

Along a Dirt Road
Poems

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This place offers a lot
It holds many lessons for many people.
But not for me
I know who I want to be.

Absence of a burden with *Poetics* of Aristotle
Plans for a novel, but leave your rush behind.
There's much more in mind...

There's another play
What about a chapbook?
The life of writing has got you hooked.

“Everyone is welcome here. Everyone belongs.”

Is that so?

The atmosphere is friendly enough.

The air reeks of sheep(except the philosophy wing).

So what makes you think I'd want to follow every degree that tells me it's worth the fee?

I'm sure a person would agree on its worth, but I am not them, and they are not me.

Let me be free!

“Everyone is welcome here. Everyone belongs.”

And what if you don't want to belong?

I have no care to explore its conventional path
I have no desire to see what it offers
I drive here just to drive back.
Do you think I have the approval of Evangeline?
I'm not even sure I have the approval of myself.

“Why study philosophy?”

A question I hit at seventeen. Now, what do they entertain other than to obtain the paper we call our maker?

It's a facade they know well, and it shows when they ask, “Why study philosophy.”

A loss of time with days on the run
Battling a source of society's word.
I walk near the dead and wonder about the location
Will this be my station upon graduation?

What should you do?

What should you do?

I also have no clue what to do.

I've worked out
Read some books
Made a record
And soared through mountains of Guate.
All in the name of self-education.

Knowledge
Community
Opportunity
Generational wealth
It blessed us with all this
But it's a business.

There's no doubt
It's the cold truth
That I'll go back
It's the curse of being a life-long learner.
Not their say
No way, no way
I'll choose my day
It's the curse of being a stubborn bastard.

You know it isn't right when your happiness runs out
You know it isn't right when you despise your day.
Don't drown in sorrow
Unimaginably is my care.
Live the life you strive for
Live the life you know you're meant to live.

Don't be afraid to go along a dirt road covered in everyone's doubt.
They have no clue what you'll become
They have no clue about what's to be done.
I believe in you as you should already do
I love you,
Beautiful creature!