

EITHER WAY, I'M LOST and CRY

By Alexander Cortez

Poetry editor Hezekiah writes:

"Staying up all night, / lying between revolution / and apocalypse" This line resonates with me and Flea's deadlines. Wait, what? "Wonder if I'm overwhelmed / or an overindulge fool." How can you resist a poet that speaks directly into your heart? "Spring day, no flowers bloom, no sunshine, / only clouds cry, cry, cry." "From placenta, blooms ancient hands" Cortez fills my emptied head with all the right echoes. HS (Spacing is poet's own.)

Either way, I'm lost.

Staying up all night,

lying between revolution

and apocalypse.

Wonder if I'm overwhelmed

or an overindulge fool.

Wonder if I'm hopeful

or fearful of such outcomes.

Either way, the cul-de-sacs

remain littered with silence.

Either way,

this where I am.

In between

isolation and
civilization.

Cry

Spring day, no flowers bloom, no sunshine,
only clouds cry, cry, cry.

Humble souls pray, seeking ancient wisdoms
Searching for better days, within their mortal prisons

From placenta, blooms ancient hands
knocking on Heavens' doors.
Its barbed wire gates, reminiscent of their fate,
Human's hate conquers Human compassion.
Souls pray, livin' for another day

Winter day, the sun shines,
water precipitates— Rivers gutted,
debris rises; souls pray
and they cry, cry, cry.

THE POET SPEAKS:

I find my poems are inspired by equal parts of my fears, doubts, and life all mixed. Cry particularly was written around the summer of 2018, which was when I wasn't sure what I wanted to do with my life. It was also time when in Sacramento, the heat and drought was taxing. Either Way, I'm Lost is my attempt to make sense of

Covid-19, and whether I believe it be a catalyst for change or destruction. The beauty of poetry, both in reading and writing it especially is its power to heal devastated spirits and hearts alike. I also find as poets we have a nondualist sense of reality, in which the beauty of reality cannot exist without the beauty within ourselves and vice-versa.

AUTHOR'S BIO: *Alex Cortez is 23 year from West Sacramento, California with no publishing credits nor a penny to his name. His age puts him just on the cut off for being a "Zoomer" or "Gen Zer" as it is usually called and not a millennial like he would wish. So, as you might imagine, he spent his formative years of high school jumping into mosh pits, pleasing others before himself and getting riled up into all sorts of trouble he has yet to amend. Despite that, he's going to college to become a Journalist.*