

Fluid, Built From Love

A Book of Poetry By Alan Ayazym

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Dedicated to Kellie Vandermeer

Fluid, Built From Love

Open the Door and

Escape

Into the Open

Begin the Journey

Begin

System, Juncture

POTUS

or

Half-Smile

Disregard it for a while

Disregard it with style

Open your mind to

Invite

What you want

It may want you

More

Wouldn't that be weird?

And Wonderfulbeyond?

Staging a Coupe

Bereft of initiation

Sitting without judgment

Knowing we are young

Knowing we have nothing

And then you said let's stage

A coupe

Who was I to

Or what was I to

Do

And then I said okay let's

Stage a Coupe

In puffed up elegance we tried

In paranoia you shucked and retreated

And disappeared back into

What we used to call our home

Discouraged we

Tried and failed to

Stage a coupe

But it made us who we are when

We failed, but we

Won ourselves

Free, Free, Free

And I love you, too

A lonely boy I am

Please understand:

I have witnessed all you've done and I

Want to know how I can help

I don't want to judge

I just want to be here when you turn around

To give you a hug

To smile and say, "Welcome"

Because this is your home, too

Just as much as mine

Welcome and be what you are

Do what you do

Join me in embracing the impossible

And seeing what we can do

Limitations exist in the mind, only, I say

And I know you believe it, too

Especially in moments when you can laugh at

Obstacles you conquered

There are so many

I roll you a cigarette and smile

I'll do as you do

You'll be my number one fan

We can be hand and hand
I'll gently let you be my woman
I'm fragile, too
For as long as we desire
Knowing we can come and leave, too
We embrace the impossible
We shrug our shoulders and spill our secrets
We can't be all bad, eh?
We are just like you
Life goes on, child, love yourself
You're just you
I'm not leaving you
I'm here because you're my buddy
And I love you, too

I'm evil, but

You're evil, she said

Honestly, who cares?

I'm bad, now, because you need me to be

Tomorrow you'll be just like me

Today and tomorrow and on and on

I'll smile big, mon

While I sit on the lawn

Knowing love is free

You can't sell it to me

I smile because

You can't sell it to me

I'm not mad at you

I'm not mad at you, dude

I just want you to know

My anger is important to me

It doesn't have to be to you

My anger represents the passion I have

It won't disappear

I refuse to let it

I chase the girl

I chase the girl and she refuses me

I get sad, and stop

She looks around and wonders why

I stopped chasing her

She gets sad, thinking I don't care

We are both sad and alone

Is that really what we want?

Just Get Disaster-Oriented

Just get disaster-oriented

Pull into the drive-through with an attitude

To get what you want

Take it

Your Soul Knows What to Do

Your soul knows what to do, dear

You pushed it away a long time

You may continue to do so

You may get confused and give up completely

But still

Your Soul Knows What to Do

Your Soul will always know what to do

It smiles and welcomes you back

It never lies

It only forgives

You are in good hands

I'm Confused

I'm confused because

Things are going well

Hold me baby, tightly, because

I'm so confused

And not used to this

Who Is the Traumatized Soul Dear to?

Who is the traumatized soul dear to?

Are you compassionate towards yourself?

Do you even care?

The Maybe or the Yes

I kiss and give you so much credit

For giving me a thumbs up

The maybe or the Yes

You're the best

It Makes no Difference

It makes no difference to me whether you burn down the village or not

Me and Mine

Live in the Sky

I shrug my shoulders while

You cry?

I live on eternally

While you die?

Brother,

Be at peace

My love is yours

You are myself

You'll never die

Just the illusion of self that called itself you

Until you were ready to give up the body

I touched my hand to your shoulder

Don't cry, Brother, Don't cry

The reason why?

The best days are to come

And we get to share them

Isn't that great?

I think so....

It's just our selfishness that we let go

Just Take the Mango

I take the mango, juices dripping down and then

You offered me a pineapple slice

I was high

Watching an old exercise program

It's so good here, man, you should come

Nobody likes me

But I like myself

It's so comfortable

I lean back and sigh, smiling

It's so liberating to be me

I am free

Watch the Bottom Step

Just be sure to watch the bottom step, or

Make sure you

Step gingerly

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