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And They Call It Truth

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Author Bio

Jason Parker, born and raised for greatness, is an explosive power-pack in the irregular form of a human. This remarkable man spent his early years wrestling tigers and ferocious beasts as training for his adult life. At 18, he began attending Gettysburg College in an attempt to humble himself and keep his heroic feats undercover. He has become an exceptional gentleman known for his quick wit and incredible lung capacity. Among other things, he especially enjoys pink shirts, a good Kleenex and Ultimate Frisbee. He has talents that extend beyond writing poetry, including the ability to clap with one hand, the ability to squirt milk out of his nose (if properly triggered), and most importantly, the ability to survive a double barrel roll car accident at 68 m.p.h. You're glad he's alive.

And they call it truth

I watch my window as the world revolves around it,
 For my window is the window of perception,
 And through it, the perspective of perception itself can be seen.

And I thought I was something special.

As it turns out, my only memories are fading,
 As the blue haze of the ocean melding with purple horizon slowly
 Folds and quivers at the instantaneous moment of that solitary grain of
 Infinitely small
 Sand that sits on the beach and sees only the pane.

The fistfights and baseball games merge into one memory, as
 Michael, the self-proclaimed lord of the rundown once again slides safe
 Into the only home he could ever find.
 The umpire, screaming, but saying nothing, pats the boy on the back and then,
 Coherently states, "Son, he was safe".

Maybe that time when my dog chased the squirrel too far is embedded in my memory
 exactly as it happened.

The squeal of tires as I begin to run blindly through thorns and poison ivy
 Only to arrive with a car on the side of the road, doors open, and
 A young newlywed couple crying in pain. I throw my head back and laugh.

Wait, is that how it went?
 Or was Michael out at third;
 The horizon yellow, the ocean emerald;
 Did I laugh or did I panic and run?

Did you ever wonder why your yearbook contains pictures,
 As if your memory was too broken to remember the few hundred children who molded
 The worst fucking year of your life

Out of shattered dreams and misconceptions and lies.
 And that the kids, set in front of a computer-doctored blue screen with little
 wavy streaks, Giving the whole thing an aura of credibility, appear dimmer,
 less personal and more Stationary than you thought?

Is that what a yearbook is now, the preset fading of your classmates and peers
 As the blue background is brighter than their smiles, as if proving
 That computers can simulate our realness better than we can perform our own.

And you thought you were special.

The music you hear is not new, it is not comprised of notes you haven't
 heard before, and yet, our teenagers are continually brainwashed by the
 sounds that tell them "you are not pretty," "you are not special," and "you're
 wrong" while simultaneously stating that the goal which they set for
 themselves can never be achieved without death.

The world of perception is upon us, as our own image confuses our heart
And clouds our brain.
Fills us with false hope and desire,
Or real desire, for false hope.
And we do not question it.

We are too afraid. Let go.
Your memories will fade, but were they real in the first place?
Alaskan horizons are white and gray;
Michael left and went home with his mother, having never reached first;
My dog was not killed by a newlywed, soon-to-be-mother of twins.
We are too afraid. Let go.

Our fear binds us to our falsity, as it binds us to our addictions.
It's all about perspective, as reality cannot be real unless
It is personal.

CHRIS CROFT

trying to sleep

i am having become unglued/undone with the slashcrashboombang&burn of
all these empty-headed messinecessities
and.
love burns too fast and smokes up the room for far too long.
uncertainty's a killer but (sadly) not a fatal one.
and.
i promise to start waking up earlier and feed the birds and sit and stare and
stop frowning when things make me smile.
and.
somebody else that is not myself that is to say is taking up all the spaces in my head.
i wish to have them back soon.
and.
the way i want to die is this:
i want to overdose on your smile and swimming in your eyes and listening to you breathe.
this is how i want to fall asleep and how i want to wake up.
foreverandever until:
fractured fragmented falling.
peaceful dreaming lights.
shining.
on the backs.
of my eyelids.
overandover until:
foreverandever until:
you.