

Poetry Series

Matthew Boisjolie

- poems -

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Matthew Boisjolie (06/29/1982)

I grew up in Panorama City, CA as a Kid. Mostly surrounded by gangs and violence. I ended up spending my time writing, reading, or using the computer. I lived there until i was 15. Then i moved to Reseda, CA and this is where is have lived since. I have met many close people/friends here, and they have helped to influence me. I have worked in the computer field with exception to Corbin Bowl.

A life of Choices

Do i make your day, and make you smile?
Or make you want to say lets take a break for a while?
Do i please you, and tickle your fancy?
Or do i make you upset, and make you stomach get ancy?
Do i make you happy, and set your heat at ease?
or do i make it easy, for you to cancel our relationship lease?
Do i excite you, and do well in bed?
Or do you fall asleep, hoping i was someone else instead?
Do you want to continue down the same path we are on?
or being a new one that doesn't make you walk on my lawn?
Do i make life interesting and keep you entertained?
Or do you leave my house, most of the time scatter brained?
Do i fulfill your every fantasy, and make you love me?
Or is it not me, that you want to see?
Am i just want you always wanted, and always hoped for?
Or am i someone that you don't want to see anymore?
Just tell me what you really feel, or want to say,
and if so, i turn around and be on my way!
Its hard to say all this, and to not know what to expect,
But if you choose to leave, you leave with my respect!

Matthew Boisjolie

Chasing the Corner

The corner to some is just a 90 degree curvature of an object,
but on some corners, you just might fall off,
the complex equations that are forced,
to cause that bend, point, edge that is used,
to signify the start of something else,
a different path that can be taken,
a path to eternity, or a path to no where? ,
if only we could gather directions,
perhaps even a map of this territory,
but in life, on earth, in reality, no such map exist,
it is our duty to obtain this knowledge by ourselves,
and to take action to turn on those streets that will take us,
to where we want to be in the end,
stay on the same path, or change to another direction,
sometimes the corner will mislead you,
throw you into a wall at 200 mph,
but sometimes, you have to venture into the wild,
and explore to find what you are looking for.

Matthew Boisjolie

Dance to the...

I cant say im not breaking,
but the hopes tonight,
i can slow down and walk the line,
begin to get a kick in my step,
you didn't take back everything you said,
as an effect you start to stumble on your words,
i never said i would give in,
im closing up inside, packed and ready for the descent,
to leap off your devious lies, your evil thoughts,
you seem to give out all your love, spread so thin,
just the slightest ripple can shatter your existance,
your fingernails look discolored, and fall off to show,
all you have taken, all you have eaten,
all you have dug in the ground, on the walls, in my heart,
all the life you have drained from my life,
a stain on my life quilt compliments of you,
sorry you put that noose around your neck,
last thing you want to hear is your lies,
but that's was caused by your arrogance,
sit back and enjoy the show,
why try to confess, just because your heart is filled with ache,
you sit and cry, thinking about yourself,
you have alot to learn,
i jump off your death ledge and pull my chute,
while in freefall i see the destruction of you,
the fall of your life, your love, your destiny,
the demise of your rythum caused by your lies.

Matthew Boisjolie

Entry Point

a pebble in the lake causes a ripple effect,
starting on a shallow entry point of a foreign object,
working it's way out to a violent disruption of the calm water,
the peaceful bliss of reflection is now a show of distortion,
merciless waves harass the once sleeping dirt,
life within the heart of the lake, scamper to hide,
avoiding the unstable conditions that are above,
settlement on the bottom, begins to become uncovered,
bringing up the history, the past, the painful life of the land,
the kinetic energy of the intruding object lives for minutes,
causing further chaos in the once still, content, motionless body,
wreaking havoc on all that inhabit the life pool,
after a bit the impact of the object is not as dominant,
chaos and confusion are lost,
the severity of the storm has returned to that of 1/2,
within time the body returns to it's original state,
when i look it, i can see myself in my entirety.

Matthew Boisjolie

Fate of the Fallen

You represent yourself, full of dignity and courage,
tell me just how you let yourself go,
to come around and settle for less,
i guess there is no stopping you,
it makes you feel sane,
scars can't begin to explain,
cause it something you don't understand,
your gutting yourself cause,
you have time,
it's what you feel,
destroy yourself,
a gift you got from a good friend,
the courage to love yourself,
the degree of your mistakes,
a riot your in the middle of,
the things, you didn't think about,
or consider, that there's no stopping,
your closest to the furthest you have been,
you can't begin to tell me, cause i won't understand,
or have any interest in believing,
your time is worthy of mine,
you believe it's something that you deserve,
you have settled on a desolate of the eternal,
but there is no stopping you,
your guilt driven, to offer,
readily available, by your type,
your evolution of the common man,
into the vortex your sanity is drawn,
your common sence is forgotten,
your memories burned at the stake,
to be left to the earth,
to decide your fate.

Matthew Boisjolie

Idealism > Realism > Reality

'Idealy' in life we can be responsible as a whole. We are good people with values and goals. 'Reality' however throws that 'Idealism' every which way. We live life with the 'Idealism' that things are going to be ok and work out in the most part. In 'reality' this is not always the case. Things are said and done that make us upset and angry. Maybe in the 'Idealism' of the situation, this was a good ideal, but in 'Reality' it hurts people and makes them upset. The 'Realism' is we don't mean to do these things sometimes, but the 'Reality' is that they were done, and we all make mistakes. In a perfect society, the 'Idealism' is treat others as you want to be treated. But the 'Reality' is, that is not practiced to often. By controlling your 'Idealism', the 'Reality' of a 'Idealistic' perfect society can start to taking form. 'Idealy' people want to be happy and move on with their lives, and 'Reality' does not allow for that to happen. 'Realism' is the key to 'Reality', when 'Idealism' is simply the door knob. Without 'Realism', 'Reality' would be false, and without 'Idealism', 'Reality' would be chaos. The 'Realism' that we see from situations is nothing more than our 'Idealism' for that situation, sugar coated with 'Reality'. Yet 'Reality' is neither 'Idealism' or 'Realism'. It is the 'Reality' of 'Realism'. Before a utopia was 'Ideal' in this society, hatred and hurt was the 'Realism' of 'Reality'. Why must we suffer through this 'Reality' of chaos? Why must we have the 'Realism' that this is not the way it is suppose to be? If the situation brings this to focus, stand back, and Look at the 'Reality' of the situation before consulting the 'Idealism' of how the situation is suppose to end, cause in the end, 'Reality' will take that 'Idealism' outcome of that situation and shatter it into a billion pieces.

Matthew Boisjolie

My Infectious Vapors

When i walk, I look to the right,
and see the flowers lower, and begin to brown,
from the vapors that protrude from my skin,
when i ask you a questions,
i look over and see your eyes roll back into your head,
like a slot machines, hitting jackpot,
before you fall to the floor motionless,
hitting your head, and causing a coma of pain,
millions of burn souls screaming for an excape,
the black inside me, hidden by the bright aura,
seems to come out and attack when least expected,
poison stems from my wounds, spilling into the world,
and causing cancer, heart problems, migraines, stress,
infecting anyone and anything i come close too,
spreading my darkness, my black, my charcoal heart,
i push it away, and show my true self, but it seems to control,
overwhelm, outsource,
darkness seems to follow me, taunt me, hide in me,
i try to keep myself locked up, so my friends, my family, my acquaintances,
WILL NOT fall victim to my infectious vapors.

Matthew Boisjolie

The Great Escape

With the fire in your heart,
they could drown the city,
and you would still burn,
dropp and roll, cut it out of my mind,
they are my feelings for what their worth,
NOT LIKE THEY MATTERED INITIALLY,
its so sad, i can see you turn your face inside out,
the flame in your eyes embrace insanity,
all along you carry your secret,
trying to infect my mind,
BUT IM ABLE TO TALK,
IM ABLE TO REACT,
sad i can't turn my head,
without so many things you said,
it's you and me alive in this,
ironically to you, i have perished,
sad to see, you can't escape yourself! ! !

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The Logic Error

Sitting, hating, waiting, aching,
pushing to be pulled, working to be destroyed,
walking forward and being pulled backwards,
a mental struggle between good and evil,
the sarcasm bites like a spider injecting poison,
slow, weak, tired, scared,
i fall, and try to pull together my strength,
to pull myself to the doorway,
the floor begins to shift and wheel me backwards,
but the struggle continues,
my legs no longer work, and i have no strength,
yet i keep up with the struggle,
it feeds off of giving up, it feeds off of fear,
but i believe im stronger than that,
I believe i can overcome,
i hope this time im right,
before i maybe exhausted.

Matthew Boisjolie