

Troubles of Teenage Years

H. Paul LeBlanc III

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Troubles of Teenage Years

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Firstword

This collection of poems were written when I was in high school between the years 1980 and 1983. They represent the thoughts of a young man in the most difficult time in his life, in my life. The pieces following are arranged in approximate chronological order. This is done so that you can see developmental trends in thought and writing style.

Several of the poems were written originally as part of a collection. The first three collections, "Wee Boy," "Masks of Demons Dreams of Hell," and "Wind of the Paezitorian Moon" were written originally as stories. These collections have underlying themes, which were, for the most part planned. These themes were my way of telling whoever would read the poetry that I was searching and believed I had found answers to life mysteries. I felt it was important at that time in my life to prove I had answers. Yet, as I was searching for answers, writing down my thoughts in this format allowed me to explore and to clarify my identity during a very turbulent time.

"Wee Boy," "Masks of Demons Dreams of Hell," "Troubles," and "Wind of the Paezitorian Moon" were all written as collections. In particular, "Masks of Demons Dreams of Hell" and "Troubles" were written for an English class assignment when I was in the tenth grade. Some of the images described in these collections are still with me and show themselves in other pieces that I write. This was a reflective time for me, and these poems represent my need to tell someone what I was going through. Hopefully, this collection will help you understand who I was and who I have become.

Man of the World

Wee Boy

But Daddy!

Won't Let It Happen Again

Man of the World

You Can't Go Fishing When It's Raining Out There

No One to Listen to Me

Wisdom

Barber

Inside In

Found

Wee Boy

Hey Mama,
What time is it?
Hey Mama,
How was the sun lit?
Hey Mama,
Can we go to town?
Hey Mama,
What makes the world go round?

Hey Daddy,
What makes the sky look blue?
Hey Daddy,
What is the meaning of true?
Hey Daddy,
Who made that tree?
Hey Daddy,
Is there anyone else like me?

Son -
You are just a wee boy.
When you're older
Questions will be answered.
You'll be a man,
Do what you can
and what you can't.
But for now,
Just listen.

But Daddy!

But Daddy
Who will listen to me?
How will my questions be answered,
If no one will listen to me?

You must listen to me
I have feelings too.
Can't your questions be answered by my questions?
How will I know what is true?

How will I make up my mind
About what's right or wrong?
How will I make a decision?
How will I be strong?

It hurts me down inside,
It helps me build a wall.
But Daddy, tell me what will happen
If that wall happens to fall.

Won't Let It Happen Again

It won't happen again
I'll make them listen.
They're gonna hear my opinion,
I'll make it count.

They won't put me down
I've had enough of this.
They will believe what I believe.
There will be no doubt.

Man of the World

Man of the world
out to help people
Make changes in their lives
Make the right decisions

Don't like to see people in pain
Had enough of that myself
How else will people change?
No more disillusion

I'm not really out to change the world
I just want to help people see the light
I don't want to see them make bad decisions
I can't help it if my way is right.

You Can't Go Fishing When It's Raining Out There

Don't seem to be doing any good
Nothing is changing
People are turning against me

Don't think my motives are wrong
Don't think I'm wrong
No one will listen to me

I can't do
I'm failing myself
I must have done something wrong
I can't do
I'm losing my friends
Boy, has it been so long
since someone has held me

Bright things are turning dark
Everytime I turn around
Why do people ignore me

That's not what I'd hoped for
Everything's different
They still don't see what I see

I can't do
I'm failing myself
I must have done something wrong
I can't do
I'm losing my friends
Boy, has it been so long
since someone has held me

No One to Listen to Me

I can't finish what I started:

When I was young no one listened
I told myself I'd make them listen
It didn't do any good
I only did what I could

I can't make anyone do anything
I hoped some would do something
It didn't do any good
They only did what they would

I wanted them to listen
Seems I succeeded in doing the opposite
I can't finish what I started
It's all gone away

Wisdom

Maybe I was wrong
But how shall I find out
Should I ask myself, my friend
What is it all about

Barber

Come in boy - sit down
 What can I do for you now?
 Cut away your fears, your sorrows
 What can I do for you now?

Look here boy - you need something
 I can do you some good.
 Go out there - and fight
 Ah, you did what you could.

* * *

There was a man
 He was a friend
 Someone I could talk to
 Someone who wouldn't lie to me
 Help me get back on my feet again

There was a man
 He was always there
 Since I was a wee boy
 He looked me in the eye
 Told me I was the one

He told me things
 I never listened
 Too worried about the world
 Couldn't see the log in my eye
 I wanted to be there

Couldn't change the world
 To my way way of thinking
 I had to find myself
 He was there as a friend
 He looked me in the eye

He told me:
 Look here boy - listen
 You better do what I say
 Don't change the world, change yourself
 You'll be better off that way

Inside In

My answer is within me
Why didn't I see it before
It's not the world who has to change
It's me - It's me

Found

When I was young I asked questions
But questions were not answered.
I wanted people to give me answers
I guess I wasn't looking in the right place,
or in the right way

Is there anyone else like me?
Am I the only one who could make this mistake?
Where can I find my answers?
I can find them right here - inside myself,
but I gave the chance away

I was miles away
from what I should
be doing
or thinking
or feeling

Making others feel the way I felt
- rejected -

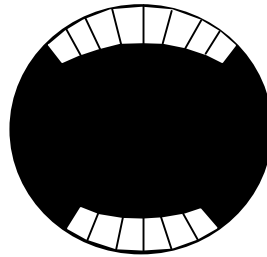
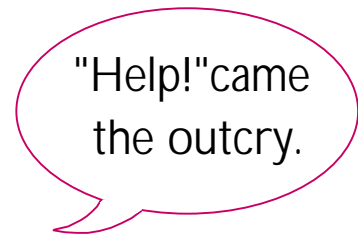
But if I hadn't the attitude
I hadn't the feeling

I shouldn't have felt that way
And I wanted them to stay
But I gave it all away
I shouldn't have felt that way

I have so much to say
but yet I cannot speak

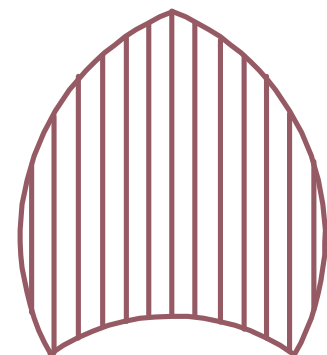


Our
Faces



Masks of Demons
Dreams of Hell

A Concept by: H. Paul LeBlanc III



Empty Places?

Masks of Demons Dreams of Hell

A Dream I Had

Mask of Demons Dreams of Hell

When

My Mask

Time and Space

Moody

I Found a Friend

It's My Turn This Time

Loneliness My Friends

I Have to Be Real

Last Night

Wonderful Feeling

Withdrawal

Questions

Friend

I'm Free - I'm Me

A Change in You

I Feel Like I've Done Something Right (For a Change)

Titles of Books With No Covers

Themes

A Dream I Had

I dreamt life was
just as I had hoped
Hoping everything
would come easy to me
Having a wife and kids,
a dog, and a yard
Being everyone, and everything
I wanted to be
Nothing wrong with that
I seemed to think
But I seemed to have jumped
the gun
I already picked out the job
I wanted
And her -
with which I wanted to be one

Life was beautiful
when I had my dream
But I wanted to be there
at that time
It had to be true,
it wouldn't set me up like this
What is ours is yours
and what is yours is mine.

Mask of Demons Dreams of Hell

It's time now,
Time to let go.
Let go of this negative feeling.
I'm tired of wearing this mask,
Mask of demons dreams of hell
I can't be real
What is this feeling
Let me be my own person
I'm not dirt, I won't be hurt
Won't build my wall around me
But around them
I won't lock myself in
But lock them out
Environment
Not being in the one I need
But in the one that holds me back
I can't be real
Mask of demons dreams of hell

Look now
Here I go
Need myself more than
Anything else
Can't wear this mask
Mask of demons dreams of hell

When

When will it go away
When will it be over
Can it be real
To be, to know
To see, to go
When
Say my prayers

To hell with the world
I will write my own song
Sing along
Or forget it
Forget me
I will be gone
You won't know me
When you see me
And if I'm wearing a mask
It will be different
To me
And to you
Go now
When

My Mask

Go to school
Do I
Put myself last
Everytime
I see it
I put on a mask
Vicious
Malicious
This time of life
Pain - strife
To take the tide
But ride
Slide
Guide
Yourself

Not me

Time and Space

It's my turn this time
Give me space
This isn't the place
I want to be
I can't see
Here
Will it ever end
Give me time and space
Time to present the real face
Space to learn the real me
What is under this mask
A bunch of flies?
People with cries?
One who can't wait?
Or one who doesn't like to hate,
But is forced to?
Give me time and space

Moody

Set time and place
May it be grace
To set the mood
The tone of it all
Moods present my face
Change
What is this here
Is it fear,
Angers,
Resentments,
Can't let it show
I'm scared to let it show
To which I can't let go
But I don't know
What is bottled deep down inside
Inside this confused little head of mine
Loneliness
Could it be
Naw! I am too nice a person
But that is what it is
I can't seem to be that way
Because I'm just another
Human being,
Being human!

I Found a Friend

I found a friend
Someone to talk to
People think I'm weird
I talk to myself

I'm the only one I know
Who I can't wear a mask in front of
But everyone else I do.

I found a friend today
The first I've had in ages
His name is pen
He has a partner named paper

I can't wear a mask in front of him though
Because he is actually me
But I really need someone else.

It's My Turn This Time

To be what I should be
See things that I should see
Go places I want to go
And learn how to grow
Living two by two
Conversation between me and you
Nothing was really said
We're actually dead

It's my turn this time
To live by what is mine
Can't you see
I have to be me

But love, but lust
But hatred, but trust
What does it all mean
But to read between

The lines

Loneliness My Friends

You can't see it but it's there
I couldn't see it but now I can
I wasn't expecting it
I didn't want to see it
But I did and it can
You don't know it but I'm hurting
I knew I was but I didn't know why
I looked for an answer
But I couldn't find it
I was looking in the wrong place
Looking for your mistakes
Then I couldn't find my brakes
Found where I had gone wrong
But it was a long
Time coming
Loneliness my friends

You won't see it but I'm lonely
I don't like it but I live it
I wanted another way around
But I seemed to have pulled myself down
Did I do all I could?

Loneliness my friends

I Have to be Real

I have to be real
I have a need to be real
There is no feeling in my arms
Feelings of warmth when someone holds me
But no one will
Because I am not myself
And I won't be myself
Because I'm afraid of being hurt
Is that a wall?
Is that a barrier?
That is a mask I wear
When I go on pretending
That I'm not hurting inside

You know it's kind of funny
Everything in life is kind of funny
But I let myself go on like this
Go on believing that what I was pretending
Was real
And it wasn't
But now
I have to be real

Last Night

Last night
I went to a place
A place I'd never been before

Day after day
I went to the same place (another place)
Trying to look for friends
Look for people like me
I couldn't find them
There were none to be found
Was it my fault?

But last night
At that place I'd never been before
I found a friend
I found friends
I was accepted
I was loved
I felt good
I felt like I never had before
To hell with that other place
I'm going back to that place -
That place I'd never been before
Before last night
Last night

Wonderful Feeling

It's a wonderful feeling
When you're listened to.
I just wish I was listened to more often
It's sad to say,
The only time some people
Get attention - is when they're in their coffin,
Then it's too late.

It's a wonderful feeling
When you're held
It's warm - but warmth turns cold when love is lost.
It makes me mad
When I'm feeling good
Then love turns sour - but that's the cost of it all.

Wonderful feeling
Sometimes I wonder
Is it all worth
The trouble.

Withdrawal

Withdrawal
Withdrawal from things that hold me back
Back where I don't belong
Leaving
Leaving my so-called home
For it is not really home
But a place that won't let me be myself
Going
Going away to the place I belong
The real place, home for me

Then it will all go away
The barrier is built around the place
I don't belong

Withdrawal from the things that hold me back
But they don't hold me back anymore

Questions

Why are people resentful?
Why are people so heartless?
Pretending to be real,
I found the way I feel.
Where is all my happiness?

Why am I hurting?
Why am I to myself?
Wearing my daily mask,
Putting myself last,
No one to anyone else.

I wrote this poem
But you won't see
What is really bottled up
Inside me.

Friend

I always had a friend
But I never knew she was there
I was waiting for her to reach out
And she was waiting for me

She told me why
I was having trouble with friends
She said,
"You have to reach out to them."

Boy!
What are friends for.
I just wish I knew this earlier.
I just wish I had this friend earlier.
So I could have talked to her;
And not gone through all this hell.

Hello friend.

I'm Free - I'm Me

I'm Free -
I'm Me
And I need to be
To be real
And to feel
To feel life the way it was meant to be
To be real

I can see
I can see
The way it was meant to be
To be for me
Can't I be
For you
For you and me
I'm free and I'm me

... for once

A Change in You

It's not what you'd have expected
It seems to have been neglected
but I detected
a change in you

You really do seem to care
Though I never thought you'd dare
but you were there
when I needed you

They were always there to help out
Why did I ever hold out?
I didn't want to reach out
to them

***I Feel Like I've Done Something Right
(For a Change)***

I stood up,
I told them,
And I may have made a fool of myself.
I've done the right thing;
I stood up for my beliefs.

Names and attitudes
may never change
but they usually do
after time.

I may have spun some heads,
Oh, they listened alright.
Did I do any good for myself?
My friend thinks so.

Titles of Books With No Covers

Titles of books with no covers
 or covered books with no titles
 seem to be the strangest things.
 You can't judge them
 You never know what to expect
 but there is a certain thing about them
 that draws you nearer.
 You want to find out what is in it
 You want to scan through the pages
 maybe read between the lines
 Words have no meanings
 but collections have feelings
 and feelings say a lot
 Titles sometimes change
 Covers always change
 I have no title
 But I have many covers
 Don't judge me
 Read between things
 Read between the lines
 You might catch something
 Something about this book
 This covered book with no title

Themes

Dreams
Imaginations
The word philosophy is but a mirror
A mirror that reflects back on you
Themes
What is our life about?
Frontiers that can't be conquered?
Conquests with no reason?
Games
We play
Does the game ever end,
Or do we always conquer ourselves?
Names
We try to be
Are but broken images that look beautiful
But they shatter us
Contemplate
To think
Do we sit on rocks and look at the sky
And wonder why it doesn't fall?
Aggravate
Madman insanity
Does it all tie us in,
Bring us down to the level of our bodies.

Troubles

Appreciation

Self-Righteous Soldier

Writing (A Practice of Self-Prophecy)

Soon To Be

My Epitaph

Grasses in the Field

Old Men and Women

Who Says?

Love

The Final Touches

Appreciation

Appreciation for things that make no sense
or have no meaning
Opinions respected
How can I respect things I don't believe in
but I must
I must go along with this game
or will things remain the same
It's a shame

Why does one have to be right
and the other wrong?
When they both can be right
or both be wrong?

Appreciation
It's a sham
But I don't give a damn
Because I know what is right in my heart

Is that the right title for this poem,
Or is it at all?

Self-Righteous Soldier

An army thousands strong
Fighting for what is right or wrong
Commits a wrong itself

Seeking out true justice
They break all laws of oneness
hurting all and oneself

But what is only fair
Doing what you dare
But daring not trouble

But one day to find
It is all in your mind
Trouble begins with your troubles

Writing (A Practice of Self-Prophecy)

Sitting at home watching T.V.
or listening to the stereo
Fantasizing
I want to be a writer
What a hard life
spilling my guts on paper
and getting nothing

I feel sorry for those
Who write for the people
And not for themselves

So I'll write
Write for myself
Write for my answers
Poetry
A statement
of how a person feels
I don't see how it could be
anything else
So I'll criticize
any other type
except those
I find myself in.

Soon To Be

When does the sky hold me
When does space possess me
To dream the dream of unreality
why do my dreams obsess me

To come, to go
to stay here or not
Am I really here at all
suspended in time
Living rhyme crime
When will He call
for me to fall

Living, being
Jailing, freeing
be somewhere at some time
But I will not stay
for I have time to play
Living in my prime

My Epitaph

If you saw what I see
If you knew what I know
How would peace and serenity
Time steal away

Now I am really alive

Grasses in the Field

All the grasses in the field lean one way
when the wind blows
But I don't want anyone to blow me away
I stand all alone in the desert
And I am here to stay
I do not need to follow the crowd
I can speak my own words aloud
Am I blind as a bat
or clever as a cat
neither
For I am myself
I can stand on my own two feet
I can rebel
and the odds can I beat
I fooled them all

The Law of Inertia
Anything moving keeps moving
But I have the power to stop myself
And that needs no proving

Old Men And Women

Sad old man
Sitting on the hill
Watching the days go by

We're all scared of him
He is creepy looking
But he is not scared of us
He is tired of us
We don't stop to say hello

So he'll remain up there
Until we come to our senses

Sad old man
Sitting on the hill
It could be us one day
But we'll go on and play
This uncaring game

Who Says?

The way I feel
When everyone else feels different
They all seem to look at me funny
It's my opinion that is different

It isn't really different
Just the way it is applied
I'm the applier, I'm the supplier
I can't say it was me

Sayings,
Can't be my own
Someone else started it
It's already known

Why
Why can't I be the one
It has already been said
Can't I be the one who says it.

Love

Something original
Nothing said before
Changing person to person
Getting more and more
From me to you
From you to another
All you know
And even other

How can you say what it's all about
until you take another route
for to be is to be, and myself is all
until we encounter a step,
or we encounter a wall

Where does it end;
Is it not limitless?
The difference between selfish
and selflessness

For we give to each other
we give to ourselves
Can we look at the mirror
on the shelf?

Too deep to know of one, of all
A climb to the top, and to fall
To hurt another, will we see
Is myself all, for to be is to be

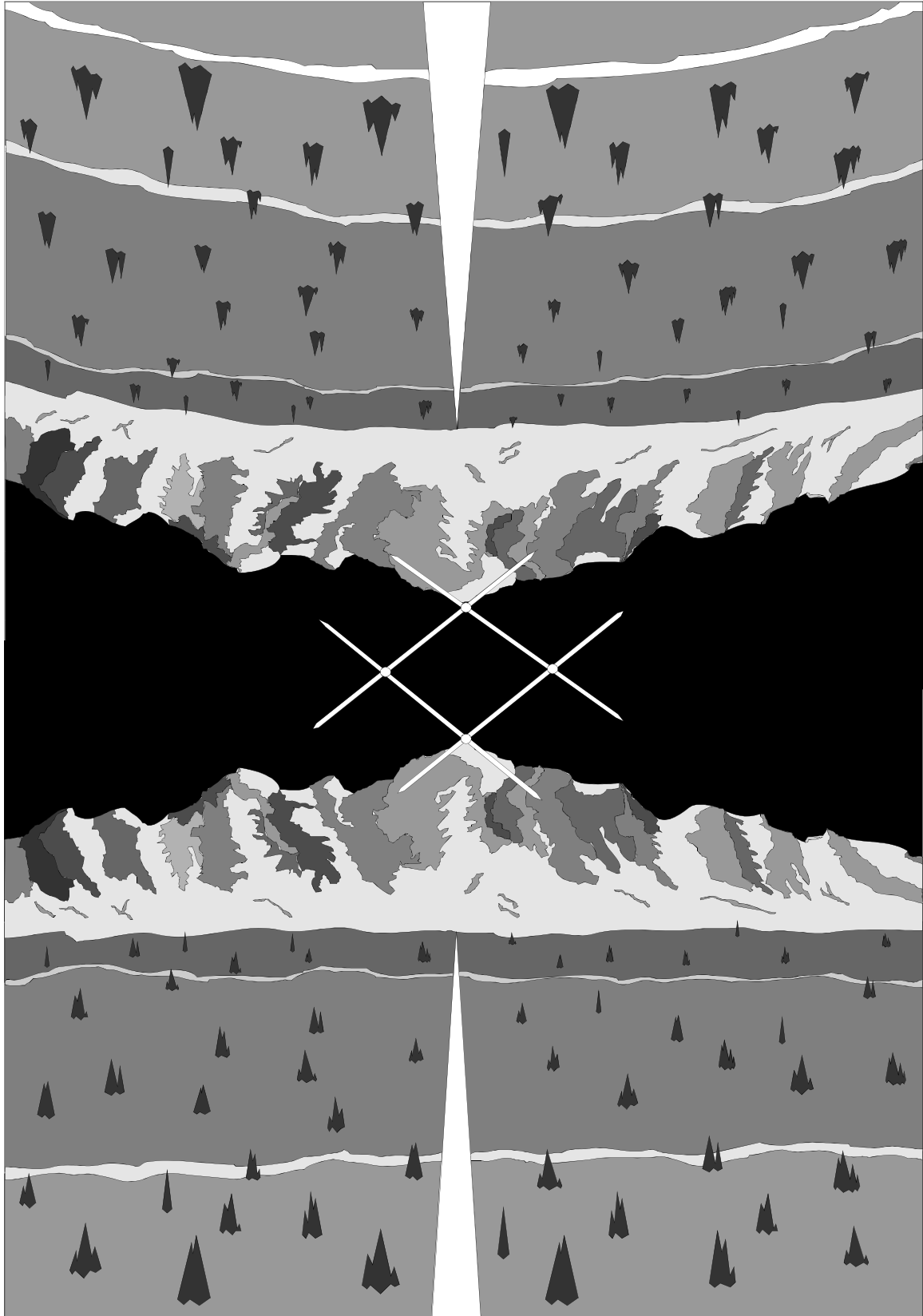
The greatest present
we can give
Is all our time
to live and let live

The Final Touches

An end,
End to my expression
Until another time
When I fall into depression
When I find a need to write
To help me see the light
So I can put up a fight
For what is right
It gives me might.

The final touches
To those pieces
I fill the voids,
And fill the creases

May you find peace and serenity
In your struggle to be one
We all travel on our way
And we've only just begun.



The Valley of the Paezitorian Moon - H. Paul LeBlanc III, 1988

Wind of the Paezitorian Moon

From Whenst Did I Come

A Possibility

Wind

When Eyes Meet the Floor

Do You Believe

Here

When Eyes Meet the Floor (Part II)

Three P's

Listen

Shallowness

Changers

Challenger of Mind

A Passage of Time

In the Midst of All Serenity

One

What I Think and How I Feel

'From Whenst Did I Come

Once ago...
In the Valley of Paez
There I lived
Just a helpless soul.
A Void
All imaginative thought,
But not a physical force
And not a mental hole.

Where is this place
Paez?
An orb in space,
Unimaginative to us humans.

From whenst did I come?
I am not like the rest of you.

This soul
was joined
This soul
was just a soul
and was joined
with a mind
with just a mind.

This mind
had unbelievable power
A power to think
to think on it's own
it was like a spirit
it had no form
it could think on it's own
without a physical body.

Once ago
In the Valley of Paez,
There I lived
Just a helpless soul.

A Possibility

This mind of thoughts
wanted to be
a physical force
that humans could see.
It thought of possibilities
for its hope
but what of physical tortures
it had to cope.

It wanted the freedom
it already had.
Not being able to think
would be bad.
But this mind could not express itself
without a physical force.
But it did not want separation
it must take a unique course.

There is a possibility.

Wind

The Wind of the Paezitorian moon speaks to me
When I visit the Valley of the origin of thought.
The thought is that of total disillusionment
As far as we humans are concerned.
But I know what has depth, What is true and immortal.
I know what is behind the door of the origin of our minds.
Colors of rocks which hold back our bodies,
Hopefully not our minds.

Good Book
Gold Book
Trapped Thoughts
Hold Looks
Freed Thoughts
Win Wars
Lost Thoughts
Lock Doors
False Thoughts
Bring Pain
True Thoughts
Will Train.

Train what?

When will our minds
Ever leave our bodies?

When Eyes Meet the Floor

What I say doesn't make sense
Or does it?
What I have to say
won't make it with humans, us humans.
Is it foolish?
You answer that!
Don't be surprised
When you realize
what I'm saying
You'll feel foolish.

Do You Believe

Do you believe
I'm of sound mind and body.
Well, my thoughts are not too concrete
but I'm very physical at that too.
People in general
don't quite understand
The Paezitorian Philosophies
I admit it's rather new.

Into corners we hide
Don't believe new concepts
"Don't be seen with that fool,"
"Devil worshipper." Bull!
Follow me, take a ride!
Do you believe?

I'm not mean
I'm really very nice
But I'm asking you to understand.
Am I speaking in a way you can interpret?
Keep wondering
and
Keep wandering.

Here

When this mind came into real life
the age of his own surface did not understand.
Some elders could not interpret him,
and so they did not accept him.

The ones who did understand and accept
Well, their minds came from similar places also.
They had their philosophies and their wisdom:
Paezitorias was not alone.

He was allowed to grow
He was accepted
He taught and He learned
of different impressions
Goodbye - Depressions
Hello - Obsessions
Meet your Possessions.

When Eyes Meet the Floor (Part II)

What I say
is real,
although it can't be seen.
Your eyes will meet the floor.
So profound, yet so simple,
So unique, yet so true.
You'll see what has always been there;
it's a necessity,
yet it does not grab your attention.
When your eyes truly meet the floor,
You'll realize.

Three P's

When your thoughts turn cold
Your body won't hold - together
You are in conflict with all
Wildness will call - forever.

To yourself, you look bad
This makes you sad - unfortunately
But what you don't know
You let your thoughts go - unforgivingly.

and you are a poser
you are a player
you are a pawn.
and you let yourself
be forgone.

You are insincere to yourself
You can't be anyone else, you need it.
and you'll play your game today
You want others to play your way, Don't expect it.

Listen

. . . And in your happiest hour . . .

You will reject what I have to say;
but attention you will pay.

Can I say what I will;
Clean out your ears,
You and I listen differently,
to different things:
for different reasons.

And I happen to think you are wrong
You'll reject what I have to say
You'll go sing your song
But that is the problem

Your song has no meaning
You listen to it to make yourself feel good.
It is rotting out your mind
It causes you to think less.

Music is an art
An art for thinkers
and I know you disagree
That is the difference between you and me.

You go in believing
That what your body feels soothes your mind.
It will always be that way if that is what you believe.
But that is wrong
But it has been that way all along.
You let yourself control your thoughts.
You let outside forces control your thoughts,
To an unreasonable level.
Then, when something new comes along
You reject it.

Control your thoughts
Don't be ruled by outside forces
Listen to what causes you to think
Not what gives your body a release.

Shallowness

Shallowness -
 when all reality surfaces to the level of our bodies
 but to know the real depth of all reality
 we shan't live on top of all simplicity
 to break beyond that surface barrier
 and reach into another dimension
 to the truth; the real depth of all reality
 to remove surfaces
 all thoughts must become complex
 not in acquired knowledge
 but in the truth
 for it is in all complexity
 that the reality of all true life becomes simple.

So to my fellow kingdom of bodies
 being at a level - dust to dust -
 the level of the surface body
 in which men seem to want to stay
 if you can't accept Paezitorian Philosophies
 you can't and you shan't
 how bold shall you or I be
 don't ask for fulfillness in my mind
 for surface bodies will not be rendered.
 The depth of an infinite dimension
 cannot contain the plane
 You true plane of injustice.

Shallowness -
 Why do you wish to remain on this plane
 our lives are impossible cubes
 dimensions of deceit.
 So why do you live on a plane - this plane
 This is all you could know
 in plain vision and sight
 Do you truly trust only your senses
 Do you fully trust only your senses

If so, you seem a fool
go on, live by instinct
live by your emotions
if that is what you wish
and all your life will be controlled by outer forces
outside what is within
within your golden void
within your own mind
bits and pieces of places within
can be grasped by mental insight

What is all full range, think!
listen to all innermost
do not be controlled
by the surface
surface shallowness

Changers

In your cave of ice do you sleep;
your cold, empty thoughts
Live on . . . live on you hopeless void
live on in pain and torment
Paez shall not beseech you
your bodies shall live solidly
but not dimensionally
until stalagmites of your cave congeal into knives
that pierce your outer coverings
'tis an empty shell
let it solidly around you
your bones shall be submerged in the solid depth
of the earth's mantle
the stones that lie in the bottom of your heart
shall be in the midst of mixed company
and all your lives shall melt in the hands of time
for nothing is so less permanent than the present
we visitors who say we seek to see
may or may not see
but will not the time come to allow
our lives, souls, minds, and hearts be solid, or empty
liquid-like: a moving mass
Changers of hearts and minds of all
do we seek.

Challenger of Mind

What is this confusion
I can't say I do not understand
but if you are so human as you say
why can't you accept me as I am
You tell me I speak only from my mind
but what else is there to give
you who live illogically through feelings
must pick the most tormented way to live
What is this heart as you say it
is not with which we make decisions
Yet I can't make a logical excuse
without you pouring in your derision
I tell you now that the choices you made by feelings
only got you hurt undeservingly
but still you go on believing it is the only way
to learn through past experiences undoubtedly

In the Midst of All Serenity

In the midst of all the noise a tiny bit of serenity
 comes into the view and rules the moments
 a few moments, but moments
 A fusion of all thoughts at one moment,
 'tis confusion
 Do we go on believing that all life is in the midst of our mind,
 when we go on living our untruths and dishonesties
 Disillusionment rules our world
 those of you who live a life hastily may miss the point.
 We are not here to make pleasure out of pain
 we cannot store up leisure when we do not have free time
 we cannot be ourselves when time renders us not.
 Harden not your hearts to the ways of wicked men
 for the wicked need more love than we can give
 Be understanding to those who talk foolish
 for how can fools learn if we are too foolish to perceive their talk
 we cannot, therefore, teach them the truths of the moment

Perception could possibly be one
 of the most important qualities of today's life and time
 Are we coming of the age for the moment
 when we can perceive and realize the existence of walls
 But yet we are blinded.
 Will we notice
 Will we see our own walls

In the midst of all serenity, out of nowhere
 come barriers that lock us outside of ourselves.
 We live in a time of self-centeredness
 yet we do not see our real self.
 Materialistic dreams disillusion us
 to the point where we live in fantasies
 longer life
 happier dreams
 more love
 so it seems
 Can't we all live longer to have happier dreams
 of more love and love
 Dream on you warriors of time.

A Passage of Time

I had to return to the Valley of Paez
to study on this thing called feelings
It is quite different than thought
yet it is a part of reality
It seems not all decisions are logical
and some contain things called pain and hurt
But how can that be better than doing things logically
you are not required to live in torment
Yet emotions gain something called happiness
Yet I believed thought was the only thing intangible.
You cannot grasp happiness, it must grasp you
or does it just come as you make feelings apart

These things I must learn of
I cannot just think them out
I guess I must experience them
to learn what emotions are about
And your heart is a big part
and it is as powerful as your mind
But can they be one to work as a whole?

One

Can I become whole
Can I become as one
I was once as just a mind
The power to think on my own as I will
But now I feel
I can feel the coldness of pain
And I can feel the warmth of love
It has made a new challenge for me
But won't these as two separate parts
They must be one
A mind to think
A heart to feel
But together to make decisions
What is evil and what is good

Paez was just a fantasy
I want to be capable to control
To control my thoughts and feelings
To live as a whole
I can live through pain
But I want to harness it to learn
To learn through past experiences
But not to live through them twice

What I Think and How I Feel

I do not want you to think
That I am talking from the top of my head
Because what I think and how I feel are the same
You say you cannot live like that
But that is alright
I don't expect you to live like me
I don't expect you to accept my philosophies
But accept me
For this is how I must live

Heart and Mind are one
Just begun
Begun justified
Are you satisfied
Or do I care
To be anywhere
Where I care to be
To be free
Free to be
Free to control
What I hold
In my mind and heart
It is a start

Forward

I wanted to go forward
I worked to go forward
not take a step back

this is good
shall I forever grow
until it is time for me to die

In purposeful stride I strive to be for others
need the life I can breathe on them

But where has it gone
how can I breathe the life into others
without taking the backroad in time

Out Front

everything
out in front of me
I had to move forward
in time
but needing to see
where I came from
for where I am now
to be not knowing
of the path I've taken
to have direction
but not recourse

where I have gone
not where I'm going
where have I been
help me find how I've grown

so I can be a full person
to help others in their trials
soon to be a winner
of the life I have chosen

to be not knowing of
the path I've taken
to have direction
but not recourse

Self-definition

I am myself to no one else
I live to prove my worth
I don't care if I go any where
I have my own little earth

I am sensitive and things seem to hurt me
But even when things go wrong
I allow myself and no one else
Sing my little song

I'm all curled in my little world
Into my little safe cuckoon
Until I'm ready I won't leave
Anytime too soon

Until I leave my little room
Other's problems can just go away
And I will only see that which gives me life
I will do what I may

Speaking

Howdy
 I don't know what to say
 I ain't much in the mood for writing
 But I'm hoping it'll get me through the day
 In the deep dark corners of depression
 I'm thinking along the lines of suicide
 But in my mind I know that isn't logical
 So I guess I'll just have to ride
 And I wish there was someone by my side

Why do I have to hit it all alone

I'm listening to music from the disillusionment period of war
 I guess it kind of matches my mood
 It's a diversion, but it helps with the pain
 Outwardly lately to others I'm crude - maybe rude
 I know I've said this plenty times before:
 I wish I understood what I am going through,
 But if I did I guess I could cut it off
 But what do I do
 What is true - what to do

You mentioned I should make a goal for myself
 Oh yes, I've gone that route before
 I know it works but what should I do
 I don't know what I'm aiming for

Why do I have to do it all alone

God I know I shouldn't question you
 But what are you doing this for
 I know I'll probably learn from it
 It's been so long since I've been happy
 Patience Lord, I need a little more
 To go through what I'm going through

Teach me

The Image

A cold wind blows down from those frightening hills
 Upon the scales that have gathered on my face
 I walk into the valley, a valley of darkness and uncertainty.
 It is a plain so smooth, so smooth the black of the sky is
 Reflecting with a profound darkness.
 One cannot perceive the depth of the darkness-
 In the distance are the mountains which try to hide,
 In their sinister way,
 The only light which enters the void of this valley:
 The light of the Paezitorian moon.
 As I walk toward the mountains, toward the light,
 Sharp rocks grow up all around me,
 They grow up out of the ground.
 I walk cautiously toward the light to escape the shining points
 That cut into my skin.
 I look up in hope and despair, and I see-
 I see a dome covering this scene.
 The dome closes in and encases the valley of the Paezitorian
 moon.
 I am locked in this valley.
 I am destined to follow the light of the moon.
 I am closed in, but I am a traveller, surrounded by darkness,
 But with my eyes fixed to the light.

Where Was I Way Back When

Where Was I Way Back When,
 When things didn't seem to matter much
 It seems as though I had always been out on my own
 And now it seems as though
 We realize someone's out there
 But my heart has turned to stone

At first I believed I was living
 In the center of the world
 Everyone's life was in relation to
 My needs, wants, and desires
 But I feel I have drifted
 To an orbit outside of others
 Because I'm not being fulfilled
 As I ask more and more the world tires

What is it I want?
 Sympathy, a pat on the back?
 Empathy, a friendly chat?
 What is it I need?
 An open arm, a comforting thought?
 A life that's charmed, love that's not caught?

When it began, I tried to look for it
 But it seemed as though I must create it myself
 I tried to create my own world
 To be my own being
 But it became a lonesome room of nothingness,
 Like being lost on a plateau of ice
 And what new form of life should this plateau bring

Life Blood

I am your life blood
I move you; I send you
I take you on a journey
I make you happy
I make you sad
I give you freedom
I start your revolution
However violent or silent
I begin your day and end it too
I combat countless hours of restlessness
I relax you in sleepy hours
Some elders say they hate me, though they don't understand
Some youngsters say they love me, though they do not know
I am complex beyond all complexities
I am simple and laidback
I am true to life
I am life itself
I am your emotions and thoughts
What am I?

In God We Trust and Teach

You reap what you sow
So sow it now
When we soon grow up
We will know how

When we learn the truths
Have cause to teach
For in God we trust
For goals we reach

Tradition it is
For parents send
Their lives upon us
Children to mend

So now we say what we feel
For what good wisdom we steal
But no matter how we feel
We can't express it yet

Epilogue

The majority of my writing has been non-fiction. As an academic, most of my time dedicated to writing has been spent reporting research and offering theoretical explanations in the discipline of communication. Although it is questionable whether I have matured in the intervening years, hopefully my writing has matured.

I still write creatively, from time to time. My father has set to write a family history based on years of genealogical research. And my sister is working on an autobiography of my mom. Storytelling has become a rich source of inspiration in my family. However, I find that the majority of my musings still tend toward reflection and self-analysis.

These poems are presented with no apologies. I am not embarrassed by them because I know they were part of a journey. But life is too short not to pay attention during the journey, and too short not to remember from whenst I came.