

The Non-Conformist Emancipation
By Chaska May.

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Preface by Chaska May

I'm born and bred in Peckham, South-East London. My heritage is St Lucian and American. My name is native American and means first born son in the Sioux tribe. I'm a 2022 Rose Bruford graduate on the American Theatre Arts degree. It has transformed my toolkit and the person I am today. I'm excited to spread my wings into the big, wide world of the industry. I'm an actor, playwright, poet, director and voice-over artist. My practice is founded upon versatility, innovation and thought provoking ideas within the prism of politics, class, current affairs and race.

The Non-Conformist Emancipation is a collection of spoken word poetry crossing the frontiers of growing older with the conflicting and ever changing nature of the fly-by trends of popular culture. This came about as I was taking a break from social media, particularly instagram. As I write this preface it is almost two months since I've been off instagram and I feel marvellous. Technological advancements over the last 20 years have brought us closer together. The Earth is a much smaller place than it once was and we are more connected than ever before. However, there is a darker side to this where anxiety, depression and other mental health diagnoses are on the rise especially within my 18-25 demographic. This I believe is deeply concerning and is an epidemic within itself. I have dealt with anxiety and depression intermittently for the past 7 years. In my past life I have been bullied for daring to step out of the crowd. I often questioned the ordeals that I went through in my past life. I often wondered whether it was my fault. One day, I decided to let it go. The unanswerable questions were indeed the subliminal answers I needed to move on with my life.

The Non-Conformist Emancipation is a collection of poems for those who have felt demonised in society. Conflicted by the fickle and ever-changing fly-by trends that society loves to enforce upon people. This is a liberating detox from the hegemony that is enriched upon our society that contradicts what it means to be "Free" in a Eurocentric world. These collections of poems are for anyone regardless of age, race or gender. These poems are in no way a demonisation of the white world, but are more of an interrogation of the west's ideals built on colonialism and capitalism. I am not an individual who strives to abolish capitalism. We need it to co-exist with countries all over the world. It does however need to be made fairer with effective wealth distribution. Famine and homelessness should not be occurring in any crevice of the Earth. Western countries need to be held accountable for the irreparable damage they have caused to once thriving, and now economically developing countries. I believe strongly that if we had socialism or communism in place, hegemony would still take place, only this time with a smile on its face, with the leaders in their ivory towers leading contradictory lives to the rest of the public.

Class is touched upon, albeit briefly. Class is an interesting concept of the eurocentric world, because the class system is not so heavily entrenched in many European and Scandinavian countries as well as in the United States. The United Kingdom is built on the class system, it is at the core of society. Class is multifaceted and I believe it is an important way to highlight inequality within our towns and cities to ensure that help is given to those struggling in our society. The makeup of class becomes more egregious when it is used to stereotype and

demonise people from different races and backgrounds. I often get frowned upon when I say I'm from Peckham and speak in an RP accent. The concept of a black person such as myself from Peckham, born and raised, speaking in an RP accent discombobulates the psyche of many. This is where some of the bullying in my past life came from. People often saw me as a threat and I still don't know why, but I continue to live my life on my terms and wish people well. The way I spoke was never forced and I was never snobbish about the way people spoke and I never made personal remarks about their background. I grew up with a developmental language disorder and had speech and language therapy classes where I was taught to speak in the manner in which I speak today.

Accents, location and class are not necessarily interlinked. You can be born in the North of the UK for example which is predominantly working class, but you can be brought up in an affluent and comfortable household within a working class community. You can be born in Surrey or Hampshire in the home counties which are predominantly affluent areas, but you can come from a working class background. You can have an RP accent and be working class. You can have a cockney or Essex accent and be well off. The 3 being intersectionally detached is not a fallacy, if we genuinely seek to speak to people who do not conform to what it is to sound working class, or to sound relatively well off. Looks and sounds can be very deceiving, and it's rather interesting to explore class, accents and indeed race being flipped upside down which is a thread in some of the plays I'm developing at the moment, so if you're interested, watch this space!

Ever since we came out of the womb, we have been conditioned our whole lives. These collections of poems question what we have been told and what we have been taught. On the American Theatre Arts course, I had the pleasure of delving into psychoanalytic theory. Delving into the practises of *Sigmund Freud*, *Jacques Lacan*, *Frantz Fanon* and *Friedrich Nietzsche*. It was not only a fascinating way for me to analyse the characters I portrayed on stage with great vigour, it was also a fascinating way for me to delve into the human condition, whilst developing compassion from an objective viewpoint. Good and bad are often generalised concepts.

Even the most despicable people in our society are capable of doing great and meaningful things. We are all damaged as human beings and there are many tangible reasons for that. Our brain is programmed to find every facet of negativity comforting. When we delve into an "uncomfortable" situation that challenges the way our brain is wired, our ego, as defined by Freud himself is *"that part of the id which has been modified by the direct influence of the external world."* (*The Ego and The Id by Sigmund Freud*) (1923) Page 25.

Freud is subliminally alluding to how difficult it is to remodify the human psyche. Humans are naturally tribal, instinctive and reactionary beings that thrive on the subliminal gratification of others. It is difficult to wire our brains in a way that challenges how we are perceived to be seen by others and to, in simple terms, step out of our comfort zone. Our natural defence mechanism is to feel uncomfortable because our wired ego is out of all proportions. This is becoming harder in a world where unreasonable and detrimental standards of "perfection" seem to be increasingly common, especially on social media. I often scroll and watch videos in disgust where people are filming others inconspicuously and mock those who have an alternative

fashion sense or look. It is a small minority, but one which cannot be ignored. Social media is a great construct. Unfortunately, humans have toxified its core purpose. Freud additionally describes ego as *"like a man on horseback, who has to hold in check the superior strength of the horse."* (*The Ego and The Id* by Sigmund Freud) (1923) Page 15.

To effectively control our ego is no easy feat. In my personal life I have sought to change the very fabric of my being - (which is still a work in progress), by delving into the brain itself. I am fascinated with the prefrontal cortex, parietal lobe and the occipital lobe. I am fascinated with the vagus nerve which is a revolutionary process of stimulation which can be effectively used in high-intensity and unfamiliar situations. These four components are golden in detoxing the mind and helping anxiety.

I go back to social media and individuals filming strangers in a cruel and vindictive way. A projection of one's insecurities springs to mind. Insecurities are natural to the fabric of humanity and I am no way demonising people who have yet to confront their own biases, prejudices and insecurities. We all have them. I had my own journey of despising others as a result of the bullying I suffered in my past life. I was bitter and enwrapped in narcissistic self pity. Confronting oneself is the hardest thing to do. Freud's above quote on *"that part of the id which has been modified by the direct influence of the external world."* is a subliminal gift to us all. It is a gift that tells us that ego is fluid. The human condition is fluid and to make the heartfelt and conscious decision to get away from rigid constructs and fly-by trends is where we can be truly free, comfortable and adaptable within ourselves.

I have no doubt that I'll be back on Instagram in 2075, where I will unfollow toxic accounts once and for all, but for now, I'm enjoying a simpler and a much more understated life where walks and nature is at the fibre of my being. You'd be surprised by how many green spaces there are in London. I love walking along the Regents Canal and Limehouse Basin. You see a more secluded London away from the noise of everyday life. I love going to Richmond Park and safely seeing the beautiful deers. It is my favourite park in London. Although Victoria, Jubilee, Peckham Rye, Southwark, Regents and St James' parks are close contenders. I adore railways and love looking out the window with my headphones and book in hand and watching the world seamlessly go by.

One of the key components as I stated earlier in regards to being truly free, comfortable and adaptable within ourselves, is to find comfort in being alone with oneself. I'm an introvert at heart, but with the industry I'm in, that changes to an extroverted-introvert. As much as I adore people and making connections, sometimes I prefer my own company. We live in a world where being alone is seen as a negative. Isolation is negative and there is a huge epidemic of loneliness. However, being alone for personal growth is a huge positive. I started travelling on my own at the age of 15 which was a terrifying ordeal especially when the plane had an emergency landing which I'd never experienced before. As difficult as it was, it enabled me to navigate myself in an airport effectively, anywhere in the world, without panic. It is a huge step not having your parents or friends with you when you enter security, an often intimidating place, which it is intended to be. I see it as a psychological endurance test where the superficial

and neurotic ego's of the security guard are visible for all to see where you can either rise or crumble to their ego's.

In February 2023,I completed one of my travel bucket lists. I was lucky enough to travel to Germany, a country that I have wanted to explore for the longest time. I visited Hamburg, Frankfurt and Berlin. I revelled in exploring the area on my own. Despite some occasional language barriers I saw common humanity being shared. One moment in Hamburg when I was at Minatur Wunderland instantly springs to mind. I thoroughly recommend Minatur Wunderland by the way. It is a superb place if you are a child at heart and adore transportation and models of railways and cities. It was impressive to see the detail of every modelled city which is still being worked upon. It was even more impressive to observe the operation behind the scenes of all this magical wonder being unveiled. There was one moment where I was watching a plane take off and everyone was in adoration and awe of the plane taking off. It was an enchanting and incredible moment that I will never forget. It is one of the beautiful nuances of life that you may not see if you are with more than two people. Solo travel is magnificent and highly underrated and it will change your life.

Stepping outside of your comfort zone will always be challenging but once you unleash a side of yourself that you did not perceive to be possible within yourself you will be a changed person.

No matter where you are in life, just know that you are not alone and you will overcome the adversities of life that we all endure.

Embryo to Five
By Chaska May

Swirling in the womb lies the embryo.
40 weeks of life.
40 weeks of life concealed in the Amniotic fluid of the womb.
A world within a world within a world.
Eating,
Drinking,
Swimming,
Not having to pay taxes or national insurance.
A routine less arduous than the daily commute into work.
The embryo.
Unaware of where they are or what they are.
Innocence personified.
The embryo grows millimetre by millimetre,
centimetre by centimetre.
Beep,beep,beep.
9 months is up.
Just when you think the womb of miracles is over.
Contractions.
Labour.
Birth.
The womb of miracles has delivered one of life's golden treasures.
A beautiful child.
A child who will grow up to be a teacher,
A carpenter,
A singer,
A philosopher,
A creative,
A doctor,
A nurse,
A mechanic,
The possibilities are endless.
But for now the embryo has got to grapple with the first dilemmas of Earth.
The bright lights.
40 weeks of parties has taken its toll on the poor soul.
The big,bulging,googly eyes of adult human beings all over you like lavender.
No comprehension of time.
No comprehension of surroundings.
No comprehension of language.
An out of body experience without permission or impulse.
After weeks in a claustrophobic incubator with other tiny babies.
The other tiny babies Crying,

Making you cry.
Laughing,
Making you laugh.
You're whisked away to another new surrounding.
Probably never to see those other babies again,
But the universe has some strange surprises along the way.
You leave the hospital.
I'm trapped in a moveable contraption.
Dizziness.
More googly eyes.
Loud,
Screeching sounds.
You arrive home.
Home.
Home.
Home sweet Home.
What's home?
Where am I?
There is a big adult.
Ahhh!
Long hands.
Carrying me up so high.
I don't like heights.
Get me down.
Get me down now!
Oh no,
Another contraption.
Jail time for my demands.
I go to sleep.
I get hungry.
The only way I can communicate is to cry.
Waaaa!
Oh no,
Oh no,
The big long hands again.
Another contraption.
Oh, food.
Food glorious food.
What's for dinner?
I'm spoon-fed.
Cat and mouse act?
I'm spoon-fed.
Take a bite.
Spit it out.

Ugh more food.
Ugh this is torture.
Good thing food rolls off my gums.
If only I say what I want for dinner.
Cheeseburger and bacon with chips,
Roasted duck with dauphinoise potatoes and asparagus,
Roasted Seabass with sweet potato fries and vegetables,
Caviar.
Is caviar too far?
Maybe in another life I can say what I want and I can get it.
Food is over.
I don't know what time it is.
More sleep?
Yes please.
It was exhausting being born flamin' eck.
Nobody warns you how cold it is.
Now I'm in a contraption with pillows and blankets.
I get to control how warm or hot I want to be.
I continue to sleep.
I continue to be spoon-fed.
I continue to be dragged in public in a moveable contraption.
This is the life of Riley.
Time passes.
Ugh-Oh.
Nature is calling.
Where do humans go, you know.
You know?
It's so embarrassing.
Ah, I can't hold it anymore.
It's so embarrassing.
I can't hold it anymore.
I have this contraption around my region's.
I don't know what it's called.
Do humans do it there?
Well you know what,
I can't hold it anymore.
Here goes.
Ah that's better,
That's better.
Wonderful.
They don't teach you this in the incubators.
Ugh-oh.
Oh dear.
Oh dear,

The smell.
Oh the pong.
Oh this is rancid.
Do all humans do this?
I can't talk.
The only thing I can do is cry.
Ah the big long arms again.
Oh this is nice,
Oh this is lovely being patted,
What a lovely parent.
What a lovely world.
But can you please sort out the festering smell from my regions,
Flies might come in a minute.
Oh that's better.
A fresh one now.
Back to beddy-byes and being in and out of television.
What the fuck are these people saying?
All I hear is blah,blah,blah,blah,blah.
Inside I'm making my own television.
Inside I'm making my own films.
Hire me now!
Hire me now!
Just hire me when I can talk.
I go back to sleep.
Time passes.
I'm a year old.
Everything is kind of the same.
I go back to sleep.
Time passes.
I'm two years old.
I have these things coming out of my gums.
What is it?
It hurts.
I have this weird strand on my head.
It's growing slowly.
It's itchy.
I have this weird strand on my head.
It's growing slowly.
It's itchy.
I'm out of the cot.
I'm on the floor.
I'm all tottery.
I'm gonna fall.
I'm gonna fall.

I'm on the floor.
It's a bouncy floor.
This is fun.
Let me stand up again.
Easy does it.
Easy does it.
Easy does it.
Oh I can balance on the floor.
Can we move?
Let's try.
Left leg.
Forward.
Right leg.
Forward.
Oh this is wonderful.
Left,
Right,
Left,
Right,
Left,
Right,
Left,
Right,
Left,
Right.
I can walk.
I can fly.
Can we go backwards?
Oh this is kinda tricky.
Back left.
Back right,
Back left,
Back right.
I feel like a robot.
Back left.
Back right.
Oh crikey,
I'm about to fall.
Falling again.
Falling again on the bouncing floor.
Stories are being read to me.
Stories, what joy.
I have an impulse to talk.
Something is about to come out of my mouth,

I can't explain it.
Something is about to come out of my mouth,
I can't explain it.
Mumma.
Mumma.
Mumma.
Mumma.
Hello.
I close my mouth.
What just happened?
Something is about to come out of my mouth again.
Hello.
Hello.
Play.
Play.
Happy.
Happy.
I close my mouth.
It happened again!
What is going on?
I go back into the sleeping contraption.
I go to sleep.
Time passes.
I'm 3 years old.
I go to a place full of tiny humans like me.
This is strange.
I'm being left.
No.
I don't like it.
Mumma.
Mumma.
Mumma!
What is this place?
I don't like it.
There's toys.
Praise be.
Oh no,
Another tiny human is approaching me.
Something is about to come out of the tiny human's mouth.
Hello.
This is strange.
I have the impulse to say hello back.
I'm not quite sure why I'm saying this,
But what the heck.

Hello.
Playing occurs.
Oh this is fun.
I'm still a bit tottery.
I'm getting old.
I can use this hand device on paper to scribble.
Oh this is wonderful.
Scribbling is art.
I get praise.
Send my work to the national gallery please.
I'm getting hungry again.
This time,
I don't have to cry.
It's lunchtime.
They say.
I still don't know who these big humans are.
They bring me my lunch.
Oh no they don't,
They tell me to collect my lunch.
I don't like this.
It was like being in the ritz at home,
This is rubbish.
I have a food box.
What's for lunch?
A soft sandwich with some green stuff.
I take a bite.
Oh dear.
It tastes like washing up liquid.
I spit it out.
I get told off.
'But I didn't like it'
'That's naughty'
'But I'm being honest'.
Time passes.
I'm 4.
I'm in a large building
Oh my goodness loads of big humans and loads of smaller,
But kinda big humans dressed like me.
What is this sorcery?
A child pushes me.
I push the child.
The child starts crying.
I get told off.
'That's naughty'

'But the child pushed me first.'
'That's naughty'.
Time passes.
I'm 5.
I'm in this big room with loads of books and big words.
I'm in these high chairs and desks.
English.
Maths.
Science?
I don't like the sound of science.
This is so hard.
I have to share with other children ugh.
A child pushes me again.
I push the child.
The child starts crying.
I get told off.
'That's naughty'
'But the child pushed me first.'
'Oh grow up.'
Grow up?
I am growing up.
Can I not be honest anymore?
Why is everything filtered?
I miss saying everything in my head.
Time passes.
The child gets older.
The child becomes more vulnerable.
Mumma.
I'm 5 now.
Mummy,
Mummy.
I want my mummy!
The child gets older.
The child becomes more vulnerable.
The child gets older.
The child becomes more vulnerable.
Mummy.
Mummy.
Mummy!
The social conditioning is about to begin.

The Old Soul Complex
By Chaska May

Intermingling in the cosmic big bang lies Earth.

Earth,

8 billion people.

7 continents.

Urban.

Rural.

Compact.

Dispersed.

Nucleated.

Uninhabited.

Urban.

Rural.

Compact.

Dispersed.

Nucleated.

Uninhabited.

Cities.

Towns.

Metropolitan-elite.

Metropolitan-impooverished.

Metropolitan-elite.

Metropolitan-impooverished.

Capitalism.

Socialism.

Communism.

Left.

Right.

Centre.

Rich.

Poor.

Rich.

Poor.

Stifled.

Flourishing.

Stifled.

Flourishing.

8 billion people,

The hallmarks of survival.

Born into these settlements beyond our comprehension,

Beyond our control,

Lies The old soul.

The old soul.
The voice of youth.
The old soul.
The face of wisdom.
The old soul.
The face of youth.
The old soul.
The voice of wisdom.
The old soul.
Born in another life?
The old soul.
The life of hard-knocks?
The old soul,
Ridiculed.
The old soul,
Brutalised by the systems in place?
The old soul,
'Why do you act so old?'
The old soul,
Miserable?
The old soul,
Born in the wrong era?
The old soul,
The masquerade of misery,
The old soul,
Sticks out like a sore thumb.
The old soul,
Not sucking up to anyone,
Including their thumbs.
The old soul,
Introverted?
Extroverted?
Introverted-extroverts?
Extroverted-introverts?
The old soul,
Earth signs?
The old soul,
Earth,Wind,Fire,Water and air.
The old soul,
Earth,Wind,Fire,Water and air.
The old soul,
Grounded,
Placing their feet on the ground step by step.
The old soul,

Underrated.
The old soul,
Unique.
The old soul,
In control of all the major chakras in our existence.
The old soul,
Self reflective.
The old soul,
Playing to their own tune,
Any time,
Anywhere,
At their speed.
The old soul,
The masquerade of boring.
The old soul,
The underdog that flies to new depths.
The old soul,
The art of introspection.
The old soul,
The art of authenticity.
The old soul,
Creating a cocoon of wonder.
The old soul.
A multifaceted wonder too good for the Earth.
The old soul,
The dog without a bone.
The old soul,
The mountain climbers.
The old soul,
The life of an eternity.
The old soul,
Too few years crammed into one.
The old soul,
The life of an eternity.
Here is a message from an old soul to another.
When your physical presence departs,
The universe will reward your flourishing spirit,
And you will accept that award with the utmost dignity and humility that you have carried with
you throughout your entire physical life.
The old soul,
A new spirit transcending.
The old soul,
One in a million.

The Adult-Child
By Chaska May

21 to Infinity and beyond!
You're officially an adult.
An adult.
You can do what you like,
Within the law of course.
21 to Infinity and beyond!
You've survived the cult of the education system.
21 to infinity and beyond!
The building blocks of your future in the employment sector.
21 to infinity and beyond!
What is the future?
21 to infinity and beyond.
Act like an adult.
Act like an adult.
Act like an adult.
21 to infinity and beyond.
Vanilla.
Magnolia.
Beige.
Porcelain.
Veneer.
Society taught you well after the age of 5 to grow up.
Vanilla.
Magnolia.
Beige.
Porcelain.
Veneer.
Society taught you well after the age of 5 to grow up.
Who are you?
What are you?
Where are you?
What is the future?
What is your future?
Society taught you well after the age of 5 to grow up.
Prove.
Prove.
Prove.
Prove what?
Competition.
Competition.
Competition.

Competition of what?
Competition for who?
Society taught you well after the age of 5 to grow up.
Normal.
Nor-mal.
Nor-mal.
Normal.
Stay in your lane.
Stay in your lane.
Don't cross the lane.
Stay in your lane.
Don't cross the lane.
Stay in your lane.
Don't cross the lane.
Stay in your lane.
Normal.
Normal.
Quirky.
Unique.
Quirky.
Unique.

Quirky and Unique doesn't exist in the adult world.

Both constructs are immiscible liquids,
Like oil and water.

Society taught you well after the age of 5.

Who are you?

What are you?

Who are you?

What are you?

Look in the mirror.

Look in the mirror.

Look into your eyes.

Look into your eyes.

Look in the mirror.

Who are you?

What are you?

Where are you?

Look into your eyes.

Look into your eyes.

That child-like unapologetic authenticity is still in you.

Look into your eyes.

That spark is still in you.

Look into your eyes.

That child-like unapologetic authenticity is still in you.

Why did you get rid of your toys?
Why did you stop playing video games?
Why did you stop being a nerd?
Why did you stop being a dork?
Why did you stop being you?
Society taught you well after the age of 5.

Vanilla.
Magnolia.
Beige.
Porcelain.
Veneer.

21 to infinity and beyond.
Infinity and beyond.
Infinity and beyond.
Upside-down.
Inside-out.
Out-in.
In-Out.

Shake it all about.
21 to infinity and beyond.
Infinity and beyond.
Infinity and beyond.
Upside-down.
Inside-out.
Out-in.
In-Out.

Shake it all about.

My Hornby train set from 2006 is gathering dust.
Clive Hornby would be devastated.
The dust mites are having more fun than I am.
My Hornby train set from 2006 is gathering dust.
I have a dream of escaping to the loft.

The loft awaits.

I have a dream of building a layout with dozens of trains.

Escaping to my dome,
Escaping to a reality within a reality within truth.
Truth within a reality within a reality?
Truth within a truth within a reality?
Reality within a truth within a fantasy?
Dorky and goofy is my middle name.
Society taught us well after the age of 5.

Bed time.
Another day closer to death.
Dreaming.

Manifesting.
The alarm goes off.
I wake up.
I get dressed.
I open my journal.
The monotonous routine of sardonic cynicism prevails until I get dressed.
I put my coat on.
It's not me.
It's not me,me.
I look at the coat-hook.
Eureka moment.
A scarf.
Eureka moment.
A scarf with different shades of orange and brown.
I Step out the front door.
Passers by say nice scarf!
I say thanks.
My subconscious is saying it's a district line moquette scarf from 1980.
Don't say it out loud.
Don't say it out loud.
It's spills out.
Thanks,my scarf is a district line moquette scarf from 1980.
Stares.
Dirty looks.
Trains are for kids.
Society taught us well after the age of 5.
21 to infinity and beyond.
30 comes,
I still like trains.
40 comes,
I still like trains.
50 comes,
I still like trains.
60 comes,
I still like trains.
70 comes,
I still like trains.
80 comes,
I still like trains.
90 comes,
I still like trains.
Beyond the grave,
I still like trains.
From 6 feet over,

Trains are for kids.
Have humans been cloned yet?
21 to infinity and beyond!
What is an adult?
What is an adult?
What is an adult?
What is an adult supposed to be?
21 comes.
Reminiscing childhood.
30 comes.
Reminiscing childhood.
40 comes.
Reminiscing childhood.
50 comes.
Reminiscing childhood.
60 comes.
Reminiscing childhood.
70 comes.
Reminiscing childhood.
80 comes.
Reminiscing childhood.
90 comes.
Reminiscing childhood.
Reminiscing life.
Becoming a child?
Returning to a baby-like state?
Was you who you wanted to be?
Was you what you wanted to be without scrutiny?
Was you who you wanted to be?
Was you what you wanted to be without scrutiny?
Was you who you wanted to be?
Was you where you wanted to be without scrutiny?
Scrutiny.
Stares.
Scrutiny.
Stares.
Toss that away.
Everything you knew about yourself is wrong.
Scrutiny.
Stares.
Scrutiny.
Stares.
Toss that away.
Everything the world tells you about yourself is wrong.

21.

30.

40.

50.

60.

70.

80.

90.

Beyond the grave.

A skeleton.

A shell.

A skeleton.

A void.

What is an adult supposed to be?

Everything the world tells you about yourself is wrong.

Wrong.

Wrong.

Wrong.

Wrong.

Wrong.

Wrong?

Wrong?

Wrong?

The new right?

Right?

The new wrong?

Everything you knew about yourself from embryo to five was right.

Right?

Right?

The new wrong?

Wrong?

The new right?

Beyond the grave.

A skeleton.

A shell.

A skeleton.

A void.

Living life.

A skeleton.

A shell.

A skeleton.

A void.

Did you continue enjoying the hobbies you enjoyed from your childhood?

Did you continue having child-like tendencies?

Did you continue to be a robot?

Beyond the grave.

A skeleton.

A shell.

Living life.

A void.

A void?

A void.

A void?

Avoid.

Avoid.

Avoid you.

Avoid yourself?

Avoid me?

Avoid myself?

We're all actors.

Who are we?

Who are you?

Who am I?

Who are we?

Who are you?

Who am I?

The adult-child.

Always within us.

The masquerade of the porcelain world of adult life destroying our inner-child.

The adult-child.

A life within a life.

A life within a life.

Just like a baby in the womb.

Metamorphosis personified.

The adult-child.

Precious memories.

The adult-child.

You know you want to.

The adult-child.

You know you want to.

The adult-child.

Be you.

The adult child.

Authentically you.

The Middle Age Renaissance.
By Chaska May.

Middle age.

Middle age.

Middle age.

Middle age.

Not young.

Not old.

What am I?

Middle age.

Not young.

Not old.

What am I?

Invisible.

Invisible?

Invisible.

Invisible?

The menopause.

The need for viagra.

The need for viagra?

Wrinkles.

Grey hair.

Nearing the end of life.

Nearing the end of life?

Bones getting weaker.

Stuck in the doldrums.

Stuck in the doldrums.

Stuck in the doldrums.

The doldrums of what?

Middle aged.

Half a century.

Another half to go if you're lucky.

What haven't you done?

What more have you got to offer?

"Women of a certain age shouldn't"

"Men of a certain age shouldn't"

Toss aside what you've been told your entire life.

Toss aside what you've been told about growing older.

Toss aside what you've been told to do when growing older.

The world is lying to you.

Your brain is lying to you.

Where is that notebook gathering dust?

Grab a pen.

Grab a pen and manifest like you're 21.
What are you thinking?
Travelling.
Skiing.
Seeing a concert.
Going on a cruise.
Don't think too small.
You'll never be half a century old again.
You'll never be in the doldrums again.
Middle age is wisdom.
Being middle aged is beautiful.
You are not invisible.
You have something special to share with the world.
You have something exciting to pursue.
The microcosm of being invisible will erode.
The microcom of being invisible is a fallacy.
No human is invisible.
You step out of the house.
You place your two feet on the ground and out into the open and what do you see?
People.
Eyes.
Stares.
People.
Diversity.
Eyes.
Stares.
People.
Diversity.
Eyes.
Stares.
Curiosity.
Opportunities a plenty.
What do you do?
Where do you want to be?
Age is just a number.
Age is just a construct.
Ageism is insecurity dressed up as progressivism.
Ageism is the status quo on steroids.
Ageing is progressivism.
You are maturing like the fine Malbec wine you are.
You have a right to be here.
Place two hands on your chest.
Yes.
Place two hands on your chest.

Self care for the first time.
Your dedication to being a parent.
Your dedication to working.
Your dedication to contributing to the economy is not unnoticed.
Your dedication to putting others before yourself is not unnoticed.
I am worthy.
I am wanted.
I am excited.
I am not invisible.
I am visible.
I am amazing.
I am worthy.
I am wanted.
I am excited.
I am not invisible.
I am visible.
I am amazing.
A renaissance is coming your way.
Me time is coming.
Me time is here.
You deserve it.
Middle aged.
From a young person to a middle aged person.
From one human to another.
A comprehensive macrocosm into the two stages of life that prevails us all.
Middle aged,
Far from invisible.
A renaissance is coming your way.

Wrinkles
By Chaska May

Wrinkles.
Faint.
Wrinkles.
Short.
Wrinkles.
Long.
Wrinkles.
Interspersed.
Wrinkles.
The intricate lines of depth.
Wrinkles.
Texture.
Wrinkles.
Painless.
Painless?
Wrinkles.
The intricate lines of wisdom.
Wrinkles.
The intricate lines of a journey,
More complicated than train tracks.
Wrinkles.
Heartache.
Trauma.
Success.
Wrinkles.
Heartache.
Trauma.
Success.
Wrinkles.
Heartache.
Trauma.
Success.
Wrinkles.
The intricate lines that are never ending,
Despite our best attempts to contort them.
Wrinkles,
The lines that add foliage to our face,
Our eyes.
Wrinkles,
Like blossoming flowers that have a spring in their step,
Any time,

Anywhere.
Wrinkles.
Hello.
Hello Wrinkles!
Wrinkles.
Look in the mirror.
Look in the mirror.
Look in the mirror.
Look at yourself in the mirror.
Yes,
Look at yourself in the mirror.
Smile.
Laugh lines.
Look at yourself in the mirror.
Handsome.
Pretty.
Gorgeous.
Look at yourself in the mirror.
Handsome.
Pretty.
Gorgeous.
Look at yourself in the mirror.
Look at your wrinkles,
What do you see?
Look at your wrinkles,
What do you see?
Your brain is lying to you.
Look at your wrinkles.
I'll tell you what I can see.
Charisma.
Aging like a fine wine.
Beauty without porcelain.
Uncontrived beauty.
Unfiltered beauty.
Wrinkles.
Any age.
Wrinkles.
Any time.
Wrinkles.
Anywhere.
Keep looking at yourself in the mirror.
Breathe.
Hold,
5,4,3,2,1.

Exhale.

Refuel.

Breathe.

Hold,

5,4,3,2,1.

Exhale.

Refuel.

Breathe.

Hold,

5,4,3,2,1.

Exhale.

You're human.

You're human.

You're human.

You're breathing.

You're breathing.

You're alive.

Being alive.

Wrinkles,

A lived life.

Wrinkles,

I didn't expect to live this long.

Wrinkles,

You didn't expect to live this long.

Wrinkles,

I've done good kiddo.

Wrinkles,

You've done good kiddo.

The Emancipation of Titillation.
By Chaska May

We were all born by titillation.
Okay,
Sex.
Oh no,
Good heavens.
Are we having a conversation about the birds and the bees?
No, not any old conversation of the birds and the bees.
I don't want a bird shitting on me,
And I don't want a bee stinging me.
You're 16 years old.
Sweet 16.
Remember it?
Cast your mind back to when you were 16.
Remember it?
Mid-life crisis?
Certainly was for me doing all of those fucking GCSE's
Oh excuse my language.
Mum, I apologise,
You can ground me now!
Sweet 16.
The time where you explore your anatomy.
Or you don't.
Some do it later.
Some do it earlier-I'm calling the police!
The naughty shop, Ann Summers RIP.
I walked into that shop for the first time and thought blimey,
Ding-dong.
It was Toy's R' Us but for a titillation.
Toys R' Us RIP.
I looked at everything and my face was like this!
The curiosity complex never ceases to excite and question our existence.
I took my time with the titillation side of life.
Not 16.
19.
Mum, I am sorry!
You can kick me out now.
Kinky is still seen as obscure.
I love me some kinky.
Kinky boots Yasss!
Titillation is not always penetrative.
Intellectual titillation gets me going.

Vroom Vroom.
Auralism gets me going Vroom Vroom.
Ding-Dong.
Choo-Choo!
Have you ever seen the film Her?
5 stars, I thoroughly recommend it.
There is a scene in that film,
If you know you know.
The construct of titillation has changed dramatically.
You'd be surprised by what people get turned on by.
It's a safe space here I'm not judging,
Just don't harm anyone folks.
Titillation,
Why are you so embarrassed?
Titillation,
What are you hiding?
Titillation,
Always a taboo.
What are you hiding?
Titillation is an oasis in relaxation.
Selfish?
Weird?
Disturbed?
Bondage.
Feet fetish.
Kinky.
Auralism.
Selfish?
Weird?
Disturbed?
Bondage.
Feet fetish.
Kinky.
Auralism.
Why are you so embarrassed?
The comfort of your home.
The comfort of your relationship.
The comfort of knowing what you like is sacrosanct.
Titillation,
More fluid than the semen out from the crevices of your body.
Titillation is an oasis in relaxation.
Put some music on.
Have a drink.
Have some snacks.

Read a book.
Put some music on.
Have a drink.
Have some snacks.
Read a book.
On your own or with company.
You know you want to?
What are you waiting for?
You know you want to?
What are you waiting for?
Titillation,
A construct of discovery.

The Weight Emancipation
By Chaska May

Weight.
Weight.
Weight
Slim.
Muscular.
Overweight.
Obese.
Apple.
Pear.
Petite.
Slim.
Muscular.
Overweight.
Obese.
Apple shape.
Pear shape.
Petite.

Why you so skinny?
Why you so obese?
Get some meat on those bones.
Lose some weight chubby!
Why you so skinny?
Why you so obese?
Get some meat on those bones.
Lose some weight chubby!
Comments behind a fake profile.

Cowards.
Cowards.
Insecurity.
Cowards.
Insecurity.
Weight.
Weight.
Metabolism.
Metabolism.

A larger person can eat healthily.
A slimmer person can eat unhealthily.
Metabolism.
Metabolism.
Slim.

Muscular.
Overweight.
Obese.
Toss those words aside.
Why you so skinny?
Why you so obese?
Get some meat on those bones.
Toss those comments aside.
What is the perfect weight?
What is the perfect weight?
What is the perfect size?
What is the perfect size?
How do you get the perfect weight?
Steroids?
Drugs?
Pressure?
How do you get the perfect weight?
Perfect?
Perfect.
Perfect?
Perfect.
Perfect?
To who?
Perfect.
To what?
How do you get the perfect weight?
For me.
For me?
For me.
For me?
Look up at the twinkling stars.
Look up at the beaming sunrise.
Look up at the beaming sunset.
Feel the rays penetrate your body 360 degrees.
See the differing hues of orange,yellow and blue amalgamate together.
An immiscible kaleidoscope of joy.
Look up at the twinkling stars.
Look up at the beaming sunrise.
Look up at the beaming sunset.
Feel the warm rays penetrate your body 360 degrees.
See the differing hues of orange,yellow and blue amalgamate together.
Look at the changing seasons.
Look at the flow of water.
Look up at the clouds.

Look at the shapes of the clouds,
What shapes do you see?
Look outside your window,
What do you see?
You're in a cafe,
Look outside the window,
What do you see?
Look at the view of the city,
What do you see?
Look at the people.
"What?"
Look at the people.
"What?"
Look at your fellow human beings.
What do you see?
When you're taking off on a plane,
What do you see?
When you look at your fellow human beings,
What do you see?
Just like the formation of the Earth.
Nothing is ever constant.
Just like the formation of the Earth.
Shapes and sizes change.
You're perfect.
The destiny is yours to change who you are on your own terms.
You're perfect.
The haters are your pedestals to greatness.
Society has tricked you.
Go back to the memories and pictures of you from embryo to five.
Would anyone say "Why is that baby so skinny?"
Would anyone say "Why is that baby so fat"
Fast forward in time.
Everyone says " Why you so skinny?"
Fast forward in time "Why you so obese?"
You're perfect.
The destiny is yours to change who you are on your own terms.
You're perfect.
The haters are your pedestals to greatness.
Society has tricked you.
Your renaissance is coming.
Your light is at the end of the tunnel.
Just like trends they are more brittle than chalk.
Trends,
Here today and gone tomorrow.

You, here today, here forever.
You, here today, gone in the flesh, here forever.
You belong here.
You deserve all the happiness in the world.
You deserve to be comfortable in your own skin.
To be accepted in your own skin is not about being liked or disliked,
It's a human right.
You're perfect.
The haters are your pedestals to greatness.
An emancipation is coming your way if you've ever been told you're inadequate because of your weight.

Disconnected
By Chaska May

Have you ever wanted to travel through time?
Time... Time... Time... Time.
History... History... History... History.
Time, History, Time, history,
History, Time, History, Time.
Ever since the industrial revolution,
Mankind's way of innovation has never ceased to surprise,
and startle even the biggest of cynics.
The last century brought us the radio, the television, the computer, the calculator, the mobile
phone, the game's console and more.
The last 20 years have been technology personified.
Smart phones, Tablets, Whatsapp, Skype, Facebook, Youtube, Twitter, Instagram, Tiktok.
Interconnectivity turbocharged.
Whatsapp, Skype, Facebook, Youtube, Twitter, Instagram, Tiktok.
Echo chambers, cults, anxiety.
Echo chambers, cults, anxiety.
Walking on eggshells.
Fly-by trends.
False pretenses.
False gratification.
Fly-by trends.
False pretenses.
False gratification.
Fly-by trends.
A sickly sweet utopia of delusion controlled by the masses from above.
We're lambs to the slaughter.
Anthony Hopkins, eat your heart out.
We're Hypnotized like moths attracted to lights.
Failing to look at the person we're talking to.
Failing to absorb our surroundings.
Very few escape the cult,
but when they do,
It's a detox more satisfying than drinking the greatest herbal teas known to man.
The soul is cleansed,
the soul is rejuvenated.
The world is a macrocosm from the microcosm of the modern world.
Conformity is no longer the status quo.

The norm of people callously filming you for the way you look, the clothes you wear and for you, just being you is over.

The modern world, the quest for purpose.

The modern world, the quest for happiness.

The modern world, the quest to be decolonized.

The quest to find our inner sanctum.

The modern world, the quest to be connected.

The Deceptive Psyche
By Chaska May

The brain is the most extraordinary organ in the human body.
It's flexible,dynamic and impressionable.
We are receptive by nature,by design.
Just like the socialisation of mankind,our brain is wired in the same way.
Conformity is the status quo.
Negativity is the status quo.
Conformity is the status quo.
Negativity is the status quo.
Remember the prefrontal Cortex.
Just like an actor's job to find impulses in a scene,
Impulses are one of the many jobs of the prefrontal cortex,
This time it's reality.
Your brain is lying to you.
Your brain is lying to you.
Your brain is lying to you.
When your subconscious mind says you can't,
You can.
Your brain is lying to you.
Survival mode in the capitalist world is fraught in the human mind.
Your brain is lying to you.
The cult of failure is no more.
Remember the prefrontal cortex.
Don't let it control you.
You control it.
You control your own destiny.
Your brain is lying to you.
The world is lying to you.
Remember the prefrontal cortex.
Undo the knots.
Undo the knots.
Undo the knots.
Imagine your best self.
Remember the occipital lobe.
Vision.
Vision.
Vision.
Vision.
Manifestation.
Manifestation.
Manifestation.

Manifestation.

More glamorous than a rat infestation.

Socialisation is a rat infestation.

I don't like rats.

Socialisation is a rat infestation.

Remember the occipital lobe.

Your brain is lying to you.

No two visions are the same.

No two world's are the same.

Your brain is lying to you.

You are worthy.

You are special.

You are unique.

You are enough.

You are worthy.

You are special.

You are unique.

You are enough.

You are worthy.

You are special.

You are unique.

You are enough.

Socialisation in the capitalist world is fraught in the human psyche.

Remember the prefrontal cortex.

Remember the occipital lobe.

Remember the prefrontal cortex.

Remember the occipital lobe.

Your brain is lying to you.

Remember the name Jacques Lacan.

Eternal recurrence.

Dejavu.

Situations throughout your life will resemble ones that have happened years before.

Eternal recurrence.

Dejavu.

Situations throughout your life will resemble ones that have happened years before.

Coincidence.

Coincidence.

Coincidence or reality?

Situations throughout your life will resemble ones that have happened years before.

Remember the name Jacques Lacan.

Even in adversity,

You are worthy.

You are special.

You are unique.

You are enough.
Remember the prefrontal cortex.
Remember the occipital lobe.
Remember the name Jacques Lacan.
Your brain is lying to you.
Socialisation in the capitalist world is fraught in the human psyche.
Survival mode in the capitalist world is fraught in the human mind.
When your subconscious mind says you can't,
You can.
Remember the vagus nerve.
Remember the vagus nerve.
A reset.
A reset.
A reset from the world.
Remember the vagus nerve.
A reset from top to bottom.
A reset to every molecule of your being.
Remember the vagus nerve.
You can do it anywhere.
Remember the vagus nerve.
Freedom from anxiety.
Remember the vagus nerve.
Remember the prefrontal cortex.
Remember the occipital lobe.
Remember the name Jacques Lacan.
Remember the Vagus Nerve.
Socialisation is a silent virus.
Socialisation in the capitalist world is fraught in the human psyche.
Your brain is lying to you.
You are worthy.
You are special.
You are unique.
You are enough.

It's Me o'Clock.
By Chaska May

Alone.
Alone.
Alone.
Alone.
Alone.

The world tells us that being alone is bad.

Is it?

The world tells us that being alone is bad.

Is it?

Festering in negative thoughts is the detriment of us all,

Festering in negative thoughts is the detriment of us all,

Alone or not.

Alone or not.

Alone.
Alone.
Alone.
Alone.
Alone.

You're not alone.

Close your eyes.

You're not alone.

Close your eyes.

You're not alone.

Close your eyes.

There is a voice in your head.

Close your eyes.

There is a voice in your head.

Close your eyes.

There is a voice in your head.

That's you.

There is a voice in your head.

That's you.

There is a voice in your head.

That's you.

Like a bus, train or plane,

You can take it anywhere.

There are no limitations into the depths of your imagination.

You control the destination.

Alone.
Alone.
Alone.

Alone.
Alone.
You're not alone.
Alone.
You're not alone.
Alone.
You're not alone.

When everyone is clinging onto people for acceptance,
Too scared to step out of their comfort zone,
You've already taken the leap of faith,
The leap of faith within yourself.

Alone.
Alone.
Alone.
Alone.
Alone.

The best gift there is.
In tune with your subconsciousness,
Like singing in the shower,
Like meditation,
Nobody sees what you're doing apart from you.

You're free,
Free to do what you like,
When you like,
It's me o'clock.
It's me o'clock.
It's me o'clock.

Dystopian in the modern world where we're programmed to be robots.
It's me o'clock.
It's me o'clock.
It's me o'clock.

Dystopian in the modern world to switch off and take time to yourself.
It's me o'clock.
It's me o'clock.
It's me o'clock.

Dystopian in the modern world to set boundaries without questions,
Without answers.
It's me o'clock.
It's me o'clock.
It's me o'clock.

Nobody knows but me.
Alone.
Try it.
Alone.

Try it.
Alone.
Try it.
Alone.
Try it.
Alone.
Try it.

You're the greatest company.

You can do it anytime,
Anywhere.

You know yourself better than anyone else.

Be honest.

You know yourself better than anyone else.

Be honest.

You know yourself better than anyone else.

Alone.

Try it.

Alone.

Try it.

Alone.

Try it.

Alone.

Try it.

Alone.

The masquerade of societal acceptance is gone.

Try it.

Alone.

A plethora of opportunities you didn't know existed are coming your way.

It's me o'clock.

A renaissance is about to begin.

It's me o'clock.

Watch this space.

The Solo Traveller
By Chaska May

Alone.

Alone.

Alone.

Alone.

Alone.

You tried it.

You've mastered it.

Okay.

Great.

Take a risk.

Go solo on holiday.

Wait.

What?

Go solo on holiday.

Wait.

What?

Go solo on holiday.

Wait.

What?

Brain processes.

But what about my friends?

What about how many likes I get on social media?

What about what people think of me being a loner?

I don't know how to navigate myself through an airport!

What if I'm stranded?

But what about my friends?

What about how many likes I get on social media?

What about what people think of me being a loner?

Brain processes.

Loser.

Loser.

Loser.

Loner.

Loner.

Loner.

Your personal angel inside your subconsciousness comes to the rescue.

Deep breath.

Deep breath.

Close your eyes.

Close your eyes.

Close your eyes.

5,4,3,2,1.

Deep breath.

I'm good.

Deep exhale.

Let's do this.

Alone.

Alone.

Alone.

Alone.

Alone.

You book your flights.

The flights of cards have begun.

Pick a class,

Any class.

Economy,premium economy,business class,first class.

Flights booked.

I'm going solo.

At the airport.

Deep breath.

Through security.

Deep exhale.

That was a breeze,

Albeit hell.

Before too long my flight is called out.

Could the announcements be any louder?

At my seat.

Window seat.

Views.

Yes Please.

At my seat.

The annoying announcements and safety video.

Yawn.

Jetlag already?

Headphones on.

Music on.

The faint sounds of the plane engine's start.

The plane goes to the runway.

The waiting.

The waiting.

The waiting.

It's been half an hour.

The waiting.

The waiting.
The waiting.
The engines rev.
The plane speeds up the runway.
Your heart races.
The plane takes off.
We've reached 37,000 feet.
Deep breath.
Deep exhale.
You check out the entertainment.
You feast your eyes on the snacks.
Pretzels.
Yum Yum.
G&T.
Don't mind if I do.
You check out the entertainment.
You're In the middle of a movie.
The smell of food penetrates the entire cabin,
The food arrives.
Ewww.
Turbulence strikes.
Rollercoaster.
Belly goes in all directions.
You keep watching movies and go to sleep.
You wake up.
Hungry.
The pre-landing meal arrives.
Ewww.
Hungry
Soon to land.
Ears popping.
Touchdown.
Good landing captain.
You Arrive.
You check into the hotel.
Jetlag.
Jetlag?
Tipsy, drunk or tired?
Jetlag.
Reality is disfigured.
You check into the hotel.
Sleeping into the next day with the orange and yellow tones reflecting on the window,
Sleeping into the next day with the warm rays of the sun grazing your skin.
A hug.

The sunrise of opportunity.
You navigate around your new surroundings for yourself and nobody else.
You see humanity from a different perspective.
Objective.
You see humanity from a different perspective.
Objective.
The bird's eye view.
The Fisheye lens.
Objective and subjective from the outside in.
Objective and subjective from the inside out.
Solo.
You strike conversations in the most unexpected of ways.
Solo.
You strike conversations with people you'd never encounter in your everyday life.
Memories for life.
Alone.
Time observed.
Alone.
Time indulged.
Alone.
Time digested.
Alone.
Time embraced.
Time observed.
Time indulged.
Time digested.
Time embraced.
Time observed.
Time indulged.
Time digested.
Time embraced.
It's time to go back home.
No!
It's time to go back home.
No!
It's time to go back home.
I don't wanna go back home.
It's time to go back home.
Back at the airport again.
It's all a breeze.
On board already.
Take off.
At my seat.
Window seat.

Views.
Yes Please.
At my seat.
The annoying announcements and safety video.
Yawn.
Jetlag already?
Headphones on.
Music on.
The faint sounds of the plane engine's start.
The plane goes to the runway.
The waiting.
The waiting.
The waiting.
It's been half an hour.
The waiting.
The waiting.
The waiting.
The waiting.
The engines rev.
The plane speeds up the runway.
Your heart races.
The plane takes off.
Bye country,
It's been a blast.
Reminiscing.
Contemplating.
The plane lands back home.
Step off the plane.
The breeze of familiarity wafts all 360 degrees of your body.
You arrive home.
A changed person.
Life isn't so scary.
Being alone isn't so scary.
Take that robots disguised as humans!
Solo travel,
Worthier than the masquerade of social media acceptance,
Socialisation,
Mind fuckery.
Conformity,
Mind fuckery.
Solo travel.
A new me.
Solo travel.
A permanent me.

Solo travel.
A new soul.
Solo travel.
Life is different.
Solo travel.
A revelation in the making.
Balancing the long rope towards the unknown is possible.
Solo travel,
I did it!

The Underrated Underdog
By Chaska May

The underrated underdog,
Living life without the false masquerade of gratification.
The underrated underdog,
Incognito mode personified.
The underrated underdog,
Climbing the greasy ladder inconspicuously.
Where one knows their ability,
But masks down their ability amidst the crowd of jealous cynics.
The underrated underdog,
The one who is unafraid to take risks,
Make mistakes,
To learn,
To Try harder,
Fail harder and To Fail better.
Manifestation and intention is at the core of the underrated underdog.
The tunnel vision of the result is not in their being.
The tunnel vision of the result is left for the toxic social media platforms of societal cohesion.
The Underrated Underdog's cycle is everlasting in truth, Confidence and growth.
The underrated underdog,
The one who shares the least about themselves,
Yet curious to be in awe of the human condition.
The human condition just like the underrated underdog is fluid if the prefrontal cortex is
activated.
Danger,
New opportunities are the name of the game.
The world is a game which the underrated underdog plays in incognito mode.
Rather than a game in which people are in competition with others,
The underrated underdog has a game with themselves.
Always winning because there is no competition.
"Staying in your lane" is out of the vocabulary of the underrated underdogs mindsets.
Merging and transforming lanes will be at the core of the underrated underdog.
Underrated a blessing.
Underrated frustrating.
Underrated a blessing.
Underrated frustrating.
Underrated a blessing.
An underrated underdog is a revelation waiting to be discovered.
The underrated underdog's legacy will only be discovered when they're soul goes into a spiritual
ether.
The underrated underdog seeks no reward but the posthumous award for humility awaiting.

The Political Void.
By Chaska May

Left,centre,right,
Left,right,centre.
Far-left,centre left,centrist,centre-right,far-right.
Socialism.
Communism.
Capitalism.
Liberalism.
Labour,Conservative,Liberal Democrat.
Democrat,Republican,Independent.
Independent.
Independent.
Homeless?
Homeless?
Homeless?
Left,right,centre.
Left,centre,right.
Cults.
Propaganda.
Cults.
Propaganda.
1984?
Labour,Conservative,Liberal Democrat.
Democrat,Republican,Independent.
Cults.
Propaganda.
Cults.
Propaganda.
1984?
The pendulum has shifted dramatically.
Is the Far-left the new far right?
Is the Far right the new far left?
Course not because in the 21st century if we disagree one iota we are extremist.
Fascism anyone?
Oops we've changed what a fascist really is.
Nuance anyone?
Introspection anyone?
Fluidity anyone?
Cults for Christmas anyone?
Cult for you,cult for you and cult for you.
We wish you a culty Christmas,

We wish you a culty Christmas,
We wish you a culty Christmas,
And a happy new year.
Labour the new conservative?
Conservative the new,new Labour?
Democrat the new republican.
Republican the new democrat.
Independent wasted vote?
Liberal democrat's wasted vote?
Green's wasted vote?
Of course they are because in the 21st century we are devoid of taking risks.
Oh I forgot the liberal democrats were in coalition.
No apology then?
Labour,conservative,democrat,republican.
We know they're all crap but we vote for them because it's the least worst option.
Least worst option?
Least worst option?
Election time comes.
More crumbs for tomorrow.
"You've never had it better they said"
More crumbs for tomorrow.
"You've never had it better," they said."
Devoid.
Devoid.
A void.
A void.
Avoid.
Avoid.
Avoid what?
What's the secret?
Voted for liars anyone?
Voted for robots anyone?
What's that noise?
Oh wait.
The sound of our representatives behaving like children.
Pass the pampers folks.
Pampers for you,
Pampers for you,
Pampers for you,
And Pampers for you.
What's that smell?
That's the smell of our representatives trashing our economy.
The smell of our representatives blaming us for their mistakes.
"There's no money" they say.

10% pay rise for our representatives.
Can I have a pay rise?
"There's no money". They say.
Another election comes.
More crumbs for tomorrow.
"You've never had it so good", they say.
I can't pay my mortgage,
"You've never had it so good," they say.
I can't afford the weekly shop.
"You've never had it so good, " they say.
I can't pay my bills.
"You've never had it so good," they say.
I've had a pay cut.
"You've never had it so good, " they say.
I'm trapped.
"You've never had it so good, " they say.
I'm trapped!
I'm trapped!
I'm trapped!
"You've never had it so good, " they say.
Our so called representatives go on television,
We grill them.
The smug faces of contempt.
We grill them.
They spit in our faces.
We grill them.
You must be a Tory.
We grill them.
You must be a socialist loony.
We grill them.
They beg for our votes.
We grill them.
They beg for our votes and we keep on voting for the same old same old.
Innovation anyone?
Nuance anyone?
Creativity anyone?
Sleaze?
Corruption?
Sleaze?
Corruption?
That doesn't happen in the 21st century does it?
Another election comes.
More crumbs for tomorrow are on all their manifesto's.
You're in the polling station.

You've been sent the candidates and parties on the ballot paper.

You scroll.

You scroll.

You scroll.

You keep on scrolling.

None of these people represent me.

X next to all of them.

Scribble on all of them.

Wait,

Woah,

Wait.

Suffragettes.

Black people having the right to vote.

The political void compels me to put an X next to one of them even though none of them represent me.

The pencil quivers.

My brain is in overdrive.

The pencil loops 360 degrees.

My brain is in overdrive.

Up and down,

My brain is in overdrive

Left and right.

My brain is in overdrive.

I've just voted for the establishment?

Establishment?

Status quo?

The pencil drops down in a heartbeat.

I walk away.

I walk away.

I walk away.

My brain is in overdrive.

The political void,

Independent?

Independent candidate?

Wasted vote?

Establishment?

Status quo?

Independent.

Political void.

The political void.

Void.

Void.

Void.

A void.

What's the secret?

A void.

What's hidden?

A void.

Avoid.

Avoid.

Opportunity.

A void.

Opportunity.

The political void.

Opportunity.

The political void.

The biggest independence there is.

The political void.

The biggest opportunity for greatness.

A Britain Without Class?

By Chaska May.

Class,

Class,

Class.

That's all the British seem to care about is class.

The word Class.

Sprayed around like confetti.

Class,keeping people stuck.

Class keeping the rich, richer and the poor, poorer.

Class dividing people left,right and centre.

Class,

Stopping Britain's potential in it's tracks.

Class.

Class,

It's all we've known.

Class,

It's what the British like.

Class.

Status.

Class.

Deception.

He talks posh.

She talks posh.

Ding.

Ding.

Ding.

He sounds as common as muck

She sounds as common as muck.

Ding.

Ding.

Ding.

They're posh.

They're common as muck.

Ding.

Ding.

Ding.

He talks posh.

He lives in a council flat.

Brain explodes into a million tiny pieces.

She sounds as common as muck.

She lives in a 4 bedroom house with a ferrari.

Brain explodes into a million tiny pieces.

Just getting by is the status quo.

Just getting by is just the way it is.

Just getting by is the status quo.

Look around.
Look around.
Look around.
You look around and most people have fuck all.
Chav.
Chav.
Chav.
Chav.
Chav.
You hear the word Chav sprayed around like confetti.
Are you a chav?
Am I a chav?
Come on unleash your inner chav.
It's okay.
We're all chavs.
Come on unleash your inner chav.
It's okay.
We're all chavs.
We all want to emulate high society.
We all buy things too expensive to afford.
We check our bank balance.
Overdraft.
Shit.
Overdraft.
Shit
Overdraft.
Shit.
Chav reclaimed equals aspiration.
We all want to improve our daily lives.
Society has told us that Chav is a dirty word.
Come on unleash your inner chav.
It's okay.
We're all chavs.
Look across the pond to the United States.
Hard to believe we colonised them.
1776.
A distant memory.
The American dream.
The American dream,
Alive and kicking.
The American dream,
A fallacy?
Class isn't so entrenched in their system.
Still,
America is gated.
America is more divided than we are.
America.
Guns.
Drugs.

Britain.
Knives.

Can you imagine an integrated society where Britain's class system is abolished?

Rich,
Poor,
Chav,
Working class,
Lower Middle class,
Middle class,
Upper middle class,
Aristocracy.

Can you imagine an integrated society where Britain's class system is abolished?

These dirty words aren't used as pawns.

Politicians,
Wink,
Wink,
Wink.
Media,
Wink,
Wink.

Looking at you shit stirrers.

Can you imagine a Britain without class?

Abolish capitalism?

Bring socialism and everyone is the same?

Bring socialism and everyone is the same?

Hegemony?

Robots?

Hegemony?

Robots?

Hegemony?

Equality?

Hegemony?

Robots?

Equality?

What about those in power?

Can you imagine a Britain without class?

Monarchy?

How can we be proud to be British?

Can you imagine a Britain without class?

What is it to be British?

Can you imagine a Britain without class?

Music: A Holistic Love Letter To Your Soul.
By Chaska May

Music,
A way to connect with other people.
Your people.
Different People.
Your people.
Different people who become your people without comprehension.
Music,
A way of manifesting your past,
Present and future.
Future and present.
Music,
A love letter to your soul.
Music,
A way to unleash your inner nerd.
Music,
A way to rewire the troubles of the day.
Music,
A sign of your personality.
Your personality.
Your personality.
Your personality.
Like the smell of cologne and perfume wafting in the breeze.
Like the indescribable smells that dogs can smell that humans can't smell.
Mysterious.
Transfixing.
Mysterious.
Transfixing.
Your personality,
Ever changing,
Always evolving in the masquerade that is planet Earth.
Toss the masquerade aside and music is you at your true authentic self.
I have a musical taste more eclectic than the speed of light.
I have a musical taste more eclectic than the molecules of electricity travelling through a wire.
Music from the 1950's to 2000's are my jam,
But the Jam to the butter on my toast is trance and house music.
Trance is a holistic powerhouse.
Trance is a multifaceted,
Multicoloured wonder.
More pleasurable and vibrant than taking narcotics or LSD.

Don't do drugs kids.
Close your eyes.
Close your eyes.
Close your eyes.
Close your eyes and listen.
Close your eyes and watch your imagination go.
Let the music flow into your mind.
You manifest or you sleep to music.
Falling asleep is the utopia of music.
The sweet spot of consciousness.
You finally fall asleep.
Depending on the type of sleeper you are,
You near the music,
Distracting you from the loud sounds from the outside world - or foxes mating.
Oh foxes.
We love you.
The music calms you down.
It calms me down.
I keep sleeping.
I keep sleeping.
I keep on sleeping.
The alarm goes off.
The alarm goes off.
The alarm goes off.
The alarm goes off.
I keep on sleeping.
I keep on sleeping.
I keep on sleeping.
The alarm goes off.
The alarm goes off.
This alarm is getting on my wick.
I get up.
Good morning world!
The temptation to go on social media or flick through the doom and gloom and manipulation of
the news is too tempting.
Media,
We love you!
Alexa,
Play some trance music.
I fix my bed.
I brush my teeth.
I boil water in the kettle.
I put two bags of herbal tea into my railway cup.
There is never enough tea in the tea bag.

Just like crisps,
Cereal,
And don't get me started on the size of chocolate bars.
But this isn't a poem on the crime serials of shrinkflation.
The kettle continues to boil.
I look at the options in the cupboard.
Peppermint,
Green tea,
Nettle tea,
Lemon and Ginger,
Lavender tea,
Rose tea,
Cranberry tea.
The choice is endless.
I go with peppermint tea.
I open my journal.
I scroll through my subconscious thoughts.
I write what I'm grateful for.
I write what I'd like to change in my life.
I take a sip of tea.
I close my eyes and savour every ounce of taste.
I savour the moment.
The moment that changes with each sip.
The moment that changes when you get towards the bottom of the cup.
The moment that changes when you take your last sip and taste the sickly sweet sip of all the
sugar that was not dissolved properly when stirring the tea.
Bitter sweet.
Sweet bitter.
Bitter sweet.
Sweet bitter.
Bitter sweet.
But the trance music filling every corner of the house still dominates every fibre of my being.
It inspires me to do Yoga.
I do yoga.
5 year anniversary in 2023.
I do yoga,
Get me!
Yoga.
Catchy word.
Yoga.
A fashionable trend personified?
Yoga.
No trends here.
Yoga.

It's a way of life.
I do mindfulness meditation for 10 minutes.
Trance brings me to my calm place.
Centering my soul.
Trance music is my happy place.
It's not even midday and I'm beaming with joy.
Alexa,
Play house music.
I jump in the shower.
The grandad dancing starts.
Clinging onto the shower mat.
Trying not to slip and slide by the soap suds and water flowing through my slim 6'2 frame.
Grandad dancing needs to come back.
I don't do clubbing.
It's a mortuary of vanilla.
Conformity personified.
Everyone standing in the corner,
Swirling their drinks.
Scared to be seen.
Scared to be different.
Scared to look like a twat for 5 seconds.
Scared to do grandad dancing.
Scared to be anonymously filmed by someone they don't know for stepping out from the status
quo.
Stay in your lane.
What lane?
Fuck the lanes!
Grandad dancing.
Come on,
You know you want to.
House music in the shower.
My own clubbing euphoria.
House music.
My own clubbing utopia.
It's me o'clock.
It's me o'clock.
It's me o'clock.
Anytime.
Anywhere.
Even when you're at work.
Even when you're at school.
Even when you're taking an exam.
Music is within you.
The two tribes of life are about to start.

A constant state.
The decolonial mind bursting to come out.
The two tribes of life are about to start.
A constant state.
The decolonial mind bursting to come out.
The two tribes of life are about to start.
A constant state.
The decolonial mind bursting to come out.
It's me o'clock.
Anytime.
Anywhere.
Don't close your eyes.
Don't close your eyes.
Don't close your eyes.
Don't close your eyes.
Your stream of consciousness has reached the outer depths of your being.
Don't close your eyes.
Don't close your eyes.
Don't close your eyes.
Don't close your eyes.
Your stream of consciousness has reached the outer depths of your being.
Trance music.
House music.
It's a spiritual thing.
Trance music.
House music.
It's my spiritual thing.
Trance music.
House music.
It's a way of life.
It's my way of life.
Music.
It's your way of life.
Music.
It's your spiritual thing.
Music will outlive us.
Our spirits are forever transcending as the future generations look at our way of life.
A free time machine.
You decide which genre,
Which era you wish to be placed in.
Music,
The holistic way of life.
Music,
A holistic love letter to your soul as it always will be.

Film: Your Soul Captured.
By Chaska May

Toss the movie star to one side.
Toss films to one side.
We are all a movie.
Yes you heard right.
We are all a movie.

The moment you are in the macrocosmic lens of society, cameras are dotted about watching
your every move.

Smile.

Pose.

Make a goofy facial expression.

Why not?

Smile.

Pose.

Make a goofy facial expression.

Snap.

Snap.

Snap.

Without your comprehension.

Big brother watching you or the truth in full glory?

Big brother watching you or the truth in full glory?

1984.

1984.

1984.

Big brother watching you or the truth in full glory?

Camera's never lie.

Camera's never lie.

Camera's never lie.

The camera loves you.

Smile.

The camera loves you.

Pose.

The camera loves you.

Make a goofy facial expression.

There is no good side.

All sides are good.

There is no good side.

All sides are good.

No face is perfectly symmetrical.

Slightly smaller or bigger in one proportion of the face unveils a hidden persona.

The camera never lies.

Zoom in.

What do you do when you lie?
Laugh?
Smirk?
Smile?
Twitch?
Avoid the question?
Make personal attacks on your opponents?
Why are you hiding for?
The camera loves you.
Why are you hiding for?
The camera never lies.
Now back to films.
A 19th century invention.
A 19th century revolution.
Going through the golden age of Hollywood and into the 21st century.
Anyone can make a film.
Anyone can make a film.
Anyone can act.
No matter how young or how old.
Films a multitude of genres.
Films a multitude of memories.
Microcosmic versus macrocosmic in the fabric of your development.
Escapism,
Joy,
Heartache.
Films,too many to watch before we die.
Films a bucket list of the human condition from the good,bad and ugly.
Genres,a love letter to your soul.
Sci-fi,Thriller,Coming of age and Period dramas are some of my favourite genres.
What's yours?
I want to know.
What's your favourite films?
I want to know.
The expansion of our favourite films list is ever expanding.
A love language that we didn't know existed with friendships and connections inconceivable to
your soul.
Film,when you thought the human psyche could not be more fascinating,
One pops along that startles every fibre of your being.
The neurons in your body produce fireworks within your soul.
The type of fireworks that inspire you to watch more films,
Write films,
Produce films.
Act in films,
Direct films.

Pick a genre,
Any genre,
Pick a genre,
A new genre.
So what are you waiting for?
Smile.
Pose.
Make a goofy facial expression.
Why not?
Smile.
Pose.
Make a goofy facial expression.
The camera zooms in.
Snap.
Snap.
I look weird.
It didn't pick up my good side.
The camera loves you.
The camera never lies.
Social media lies.
The camera never lies.
Social media lies.
Film, your soul captured.
Don't be scared.
The rollercoaster begins.

The Railway Bug
By Chaska May.

Clickety-clack, Clickety-clack.
Clackety-click, Clickety-clack,
Clickety-clack, Clackety-click,
Clickety-clack, Clackety-click.

1830, the year of the world's first passenger Railway.

It was in the UK,
You wouldn't believe it.
Liverpool to Manchester.

31-miles of track.

Stephenson's Rocket travelling at 30 miles per hour.

30 miles per hour,
30 miles per hour.

At the time that would've been a fairy-tale,
Cinderella, eat your heart out.

170 years later,

The new millennium arrives,
Chaska May is born,
Chaska May is born.

Born in Peckham,
3 pounds 4 ounces.

5 years later, the Railway bug creeps in.

He steps on a train,

Eagerly poking his head to see the views, but too small to reach the views.

The doors close.

The engine sounds start,
He hums the engine sounds out loud,
With the clickety-clackety tracks,
Bouncing him along.

An orchestra of joy worthy to be heard at the Royal Opera House.

He enters Primary School.

He doesn't interact with the other children.

He plays on his own.

Humming the sounds of trains.

When he's in Primary school,

He gets told "it's not normal to play on your own".

Trains are his best friends,
They didn't judge him.

He gets a Hornby train set.

He set's it up.

He watches the trains circling through the destinations of Chaska's imagination.

He leaves Primary school and enters secondary school.

He reaches adolescence.
The railway bug continues.

He gets bullied.

“You sound gay”.

“You’re a loser”.

“You’re a nitty”.

“You’re too posh.”

“You ain’t black”.

“You’re clapped”

“You’re so f*****g skinny”

“Are you anorexic?”

5 years of torture.

He leaves secondary school,

A shell of his former self.

Too scared to leave the house,

He has suicidal thoughts.

“Man-up”.

“Man-up.”

“Man-up”

The phrase that to this day still penetrates the very fabric of his psyche.

The railway bug continues.

He goes to his first transport event in 2017.

Brooklands museum to be precise.

He was with his people.

He was with his people.

It was more dystopian to him than 1984 or Aldous Huxley’s Brave New World.

He enters drama school,

Worried that the railway bug would bring back the tumultuous memories of his secondary school
years.

It didn’t.

He was with his creative people.

He was with his creative people.

A dual identity,

Dystopian in the conformist world that is Earth.

Chaska graduates from drama school in 2022.

He looks back at his life thus far.

Ups and Downs.

But who hasn’t had ups and downs?

The railway bug was his blessing.

The railways are the world’s blessing.

The railways are always evolving,

There for us during the darkest plumes of our history.

Thank you railway’s.

Thank you for the railway bug.

The Versatility Bug
By Chaska May

Embryo to five are the most freeing years of our lives.

Do we know what we want to do when we're older?

Yes,

No,

Maybe.

Yes.

No.

Maybe.

Yes?

No?

Maybe?

Whether we do or not, you bet we attacked our vague goals with authentic determination.

Where did it all go wrong?

Where did it all go wrong?

The new millennium arrives,

Chaska May is born.

Anxious.

Shy.

Introverted.

Says who?

"What do you wanna be when you're older?"

A meteorologist, he says.

Chaska was 10 years old.

Secondary school arrives.

Chaska is now 11 years old.

11 years old with people the height of a skyscraper.

Run!

Still in Primary School mode.

Sats.

That was hard.

This blazer is heavy and warm and itchy-that'll be the polyester.

It cost my mum a bloody fortune!

The talk of GCSE's has arrived.

Eh?

I'm in year 7.

I'm 11.

"What do you wanna be when you're older?"

I dunno.

Chaska is still 11.

3 years later, 2014.

Year 9.

Options arrive.
Options.
I get to skip maths?
"No!"
In the words of William Shakespeare-"Bollocks!"
I never needed it so.
Options.
Hmm.
What have I most enjoyed thus far?
Geography.
Do I still want to be a meteorologist?
I dunno,but I enjoy it
Drama.
Hmm.
Drama.
I got my best grades in Drama.
I appeared in two school musical productions.
An Oscar here we come!
Shame I can't sing.
Simon Cowell,mate, no need to worry,I'm not deluded.
Drama, an escape from my past life in the present.
Drama,a way to explore the nuances and complexities within my being.
Drama is fun.
Drama is fun.
Yeah I wanna do this.
I've got an audition for the Brit school.
Rejection.
Oh.
College.
Hmm.
College.
I wanna be as far away from those bullies as possible.
Kingston-Upon-Thames.
Posh.
Lovely river.
BTEC Level 3 Acting.
I'm loving the course.
Stanislavski, why hello!
"Privyet".
College ends.
I audition at Italia Conti.
CERT HE Acting.
Okay.
Only a year course.

Hmm okay we'll learn something invaluable here.
I bloody well did.
But I want something more.
I wanna try some directing.
I wanna try some writing.
Rose Bruford.
Rose Bruford.
American Theatre Arts.
Learning new accents.
I could spend a semester abroad in the US.
That's right up my street.
I auditioned.
What a horrible audition.
Back to the drawing board again.
3 weeks later.
"We would like to offer you a place."
What?
This is a fake email.
"We would like to offer you a place."
I scream.
I won't scream now, I don't want to be sued.
September 2019 comes.
A new chapter dawns.
Critical Perspectives.
Context classes.
Movement classes.
Voice classes.
The history of America.
Psychoanalytic theory.
Reading a plethora of plays from the greatest American Playwrights of the 20th century.
Acting through song.
Alright musical theatre.
This was all in the first 6 months.
March 2020.
Lockdown.
"You must stay at home"
Zoom.
What's zoom?
Virtual classes.
Hmm.
Interesting.
How is this going to work?
Lockdown is still occurring.
Am I depressed?

How do I feel?
Am I depressed?
How do I feel?
How do I really feel?
What was covid?
What was lockdown?
Almost a year of classes online,
Back on campus.
Masks,
Oh
Shit.
Back on campus.
Shit.
What's being a practitioner?
Back to square one?
Back to square one.
Back to square one?
A few weeks pass.
Oh I get it!
Do I?
Oh I get it!
Do I?
Contemporary Scenes pop along.
Oh shit.
This goes towards my degree.
Oh fuck.
I got a 2:1.
Marvellous!
I thought I was gonna fail.
We're sending you to America.
Piece of fucking cake.
I've got an American passport.
I look at my passport.
Oh shit.
I've gotta renew it.
Oh fuck.
American embassy, why are you so difficult to find a spot for an appointment?
I love you America.
Chicago.
The Windy city.
Not for the reasons you think?
Columbia college.
Marvellous.
Playwriting Minor.

Feldenkrais Minor.
Teaching Practicum Minor.
Acting on camera Minor.
I was in a music video.
I explored Milwaukee,
Seattle,
Boston,
Miami and St Louis.
Yasss!
Living the dream.
The American dream.
The American dream?
I return to Bruford in January 2022 a changed practitioner,
A changed man.
IRP.
Oh fuck.
I got a 2:1.
Marvellous!
I thought I was gonna fail.
Two more theatre productions.
It's all coming to an end.
The end of an era.
The end of 17 years in the education system.
I graduated with a 2:1
1.1% from a first class degree.
Oh well.
Shits and giggles.
I didn't fail.
"What do you do for a living?"
I'm a practitioner.
"A doctor"
No.
I'm an actor,playwright,poet,director and voice-over artist.
The brain of passers-by processes it.
Warning.
Warning.
Melt down.
Melt down.
"You can't be all 5"
Why not?
"You can't be all 5"
Why not?
"You can't be all 5"
Why not?

“You can’t be all 5”
Why not?!

The arts are all I know.
The arts are all I’m good at.

“No you’re not”
“Boo”
“Boo”
“Get off the stage”
Fuck you,
Fuck you,
Fuck you!

I’ve been defined by everyone but me.
I’ve been defined by everyone but me.
I’ve been defined by everyone but me.
My whole life.
Except from embryo to five.
“What do you do for a living?”
I’m an actor,playwright,poet,director and voice-over artist.
The brain of passers-by processes it.
Warning.
Warning.
Melt down.
Melt down.
I don’t care.
Manifestation.
Result.
Manifestation.
Result.

People will only lick your arse hole once you’ve made it.
Those same people who gave you hell.
People will only lick your arse hole once you’ve made it.
What is that?
Where is that?
What is that?
Where is that?
Fame.
A construct.
Success.
A construct.
Illuminati.
A cult.

Hone those skills like you mean it.
Learn something new like you mean.
Jealousy.

Insecurity.
Jealousy.
Insecurity.
Hunker down.
Time to batten down the hatchets.
Versatility.
A blessing.
Conformity.
A curse.
Versatility.
A blessing.
Conformity.
A curse.
Time to batten down the hatchets.
A storm is brewing.
The world isn't ready for your talents.
Time to batten down the hatchets.
A storm is brewing.
The world isn't ready for your talents.