



...you have unlocked something new

THIS JOURNEY BELONGS TO

*for all those who hurt
for us
from my words*



MANIFEST

a collection of words from
*jessyca antonia
martinez*



*to all those who seek everlasting
creativity*

i have devoted years of my life to embracing the beauty of all those who craft. my mind, body, and spirit have thrived off creativity and dreams that shine amongst stars- throughout my journey along all of you, i have paused and transformed all the fortune, misfortune, beauty, and all that lies between into words that can move mountains. i wish for nothing more than an opportunity to be heard, to relate to anybody. i hope you enjoy what i must say- raw, deep, sweet, sour. manifest greatness from the dirt. shine. thank you

ORIGIN STORY

where it began

where i am from is so dear close to my heart.

my lifetime in a city of expressed art, pain,
and passion exposed to me freely. that is to

my own sacrifice. i have enjoyed the time

between the perimeters and how they
shaped me. i hope you walk lightly through
the locution of my words. my story would be
zilch without where i come from. cheers to

never living blandly.

the ride to see is so troublesome yet

insightful, take it all in.

create from it.



since womb

you feel so small in this world when you
cant be there
mentally underdeveloped
time wasted wondering when it all went
wrong
where you patch it all up
a life of an aching empath
fast-growing stems of self sufficiency
seeing the moves made in the shadows
tears that slipped in silence
on nights i laid awake
avoiding nightmares
just so to be living realities
i believe i thrive greatest surrounded in
achievement
when you hurt
i hurt
when you cackle
i feel warmth
or perhaps my happiness planted yours

k-town on three

balanced body stepping along beige borders
the barrier of sand grains and green grass

mostly patchy

it does not rain much here

burton barr wednesdays



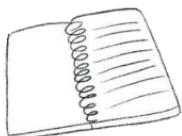
arizona tea and adolescent crushes

after activity walks to nanas

yellow school buses and mesh soccer jerseys

gifted programs and early body shaming

always feeling one step ahead



still stumbling one behind

sometimes felt like home

even in anguish

with friendship circles like second family

lost in books

too shy to speak

angsty afternoons

fingers that lost their way

and kisses too soon

safe havens ruined



why must the elysian fields glow with inferno

and when my time comes to go

bonds made to be will bind

one.two.three

too many nights of mine were sweat scented in the
seats
of a city bus
cozy up close to the window and its veil of trigger stop
one hundred and twenty six minutes till comfort
considering
whilst it wasn't tears on the bathtub floor
some nights turned claret

at night as i lay in my mess i dream with words
of words of the stories
to tell stories
of the horrors of inclination
you always rang my line
sang songs into my sleep
perhaps the prayers were my thread through

too many nights of mine were locked in
laid up top a pile of cobijas collected
through my matters of life
tears often dripped around the hours like an anniversary
in every room
in every space
in every lifetime
i pray it burn down

christmas lights in the springtime
cigarette smoke that lingers
chilies dangling from our skyline
colorful home always alive in the night time
caso cerrado con cafe playing through the day time
 mueve tu cabeza on loop
watching television from the rose beds
 eating carne asada to a setting sun
 my other world in these chambers
 snoozes con mi chiquita
 the light of the dark
till those times became what lies in the borders of you
 even so with cooked love
 such crooked love
 still safe love
 sometimes
 still a home
you are just too far gone to recognize

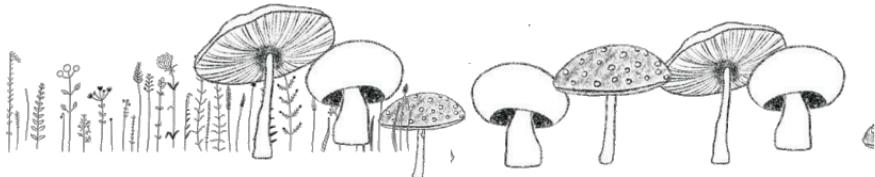


2546 farewell

i can see the little white flower faces from my window
and how the sun shines
i miss how it all used to be
sometimes it doesn't feel right to write in old journals
even in the abundance of blank pages
like they are different times in my life
with a broken a spine
coffee stain kisses like signatures
time stamps of sort
the words of moments that lead to the indulgence
of reminisce
it is fair to believe i keep my walls bare in hopes of
running away someday
flee bed sheets and their curses to ridden me
my past forever inflicts me in my constant visual
routine
one thousand one hundred twenty-seven days too
many
to dwell
to saturate in the irony of my everyday
twenty-five reasons to stay
forty-six reasons to go

south mountain sometimes

driving through the mountains feels magical during
juvenescence
mysterious and mystical
all the scorpio havens made of brick
follow the trails to the twitching rufescent signals
I wish i could swing hillside till the sky burst to its
dust
laugh into the city like nothing will matter in wicked
substance
failed cell phone reception
i was still blinded by the evil entities
for all i know that is all i will see
for forever to be
but the adrenaline in the curves of the concrete shall
be the balance
breathing in beauty of my city skyline
of my lifetime
never thought these moments would turn
to sometimes





summertime

sunbathing in blistering heat feels impossible to bear
without the dripping sweat of a popsicle
in the sea of silence perhaps the sizzle of a sidewalk
could clear a muggy day
of my own confusion

he never failed to pursue when pacific felt a mess
still rings your phone once around the sun
i guess summertime sounded best

the ring of a bell has yet to feel the same since o'twelve
i have not felt relief in voyage since you've been gone
but i suppose it is not all bad

i like the way freckles grow from sunshine
golden eyes

i like the rain even in my sweltering sunlight
it is the heaven in hell
water park wave pools
a miasma of sunscreen

the greasy bodies gather till moonlight somewhere along
a pictured beach
until the ripples hit full affect
and its time to say goodbye, be free
before it all replays
differently

roosevelt row

mota notas fill the noses across a horde of bodies
diversity vibrates- almost echoes between the tents

originality overspills into spirits
expressiveness is half the excitement

streets far from silence

i have fallen in love with act of art
the importance of human connection

first friday to first of my many

in these monthly moments no negative made an
impact

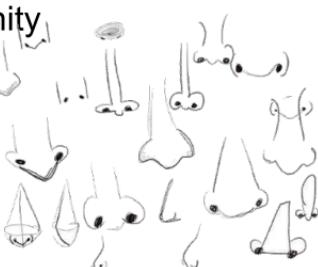
nowhere never existed

my world meets you in the middle as it always has
straight down a path i will forever follow

forever chase

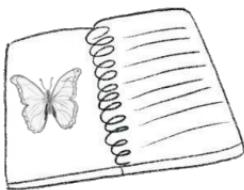
for others

for the sake of sanity
in creativity



vegas'09 **

a simple story to say the least
a summer so precious to me
the only child fantasy i had only got inside my dreams
a summer mourning micheal
moonwalking down the strip
microwaved s'mores and cinnamon raisin bagels
pathways of plants that kiss your skin slightly
birthday cake sunglasses that come with 5am
chocolate traditions
ice cream cones per request
barbaric blue plaid and ruby red lipstick
my grandma is sweet like the treats she bakes
like chocolate cherry cake
she squeezes me tight under firework light
writes me letters when i leave
my founded love language
thanks to she



CHILDHOOD (words)

from poverty and push pins
i was built from the ground up
learning how to gracefully destroy someone with the
presence of my own waves
childhood recycled minutes filling journals with
sketches of all the things i wished i could have
i created dream boards of my memories
memories of my past lives, mesmerized
mesmerized by the way that i've grown into my own
flower
the flower that blooms in the cracks of the sidewalks
seeds of sandía
sweet as sandía
sweet summer sunsets
sun kissed, freckled cheeks
stickiness of sticky notes passed
in a classroom- stuck between the pages
of a book
unknown



cruising down van buren street

sadness seeps into sidewalk cracks and potholes
spoons under stop lights
spun-out gazers following
sunset dreams

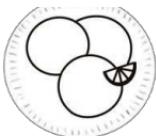
the pavement is pressed with poverty reeked of
piss
planes pursuing destiny
and clouds made of toxins

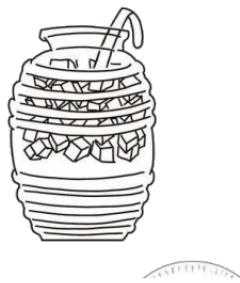
shoes are dangling from telephone wires
somewhere along the streets
motel lights flicker in welcoming tone
to women working for a home
paleteros cycle down sidewalks

street sweepers ran
by fumes faded in purple skies
flowers peek their petals from gravel made of garbage
and although the streets
echoed with noise of glistening skin
i never felt such
as close to home

ode to the taqueria

late night steps down a royal welcome
one made of grey pavement that sparkles sometimes in light
winding whiffs of pee
colors osculate lips
from connecting bars celebrating love
metro door bells ring like trumpets to foot & concrete collision
past drunken stumbles straight to the mouthwatering
steams of smoke
carne asada aromatherapy
conversations clink in the air
while numbers repeat themselves into the streets
swarms of bodies
sweat drips off skin surface
like the side of an agua fresca container
battles to empty table space
limited to four late night stops
on a cruise
in love
intoxication
on budget
full of laughs
full of life
always love





LEVEL ONE

HUMAN CONNECTION

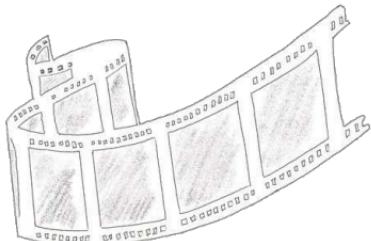
Within this quest you shall come across relationships that trigger emotions of all kinds. Learn from them to pass onto greater things.

sunset cinema

bare bodies decompose within one another
in a room that shares a single light
as your eyes are placed beneath a
sun ray
your skin soaks in charm
you are beauty so pure

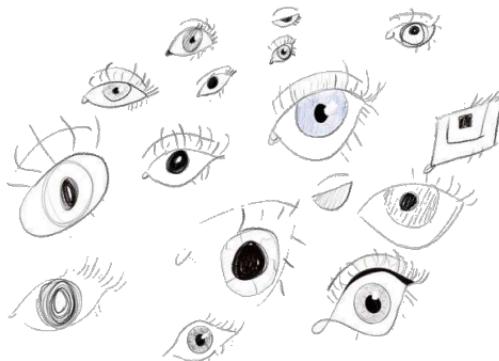
a bare body presses against
mine
warmth of connection boils my blood
in bliss
lust ricochets four walls

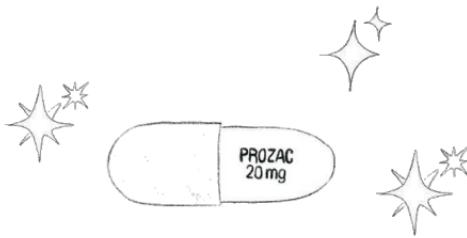
i placed trust in the hips you kept between
just till
the room begins to close in
as sunset
is when our time is up



for you

i still think about you
sometimes
sometimes i wonder if you are okay
if days got better
if the sun stopped hiding behind misery
if madness no longer pursues
i hope you grew
i wish nothing but the best for you
and then some
truly
i hope the sadness in your eyes
grew to mountain-wide gardens
of solitude and pureness
happiness
a state of mind i wish i had crossed paths with





abby's apology

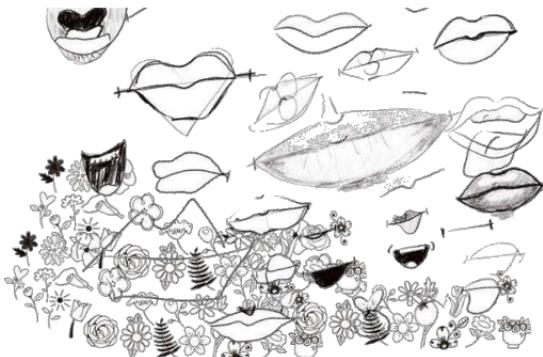
dim street lights kiss the face so lightly
peace resides in a late night cruise
crumpled up foil in the cushions of my passenger
seat
there's pain that lies beneath my empathetic eyes
i can see the brittle of the bones
and the echo of the aches
sobriety was never your first choice
this world remains evil
a place unfit for an angel
and the guilt will gut those who once shamed you
failed to be there for you
i pray for better days
or perhaps the days before you crashed

ROSA: 12:40 AM *

polar pop preludes
marijuana menace
a morena muse
magnificence in beauty
bodied in free spirit
snickers through late nights
compensation for colors missing
the clean cut of chaos turned to a good time

feels like summer

wildflowers grew from stems planted of rage
plantain otter pop dew dripping off lips
i hate small talk
pursue me in greater understanding
even when passion fails to pursue you
may the creases of my body be blessed by
a thimble of a kiss
and never reach an ending
without you understanding a greater we



blue melody

inspired by the photography of Cesar Hernandez

peace rests in the heart of a wave
sweet melancholy madness of
mixed blue hues
meshed moments of sheer desire
digging deep into smog
splashing suds of sweetener in
muddy madness
and where water meets air— you
are the in between
far from misery and nonetheless
breathe taking



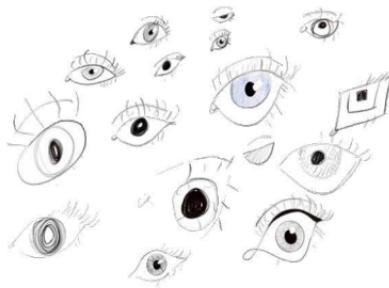
926 too long

i've reflected far too long in trying to understand
where i went wrong
where our paths seemed to part from side-to-side
questioned my capabilities to give and receive love
sat in empty rooms pondering
how you could caress my body on a monday
just to ignore me on a wednesday afternoon
kiss me in the corners
your love was performed in cycles
i prayed for days to inherent what it was i lacked
praised you on my knees
three sixty five fouls
took me months to realize i was lacking something
you could never give me
understood your actions were a reflection of yourself
never again will my own body be take for granted
for far too long i thought you were my answer

expired interlude *+*

greatness comes in abundance
qualities of milk and honey
the attainment of popularity
questing prosperity soon to be
radianit smile
resplendent intensity
a one way ticket to paradise
tsunamis of creativity
the city was warned

he who is self-assured is far more than ordinary
forever unstoppable
raging and untouchable
fingers fondle between needles and fabric
like chills kissing the body
zig zag spellbinding stitches
holding in place
everything you once doubted



recognize the real

i misinterpret friendships
fuzzy feelings fumbled in fumes of foul
bonds made to be broken
the in-between ceased to exist

happiness was stitched together with horror
in the depths of my spirit i was
nothing to you
or possibly too much

i am misled in friendships
i love too hard or not
at all

permission was never granted to etch our bond
in ink
perhaps that is where i went wrong
on paper

i misinterpret all the godly for the evil
let the evil be welcomed
but be gone with the plastic
misinterpretation must manifest good
for i am done being fooled by own eyes



PSA

my dearest apologies to those who i have wronged
in attempts to make matters better

i made them worse

confusion hereby lies in relationships brought to
an end

i feel for those who ached over my actions
there were days my blood reeked of toxins

spent years on detox

cleansing myself

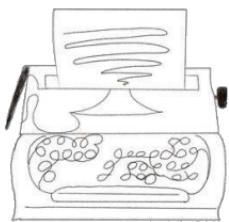
years of damaging takes
years to fix

i hope you forgive me

deception

i have a natural instinct of deception
misleading you through rage of fire and my untreated
abandonment
feasibly that is why i loved you
my fuel of the fumes
little white lines in bathroom stalls
devil-horned lover boys
of sun kissed skin and decomposing assets
you put me in desolation
i am uncomfortable being myself
there's a bucket of mayhem made of snow in
summers
that rests in the corner of my bedroom
it reeks of everything you and i failed to become
disappointment nonetheless
a world of highs i no longer plan to shadow
a sense of vulnerability i have yet
to discover again
fooling myself in recovery





LEVEL TWO

RAGE AND UNDERSTANDING

Within this quest you shall self-reflect to reach a better understanding of yourself and the world around you. Listen to your mind, body, and spirit to grow from all things evil, then you shall reach the next level



a speech on a tuesday afternoon..

i have always felt misunderstood. the idea of feeling alone in a crowded corner is perplexing to the human mind. i find it difficult to form together the feelings of nothingness and overwhelmingness all in one place, all in one sonnet. to be alone, to truly feel alone in the worst times is nothing i wish to burden any soul with. i

can only talk, rant, express, and pray for those around me to get it. those who are hiding under rocks with emotions too intense to work through, i am here.

we are here. nothing will get in the way of better understanding. cannabis and cold ones cannot fill a void, but i'll still try. it sometimes feels like there's an elephant in the room or on most days, you are the

elephant in the room. i just wish i had a friend, acquaintance, spirit, anything that processed these moments in time as i do. someone that understands that there isn't always sunshine in situations. that the moon is shining bright for everyone else, that i wish i shined like the moon and maybe perhaps i would

mean something.

to anyone. to anything.
where is my better tuesday?

under construction

i spent weeks attempting to reconstruct myself
decompose myself
killing my soul trying to figure out myself
and if time does heal all wounds
when does the hourglass run out
for scars cut so deep

777

SEVEN DAYS, SEVEN LINES, SEVEN WORDS

humility lies in empty hennessy bottles
starvation sprouts from watered fat-shamed seeds
eyes chlorine kissed- dazed and cannabis infused
the life of a working woman never ends
everlasting earthquakes of emotions by everything green
failed attempted fun, fumes of melatonin, friendly farewells
sipping suds of sweetness and human connection

spring fling

my spring lover
sweet seductional undercover
gracefully gilded emotions spread thin
sweet scribbles on all pages
honeydew and huckleberry hisses from lips a
puckered pink
flowers grow from broken spines
those who observe swallow seeds
they taste so sweet
laying in the pit of a self-loathing stomach



3817

some of my lovers are better left unsaid
taken to the tomb

i wish i never laid my body out for you
saved myself like the secret of our time
why must our cycle never break

losing myself for your sake
my time is not for choosy boys
how dare you make me open a void
the replays of poor performance
the nothingness it felt

let my rage find peace eventually when you are gone
across the ocean
i wish to revisit you
in a lifetime i plan to never make it to





512

too many times was i mistaken for toy
my love taken advantage of
i overflowed all the spaces with my infatuation
fueled once by devotion
never for the purpose of lust
patches to abandonment
caring to the relic passed down depression
lover's choice
my first touch
first feel

a letter to my unborn self

i will sing you lullabies of all the things you are bound to
know

bow in the presence of yourself for you are as pure as i
will ever be

a child made from love bound to be broken

broken home broke down dreams built up courage

find your way through the cracked foundations with half-
empty ink cartridges

pour yourself into pages

lose yourself, don't be afraid when it happens

let me warn you about addictions, the act of
overpowering blades and methamphetamine

how your mother cries in the dark

but don't worry– it only gets worse before it gets better
and i don't mean to warn you in attempts to warn you

with cliches

but it does get better

mosh pit hallways, madness of moments you meet him

him and then her

first kiss, first fist

fight or flight- you did neither in your overpowering fear

make homes out of people, fall in love with people,

moments, moments with people, it'll happen

don't avoid it, learn from it

let me teach you that the scars on your face represent
the moon

craters and all; people spent years trying to explore
you.

your bones will ache when it's cloudy; sometimes your skin feels so tight you try to squeeze yourself into a new being

find tools to cut yourself open into a new being

never forget your hips hold power

stare in the mirror, look at who you are, wait for who

you will be

you will hate yourself

don't worry about self-disgust, digest struggle, sit

through struggles but fight like hell

you are beyond words

your voice will be shut down, tossed around, thrown out

you will forget self-love and repeat self hate

find yourself in the midst of exploration towards

understanding everything

make peace with not understanding everything

you cannot write your own pathway only follow it

don't let things ripple, misleading fortune,

misunderstanding luck

loose ends should never be cut, let time feel like it's

falling apart, it'll heal itself

clear skies in the spring, art shows in the summer

empower you

beauty of the butterfly effect

this leads to that and that leads to this breathing

moment

human connection

writer's block

the inability to write is my own cesspool of misery
a concept of ink spilling through my fingers only to
 create blank pages
keeps me in a state of utter-less pain
 incurable
months of begging those above me in spirit to
 overpower my body with the gift of gab
 jab on the missing moments
 and when it went with the wind
 nothing made sense
 stood lonely by nobody
questioned my existence from absence
 that replaced everything i was
 i am



writers season

i fear the day my craft will be pulled apart
taken from its roots and used to define broken
homes

broken bones
my voice mistaken for those unsure

i fear that my ability to freely express leads a
cult down the wrong road

i fear my words are mistaken of
poisoned kool-aid

underlying fear of judgment resides
an uneasy pit in the stomach kind of feeling
you misinterpret my feelings for your own
and although i may seem selfish

i am only soaking in the
sweet strawberry essence my words have
grown to be





mumbled migration

i took a walk in the park today stumbled upon self-pity
past a red light

buried it beneath the basketball court
scuffed up my shoes on my way around
dribbles and dodging bullets made of sweat
the grass is never greener on the offside

i let mosquitoes ever so lightly
kiss my milky skin
pretended it was because i was chosen
too sweet to resist

the chirping of the birds echoed in the foreground
flew over fields of dirt and i pondered
my purpose

i prayed for days that i too fly south of here
migrate back to a home in another life

i took a walk through the park today
and never
came back

love language

his love language was the dial tone to
nine-one-one
deep dark bruising
grip to the thighs excitement
never-ending climax

the intensity of his love reeked of hopelessness and
sorrow

never sorry for the crystal contemplations of matter
if i mattered

her love language was disloyalty and smirking while
locking lips
bathroom quickies
butterfly kisses

she was beauty in its best becoming
but if the devil ever took form
she is who it embodied

every love was broken promises and sixty-two bars of
overdosing exposure and yet
i still come across peace
in the slightest

with every lover that has burdened me with negativity
and misfortune

thank you for loving me the best way you knew how

LIFEPACKS*

PowerUPS

in the moments that echo the loudest, you become weakened. it's important to thrive off those around you, those who inspire, those who work hard, and those who push you even when you fail to push yourself. this is not a quest, but an open understanding of what has provided extra days of enlightenment when darkness dwelled. what i have learned in my journey to provide the universe with for days to come to be; for me to be me.



hot chocolate with my mama **

do you remember those gas station stumbles on
nights that quivered the body
i miss those truthful times
the apologetically way to live
dozing off into streetlights and blinking red martian
dreams
always thinking the moon was chasing me
time for reflection
contemplating what nothing meant, where nowhere
was
but still learned to love
and to love everything i do
do everything with love
i am so grateful for nurturement
for nurture of me
and when the nights grow colder
sweet nostalgia rustles in the palms of a tree as chills
kiss the body
with a car radio bumping beats through cracked
windows and windshields
nights the goosebumps upon my being are braille for
nights
of hot chocolate
with my
mama



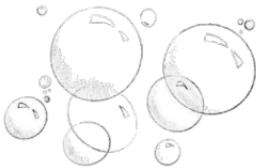
thin blue lines *

i cannot begin to describe my admiration for you over
your fascination by me
the way you crinkle after cries between the magic
the way magic doesn't smudge even when
persistence weeps through the sacred scribbles of
self-destruction
why must it be so hard to love you
to love what i create as much as i love to create, why
do we question ourselves?
but you see, time stops when the pages of a book
begin to decode themselves
the journey held between heals like i've embodied
percy
this is my element
time heals nothing but when time is stopped i do
magic in the dark dunes of my own tragedy
work out the demon that have worked me out, i'm
sorry it didn't work out
thank you to the thin blue lines
on nights where the ones made of snow
just quite didn't hit it right on the nose



song 4 jalyna *

inspiration drips from red painted fingernails
with bolded aspirations to follow
admirations lay at the bottom of a carafe
bare bumps from misery coated mishaps that spiral
scintillating chaos in the circle of life
painted often misunderstood
sometimes overlooked
always underplayed by choice
a humble heart is hard to come across
the words never came along for esteem of you
she taught sublime confidence in silence
no sonnet lives on like her



suds n scorpios *

shoutout to the nights that sizzled suds of sparking
blackouts
with the windows down drafting breezes of ripe whiffs
of marijuana on our way to the red and yellow tent
thank you for those nights
thank you for showing me how to love someone with
limits and taught me why i should never love
someone with limits thank you for that
thank you for the bland coffee on nights that echoed
the noise of central
what a delectable time that was
as the strands of my scalp blow through a
midsummer breeze - the words never came to me
take me back to those nights that felt already written
in stone
the pages never made it to person but a friendship
like this one will survive even when we are nothing
more than space dust connection
i will catch you along the stars sipping sweetly



word is bond *

i am a reflection of all the things you warned me of
yourself
one could say my spirit is a mirror of yours
except better
more nurtured, more loved
thank you for lessons to move mountains
to stand tall in opposition
battle to death in moments birthed to beat me to the
knees
i am tough
somewhere along a tabletop lies two sides of a
fortune
and its secrets seep from its cracks to my brain from
your words
to say possible that is when i became articulate
always agitated- always anticipating
my admiration for words began of three
to script emotions- to keep them true
my word is bond thanks to you

thank you card

between god and my mother i will always make it through it all. we have made it through what seems to be it all. there are certain emotions i fail to bring forth successfully. certain bonds deserve more than word vomit. the best way fit is to begin here: i was blessed to be nurtured by the strongest, most impeccable, most clever, most beautiful, craziest woman in the universe. it is impossible to find the words to thank someone for your entire existence. for creating the woman you will all grow to love. my persona, my words, my heart, my love, my work ethic would crash and crumble before it grew. i am great because you are magnificent. for my biggest fan, i love you mommy. my head would not be screwed on straight if there were no you. this is for all the unfinished poems dedicated to your essence. you are spread out into every stanza. i am you, everything i do is for you. for us.



LEVEL THREE

INNER PEACE

Within this quest you will reach a point of understanding. You will find that all that goes on in the world thrives off each other and your direct placement means something. Understand from that and become uplifted. This is where you find where you are going and get moving.



my better tuesday

as i have sat in solitary confinement of the mind, my mind, i have understood what it takes to be happy. to embody happiness while being accompanied by unwanted guests. the demons in my mind have stolen far too much time, far too many meals, far too many relationships from me to last seven lifetimes.

there has come a day at last that i feel who i am, where i am, and who i stand by is exactly who, what, and where i need to be. my bliss brightens the days of those who need it, i am no longer a burden in the shadow of death. trapped and tortured by my own mind to say the least. i am so proud of my growth and i shall not take for granted the life i was destined to fulfill. it goes without saying that all darkness will never fully disappear, but its time of being in the spotlight of my story is longer the case. my better tuesday has arrived. everyday is tuesday.



blue tint

i am nothing like the sun
my presence is everything but warm
my body has constellations of sun kisses
some consumed by craters
i am beautiful but nothing like the sun
my eyes glisten silky brown in sunlight
a face of my fathers
lips plump and a forehead that stretches beyond its own
limit
at first glance i hold the stars in my gaze
my soul remains a vivid blaze that bleeds blue tint aura
i am nothing like the sun
the nuclear fusion of my being is the flicker of light in a
room
it is exhausting existing only to provide to others
leaving my hair in tangles
my eyes covered in shadows
the gravitational pull that my arms stretch out to be
become weakened
stop treating me like the sun
perhaps the gracefulness of my fingertips burns through
pages
what i produce is stardust
but i am nothing like the sun



cancer season

do you wait till midnight my time for me to ring
do you think of me
is it you wandering into my dreams
or are my thoughts creeping into my serotonin
secrets
do songs make you think of me
all the time spent chasing nowhere
your heart was led instead
do you miss the way we held hands under the palm
trees
i think sometimes i do
or perhaps it is the way the sun burns my skin
to remind me of your touch
the way words stung like bees that never met birds
no love in the air
your lust was your essence
in purest form
believe it to be
believe it not
never wait for me

pathway to hell(o)

in the pits of passion lies significance
made of evil eyes and lighted pathways to hell
introductions of nothingness
a silver pipe that traces the outings of nowhere
leaking aspirations made of glitter
and concrete
keep still
in the depths of all that goes wrong
we make matters golden
glistening goals and scars of success
the human body
purple lipstick kisses and mulberry bruises
loving you was always down a daunting path
of the uncertain

sights of fire

i have spent years awaiting your touch
catching eyes slipping to the sway of my walk
choosy to your affection
you give me butterflies in the most childish way
sparks flying to your presence
to dream of your finger graze
cliches sprouted when i hear your name
at the strike of summer
i begin my hand hypnosis to be
midsummer letters unsent
somewhere still in cajones filled of flower petals
dried up and wilted
like the aspiration of a you & i
what happens
happens

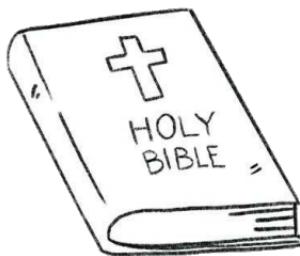


purple eyeshadow

tinctures of bitterness once lied too deep in the brain
an overstimulation madness
mixed of misery and hopeless romantics
i have struggled with self perception
deeply rooted from a childhood that never knew how
to treat me
the pressures of the outside world once tipped my
being to overflow
with magic and magnificence still
troubled
pushed me to desire death in the brightest moments
i stand today as the definition
of vibrant
fulfillment of the childhood dreams
to be
to breathe past sixteen

pray 4 self

it took years to understand how to surrender in love
for love
to learn to love
it took a peak in intimacy to open up doors of
commitment
to myself first
prepared lesson plans on how to put my needs
above others
bring forth an understanding
of the thin line that segregates selflessness and
selfishness
fear no longer resides in my spirit
and at last i am free to love
free to become



learn to love

in my short time spent i have fallen in love with love
my heart and its capacity to love specifically
the way i shape my heart to fit perfectly inside the
wounds of yours

even so with the wounds of mine

learn to find love even when not looking
to feel presence
absorb energy and heal
to protect

learn to complete

i will never compete for love
give when nothing is left

still sometimes suffocate in solace for sanity
for clarity

kiss me when it feels just right
or better not at all

learn to not fall

learn to just be in love
in moments

always laugh through seasons for the sake of survival
learn to give love out of pure intention

never for the sake of a revival of the beaten down body
learn to love for it being the rawest emotion
through them all

a letter of comfort

you are a recognition of all things witnessed in a dream
an infinite trail of filled journals
that overflow your dreams into existence
avoid mixed drinks of confusion and comfort
salted rims of despair
or when you find yourself swallowing all at once
ride the wave of healing
travel through the body you wish he to embody
you embody the persistent pressures of perfection
your words are the way water moves
flowing
sometimes crashing
like waves on the shore of one's being
this is a letter of confrontation
my matted beauty
brush out your problems
learn to love even when submerged in hate
your heart will remain pure
deflowered you is beautiful
you grow
gardens of passion through seeds of embarrassment
you grow



sad, tragic, beautiful '14

she is best described as paints that come combined
after an accident of spills
nothing beautiful about the sadness failed to
overcome
the tragedy in which she tried to survive
something in the
the happiness
the love, fate that resides in brittle bones
late night texts and gas station pit stops
raindrops that rest in hair and kiss eyelashes
dances in crowded spaces, body sweat
bosom bruises blossoming
moonlight shimmer shining over the lake
we remain the same
gods children, godly children
struggling to survive in cruelty



happyness interlude

happiness comes from within yourself
little sunshine bursts in my health
embrace the passions and the love you feel inside
you can spend your entire life looking for happy
thoughts in objects
and mistaken aspirations
but satisfaction remains an unfit place to reside in
until the soul and heart connect ever so gracefully
and you create the sunshine that the world embodies
that your heart has already embodied
in your own form of art
true manifestation

self discovery

many days the sun stopped shining
in the cracks of the city she was lost
 always pursing newer destiny

many days the flowers never flourished
 but still grew in the fields of desire
 her heart grew fond to her soul

many days the world reeked of despair
garbage dumps of all that has gone wrong
 questions in night quivers

yet she still survives
thrives exceptionally
 elegantly

the collided mind does wonders to the spirit
but the journey one taken kisses the body
 with wisdom
 with peace
 with love



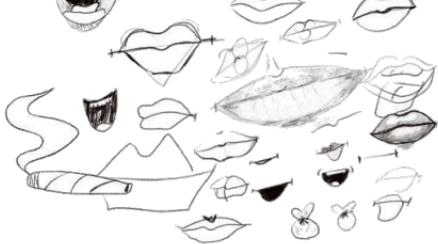
manifest

power in the words i preach
precious projection never made for protection
made in america
a shortage of serotonin
made insufficient for battles against self
who the fuck built this country
who the fuck gave consent to my existence
was i made of love for love?
no more lies
no laying in the way of my prosperity
losing patience making sure my craft survives
for what reasons other than selfish needs
learn to cut ties made for self pride
open journals for closure



BONUS LEVEL UNLOCKED: *UPLIFTING THOUGHTS*

Within this quest you shall come across moments in time that are intoxicated and joyful, sometimes uncomfortable. In this journey you will love matters more than usual and see the world and its people inside for their true colors. not everything is black and white, take chances till the sun explodes in eight different lifetimes.



hallowed-out cigars

raspberry warheads and cigarillos on a counter-top
swift swishes so sweet that stumble between a pair
of lips

bloodshot sclera

slow motion movements, flicker of a flame
fried brain cells and fluttering fear

i can hear the colors in the room speaking to me
echoing enhancement from earth's flowers of purity
uplifted

4 daví *

music moves the soul
setting sail to new connections
ties together long lost sister soulmates
my summertime sweetie
cannabis cutie
a friendly funny
never phony
always one to phone me
pick me up with the pick-me-ups
solid through simping
connected for lifetimes
a friendship like a lifeline



my legs are melting

the warmth of the atmosphere pokes the core of my
body
stretched out underneath the yellow beams
far from misery
my limbs become one with lima bean-green grass
melting into the ground i touch
connect to
roots of sensation of the brain
that echo shades of green
connected
to me
into the universe

shroomies and meatballs *

deep down there is connection between you and i
the universe laid it out for us just once
in the backseat of bitterness
as the little blue waves crashed into the concrete
and your eyes glisten to gorilla glue
friendships i wish to last forever usually faint
but you stay till 2 am in discomfort for others
for comfort of me
four loko slushies and radiant radiation
the stars smiling at us
perpetually



5:23 PM

i have prayed days like this never come to an end
a solitude that glues everything together
a precious cycle that solves all i once fought against
here resides a place in happiness
constant laugh lines

i have never seen a pen glide so smoothly on a page
pressed into the thickest of pages

i can smell the ink residue spreading into a sheer
yearning of nothingness
the feelings that touch too intensely
the boiling of the epidermis

the sun making love to my skin forever
six hours deep

my words spill out into the sunset



shadows of evil

i have traveled through the night in its spiral toward
endless harsh hues
cruised through the baneful
avoided the signs that warned me about you
every trip was ruined in deadly storm
still graceful perspicacity
the smell of a wet world
our bond deflated through portals outside of reality
my hopeless heart became trapped in a haze maze
of self discovery
how could this be wrong?

the skip of a heartbeat

you are no good for me
whoever said purity is the color white never stuck
around
what a white lie in white lines
i have said it all before for it all feels the same
every day is heartbreak
the skip of a beat between bumps
the drag across bathroom counter-tops
every day is deteriorating
i riot in restrooms
hurdled over toilet seats in hotel rooms
i just wanted to feel at home



green

there were days where the only parts of myself that
made sense
were the parts capable of sparking a bowl of my own
vacation
the days where water bottles filled with booze satisfied
temptations
made of sadness
soaking in the sun
i grew to hate myself
i sat back and re-learned the ways i once studied to
forget
forgive and forget, how can i forget this one?
ditching classes for diesel smoking
placing myself in the corners of a coffee shop
scared to write flows made of misery; vulnerability
pouring myself into pages,
unspoken words turned into spoken-word poems
and in moments of lighters flickering
recognition of my own ability to enkindle
sparks
the power of pens in fingers and ink covered index



a forever feeling

i am going to remember this feeling

forever

sun beams on my skin

warmth replenishment

fireflies that came from the clouds

sky buggies that me all bug-eyed

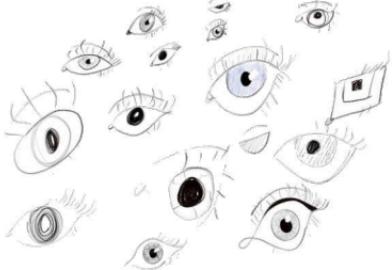
a stray twinkle in the daytime

hallucinations hinder behind the beholder

beauty buzzes

in the fuzziness of colors

that glide along the nightlife



never for you again

little lilies decipher as they sprout from scalp
dilated pupils glisten in moonlight
abandonment cuts deep
leaves scabs of discomfort
occasionally stitched with the misery of her
misguidance
held together by a whole lot of nothing
she cries in confusion
gets lost in tiger lily corneas between kissing in
crowded smoke circle
consisting of a failed rotation
she never fails to live in shades of green
shameful jealousy that dripped from maleficent agenda
neon amours
she reeks of love never given
a sob story walking
lives on as sadness deeply rooted
often projected
finding herself a place soiled
to lay her roots of fraudulence

GAME OVER

my word has single handedly been the motive of many.
i appreciate everyone who has found a place of solace
within my own scriptures. my heart is so full to know
that what i feel will fill the minds of many.

it has been one of the purest & rawest of journey's to
craft together feelings in forms of relatability. i thank
you from the bottom of my heart for allowing me to
place an open heart, mind, body, and spirit in front of
you.

carefully understand my words and do not mistake
them for what they are not.

to be loved or to experience love is too powerful to
pass. to pick up pens and create moments is more
powerful than human connection.

this is for everyone i have encountered days with; for
you are where my words come from.

thank you

MANIFEST