

Poetry Series

Matthew Boisjolie
- poems -

Publication Date:
2011

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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 my early teens. Then i moved to Reseda, CA and i have stayed in the area since.

I have met many close people/friends here, and they have helped to influence me and push me more than i could have ever asked for. I could not have gotten to where i am now without them.

I like to write to vent my emotions or thoughts. It is a good way for me to get things out when im in deep though. Sometimes i feel the urge and sometimes i just write without thinking.

I have worked in the computer field with exception to Corbin Bowl. Currently employed by Google Inc. Im a computer programmer for them.

My life has forged me into who i am today and the strong person i have become. All of my poems are inspired by real life events. All are just thoughts that i had, or was thinking when these events happened.

.! @.\$%^&*()

yesterday as it once was, makes way for tomorrow, but where did today go, as it slips away into the eternal absence we call life, as it once was today, now 3 days from now, life twist and turns with this shallow time called life, yet so fast to not remember tomorrow, time flies by so fast, yet still young and alone, thinking about 5 years ago, while that is today, and yesterday was 15 years ago, just to look back in a memory of today.

Matthew Boisjolie

....

For all that life is worth,
and life at it's best,
your bound to fall and loose,
your emotions and your breath,
you think your ok,
you think it's something you will maintain,
but in the end you think,
to him, it was only a game,
soon you will realize the ways of your mistake,
and in the end you realize,
it's your emotions on the stake,
im trying to look out for your best,
you only pushed me away,
you didn't believe me but soon you will realize,
he's not the person he will say,
so much you don't know,
so much he won't tell anyone,
so much he neglected to say,
just like he got a gun,
your life is so hard,
and your so depressed,
thats bull crap and u know it,
you don't know half of it,
you believed his lies and lived by his word of honor,
his lies just made you dropp and fall, .
just think about it and remember,
when he tires to put your head through a wall!

Matthew Boisjolie

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

A Match

Waiting for the flame to catch,
watching the match burn down,
trying to catch the leaves for warmth,
upon finding the match,
my soul danced with joy,
yet as the flame burns out,
i am left with the coldness,
i was trying to escape originally,
with the darkness, i wished against,
i yearn for more, for light, for warmth,
for something to save me from this darkness,
from this cold frozen frost that has covered me,
freezing me to the ground, hunched to save myself,
as the coldness infects my muscles, my body,
slowly shuts down from defeat, as i see the flame disappear,
and the smoke rises from the once alive object.

Matthew Boisjolie

A Million Dollar Road

Fortunes and riches masquerade around, sins and sorrows follow in a lonely situation, what pleasure allows, and the solution is stolen, the loss of a feeling, the sense of aging, the times you try, so many die, under your guidance, as I say never again, What comes forth is destined to be, as it has been said, feel the rage in your loneliness blame everything but the cause, the essence is as high as the morals that decay before you, as you never receive what was rightfully yours, is it too much to say never again, you left them all alone and never knew what you were doing, the driftwood you call emotions has left the dock for the sea, and it's on a lifelong trip that you say 'You must take', as then you wonder if you will make it, as you vanish into a thousand screams, shattering every window of hope around, leaving chaos behind, trying to take form into something you once thought you were, but never achieving the destined, beginning again and engulfing, every ounce of purity around you, looking in your eternal book, as they paint a picture, of your soul, as you have nowhere to go, lost your head back there somewhere, running in fear and shame, running on the lonely road, taking your own advice, so now a different day and the same old shit, different day, you gotta get your fix, gotta find your way back out, could you just be alone, or just on a lonely road, sorry to say but your running into the fire that your tracks started, 'no body told me', is what you'll say, you always wanna put everyone down, and someone has to say, sit and burn in the fire you started! ! ! ! ! YAY! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Matthew Boisjolie

Acceptance

Eternity as it was in that second,
had created a rose to be delivered,
to the one that created,
the beauty of time,
the beauty that shines through you,
and your everyday life,
the eternity that will slow down the seconds,
to get the full gist of a situation,
and help guide me to my final destination,
that will become my home with you,
a day on the beach, in the beauty of nature,
to show me how I am meant to live,
this rose is for you!

Matthew Boisjolie

Access Denied

the smell of eagerness was overwhelming,
so it made it easy to forget about you,
as your dancing on the stage,
accepting tips for your dignity,
isn't this exactly where you wanted to avoid,
yet your afraid you have been infected,
and may dropp dead in this place,
your tears offer you the solution,
that you walked away from months ago,
your gasps for air offer the comfort,
that you left months ago,
putting your hand up to reach,
grab, snag something, to pull it down with you,
the blood,
from the slice on your finger,
is the taste of sweet sorrow,
the look of panic in your eyes,
is the sweet sight of irony,
the rumble in your voice,
is the sound of sweet harmony,
for you were offered, and you denied.

Matthew Boisjolie

Afi

Am i the only one that feels this world has changed, not for the better but for the worst, i know i feel that way, but also feel the pain in pouring rain, life is making me insane, and what about the rest of my life? I know im trying to understand but never really grasp the concept, am i slow, or just wanting to know what left to scavenge though, i keep my emotions there, and it is full of spiderweb's, once spilling my heart, and it draining into the gutter, making the same mistakes, making the same mistakes, untill the day i die, it lives on, consuming, cold as steel and ready to leave, yet burning to the touch, violent attacks to me and i just wish they would just go away, i have seen it born and born again, striving to live, the effects that everyone says im ok, yet not good in a better way, and there is no answer to the silence, only demands, for the water to exstinguish the fire, that lives, that burns, that devours me.

Matthew Boisjolie

Aftermath

The potential laughter that deviates from your swollen emotions, and the attachment to the wellbeing that you once experienced, are gone, lost, abandoned, traded? ? ? ? Only a radiance of shallowness and forsaken truth, are what projects out of you and swallows me whole, unstable compounds that make up the matter, trapped inside of your bedazzled mind, are mixed and ignited with hurtfulness, causing a supernova of your inner soul, and breaking the sence of compasion that you once held, causing the blackout of my emotions, and the aftermath is unbearable.

Matthew Boisjolie

Back To Reality

psychotic emotions mixed with the taste of blood,
the pressure of a punctured lip,
a thrown back,
a raked heart,
it was so clear, thought you understood,
you stay up all night long,
trying to build the puzzle,
before it collapses from your hatred,
you think life never did,
yet it has always been prophesied,
that you will bring them down with you,
in your fire, your hurting, your sour maze,
the rope i tossed you, as been returned to the owner,
as you would not let it go,
you just let yourself go,
with eyes wide open, you jump,
to forget, to comfort, to vanish,
into the shadows that are your desire,
you tried to take everything that i have to give,
good luck surviving with just that,
my time, my patients, myself.

Matthew Boisjolie

Be Heard

Everything that's left is a waste of time,
to wait in the pressure,
trying to keep yourself together,
when everyone ignores you,
and you shout your feelings,
and no body is listening,
become the one that is feared,
give out your warning,
and make sure you say it loud and clear,
but when no one is listening,
unleash the anger,
the battle that is held within,
unleash your true you,
and let yourself be heard.

Matthew Boisjolie

Being Sick

With the light of the day, and the promices you made, to the memories of the future, and you just keep them all inside, emotions, life, love and respect, both you and me, we both fall to the floor, and you spring up, while im trapped in this memory, keeping a steady pace as you walk away and i just close my eyes, trying to hold the weight of the world on my shoulders, im not upset, im not angry, im not gonna let you take me down, gain access to my heart, and hurt me again, your trying to pretend your someone your not anymore, and with the way i feel, it will seal your fate, and when things go wrong, your prtend it's not real, you distance yourself, and put up a fake face, just to get into me, engulf my heart, and charr it, I won't let you, im weighing my options, no matter what you say, ill never be there with you, im not your puppet, you dream of tomorrow, another day to infect me with you virus, i evolve to be immune to your sickness.

Matthew Boisjolie

Blind

I search your words,
and i see fault in your voice,
I search your ideals,
and are left with lies,
I hope it's worth what we lost,
It's hard to know,
if i should have know this months ago,
could have saved myself from this disease,
that infects your veins,
and makes you take your time with your device,
that makes your color change,
from the bright aura,
to a dim, dull, and lonely aura,
that you were once scared of,
i didn't believe you could do that,
until you came and proved me wrong,
you placed blame on your plate,
and complained that you are full,
but ready for another helping of backstabbing,
your gonna spend another night,
all by yourself,
like your on the outside looking in,
cause the only friends you have are in your head,
confidence you never touched,
and friendship you never saw,
were in front of you the whole time,
but to yourself, you sacrificed your friends,
to be blind.

Matthew Boisjolie

Blind Beyond Belief

You stand close like you by me, yet wondering off on your own when i sleep, the blood is pouring on the floor, and the words of demise that are channeled, through your inspiration, your goals, your mind, through your actions, always wanting to experience the unknown, but when i look your not there, just the mistakes you left for someone else to clean up, I create a motion, and i try, dedicated to my words, everything has to end and it all falls apart, no matter what i see in you, and i want to be, always throwing it back on me, without a frown on your face, a sacrifice that you perform, when i turn to face you, just a mistake staring at me, for once the weakness that i have shown, has sewed itself up, recovered from the lies you subject me to, and the disease of blindness you have, for seeing the true me.

Matthew Boisjolie

Blinders

Walking through the haze, yet i can barely see,
i cant find you, and i cant see me,
you regret the day when i found, the hole in the ground,
you told me lies, and lead me round and round,
the bright skys turn to grey, and the rain starts to fall,
and acid'y taste, eats through the skin on my skull,
The supports that held me, were removed,
my life as i knew it, will not be renewed,
I LONG FOR, WHAT YOU GAVE,
I LONG FOR, HOW YOU BEHAVED,
I LONG FOR, WHAT WE HAVE MADE,
I LONG FOR, THE HOLE YOU DUG, MY GRAVE,
We talked about going places, what comes to mind is chicago,
So i raise the middle finger, and the index finger follows,
Doing some scanless crap, that was uncalled for,
i can see you don't want me, and you want more,
it should be easy to undock, and sail my ship away,
but the rough seas, and my memories keep me at bay,
Just take a monkey wrench, and fix this sence of pain,
or just take a numbing needle, and stick it in my vein,
i should just turn around, walk away and let it be,
so this way, i can leave with at least a bit of sanity?

Matthew Boisjolie

Blood And Soul

Opening your eyes to a dark room, strapped to something with awkward hands touching you, screaming on the inside to torture you on the outside, yelling in your ear to bust your ear drum and explode what they want, the taste of fear is present in your blood, which makes them feed even more, taking your life and your soul, and chewing it up to spit it out and indulge for more, indulge in the misery they cause you, in the broken trust they showed you, in the lies they portrayed beside the heart they broke, and the family they stole, waiting behind the corners watching your every move, waiting for the perfect time too.....

Matthew Boisjolie

Blurp

Shadows floating in the darkness,
evil praying in the cuts,
scent of a curse,
and the apathy of the kid,
forbidden by life, to live,
to find, to become,
pulling with every muscle,
pushing with every ambition,
and wanting to become himself,
and the eagerness to achieve his goals.

Matthew Boisjolie

Bottoms Up

Psychotic laughter portaided,
volcanic eruptions of sinister gasses,
ground shaking violence of voice,
hand binding by invisible cuffs,
pulling you by your weakest point,
tossing you into a sea of hatred,
a blood bath for the innocent,
causing your every muscle to twitch,
violently and violently you struggle,
until you slowly sink to the bottom.

Matthew Boisjolie

Bwtween

Radiant Emotions rain down onto the nuclear society,
pulling down the radioactive snowflakes that cover the ground,
decieving the true color of the truth that once stood strong,
as you try to take away everything that made me feel like that,
and bury it in the shallow grave, the point that one can mend,
and when true strength is reached, fortune calls for weakness,
to be given away, to be pushed away, to come home,
in the light of the new years, calling for the extermination,
of the success that once followed, that once succeeded,
intiment with the passion for life that you once held, so proudly in your hands,
never knowing it held the meaning of life, the meaning of love,
the eternity of the second where time paused, to allow you and i,
to meet and gather our thoughts, to gather our belongings,
to gather our emotions, and try to fill in the puzzle pieces of the lost,
the forgotten, the abandoned, feeling the coldnees on the floor,
just when you were left in the wake of the mistakes, you jumped up,
and stood straight, inspite of the storm, that gains power and force inside,
of the memories that are slow to react, to the point where we achieve a total,
utopia between the masses.

Matthew Boisjolie

Bwtween Two

forced to choose between the two,
forced to choose between honesty and dispair,
forced to choose between beauty and destruction,
forced to choose between life and death,
forced to choose between 3 years and 5 years,
forced to choose between who i am friends with,
and still with the choice of both i loose one.

Matthew Boisjolie

Cause I Know

Emotions channeled through time, held by the respect of each other, passed through cold warming air, sealed with the eagerness, delivered by truth, and opened by the single hand of both, causing a void in fabric of time and space, drawing in the loving aura of utter utopia, and bringing such mental anguish, to an end, forcing to your knees, to help you to stand and allowing you, to vast in the beauty that is life.

Matthew Boisjolie

Chaotic Dismay

Chaotic Dismay sweeps the floor,
taking the strength that i once had out of my knees,
faced with confusion,
started to count the days,
volcanic gases escape from your essence,
artificial night emerges,
bringing out the creatures that feed on souls,
eat the life, the love, the emotions out of me,
alone, cold, and scared i assume the fetal position,
the worst have got the best of you,
you can bask in the fact that you removed my heart and then put it back,
i love you a million times, round and round we go,
rinse and repeat, over and over again,
you shed your skin, along with my emotions,
all along, i should have seen it coming,
pictures, blue dresses, and clouds to dance in the sky,
your words come out and shatter into pieces,
before they hit my ears,
i stand in the wake of your Chaotic Dismay,
and i begin to drowned.

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

Christmas

A day before christmas, for someone who never really existed, says it's all gonna change, through the pain, say what you will, and say what you might, waiting in the shadows, im waiting in the sun light, just remember there is no place to hide, just when things crumbled, and you don't feel safe, between the green hills, the clouds withdraw and the sun is revealed, speaking in a dialect rhyme, and leave reality behind, trying to be part of the same thing, the proficiencies say verbalize, hide in the shadows because the false sense makes you warm inside, but have you not wanted something else, something to lay your head on, someplace to feel safe, somewhere to call your place, Verbal violence, to a rhyme that is empty, Tomorrow is Christmas, simply?

Matthew Boisjolie

Collapse

All this pressure, on top of each other,
sometimes i wish i could not be bothered,
to fade away in a small hole,
all i bring with me is my memories and this last bowl,
pushed and pulled by two different ways,
by the feeling of you haunting my every day,
i try to push you to the back,
my seeing you come back up is what i lack,
stabbing my emotions with your voice,
every aspect of you makes my hands clench up and get moist,
fighting to gain ground,
and pulling to not fall,
one day i hope this all on you,
then you will see what it's like,
to stop breathing till your blue.

Matthew Boisjolie

Coming Up Short

Summer brease blowing through the air with such clarity, the very sound from the silenced battle has ended, just like a ray of hope, the sun forcefully tears it's way through the clouds, the birds that once dropped atom bombs on sanity, are now singing and flying gracefully through the sky, the soldiers blood from their forgiven wounds, now grow trees where it once tainted, the nightmares are now turned to fantasies, the very aspect of fear is now transformed into love and compasion, i walk down a road once turned black with hatred and distrust, which is now gleaming with respect and dignity, a vision of an angle before me makes me dropp to my knees, questioning my vision, and hoping for my fate, she came and wispered the sweet words of the future in my ear, and in the end, i came up short! Irony at it's best...

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 existence,
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

Deamon Seed

And when i Dream, I can feel you, come and take over me, take my insides and turn then im lust, as if looking at my own relection, drownding in confusion, fighting to survive as he changes, morphs into something i have never seen, I can see inside, don't deny what you fear, I am slowly changing, into the demon that is fear, that comes to torment, take my origionality and turns it sour, like a lemon on a fresh tat, because all of your lies completely engulf me, making a false witness, to the happiness you once gave me! Im gonna submit this to some contest. What you think?

Matthew Boisjolie

Down The Mountain

Just as life opens up,
and reveals what was once fathless,
as the tables turn due to the pressure,
of your weight on your feet,
Acid rain, combining with the loss of control,
has detererated the existance,
of the seconds that were wasted,
between the sign of numbness,
and the feeling of being aware in a blind sence,
just when the top was reached,
the reality of life sets in,
throwing you back down the mountain.

Matthew Boisjolie

Drained... Again

The ray of despiration that was once in grasp, the beam of hope that was once in sight, the sound of purity that was once in the distance, the drops of eagerness that was once felt, the call of yerning that was once experienced, are hung over the shower curtain, and soaked, with reality causing it to become heavy, soaked in emotions, causing it to fall on the floor and drain. I don't want to drain.

Matthew Boisjolie

Dreams.... Possible

Life as a rabbit running by, in a free forest of life, no anger, no sorrow, no backstabbing by the invisible rouge, leaves fall as if gifts from above, and the wind blows with precise rhythm, sun rays engulf the world around me, warming even my inner soul, feeling the pureness of this scene, to capture a picture in memory, just to remember the happiness I feel, the utopia that is about me, touching every sensor in my body, as if putting your hand in a still lake, just to see the ripples of electricity, that you have created and use it, to remind you of the dreams and goals, that makes this place possible.

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

Existence Of Me

running the race to break free,
emerging from the concrete casing,
walking 3 feet, yet still tethered,
connected to the engulfing movement,
still stuck but trying to walk out,
confused and distraut i sit,
contemplate why im here,
why i move forward while looking back,
life glides me one way,
a cross wind glides me another,
a life filled with happiness,
emotions filled with liquid nitrogen,
freezing in place to not spill my infection,
to keep me sheltered, to help survive,
survive the battle against the true enemy,
the one inside that tried to break free,
swallowing the pain, to throw up the emotions,
following the pact, to turn and walk away,
surviving the slaughter of freedom,
the on site of evil,
the existence of me.

Matthew Boisjolie

Falling Quickly

I tell myself what i need,
and surprising i don't care,
holding on to the beam,
and slipping down to waste away,
hit the shallow sand,
i try to lift myself up,
and all i have done, and all i have gave,
means nothing as i am loosing everything,
trying to grasp the little bit,
i was able to grab onto,
and it seems i am just wasting away,
years go bye,
and after all this time,
i thought i would have everything,
but in the end, i find im empty,
all this time spent, chasing shadows,
to catch the darkness i was running after,
as i fall, i can mumble save me, save me! ! !

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

Finish Line

Advanced trying and the ability to perform, means nothing in the end of the day,
you know you didn't look out, to see the hands on the clock move, and your
spirit vanish, once it hit 12, staring out the window for your chance, to catch it
floating in the air, your were part of the team, as yesterdays memories will soon
disipate, and create a mist of blur, causing you to fall, and making you studder,
but how can you end what you have not started?

Matthew Boisjolie

Forgiving The Forgotten

For once I forgave the anger in my heart, Let go all the fear I once had, Said
goodbye to my hurt in it's funeral, Died of starvation of evil, As if a rose lived in
the darkness, And a flower died in the sun, Once a human, now turned to
unborn, Life as it once was is showered over the ashes of despair, And the inner
shell is cracked and burnt, Yet the yoke cold as night, Repelling the heat, the
sinister looks, The crooked laughing that's caught in my mind, Boxed up in an
electrical node in the internal network I call reality, Free to be one, or die to be
all, The choice is yours, think about it.

Matthew Boisjolie

Forsaken Grammer

Strength through wounding,
from the side that's conquering,
freedom though death,
from the ones who try,
genocide from the strong,
who grew weak from the reality,
from behind the wall,
since the the ones who come to restore the world,
the storm that beats in another place,
beside the ones who rise up and stand,
be true to stars that become the day bring,
of the night, to the people that wonder,
when it all comes down, do we just blow the boat,
or just see the way, to go up to the side,
to see what the new day brings,
wondering what to say, when it all comes down,
reality shatters the forsaken,
mirror that you see yourself in,
the ground rumbles, from the pain that you have taken,
have endured, and have conquered,
beyond the ones who shine, and show others what can one can say,
one can do, to be real, to how what can be done,
by the true believers, that dedicate their lives,
to be one of the ways, that fail in the end,
but all my life i have been waiting, for the sign,
to lead me to my corner, that has been stored for me,
i can hear the morning waves, sing to me, the anatomy,
the light, that was seen, from beyond the horizon,
from beneath the fog, and the darkness, from within the drum,
that beats with the tune of life, from the energy,
that is waiting to be set free, to be restored from the dampness they endured,
the were subject to, with a broken glass, and a torn heart,
from the cold, chilling to the bone, and evading from the heat,
of the day, from the sun, from the life blood that is the human race.

Matthew Boisjolie

Friend In Need

As if you thought you would break me,
so young and cynical,
that's not your only crime,
but incase you haven't noticed, you gave it all away,
tell me what do you think of yourself now,
that you traded your values to the crowd,
so you can take down the mirror on the wall,
but are you willing to give it up,
you take a lot of medicine,
you really don't need,
drinking at seven and getting doped at 17,
tell me what do you think of yourself now,
that you traded all your honor to the crowd,
to putt a mirror in the front,
of your friends,
but will you say,
ill give it up for you?
Follow your thoughts, but when your heart starts to wonder,
why your friends, traded, your honor for their own,
ask yourself what should i do with me,
to take down the mirror on the wall,
and get ready to ask help when i fall,
when are you going to say,
ill give it up for you?
all the heart ache and all the pain,
can you say, im giving it up for you?
can you admit,
im giving it up for you?

Matthew Boisjolie

Glowing Orb Of Light

This orb that i cradle in my hands, is the very orb that light and happiness comes from, true exctasy that infects your blood and purifys it with love, with beauty, with the very blood that falls from the sky and creates a rose. The rose of wisdom and fortitude that helps you on your journey, help you to keep strong even with getting attacked from all sides. A blessing of wisdom and true inner happiness. Inhaleing the ultimate in absolute being with yourself and your others, letting it dance in your lungs and bring amazing lights to your hands, making them glow white with purity and peacefulness almost to the point, of not being able to glance at them I began to float above the darkness, above the addiction of carelessness and overcaring, above the life i once lived, above the hatred and evil i once consisted of, making me pure and complete. Once above the haze i complete my objective by passing this orb on, and it melting into a cup of complete utopia that i consume.

Matthew Boisjolie

Good To The Last Drop

As I open a fresh can and break the metal seal, The aroma of dependency fills my
naval cavity, and make me sneeze from the overwhelming for-granted-ness, that
is show to me, Pouring that first cup of belongings that are taken from me, every
morning to try to help me along my way, Needing sugar but none is found except
for everyone else, Being numb enough to go up and ask for seconds, from the
years of pain and misery that i have endured, Buying a new can to think ahead
and plan, altho that can is gone, before i even get it home, along with my car,
my clothes, and my patients, that are getting roudy, and running in a circle,
Putting money to live while others take to steal, to benefit themselves, and laugh
when i drop. Im good till the last Drop, But this IS MY LAST DROP! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !
! ! ! ! ! !

Matthew Boisjolie

Grace Of The Seasons

Im waiting for the sun to break the dome,
but i have given up on my self,
given up on someone else.
you don't even think about me,
or how you thing i need to be,
you run me in a circle,
and try to give me amazing grace,
can you stand to see,
the misery,
of someone that treats you the way they do,
and you can eat the society,
and trust the destiny,
but you gotta give up on yourself,
and look into someone else, cause in the end,
you want a new sky, and create a new high,
and put yourself into the sweet embrease,
you call my, extending mace,
as you gave up on your self,
erase the madness,
and forget the sadness,
give me a reason,
and give me a season,
to pull you towards me,
and give you my sweet embrace.
cause in the end,
it's such an amazing grace.

Matthew Boisjolie

H3r3

just as you pass,
you pull yourself up,
to surpass the limits,
that were put on your head,
as if a bounty for your soul,
head hunters chasing your ever move,
like they were connected mentally,
reading your thoughts,
and predicting your moves,
writing the book of your destiny,
calling the shot,
yet a mistake on their part,
outwitting the coach,
yell in complete silence to discover,
what you are here for.

Matthew Boisjolie

Ha

Life discriminated upon by sorrow, the emptiness of yesterday build a bigger bridge
for tomorrow, the connection between people is lost like the lives of 911, by the
hearted that is once shown in the eager smile of friendship, and by the empty
promises that we never made, to life or us, Dragged down by life and taking the
sentence, that was never said to my yearning ears, just wanted to tell you that im
leaving

Matthew Boisjolie

Heartache Of Society

Pulled by the force of mistake, and tortured by the defeat of fortitude, ruled by the keeper of the freedom, that one relies on, hated for the nature that is not with the forgiven, and dropped to the pity of shame, heart torn by the stress of conversations, and your reward is a kick in the ass, motivated by the yearn for compassion, and stopped by the wall of luck, climbing the wall would be as improbable, as failure is imminent.

Matthew Boisjolie

Hold Me Back

For as long as life has shuttered,
in the wind, and the hardship,
in the way that is unspoken,
by the pesants that follow,
that observe, that wish,
to follow and become the chosen one,
wanting an explanation, but not wanting to hear,
no way to hold me back,
to walk in my way,
as i stand up and stand taunt in the actions that were taken,
beside me, stands your spirit to keep me strong,
i stay back and stay down for this,
stay in the emotional state that i was,
yet i try to break free,
to become the one that walks away,
i know what goes on, with the feelings that,
fill up, and become a tea kettle,
just remember this life is yours,
if you want something,
don't let anything hold you back! !

Matthew Boisjolie

Honestly....

Bleeding through honesty,
after being filtered through lies,
Listening to your emotions,
While your sitting there in a disguise,
once life serves its purpose,
will they love you, honestly?
all your words bringing me deeper,
since i heard your guarantee,
never fulfilled or even though of,
will they love you, honestly?

Feel through the dark to see the light,
to this ever damning place, that's inside my mind,
confliction only seeing glass,
now life is levitating, and it tears me apart,
along with all that brings me down,
Is this the life you choose to lead?
Is this the life I want to live? NO!
What you get is what you recieve!
And this is all the love you have to give....NO!
All it takes is what's inside...Make all your fears a reality,
i fight the fight, for what i want,
and in the end get tore down by everything you see in me,
you take my origionality and fake it's not me,
mend me to your demented ways,
and it's all the fate in you,

Last choice you made won't fade away,
even though it's not true you say,
the fate for you, is running,
and catching up quick,
it's the life you chose to live,
and now your pleading with me,
to help you up, and take you back again,
haha. you chose to fall to your knees and tried to take me with you.,
and now im standing tall while your qwivering,

Is this the life you want to live? Honestly?

Kinda confusing to me: -P

Matthew Boisjolie

Honesty Is Key! ! !

Shadows of sarcasm are allowed to run rapid today,
needles of truth pierce my armor, prick my skin,
ever so slightly as to not cause pain,
but the loss of everlasting love and compassion,
the gun to my head held by your heart,
tell the story to all, to everyone, to me,
dead inside and inside dead,
the ripple effect this cause will not be realized,
by you, by your personality, by your mind,
yet to everyone else this rouge wave is immanent,
heading for land, for the population, for the soul of the temple,
the shrine may have to be moved, for safe storage during this time of dark,
locked in a lead lined box to prevent any further damage,
stress, or pressure on the holy portion of the structure,
the deviation was not expected but planned for,
the collapse was seen but could not support the city in time,
the taste of blood and irony is a bitter sweet melancholy,
the bite marks will remain but the pain will subside,
the lashings will disappear, but the slices on the heart will never scab over,
the crutches will go into the closet, but the pain with each step will remain,
more than being concentrated on us falling apart,
is it that hard to be honest with the one you love? ? ? ? ?

Matthew Boisjolie

I Know I Am

I know you're strong I know you're weak I know your deepest secrets The ones you couldn't keep I know your past And I am your future I am hope, I am love I'm the one you've been dreaming of I am torn and tattered You are broken and alone You are all that ever mattered I am all you've ever known I am the ghost in the mirror The one with the tear in his eye I love you not, is his only fear You are his only reason to cry I am the shadows on your ceiling The ones mistaken for the trees I am your one and only feeling I am the protector of your sleep I know that you still miss me I am the pictures on your walls I know that you can live without me I am now just your lost cause

Matthew Boisjolie

I Wanna Get High

Sitting cold and shivering, trying to stay warm, staring at complete white, blinding to the eye, touching the ice cold ground to push my self up, keep myself from falling, from collapsing, from giving up, from not achieving, pushing to get myself going, to get away from the cold, the hurt that is behind me, trying to touch the sky, trying to fly, i pull down my snowboarding goggles, and begin to see something other than white, I cut back and forth and see a growing hill in front of me, as i hit that jump and launch into the sky, pulling off a method, i realize, Im higher than i have ever been, come get high with me.

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

Imploding Heart

This was the last time i was going to try,
the last i was going to give a chance,
after 100% failure should you continue to try?
I would just rather shut my eyes,
and there is alot i can see,
the face that was hidden by your prettiness,
i should have seen the true you,
the beating heart of deceitfulness,
the piercing lies leave your mouth like rockets,
traveling at mock 1 to my ears,
to explode my emotions and obliterate my life force,
the assumption of failure is imminent,
self destruct has been activated,
and words of honesty have melted by the fires,
the firestorm in my internal network of life,
the virus you unleashed for your own personal gains,
begins to attack until nothing is left,
but the dust of your actions,
and the disregard of human well being,
will one day cause Karma to assist with your imploding heart! !

Matthew Boisjolie

Is It True

If i chose you tonight,
and i gave you my best,
would you take it as good enough,
or not as good as the rest?
if i tried to pick you up,
and i fell on my knees,
would you sit there and laugh it up,
or help me get to my feet?
if i held your hand,
and told you the truth,
would you call me a liar,
or kiss me and call me a doof?
if i told you my thoughts,
and how i really feel,
would you sit there and listen,
or be scared to open and reveal,
if i was there for you,
in your time of need,
would you help me,
when i sit and bleed?
if i told you i cared,
and wanted to stand tall by your side,
would you stand right next to me,
or say you do and lie?

Matthew Boisjolie

Just Listen

While you were so tangled up in your own webs of cheer, never asking me how I was today neglecting my emotions were here. Today was the day you should of listened and asked me how was my life instead you went on about silly lust while blood was pouring from my knife. Through every delicate smile of yours, I couldn't bring out my eyes, I couldn't bear to bring you down so I just told you 'goodbye.' But now I sit, lonely in tears, letting the pain grow bigger. As I recap my every emotion, I'm happy..... as I pull the trigger.

Matthew Boisjolie

Just The Way It Is

Destiny sprinkled like sand in an hour glass,
as i wake up the morning, and i ask myself,
should i excel and pass my self,
run the race with the broken leg,
win with the pain of success,
that runs along side you,
that pushes you to change,
and to misplace hate,
ignite the flame of eagerness,
that lies dormant in your body,
in your soul, lies dormant waiting,
for you to call it, ring the bell,
the call of silence that shatters chaos,
brings you to the elevated level,
that you once dreamed about,
leaving the child behind,
breaking the shell to develop,
that's just the way it is: -D

Matthew Boisjolie

Key

Lost inside violent prophecies,
opening the wound,
i try to catch my breath,
the battles only loose,
but you insist to portray,
the one you never were,
i have much more,
that was inside before,
picking me apart,
to where i have to start again,
i run and try to lock the door,
but the extent of your lies,
cause me to slip,
cutting my arm on your words,
but this is how it ends,
with the door locked,
i walk away.

Matthew Boisjolie

Kheellpp

pulled, pushed and spun around till sight is imaginative, cracked, beaten and left bloody till feeling is untouchable, tested, forced and taken for granted till friends disappear, put into a box with emotions and neither is able to break out, running out of oxygen till i am forgot, when i was not breathing, blown bigger than anything in a constricted space, till hope if abandoned and life is left in the gutter, and the message is never discovered.....

Matthew Boisjolie

Kicked In The Stomach

As I hit the ground and knock the wind out of myself, I see a faint shadow,
lurking, peering, haunting, The ground is covered with blood, my blood, Gushing
from my mouth, my broken teeth on the floor, Tearing the flesh on my hands
open when I try to stand, Pulling me down even more, making me weak, Taking
my heart, and emotions, as the ground takes my blood, And I take the pain,
suffering like I was never imagined, Being taken for the ride of my life, and being
sliced with a knife, Every second of the ride, for the whole ride, but I can't get
off, Not enough energy, not enough will, not enough motivation, That's how I
feel by what you said, and it's no big deal to you, Your suppose to love me since
birth, and now im no one to you!

Matthew Boisjolie

Lier

Deceitfulness spills from your every orifice,
From your words, from your promises, and from your life,
splashing on me, burning my skin, causing confusion,
darkness and thunder clouds surround you,
striking me to my knees,
Stringing me along for your greater good, yet dragging me around,
scraping off the skin on my face to where i cant see myself anymore,
faceless, heartless, and now im emotionless,
your life is a black hole, that sucks the life, the emotions out of me,
bringing me down in every way possible, holding my head underwater,
just so you can get a breath,
screw over the one person who was trying to help you,
now you get to deal with this crazy life by your self LIER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Matthew Boisjolie

Life Is Lost

Life as it once was is abandoned, liberty is abolished as was slavey, Emotions are on a rollercoaster, Feeling is now buried like the loved ones we once lost, Dedication is lost like a hiker in the woods, Fear is exposed like it is the biggest crime, happiness is remembered like a past memory, goals disappear like the dope we did at a young age, education is valuded as much as a penny, love is false like michal jacksons innocence, and truth is as shallow as stagnet as water in a pothole, honesty is broken like a car in an accident, and sight is as high as a 747, why is it so hard to be happy with life and with yourself?

Matthew Boisjolie

Living The Lie

You cry and cry some more,
Because inside you died,
Now there is no hope for you,
So you cut your pain away,
You cut your feeling of hatred,
You cut your sadness,
You cut your love,
You cut it all away,
For you died,
You want to kill all that love,
You want to run,
Run away to a far place,
A place where you can start over,
But you cant,
So you cry and cry some more,
Living a lie,
Telling everyone Your happy,
Telling everyone Your okay,
Telling everyone your life is perfect,
you tell lies so that people dont know the truth,
Which is how inside you died!

Matthew Boisjolie

Looking Over Your Shoulder

this is the evaluation,
of the situation,
of our generation,
the correlation,
of salvation,
don't dropp your road,
with quiet words that lead you in,
give you a reason,
to convert from your sins,
the moon it begins to shade,
sorry it happened this way, but there is nothing i can do,
in a week it won't change,
and you believe that's true,
but all the time to love you,
for the fear of breaking you,
close your eyes,
and chose what you wanna do,
in the end it all comes back to you,
to take the time and choose,
it's easy to turn your head,
away from mess you chose to make, but when life begins to fade,
and it's one thing you thought you knew,
but tell me for the last time why your here,
you apologize again, it what you choose,
but in the end, it all comes back to you! ! ! ! ! ! !

Matthew Boisjolie

Melacholy

Accompishment, and reigh amidst in the air, defeat and collapse explode from within, superficial thoughts attempt to invade, beyond the doors we have yet to see, seismic rumbbles thought the crust, eternal showers over the dome, patient winds delivering yerning, echoing the sounds of time, dedication leading the pack, eagerness close to the lead, uforic outcome is the marage in sight, through the windows that no one sees.

Matthew Boisjolie

Missing

Walking around the furnace,
in this frame of mind,
as something is missing,
my life is complete,
and i enjoy it every minute,
but something is missing,
a void begins to form,
like a black hole,
kicking up space dust,
forming a object is nothing,
and dropping it back down on the floor,
yet when i look,
something is missing,
don't ask me what,
don't ask me why,
but in the end,
something is missing.

Matthew Boisjolie

Mobile Support

in the forgotten territory,
help captive,
by the darkness, the damp, the broken,
claimed to be property of myself,
the up, the down, the forgotten,
every action i make has it's consequences,
even tho im suck in this lecture,
stricken to lay dormant,
thoughts are the killer,
as they bleed internally,
like never before, pulsing, to spill more,
bleeding together, to turn back into myself,
heartache, along with a headache,
misled to be where i do not know,
driving in circles, lost in my head,
as i stand i manage to fall,
face first, waiting for the weather,
just to drown, perish, remain monogamous,
and become one of the fallen comrades,
the ones who tried, but the internal struggle was overwhelmed,
challenged, conquered, stabbed,
beyond the fence, would be the goal,
but that fence is immovable, as it's myself,
shuddering feelings build up, to be lost, in myself,
and my life.

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

Negative

Once while i was young i heard the passion of initiative,
Once while i was old i saw the forgiving nature of Friendship,
Once while i was invisible i tasted the Dirt of Hatred,
Once while i was weak i felt the power of Dedication,
Once while i was scared i imagined the Power of Love,
Once while i was in love i felt the Pain of Dishonesty,
Once while i felt the Pain of Dishonesty i also felt the pain of Loneliness,
Just waiting for it fade away again: (

Matthew Boisjolie

Open The Shades

Open the shades to let in light,
yet the sun has vanished,
turn on the lights yet the power has been drained,
light a candle to see, yet the very oxygen we breathe has been sucked up,
removed for all to suffer,
Travel to the nearest life form to ask the question,
yet you know the answer,
the answer is false in a fake way,
i have crawled on my belly,
for the life that could have been,
and stood on own two feet,
for the destiny i now face,
my insecure delusions emerge,
the smell of desperation,
trying to step through,
to open up and clear the way,
yet when is it my time,
I open the shades on my eyes so i can finally see the truth!

Matthew Boisjolie

People You Know

yesterday, once as faceless as tomorrow,
upon the mirrors that you see in the morning,
causing the glass breaking screech,
that caused the lies of today to become alive,
invading the mind, and causing chaos,
feeling of immobilized settings,
that will not orbit around the beauty,
that is seen within you,
moon light cascading on you,
filling you with pureness,
that is needed to complete the puzzle,
the piece that makes you whole,
to be the one that you once read about,
eternity as the person you once knew.

Matthew Boisjolie

Perfect Circle

Winter rain, washed away with summer rays,
the time of december has turned to july,
once what was a question, has become clear,
something that you thought you have missed,
was right in front of you, staring at you,
inviting you to get away, and take the hand,
that will lead you to the snow covered trees,
to the time you want to be in, to experience,
things you didn't want to feel like, fade,
and disperse, as if you gave it away,
to the wind, to the rain, to the snow,
no need to pretend, when you are,
no need to miss, when you are always wanted,
sadness and hurt, and few and in between,
something that was projected like a light on a dark backdrop,
a perfect circle to break the binds, the torn ligaments,
the lost hopes, and displaced dedications,
the want to be and the desire to climb,
that gives you somewhere to go home to!

Matthew Boisjolie

Poem To Self

Life throws you around,
and forces you to choose,
from a lot of different options,
which one is best?
which one will hurt less,
which one will make it go away,
and yet we are left with no answers,
no clues,
no path leading to that chosen place,
no internal notion to push in a general direction,
so we sit and wonder what to do,
and we decay inside from the hurt,
the chaos, the insanity that is going on,
our heart stops when we see what's going on,
and yet we are left, as always,
to take it, and take it, and take more,
until our heads explode, and all hell breaks loose.

Grip of steel hold on to life and it spins,
yet over the course of the past 4 months,
my strength is lowering,
and my muscles burn from the torment,
the torture to my soul, my heart, and my mind,
emotional distraught like a horse,
walking in circles, all day,
and done like a 20 minute old pizza,
up, down, right, wrong,
with all this in my eyes,
i slowly begin to shut down.

Matthew Boisjolie

Pop Quiz

unforeseen effects created by the thought, eternity in a question, randomly answered by the answer that is questioned, related to the bypassing of the passing, tossed like the concrete it is, randomly thought of as if, mother earth shut it's doors, to open the windows of time, led by instinct that is programmed, and fate that is luck, to a lifetime of hoping, for the answer to the ultimate question.

Matthew Boisjolie

Random

Walk along the shore, Wishing on the shooting star, And smiling at the blind fate that is ahead of me, Grabbing the bag of happiness and running along the shore, Throwing handfuls into the water, trying to spread the infection, Of peaceful being with yourself and others, And you still don't know it yet, All this time, you were gone, This will come and overwhelm you, Take you under with the positive love, And beautiful radiance from your aura, Come take my hand of respect and be the smile on my face.

Matthew Boisjolie

Random Thought

As the sunsets, the black, dark evil comes to infect all the earthy beings, Take random victims and turning their life to dark, empty nothingness, The rude stinch of decaying society will bring a tear to your eye, and a empty heart in your chest. Taking your life and turning it to a swirling display of white and black, taking your emotions and turning them dark, turning your decision sour, and your brain left to rot in the heat of the bare empty space, everyone wants a little sunshine, why can't i get it?

Matthew Boisjolie

Reasoning

Your actions leave the sour stench, like cigarettes in a hotel,
lingering and waiting for the next to come to stay,
to get some shelter from the elements,
the simple rules that you swore by,
that you told me in our verbal agreement that would not happen,
the window is open, and the cold, wet, sickening draft is allowed to come in,
the utter collapse of the establishment, my establishment,
all i could do is sit and watch it burn, fall to the ground,
near my face, i can not adhere,
your prophecy was accomplished at the cost of me,
all this time your cries, they haunt me, they chase me,
your side, you chose, my demise,
the sour taste of irony i can not escape,
the sweet words of devastation you speak, overwhelms my dreams,
my actions, my life, my emotions, begin to cry,
scanning my actions like a search engine,
the same thing i scanned to discover the secrets,
the second life you had, and my emotion collapse in a single search result,
i sit and wonder, i sit and cry, i sit and destroy myself,
to find out i do not care, i do not care, i do not care,
an internal combustion implosion is imminent,
the alarms have been sounding, yet i can NOT ESCAPE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
!
i ask a favor to not be dropped,
yet when i needed you most, you begin to cry,
my life, my heart, my mind aches, cries, implies,
the day we met, i knew i was hung up on you,
but i guess your reasoning wouldn't have it any other way! !
I have a sentimental realization of rejection,
they say 'don't fail like you always do',
but your actions are beyond reasoning,
the guilt pieces are falling around you,
yet i contest i hold the bigger piece,
.....

Matthew Boisjolie

Reflect On Yourself

Spun into the forsaken Crevis,
trying to hold on to the reality that is in reach,
but forgetting to close your fingers when you have reached,
have stretched, have tried to active your goal,
struggling, to keep your grip on reality,
as an unforeseen force prys your little hooks from the safety net,
and helps you to slip further and further,
untill your goals are now lower than you expected,
keep your goals high, and push to reach them,
rather than sit here and settle for what you get,
dedication is the fluid of success, and honesty is the laws of the future,
purity is the vehicle you use to achieve your unspeakable bond,
eagerness is the wind that pushes you when you are running,
the proficy that was spoken, is now heard by the speechless,
created by the beauty of your mental signals,
that engulf your brain, and cause the reflections,
that are seen from miles away

Matthew Boisjolie

Restore

Walking on a ledge,
between reality,
and the meaning of life,
as they follow,
one by one,
you stand with calvary,
and they turn and run,
you show your fullness,
and they realize they are empty inside,
eternity in your hand,
that you scatter,
like a tree in fall,
blanketing the ground,
to lessen the blow,
the impact, the emptiness,
you predict the start of what you really are,
and determine the fault in the story,
to break the walls and bring down the separation,
to punch a hole in the very fabric of time and space,
and stop time that was poring past like an hourglass,
to halt the communication barriers,
and restore the flow of electricity,
the exchange of thoughts,
and the true meaning of happiness.

Matthew Boisjolie

Rhyming I

As I close my door and walk out side it is a little cloudy, Something told me this day isn't right, but I got up and got dressed, And went against all my might, As I was walking I looked up, And saw a glimmer in my sight, A shard of glass falling from above, Reflecting the light so bright, It falls and slices my back, As if I just got into a knife fight, I start to run and try to shield myself, As I look up there are billions loosing height, Why all this when I just wanted to stay home, Just then I get hit in the eye and lost sight of the light, Why did you leave me mom, In the middle of the night?

Matthew Boisjolie

Ride

calling from within, without the sign of weakness,
asking for the honesty that is deserved,
from all the statements i have voiced,
everything but the answer is clear,
some how i find the ignorance is bliss,
asking for the chance to prove myself,
and all i hear is i need a chance to breath,
the places that i can't fit in, the sign of my body,
feeling the hate that i seem to miss,
to bite the lip on my face,
that is morning, the loss of something true,
the ultimate room to become the one,
who i have always been, always been true too,
always asked to be beside me,
to help me along my travels to become,
anything but the ones who stalk me,
who try to make me lost within,
and i stand up and find,
that i can't hold on.

Matthew Boisjolie

Ripped

Life is sooo short, even when you think you accomplished something, you end falling and being buried 6 feet under, it's always the strong that die first, and the weak, who are left to cope, to survive, to move on, why must we feel this pain, these emotions, when someone falls? When someone leaves, when someone dies? why must things work this way? Is it what makes us stronger, to be strong and fall? or Does it make us weaker to survive, yet feel the struggle of life? RIP Robert (BOB) Im going to miss you: (

Matthew Boisjolie

Road To Eternity

Your said trust your actions,
as if you were true,
don't your wish,
it didn't turn back on you?

Coming off the rocks,
walking the path,
inside of your lies,
the path of eternity,
yet the conditions,
provoke the set of my mind,
twisting your words,
to make up for the void,

Ask yourself, are you happy all the time?
The answer is faint,
and your emotions being to stack,
becoming a tower,
full of sarcasm and lack of tact,
running to escape the sound,
you always were looking over your shoulder for,
the one thing your dread,
your soul just tore,
ripped by your conscious,
your very lifeline that fed,

Go ahead and rise above the sheets,
try to become a real man,
in your mind that is accomplished,
but in reality it's all a lie,

In my mind you are sick,
is my face familiar?
does it happen all the time?

Matthew Boisjolie

Rotten To The Core

Wishing upon yesterday,
to transport me to tomorrow,
to see the land of the lost,
every sound echos,
with the sound of laughter,
and crystal clear lakes,
full of cleansing nectar,
the very blood line of humanity,
making it's way flawlessly,
through the green grass foliage,
and the booming apple trees,
nudged by the thought of you,
to walk away and give up,
like it seems you always do,
forgetting the beauty and kindness,
that was once delivered to you,
you always fulfill the prophecy,
and live up to the stereotype,
that prevents you from knowing who you are,
and causing others to achieve a false sense,
of your true self,
because your ROTTEN TO THE CORE.

Matthew Boisjolie

Salt

Psychotic fantasies fancy themselves,
I left the door open all night,
Beefing up the engine without the airframe,
Quietly the drops hit the floor,
pitting the cement that was dormant for so long,
after the hospitals, the rest fell in place,
spelling my name with capitals,
you cant be clear yet discrete,
seems like the faster i fight, the faster i fall,
the integrity of the holy shrine,
the ultimate strength of the waste that is left,
forsaken forgiveness is fathomable,
can i find out what you want?
you can tell me how far,
I already know where i am,
Im better than when im not,
as time goes, you can,
im without a stage,
falling to walk,
but out of your way, ill paint myself out,
if that's what you want, you can pour salt on my wounds!

Matthew Boisjolie

Same Old Storm

Loud thunder clouds start to form over me yet again,
lightning striking the power lines,
causing a short to the lines that run in my heart,
it's the same old storm, again, and again,
i try to get back into my shack of safety,
it's warm welcoming pleasures calls,
inviting me to come and stay the night. To be safe.
yet, do i wait to look for another strike to know i will not be hit?
or is me doing so going to put me in harms way more, for looking?
Searching trying to find if i will survive, or if i will have another serge in my lines,

my very life blood on the line, cold, shivering, scared, and lonely,
i will try to make it back to my shack without being torn to pieces by the storm,
these scars tell my tale of pain and misery, from all the past experiences,
and what these storms can do, should i run and take the chance,
or sit and wait for the lighting to cause yet another serge in my power lines?

Matthew Boisjolie

Seeing Dark

i come to slightly drugged,
blurred vision with a headache,
as i squeeze my head,
i feel stitches in my head,
where am i? what's going on?
there is a lump in the right side of my head,
accompanied with some chest pains,
the lights go out,
complete darkness,
as i hear my chest start to tick i wonder,
is this real,
then my head starts to tick,
within 3 seconds,
i continue to see darkness.

Matthew Boisjolie

Shadows

Dreams between the green hills,
floated as a fog cover floating inches above the floor,
dedicated to keeping it real,
stuck staring at the trees,
paranoid,
yet ignored towards the end,
as people act like you don't exist,
the land is made of hopes and lost fights,
overseeing the hurricane from within the eye,
the emotional downfall that was bought,
at the darkness market,
unleashing it at the end of the night,
to vanish in the break of light,
i see it hiding in the shadows.

Matthew Boisjolie

Shadows Of Decay

Throughout the day people appear and talk to me, then vanish before my eyes, each taking my advice then disappearing again, only to not take my advice in the first place, as if my vocal cords are vibrating just to please themselves, Why ask if you don't want it in the first place, it knocks me down and punches me in the face, when i see it happening, yet can't do anything, just sit, hope, and wish for the best, yet pain is always on the other end, out of sync, out of mind, and out of time.

Matthew Boisjolie

Someone? ?

Yesterday before today,
but your still there,
i wonder if anything,
you care,
i thought you could wait,
by the steps and the weights,
but in the end,
i wonder if you will stay,
i can finally find a way to make this place,
the end of the game i call the chase,
i thought you could wait,
for your mistakes,
but i wonder if your there,
for the time is right,
for you to step by,
into the light,
im at the end of my rope,
i needed someone to show me everything,
but you can't let it go,
you have me by my throat,
your at the end of your rope,
you need someone to show you everything,
so just go,
but i needed someone to be here anyways! ! ! ! !

Matthew Boisjolie

Soul Less

Lower levels of sanity fill your mind, making you false, insensitive, and extremely persuasive, takeing my heart from me and saranating it, cutting it with a knife, to feast on, cause it makes you stronger, to bring me down, to make me your animal, take my personality, take my friends, take my emotions, and take my life, then walk away and scatter them in your wrath, burning everything you touch, infecting everything you smile at, including my mind, how did you achieve this so fast, how did you turn so Soul Less?

Matthew Boisjolie

Soul Rune

Desire supported by Dedication,
Beauty held by unbreakable Bonds,
Serenity helped by Surprise,
Honesty kept afloat by Honor,
beyond the waves that we see,
and the moon that is in site,
by the way you motivate me,
ill back your every move, with a fight,
even if your not right, and your point is false,
ill hold that in my heart like it was my only cause,
for you i call this note, and for me i hold this tune,
as if i offer it to you, would you hold my very rune?
they key to the very universe, and the way to life,
if i gave it to you, would you treat it right?

Matthew Boisjolie

Status Quo

Noticing the contrast of white on white, between the wind and here, white mist radiating from the street, as if inviting into the unknow, to get you away from there, as the world crumbles around, caught when your falling, and pulled up when you fall, the world might be gone, but i couldn't see anything around, there before the collapse of status quo, today is the beginning of the rest of your life..

Matthew Boisjolie

Suffer

Turning the pages of life,
and loosing grip on reality,
on a plane that disappeared,
while rain drops from emotions,
onto the land of drought,
the sorry valley that must be walked,
for eternity,
malfunctioning psychotics thoughts,
trying to be a savior to the broken,
while proving with all the theories,
the attempt to rise, and the defeat from within,
is the taste of sweet irony on my lips,
just when the case was dropped,
hope was lost, and reality was abandoned,
and life was left,
forced into silence that burns,
from the lies i have suffered.

Matthew Boisjolie

Superficial Happyness

The heavens turn south, the world has turned, and im still here, the same place i was, when you turned away, and disappeared, Your still the voice behind my face, When your with me, and you turn away, it makes me melt, in unbelief and dismay, All the time wasted to get you back, and in the end i keep saying, why try I used to be happy till you came around, In your superficial happiness im drowning.

Matthew Boisjolie

Surfs Up

Stuck in the undertow,
as my board snaps out from under my feet,
hands from below, grab,
pulling me under and spinning me around,
causing disorientation, that causes me to swim down,
further below the surface,
to the darkness, the new atmosphere,
that is waiting, lurking,
strength begins to outwit instinct,
and the will to survive pushes,
kicks, and scrambles to reach the top...

Matthew Boisjolie

Tethered For A Reason

sarcasm laughing in the dark,
the deep cold hand reaches to grab,
asking for a touch of some warm flesh,
a taste of freedom,
though all the begging it begins to fight,
pulling down the tethers that had us connected,
sending my way of thinking into overdrive,
a hyper extended version of my conscious,
that breathes fire, and sees shadows,
the very essence that kept us sane,
upon the delivery of the package,
the air became cold and numb,
forgiving for asking and asking for forgiveness,
why must my smile fade, like wet mascara on your face,
running and running to make the leap and always come up short,
the place i once grew up is now a pit of sorrow,
the respect i once had, is now the respect of the dishonored,
the emotions i once had, are now the laughs of pain,
the dignity i once obtained, is now the stew of black i feed from,
the love i once created, is now nothing more than the hatred,
that erupt from my heart.

Matthew Boisjolie

Thanks

Lingering like an undisturbed spirit,
feeding off of the light that shows though,
beyond the walls that were knocked down,
mental blocks of emotional descent,
built up a defense system,
to keep the global systems safe,
and unharmed,
getting through the loss of my brother,
and the triumphant honoring of the fallen,
the hurt, the abused,
succeeding the thundering of the the so called 'get away',
pumped up to be let down,
and pulled behind the vehicle you call your life,
so close to forgetting yet so far from forgiving,
you make your life out to be a big show,
nothings gonna change,
stuck in your confusion,
no patients, lying, denying,
i heard it all before,
all of your life you have been subdued,
numb to the agony,
the very fabric that makes you grow,
you think life is a bore,
when i do is what you want me to,
thanks for the pain,
when you contemplate,
where your gonna go next,
thanks for the pain.

Matthew Boisjolie

The Brightness Within

Ever wonder if there is another place, a place other than sorrow and sin, a place away from the suffering, and the darkness of yesterday, and tomorrow, a place for the innocent to not get accused, for the hurting to not hurt others, a place of ultimate happiness? A place of wisdom, a place of positive energy, There is such a place, a place that pleases even the weak, take my hand and let me show you this place, it's called my heart

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! ! !

Matthew Boisjolie

The Kid

So much to question,
right from the start,
besides all the time that past,
im sitting alone in my mind,
beyond the sun light,
that reflects off the mirror,
blinding me while i search,
for a way out,
a rabbit hole to lead me in,
pursuing the warmth,
that was once in my hand,
despite my beliefs,
spit upon my morals,
leading me in a circle,
to run me dry,
siphon my time,
take so much from me and run,
away from your problems,
and away from your self,
run far away,
for as i see it,
your nothing but a child,
running in the world.

Matthew Boisjolie

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

The Road To Friendship

Eternal Acceptance,
and the goal to be one,
wrapped in a blanket of respect,
only when the moon get's light,
or maybe when this bottle is full,
sometimes thinking about yourself whole,
as pure as a light of unadulterated dignity,
shines from your true being,
blinding to the point of true vision,
leading to the place you call life,
and being guided by the love for yourself,
while the traffic slows, just for you to pardon them,
with all you have to offer,
the gift of a warm home,
and paths of decisions that lie in front of us,
all leading us to the same place,
your friendship!

Matthew Boisjolie

The Same Pain

I see those bloody crimson tears Dripping down that porcelain face Not fooled by
your mentality Wanting to leave this dreadful place Between wakefulness and
memories I hear all your silent screams Listening to voices haunting you
Corrupting all your dreams I understand the fact you want to leave This life is
one thing you can't bare The knife it shines with all your beauty While you linger
crying there In a place where we both are tortured Taking immense pain beyond
our youth Pretending and smiling every other day To all of those who seek the
truth I feel the sorrow in your eyes Beyond those thin shades of green Learning
to look beyond the beauty I see things you call unseen So don't cry those tears
of shamefulfulness When walking amid people don't pretend Because I see and feel
what you know ...The same pain until the end

Matthew Boisjolie

The Truth Of Life

Wake up to my friend above me while i was sleeping,
as im being kicked in the head repeatedly,
taking every little ounce of enregy, and cannibalizing it,
using my emotion, my ideals, my hopes and dreams,
to bury me deeper than any fear I have,
and I loose another making me weaker and lonely,
in the quest called life there are two roads,
which one do I take when both are inpassable?
Do i sit here and loose or leave and loose?
I offer my arm as a friend as they bite me,
taking everything i have to offer,
and then leaving me on the floor as they walk away,
loosing my vision, to be blinded by the TRUTH OF LIFE

Matthew Boisjolie

The Truthful Lie

Don't bother looking behind,
irony is all you will find,
can't we stop and stand,
but that was never your choice,
let to bury my feelings inside,
staring at the night,
sitting by yourself in the light,
asking for assistance to stand,
expecting someone to give you a hand,
you can't make it right,
all you know how to do is hide,
cower at your thought,
of everything never thought you would get caught?
stand and whisper,
words you know are not true.

Matthew Boisjolie

The Ultimate Choice

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

This Is The Last Smile, That I Will Fake For The Sake Of Being With You

Life is strange. How it puts you down. Up and down. Flips you around, and make you sit mesmerized by the elements that are below. The heat of stress causes you to calapse. Stared at by your own mistakes. Give everything and make a sacrifise to try and advance. Make good with others. And when you get them close they walk away. Throw up a block on their emotions to make you hurt. And they never see what they are doing. How they are influencing. They keep on with the fake emotions they throw forward. They don't understand how they affect. They say they don't understand why we hurt. Why we long, why we cry. And they just try to take the best part of you and prolong it in darkness. Try to take the individuality and turn it into social reform. I want something else. I want to take all the negitive energy and banish it in a locked box. Take those poeple and push them away. Make them GO AWAY. Yet they come back to hurt more. TO take more and more of your heart till you are close to dieing and continplating how to take it. Listening to all the lies. thinking SHUT UP. yet never saying those words. Becuase we love to much. We want it. It's all a dream. Of today, yesterday and tomorrow. Pulling me close to make me distant. All becuae i was with you and didn't want to let you go. All this pain. All this hurt. All this bull. All this is promised by your fate. By your actions. And still bing haunted by you in my thoughts, in my dreams, in my emotions, and most of all in my heart. Never once did you help me. Just bring me down and laugh at me when i fell. It's all true. Your destiny is calling and your running. Why can't i let you go. And tomorrow brings the same ordeal. Every day seems like it's inching by like a freight train. Blocking my vision from life. From your true face. From your true intention. Intentions to bring me down when you don't think you are. And it's all inside. All just fate making you act out in this action. And i just followed you. I don't hate you. And im not your toy. Yet that's all you long. Just someone to pull out of your closet and toy with. Keeping all true emotions inside. And this all comes in my year, my month, my day, and yet all so clear for me to walk. To forget, to start over. And you give it away, to have someone new, to be happy to forget me. My life, my emotions like i was nothing. You never even slammed the door in my face. All with all my instincts sensing pain, im lost within myself. Drawn into a cage and starved. Yeah this is the last smile, ill fake for the sake of being with you.!!

'Greatly influenced by Linkin Park' 'Why is it so blinded to see reality'

To Live One Day

As long as I live, As long as I love, Watching the shooting start across the
backlot, As my life is filled with good intentions, I look up and smile, I would give
anything, Just to smile another day, And in my dreams I hold her hand, As we
watch the people past, And I never want to leave, Is that too much to ask, To
live on a quiet little street, Just something we all need, To live one day in the
scene, And I fall into dreams as others run away, I would give anything, Just to
see the sun, I would give anything, Just to live one more day, I would give
anything just to see the smiles I create, And the love that is shown.

Matthew Boisjolie

Torn Scars

Start at the face,
the main pivot point,
of the whole adventure,
the experience of a lifetime,
take one crack,
one step at a time,
secure a carabiner,
as the main support of this life,
this adventure,
up and up i go,
as if i belong in the sky,
i belong up top,
with the secure,
the ones walking on ground,
pushing and pulling,
to gain altitude,
to succeed at what i believe in,
i hope for, i wish,
higher and higher i get,
and yet i start to fall,
not noticing the slipping, i don't grab,
i don't hold the wall, the support,
as my rope is cut, from the device i trusted,
i cherished, i trusted, was always there for me,
i plummet, farther and farther down,
until i slam into the rocks,
severing my spinal cord,
scaring me for life! ! !

Matthew Boisjolie

Total Loss

After all these precious years you chose to just give in Why did you leave so many things undone I only scratched the surface of the thoughts you had within And for me your life had just begun Why did you think that you were never good enough to give When you accepted me right from the start I never saw the side of you that didn't want to live And I miss you from the bottom of my heart What was it that you never told a soul about yourself What kind of thoughts were buried inside Was there really no one there you thought would understand Or was the only barrier your pride With so much love around you I just wish you'd loved yourself 'Cos no one here can ever take your place You were someone special and my words just can't express How much I miss the warmth of your embrace Why did you just give in Why did you just give up and let it go I guess I'll never know It's hard to see you disappear without a real good bye There's so many things I wish I'd said But all the little things you did that made it all worthwhile Met more than all the tears you ever shed You always seemed so happy but I guess no one can tell What goes on inside a person's mind You loved your friends dearly and you did your very best And someone new like you is hard to find All the things you went through for your friends every day And all the sacrifices that you made Were worth much more than anything that wealth could ever buy And now that love can never be replayed In the end I guess you couldn't take it anymore So you closed your eyes and swallowed all your pain I know that you've done the same so many times before But all the questions in my mind remain

Matthew Boisjolie

Tripping

Falling Down Taken to the edge and told to look over. I start to slip and grasp for anything I can. My fingers dig in the sand as I slowly drift inches and inches lower. Screaming with fear trembling in my throat so it muffles my true voice as if a kid going through puberty. As soon as I fully loose my grip the sand gracefully sprays in the air and covers my face blinding me from the real world. Closing my eyes as a natural instinct, now i'm cold, blind, fearful, and lonely plunging into the abyss below, which was unviewable from the top. My mind goes through the thoughts "Why did I come here" and "What was I trying to prove to myself". Good Question but I don't know the answer. Falling faster and faster towards what was dreaded from the beginning and yet wondering if this was meant to be. Why would it? Cold and lonely, and unoriented I grasp myself in a hug for a brief moment and shiver from the memories good and bad. Why so much emotion in me? Is it an advantage, or merely just a mistake that should not have happened? Torn from one side to the other and spit out like an unwanted fruit snack. Squeezing tighter and tighter trying to comfort the dissatisfied. And I do nothing but rip the shirt I had on which let's the coldness infect my body, freezing the heart, and numbing the emotions. Why must I try to make something better and destroy everything that is or once was built in that lot? Confused by today, Scared of tomorrow, and Blind from yesterday. Which is normal. I'm a tree of strength that was battered in the wind and stayed strong but now, i'm falling down! ! ! "Why must life be so hard, when everyone else makes it look so simple? " "How much easier could life be, if just one person had a heart to help, no to just be helped? " "Once I though I was alive, but then reality told me different" "Everyone wants to take the basket, but no one wants to help to restore the beauty the basket once gave" "Why TRY to help someone, when they REQUIRE it? " "Respect is an Equal part, Not Proven in order to be shown" "Why must I respect someone to be putdown and tore apart? ? ? ? ? "

Matthew Boisjolie

Triumphant And Trials

Through your life, can you look back and say i lived it to the fullest, attempted to have a life satisfactory to myself, make every step of the way and fulfilling? Pulling and Pushing to get to where you want to be, can you say i did instead of i should have, life and memories full of triumphs and trials, but in the end, did you have the time of your life? Did you give it your all, your blood, sweat, and tears, or did you not try, and dwindle to be nothing? Actions are unpredictable, but In the end it's right, I hope you had the time of your life!

Matthew Boisjolie

Trying To Escape

Rain drops like a hurricane,
falling from my lonely eyes,
causing mass flooding and extreme chaos,
the marines are marching to the exits,
all along marching on top of my feelings,
each step, my heart fluttered,
causing the rolling earthquakes that tear apart the land,
stretch the skin, to the point of breaking,
like the shiny look of a blade,
i see my reflection, and fall to the floor,
wet from the precipitation of the heavy emotions like a blanket of fog,
look at what i am, look now who i have become,
i change styles, and still see the same person,
i change looks and still see the same pain,
hope for the best, but look towards the worst,
chopping up my life, and snorting it to get it back,
trying to chase the past, like a dragon, that i can never catch,
in my mind, i re-enact the situation, on a big screen - repeat,
no matter what i do, i cant escape myself.

Matthew Boisjolie

Unchangeable

Even tho i try and modify my self,
i always seem to fall back to my default,
as if someone hit factory reset on my brain,
i dont mean to be 'spacy' or to forget our plans,
i don't mean to be like 'your ex',
i dont mean to forget to call,
i dont mean to be a fuckup in anyones eyes,
but over and over i prove myself wrong,
as if im running on a downhill slope,
eventually i will topple over and crash,
i try my hardest to keep status quo,
i try my hardest to try and let you know,
sometimes i know it works to its full potential,
but others i sit and cry, with the situation and the outcome so awful,
im sorry again, for the things i mean not to do,
ill start in myself and start that difficult duel,
the civil war in my head, and in my self,
im sorry for the pain,
im sorry for the torment,
i wish i could, take it all back like a vacume cleaning the evidence of the past,
but im unable to, so ill sit here, and think about what to do.

Matthew Boisjolie

Victim To Persecution

Then you talk a little more about your dreams,
How it involves your thought of rings,
a little more about your needs,
for i bit my tounge,
just for a feed,
for you drag me in the street,
ask me to forgive your mistakes,
put me in misery from your plea,
as i buckle from my knees,

It's slowly you drain my life,
It's slowly your evil consumes,
but what was it like?
It's slowly you drain my life,
It's slowly your evil consumes,

It's perjury on your arm,
that was put there by your soul,
your feeling sorry, for not achieving your goals,
tacking in your argument,
as you stated with your thought,
you bring me down,
and destroy my heart,

It's slowly you drain my life,
It's slowly your evil consumes,
but what was it like?
It's slowly you drain my life,
It's slowly your evil consumes,

Asking which way is out,
Asking which was not as hard,
Misdirected in your final mount,
as you shout,
cry your lungs out to stay afloat,
yet push me under,
strain to be felt,
pushing me down, holding my throat,
I started to feel the black,

and evil you call your safety boat,

It's slowly you drain my life,
It's slowly your evil consumes,
but what was it like?
It's slowly you drain my life,
It's slowly your evil consumes,

toss in the rope, pull it tight,
you might be something,
but what was it like?
examining it close,
you cross your path,
just get it right,
asking for the sight,
to see your destination,
falling victim,
to persecution,
put on a trial,
to discover if your human,
for your life,
failing to corruption,
of your mind,
sorry about how you felt,
but do you know yourself?

It's slowly you drain my life,
It's slowly your evil consumes,
but what was it like?
It's slowly you drain my life,
It's slowly your evil consumes! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Matthew Boisjolie

What Does It Taste Like?

You come into my life like an infection,
Everyone can see the guilt sweating out of your pores,
Look at my eyes, Ill show you these things,
I rip my heart out, to show you my dedication,
Yet you turn your back, and blind my eyes with a sand storm,
Miles of desert to walk, yet i gave you a path,
I guess favors are not returned in your blackness,
I go to grab your hand, and it's shaking,
Top of the world, and yet something was missing,
Now it seems I have found nothing at all,
yet you found the world, you found a way to,
to touch the one part of me i told you not to go near,
now you have tons of guilt, so tell me just what does it taste like?
Your clothes come off just like your honor and dignity,
flushed down the drain, and lost in the sea of empathy,
Captured in history with the colors of life,
and burned in my memory by the feeling of utter collapse,
This salty dish you have created by your actions and your lack,
Lack of common decency, Lack of Morals, Lack of Feelings,
So just tell me, as you eat your decisions and take responsibility,
WHAT DOES IT TASTE LIKE?

Matthew Boisjolie

Who Do You Want To Be?

Time to pull the true you,
once more and you might bend,
but you can't break,
take this time out,
to learn your self,
and the becomming of your,
true being that you once saw,
once cherished, and honored,
trying to learn who you are,
and what you need to be complete,
take that time to do what you need,
to become one with yourself and others,
and become the person you want to be,
achieve the unachievable,
to show that you can, and you will,
be strong enough to break any binds,
that you may be in,
take that time to become whole,
and laugh in the beauty of time,
because in this fabric of time,
you are, who you want to be.

Matthew Boisjolie

You Will Find It

Beyond the barriers of time and space, beyond the walls that keep us in reality, you will find it, Only with a free will and a heart of gold, only with a sensitive touch and a wisper of harmony, you will find it, above the darkness and sin that surround your life, above a closed mind and pain that is never released, you will find it, under the pressures and weight of this world, under the steriotyping and hatred of human nature, you will find it, after seeing the beauty and serenity that is to be offered, after seeing the honesty and trust that is earned, you will find it, and only when you look in yourself will you find it! ! !

Matthew Boisjolie

Your False Sence

Eterity to you,
for what you thought,
i would play the fool,
for all you gave,
and all you felt,
was wrong in the end,
and you know it now,
the thunderous skies, that come tonight,
in your dreams you dream of flight,
but in eternity your stuck,
you sit and wonder why,
but your left with nothing, something to say,
i thought i heard someone,
life can lead you to the house of wax,
and when you enter, you skin morphs to black,
the evil in your heart, very deep below,
darkness becomes you,
takes you to the next level,
eats you alive as you scream, as for mercy,
and you ask to spare your wall,
that you life is written on,
eternity in your eyes,
collapse as my hammer of justice swings,
for you once thought you could run,
but now you know it false.

Matthew Boisjolie