

#2

miscellaneous voices

happy yak-king are the chatterboxes
in the morning by their pancakes
and the chocolate stays hot
after hours of waiting.

does not alter

sit just watching her
slouching smile mornings
makes her groggy
and the pond by the house
they live in
the frogs come visit
in the morning
just after
meals.

for they come around

to sing a song
and asking for
the rain to pour
allow the lady
to feel lazy in the dizzy
confusing spell of the rain
and she would whisper
of the weather
and the gentleman
stays with her
they skip work
happily after
meals.

in the afternoon

they would dream
of the office
firing them
yet smiling they
still stood in sleeping

and till the next morning
come around
life in a tilt
a poem into a
landscape
cityscape
you'll see
afternoons disappear
busy busy people
spin laundry for the money
comprehending
stock markets and
current affairs
and the movies a substitute
for those little red cameras
you see film slides of places
the national geographic held
as a child
as a child
you never heard of cable
television
and you never bothered
about the bus money
as a child
you had hot chocolate
cold
you made bread
wait
you spent time wandering
who would be that miscellaneous voice
you'd like to listen to
today.

#3

com
plicated
plastic fork pun ;
ctuates my meal. and
i have several instances of
having my breakfast in coffeehouses
where they only offer plastic forks for us.
and yet in several instances i did however
end up using my hands instead because it
would be slower fiddling with my plastic fork
arguing with myself in a coffeehouse with an
inanimate object about the importance of
responsibility. however, little did i realize
it only became a lot more troubling
when i returned home only to
find that my safe had been
bro
ken
in
to;
my breakfast
finished even
before i had
a
chance to finish
it.
lovely, how i just complained
about the lack of convenience, and foolish
me not even locking the door when i left home, this
proves enough that i've been too concerned with things i
can't have control of, shouldn't have control of, which ultimately
means i've precariously held a glass of milk thinking it'll be safe even
if i left
it
alone.

#4

#5

complications compiles itself
to junctions
where it is frozen like ice-cream
it has and it is tasting
sweet dripping of mango
maybe swing
music
your footsteps graceful tango
up left back
to the junctions we
stand deciding which to follow
however where what however thorough
complications are complications
just complications just.

tomorrow we shall swallow
the chunky complications
we have forks and spoons
butter knives
coffee brewed
tea
and biscuits
waffles in the sunset
and we'll have what complicates
replicates
duplicates beautiful mornings
top our
waffles
with ice-cream.

the windows
are they forming beads
like
lit
tle

sti
c
ky
mar
bles
each
slid
ing
gen
tly
pat
te
ring
brea
the
the
morn
ing
wind
in

to nostrils of lazy people standing
in the morning listening to birds of chirping; is
nothing we could comprehend yet floats
the silence of our breakfast smiles goes around
in circles breezing through rooms
as if coffee tea photosynthesizing
us in our little mismatched
home where everything
but our gentle footsteps
and our smiles
are complicated.