

Poetry Series

Christopher Soto
- poems -

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Christopher Soto(30/01/1991)

Born in Sydney Australia, Christopher has been writing poetry ever since he heard his first rhyme many years ago. A current student of psychology at the University of Sydney, Christopher has previously studied music at Melbourne Conservatorium of Music, is a qualified counsellor, and is a horology enthusiast (watchmaking) .

His style varies from deeply metaphorical poems he classes 'poetic puzzles' to purely rhythmical play on words. His writing is fuelled by daily life, especially dark states of mind, philosophical thoughts, and simple conjectures moulded from every day occurrences.

A Change Of Heart

At the dock, lost plot, ship has sailed.
Why wait? Time ticks, tocks, ticks, stops!
Effortlessly conjoining conclusions that
circumnavigate thy cranium night and day!
But alas! The answer is clear! Flee! FLEE!
The contrasting answer flows the other way
exciting solutions and convolutions entrapping
incantations by moonlight sonatas oblivious to fate.
Must I follow a path once thought the yellow brick road?
The wizard has spoken and mysterious smoke has blown from afar..
I've seen future, past and now, envisioned possibilities once thought extinct.
I'm convinced, I'm convinced... Fork in the road option of two, which way will I
choose, have I chosen? False impression? Misconception? Hallucination of
misapprehension?

Confused, but not lost.
What I lost, I have lost.
Once in a lifetime,
dream come true,
disconsolate ending,
that's fairytales for you.

Intricate complication arisen from ashes like a phoenix, the truth like fire shines
in darkness. Unraveled mystery that steered that train of thought, the points
have
switched... Swiftly changed the destined finale, to a completely new end.
Incomprehensible transformation, boggling minds, sane minds.
Why, oh why, such the sporadic change? Many are puzzled...
But when consciousness is acquired, revealing my loss...
You'll comprehend the change occurring within heart,
and know that I'm truly not delirious or insane.
For when the one chance is gone and missed,
your life changes and truth is revealed.
You know what to do...
You know where to go...
Life is endless...

Christopher Soto

A Curious Mystery

I see in you a frighteningly familiar persona,
one which is at the same time of comfort.
It is not on a daily basis that such views match,
in fact it is possibly the only time that similarity has been so high.

There is a sense of narcissism to some degree,
one that I'm not completely inclined to yet confess.
It should be nurtured in this case, and allowed to grow,
for philosophical discussion is worth too much for this chance to be missed.

Though I'm still not convinced that this is all there is to offer,
for I sense that you've only just begun your journey.
I fear that with time we'll be forced to diverge from this shared path,
but bear in mind that wide distances can be bridged.

There is one last thing that crosses my mind,
a persistent sort of curiosity;
It's that at surface your appearance is mostly straightforward,
but at deep you remain a mystery.

Christopher Soto

A Known Feeling

When sadness turns to anger
Love turns into hate
The things that you once held so close
Now seem to be a waste.

You take back words and feelings
Regret emotional states
As the truth seeps out and it all adds up
It becomes an awful fate.

Deception once was painted true
And grass was green, and skies were blue
But as it's melted like wax on fire
It forms a puddle of bad desires.

And life goes on, with sorrow at heart
And you're somehow glad, that it hurts so bad
For you are now wiser and stronger than before
And no one else will walk through that door.

Christopher Soto

A Slave To Your Chemicals

Into a trap I may walk once,
but twice is more than foolish.
Yet here I am all stuck again,
attempting to undo this.

Though to protest I have excuses,
please entertain my clauses.
I'm but a slave to all the juices,
which my brain most produces.

Vasopressin, dopamine,
Testosterone, endorphines.
These are but some stirred up in me,
I blame to be the culprits.

I have no choice, by reins I'm led
both eyes I have blindfolded.
In dark I stand, my hands I wave,
And all I hear is voices.

Visualising beauty that has trapped me in its gaze.
Not sure of what to do from here, I feel I'm in a maze.
I want to follow all my feelings that have me in a craze.
But fear kicks in, and second thoughts, I think my days away.

Christopher Soto

A Tale From Me To You

Feel the pressure build up in my skull
my brain is struggling to sit in it's space
For I am only one man in this cruel world
and I feel like the pain has chosen just me

Believe me I try, till I become numb with exhaustion
I hold on as a life would to not fall to it's darkened end
My grip becomes lose, and I strain with effort
my mind speaks to me, and asks why I try

Like a full eclipse my day becomes night
all the shadows dance around me as I become prey
I yell at them 'Be gone you devil's, for I love my life'
but they laugh and never leave, and win every fight

Like hungry dogs in packs of hundreds,
they wait around in every corner of my life
They feed off my misfortunes,
my mistakes as a human being

The ball and chain lies round my neck, that reminds me of the things I've done
all of those that I regret
Every second in my life I pull this ball around, every breath I ever take
gets me closer to the ground

Every step I take, adds weight to this curse!
'Forgive me as I forgive any who curses against me! '
Let me go! I need to be free!
I want to run in life and harvest what the world grows on it's tree!

From my heart to these words, I'll confess my intents
they've been nothing but honest and helpful to this world
Id never harm a soul, or trip one to gain power
I'll let anything pass, even when my passion they want to devour!

Hear me cry my honest words, let the world have it clear
I'll never harm a living soul, I struggle to live without a tear
I find it hard to feel laughter and joy, but trust me I try!
I hardly ever smile for its soon followed by a cold shower of pain, BUT TRUST ME

I TRY!

Be an empath, and take 10 steps in my shoes
forget the 1000 miles, you wouldn't even last 2
if you knew my real colours, you wouldn't portray me as black
for its worth knowing the whole story before the hammer falls flat

I still ponder on the light, that peers through the horizon of life
as my sun sets each night
My sails are up, the captain has given orders,
but by a rope the ship is tied, to a wharf of memories and of whats past

I must cut the rope! But the knife remains blunt!
I sharpen and sharpen with a stone filled with love and and glowing light
I'm missing the journey! The one up ahead!
staying on this wharf, I'd sooner be dead!

There's only one thing left to put shine on my sword,
the pardons from a gentle voice, to clear my remorse
At the tick of time from which I can break free
I'll sail forward into the distance, of uncovered sea

Still, light peers not, through the skies of my life
I've tried and I've tried, but the sun remains blocked.

Christopher Soto

Alone

Salty droplets from the sun and moon,
Stars still shine, and winds still blow.
I find myself alone once more,
A feeling which always returns.
Like a falling leaf on an Autumn night,
Like a rock on the ocean floor.

As a mountain I watch years come and go,
snow melts, re-frosts,
grass grows, rocks drop.
As an ancient tree ages with the years,
my roots are strong, and no life is near.
I float on time like infinite matter,
And watch it carry me by.

Twice the amount of eleven years,
But one thousand in my mind.
Dearest pages of this book,
Hear my life in words.
Let me carry you, and keep you safe,
As my only certain friend.

Like a rock that's fallen from a mountain to an ocean floor,
And a leaf from a tree on a mountain top,
With salty droplets which turned to snow,
I live and die alone.

Christopher Soto

As It Runs Out

As I stand on the edge of endless fabric,
time slips away from under me, as sand does on the side of a dune.
I can hear the bell of the central clock nearing it's final toll,
and I slowly watch the present feed into my mind.
For the past is not real, as the real which we know.
It is nothing so physical as the leaves that wild wind blows.
Admittedly guilty of the future that nears, I'll enjoy these last moments,
I'll stretch them for a year...

Christopher Soto

Bach

Counter-act the points I make!
Your work is strong and clear.
But dare I try and copy you,
I'll fail, and fall no where near.

Many years after you've departed,
your music still lives on!
The throne you took, is yours, and only yours!
You're a king, as well as a master!

For many hours I can sit and listen,
to the pieces that life you gave.
Rest in peace, dearest Bach.
For without you, music would be in a grave.

Christopher Soto

Candle

Candle light burning bright,
tall and proud, eyes of fire...
Passion burning through the core,
the wick is charred with time.

Liquid flesh falls off and runs,
wrinkles... of memories... ripples.
Fire burning, burning, burning,
wax, wick, blobs, blood, dreams.

Complicated accumulation conducting
representations intimately focusing on actuality.
Days are running short,
short running, are days.

Melted away by passion,
death by enlightenment.
Puff of smoke... Death is here.
Burnt out after many years.

Here lies a once tall light.
Now melted away, no resemblance in sight.
How the choice was to put up a fight.
How the choice was to live life so bright.

Christopher Soto

Dream On...

I lie whilst lying.
I've given up on denying.
Resurfaced thoughts afloat.
I'm in a park...
In a garden to be precise.
Long coat, dark night.
It's cold...
Light reflects off green leaves,
steam gushes as I softly speak.
We laugh...
I'm now nearby a giant bay,
a face so large I feel like prey.
It's hot...
Standing still, eye on eye,
dilation begins.
Blood rush...
Pages turn, stories end,
yet I read this book again.
Dream on...

Christopher Soto

Forest Of Cognition

Often I wander into the deep forest of my mind during dark rainy nights,
when the tall trees are mere shadows as lightning splinters the sky.
In an instant I'm lost in a maze of thoughts, growing as malignant weeds do in a
garden bed,
and I hurriedly seek refuge in a nearby cave.

Inscriptions on walls present to me memories gone,
and I study these pictures and somewhat ill words.
I decode this puzzle that reveals answers galore,
and run further down the darkened cave seeking much more.

Cold and damp, grey stone walls,
drippings and moss, mud covered floor.
A lock. A giant dial it seems. A combination required to reach the unseen.
Made of carefully carved figures on tiny spots,
I turn this spinning wheel and match up in order the sequence that unlocks.

I try combinations based on emotionally rich grounds,
and find that this dial resets and spins all the way back round.
Again and again, love, fear, hate, tears and betrayal,
but no way past this great big contraption impeding furtherance from here.
A moment of deep deliberation gives birth to logical association and I re-attempt
this damned combination with this new way of contemplation!

It works! It was all too clear! The answer I sought, had always been near!
The sequence in my timeline had been altered, and then I veered,
with this realisation the combination to this grand lock I commandeered!

Taking the helm by it's wooden strengths,
and sending this ship of dreams back whence it came,
the storm has stopped, the sun is out...
I awaken to kind myself on a leather couch...

Christopher Soto

Glass Cage

What can one do when trapped in a glass cage? Observe the outside world, but remain silent as shards of glass fall with speech.

Reach out you must not, as the edges pierce the skin, and injure your soft hand which wanted nothing but warmth!

Standing for hours, days, weeks... On your feet, and ready to make a break for it. You wait patiently for the right moment, but no chance presents.

The game master laughs as you become his toy, trapped in his wonderful land of horror.

Advancements are rarely made, as you get dragged back with every step you take. Forward soldier! Forward march! About turn! The game master laughs.

Glazed eyes as you become lifeless, and this cage becomes home.

The outside world is moving, but suspension in time is all you learn to know.

It's not so bad, you have your days. Sometimes you're even lucky enough to have a smile sent towards your gaze.

For the rest you sway like a ship in a storm, ready to be capsized by the tremendous waves and thunderous roars. Lightning and winds, you're now in the sea! With head above water, and hope in every tear, you do what you can, you disintegrate fear.

As you wake with the rising sun, blue skies, cool winds, sweet scents in the air, you walk along the autumn leaves, with arched trees hanging gently over top.

Green, orange, brown, black... You wonder where you are...

You smile as you walk away and move on... But in the wind... Through the trees... A familiar laughter seems so near...

What can one do when trapped in a glass cage? Observe the outside world, but remain silent as shards of glass fall with speech.

Christopher Soto

Goodnight

Gentle flowing peace in mind
no troubles here or there.
Voices calling, no ones home
eyelids heavy, falling, closed.

In deepest sleep, in slumber town
the streets are lightly glowing gold.
Silver specks float in the air,
like weightless feathers, no troubles or care.
Onward motion so effortless
no wind or touch on skin.
Clothes-less in comfort, your paradise,
no tensions or stress within.
In trance of mental rest inside your mind you start to roam.
With endless possibilities, engulfed in positivities, imagination now starts to
grow.
Forests, dragons, and caves of crystal fire with diamonds of deepest purple and
blue with icicles hanging from the starry skies.
Water from the ground-ward up, mountains falling with peace and tranquility.

Rest and recover, for reality awaits.
Live all your desires,
in a bittersweet internal state.

Christopher Soto

Hidden

Sometimes I feel it's best to hide away;
in shadow take cover.

Overly occupied with the idea that my presence is one which is most undesired,
I take this thought to justify my occlusion.

Though there is no reason to uphold this claim,
it remains at the forefront of my reasoning on the odd day.
On this thought, I refuse to make contact and talk to others,
On this thought, I conclude that it's best to not add to their bothers.

****Written on the 19th of April,2015****

Christopher Soto

I Remember All The Time

Every look into the window of the past,
creates a ripple in the pool of emotions like a stone being cast.
Menacing ghosts like fumes arising from fire
seeping endlessly into present mind and play.

Destroying current moments are the poisons thence rejoicing
for slaying bubbles hopelessly astray.
Led from concentration better used in observational demonstration,
attention then is carried far away.

Invading my room like soldiers wielding pictures from my library's books,
from the section which I've prohibited even myself to dare a seconds look.
Flashing them before your very eyes
in turn then throwing more stones into this lake
of stored up images from moments now left behind.

Smiles are the make up on a bruise,
laughter is the inverted sound of cry,
colours emerging from subconscious thought
appear on wearing minus tear
which should be accurately portrayed,
but are not.

Close the window and stop the breeze,

your room should be carefully nurtured and always at ease.

Christopher Soto

I Wish I Could Go Back... Well Not Really...

Sometimes I wish I could retreat into the dark corners of my mind
Where distant memories seem to live on forever.
There I could interact with the past as if it were now,
the the now as if it were the future and the future as if it were never.

A desire to go back to a time were I was fine, well not really,
but the illusion is all that remains in hindsight of those experiences;
And they present to me in an appetising manner
making me wish that I was there again.

Do I regret? No I do not. For if it were not for supposed mistakes,
my current reasonable state of tranquility and a rather pleasant intimacy
that I get from the activities that I partake in today, would be non-existent
and even more so distant, than the memories I wish I could re-create in this
current state.

Emotionally unstable? Probably not. I feel and react to certain stimuli that attack
my central system of emotional functionality, and attempt to alter reality,
positively failing and falling too short of their goal to even try to mention in such
a short run of a sentence embedded in the depth of my apparent poetry.

Do you realise that without a full stop it seems like I'm rambling on forever
not taking a breath because I'm also omitting the comma that in common
circumstances
tends to signify a pause in which the reader could choose to take a breath if that
were his desire
all depending on the feedback that he would acquire from the organ labelled the
lung.

No where were we? ... Oh right, a desire to backtrack through the that which has
led to the now.

If it were possible, I would go back and watch the great movie which prequels
the now.

It has been an interesting journey, with interesting adventures, and also many
boring times.

I would be so very keen to observe what made my complexes what they are
today,
my cynicism for certain types of themes, and my ever changing perception of
life.

It's only a desire which I hold every now and again when I find myself thinking about what I should have changed.

But all in all, here I am... At the edge of reality representing the now, at the edge of the next decision I will most probably take, and at the edge of the thought which will lead into the next.

Here I am, there's nothing more.

~~03/04/2015~~

Christopher Soto

Insignificant

You're one in 7 billion struggling to survive,
with just a handful out of the trillions of problems
in which to conquer we all strive.

At times our tiny little issues grow as large as to block out the sun,
and our puny little ant like lives are engulfed in darkness,
with no where to run.

But when we zoom out of focus
from this planet we call home,
and reach out beyond the horizon
marked by the last star within our zone,
we can see this Earth is but a mere speck of dust
surrounded by cosmic activity,
so complex, so vast.

So if this rock on which we stand,
is nothing at all special when measured against more than just this land,
we become so minute and nearly worthless to all the stars,
and a wake up call takes place
reminding us how beautifully insignificant we are.

Christopher Soto

Life Like A Symphony

The composers write, a chance of life begins to grow.
A beautiful exposition inside a human womb,
sets the lovely motif that for years will carry on.
Form and harmonic structure are presented and slowly expand.
The embryo soon becomes much more,
as voicings and instruments take their place on the composers score.

Dot after dot, DNA has taken form.
Through selection of years, scales naturally have formed.
The notes are picked to suit the tune,
passages played from violins to trombones.

Development starts and a child is born.
With a fortissimo scream, and a young human roar.
Its warmly welcomed life into this present point in time,
brings delight to the composers, and has touched the audiences heart.

Still early in it's stages, life just carries on.
The young motiff that was once created, is very subtly living on.
The composers conduct to lead this music on it's right path.
They guide it with precission,
passing their knowledge from their own past.

Years keep going by, marked like measures on a page.
This young motiff has modulated many times and time again.
It's gone from baby, to child, and has now grown old.
So many movements it's experienced,
that it remains nearly unrecognizeable at it's current stage.

But as time has passed, so has this tune.
At the end of it's life it recapitulates,
and looks back on it's many years of existence.
Memories of it's composers lives within it's sound.
Being young, playing dumb,
then exploring the world of many flavours.

As this piece comes to it's final few bars,
it becomes that young motiff that it once was.
It re-states itself and marks it's point in time.

Then with a final cadence, it draws it's last breath,
and proceeds to die.

The crowd cries, it cheers, it admires with tears.
For this one symphony has phsycially died,
but it remains living as a memory, behind the audiences eye.

And when they leave the concert hall,
that tune will be hummed and passed down to many and all.
For we like symphonies are born then die,
created by compoers who are music in their own way,
and we pass on the tune, and create our own masterpiece,
as we are all composers and this world is our stave.

Christopher Soto

Little Bird

A little bird once asked me in the midst of the night.
What is love? And I replied with all the knowledge of my noggin;

It's not incredible
Nor bad

Nor happy
Nor sad

Nor is it a run through the flower patch
Or a kiss under the starlit night

Nor is it a hand held for the first time
Or a gaze in between two powerful eyes.

Oh no little bird, I did reply, It's so much more
I must imply;

It's more amazing than words can spell
It's more harsh than pain its self

Happy is an under phrased word
Sad is a play on words

That flower patch grew from the love of two
The kiss that night was the beginning of a fight

Hand in hand a million feelings a born
That last look in the tearful eye..

The little bird looked at me and said, 'Dear Chris,
What goes on in your head'
I replied with all honesty within,
'Little bird, I do not know...'

Christopher Soto

Perfect Imperfection

Perfectly imperfect...
Judgemental... But beauty's deep...
Imperfect perfection...
Liar... A lie that saved...
Perfection that's imperfect...
Mistakes... Who hasn't?
Imperfectly Perfect...
Weaknesses... Strong heart...
Perfectionist imperfectionating...
A let down... A hero
Imperfectionist perfecting...
Disobedient... Reasonably curious...
Perfect imperfection...
Human

Christopher Soto

Sueño

I feel I've awoken from a vivid dream,
met people and been to places that only I have seen.
The idea that I lived in such a beauty of a place,
feels like madness full of sadness which will take months to shake away.

The adventure started so pleasant and so new.
My surroundings and new findings, each day grew and grew.
Machines of steel and plastic on roads moved to and fro,
emitting sparks of electricity and howling sounds from wheel and rail.

The un-holy sign of the death of an ancient god,
sits high so near the sky on tall churches and cathedral tops.
From far you can see these delicate works of art,
showing passion and mastered skill by early people
whom so long ago lived and died.

Nature and parks are sprinkled all throughout this land of dream,
flowers blooming effortlessly, autumn leaves painting paths.
A walk into the gardens will freshen a worried mind,
blues skies, warm sun, cold wind, green grass.

Out of all from my dream which will be most missed,
are the creatures called humans which inhabited
so beautifully and with such bliss.
For each one and all is unique and full of beauty,
and their existence is so important and so strong,
that it shaped my mind and dream.

Buildings and nature can be found far and wide,
but people are variant and only one of a kind.
I'll remember all by face and name,
and hope to fall into deep sleep soon again.

Christopher Soto

Summer Night

Summers night, hot and dense
the warm breeze cooling nothing
the atmosphere rather dead.

With music as my only companion
as has been night and night again,
it takes a break and departs my side
and slowly goes to sleep.

Alone I'm left with thoughts,
running heavily through my mind
so fast these thoughts, so quickly flashing
I progressively become blank.

I then realise, that when the music stops
my life stops at its side.
It seems to be that its the only thing
that I live for in this life.

No love for fancy parties,
or socialising with the world
it only wastes the time I have,
which I could have all on my own.

No love for human warmth or touch
no kisses, hugs or anything of such.
The one and only life I get, is when music is by my side.

Christopher Soto

Tempo

Tick, the balance taps the pallet
Tock, the balance re-taps the pallet
Tick, The pallet unlocks the escape
Tock, the pallet re-locks the escape
Tick, escape releases power
Tock, the escape restricts power
Tick, the gear train shifts in motion
Tock, the gear train repeats this notion
Tick, the mainspring in the barrel holds strength,
Tock, the mainspring in the barrel unwinds
Tick, up the winding stem to the crown and bow
Tock, in your palm you hold more than you know...

Christopher Soto

The Beauty Of Life

When we die, we die
and that makes us lucky.
For at least we've been favoured with this chance.
The odds of our existence are so immensely vast,
that they exceed the count of grains of sand,
on any given beach or desert.

When you're enlightened with this thought,
life becomes more than it ever was,
for we make it worth living,
as it's all we'll ever have.
And there's no point in treating it
like a simple prelude,
or you'll forget to start living,
as if there were life after death.

Indulge in friendship, admire culture
read books of stories, play musical notes.
Travel the earth by land and by sea,
experience the feeling of mountain high peaks.
Collect pocket watches, drink flavours of coffee,
and make someone smile, just because you can.

I could write on forever,
but I'll let you pick,
for this is just one part of my life
that makes me tick!
Poetry and rhymes are things I enjoy,
but there are others, many more
and there are options galore.
So I insist, make life worth it,
you don't even have to go far!

Think free, no guilt
live and just let live.
Enjoy this world, take it as it is
and when you reach the end,
you'll be pleased that you did.

The Gregorian Chart

As pages turn on the gregorian chart,
twelve stages pass us by.

Four smaller construct each of these 12,
in these divisions mankind comfortably dwells.

Marked by myth, time was split into two,
now the numbers we know grow many and grow new.

Forward only and looking back, these abstract ideas, non-physical, keep us
stuck.

Celebration ensured to mark the end of a phase,
though time still passes regardless of what we do and say.

It is custom to hug and burn the sky,
to appreciate one year more we did not die.

laugh and dance to systematic sound,
cry and smile with family around.
Share a moment holding hands,
host a dinner with all close friends.
Take a walk to the waters edge,
gaze at stars burning viciously, some dead!
Make a phone call round the world,
eagerly wait for the clock to mark 12.
Turn the page of the Gregorian chart,
why not even make a whole fresh start.
you're only bound by abstract though,
you make the future, it's non existent, it's all yours.

Christopher Soto

The Last One

A fragment of the mind put forth into realities realm.
Giving birth to an idea once impossibly regarded
by all reason which inside me dwells.

I have thee dreamt and crafted in which by I regret with all powers I can grasp
and authorise.
I condemn you to eternal darkness and vast imponderable sparseness
of matter which fill the gaps of empty space.

Scatter you maddened fiend of non-reason!
You negate all which logically falls in place
making your aim in life to drain and upon knowledge bring disgrace!

I've thrown to waste fluctuations in mind which left me blind for a time which I
look back to no more.
Keep your distance well spaced between you and I.
For I'd sooner live and die 3000 times than hear your words
thine presence embrace, or merely notice destructions trace.

I must give praise to golden hearts
and categorise your beauty with works of art.
Perfection is but a concoction of the human mind
and still you've projected what was simulated in mine.

Alas, I've divorced heart from mind.
Leaving no potentiality of recurring troubles of this kind.
Those misapplications of the forces that power the brain
shan't ever be replicated, not now, not ever, till the day that I die.

Christopher Soto

The Shine Of Two Stars

Like a shining star, we sat in the sky,
and shined on the world below.
Our burning fire and strong desire,
held us suspended on the black blanket night.
Indefinitely placed where we belonged,
billions of years, that's where we shone,
sitting happily with one another,
and keeping each other strong.

Alas, nothing lovely ever lasts...
Like teasing a shackled lion with a key he can never have,
life laughs at you, and spits at you until it dances on your grave,
and you suffer and you cry, tears pour like oceans from your eyes.
And you hang on to the instinctive will to be alive.

My star... It somewhat died...
It started falling from the sky.
Unable and trapped, I was forced to watch
and my words then meant nothing,
and tears tried to run loose.

Seconds were hours, days were years,
and I had to accept the fact,
that my star had disappeared.

I was dealing with death,
a part of me fell before it's wrath.
I denied, I was guilty, I was furious,
and then alone, but now I'm rising,
and I still burn, and I accept, there's no return.

For a time I felt I shone alone,
but now I realised that didn't matter,
at least I'm still shining on.

The sky is huge, galaxies galore,
infinite universe, no matter what,
there's always more.

Will I Ever Be Happy?

Will I ever be happy?
I want, I wish, I should, I could.
Was I ever happy?
I wanted, I wished, I should've, I could've.
Am I happy?
I don't have this, that, or the other.

Always more and never content,
as if achieving voids what was once strong intent.
I could lust one thing, and once I have it, I lust another,
What I was once desired, becomes expired,
then re-inspired to re-acquire, I do become until I tire.

It seems not right to live like this,
A constant need, no rest or peace,
I wish to stop just for one day,
No need to want or change my ways.

~~22/01/2015~~

Christopher Soto

You Are: Wisdom

I can count the happiest moments in my life without much trouble;
It's not that I'm good with numbers, there just aren't that many.

Some stand out more than others, they're vivid with colours;
Like that time with long gone friends in a Melbournian park.

It's the smiles that come back to me, it's as if I'm cursed;
A slight reminder and I'm there again, I can feel the cold air.

I can feel the warmth of a hand that I so long ago held;
The intimacy of a hug that marked the end of a journey.

The eyes that spoke to me a thousand words with teary tones;
The face that told me how much I meant to her, and wished I wasn't gone.

Don't worry, I miss you too.

Christopher Soto