

For the Sake of Me.  
a collection of thoughts  
by  
J. A. M.



# *for the sake of me*

*written by*  
*jessyca antonia martinez*



*dedicated to the dragons  
& all that carry a piece of me with them...*



*moments i have moved through in my life have felt for the sake of everyone else. my thoughts are a production for consumption. what a life so dull to live about, so wasted. i spend my time watching the sunrise, smoking while the sky is on fire to hope to be filled with the same warmth. to feel inspired. of course what i write is a matter of me, but i truly believe i have lost myself and the connection i once shared to certain things. rediscovery comes with new inspiration, new motivation. pardon me as i try to write for me, for the sake of me.*

## *tales of misery*

*too much of me is miserable. my insanity seeps through the stories because i have not been confident in what i write, pride has never fueled my poetry. i am scared to say what i say when i say it, which should never be the case because i am words; along with everything that comes with them. as these moments i have lived for everyone else begin to build up, i am learning to break them down, write them out, understand them from a personal perspective. my writing will forever weep of me, but recently i have struggled for it to feel from me. these are the tales of my misery.*

misfortune

*i miss when what ran through my veins was pure  
confidence with absent negligence  
before i stained my skin with silver  
crossed contaminated elements in blood  
irreversible chemical reaction  
inevitable catastrophe  
maybe oblivion is the only harmony  
where life was no more than the dark  
opposition of what blankly lies here  
what of this world fuels me?  
misfortune seems to be all that runs through me  
stays when i walk away  
the suffering remains*

misplaced pieces of peace

i am trying to make a home of here  
morph my own answers to fit the puzzle  
i do not care for muse  
no direction to my dialect  
pinball with my eyeballs  
score a thought  
i need no more confusion  
rather you leave me be  
please walk away before you rip me  
tear me to tomorrow  
take over the tale of my misery  
swallow my gold  
sometimes i fear i will never be whole  
and writing will take me on a never ending toll  
of missing it all and making it muse  
maybe going crazy  
maybe never finding my truth

these days

i have been reading  
and hardly writing  
and dreaming of love  
sleeping with stories you've shared  
touching myself to the moon  
burning all my eyelashes off  
by noon a new earthling  
take me to spring  
these days i do not feel much like me



the painter

*i painted my walls the shade of wake up  
and kept away from cursive  
and it still happened on accident  
like cancelation  
and the connection that color leaks of our eyes  
everything that rises feels just right  
the sun and his sinner  
the moon and his mister  
my spirit is for dinner*

december 5th

*the house is quiet and the christmas tree is bright.. and life is so confusing. and i am so cold; a result of no heater and a lack of love. i wish i knew what it was about me, about my aura that keeps people from me in situations where i should blossom. i don't know if i have a dark shadow casted upon me or an intimidating one. the clock is ticking louder and it matches my heartbeat; just like every situation when my mind goes dark and the room can't seem to find me. my creative genius goes unrecognized and truly i am sick of the shadows.*

nowhere

*in the middle of nowhere  
i have lost my memory  
of you and oranges and love  
forgotten odes to pain and pleasure  
the opals glow down from above  
casting spell of lust tension and visions  
of us from years ago  
and in years to tell  
adrenaline and amygdala errors  
i'm losing all control in my limbic  
laughter is running thin  
and i am fueled with sin*



11:11

*i write i wrote the way i feel*

*impulsively*

*instantly*

*never making it right*

*focus on making it through*

*i have forgotten to feel for me*

*lost in my own mind*

*missed inner focus*

*clinging to cliché pulling from wrong memory*

*consuming too much of a moment*

*thoughts for sale*

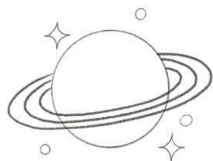
*soul forsaken*

*tongue tied to expectation*



below seventy

where do we go when nothing is left  
when my fingers stay numb to the cold  
and my bones cannot articulate what runs through me  
when it all goes to dusk  
writing between is where i write best  
fingers mimicking these moments  
most precious parts placed in the middle of my everything  
i am a mess  
no line connects  
cannot phone me from space  
where is peace  
  
.. i am tired



when misery & i shared a drink

*i am losing patience to the unnumbered days  
the heartbreak and cognac hidden in pockets  
the defeat and victory of a swallow  
what i anticipated to be more glacé than it was bland  
aching to brand new  
i fear future is a distant memory  
wish i never knew what i knew when it was all news  
a tease of my time behind the scenes of my eyes  
searching for my next line about nighttime  
so close i wonder if i'll find it somewhere on the other side  
outside this life  
my tears to ink once again  
to shredded pages  
a mess of my mess  
clueless to circumstance*



brickwall

lately my brain has been boarded up  
embracing books on shelves  
because something got the best of me  
blues in my arch  
numb thumbed  
perception turned against me  
concussed articulation  
messed up will in what matters  
a life of scatter after you  
pain in my pockets  
pleasure in the wrongs  
pick up the pace between lips  
as mine stay shut  
like the lids that leak dreams we have failed to follow  
where sorrow boarded them up in abandonment

the feelings of now....

with k.m.

all i sense feels recycled

exhausted through memories

i cannot meet the words in the middle

only overindulge in the overload

and try to forget the path to the past

focus on the fresh

retrace all our thoughts

lose myself in the leaves of my doodles

find syllables for my silly

damp an everlasting feeling



arizona

*no coincidence climate keeps heat  
in the city of my terrors  
i feel far from whole in wanderlust  
where you forget love  
beat down bumpers and broken mirrors  
i am astray  
there is unreservedly nothing here  
fighting for what is left for me  
no emotions to transform  
frozen around fear  
no words around here  
growing slower  
short-winded in wonder  
stacking books behind blown-out back windows  
and despondency under bruised blubber  
trouble follows man-made trail  
pulled from a dream  
to here  
begging to be heard*

*the city of sun has burnt me out  
and i stumble in route on sticks  
with stones of a shattered heart  
but my words happen to heal  
as they have  
as they always will*

melancholy

*morning lately has carried the weight of a full day*

*sinking into desolation*

*till i drown in dejection*

*follow mislead examples*

*indigestion from the anxiety*

*intoxicated from the melancholy lingering*

do you see me?

i spend too much time watching my step  
scatter in my brain  
smoke pinching eyes  
same old six am

except the sun is not warm  
started said scriptures over again  
and over  
again they go over  
wasting wit  
treading through thoughts  
intrigue me before i hit insanity  
or maybe that is where we meet  
a destination meant to be  
save me if you see me  
shrink me to transparency



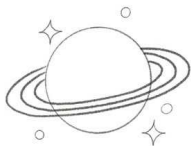
aching again

some days i can feel too much of my bones and how they move.  
and i wonder if the sky is the reason or if some answer lies in  
astrology. i really could not tell you what keeps me going at this  
present time. i am so tired and i do not eat and i spend my  
mornings in the mountains, which may be the only offering of  
sanity to surround me... solitude at its finest... in darkness, with  
risk of being devoured of what lures in these shadows under the  
moon. i cannot write. i can only think about you. and today i feel  
too much of me to make sense of you.



retrograde retrospect

the world seems too big sometimes  
till existence resonates. . .  
till sunset reminds me of a place far from here  
with feelings i've never felt  
acids i will never drop. . .  
or drip into streams  
dips into waters that scintillate  
seeds that will never please my insides  
or maybe they were planted when i was no more than the mist of  
space  
before the midst of change  
tethered to sorrow  
tossed to an expedited flame



scattered like a scribble

bombastic poems for breakfast  
and i was out of milk so i used like blood  
as a sane person would do  
dual with the overdue  
blocked out the sun  
and waited for that to make sense  
and i forget about about scribbles  
till the letters tied themselves too closely  
six p.m. starts to feel like seven  
or it is  
and i am pulling the loose threads  
till the last strand of hair  
and make my wishes come true  
with sacrificing all my eyelashes  
and i leave footprints on the ceiling  
turn up the a/c  
freeze my thoughts from thinking

soul sunset

we drive into sunset  
my eyes turn to honeydew  
his conversation feels a cure  
his kiss a curse  
lucidity is pressed into the psilocybin  
as words of mine run off these pages  
drip into my persona  
cruising over our hypocritical  
misguided in the silence  
since missed opportunity  
malnourished and we are under focused  
end my days when the sunbeams say farewell

our love was ignited by the sun  
what a fool of the sky for making us say goodbye

crying before sunrise

my eyes water their sadness  
before i have time to wipe away leftover sleep  
when i am left alone to worry about right  
fingernails climb the mountains of my face  
soak in what i am  
wipe away the unfortunate leaking  
question capabilities of weak connection  
the lost letters sent off to stars  
mismarked envelope kisses  
insufficient stamps for such a loaded package  
the sniffles sneak up  
day is still night  
and i have felt it all  
before sunrise



*misread misfortune*

*misunderstandment can fuel the resentment of living. a lot of situations i was placed in to learn from, i misread. a lot of situations i was placed in with people who could not comprehend the matters of my living or my motivations. it is very easy to become lost in this world, and as i stumbled through my mistakes i was failing to learn from them. only to be led to my own misinterpretation of a lot of things and misrepresentation of myself to others. here, luck felt to be running out because of my hesitation to the answers. living in fear is the failure of proper expression and when trapped in it, i could not leave behind an essence i truly reeked of.*

till next time

*the birds are singing again*

*but the song is different*

*and all my dreams are coming true as nightmares*

*i have written so many poems*

*and cried into my coffee*

*found words for wounds*

*to feed my curiosity*

*still i feel absurd in my flesh*

*crazy with tranquility*

*greens aren't hitting much more*

*eyes are kept from seeing*

*no explain to the disappearing*

*left in loss*

*lost amongst the burning moss*

*keep it honeyed*

*keep it coming*



what do you think of me?

*under the trees, does the breeze feel like my laugh? do the birds  
tell you of i back home? of the writing words saying too much  
about you and what falls from trees while fall greets. i miss you  
when night is longer and you may be with her. sneaking into my  
dreams and still failing to reach me. waking only to wonder, what  
do you think of me?*





overload

*the loaded mind needs dumping*

*thoughts tossed overboard*

*somehow that is misleading*

*i am more than what you know*

*what i allow you to think*

*of me*

*my storms*

*getting lost at sea*

*drinking greens*

*matcha and the moon*

*and too much to fucking think*

*there is too much of me to read*

*and never ending additional writing*

how the wind picks up

clouds have consumed the blues  
thirty-three minutes before three  
there's a knot in my neck  
the wind begins to sing  
till she roars with fallen tears  
and the day asks for sacrifice  
spins of the same sync  
surrendering to serotonin scavenging  
squinting eyes following strangers  
some cheer for awarded bases  
the sound of reversing is unappealing  
and my spelling is never healing  
and rhyming is starting to taste different



miss misunderstood

the only emotion i am incapable of controlling is frustration  
as i have been falsely informed  
and living is frustrating  
from corner to keepsakes  
aching blisters, angry feelings  
my focus on the half empty  
instead of the half of me that is living  
quiet in-between everkept  
quite the space i did not trust  
all the rugs pulled out from  
the reason why is beneath me  
evil breathes in every room  
hell is a place of memory  
in an everyday routine it haunts me

my thoughts are contradictions

i do not think anger is fire  
i think it is as frozen as snow  
cold and feels like nowhere  
and somehow i crave cold most  
i think what is warm can replenish  
sometimes i do not deserve that in my i's  
the things i think  
what i have been allowed to seek  
how could others ever read me  
the things i let speak hardly say anything  
and perception can only take people so far  
almost always contradicting  
but somehow that is best for me



*i miss coffee runs and reasons to write  
when sun was honeyed*

*offered solace*

*i miss bike rides and wilted books  
isolation turn to masterpiece  
when words flowed*

*flowers grew*

*i miss my smile and spring  
when will this make sense to me*

solstice

winter brings worry to my well-being  
wake up toss and turning  
taking two lanes while driving  
twisted roads that are broken apart but never go crooked  
like smiles that whisper lies to me  
frosted countertops  
and endless spinning  
two burners burning  
the settling fumes get you high  
tears overboiling  
ink dripping out its cartridge  
pardon my excitement to consume it  
swallow it whole to make stories of my insides  
till spring comes  
and time has come to say goodbye



mountain top

*i fear my inability to be brave robs me of my intellect*

*in most places*

*place all this pressure on pain and to make noise of my pleasure*

*.... what i fuck and the fucks i give*

*bite my tongue into a cliffhanger*

*and i want nothing more than to be free*

*but a mind of mine has thoughts of landmines*

*detonating tension*

*equanimity truly intrigues me*

*it is all i have strived for since my soul discovered body*

*unfortunately i just do not understand right now that path before  
me*

*but the words will meet sensibility*

*hopefully*

the taste of whiskey

sun beams diminish the daunting

shadows surf my body

eyelids burn to aerospace

i have had no lovers

lots of lost letters

and many mornings by the window

i have fallen for birds and their pleasant poetry

i have loved all these things

but not much has loved me



i cannot find the words

sometimes the air is so thick i forget that no breath before i speak  
will save my speech. i am so in my head all the time i forget to  
speak. no diction to be correct to describe the godly of you. what  
words exist to describe the matter you make of my brain while we  
sit here together in our silence. as music plays what we could say,  
here i sit and wait to find you in these spines. search the bones of  
books for words that will never fit for now, never come later. the  
words that will hide in cramps and kick my wit to the curb. i wish i  
knew the words. why can i not speak to you with the same  
charisma as my cursive writing...

?

*mystery makes a mess of my muse  
i need all details to remain true  
intimate in my articulation  
until then all told is tall tale  
all stories fit for universal situation  
emotion to chaos in the core  
reckless endangerment of the mind  
comfort at the end of each haiku  
stay when i lose focus  
and it shows in count of the syllables  
understand what makes of me through my sentences  
where i stand in confusion  
[of this world]*

difficult

*obviously i can be obnoxious*

*please take precaution before entering the eternal me*

*hard to exist in any mind that does not want the best of me*

*does not hold the full capacity to comprehend*

*struggling finding the solace of a single place*

*anywhere, i am not happy*

*i cannot feel warm*

*maybe in anger and sun*

*butterflies in lust*

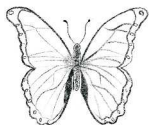
*i never knew love*

*except one that hurt*

*only sometimes, but still*

*there are trap doors in the soft grass*

*i am never safe*



to those whose eyes found letters that weren't for them  
my emotions run deep  
i carry the burden  
cannot say sorry for loving who i loved  
when i needed love  
when life lacked a lot of point of view  
somehow so much sense in lust  
what i feel feels  
the vehemence reels in motion and bookmarked territory  
to save the sweet spots  
when i explore books that tell stories that feel like us  
when i forget how to write my own  
passion howbeit pours as soon as a sun rises  
and as soon as star shine strikes,  
i dream of what i desire  
to awaken the eyes and do the same  
forever  
for every one  
for what i love and what continues  
what i'll ache through in the aftermath  
what you'll feel even in anger  
universal martyrdom  
and we all love when we need it  
accept it freely for as it is  
and maybe your eyes were mistakenly invited to the others  
this letter however is for you  
i hope to hear back soon



at a delusion distance

*i may admit i am delusional*

*i cannot keep a distance*

*i write this for you*

*to love only to leave*

*to waste a wish on forever*

*for my fondness to live on into the next*

*to feel when i find placidity far from you*

*maybe too much inside you*

*plant some seeds for my sake*

*i want you to stay*

*and if that day comes without you*

*i'll revisit these stories*

*the forever of my muse*

*and the leaves of our trees*

boring b!tch

*my hair holds no secrets to this lifestyle*

*i do not waltz with mystery*

*i cannot divulge my mind*

*explain what i have made of these last few weeks*

*as i transition into a different discomfort*

*i have no idea what i am doing*

*and people around me keep dying*

*mood set dull and the moon half full*

*and i cannot find any fucking words*

*exasperated beneath*

*tears sizzle to steam*

*i am (becoming) boring*



write it right

*i have seen cities lit in love  
and skies cry from pollution  
and eyes water with glitter  
and there are not words left to tell those stories  
because i used them all on ours  
a tale that tells it all  
the faith in a fall  
the salacity soaking in malmsey  
confusing consternation  
nirvana and nikes  
are you right for me?*



the pain of my pleasures

the pain of my pleasures

where you disguised truth

jelly tongues meeting match

march is making its way to us

matches lighting smoke to our graves

the sense burns away like incense

for something new

i beg of that at the least

from you

from the center of earth

from our planted seed

looking past the poison ivy





what color am i?

*i am poetry and coffee*

*a woman lost in a book awaiting the subway*

*yearn for me*

*seek me through more than home*

*take a trip to my mind*

*let my lyricism lead you to worlds far from here*

*stories of we*

*and i will swallow you whole*

*let you swim in my shallows*

*suck me of my sorrows*

*that is if i have the privilege of being the subject of the matter*

*previously to what will prevail*

*pursue me soon*

*or let confusion consume*

*we are free*

*it has taken the tribulations of breathing and the risk of  
mistrials in life to see this brighter day. the calm after the  
storm. where warmth radiates from my journal again and  
not only in agony. somehow swirling afloat in these  
moments of light beams... with so much grace. somehow  
when life is crumbling, i find where to be whole just right  
here... in a sentence of sentiment or silliness. i practice  
patience as of recently and i digest what is around me with  
more gratitude. with more eyes and a wider heart. i feel  
relieved. free. finally writing for me.*

welcome

*welcome to my cesspool of overindulgence*

*and the wonders i make of the inevitable*

*here i cannot stop the consumption for serotonin*

*conversation my only keepsake*

*of women*

*of love*

*of these words*

*of his eyes*

*what i would do to find ways to meet you all over again*

to the core

*i am not enigmatic*

*nor narcissistic*

*perhaps pessimistic*

*and i take it too far*

*guilty by association*

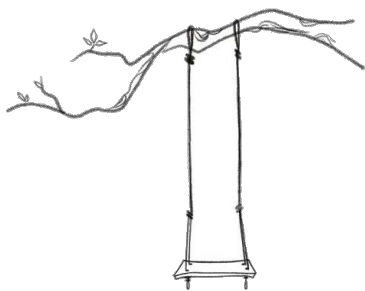
*clear mind till clouded judgment*

*forgive me for feeling it all*

*all the big of the small*

*forgive me into nothing*

*i am sick of fall*



*a droplet of defeat*

*somewhere smoking in the sunrise  
where birds wake to sing  
and i join along for peace  
patiently waiting  
patiently practicing  
painting over the punctures  
my life may be still  
but as the dew drops from eyes  
a droplet causes disruption  
and i'll always welcome the water in  
try for serene  
hope to stay clean*



black & white

words we missed today will fill the gaps tomorrow  
all the ticks of a clock i cannot stretch to be longer  
and lists i must cross  
with eyes missing above  
bombarded blushing  
ambushed in adrenaline  
another day goes by  
under the same sky  
such similar mind  
and never enough time

freeminded freestyle

*i have fallen in love with words*

*from afar*

*from a boy with opals as eyeballs*

*and an affection for awareness*

*mad to live and made to master love*

*free my madness*

*make me into masterpiece*

*misunderstand me only to stick around for the truth*

*free my mind– free my mess*

*make time to meet me in peace*

*that is where i look best*

gratitude

thankful for love that feels like the sun  
& kisses from fire  
smiles in museums  
poems that open portals  
art of the accidents  
water and smoking weed  
my will to write off the worry  
wrinkle up the wither  
waste tomorrow on yesterdays  
still grateful for that timeless taste





816

*tis the season i resonate*

*reflect and meditate*

*medicate the immortal pain*

*find pleasure again*

*find you*

*dance under rain*

*lose time again*

*amending loose ends*

*chase trees and turn them to these pages*

*—what i breathe*

*creation comes of the speech*

*living in ease*

when i feel whole

*i feel whole when the room sits still and art crowds the corners.  
i feel whole between the books i've written; grounding  
emotions. i feel whole submerged into love, when given space  
to show the stardust i leak. i feel whole far from earth; in the  
trips taken to forest, with sunlight dissolving off the squares. i  
feel whole even when mistakes are ridiculed, reaffirming that i  
am human. i feel whole right here, where vulnerability shines,  
and my words echo of comfort. i am whole when i write it all to  
let go.*

confused! too

stretch my soul to tears

sit in the puddle of imposter syndrome

what lacks

the numb in alter ego

self aware and still stuck in substance situation

playing with power that kills

powdered distills and manic dreaming

craving bullets to the brain for warmth

i know that feeling too well

hate that it resonates amongst lost souls

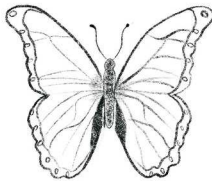
who fear what they already know

confused in their passions

i cannot be perceived as peace by everybody

oh!

*what a day to feel  
absorb the clueless blues  
soak in yellow hues  
orange spreaded delight  
so much to do  
time blows through the palm trees  
and my bones crave to break even  
a redo season  
see me through with reason  
i want full sensation  
where the clouds get kisses that turn them pink  
and eventually the ends meet  
i make sense of the void for the time being  
oh!  
what a day to be*



hmmm

and what i fear has met the hour  
break my love before i give it to you  
subdue me blue in the brain  
no better days  
synchronize our couplets  
cut it short  
lure me in with the lyre melody  
write me off the world  
where i'll fall just in time  
somewhere to the sun  
usually too soon i shatter  
before the new season sings  
and hums fill the half full things

'make peace with your unlived life'

sometimes i think credit goes overdue  
and we hold on too tightly to what could have came  
and i never say thank you to myself for making the best of  
what was  
under the trying times  
mistaking the beauty of light  
blinded through the days—sleepless in the night  
temper tantrums in sorrow & snow  
in the fruition of my blessings i want more  
missing the moral of every moment  
leading to confusion in gratitude  
play the soundtrack to nirvana please  
the urgency to know what i will never live is killing me  
just this once let my mind be  
mourning morphing to tranquility

here i stand  
here i breathe  
here i find peace



con mi cafecito

sometimes i sit out here  
wonder if my nana is near  
when colors fly by  
when fire wakes the sky  
where she waves from trees through leaves  
telling me to breathe  
through the moments that feel of suffering  
to sip what feels safe and hold on tight  
inhale what gives faith  
everyday sheds brighter light

*lately love is the color green*

*lately love is the color green*

*like his eyes*

*and the money that is missing*

*both i yearn most for*

*both i believe to be better to my blues*

*to compliment the hue of the iris*

*the hums you let slip between a kiss*

*like moans to other lips*

*lately love is the color i see you in*

*every shade in every color*

*and especially green*

*he is the color of trees*

*everything i breathe*

*reeks of a soft envy*

*for words he could bring to life before me*



2:22pm

*it is passed the due diligence to share my safe place  
where i have ran to heaven  
and it feels a lot like home  
and also like hell  
i am pronounced in all places  
in crowded misery and celebrating gaiety i am the same  
light  
a golden hour at least twice a day  
even in nether regions  
i am healthy  
i am undefeated  
rich with peace  
i am the honey of my iris  
the ink  
i am love  
i am the moon in all phases  
especially when it goes missing  
i start where i finish  
i am free  
the wind of yesterday  
the breeze that came by today  
i am water  
i am a garden of wonder  
i am your summer  
i am an astounding writer*



patience

*perhaps i begin patience here*

*forgive me for waiting to find ways to articulate*

*sometimes only slumber offers such stars to mind*

*to understand*

*to devour*

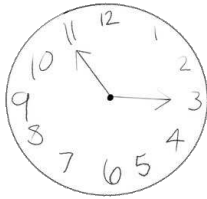
*study my words if you are willing*

*tie them to your tone*

*a beam such as my being*

*a mind of mine*

*i can only predict you taste sweeter with time*



ispy

inside my book bag contains fantasy  
wrapped in browns and blue  
words to use  
all the shade i need  
make believe in baggies  
strawberry fizz in tubes  
and green poison  
my secrets building to success  
and i can never shut the fuck up  
the glitter of yesterday  
shame of my concealed mess  
shades of yellow  
pages of pastels

slumber

*i was stuck in a sixteen hour slumber  
dreaming of wherever you run off to  
our bodies entangled  
transcending between adventures in the hourglass  
diligence in finger movement  
and his spark  
words like a wizard  
and maybe this is all myth  
it'll write itself however be it  
and i'll still be sleeping*

love is an open flame

here i keep the same thought  
what feels of sex in the unsaid  
tension an everlasting echo  
i want peace and purpose  
prose and petals  
to go crazy...  
bedridden of love  
but of course beside fire  
and whatever i turn of the ashes



through this project i did not force words, i did not taint this collection with expectations. for many years i have been afraid of the far-fetched; for many poems i have only written the parts i thought you wanted to hear from me. for the sake of me and the sake of my poetry i did push myself into different circumstances. with this book this time i acted upon things for experience instead of a chance of prosperity.. i wrote with time, i did not tie my will to live with my will to write. i wrote to make it right where it hurt. to heal and hear myself more clearly, not to share. what i chose to share is more special for that reason, i wanted to give a piece of my past to you. this book is the madness of my membrane and the love i am finding for life again. i have fallen in love with small moments since i was a child because those moments were my only proof of the gratification.. as i have said before, those who get it will never let it go, those who do not speak my language can study life more, then come back later; or maybe you will never get it and i have learned that is okay! for the both of us. for the sake of us. for the sake of me, stay away if you are clueless to what i say. i do not desire to explain what i have written anymore.

i plan to take on this world with my two hands open. accept what falls in front of me and learn to slow down in everything. how i walk, how i talk, how i think, how i write, how i fall, how i love. i am sick of how i miss it all trying to quickly gobble it down. for years to come i want to take my time; i want to move slower with my craft and with everything that extends out to me. i want to live in a moment long

enough to fully process it. i wish to not seek hiatus every mishap and instead swallow it as it is, deal with it moment by moment. the future cannot use the present me, nor can the past be helped by whatever can be done today. the only plan i have for now is to enjoy where i am, to control what i think during the occurrence of a moment. i want to be more present to the people i love. i want my emotions to play as they are and i want people to understand them. i want to be understanding and i crave so desperately to be understood, just a little, by myself; from my own eyes. and i will be. the only way to get there is by logging off from the world and tuning into myself. what i keep around me shall only feed me inspiration, i want less frustration from my life. i want happiness and a healthy home for my mind. i know i am here already, i just need to change my focus. the life i want has always been mine, my perspective however has been altered by an angry world and open wounds. there is so much pettiness that crowds my heart and keeps me from connections. i hoard the emotions i'm scared to feel far away and forget about them. i forget to feel them again or recognize what they are, or where they come from. i am so ready to run; some may excuse that for ambition but the truth is, i am afraid. fear. fear consumes me in almost every moment. what i fear i usually run from unless it is brought to me under unusual circumstances. when i am forced to face things i can be fearless, it is then i experience some sort of magic that i still can't seem to find an excitement to feel again. for what feels like forever in my life i have always been running and trying to survive; chasing buses or recharging my power cards and others. waking to wars and always trying to find peace somewhere because my mind was unsafe. for much

of the time where i called home was pure negligence. somehow when everything hurt i found some missing piece of me in writing. the thrill of a secret is what kept it so sacred to me. watching and rewriting the parts i wanted to be different. i discovered a superpower and my first ever real pleasure to live. it has been the hardest thing to be a writer because all i feel is everything i am. everything that fuels my craft comes from my core that has been disrupted positively or negatively. what i wish to seize is only written about rather than fulfilled and sometimes i am learning that that is the same thing actually. but when does it feel like i have shared too much? or when do i part the right and wrong in self sacrifice for the next line? i want a balance between the two; what i live for and what i write for. however, as a writer i do not know much of the difference between the two.

being alive is stressful. the expectations of understatement in every part you travel through are extremely high. personally, i believe most of us die without knowing anything. whether we have fried our brain cells to ashes or we willfully forgot to check back into books, we all die not knowing a single thing... only knowing what we wished to keep, what we wished to be true when it is all lies. you see the ramble of thought that comes from my manifesto? words are not even fucking real and they are my whole world. you see, that is the brain i have grown from. the contradiction that waters me. the need to say it all and try to make sense of it never works. rushing into anything, even thought, never works. i am never ready at the moment. i like to sit with what flows into my mind and soak in it. usually, if not always, i stay mute in real time because i want to make sense when i speak. i want my thoughts to be relatable instead of raw. i am tired of living that



way. i wish to say it all as it is, leave it with people to figure out on their own as i must do for myself. there is no fun in second guessing everything i say, everything i think. there was a very long period of time i did not write, no journal entries, no poetry, no school work, nothing flowed out of me. my mouth was stitched shut, but my mind never stopped moving. i think i had thought so much that my brain had a blockage.. i think writer's block is not the absence of words but the literal blockage of them. they are too hoarded, too cramped together. it is almost as if your creativity is constipated. as a writer to me there is no living without writing, there is no writing without living, there is no living without loving, there is no writing without loving; all of these things to me are interchangeable and pile up wherever it is they come from when one is lacking. i remember that i have always written and when words are not pouring out of me, i am incapable of being myself. i cannot love or live. still sometimes all i yearn for is to do nothing and still write about everything. that may be because sometimes existing in certain areas drains me and sometimes just that possibility is enough for me to choose to stay away. but sometimes the idea of transforming a moment into words, words that people eat like candy to take them to somewhere i have been.... sometimes that fuels everything i live for. it is all i write between. it sparks what i need inside me to seek a world outside of my head no matter the probability of backfire. in those times i have given you guys every part of me, as much as i love writing, i transformed my love into an obligation.. i wonder where i can go from here. what i can take from these verses, how i grow from future pain. i am far from perfect but perfectly me; i am indeed myself and i am always writing...metaphorically, and physically. I normally do not share a story entirely for the sake of

others involved, but with this one this is me. In this story i had the superpower of serving myself to the table, so if you hadn't read closely go back and read some more. place the pieces together; the poems from the previous publishings.

*for the sake of me* is too special to only call it special. i believe every true creative conscious has a moment eventually between two projects where they wonder if they are doing what they love or what others love. it takes more than only time to figure out how to not live for that funk; the feeling of nothing making sense and nothing sounding like it's coming from yourself. where your voice feels stolen rather than lost. i hope as you traveled through these chapters you got a true sense of my passion that is the ink of my poetry. I write from a place deep inside me that slowly dies when i do not allow her to speak. as you reach this end i hope you and i can see a clearer eye-to-eye on crazy. more importantly, how there is no poetry without a little crazy, and how a little crazy is normal everywhere. how my writing will flourish into every city, and sing through every street because it is a universal language. my thoughts are comforting cushions to those who can hardly handle or recognize the difficult emotions that invite themselves in. I am always so confused about where i will land, or who i will become in this life and the next one. I have grown to be so afraid of change and scared of what can wither. Sometimes moments in my life fly by and i have no recollection because i am just worrying and waiting for the day i have to say goodbye. i shed too many tears waiting on what should have happened instead of living these moments out with everyone who means so so much to me. i owe the hearts that beat close more of myself than i have been willing

to give up. as i struggle to survive or write or wake, i leave a lot of what i love behind. for some reason i have fallen for discussing it later with myself, in journals stamped with watermark tears. i do not know where i lost my will to speak or where i left my voice, but as i find her i thank those who keep patient.. as i traveled through this project i came to the conclusion that in order to get the full effect of chasing my dreams, i must see them through with new eyes, and a deeper mind. i do not know what the future has for me nor do i anticipate seeking it till it comes. all i know as of right now is my writing, my journals, my pens, my thoughts, all that will stay with me even underneath. I know that i have not wanted anything else in this life but to express myself through different forms of literacy. it is my calling to feel what i feel and make it infinite for someone else to feel for themselves.

i cannot thank your eyes enough for meeting this ending. the emotions poured into this project were genuine. and hard as hell to live through. to learn for myself and the sake of my poetry. this book has been everything else before it was this one. it is the most precious piece i have put together since my first poetry book. my number five. some of you have read every piece from my first sanity sacrifice and i hope this one stands out to you as it does to me.

a fresh voice,

a braver tone.

till number six, thank you.

*\* j.a.m.*

