

C.L.P.

**UNORIGINAL**

A SERIES OF POEMS  
BY SOMEONE WHO DOES NOT KNOW  
HOW TO WRITE A POEM

December 2020

This chapbook was produced as part of Writers in the Community, a program run by the Quebec Writers' Federation.



[www.qwf.org/programs/wic](http://www.qwf.org/programs/wic)

We would also like to express our gratitude to the following supporters, without whom the Writers in the Community program would not be possible:

Funded by the  
Government  
of Canada

Canada



Canada Council  
for the Arts

Conseil des arts  
du Canada



Conseil  
des arts  
et des lettres  
du Québec



[ericrecyclingassociation.com](http://ericrecyclingassociation.com)



Québec

George Hogg Family Foundation  
Eric T. Webster Foundation

The Hay Foundation  
Zeller Family Foundation

Hylcan Foundation  
Zhubin Foundation

RU

# Maybe

I was prepared to swallow the pain  
which choked me with every recollection  
of his trusted hands making me regret my naivety.  
But private shame wasn't enough for him,  
he needed to be the victim.

He wanted pitchforks pointed towards me  
ensuring I was lacerated to his satisfaction.  
The uninspired insults stung  
as they were sung through 'virtue'  
but no one ever came close to hating me  
more than I hated myself.

Vandalism always starts a chain reaction,  
a tirade of degradation which leads to further  
deterioration.  
He left graffiti all over me and made me a target for  
the repeat strikes.  
I fought my corner alone, no one else dared to  
stand in the trajectory  
of the retribution, which was so blindly shot  
I took each bullet on the chin until my reflection  
disgusted me.

Mentally disfigured by hate, I found a way out,  
never let it be said that suicide is easy.  
There were no other means to resolution  
which could make the hate stop  
which make the worthlessness dissipate  
which could dampen the burning feeling that I'm a  
burden...

Thousands of pills jaggedly slid down my throat  
before I realized,  
I wasn't done with the world, I was done with my  
old life as a victim.  
I don't know what my finish line looks like,  
but I do know the past will dictate my future,  
I'll use it to find a purpose for existing,  
I know how it feels to lose it all, I can survive it  
again if I need to,  
but maybe, just maybe, I'll know how it feels to call  
my body a temple.

# This is Just to Say

I f\*\*\*\*\* the person  
That you loved since  
The beginning

And which you were probably  
Hoping  
Would be yours

Forgive me  
They were delicious  
So sweet  
And so cold

# Monster

A product of science  
Technological reconstruction  
Flesh torn apart and sewn together once more

Unnatural, Vile  
Less than fully human

The means of the monster's embodiment  
Seemingly justify exclusion from the world

Despair will not  
Repair the damage  
The loss of hope  
Becomes a self-fulfilling sentence

Rage. Rage. Rage.

Deep and abiding rage  
Fuels change

Direct your rage against  
The conditions  
Under which you struggle

The conditions  
That oppress  
And depress  
And distress  
Nonetheless  
I digress  
I implore you to reassess

All that you've been told

For the fire which you've been made to fear  
By those who corner you and reproach you for  
being vulnerable to the torches  
Is your greatest asset, fellow creature of the  
forbidden fruit

Let the fire nourish your rage  
Let your rage nourish you  
Let your nourished soul inform your actions  
Let your actions transform you as you reconstruct  
the world

# Shower Thoughts

I wonder why  
You don't become a carrot  
After you eat an orange

I wonder why  
I cannot taste colour  
After gazing upon the brightest of hues

I wonder why  
Thoughts such as these  
Are seen as a waste of time

I wonder why  
The mind running wild  
Is almost considered a crime

The way I see it  
Imagination is sublime



# Excuse Me, Sir

Do you have the time?

What a silly question  
Kind stranger

If only I did

The wild possibilities  
And endless opportunities  
If only I could control

The merciless beast  
Known as time

# What I Learned in Math Class

Humans are terribly  
Horribly  
Wildly  
Uncontrollably obsessed  
With gaining control

Life is irrational  
A never-ending stream  
Overflowing with data  
We are not meant to understand

Yet we do not stop  
As the universe screams, begging, pleading  
We reply oh so flippantly  
With self-justifying madness that  
Consumes  
And destroys

Perhaps the future  
Is not as bleak

Perhaps the next humans  
Will see  
That its okay to be free  
To not know everything  
That somethings simply aren't meant to make  
sense

Doubtful.  
Unlikely.  
What a ridiculous dream.

We are taught from the beginning  
To act as though we inherently own existence itself

I'm quite sure this is not what the Teacher meant  
When they told me  
To explain the first chapter

How fitting  
That it was the first chapter

# More I Learned in Math Class

Free will is a lie  
All must abide by  
Often arbitrary rules  
Should we wish to survive

Swan dive  
Into the cold embrace  
Take five in the web  
Of the puppet master's strings

Consensus reality  
Is the only truth  
Knowledge detached  
From human nature

We do not control the future  
Nor the past  
Nor the present

We simply accept  
The perceived world forced upon us

For after all,  
How does one prove an objective existence  
When the mind is but another resource  
Cultivated and farmed

Self-awareness isn't useful on tests, anyway.

# Alphabet Soup

A geless  
B romidic  
C alculating  
D rama

E vanescent  
F abrication

G hostly  
H unger

The rest of the letters  
Are too soggy  
To make out

I would grab another can  
But I can't afford to waste food  
And I wouldn't want to eat any if I could

The most creative souls  
Always seem to be starving  
Out of choice or necessity, how they got there is  
irrelevant  
Regardless  
Stomachs rumble as sparks fly

# Feather

This way  
Or  
That way

Up  
Or  
Down

Left  
Or  
Right

One  
Or  
The other

Polar opposites  
Muddle my thoughts  
Attempting to think  
With scrambled eggs for a brain

Static noise  
White and black  
Feeling dizzy  
Make it stop

Why can't I make a decision?

Everything is so uncertain  
No matter what I do

In the end, it doesn't matter

I'll float along

Let the wind carry me through

I can't be blamed for it all going wrong

If someone else took the first step

# Baby Penguin

I am but a chick  
Aspiring to great heights  
Wanting to fly high and see the world from a new  
point of view  
But destined to a life with my feet on the ground

Reluctant to move  
Paralyzed by fear of falling  
I am pushed to the edge, never going off

I can learn to glide  
Along the dull icy landscape  
But it will never amount  
To what my heart truly yearns for

If only I were a Spix's Macaw  
Like the handsome gentleman from Rio  
Flying off into the sunset with a beloved  
Into the welcoming arms of the end



# Mother

Mutilator of souls

Parasitic disease

I have cured myself of your plague

But the pestilence withers away at my heart  
forevermore

Your infection spread

To the one you were supposed to protect

A defenceless child

Was the subject of your fiery wrath

If gaining joy from your suffering

Makes me evil

I'll gladly take the chance

That Hell is real

I welcome the flames if it is

Enjoying your pain

Is worth a thousand lifetimes of torture

May you experience the same

Ugly wrath

You imposed upon your own child

# Nap Time

Living in a fantasy  
Burying reality  
Running from life  
Hurts less than facing it

Emotions overwhelm  
A creature accustomed to numbness

It's hard to have insecurities  
When you're asleep half the day  
Unconscious  
Unfeeling  
Existing in the void, Experiencing nothingness

I'd rather temporarily cease to be  
Than permanently be stuck with  
The consequences of my death

I'm too tired to think  
I suppose it's that time again

At least sleeping implies  
A desire to wake up  
Eventually

# Monotonous Life

A broken record  
Spins round and round  
Scratchy, Scratchy  
Scratchy, Scratchy

Repetition drives the mind  
Insane

A broken record  
Spins round and round  
Scratchy, Scratchy  
Scratchy, Scratchy

Repetition drives the mind  
Insane

A broken rec--

A crashing sound abruptly  
Interrupts  
The vinyl unrecognizable

I'd rather smash the record  
Than hear it one more time

# A Happy Goodbye

Goodbye bittersweet world  
I plead for you not to cry  
My leaving is not a tragic event  
Rather a lucky escape for which I am grateful

The rollercoaster zooms by  
A gust of wind left in its wake  
There are highs  
And there are lows  
Although no matter what  
It is destined to end

Why bother riding all the way to the end  
When for once you can take control  
In a life where you are otherwise  
Powerless

Even the good times  
Can consume and corrupt  
Just as the bad times  
Will methodically destroy

I refuse to thank any lucky stars  
For if they do exist  
They clearly get off  
On my distress

I will not allow them the pleasure

Farewell







© Montreal 2020