

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Christopher Siders: "What a Wonderful World"

Christopher · Wednesday, June 15th, 2016

(*"Tomorrow's Voices Today"* is a new series curated by poet and educator Mike Sonksen.)

Raw anomalous twitches
tempted to open my skull
and break down my mind into tiny increments
to witness my thoughts float in a distance
and perform a tarantist dance with spirits
asking them to kill me a few times
just to feel alive with Alice
she jumped through a hole in my heart
following a rabbit
to work wonders in this boarded mansion
filled With red hourglasses
That dangle off the corners of growing cobwebs,
while Charlotte
sings of Marvin's sad tomorrows on vinyl
My inner child screams
holding a blue rose
feeling the mercy from thorns
that left a trail of ignited petals
through majestic meadows
looking to settle my conscious on senile
sailing across my journey of guilt trips
arise hallucinations
understand anguish is my education
to piece enigmas jaded
rebuild the genesis
fly down memory lane as a phoenix
to paint a bigger picture in the translucent ceiling
where I once heard that if I look closely,
I can see god staring at me
while I Watch crystals fall
through a crack in his pupils

my beautiful heroine bloodshot comes to the rescue
save me from my future troubles
I don't want to write anymore poems
please
save me from my future troubles
I don't want to write anymore poems
That make my bones ache,
irritate the madness vase
when trauma states a question,
hidden inside each capsule medicine
asking where happiness is
while taking 200mg of contentment
unconsciously ruin relationships seeking Atlantis
with 400 mg of magic to
silent the wrath of loud negligence
and show my friends that love still exists
I hate these feelings I had since
an angel blew dust in my lungs
giving me adrenaline for the mile run to heaven
so god can finally meet his long lost son
caught with 600 mg of clenched fists
chained to visions of a white picket fence
If reality hits bliss, I rather stay ignorant
I remember Linda gave me a "worry no more" kit
around the time a guy forced sex without consent
the instructions read to
vent to tiny mannequins
that'll dismantle negatives
and become antiseptic
Inhale life for 4 seconds
then exhale cigarettes for 8
attempt to let go of the dismay my mirror creates
unable to see the so-called saint,
some folks say I am
While I collapse in the depths of my cursed skin
I continue to relapse on childhood mischiefs
paint the concrete red
with blood dripping from they eyelids
and resort to masculine violence
Giving into vices
during a crisis
Imagine Heavy use while in private
not willing to realize
the temporary refuge in confusion
Endure emotional abuse
thinking I'm stupid for not confirming
like my restless youth did
love is the mission

with sleep paralysis, Imprisoned
condemn myself to peel dead words
off of open wounds to resurrect lessons
and let time reduce my sentence
I wonder when my mind will acquit me of all these regrets
from disrespecting my parents to not forgiving my cousins
my grandfather attempting to receive an abundance
between the thick lines of paper
lies my savior that holds ink
and allows me to educate my enemy
To proceed to abort maturely out of the crypt I was building
six feet beneath the floor,
so I won't crash on yours
while mourning the death of Shalonda Banks
and my father dealing with prostate
moms begging me to stay strong for us
when I don't even know,
who I am or who I was yesterday
snap back to the party
with the blunt coming my way

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