

the superpower of invisibility

i remember thinking
the buildings look like silver ribbons
as they grow and twist and intertwine
and warp over the city like a dome.
i remember thinking
it's not so bad being one in a million;
a population propelling each other along
with a little help from the shimmering wind
that cuts through concrete alleyways and valleys.

i remember thinking
how many people have stood here?
seeing billboards reflecting
in either their diamonds or polaroids.
how satisfying it is to be only a small part
of the screws and bolts of the world.

i remember thinking
it's like looking at a mobile of the solar system
in a first grade science class:
it's like pointing your stubby finger
and tapping each planet
as if it really makes an impact
and reminding yourself that you are
so so very small.

and i remember thinking that
even in a place where my face blends with the others
and i hide behind street signs and others' ambition,
i can still nestle into a spot
right there in my own universe
and let them all pass by.
i think, "this is comfort,
this is belonging."

i remember thinking, finally,
that i knew one other feeling like this -
i could recall it between puffs of exhaust
and squinting in the billboard lights -
this was the only thing quite like
finding your fingerprints on someone else's life
and they don't feel a thing.

thoughts from broadway

i remember thinking
the buildings look like silver ribbons
as they grow and twist and intertwine
and warp over the city like a dome.
i remember thinking
it's not so bad being one in a million;
a population propelling each other along
with a little help from the wind
that cuts through concrete alleyways and valleys.

i remember thinking
how many people have stood here?
watching billboards reflect
in their diamonds or polaroids.
how satisfying it is to be
only a piece of the puzzle,
to know a city lives on
long after you are blown back
through the echoing tunnels.

i remember thinking
it's like looking at a mobile of the solar system
in a first grade science class:
it's like pointing your stubby finger
and tapping each planet,
believing you're setting off earthquakes,
then reminding yourself that you are
so so very small.

and i remember thinking that
even in a place where my face blends with others
and i hide behind street signs and others' ambition,
i can still nestle into a spot
right there in my own universe
and let them all pass by.
i think, "this is comfort,
this is belonging."

but then i remember you,
and i remember thinking, finally,
how difficult it is
to fit these two things
in the same box:

drifting comfortably in the puffs of exhaust
and getting lost in the shadows
of another person's memory.

Tony Hulick

The End of the Uncertain Traveler

Please take my god forsaken passport
I have to know what lies beyond this checkpoint.
Whether it be heaven or hell
Preferably the former.
Although purgatory is always an option
Yet not my first choice.
It could be nirvana
Complete enlightenment could be nice.
Or it could be the deepest pit of Tartarus
Which doesn't sound all that appealing.
Maybe it all starts over
Reincarnation
Is that really the worst outcome?
Maybe I just wake up from some
Lifetime long bad dream
Which, again, doesn't sound half bad.
Possibly, and this may be the worst outcome,
But possibly I just cease existing
And fall into an eternity of nothingness.
No matter the outcome
Just please
Please take my god forsaken passport.

Hulick Revision Round (Round 11? I dunno it's basically over)

MAY 31, 2017 ~ TONORAGE ~ EDIT

Tony Hulick

The End of the Uncertain Traveler

Please take my god forsaken passport
I have to know what lies beyond this checkpoint.
This barren land
It's cracked dirt and grey skies
It does not please me anymore.
This checkpoint
With its twisted, heated metal
And green embers
Terrifies me
But it's a curious fear.
Whether it be heaven or hell
Preferably the former.
Although purgatory is always an option
Yet not my first choice.
It could be nirvana
Complete enlightenment could be nice.
Or it could be the deepest pit of Tartarus
Which doesn't sound all that appealing.
Maybe it all starts over
Reincarnation
Is that really the worst outcome?
Maybe I just wake up from some
Lifetime long bad dream

Which, again, doesn't sound half bad.
Possibly, and this may be the worst outcome,
But possibly I just cease existing
And fall into an eternity of nothingness.
Do not tell me
"You must wait"
Anymore
If curiosity kills
Then kill me
And my questions will be answered.
No matter the outcome
Just please
Please take my god forsaken passport.

Kennedy

MARCH 22, 2017 ~ LUCAAAA ~ EDIT

Haikus for Invisible Children

Currently we lie
About the times your hands wrapped
Tight around our throats.

Purple bruises tell
The authorities stories;
Police lights calm us.

Troublesome now, we
Could never get enough of
Dad's attention, right?

Stitches line our lips
Mom put them there; *self defense*.
"Liar," they assure.

Dark rooms become our
Home; where nobody can touch.

Can we

Disappear?

From: Invisible Children

Currently, we mumble myths about the times
Their hands kissed and warned our necks too tight;
Oftentimes, all your prying eyes trust our cries and desperate tries to hide their crimes.

Kisses assume the silhouettes of hands, and purple bruises
That plead for respite behind summertime jackets zipped completely —
And currently, the flashing lights of red and blue confuses our excuses for second-hand abuses.

So troublesome: we're bashing heads and forcing strips,
Bloody nights below bridges bring our glass bottles of smoke and mirrors;
'Cause oftentimes, at home it's tight grips against our hips and branded scripts to leave our lips.

Intertwined within our smiles is a malicious red thread,
Our lips perpetually intended to remain restrained in this wrong ruse —
And currently, we're waiting for the dread that comes with wishing they were dead when we
crawl into bed...

Home to us are the dark corners in the rooms we hide;
Finding security in simple silence, and stopping the slaps and sorry strokes;
Currently, we're tongue tied,
'Cause oftentimes, we're horrified — Their crimes get brushed aside and justified, and *I won't
lie:*

They won't ever be satisfied.

