Abel and I are getting married” (249)

“ I don’t think it’s a good idea” (249)

I wasn’t upset, but I had this intuition, (249)

something I felt even before the mulberry tree (249)

It might have been because
I knew he had **the devil** inside him,
And I hated that. (124)

His English name was Abel: good man (250)
But his **Tsonga name was Ngisaveni...**
It meant **“Be afraid”**. (250)

PART III: THE GUN

“Hey Trevor, it’s Andrew.” (273)
“Mom’s been shot.” (273)
It was the most terrifying moment of my life (263)
I had never been that scared before, ever. (263)
I ran to the emergency room; (275)
My **mom** was there (275)
Her whole body **soaked in blood**. (275)
Her whole face, **calm and serene**. (275)
“You killed my mom” was all I could think;
Envisioning
His eyes: (276)
the eyes of **the devil**. (276)

PART IV: THE MIRACLE

“What happened to your mother today was a miracle.” (280)
I was angry, (281)
It’s a miracle, but I was angry. (281)
Angry at the world, (281)
Angry at god. (281)
All my mother did was pray; (281)
What did she do to deserve this? (281)
An hour or so later, she opened her eyes (281)

PART V: BELIEFS; CONJOINED PRAYERS

When Abel came and pointed his gun to her head,
My mom remembered looking up, looking at him, and starting to pray.(284)
And that’s when the gun misfired, again and again and again (285).

Click. (277)
Click. (277)

Click. (277)

Bullets popping out. (277)

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OUT of the gun. (277)

DOWN on my mom. (277)

“You’re lucky to be alive.” (286)

“Oh Trevor, if God is with me, who can be against me?” (286)

“Okay, Mom.” (286)

“Trevor, I prayed. I told you I prayed. I don’t pray for nothing.” (286)

“But where was Jesus to pay your hospital bills?” (286)

“You’re right. He didn’t pay. But he blessed me with the son who did.” (286)

I felt a flood of emotions rushing through me. (109)

It was everything I could do to not cry. (109)

“Yeah” I agree.

I needed hope, so I gave this Jesus thing a shot. (6)

I needed to be saved so I gave this Jesus thing a shot, (6)

Pray, sing, pray. (47)

Pray, sing, pray (47)

***Inspired by and in reference to *Born a Crime*, by Trevor Noah**

FLAMES

My Romeo and I
We were merely mortals born to die.

Predestined to hate,
Fated to dote,
Woe is the tragedy
that ignorance labels
Passion,
And wisdom calls
Love.

I long to be held,
And to cry out proud:
My Romeo is my lungs,
I cannot breathe without him

Alas,
The frightful Capulet
Renders me
As incomplete as a songless bird.
No tune to sing,
No mating coo.

O summer, fill me with thy light
Give me faith anew.
May you protect me
With thy warmth
From the frost that inhabits my cries.

Liquid moonlight, awash me of my sins
I confess to thee

my forbidden flame
held
For a foe, a wretch
A handsome evildoer.

I love thee,
Inheritor of the Montague house,
Son of my greatest adversary-
Drink from the depths of my 'hate',
Let us grow our love.

PRIMROSE PATH

Rinse your sins from my lips,
Trespassing Sir.
I will kiss you once more,
Thief of the night.

Confined in my chambers,
I look upon thee,
The orchard seems too small
To contain all of thy brilliance.

I have been a player of my words,
A gentlewoman with fickle thoughts,
But I can employ no more
Such whimsical locutions.

I must banish this maiden's blush,
Steel my heart from being too quickly won.
But alas,
I can not profess
To possess
Such profound restraint.

I will speak.

The night we met,
I felt enlivened.
The moment our lips touched,
My world was pitiful no more.

“O Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
When you bestow wings for my heart

And possess stars for thy irises.”

“O Romeo, my heart has become faint!
I can not find it in my soul
To care for thy origins.”

Sway me with thy words
And caress me with thy hands.

I know this will be but a tragedy.
Yet if you swear upon yourself,
I will defy fate alongside you,
And for the first time,
I will walk along the primrose path.

Time Travel

I wonder how we got here,

Isolated

In the *in-between*

Light years apart,
As unmoving spots
under a never-ending dark.

-

Little pinpricks
In the cosmic shroud.

-

As a victim of time between spaces.
A consequence of the past and present.

-

Enraged whenever
It gives you glimpses of the ended,

Disheartened whenever
It lures you with the golden times,

Stuck on its ever-chugging train.

-

I'm fine,
though,

I'll just hope that this emptiness-
Lacerated by indifference -
to
somehow,
Someday
be mended over.

I'll be ok,
I'll look at
the stars- that some call diamonds
And travel back in time,
Even if it's just a delay in the light.

But I'll be alright,
Because I'll
pretend that the ether will dissolve with a touch
And someday,
I will be able to feel your warmth.

And perhaps when I catch up to time,
And I see that time is only a plane,
I will cease to wish for the inevitable
And permit time to flow.