

All of these poems revolve around the topic of death and passing away. some of them are inspired by different cultures beliefs on the afterlife and some of them are my personal opinion on the subject. My goal with these poems is not to make the subject seem grim, but to show a different perspective of belief.

ENERGY

Energy that fades
never
chooses to drift on and proceeds to
gaze
every intellectual thought eventually
thrown away
weather passed onto another life for
other days
but with the span of time it's just
a day
it to nature to think of other ways
Leave Human
Immortality is now in a play
not just found
There is no Rest In Peace
Only peace in rest
Loved ones never leave
N
e
V
e
R
hopefully

ORANGE JUICE

as the orange peels that had just been discarded start to decay

The sweet nectar of the fruit nourishes the life form that killed it before without any sort of pay

It leaves one

and passes it to the other

The oranges Journey still lives on

and never dies

it's peels only the remnants of the shell it was before

The sweet juice of freedom supplying its needs

without other fruits and bees

The fragile shell of life and death finally gone the fear of being chopped down once again

becomes a figment of imagination

O

RA

NGE

JUI

CE

Squeezed, squished, stomped, peeled, sliced, diced, maybe once even twice

G o N e.

¿DONDE?

Where are your shoes

haven't you heard you're going somewhere soon?

Grab as much money as you can you'll need money for food

Why is everybody crying you act as if somebody is dying?

Have you guys seen my shoes?

The bus will be here soon

please someone find my slippers just in case

why is it so loud

please stop yelling!

really do need my shoes I'm supposed to be going on a great adventure!

Imagine the pain of others

The pain. You have caused. To others. Why?

Not all intentional not all.

This doesn't make you a bad person. You should know this

How it felt

You were great you are a good person and didn't deserve this but this is just

For now

Giving and loving never in such a pain should this be you but it happened

It

B

Happened

E

We

T

Miss

S

You

Y

THROWBACK

Nostalgia people are racing people are chasing
To see the past but the past is the present
It doesn't make any sense to me
If you're dead you are the past
Nostalgia in its purest form without a doubt
But will anybody remember you for you to be nostalgic?
What is remembering somebody?
Do you remember them?
Or the persona that they made you believe?
Are you serious?
Are you real?
Nostalgia of lies
You're a liar
I'm a liar
This whole thing is a lie
But at least when we die
Others will only know what you want them to know
Nostalgia
with
a
cup
of
OJ

FASTPASS

The line begins from day one

it seems so long at first

But with every second you get closer

So close yet so far

Some people get into the vip

And if you're lucky you can wait in line for years

Some get Cut in front of day one

Some at day 100

some people skip all the way to the front

It happens to everyone

Everyone

S

My belief

I personally believe the afterlife is not the loss of life but the birth of energy. In science you learn that energy never dies and humans are filled with that same energy, that's why when people say they sense spirits it's just because there's built-up energy in that space. Being human wouldn't exist if we didn't have some kind of energy, and when we die our energy escapes our body due to it not performing to the standard that our energy needs. Our energy finds a new subject in need of energy whether it be a tree or a power plant.