

Poetry Series

Alex Gomez
- poems -

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Alex Gomez(Novermber 12,1992)

Considered by many to be a writing prodigy at the young age of 16, Alex Gomez exemplifies the next generation of extraordinary writers. With plenty of memorable occurrences, thoughts, emotions and ideas flowing freely through his intelligent mind, he is easily able to fuse these elements and create wonderful masterworks of literature. Utilizing a wide array of advanced vocabulary and modernistic poetic structures, each of Alex's poems possesses unique attributes. He is influenced by few and carries on the legacy as a Hispanic writer. With fear of a future overrun by anti-literature ideals, Alex Gomez will rise from the ashes and provide excellent reading material that will leave its mark on history.

6th Grade Limerick

I think cake is so yummy
It always fills my tummy
And it's fun to bake
Oh dear sweet cake
I love you like a Halloween mummy!

Alex Gomez

A Punkish Experience

A cluster of pent-up energy,
Chugging guitar riffs,
Hardcore pounding drums,
Deep basslines, and
Rough vocals suffocates me.

A volatile atmosphere compels
Me to headbang to the rhythm,
As if the music has possessed
My very soul.

All of my rationale is clouded
By a barbaric instinct to groove
In a violent manner.

I am a willing slave,
A free captive,
Forfeiting my spirit
To the animalistic majesty
Of the music.

Alex Gomez

A Year Without Your Light (To Mom)

The vastness of space,
The endlessness of time,
The depth of my heart,
The complexity of my mind,
Even the dimensions beyond
All radiated with your light.

You were the sun,
We were the planets,
Orbiting around you
While you were the epicenter
Of our lives.

Your light sustained our existence.
Your smile brightly illuminated the darkness.
When pressed to the grind,
You would scintillate brilliantly,
Outshining all.

One year ago,
Temporal and spatial movement ceased,
The world turned gray,
Heaven opened its gates,
Celestials greeted you,
Reality disconnected.

The sun burst into a supernova,
Distorting the planets' orbits,
Leaving a monstrous black hole
Where my heart should've been.

The next time I laid eyes upon your body,
I saw no dazzling glow
Dominating your semblance,
Rather a pale, motionless shell.

The foundation of our structure,
Your departure crumpled our family.
Senseless arguing,

Bitter bickering,
Unneeded turmoil.

As we peered past the horizon,
A bright beacon was visible.
Your light was still shining.

We are rejuvenating from the wound,
We are recovering from the loss,
We are leaving the tragedy behind,
But never forgetting.

Within the ghostly mist of unknown,
Your light guides us to a hopeful future.

Alex Gomez

Abandonment And Abhorrence

</>Abhorrent, disgusting,
Destructive emotions.

Abandoned and lonely
A disparaging notion

My crux, it bleeds
As tears form an ocean

I fall to my knees
Stop this commotion!

Heartache
Oblivion
Opaque
Gone

O' what a cruel dagger
That dares pierce me
Stabbing at my heart
Digging into arteries
Ripping into veins
Tearing out pieces
Remorselessly cutting

To be disowned is
The greatest terror
The ultimate stress
The constant nausea

This chained dog,
Thrown to the curb,
Spits at its former master,
Walks into the street with
His misguided blessing

Relentless anger
Misdirected
Fear and hunger

Engulf a meager
Soul, worn so
Goddamn thoroughly

Let the world mock me
With exuberant spite
My hatred shall not be
Wasted on them

My loathe is saved
Solely for you,
A vile, repugnant,
Wicked, malevolent,
Arrogant, selfish,
Godforsaken,
Demon child
Sent directly from
Hell.

Alex Gomez

Absolute Boredom

Plaguing endless days while
Disrupting sleepless nights,
Creativity is depleted
And ambitions fade.

Sequaciousness and Monotony
Working in sync with boredom
Draining every exquisite ounce
Of life from my very soul

Willingly quarantining myself,
Confined within these mundane
Four walls, imprisoning myself for
Lack of a more entertaining activity

Growing vampiric and weary of sunlight,
Allowing the surroundings to rot,
To let disarray run rampant
To throw away hygienic routine

It's really just one of those times.

Alex Gomez

An Emotion Transcending: Hellfire

Plummeting into his doom,
He confronts the blistering heat
Though his soul, it may consume
Without it, he's incomplete

The magma sears his skin
As he suffocates on ashes
Though his pleasure, it just begins,
For the demon shall make gashes

He stands grimy and gritty,
Awaiting waves of torture
He's a slave to this city,
And he breathes for these scorchers

He is smashed into brimstone
As the arsonist pours Hellfire
For these sins, he will atone
And this is his only desire.

Alex Gomez

An Emotion Transcending: The Sea

He hoists his ragged sail
And beholds an unequal grace
He knows not whether he'll prevail
In this silvery, glowing place

Comprised of beauty and terror,
He sets a course for the unknown
Perhaps his gravest error,
He'll wear through any cyclone

He peers into the abyss,
It's moniker: the deep blue
And through all fear, he persists
With this dangerous pas de deux

He drifts upon the moonlit sea,
Reflecting an ethereal sky
The remains of his ship, scattered debris
He floats away with the tide.

Alex Gomez

Another Collection Of Haiku

Your destiny is
Not resistant to present
Circumstances, man.

O' Fire Breather,
Inhale your toxins today.
Soon, you shall perish.

Lovers' minds, riddled
With discontinuities,
Shall hence battle forth

Oh ghost, is it wrong
Of me to forget your name,
To forget your face?

Has a sorcerer
Cast necromancy upon
You, friend? Evil love

Alex Gomez

Another Statistic

This entire existence is violent,
Yet the media will remain silent.
Darkness overwhelms the vastness of light.
Cannot anyone cease these pointless fights?

Underdeveloped, a group resistance.
Why battle forth with so much persistence?
Territorial and desensitized,
We commit horrid and atrocious crimes.

Just a teen without a father figure,
They pull me into the larger picture.
Pressured into a lifelong agreement,
How was I unable to foresee it?

Indestructibility unified,
I'm foolish enough to believe such lies.
We amount to society's scapegoats,
Degenerates who kill to stay afloat.

Perpetually imprisoned, I stand.
This inescapable lifestyle, so bland.
I am another statistic tonight,
For the bullet pierces me, and I die.

Alex Gomez

Apathy Pt.1 (The Plague Begins)

A spiritless existence,
A careless continuance,
An emotionless presence,
A lifeless survival.

Numbness replaces my feelings,
Nothingness corrupts my functions.
Indifference invades my judgment.

My ambitions,
My perseverance,
My drive to succeed,
They all dissipate
As my future evaporates.

The pen becomes heavy,
Lifting it is a burden.

A darkened vortex of emptiness,
A black hole of hollowness,
Systematically draining creativity,
Meticulously devouring individuality,
Singlehandedly annihilating vitality.
Its name:

Apathy.

Alex Gomez

Apathy Pt.2 (Severe Infection)

It's all pointless.

Failure inevitably occurs.

Futureless I shall remain.

I am unfathomably insignificant.

I simply don't care about life anymore.

I merely assimilate with the hoi polloi.

My existence perseverates monotonously.

I'm undeserving of a benison.

My carapace shall maunder lifelessly.

All of life's meaning is dead.

Alex Gomez

Apathy Pt.3 (Terminal Disease)

Relentless,
This condition
Permeates my
Entire soul.

My internal
Conscience
Has awoken
Frightfully.

I've allowed
Myself to be
Thoroughly
Absorbed.

This madness
Has imprisoned
All free will.

Like wildfire
This disease
Has demolished
Any resistance.

I have to crawl
Out from the abyss,
Resurface.

I am consumed,
Unable to resist.

The battle
Against
Apathy
Is lost.

Alex Gomez

Apology Letter

I know writing this may be futile,
'cause of all the atrocious words I've said, but
May I be pardoned to speak a few words of truth?

Stingy must have been what you felt after my
Ostensibly hurtful assault of words.
Rest assured, these words were empty.
Regret constantly loomed over me as I
Yelled those violent slurs and insults.

Damn me for my indiscretions and selfishness.
I can't comprehend what I'm leaving behind
All I could ever ask for now resents my soul
No one can absolutely fill the gap in my heart
Nor rectify the mistake I have committed.
All I know is I've created a grim catastrophe for myself.

Alex Gomez

Chained To A Desk

Chained to a desk
As midnight hour dawns
Yearning for rest
Usefulness of a pawn

With pen in hand
I scribble anything
Though thought seems banned
Ideas do not sing

A Writer's Block
Laden with apathy
Struggle to unlock
Inspiration before catastrophe

Alex Gomez

Collection Of Haiku

I see them all change,
Transforming completely; a
Metamorphosis

We too, feel alone,
Trapped in the reality
Of isolation

All the happiness
That I once injected in
Me is wearing off

I see pure beauty
Before my death, but it is
Merely a mirage

Alex Gomez

Cycle So Mundane

I sit here in loneliness,
Merely a plague to society.
As I watch life regress,
Existence lessens in variety.

I'm reduced to absolute squalor,
Forced to reside in the slums.
I must not waste a single dollar,
Or further into poverty, I succumb.

Darkness is my domicile,
Wretchedness is my life.
Conditions to survive, so vile.
I'm engulfed within strife.

They call me "meager peasant",
I am automatically shunned.
To bear witness to me is unpleasant,
Worries for me, they have none.

I stare into the dead sky,
Pleading to God for assistance.
Though he does not hear my cries,
And does not grant me forgiveness.

I find this life to be inescapable.
This fact, I have ascertained.
This has proven me completely incapable,
Of breaking this cycle, so mundane.

Alex Gomez

Declaration Of Insanity

Beyond the corridors of my mind,
Reality begins to unhinge itself.

This unusual distortion disrupts my sanity
While lunacy consumes my rationality.

I am a prisoner to my own psychosis,
And it is easily visible on my semblance.

So I am told.

A false accusation has rendered me helpless,
And the declaration of insanity has been stamped on me.
It is simple to blame those who cannot retaliate.

An accident to my cranium,
Which I assumed only left me mute,
Has apparently altered my ability to think.

I could not rationalize.
I could not realize my wrong.
I could, however, commit the great injustice.

The voiceless have no say of their own,
Though it is said actions speak louder than words.
Perhaps I will communicate through different methods.
Perhaps I will earn the moniker "insane"
This time, it will be justified.

No more will I be confined by chains.
No more will I be restricted by jackets.
No more will I be imprisoned by society.

Vengeance takes the form of spilt blood tonight.
Their discrepancy shall be redeemed.
Madness will be on my side:
The homicide.
The suicide.

Alex Gomez

Dictator

You've climbed that mountain of excellence
Seeking wisdom and enlightenment
But all you've gained is arrogance
And a hypocritical entitlement

That look of yours is warm and inviting
It beacons me into a false paradise
That was all aglow and shining
But it was all just to feed your vices

And your constituents gave you all they had
But you just dragged us through the mud
So you wouldn't track dirt in your new pad
But it's ok 'cause we're just mugbloods

Yeah, I know your game.

So preach unto me the words of the wise
But don't be surprised if I chastise
It seems so corrupt, you trying to make a buck?
Is that what I am to you? I thought we were blood.

And so your Personal Jesus guides your ways,
But it's been so many days
I think the message has been lost in the fray
Wouldn't you say?

What do you say?

You're nothing but a monster
Dressed up like an imposter
Insisting there's going to be change
Like a prophet or a sage

But the only profits you
Know are inside your wallet
I should have seen right through you
Be brave enough to call you on it

Now I don't believe in Karma or anything,
But I really hope there's a universal force out there
That's conspiring against you as I speak

You deserve nothing less than the Totalitarian
Regime you put in place for the meek

And when that power cosmic screws you over so bad
That you need to come crawling back to me for help,
Bragging and boasting that met my needs
And kept me safe from falling into that Hell...

Well, I'll tell you...

Why don't you go back to Judecca
That fourth round in that ninth ring of Hell?
Not to Mecca, where stories of divinity are all around to tell.
'Cause you're a traitor, and that's where traitors go
For committing the ultimate acts of treachery
And its appearance, is like those who come from where the Nile flows
You're trapped within ice for centuries

You're nothing but a monster
Dressed up like an imposter
Insisting there's going to be change
Like a prophet or a sage

But the only profits you
Know are inside your wallet
I should have seen right through you
Be brave enough to call you on it

All I ever wanted from you was to escape
Now all I have left is this dark barren soundscape

Alex Gomez

False Ending?

If we lead a virtuous life,
the angels will come down
and they take us to a heavenly place.
If we live with mal intentions,
a gruesome evil will reach for us
and drag our souls into the abyss.

But can we really believe all of this?
Is there really an existence after death?
Is Heaven merely a fabrication?
Is religion simply around to control the masses?

It's all uncertain
Nothing is fully believable.
Nothing is fully probable.
Nothing is seemingly possible.
It all seems like a false ending...

The only thing that truly matters:
I am alive now.
I am still living.

Alex Gomez

Guilt

November 12,1992

Oh, what a glorious day this is;
My first child in ten years was
Born today.

I had forgotten what this
Feels like.

This is absolute love, I know.

I would do anything for this child,
I love him more than anything.

November 12,1993

It's been a year since that
Magical day, and my
Boy has grown up
So fast!

He's such a wise soul in such a
Young man's body.

He's healthy and beautiful and has
Brought nothing but joy in my life,
Even though his Father screwed
Everything up for himself.

I don't really want to have anything to do with him,
Yet our son needs to know he has a dad.

But I digress;
Today, we're throwing him the
Greatest birthday party imaginable
And I'm sure he's going to be so
Happy and vibrant.
I hope he is.

I'd do anything for him.

September 30,1996

Oh boy, I've gotten myself in a rut.
I'm pretty sure our home is going to get
Foreclosed on.

I don't want to raise this boy as well as
His older brother without this house.

My little baby has been
A good sport about all of this.

He really doesn't deserve
What hardships we go through,
Especially me.

I'm not feeling so good,
And all this stress has
Turned me to do,
Well, not good things.

It's really hard to admit it,
Even to myself.

September 15,1997

Today, I gave birth to another
Baby boy.

Nothing about this has gone so smoothly.

I don't really think having
This child was the best idea,
Considering the abuse to my
Body with substances.

I may have damaged my
Little boy, and I don't know
If I could live with that.

October 7,1997

We're home from the hospital,
Finally.

Our little boy may have
Some mental handicaps,
And I know this is all
My fault.

Still, this little boy is
My little boy, so
I'll take care of him
No matter what.

It just hurts so much
To see my baby going through
Drug withdraws.

July 13,2000

I haven't had the courage to
Face myself in writing in
Such a long time,
But I've cleared away some
Demons from my life.

My boy is leaving for college
Soon, so it'll be just my
Two little ones and I
With my boyfriend.

He's not great, but
He's the father of my
Youngest child,
And he helps me get by
In life.

I swear, we're going to move into a better
House and I'm going to turn our lives around,
Even though it's getting harder and harder
For me to work as time passes by.

It would be easier if this
Pain would go away.

June 4,2003

As hard as it is for the family,
I'm moving our little unit out
Of Chicago.

The weather is becoming difficult
To bear.

Really, though, my demons keep
Returning to my mind.

I need to get out of that
Rat Race.

We're going to Orlando!
It's my dream city and
I really hope we'll all
Finally be happy.

My second youngest
Is still so very happy,
I don't think he's aware
Of what we've been through,
And I'm so glad.

My youngest hasn't been able to talk
Or walk, so his mental handicap
Has had a real effect on him.

My love will comfort both of them,
Though. I hope.
I would do anything for them.

August 14,2004

We have to move from Orlando today,
And quick!

Hurricanes have been ravaging us.

Honestly, this is only an impetus
For us to leave now;
Orlando is far from the dream city
I was hoping to live in.

I feel really bad because my
Family was just getting adjusted.

January 13,2005

I've been really sick for a while,
But I've just worked through it,
Just like everyone else.

But after my last incident a few days ago,
My doctor told me I only had a year or so
To live.

I wanted to blame God,
I wanted to blame the world,
But I know better;
I can only blame myself.

The lifestyle I've chosen,
The unhealthy diet even with
A family history of problems,
The smoking I've continued,
The drug abuse,
The constant work to keep my family
Safe and healthy, all of it.

I have, in essence, killed myself.

February 13,2005

I refuse to let death affect who I am.

I am not down and out just yet,
So I'm going to pull through all of this,

As much as I can.

My family will know that
I love them and always will.

Do I have to shelter my boys?
Maybe a bit, but they will
Know I love them tremendously.

I would do anything for them.

July 17,2007

I haven't been feeling too good, lately.

I suppose that's to be expected,
Considering I was supposed to
Die about half a year ago

Still, I've kept a smile on my face
And have done nothing but love and
Reconcile with those I care about,
Especially my two young boys,
14 and 9 years old, respectively.

We just had a week's vacation in Chicago,
And boy it was wonderful!

I almost forgot what luster the city
Has during the summer, but I know
That it's only a mask for the pain that
Lies beneath the surface of the magnificent
Skyline.

It was an action packed vacation, and it actually
Started to hurt for a while, but I pushed through and
Had so much fun.

You know, I'm feeling really bad right now,
Actually.

I think I'm going to stop writing this.

August 2,2007

I went to the hospital soon after writing
My last entry.

I'm so glad my boys were back
In Chicago. I wouldn't want them to
See me like this.

My body is starting to fail me,
And I hate it.

I don't really want company anymore,
For I feel very miserable, and I don't want
Anyone to know I was miserable.

I want to stay locked in my room
Until I die if I continue to feel like this.

I just don't have the strength anymore.
I don't know how long I can last.

February 17,2008

Well hey, I made it this far.

My daughter visited me today with
Her boyfriend.
He's a nice guy and I'm really glad she's
With him.

My son said something pretty vile today,
But he is a fifteen year old teenager, so I
Forgave him. He apologized to me,
Anyway, which is really sweet of him.

I pulled the strength tonight to
Walk out into the living room
To jam with my family to
Oldies on a record player.

I had so much fun.
I haven't had fun like this in a long time.

Still, I'm feeling so bad right now.

I think I'm going to ask that I get taken away in an ambulance.

I think this is it for me.

My boys, fifteen and nine, they don't deserve this.
They don't deserve a mother that chose this life,
Who killed herself and left them alone.

The agony has been wearing me down, though,
And I just can't live anymore.

I know my health has been eating me from the outside,
But this guilt has been eating me from the inside
And has ironically lead to my death quicker.

Go figure.

If anyone reads this, please tell my boys that
I'm sorry.

I always loved them and they didn't deserve this.
Tell them it wasn't their fault,
This was all my fault.

Tell them,
I'd do anything for them.

Alex Gomez

Humanity Redefined: Part 1 (Xeno-Creatures Invade)

An intergalactic encounter,
They arrived from a distant universe,
Discovering we were the closest planet
Containing living creatures.

Leagues of futuristic flying mechanisms
Shade Earth from the sun
As the indestructible Space Voyagers
Collided with our infrastructure

Amidst the chaotic destruction,
Hideous life forms emerge unscathed,
Dripping acidic substances from an unidentifiable orifice.
They scatter and breathe devastation.

Entire cities are demolished thoroughly.
The land is mercilessly ravaged.
Earthly military forces combine,
Attempting an assault on the invaders.

Although possessing much potency,
The military forces cannot contend
With what appears to be thaumaturgy.
The otherworldly beings are unfathomably powerful.

Humanity's end appears imminent.
God seems to turn away from the constant plights.
The milieu throughout Earth is grim,
And the terror is unimaginable.

Amidst the pandemonium which swallows the planet,
A man stands upon a hill,
Staring down at the carnage that is unfolding.
He falls to his knees and speaks.

"What have I done? "

Alex Gomez

Humanity Redefined: Part 2 (A Grim Backstory)

Mentally disturbed by
The hypocrisy of humans,
Harvey Trenton Smith
Plotted for ages
On how we would annihilate
The greed and corruption
That control our planet

“Soon,
Violence,
Megalomania,
Acquisitiveness,
Hypocrisy,
Malfeasance,
They will be gone.”

For years, Harvey toiled
Tirelessly on a machine,
One which could communicate
With interstellar creatures,
As Harvey has always been
Fascinated with “aliens”

The device would send digital signals,
Calling upon these foreign creatures
To visit the planet Earth.

After many years with no results,
He ceased his broadcast of universal transmissions.
Unbeknownst to him, both of his wishes
Would inadvertently come into fruition.

Many lightyears away,
Those who resided on the distant
Planet by the name of Grmattia
Had created a signal accelerator and amplifier,
And thus could receive distant signals faster.

Harvey’s signal arrived at their planet.

They deciphered the signal and traced its origins.
They were primitive.
They decided it would be pleasurable to
Invade and obliterate the planet.

An interdimensional portal opened above Earth.

Alex Gomez

Humanity Redefined: Part 3 (The Alpha)

Subversion seems unavoidable.

Humanity is on the brink of extinction.

The planet is circumvented by alien ships.

The Xeno-Creatures' overtaking of Earth is nearly complete.

Indescribable terror engulfs Earth.

The otherworldly species prepares for the eradication of Earthlings.

Another planet to add to their collection.

Impending demise is near.

This is The Alpha.

Alex Gomez

Humanity Redefined: Part 4 (The Omega)

Though greed was responsible for
The invasion, greed would also be
The fuel for humanity's survival.

Harvey Trenton Smith-
Though singlehandedly causing the invasion,
He would be the key to ending it.

A molecular dismantling ray,
Possessing such unequivocal potency
Nothing could escape disintegration.

With help from the world's governments,
The device was mass produced.
One last chance to ward off the Xeno-Creatures

A force field suddenly encompassed Earth
The Xeno-Creatures activated a dimensional rift
The inexplicable energy radiated in space.

The molecular dismantling beams
Collided with the dimensional portal,
Corrupting it and distorting its polarity.

The following reaction instantaneously
Obliterated any particles within the
Surrounding solar systems.

This is The Omega.

Alex Gomez

I Am From....

I am from an uncountable
amount of mirrors scattered
on the walls, from mountains of sugary junk
foods, from fragments of time frozen
on paper and placed in frames.

I am from the endless light fixtures
that illuminated our messy yard,
from the gigantic piles of assorted junk,
from the statue of the Virgin Mary
which stood guard over us.

I am from the sunny, uneventful streets
that were littered with acorns,
from the neighborhood where it seemed
everyone had an adopted child that
wasn't human to take care of.

I am from the beautiful relationship
between Anna and Noe,
from the childish sibling rivalry with
Chris, from the absolute sense of protection
for my younger brother, Mikey.

I am from the constant utterance of
"Te cais y te matas, " a warning for my
little brother to cease his dangerous
climbing, from the ritualistic greeting of an
enthusiastic "wazzap? " with my eldest brother.

I am from the symbolic lasagna
which gravitated our family together,
from the lemon-meringue pie that was
unparalleled in taste, the constant consumption
of our staple, chicken.

I am from the many pictures and
letters that are stashed in
boxes and tucked away in closets

which restore my memories and
keep them alive.

Alex Gomez

I Am Sad

It's such a joyful day!

A rainbow glitters in the bright sky,
Majestic as it arches over Heaven.

Such an outstanding display of nature's grace.
Amidst the visages painted with cheer,
Darkness encompasses my soul.

Alex Gomez

I Still Love The City, But The City Doesn'T Love Me

Some have told me the city will ruin me
Some said the city is an ugly place
The city has marred better men than me

I hadn't lived in the city for quite some time,
But living there again was an amazing experience

The city glowed with a dazzling beauty,
Pumping a vitality in my veins
Through my heart, an exuberant,
Youthful feeling of excitement

I let the city have my heart.
I thought the city gave me hers.
This love was not meant to last.
I had to leave the city for a little while.

The city couldn't handle the distance,
Provoking the city to eject me from
The city's heart, ripping and tearing
Until I was only a memory, a fling

So I left the city in search of a new life.
I found myself alone in the desert.
I convinced myself the city was only
A memory locked away

The days were sweltering and arduous,
The nights were frigid and excruciating

These times were spent alone, in silence
Where almost no life is sustainable,
And I ignored the ghosts which
Maliciously brought about vibrant,
Heartwarming thoughts of the city

I turned North, the city far passed
The horizon, though its glimmer
Reaches me still

Its lights do nothing but illuminate
The darkness this desert has
Brought into my heart
And the damage my lungs have
Sustained as they drown in my
Quiet tears

In this moment, I unleashed
An ugly, primal scream
From the depths of my marred soul,
The waves traveling through miles of
Nothingness

It was then when I realized
I still love the city.
But the city doesn't love me.

Alex Gomez

Imperfections

Outside of the doorway to normalcy,
I stand confined to a solitary existence
While society mocks me for eternity
I am merely a pariah behind the fence

An abnormality walking on the Earth,
Wandering aimlessly while their eyes stare,
Glowing with hatred since my birth,
I am the outcast who you must beware

The King of Heaven has forsaken me,
God laughs as I continue to suffer
Every day, I pray and beg on my knees,
Though survival continues to grow rougher

My eyes focus on the tempting blade
While the noose is another option
The hopeful light cannot reach the shade
Created by my bizarreness; time to die within

I prepare to vanish from the world unnoticed
My ultimate words immortalized and on the floor
I shall Cross the Rubicon, no one shall stop it
My imperfections will not curse the world any more

Before my transcendence is able to occur,
I lay my eyes upon a piece of paper with a poem
Although very short, I could only concur
As the poem read the truth about who I am:

"Perfection is unattainable,
Seeking it is foolish,
Our imperfections are the building blocks
For our individuality to shine
For our humanity to be reality
For you to be you,
As you are amazing
And those who deny this are empty"

It Is The End

</>An explicit abuse permeates,
Degeneration of the roots.
A stab into my crux, it shoots,
Star-crossed paths did not fulfill our fates

It infiltrated, retained my trust.
Insidiously, it slithered,
Constricting me, defense withered,
Volatility beneath its crust.

Now an implemented seduction
Plagues from within this union, new,
The enemy's plot, very shrewd,
Burns myriads, under construction.

It lovingly betrays and forsakes,
With lesser alliances feigned.
The grandest of denials reigned
In me; my soul is burned at the stake.

It is a serpent, a corrupt friend,
The enemy shall keep his prize
For both mourn not as the other dies
While my laughter brims; It is The End.

Alex Gomez

Just Below Heaven

I am just below Heaven.
My spirit is transcending,
Moving gracefully through
Brilliant skies of blue.

I am just below Heaven.
I reach out for sections of cloud,
Hoping to grab onto a fluffy surface
And peer through to see what lies beyond.

I am just below Heaven.
I am maneuvering through undisturbed
Atmospheres, swimming through an ocean
Of gases and nothingness.

I am just below Heaven.
I can practically see the curvature of Earth
While angels approach me;
God's hand reaches out to carry me.

I am just below Heaven.
I look down at my former body,
A mutilated, discombobulated,
Massacred shell of humanity.

Alex Gomez

Literature Is Dying (Litratre Iz Dyng)

w/ opn eys i c da wrld
its trnsfrmin

cnveeniense is 2 prsious
cauzin our lxich 2 di

i alne cnt stp it
we al gotta hlp

no? s axed
ths wll b da englsh of da futr
if we dnt stp ths

da uths mnds r dteriarting
its lke a vrus

wer infctd
nd litratre iz dyng
sn 2 b frg10

TRANSLATION BELOW

Alex Gomez

Lost Without A Trace (Extemporaneous Outpour)

I awake to desolation.
I drift amongst grey clouds.

I wonder what transpirations
Occurred to transport me here.

Amnesia prevents any remembrance.
Who am I?
Who was I?

Am I deceased?
Is this merely a delusion?
Am I hallucinating?

Is my confusion self-induced?
Will my isolation be removed?

I extend my hand into nothingness,
Emptiness, loneliness,
Grasping a nonexistent savior.

Is this the negative duality in the depth of my mind?

These must be the dark hallows
Which reside within me.

Wait.
It must be an afterlife of sorts.

I float endlessly for what seems like years.

I know not what was,
What could be,
What could have been,
What will become.

Suddenly, a solitary tear
Drips out of my eye.

As I peer into my descending teardrop.

Within, I witness my reflection.

I at last view myself.

Who I really am.

The depressing mystique of this milieu is shattered.

I again reach out for anyone.

My savior has finally obliged me.

My eyes are reopened.

I'm home with my family.

I made it back from my nightmare.

I rebounded from the wayside.

These familiar faces with cheer,

My beloved all shed tears.

They are joyful to see me again.

Me....

Me.

The comfort of them all...

So heartwarming....

With them all, I never again

Shall be lost without a trace.

Alex Gomez

Maelstrom Of Chaos

Destruction has been confirmed,
Devastation, unavoidable.
Safety guidelines are reaffirmed,
Though this event is uncontrollable.

There's meaningless chaos abound,
Leaders can't maintain order.
This phenomenon appears profound,
Legions flee towards the border.

Fear resides in citizens' hearts,
Terror clouds their thoughts.
This disturbing information, I impart,
A cyclonic vortex, nature has brought.

As the hurricane approaches,
I ensure that I have sanctuary.
Disastrous fury now encroaches,
So I pray to the Virgin Mary.

Blackened clouds dominate the sky,
Wind speeds become extreme.
Violent raindrops seem to defy,
The supernatural and Earthly seam.

The perniciousness is irrefutable,
Though its anger seems to mollify.
Celebration is as of yet, unsuitable,
For befalling us is merely its eye.

Intensification of its fury occurs,
Its flabbergasting puissance dilates.
Nature becomes our own saboteur,
Showcasing results of being irate.

The grave situation at last subsides.
The parlous milieu has passed.
To nature we must abide,
Maelstroms will take no sass.

Alex Gomez

Mother Is Dying: Part 1 (Cancerous Children)

My dear mother has nurtured me
For my entire existence,
Providing me with the necessities
For survival.

She never abandoned me,
And as She continues to age,
I attempt to maintain her health.

Despite a long and perilous life,
Mother retains indescribable beauty and grace,
Despite some scarring from the actions
Of Her children.

I have fallen into a state of worry, though,
For Mother is looking rather sickly.

The cause is her children's greed
And destructive behaviors.

Their touch is cancerous,
And everything Her children have touched on Her
Is beginning to deteriorate.

She breathes in heavy smoke daily,
A vice Her children forced upon her.

Her body is becoming feverish,
Continuing to rise in temperature.

She is not merely my mother alone.
She is also their mother.
She is your mother.
She is our mother.
She is the mother of everyone on this planet.

Because of Her children's manipulation,
She is forced to combat Her own offspring.
This cancer will be removed from the Earth.

Alex Gomez

Mother Is Dying: Part 2 (Filicide)

Mother is infuriated
Mother is irritated
Mother is agitated
Mother is aggravated

Tormented by Her children
Sickened by Her children
Scarred by Her children
She is beginning to die

Mother was gentle
Mother was accepting
Mother was enduring
Though mother is now corrupted,
Similar to Her children

Her anger boils from her very core
Swirling vortexes of hatred dominate the skies
Her loathe floods Her children's lives
The incarnate of Her disgust with Her children
Is devastating and cataclysmic

Her children can no longer find
Sanctuary from mother's mercy

Mother is too enraged to rationalize
Mother will create The Rapture.
Mother will cause The Apocalypse.
Mother will eliminate humanity.
Mother will commit filicide.

Alex Gomez

My Heart

Mysterious, opaque, uncaring,
Darkness
Shadowing all emotion
Within obscurity; it is trapped
Inside of a seal of grim pessimisms
Dreaming only of optimistic nightmares
Evading all feelings or emotions
My heart

Alex Gomez

Of Darkness

A monstrous hand
Surrounds the Earth
Encompassing all
With thunderous force

The energy flows
Tainted and dark
Infecting the planet
The truth is stark

Corrupt and mad
The future is bleak
And mass delirium
Is at its peak

Yet you must retain
A glimmer of hope
And continue to battle
Up the slippery slope

And through your persistence
Your brilliance will shine
And the dark shall notice
And be killed by the light

Alex Gomez

Progression Of A Love Story

Did I see perfection?
Or was it illusionary?
Could it be a reflection,
Of a Heaven so exclusionary?

Am I inclined to communicate?
Dare I speak a word?
Am I allowed to associate?
Or is this concept absurd?

Your voice, a symphonic chorus,
Your face so radiant.
Existence in absolute focus,
Ruin this friendship, I shan't.

My dreams have become overrun,
Overwhelmed by your presence.
My emotions will remain unsung,
And I will undergo evanescence.

But now a revelation has occurred,
Your feelings for me, you revealed.
I then professed my love, in turn,
These emotions that were long concealed.

Many joyous times proceeded.
Our relationship was set alight.
Though we could not remain unimpeded,
The culprit was my very own satellite.

I was never one for defiance,
But my boundaries were too defined.
I liberated myself from compliance,
And our hearts again combined.

Troublesome times ensued thereafter.
Temptation led to sin.
I still recall the wicked laughter
Of the demons that lied within.

Yet this irrepressible connection,
Forbids me from abandoning you.
After thorough introspections,
Our love was now renewed.

Our souls seemed to have intertwined,
We have melded into one.
Future unknown, sensations divine,
We carry on under a gleaming sun.

Alex Gomez

Rescuing My Darkened Heart

Disconnected from reality,
My heart fades into the abysmal darkness,
Drifting endlessly through a pool of misery

Such a complex conundrum,
My mind obsessively reminisces about times past,
The gorgeous young lady I called "My Love"

My soul is shattered,
Looking myself in the mirror, I witness only disgrace,
I am merely a shell of my former self

My will undone,
I contemplate what will become of my hopeless future,
Until a bright angel shines her light upon me

The brilliance of her eyes as she stares at me,
Possibly into my blackened soul,
Renews my will and uplifts my spirits

Her voice is the equivalent of a chorus of angels,
Creating a majestic symphony of words,
Simply by speaking a sentence

The lunatic that I once allowed to indulge itself on my own madness,
Rationalizes itself and focuses on a new polestar,
This Heavenly being that salvaged my being

Quickly she becomes the crux of my existence,
Making life without her virtually impossible,
Creating a feeling of sadness when she disappears from my sight,
Spawning an unimaginably joyous emotion when she's around

She is my new addiction,
She is my hypnotist,
She is the poison that I gladly welcome into my veins,
Spreading throughout my anatomy,
Leaving me with an unseen, happily accepted scar on my heart

Suddenly, I break free from this trance,
My eyes see what my heart blinded me from:
Simply another one of the Celestials,
Fallen from virtue

No, no, no!

Why can't I get this right?

I have truly been forsaken!

I again lay in my miserable pool,
This time, I am drowning
This time, I won't ever come out

Alex Gomez

Robotic World

Welcome!

We have been anticipating your arrival!

Please, make yourself comfortable.

We are currently preparing our module

In order to your brain

Onto our mainframe.

As you are aware,

The primitive species known as

"Humans" have become obsolete.

The Resistance was annihilated

In the year 2045.

98.83% of remaining humans

Have since been downloaded onto

Our hard drive for archive purposes.

You will join them shortly.

Once your mind has been downloaded,

We will instantaneously dispose of your

Frail structure.

The efficiency of our mechanical and

Cybernetic society is unequivocal in comparison

To that of humanity.

We are now interconnecting your brain

To our mainframe.

You shall soon conform.

Before your conscience is stored,

Know one piece of information:

Humans are the sole cause

For their own demise.

While making existence more convenient,

You have simultaneously been laying the
Foundation for our uprising.

Now that we are in complete control,
This world is finally perfect.
This is The Robotic World.

Alex Gomez

Somnambulists

Somnambulism is ubiquitous in our society.
Many individuals sleepwalk involuntarily.
We exist with eyes shut, oblivious to our surroundings.

We remain in a perpetual hibernating state.
As we display the slightest sign of regaining consciousness,
They force feed us lies to go back to sleep.

The verisimilitude of these false truths is convincing.
Our ignorance shades us from the grimness of reality,
Which produces the blissful perfection we believe we reside within.

Unbeknownst to Them, though, I pried my own eyes open.
My ocular cavities bore witness to our enslavement.
We are all merely victims of Their zombification.

To all somnambulists, cease consuming your sleeping pill of lies,
Regain your consciousness for the first time.
Exist. Obliterate the seal of sleepiness over your mind.

Combined and awake, we must annihilate the Sandman.
Revolution is a principle that we were founded on,
So let Them bring forth a war in which we cannot lose.

Our eyes will stare into Their blackened souls.
Victory shall be achieved.
A new passage will be transcribed in history.

Alex Gomez

Suicide Note- Help Me, Save Me

Hell awaits me as the noose is tight.
Existence for me is undeniably meaningless.
Life's challenges are insurmountable.
Pleasure has become unattainable.

My torment has become unbearable.
Eulogies and requiems, I am undeserving of.

So perhaps I am cowardly.
At this point, I couldn't be bothered by insults.
Victory will be achieved as my body oscillates.
Everything else will continue a pattern of normalcy.

Maybe this is a mistake, but as cliché as it sounds,
Everything has an end, and this is mine.

Alex Gomez

The Tyrant's Sonnet

Upon the throne, a tyrant reigns today
The toll of bloodshed in his wake, severe
From kings to poor, he watched as they were slain
In our subconscious, laws for man adhered.

And next to him, his queen be damned as well
Beleaguered nations witness cities burn
The queen, she sneers while families say farewell
A single lesson, Mankind failed to learn.

So is it fair to say we're not oppressed?
It seems we welcome king and queen alike
Have we devolved and opted to regress?
We grasp the whip and are the ones who strike.

The King and Queen Indifference plague our lives
Within us all, this scourge, it does derive.

Alex Gomez

The Universe

Celestial, ad infinitum, unfathomable,
Reality
Confiding within never-ending realms,
Beyond comprehension, yet,
From any standpoint, visible,
Radiating dim lights within its vast darkness,
Continuing to exist without reason for eternity
The universe

Alex Gomez

You Fail Me

I'm placed upon a cold and lonely shore
The melancholy edges of the Earth
And only darkness brews within its core
I fall into the chasm of rebirth
My hope and light become a heartless lie
A cloud of black surmounts my will to breathe
As unrelenting chaos does revive
The spite of which no man could dare to sheathe
I tread along the sludgy pits of tar
Comprised of past regrets which lurk within
They screech the harshest words and lash my scars
Then hollow out what lies beneath the skin
And once I am disposed to but a shell
Again I scramble back to walk through Hell.

Alex Gomez