

THE RENEWAL

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E3SF6TvTcnU&ab_channel=StanfordSpokenWord

1.

This. This is the renewal. When no number of smiles can out-illuminate the darkness within, may this poem be a hospital and a home for your hurting.

2.

When your vices bite your fortunes like vipers, & your Edens turn Armageddon, scrambling in your pockets for the last hints of hopefulness, may your withered hand -

*May these verses package pain into poem & shelter healing in Psalm.

3.

WHEN the sun closes shop & beats blue into black, the iris burns out. Swollen hands lose their sleight... When fists are furred & soaked into flame to spar with moon shadows in the night –

& you fail to shake your shadow & so you shy away in them... It's in that, that moment then, that this... This may be your renewal.

4.

The renewal, it's a hint of hope for your lonely, a vision for the loafer, a poem for the broken, soulless – tossed in – the loss of fortunes. See, it through that within a renewal's rippled reflection is a public face & when a new renewal begins, there within is only you.

FOUR

In the morning again; & the sorry seconds within this 12-hour season of stars stretch across a spacetime manifold, sinking... And here I am sitting - as a single star amongst constellations, simple in my glimmer:

Mid-night my element, sorrow my friend, subconscious my mentor, fury in the strokes of my pen. Reflecting again in an empty room, simple, silent, still... in my renewal.

5.

THE RENEWAL ...

- It's how I learn & how I lead. It's how I sit. It's how I leave.
- It's how I give. It's how I grieve. It's how I live. It's how I breathe.
- It's how I'm left & it's how I'm right. It's how I write when I know I'm wrong. It's how I turn my wrongs to right, and how my fight is through poem or song.
- It's how I love — & It's how I'm me. It's how I pray. It's how I preach. It's how I stand.
- It's how I need... to renew, re-plant these seeds. See...

6.

You are what you make a renewal to be: but what I know is that

7.

Your renewal is something simple & haunting & beautiful... For I've noticed... you speak in silence in rose-colored rooms ... And from voices of violence, protect your hidden truths.

& that beneath your complex, is well, something complex beyond what words alone can measure. It is a concept... Again, not manifested by words nor even action alone, nor developed from the resilience of being thrown thousands of stones in your direction.

It's a certain LOVE. Dearest One, it is not a sub-typed categorization.

8.

>>

9.

It is not the hidden meaning within an allegory's cave.

10.

It's an innate essence — a divine-different, but a divine nevertheless existing within your being that we could unearth together...

From the roots of revival in its renewal arises lilacs, signaling, signing, & singing forth a new season & a new growth & a new you ... And so we start again.

SIRENS

I am not one for matcha lavender lattes
Not even liquid courage– tequila & lime...

- Rum might do,
- but even then *any* high-spirited sedative is stale – to me >>

As arbitrary as orange ...

**pause*

And the feeling of happiness....

The minor note from the music
I choose
To make
My day's lifesong.

The broken melody
Of a man
I am.
And am told to be >>

Coupled by an orchestra of broken people--

People I call-to-be "friend"...

Only ever daring to
Hint at the edges of,
"I love you"

...

For I've ever only
known helping

from generations of hurt

Learned how to care from the weave,
braiding sister Sarah's hair
On dawnlit China Wall eveningsets >>

& Asking myself quietly...
If you've ever cared enough
To catch a glimpse of my grief

When the sun saps
All that's left from the soul
&
All that's left is automata.

I'd had
Explored more ways to kill my coherence.
Clawed in a handful of an ocean's cry,

Below a slinking sunset from burning tides

Asking if I can oscillate –
Finger-tap a rhythm to your beat
For another. Number - chapter - more.
In time. Time, when I will be stirred--

A drink
Filled to the brim with

A melody
Bittersweet

--

In sleepless colors
And my mind fed mantras
A reminder constant 'bout how

"I don't want to live in a world where the sirens
Are my singers"

--

See
*some nights
i chase sleep but follow wakefulness —
For the colors spray, collide & click
In misshapen ways, morphing into monsters born from the fear of the
unknown.

Upon rubbing my eyes and. shoving their screams & chills from my spine &
tingling fingertips down to the depths of my bone, I epiphanize that those
sirens are my songs, yes,

--

but no longer beautiful;

That commas can delay thought in sentence but can't buy time lost ...

--

LOST –
In

The hidden places between
Sleep, wakefulness, and consuming screams
Attempting to control chaos with constraints to loose to measure

Where in conversation we carousel – caffeinated

Taking a two-step waltz with our words

In a rose-crested room draped amber,

When
Sonata music spins into my corpse

– and somehow still – I dare to question a melody so sweet-sounding...

This isn't where I want to be.

Babe,
I am a broken being
and a sallow soul

So
My dearest.
Please

- Kiss me 'till we are simile
- Where words are no longer what matters
- Where analogy is no armory // metaphor – militia.

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–California Laments–

Matthew Mettias

--
--

When a tree's fur cinders –
Sapped from nutrients. by sunstrokes

& (all that's left of) its brush
Is a first & final fall

With leaves of lifelong...

- Kissing the century-tempered ground's bitterness
- *Uprooted* & never again to float back-to-branch

*I wonder what the sky has to say for itself...

- I wonder if the sun feels sorry for allowing the carelessness of its curiosity to wither away the weary leav(fe)s & the rugged leaflet flocks alike — *both* winnowed down to bare flesh and irreversible turn ... or fold

— a sweet-smelling demise from fraudulent glimmers... —

— ~~How fraudulent glimmers can make even demise sweet in smell~~ —

- I wonder if such is the reason the **moon** is sorrowful these days:: not even the wind can coil from her a cry —

...

- But like tying shoestrings, the moon still chooses to [flush,,, pull & twine] river reeds & ocean ti(d)es closer along her sea-changed face —
 - — her surface blemished by dusted etchings, celebrated *only* in seasons ... & beautiful moments
 - — like an unscathed veneer

--

I wonder if the moon
Knows *that* the sun's fate is eons earlier than her own —

I wonder if she knows
... Yet *still* sacrifices a slice of her orbit each day — & without fail

ALL in unremitting fondness of his shine

—*The moon*—

Hides her truest form in tree shadow's

Glowing ever stable, glowing fo(u)r -ever still (for- him)

—

—The moon—

Hopes of one day catching a wave or ... maybe a river's flow or... maybe a lake's stagnancy... or... maybe *this* poet's confused emotions hidden behind stolid-faced chained monotony

—The moon—

However only ever catches a stone crash & timeless fall again — (in), monotonous manner—

Somewhat like a falling maple or redwood ...

>>

>>

<<

<<

When a leaf falls—

--

I wonder if Atlas looks up, tracing its sail through gravity

I wonder if Sisyphus watches & sighs in pity...

- *I wonder if God cares.*
- *I wonder if depression laughs*
- *I wonder because I can't hide behind metaphors & symbols anymore*

~~&, so, I wonder on ...~~

I wonder

—

—

See in younger,

Seemed some deity had always been here
— & with compassion, he pledged entire seasons for us to remedy a tree's torment...

These days it seems we're
Sewed into sinew & splintered skin, readying a fallen tree into reason for *bark*

It is a hopeless answer — for we are stricken — re-salvaging our soul's heft 'fore it settles into
the thrash of deeper darkness...

--

Through tumult
May *this* be a prayer
— and **not** a poem:

& in silence
May we these days, ... these days,
Sew threat into thread — thread into seams — seams into sew ... from heartfelt embrace

& COMMUNITY .

~~And~~ may these "trees" we tread into together // this **forest** of a collective **life**, **we** are//("ore"),
-us-

*Stand for [(Stanford) Love...]

& not just stand
but stand *by* each other
fo(u)r each other

— & on the graces of God,
To guide us home once more... —

--

Dear Father...

Care for us
— YOU do,

Care for us
— YOU have (~~you must / you will~~)

Care for us
YOU must!

Through YOUr will

— *May we* cut whatever cruelty we have formed against... other ...

— May we welcome the fullness of love, in full-term, fully-fledged... or at least in whatever token of such we can muster at any moment's sum

(vestige / flicker)

--

--

... keepsaking a shared memory

~~Of one another~~

For we are shoulder-clipped — — only different in our sameness

In recollections so dense, matchless, & immeasured...

In lessons, long-learned & long-lost, & NOW remembered again —

--

--

To trees fallen — so that a tree may no longer fall

(&) **From** my forgetful mouth — for some self-love lost ...

*Though we cannot restore, we **can** replenish*

(&) *Though we **can** ignore, we must not*

Respects...

My love fires in flares

For I'm
Fearful of my *flaws*

... for only in theory did they ever seem beautiful.

--

Who woulda thought that? ...

It's oft in lonely moments where I fail to forget *that*
Humor is a cloak for what pains us beneath our hide

And ego? He is a masterful manipulator in disguise...

See,
This *mind* which you explore
Spills tattered books chaptered & crushed by tearmarks,
Puddles of pages filled to the brim with pennyworth poems...

— & honest messages from a poet's stress

This *mind* which you explore
Is a river of regrets, second-arrowed thoughts rushing to my forefront ...

guess that's why we call 'em river *rapids*

This *reputation*

Rides as a tidal wave broken into rivers running weak,

Legs: violent ocean swells cycling

Towards inevitable capture along the shoreline

Still waiting for the time —when I feel— something

When that crash occurs

At least then,

Then will be better than now (*hesitant*)

--

'Cause now...

Now – I am numb.

Inspiration-less - tless (“listless”) too

Less of man.

Listen...

Listen to who?

I don't know...

What is reason?

I'm no longer experience chasing

Just soaking up the city...

Past buzzwords & self-serving practices

On billboards...

– I'm a skeptic of broken promises made to broken people —

& in social circles —

I'm both hurting & hopeful

Right now in writing...

White walls & scarlet curtains my conscious

Sometimes I wish I can snap comfort into submission

For tussling w/ sleep has lost all its novelty

For tussling w/ sleep has lost all its novelty

tussling w/ sleep has lost all its novelty...

** quieter & quieter (whispering) **

Body – vessel voyager

Know that I've been shoulderin' some slack...

To win over the contest of my honor

& conditional pride from *others*

My skin's unraveling now

In it – hope that you'll see

That I'm human — **still**

just the same

... maybe a little more bashed in the brain than most

- But still here

- Still me

And that life – that life I live to please you

But I'm here *now* because I need to...

To be lost

& *still* choose to love

To be loved & not have this as my goal

To steady the burning out of conditional care

Giving a mean man a message still

In surefootedness — ee

I'm still rooted in a wound fresh ...

And some lackluster self-love

(& some shitty 3am podcasts too)

A lost cause I might be

Peace. Where the hell are you?

For I know that there is power in peace— & for in power peace is *not* guaranteed

So I trudge on...

Catching hearts & bruises too

Learning to fight with rhetoric over my fists

Caressing the wounds I bleed ~~with~~

And cherishing the words I've *seeded* >>

I lead with an earnest listening

Again, my shadow self convinces me...

That washing my feelings away

Are faster than healing them — TODAY

I say NO...

For I'm still

Fearful of my *flaws*

... thinking still that only in theory were they ever beautiful...

hopeful

BUT ONE DAY I WILL SHOW MY WORTH —
I WILL BE GOOD

— Matthew Mettias

I Want to Find You a Song

– *Matthew Mettias*

*Not always does the art have to be fueled by instability...

But babe,

———

At this very moment,

I am a dying star
And an avalanche

A melting summer
And a mountaintop

Precipitating raindew
And a madman

>> Slowly slipping 'way from sanity

When we argue
Words spewed to each other
 At eyepoint
 Like ill-accused criminals facing the barrel of a gun —

Convincing each other of wrongdoing(s)z

>>

Dear...

I am
Teeter-tottering between
the balance point of
sympathy & sadness..

>> & there's no method to my madness

... seems even the brightest days
fade forgotten.

& I have near-none spark left
within me

--
--

See
i want to live
not steal a story

>>
For...
There may always be an empty
in me – within this soul(s)center:

He is the lovechild
Of Sisyphus & Prometheus >>

Overlorded by Hades...

A prodigal son to your Eurydyce

& he sits by (a) harborside –
somewhere nearing the Pacific ... picking away at orchid leaves

...

*

Dearest daughter of your mother
You got me crying like a child

...

I want to fight to find for you a song

reach for a sky-star
before it dies

to pull out a melody from these lips

--

Even the lifesong ends,

and no melody
is limit enough

>>

--

For this weight—
This universe —

that this iteration of love
carries.

>>

Carries in a sling

denting the fabric of spacetime
coagulating in the *milky* ...
before collapsing unto its own gravity.

Lover; (*and*) I feel the change
Of a butterfly flap wing between us

>>

A prolonged look over to me—

The extra blinks
(&) An unfamiliar stare

How my guilt's gathering faster than concert kids can in a summeresque-spring >>

— —

— What it is to know a person so well
And to disappoint her—

>>

See shame, I've always felt,
But what about when guilt shells my grief ...
And grief sheds tears of guilt-iness

Masking
My inner poverty

When these seedling-sprouts are
Uprooted just hours before being planted >>

In the first place

My dear,
Need I remind you

*How I sleep >>
to meet you in a dream

&

Awaken to follow in life wherever this version of love leads—

Finding you in the burn of my breathing,

As I sprint to the side of the Pacific Coast listening to “Unchained Melody”

One step over

The next...

& *With Each*,

nearing— closer to a clasp of your embrace—

The rising of your bosom — each breath—

Me,

Willfully trying to forget a timeless warmth

that only your tired lips can bring home to me >>

A space I am not always worthy to enter

>>

So instead, *these* legs will—

Cycle

Only ever nearing there

In co-sequent step-by-step

Splash - over - splash

Like oceans swells-

Lapping over to the shoreline

>>

Before entropy & death...

Like a boiling star
Burning brightest before burst

>> Ready to break
at any moment's touch

--

'Ready to
>> Crash & cut open energy over a simmering sand dune

Seeping into a filtering drop of groundwater
Carrying an electron

Before reaching my tongue—

--

>> Powering the chaos of a neuron before it loses its last memory

Cut again,
This time into a pixel-living image of your grin
The flutter of your lips *on these lips*

The bottom of your teeth accidentally
Bumping into mines ...

Me accidentally returning home again to your lips
Same move to this couple's waltz

Biting my shoulder
Nails to my back

2 hands
Holding your face

gently >>

•

>>

Returning—

To the bedside again...

Like a recursive coin

Of a kid

On way into an arcade slot machine

Since when was romance

An arcade of chance-error, circumstance?

A turnstile or tunnel into whatever the universe plans or gives in the sum of a season

Or the specific of a triggering instance

For one/1.

My love,

My lover

--

Between us

— 2

My darling

My dear

>>

When you tell me *"I thought you knew me"*

Something [very unwell]

– **very cruel**

courses /cuts through me –

>> The same sting in my ears sharpening

This soul quaking

Emotions —

Themselves rushing through the riverslits of my veins

--

--

Babe, I am a father's mistake and a mess of a man both

A mother's mentality

And my own person

... And sometimes

--

Sure,

These seedlings-sprouts are

Uprooted just hours before being planted >>

& more often than not

--

This guilt grows

When grief is unseen

And no masquerade

Nor AM radio-lovesong

>>

Songbird in the cedartree

>>

Butterly flap wing between us
Denting the fabric of spacetime

The accidental in the perfect story romance
We seek to shade two lives into

The weight this
universe of love
carries can

Make this melody forever sweet

>>

Because
Sometimes,

***Sometimes**

>>

Our melody is composed by an orchestra of broken people—

Broken persons—
spun sour by ego-made manipulations
&
conversations left
Unmediated between

shame & self-worth

--

See
Sharing pain
Is one thing

Projecting it upon each other, 'nother
Especially when it is with
The only one person I can *truly* **trust** to *fully* **love**—

*I am no pastor-preacher,
reverend*

>> *Medicine man, shaman, guru, teacher...*

I mean
Even as a student, I'm barely scraping through

>>

But

Sometimes,
Must I remind you, "**I love you**"

And sometimes
Need you remind me, "**To show it**"

\\

& To think of you
When I forget...

... is that too much to ask?...

it is not.

--
--

& NEITHER of us
Wants this lifesong-melody to

End into a lullaby

--

NO!

I'd rather
Fight to find to for you a song.

This time releasing a prayer
To reach— way over— to the sky-star

To find form
In a hug

A cuddle
and/or (preferably and though)... a kiss

Before it dies >>

--

--

Pucker up
With you a melody
Until we >> learn to forget << these lips.

... Then after all that's *left*

Is what's left unsaid
>> & what feels right between us—

--

In moments, lonesome.

*And empathy felt through the
empty >>

Promises I don't make much but I'll do any

>>

Thing to make you feel [truly happy]

--

(Because)

Lover

I am a *Moonchild
howling alone at the tide

--

*Under the starlight & Mediterranean cedar
where the blackbird hides

Along where the desert squirrels feed
— Sided by the searing stones at daybreak...

--

I wanna kiss the sun again
& You, you are my sun >>

I want to re-find the bold feminine in my Leo moon

Cut open my inner cynicism only to fix the softness in his vocal —

Simmer in silent-esque aura(s) with the cicadas and the moon.
And remind you

that
I LOVE YOU

>> **“Let’s talk”** <<

A Broken Melody (Anthem)

– Matt

*Broken is brutal
But selfless is love ...*

These days

I don't fight sleep
– (I) *don't push, I don't shove*

However dark moments
Can grow ...

*Still look up at the sky
>> Remembering that sorrow must arrive // 'fore one can ever fully shine // I*

--

*'ve promise to tell truths
I won't peddle no more lies
(Lies!)*

How-ever many treasure troves
I can ever size

*I promise to tell truths
I won't peddle no more lies ...
(sorry)*

--

'CAUSE truth is ...

I'm still searching for peace:
For I know that there is power in peace — & for in power peace is *not* guaranteed

--

*& if I'm being honest
I'm not always honest*

I mean who-ever is? >>

*& that's no justification
Just **truth** in the making ...*

With phonetics I write
& rhetoric strong

But that's not enough

So

Will I trudge on??

I won't // shy from the fight...

Listen & leader-ship right?

There's no weakness in following

'Long as the movement is just
-Learning to love.
Still learning to trust

Learning to choose
To open the blinds
And seek out the sun --
Vuln-

Erability's
No longer my

Enemy - Truth

I find

Fragrance in song

slower

As you listen; been a minute & a bit much more long since >>

drums cut in

Since...

See

- - -

These swollen hands once would swing upon cruel snared faces
Like pendulums

Now they hold a song's sacred-ness
~~The sacred of song~~

[Gripping this mic
As you listen ...]

God I'm so grateful
Swinging only now are the
Notes of melody,

I am so relieved

- Danger is done :)
- Now it's safer around :)

--

Fear is familiar
But I am not scared

I am not full
I am not whole

Yet I am strong
And I will not *fold*

--

'Cuz we are just human

Cut to the core -- skin & some bone
& some love & some soul:
-- along w/ some growth & some goals

So question again...

- **Who** are you -- -- -- fighting against?
- & **What** are you -- -- --- fighting *for*?

See,
love of friends comes & goes
in fleets
of phases...

So I'll just continue on – **L(ea)OVE:**

a-dore/adore -- leave it open...

- No leaving nor waiting

Just taking

>> some time to just think...

Take a step deeper closer to your soars

Slice into your crisis of questions

Unleashed from 'em

& You will find lessons --

TRUST.

THAT I am no longer skeleton speak

-

Rather I am a broken melody seeding a spark within the souls of some cynic

- my rebel's so vibrant that it sends wheatfields aflame

Origami creasing comparisons -- only to fold 'em & fade 'em away

That with a mind motto that

We'll be okay...

No matter the mourning today

No matter the mourning - **TODAY** ...

I trust that my letters speak in words that walk the lines of blank page >> when they aren't carouseling in conversation or waltzing ways into sentence & phrase | formations...

When I'm not running to hide behind the bolded letters of my words >>

Right now (*crescendoe*) !

- White walls & scarlet curtain(s) my conscious...

--

But (I) refuse to allow-- my screens to shutter

in lonely memories

Begging my hope to
Not shut up

-- So stay w/ me
... a little longer **TODAY**

A little lost
- I am -

Brittle & broken
In that fine divide, standing on that lifeline / between man & GOD, GOD &
man

I cannot settle
I let all my changes dissolve -

- -

The men in my family
Say I am soft

speak softly

But

I don't do it for me
I don't do it for them
I do it for love & from that blooms friends...

- -

While at this moment
I'm caught up in the swaddle of sin

*****BEAT STARTS*****

*When verbal turns violent
And worse is the silence
And words aren't defining*

Of what you've been bottling in...

- **Then kid...**

*Your days done you bad
And you've almost done had it*

Imagination's been flattened to radio static ... or something like that

-

You got lots of thoughts

*But much less to comment on
Destiny's & karma them*

Got a gripped eyed on ya

And the sun's rays

Silver lining's

-- are lost

-- ~~and~~ youthfulness tossed - **up**

In ocean swells you are tossed **in**

Then

Remember again

--

--

--

That a sorrowful moment is needed before one can fully shine
Preaching these words, praying
that

I don't lose mine

'Cause death'll come quick with his sickle
Collecting time lost

Tick of the tock

Still thinking...
Still look-ing up at the sky

::: *sigh* :::

These days
I don't fight sleep
– (I) *don't push, I don't shove*

However dark moments
Can grow ...

--

Broken is brutal
But selfless is love ...

Yeah I said:

Broken is brutal
But selfless is love ...

Broken is brutal
But selfless is love ...

LOVE.

Prose Poetry Piece:
"A Letter"

By Matthew Mettias

...

"I don't want to know how you feel...
Only who you are"

"What is the makeup behind your scars?"
For how everything above that does not matter to me

What's above all that, ma'am.
Does not flatter me.

...

The modern garments you sport
Don't matter to me .

--

If I could give my last token to a machine
That spits words --whether that's prose, poetry, or neither

to help you find your truth
Trust me, I would >>

But I know...

That it's
not
that simple.

That, together, we're like Russian dolls
full of paradoxes fitted within a pair of Pandora's boxes.

>> And I'm on a constant pivot spinning my syllables –
language – a playground to me that I choose to meet like a forgotten friend

Within
That kid I am — cut to the core

so

Might I by God-granted miracle live this precious lifesong again, then this day

This day I pray you patient -- to imbue seasoned melody upon thee -- for this is a
precious life you live & my Dearest One, of you, I am ever proud.

My Dearest One, of you, I am ever proud.

Proud
Of a love that extends beyond whatever sensibilities the divots of the brain can
bring through pattern, behavior, duty.

My only request: (?)

- Balance your feathers 'fore they are swept away by high flying pride. My dear one,

Remember that humor is oft a cloak for what pains us beneath our hide.
And ego? A masterful manipulator in disguise.

>> If you may, at times, sit with your anger in silent thought, subconscious
mentoring-- leaning ever closer to lend one's ear to the murmurs of your chamber
door.

--

And *know*
that when it comes to men,
Know that no man will ever make you enough --

Know that true love flowers from within and -- so like a child who carries fish bowls of sleepless colors, find joy in the vibrance of life.

--

And I know >>

That my words are not mine alone. My thoughts — recycled. Blurted out as disjointed scribbles on wrinkled page. With an umbrella theme of sorrowful determine

&. I speak in words that walk when they don't waltz; wait in patience to explain that when they're not captive in attention – solo conversatio(n-s)waying w/ a be-loved friend — a mutual attempt to find

>> a little bit of that self-love lost *again* + whatever dose of compassion is left within it...

I am looking
To realize again...

In attempt to
– trying to

Convince myself >>
That I am worth *something*

That I am not a
"A mess of a man".

So lover, don't worry 'bout those like me who spin stones or chase dominos in futile attempt to forecast the tempo of fate because,

Ultimately, ...

--

When the breath of a chilled breeze howls like the sounds of ancestors past, father's drunken histrionic; a bastard boy's cry; a widow's silence, time will come to capture; & karma – to collect.

In all these, take not the element other, Earth to serious matter, wave to indecision, fire to rage -- rather take rain (reign): To defy the scrolls prophets interpret of your fate even when deemed foolish by the favored crowd.

Declaring match and to not once flinch at the face of forfeit, tempting you to willfully forget into sorrowful determine. 'Cause when I'm not there to fight for you with fists, fight as you do with your rhetoric: roll up sleeves to cut silence and continue to cut into your spirit allowing it to rise like the running hills your wearied soles (souls) tread on.

My Dearest One,

Before flame breaks into smoke, break a many spark into flame; before the day's song break, savoring the sweetness of such song, finding your truth in solitude and stability in your subtle movements -- being one to love -- although lost;

And choosing not to pick-pocket seeds of hopefulness from the weary

nor the wicked,

but choosing rather to forgive the forbidden face and ultimately, listening *not* to this man. Listen not to me.

A man of mistake (& too many at that) who writes words which speak in silence.

--

FOR DEAREST ONE
OF YOU, I AM PROUD
SHOULD YOU LIVE YOUR LIFE THIS WAY... OR ANY OTHER.

In any case, **2** have lived a life
Well lived indeed and upon that,

One will surely bear a more fruitful season.
My sincerities, my love.

"Look Up, Breathe In, & Step Forward"

by Matthew Mettias

--

For we've all learned to walk before we learned to fight,
And all first cried before we learned to question how, or why so.

Sensitive by nature of our being, porcelain-thin,
Ever remains the essences of dry painted layers we esteem of self from "weakly-grown egos"
and "the poison droplets of our pride".

All too often are we overlooking a realization that,
Despite the ornate colors we decorate our skin with, the clothes our words wear, or the virtue
our actions display to flaunt that we're competent, in any modern-city situation given.

So small are we,
And all circumstances, in their joys and in their sorrows, run fleeting, remain feeble and
seasoned to fall before the universe can blink from an eyelid.
Fall like leaves and empires, Ottoman, till a winter-smoke rolls round and springs forth the
summer sprout of a wildflower's seed in a new era.

Happening in sequence and then repeat. For the first time ever, again.

See, life is cyclical: impermanent and only a second away from its next system collapse.
An arms length away from tomorrow, we are. And still yet our feet can only shuffle toward
but never into, never to enter, only ever made and meant to predict only the bounds that our
futures dare to imagine.

See it through then, just as each vein of a leaf, on each branch of a tree, is derived from a
root, starting off as an orchard man's seed, planted.

Whether tossed onto struggling sand and silt or hand-patted unto the softest soil, planted still
it is.

And each of us, by whichever method or way of madness too, is planted in this moment made
in places where we can only ever meet each other, where we're currently at.

As a collective we remain our own entity, choosing to share delight in today and in
togetherness.

Just as my guitar aches and psyche speaks, spilling out a soulstring melody, that song itself is not my instrument, and no written words of these are my own, only illusions shared through me.

May it be remembered then that none of us is entitled to other and their being. Rather, we are because we are, and I am because I choose to be. And what matters to me is you. So here are we.

In knowing this, let it then be known here that, child, if only you've ever been given a glimpse of my grief when my eyes become aged, carrying satchels of memories in the sails of their gaze.

And I've seen only the sum of your memories: that flicker from your eyes where whatever once was hope is now held hostage by a bitter history of melancholic midnights and dawn-lit eveningsets where seconds are squeezed out from the day, squirming for direction.

In places where you've woken up in wonder only to slumber into despair hours after.

May throughout it all there still be hope hidden and held onto within the hurt. A reminder made that though the body keeps a score, in virtue of its sacredness does it also scribe chapter-books that none will ever read right, hymns that none can ever sing like you.

Such then, the sure-footedness you know in these stories is your lifeblood, the milk of abundance that only you know and ever might.

This is a precious life you live, each slice is a sacred second. And each of your moment's dull and difficult touch your spirit tenderly.

And though times may be tough and shake you down to nakedness, its intent is none other than to teach you of your beginnings.

Dearest, remember your being from birth, beginning from the eons earth allowed you so.

And question: ARE YOU HERE? Here you are or are you spending a lifetime away from self and the wisdom held within its loneliness trying to convince others and itself (you, precious being) that it is not lonely?

Rather than fantasy-feeding, reach for the healing sheltered in your centerhold, the philosophy of nature safeguarded by your years and then ready yourself for relief.

Remember, remember child, we've all learned to walk before we learned to fight. All cried before ever questioning how and or questioning why.

So shine and live: Live and if you ever grow dim then in your dimness you soon shall shine again, living then more learnedly, carving into the scope of life's largeness.

Constantly rekindling that flame, ever again and again and again, like flickering flame and smoke, water-whirl and wave crashing below caverns where it is that the wind will whistle without shrinking: with or without your attributions of it.

Where it will sing its own song and etch its own sediment story, again and again and again. And in such the same way, so shall you renew yourself too.

My dearest, you are here learning to walk now as you learn to fight.

Just seconds of sight toward the moon's bend and only a mind-stretch away from the stars.

So, look up, breathe in, and step forward toward the constellations.

After all, even if the clouds shade the stars, their shine is still there.

And unto life or death, all pain can only be frozen for measured hours before it too

must

melt

away.