

A Dollar & Pounds

Poems & Prose

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O'Hare to Heathrow:

Thirteenth hour of the day and I'm already ready for the curtain of salt. I have not eaten, but inspiration has a way of satiating hunger. Although I know I should munch, there isn't much but the artificiality of America.

Therefore, I am ready for what's novel

I am ready for love

I am ready for life.

In front of me:

A line of people who make love to their phones. There's a woman who I think is watching a movie, although I find her eyes on me. Perhaps I'm good looking or perhaps she's never seen someone scribble in a notebook.

Next to her is a large man who is jamming to god knows what. But if he is banal by nature, I will assume it's nothing but people dancing without originality and much less creativity.

Finally, a lady hiding behind a cover. She's gained my respect for improving her mind, but she finds herself distracted. However, I too was distracted before I wrote these words, and yet, you are reading my lines.

This is the product of minding my thoughts and passions without falling into the casual display of becoming a zombie to society. So bask in letters with regard to your nature and look at how you deprive yourself. All these above are mere examples of the different avenues in which we choose, yet these are all subjective once we examine our true selves.

I know I'm from America because I get excited over an extra chicken nugget. Even now I am surrounded by the great golden arches. It's behind me, beside me, in front of me, and even within me. I am sick to my core, and it goes without intention. I am hungry but have no aspiration to finish my papas. Have I already grown European? Is my processed motherland no longer worthy to me? My stomach says yes while my heart says no, but who knows what to follow especially when your mind clashes with both.

I could sleep, but I'm watching tv.

It isn't my screen, but it's something to see.

There's turbulence, but I don't want to wake her. How do you grab a seat belt on which someone is sitting on? You could yank it, although she may think you grabbed her ass. You could disrupt her sleep, but what a disservice that would be. Then what else is there to do but rock with the plane while writing away?

If I die, I fall.

If I fall, I die.

I try to be mindful as well as hold my word, especially when I feel negativity towards my fellow human. But alas, I came here to discover and even more so to write.

So what compels a man to become a zombie who keeps his mouth open whenever he gawks at a screen? I can practically smell his breath and that is perhaps why he puts on his mask with only twenty-five minutes left of the flight. It makes no sense to me, but I realize my liberal take on such matters. But even now, he just took off his mask only to gawp at nothing but the wheel of society. I am perplexed by his nature and am somewhat annoyed if I'm being honest. He's illogical, he has no manners, he's part of the wheel, and he spilled yogurt on my backpack. This can perhaps be the center of my discomfort, seeing that it left a non-washable stain. It appears that I spilled toothpaste or at the very least got too excited, but anyone who reads this will know of the man who not only cramped my style but also my mind.

However, I must thank him for the inspiration he's blessed me with, for this would never be without his random nature. I applaud him and would even go as far as gifting him this book. But I will cherish his memory as I give thanks.

Thank you.

Delight in its rumble
Joy in its view
Piccadilly to King's Cross
Off to the *Borough*, I go
One can be the star of their show.

What do you know:

Cars on the left side of the road
Language and culture surround
You all should be proud.
Your old land is my new world
And so I begin to unfurl my word.

Behold the great venture on *Great Dover Street*:

The birds sing sweet songs. I get lost, but does it truly matter? I wait for my love, but I am already in love with this life. It sweeps my heart and persuades my mind; would I ever be so inclined as to live in this paradise? I detoxed any indignation within my soul and traded it for a glimpse of bliss. This occurred long before my loss of direction, but I now sit beneath a shade of nature with a feeling of being one. With a feeling of being whole.

It's not because I am where I want to be, rather, I'm perfectly content with where I am while having no intention of changing what is.

Lincoln's Inn Fields:

Do you ever enjoy watching a few rallies? Do you relish in laughter? What about the birds who hold no boundaries? I have yet to discover the entirety of its gloriousness, so there is no other choice but to wander and feel its every curve.

How many years do the trunks hold? How many cans of litter must there be in order to feed the crows? Least I can spit wherever I go.

There's people in suits, people without shoes, and people who offer a piece of scripture. What a beautiful balance to something such as humanity. Everyone's on their own course and that is perhaps the most soothing factor of *Lincoln's Inn Fields*.

Nietzsche believed the artist had no home except in Paris. I too, aligned with such a notion, but that was before my endeavor which went before the curtain of iron.

I can safely say that I have found inspiration within myself as well as in this land. Its English history dates back long before America and its ego-centric view of itself. If America is the melting pot, then Europe is the kitchen from which it was derived.

You see, it is not only Paris that inspires, but the world in which one has never seen, written, or experienced. It can all be found in museums, circuses, gardens, grocery stores, tennis courts, and everything else one can think of.

An artist, once again, does not need to be in Paris to create so long as they endure what's new to them.

Homeschooled:

I've been writing, although it hasn't been for school
but I know I am excelling in life
And I know it's far more worthy than the simple "A" we all receive.

Mid-term or Museum:

I could learn different types of writing, or I could learn about *Assyrians* and their *Temple of Nabu*.

I can sit and read *The Dubliners* by James Joyce, or I can stand and read the *Book of the Dead*.

My world cares for only the revolution, while I care to communicate with the gods (whether it be through prayer or an *Egyptian cat*.)

History holds a comedic effect in which society often lacks— What else does the *Sarcophagus of Nectanebo* hold?

Roman currency at around 300 BC; though I doubt their greed compared to today's society.

And with all this said and not a percent complete. Exploring every artifact is no easy feat.

It's okay to neglect a standard education to learn what you want to learn.

But don't ask if I finished my mid-term.

“Dum Dum give me gum gum”

The few might have heard, but it's the cultured who realize my humorous recall of such a monumental piece of history.

Some hold a lack of respect, such as resting on a limestone sarcophagus with a “Do not touch” sign.

And some need to fetch their overgrown child.

Covent Garden:

Seasoned aromas and soothing strings
Smiles around with flags above
I already have my drink.

Glass in hand with a pen in another
I'll offer my *pounds* to the band
So long as I'm smothered.

I'm no drinker, but Europe is sure to break me
I love my life
I love being free.

I typically go red, but the service suggested white
I received a *Fiano*, and it was everything right.

I know not where I'll go next
But the life I live is truly blessed.

He loves what he does and sings with a passion– He is worth a page within this here book(and perhaps even a drink.)

Hallelujah, we shout for I praise his appreciation of life.
There's magic in his moves and danger in his dance.

To Jack Day

They talk, talk, talk, and do I care? My amusements on their tongue, but that is all there is besides their disdain. The reasons are copious, but I again don't care. I don't even mind because they lack substance. They lack a philosophical perspective which in turn— *mutates* a conversation. It turns into small talk, it turns into a boast of education, it turns into societal issues, and it turns into everything I despise.

If you want to disrespect me, at least do it with a sense of class or at the very least— *mindfulness*.

Perspective changes a man. It changes a woman. It does not care for right or wrong. It does not care for sides or anything else within this world of convention.

I recently gained some perspective and dare I say insight. I learned and might as well realize that nothing changes despite the change of factors. We have moved on from the past, but nothing has changed. Langston Hughes knew the question of whether we could love an eagle. But if you loved something, you might as well lock it in a cage of gold, for there is no better comparison.

To you:

You are more “friendly” and touchy with men than I am with women. It is no one's fault seeing that I am reticent by nature, although I can't help but feel an inequality of reciprocation.

However, I must be in your favor if I am to be true and unbiased. People love you and your love of life. They gravitate towards you in all aspects, whether it be physically, mentally, or emotionally. Going against such a grain would prove detrimental to your soul, and I know this as well as you, but you entertain everyone in your path. Whether it be an innocent fuck boy, a touchy gay, or a lesbian lover. You go about it with true innocence.

But where I see innocence, I also see naivete. I see a passion for the world along with a disregard for what's dark. I see a lover who knows nothing of lust as I see a woman who knows not of her beauty as well as whom she attracts.

It again is a worthy inclusion to say that it's not your fault seeing that it may be uncontrollable. I pray it is, for I would then know of its purity. But no matter how pure it may be, I find an uncontrollable irritation. I find myself being annoyed with your light because it has no mind as to what's dark. It has no thought as to what people's intentions are. It's a flawed way of thinking, but only to one who knows the grime of our world, and this perhaps is the most fundamental difference between you and I.

But if and when you read these words— you should never lose your light, you should never stop loving the world and everyone in it, and you should never let my darkness affect you.

I am tired of sharing,
I am tired of loving.

I can only take so much. You've lived with someone who's tried their shot, you've gone clubbing with alcohol (and without notice), you've left yourself alone with creepy old men, and you now plan to spend a week in an apartment with a different man.

Do you expect me to be okay?

Do you expect me to love you?

Do you expect me to stay?

Never ask or answer a question based on assumptions. You're allowing so much and disregarding so much more.

I'd go bankrupt to write
 I'd go bankrupt to live
 I'd go bankrupt without regret.

I learned a great deal of contradiction despite the blue in their blood.
I found many a closed mind despite the prestige of education.
They remain lovely people, but I can without a doubt say:
I'm able to hang.

And they said to go where there's ivy.

I'm in town, but I haven't been home. I feel critiqued on how I spent my money, I feel for not giving my time, and I feel bad for not buying souvenirs. But you were thought of as you were missed. I understand your worry for me, and I get your points. Your reasons are valid, and know I listen to your every word. But at times, I must fly and go to the stage in which this world is. Shakespeare knew it best, and although it may seem my pockets are empty, my bucket is full. I am loved in all aspects and content with every angle. Hear these words even if I die tomorrow, and know I did what I could.

I love my blood and would not trade it for anything else. You could never be forgotten despite my negligence because I will come home one day with love in my heart and stories in my book.

What a journey this has been
Food, wine, sex, gardens, and pub crawls
I've written what I could and explored what I would
There's so much to miss seeing that I've missed so much
But it gives the perfect reason
It gives the perfect excuse
And it gives the perfect line to escape from what's familiar.

This holds potential to be the end of what seems to be a beautiful journey in that it gives an infallible opportunity to compose a wonder. The sun shines in slices, and I am wildly content even if I am back in what's familiar. There must be a balance as there must be a shade to all this shine like there is a night to day. You cannot live solely with risk and much less safety. Learn to appreciate where you are, where you've been, where you'll go. Doing anything else would be offering life a disservice, and the only way to realize is to self-examine. This all has been a delight, and there is no inclination of regret. I am happy to have traveled as I am happy to be home.

