

In The Red Part

We're in the red
On the verge of a
Stock market collapse—
In a world seething red
With rage.
A world on the brink of war.
Battlefields run red with blood,
In a landscape soon devoid
Of red roses.
Where those final roses
Will rest on all our caskets.

All our eyes bloodshot,
From a lack of sleep,
Or too many substances,
Or just glued to whichever screen
We're programmed to.
We can all see it—
Feel its effects.
We're in the red.
A collective society
In decline.

But we can be so much more.

We can be the rose.

A rose in a climate that can provide
Growth.
A world where red is reserved
For love.

Where battlefields become history.

Barren landscapes are rehabilitated,
The soil nourished,
Filled with roses,
A flower whose use is to inspire love.

We can have clarity.
A collective rest.
An understanding of all our vices.
Programming ourselves to see one another.
To bloom together.
We can break free.
We can be the red that allows our
Hearts to beat.

What Could Have Been

Never had the courage
To have that talk with her—
The awkward conversation
That could change everything,
For better or worse.

Where friends become something more,
Or where friends become bro or sis.
Sometimes, friendships just end.
Still, it would have been worth the risk,
Even if it had to end.

Now all I do is overthink
What could have been.
Now there are no words spoken,
Just the occasional social media like,
Even as I crave one last moment—
To put the *what-could-have-been* fantasies to rest.

Still, I smile because I see her happy,
Even if I get depressed after,
Since I just wish it were me.

The Switch

Can't tell when it happened,
As if a switch was flipped.

As a child, witnessed socializing in bars –
Now most bars are bankrupt,
Or just for college kids
To get wasted in –
Nothing more or less.

Days when you can stay composed
& court girls –
Now everyone is stand-offish.

Should be an era
Where all sexes, genders, & identities
Are engaged in a collective awakening.
Not necessarily debauchery,
Although that's tantalizing.

It should be an era
Of speaking on one's inner-self
Over a drink.

Los Angeles

Know what rhymes with Los Angeles?

Sadistic.

Land of The Angels.

Relic.

All The Angels are fallen.

Forgotten.

Streets for the vagrants.

Mothers.

Fathers.

Kids.

Los Angeles is a sadistic capitalist state.

A relic of a land that seemed to hold Angels.

Forgotten as shown by the stained filled streets.

Streets that are home to mothers, fathers, & kids.

Masochists.

Chameleons disguised as creatives.

Consumerism.

No homes, just stores.

Glitz.

Glamour.

For profit.

Land of Weinstein's who hid their masochism from the masses.

Individuals with "creative identities" just here for the consumerism.

Everything commodified, profit for a glitz & glamour facade.

Know what fills Los Angeles?

Hope.

Pink sunsets shining from the coast.

Woke.

Angels try to repair their wings.

Mothers.

Fathers.

Kids.

Land of hope this once was and will be.

Being woke from pink sunsets for all to see.

As mothers, fathers, & kids work to repair the wings of The City of Angels.

Alone

Bliss and a curse
Quiet, yet it feels foreboding
Cathartic but can become lethargic
Harmonious on the outside
All sorts of emotions inside
Time to meditate
Or break the silence
A lone wolf's paw prints always fade
Always find a pack
However, all a powerful bear needs is themselves
View on being lonesome changes
Irony that the best relationship is with yourself

