

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Jean Paul Guadamuz: Two Poems

Jean Paul Guadamuz · Monday, February 2nd, 2026

Existentialism

Everything cannot be deciphered, a hard truth
X's across my medulla oblongata, covering it
In death I wish to be cremated, thrown, and maybe forgotten
Sisyphus, felt more pain through intense tediousness, so I shouldn't?
The way I walk and talk, like a human fly, a weirdo, I think with cramps in my brain
Existing should be what I want to do, not what is ordered to me, by none other but my mother
Neither heart or mind should dictate my actions, but my destiny, or so I see how Pessoa puts it
Thoughts flourish my mind with haste, what would my 20's be like, what do I want to do with my life?, who am I?
In Life, I wish to do the best I could for others, despite my pessimism
All of my life, I wanted to be perfect, but supposedly up above says otherwise
Living is pain, anyone could endure it, but no one could truly learn how to embrace it, that is because those who embrace it, understand at their last breaths
In the afterlife is what I'm most afraid of
Shunning wanting to live old, live fast, die young
More thoughts conjure in my cerebrum, should I not worry anymore and become a failure? Or worry the most and die alone?

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Ghost

I'm in love with her ghost
And I hug this apparition every night on my couch
I believe every word she whispers
I am gladly in her hex

I believe she might be a poltergeist by the way she is close to me
I love her cold embrace, feels nostalgic
I want to etch her eyes into my skin
And I will never look away from those eyes again

I want her to possess me and take control
To see I love you spelled out in a Ouija board is all I want
And I would take my own life just to see her on the other side
Too bad I don't believe in the supernatural

(Featured image from [Pexels](#))

This entry was posted on Monday, February 2nd, 2026 at 2:58 am and is filed under [Tomorrow's Voices Today](#), [Poetry](#)

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