

poetrybook i

THE LOST FLYING POET

COMMENCED
sunday february 13 2000

REVIVED
sunday april 22 2001

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Donut Shop

This is my donut shop,
All of the fluorescent lights, the linoleum tiles, the pale-colored tables,
Everything.
Everything except for the donuts.
I do not own the donuts, and I would never say I did.
They own me, in a way, but I don't want to talk about that now.
Anyway, everything else is pretty much mine,
Even the people who come in and out,
They're all mine.
I like to watch them, and capture them, and then write about them.
They don't know it, they never do, even though they ask questions.
(They're too busy to pursue such trifling things.)
But I'm there to record everything, my people asking for things, my friends,
They like to take my friends away.
I don't like this.
But the Owner tells me I don't get any control over that.
He says that's the way things go.
Sometimes I get a little mad because that's not what should happen.
But the Owner says not everything is possible, I should know that.
Not everything is possible.
I wish it wasn't that way, but I suppose it is.
I miss my friends, I do.
But new ones always come, and I am usually the first one to talk to them.
They seem to like me, but I don't know why.
Maybe because I'm always there, from birth to death, I'm always there.
When I have money (I usually don't) I try to save as many of them as possible.
They don't seem to like that because they turn rotten on me, green and hairy,
And they no longer talk to me, but they talk to my nose.
I tried to handle that, but it just didn't work, I had to get rid of them.
So I don't buy them anymore, but they understand.
They still like me, and I still like them,
Because this is my donut shop.

CHRONOLOGY

*original text [date unknown]
transferred 07.25.2001
not accepted*

PERSONAL NOTES

written for an unknown special occasion.
inspired by the donut shop by denny's in brea.

*lost flying poet
07.25.2001*

Contrition

Death, death, death away
Your sights I do in soul dismay
Consuming life, I've gone astray
Death, death away

Flesh, flesh, flesh be burned
For all I sacrifice be turned
Into black demon, purity spurned
Flesh, flesh, be burned

Loss, loss, loss desist
And no more my sin resist
Of truth, angels, Three-God insist
Loss, loss exist

CHRONOLOGY

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PERSONAL NOTES

enjoyed for its musical, chant-like quality.

lost flying poet
03.23.2000

Poverty

I've created a maze for myself---
A world of turns and subtle dead-ends
Rewards I aim only to get
With distraction—self-made—I find regret.

The death of this misunderstanding only can be
As deep as any man-known sea
And I, quiet diver, wish to explore,
Am caged, alone, and excommunicated
From the love and sense waiting at the door.

The bell rings
And in panic I crash
And tears flow forth and turn to ash
The burns leave scars for friends to see.
I'm not perfection I strive to be
And worry engulfs her caring heart
From Heaven the power she invokes starts
But I see not.

The fire has blinded me.

Now hearing else, and only I
Believe not which that I could see.
Perception not the only key
As my life serves as testimony
To painful truth by intuition
The dimensions of my bare existence
Come to conclusion.

All is vague; I cannot see.
And this has crushed me to poverty.

CHRONOLOGY

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accepted 07.25.2001

PERSONAL NOTES

camp thoughts.
hooray, the joy of those days.

lost flying poet
03.23.2000

Drear

Sleep engulfs my tired heart
And I am left but to impart
This age
Of honest undertaking
From which you'd rather not partaking
For whims
They prove but drained actions
And more to thee of the reaction
The night of night is soon approaching---
Impenetrable thought free from constraint
And far from realistic portrayal
Finally dies.
It awakens sense
Or is it just still my imagination?
Yes, very much---
Watch the angels fly and suffer

CHRONOLOGY

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transferred 02.13.2000
refined 02.17.2000
submitted to poetry.com 02.17.2000
submitted to inkwell 03.23.2000
accepted 08.26.2000

PERSONAL NOTES

written at borders books & music,
while conversing with slumber.

lost flying poet

(untitled)

Somewhere there is peace.
Somewhere, I'm sure of it.
Because I've seen enough blood
And I've shed enough tears
And I've killed myself enough.
It's time there was a change.
Really, I'm sure of it.
And it's going to be grand
And it's going to be beautiful.
Someone is running outside.
I can hear her.
Why is she running away?
Or is she running towards me?
We all run.
All. I'm sure of it.

CHRONOLOGY

original text 12.18.1999

transferred 07.25.2001

refined 07.25.2001

accepted 07.25.2001

PERSONAL NOTES

from lifebook one, entry fifty-one.

lost flying poet

03.23.2000

The First Entry

The rain fell on me tonight—just now. His rain fell on me. His cleansing, renewing, refreshing rain. And I smiled. I couldn't help but smile. Everything is going to be OK. He's taken control of everything. There are no worries. No worries. Because He's going to be always faithful, despite my own pitiful unfaithfulness.

God, I don't really understand you. I don't always make choices that reflect a strong belief and faith. But you are undeniably real to me, and I can't help but fathom *You*. ... People always say you have to have a relationship with God before anything else, and I believe I'm getting there.

Lord, I want to simplify. To burn away all of the excess...

And Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—all three of You—help me to keep from complicating my faith. I am saved, and I am called to save others.

Thank you.

Lord, I'm not going to be perfect—and I pray you'll help *me* to remember that. But even though I'm not perfect, I AM FORGIVEN. And for this I am grateful. This is why I praise you, and why I'm blameless---

Thank you for the cross.

I love you.

CHRONOLOGY

original text 01.01.2000

titled 03.23.2000

transferred 07.25.2001

accepted 07.25.2001

PERSONAL NOTES

from lifebook two, entry one.

lost flying poet

03.23.2000

Excerpts of a Prayer

Dear God,

I am very confused, tired, and lost. My soul feels trapped but desirous to do what is pleasing to you.

Father, I'm really struggling.... I don't know exactly what my motivation is, nor how I'm supposed to go about this, but I pray, Lord, that I will do what's right.

See, that's what I don't fully comprehend. How am I supposed to change this even though I'm becoming more and more willing to be changed? ... I want to be the person you intended me to be, and sometimes I feel so ashamed... but it's really affecting my happiness.

I feel like such a traitor! But I long to be with You, my God.

Dear God, am I just fooling myself? I don't want to be a poor representation of You, but that is what is so easy!

Help me to get to the root of You—to your unblemished essence. I feel so ugly when not aligned with Your will. I am writing---

EMBRACE ME. TAKE MY LIFE. IT IS YOURS.

I'm sorry.

Forgive me.

Empower me.

My life to You,
Amen.

CHRONOLOGY

original text 02.04.2000

transferred 07.25.2001

refined 07.25.2001

accepted 07.25.2001

PERSONAL NOTES

from lifebook two, entry seven.

lost flying poet

03.23.2000

Detestation

Knowledge is a disgusting thing
Of pallid color and wretched stench
The sight at which men cringe and cry
And learn to loathe and fight the sky.
Mistaken treasure, honor old
Deceives the fool, disguised as gold
What is this broken trust revered
But vomit of the deadened leaves,
Regurgitated cream abandoned,
Finding scholarly ambition?
I refuse to taste bitterness
When death-risked pursuit awaits in such
That is the search for knowledge
By one.

CHRONOLOGY

original text [date unknown]
transferred 02.13.2000
submitted to inkwell 03.23.2000
accepted 08.26.2000

PERSONAL NOTES

written in 5th period chamber choir after an epiphany.
sometimes i just wish i didn't know some things.
then life just might be so much easier.

lost flying poet

A Letter to the Songwriter

Will you be much offended if I tell you how simple your life is?
Please, withhold your response, I have not finished.
Your take is most appealing and refreshing.
How influential your life has been to mine!
And now a little part of you
Resides in me
Like the Spirit.

Are you blind to your own blessing?
See how much the leaves turn green in your favor
And brown in mine,
So sour and bitter tasting, I do long to vomit them all
And purge them from all history and regret.
This new life is mine to behold.

God wanted me to simplify, and I tried---
But failed.
Thanks to you for renewing that vision within me,
For materializing those pleasures
That God intended so long for me to experience.

Would it be too much to say that I love you?
I shall not—though my soul utters so—
For the world will surely misunderstand.
But God does.
I guess that's really all that matters.

CHRONOLOGY

original text 02.14.2000
transferred 02.14.2000
refined 03.27.2000
accepted 03.27.2000
presented to andrew 03.28.2000

PERSONAL NOTES

simplify, simplify, simplify!

taste how good it is to allow God
to be the center of everything,
and permit the noise of the world
to fade to deafening nothingness!

pursue simplicity and find blessing.

lost flying poet
02.(14).2000

Regarding Andrew

Quiet, envious flesh, for you do corrupt me.
Acceptance reluctant for vaporous greed
And blooming affection yet to receive
From the Creator.

I learn from you---
Well, really, I learn from God,
But He works through you,
Inspiring me,
Challenging me,
Refining me.

In every conversation I take something new
And feel terribly peaceful,
Fathoming further a faithfulness divine.

Those gentle blessings.

I listen to the music of your soul---
Encouraged by the rhythm of your prayerful heart
And also my spirit
For an acceptance of love unconditional
As it was meant to be.
Unconditional.

You know it; I've said it enough;
But God only knows all, and so He will reward those
Who are pleasing to Him.

Compose together the unique symphonies of our endeavors
And beauty results,
For God is the Conductor
And we are merely the musicians.
You of strings and me of ivory—See?
No need for jealousy.

C O N T I N U E D

Visions alive for what is to become
Behold, the future! Joint efforts? None?
If none, Heaven still awaits.

A friend in Christ is never lost nor forgotten.

CHRONOLOGY

original text 02.21.2000
transferred 02.21.2000
refined 03.23.2000
submitted to inkwell 03.23.2000
accepted 08.26.2000

PERSONAL NOTES

a quiet, vulnerable, and palpable evening of conversation.
true, brutal, cumbersome honesty.
confessions of the flesh,
and admissions of the Greater Purpose.
memory, do not fail me.
behold this night forever as affection,
and commit, under Christ, to eternal sacrifice.

lost flying poet
02.21.2000

Thirteen Observations

I have so much love to give---
I just can't find the proper way to express it.

Most people are just as confused as I am, if not more.

If you think about it too much, you might come to the conclusion
That life here is worthless
Unless you really seize your purpose, your calling, your commission---
That is, to save the lost souls of the world.

God, more often than not, seems to ask more of me than I can give.

Guys aren't jerks.

When I am with a lot of people, I am so happy,
But when I am alone, I feel terrible.
When I am with someone I really enjoy, I am in bliss.
When I am with that same person, and with another person,
And to this second person the first person finds much more interest,
Then I burn inside with jealousy.
It is an unhealthy pattern.

It's hard to work things out with your parents.

I wonder sometimes if my friendships are sustained by true love,
Or by an obsessive desire to be that object of effusive affection,
That in befriending, I only seek a characteristic
And not a soul.

School only gets in the way sometimes.

I'd really be messed up if I didn't have God in my life.
Oh wait---
I'm already pretty messed up.

People aren't that stupid.

Rain and stormy days are always comforting because
They represent life so realistically.

I have been the fool all along.

C O N T I N U E D

CHRONOLOGY

original text 03.05.2000

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refined 03.23.2000

submitted to inkwell 03.23.2000

accepted 08.26.2000

PERSONAL NOTES

i cannot but help to observe the world.

here are some of my findings.

lost flying poet

03.05.2000

The Valedictorian

Congratulations, great achiever!
You've managed to survive the rigor of our curriculum,
Learning to avoid wholesome moments with also-broken friends
And running away from angelic vulnerability—
All those times you may have spent sharing your life,
Wasting time,
All those other grand pitfalls of success; Congratulations!
You have excelled in becoming a real human being
With no soul.

CHRONOLOGY

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PERSONAL NOTES

not entirely autobiographical,
but it touches on some personal issues.

lost flying poet
03.23.2000

sometimes

sometimes i just keep wondering why
and really no answers come so quick to me
it is a sad, sad undertaking...very sad indeed---
when will i meet the ones who complete me?
or do they not exist?
or does He already exist?

CHRONOLOGY

original text 02.13.2000
transferred 08.26.2000
accepted 08.26.2000

PERSONAL NOTES

written in andrew's room
the evening i spent the night.
apparently a cry arising out of void.

the lost flying poet
08.26.2000

Life Entry #17

I can't help but feel a strange attachment
And I do not deny an inner pleasure
And a soulful peace
When I am with you.

And yet, I fight to call it love,
For I do not want the lusts of my flesh to overtake me
And I do long for truth,
For purity,
For Godliness.
I only desire what is healthy.

Humble me if I am wrong
But continue to bless as Your Will desires
For I do learn from this exchange
And I have not been this aware of joy
For much too long—or so I believe myself.

Thank you God for this serenity
But discipline me still
As always You do
And feed me the Love I have yearned for so long.

My spirit exudes.

CHRONOLOGY

original text 02.21.2000

transferred 08.26.2000

accepted 08.26.2000

PERSONAL NOTES

from life entry #17, lifebook ii:

“on the morning songwriter?”

the lost flying poet

08.26.2000

foolish dreams

remember times
that give you joy
that help you know
that life here was
and is
and can be
sweet.

remember times
when love ebbed through
when friends they knew
when times were bleak
and lonely
and desperately
silent.

remember times
of Him giving you
of experiencing new
of fires forgotten
and smeared
but returned
always.

let this be your sustenance
let foolish dreams fly
let energies escape
let the masses cry
let music fill your sorrows
let no one hear your screams
let people always question
all your foolish dreams.

CHRONOLOGY

*original text 10.06.2000
transferred 10.07.2000
accepted 10.07.2000*

PERSONAL NOTES

written in the sci li,
in a period of uncertain discomfort.
a poem that provided catharsis.

*the lost flying poet
10.07.2000*

sometimes i get lost

sometimes i get lost
in the language of possibility
in the exploration of
the wide expanse in identity
in the far-fetched discovery
of experiences unknown
and of places yet foreign
and options once thrown
not beside or within me
but far beyond my reach

sometimes i get lost
in the language of responsibility
in the wonderment of people
and the subtleties of hierarchy
in the insatiable appetites
of intimacies unknown
and of romances yet foreign
and vulnerabilities once thrown
not beside or within me
but far beyond my speech

sometimes i get lost
and it wears me down
fatigued noun
i drown
and suffocate in
the sea of my helplessness
only for hope to see
how quiet i'll let failures be
so that no one will notice
no one will notice
the world has taught me
that no one will notice

sometimes i get lost
in the intricacies of faith
and though i say thanks
i mean not what i say
and say not what i mean
for to demean
is not my nature

C O N T I N U E D

CHRONOLOGY

original text 04.22.2001

transferred 05.23.2001

refined 07.25.2001

PERSONAL NOTES

a growing favorite.

can't remember why exactly i wrote this.

the lost flying poet

07.25.2001

thoughtjournal

08.26.2000 | *providence, rhode island*

You'll find many of the earlier poems approved on this day—a day when I decided to take a step out of the social environment and back into the world of introspection that I have come to adore and love. It's interesting to see my work from months past. So much has occurred in such little time and it is both embarrassing and illuminating to see the thoughts of my previous life. College life has begun—a dance is going on, but I feel strangely detached, and so connected to my poetry. It is here—the beginning of me—where I will truly discover what I enjoy, what I will like to spend my time on, and how I will form myself under a strained goal of seeking Christ. Back to the poems, I've approved many today, but that doesn't mean they weren't good until today. On the contrary, I didn't make *any* changes; my original voice seemed to penetrate enough and no edits were necessary. Alas, the poems of my life. More shall be added as I rummage through Lifebook II. I'm excited to see how the years create new avenues for poetry, music, expression, and creativity.

07.25.2001 | *providence, rhode island*

Almost an entire year later and “poetrybook i” is still not finished, though I feel like I've written volumes this past year. I think I was close to shedding my identity as a poet over the year. I don't know why, considering that most of the time I wrote in lifebooks the only way I'd write was through poetic verse. I still have yet to update “poetrybook i” before I call it completed and ready for publication. Unfortunately, sometime in the winter, I lost “poetrybook” and “entrust” to a computer crash, and I know I lost some irretrievable works. Since then I found an older backup copy of “poetrybook” and have yet to begin a new “entrust,” though material for that abounds. I am currently reading *Letters to a Young Poet* and enjoying it immensely, gaining motivation to reread past lifebooks and consolidate the poems of my past. Soon enough I will include in “poetrybook i” some other works from my freshman year in college, and hopefully everything will be ready by the fall of 2001, when “genotropolis” is to make its official debut.