

Poetry by Richard Mai

Imagination

I woke up and etched my name in the moon and gave a eulogy for the universe
I've been flirting with the idea of magnifying my mind so I can see ghostly images from
the past which was really me influenced by unworldly wine

I listen closely to the voice of the ocean and have all day mind meetings
Using seashells as chess pieces; when we're done I leave
I leave modern day hieroglyphics in the sand so the earth won't forget my intentions
I have an intervention with myself so I can leave myself to find a place I've never been...
and when the wind sings to me I discover ancient mysteries...
and the stars dance with victory...
All while the Earth cries of misery I bathe in these sound waves of tears that penetrate
God's ears and flood my imagination...

Patience

Wondering about worries, wishful and waiting...
My thoughts parading with no destination
Destroying everything that comes to mind...
Procrastination is fueling the fire of every burning desire but my mental gun fires...
Fuck Everything And Run!
Now I'm stomping out the sun...
Wondering about worries. Wishful. Waiting. Pacing...
While macing the mirror
Hoping I'll see things clearer
But the light loves the dark so I'm visited often
I'm constantly aware of the world
I'm lost
My soul can sense when frost is forming so...
I sit wondering about worries. Wishful. Waiting.
You can catch me dancing outside when its raining...

Everlasting

Interference of internal and intellectual interaction has me making self-inflicted spiritual
infractions
I'm trying to get a grip but I'm losing traction
Exhausted while I wait for my heart to be defrosted; once it does I'll cross it
I leave Earth sometimes but I call when I return
Having meetings by myself, defeating the fire that still burns
and these prophecies I keep in dated urns
It's been brought to my attention that my heart still yearns
Not to mention, I really only have one concern...

But throughout the line of time I've come to learn that the world is mine
I only chose to share with a few...
Love me and maybe I'll love you too
The universe has its own plan for me
So I open my third eye and I can see the future will come if I let it be
The truth is what reflects on me
I'm the only one that can set me free
Everlasting is what I was born to be
So throw me in the sky to shine on my family tree
I steal the moon and use it as a frisbee
While all of the stars resent me
Torture was my recipe but the ocean reflects the sky and the sky reflects me
Time is only imaginary I'm a visionary with precise accuracy...
My next idea might be the last of me...