



In this third and final chapter of the poetry zine, I present to you my dream journal; interlaced with poems I've written as of late. I was inspired by the artbook Lovely Sweet Dream to pick up the zine where I left off and add a twist to it. The book is charming and I envy the absolute plethora of artwork made by the guest artists.

I've kept a dream journal since 2016 and have gotten better at retaining dreams as well as writing them down in a half-awake state. The last time I made a dream zine I tired myself out from all the drawings I had to make for it. Hence, in another break of form I'm combining the dream zine with the poetry zine.

You will see artwork in different mediums and an emphasis on traditional, physical art. You will also notice the style of poetry shifted ever so slightly. I was surprised, reading back on my writing, how the style and subject matter has changed, but the motifs and imagery tend to repeat. Nevertheless, I hope this chapter brings some new life to the pre-existing 2 zines. Don't worry, this could be read as a stand-alone.

This is my send-off for now, but I do plan on exploring different mediums. I've had a blast creating this zine and hope you enjoy reading through it too. Look forward to both the complete and abridged collection of all 3 zines!





A hundred years in dreamful bliss, on clouds as soft as you A thousand scenes within a blink, and I can't pry away A million yous and without change, waiting for morning dew One waking moment by myself, alone as when I lay



#### 8 Jan 2021

I'm with my friends, getting groceries even though we were supposed to go to a different store. We buy canned food and chucked it in a grocery cart. I left a bag on a shelf.

Now I'm in a parking lot for the supermarket. I'm loading groceries onto a motorcycle. The entrance to the mall is a large warehouse containing several big bookshelves, discounted goods, and broken wooden chairs.

I frantically try to find the bag I left in a plastic bag on top of the bookshelf. I'm carrying around heavy cans of food and shopping items. I search around the parking lot to no avail. I feel Dejavu.

I try to find more things but suddenly a wave of people enter the warehouse in uniform. Some of them are my university classmates. They're wearing white shirts, black pants, and a black tie, like if you were going to a job interview. I hear my classmate's voice. I think they're applying for something. There were "hosts" going around with a wireless mic quizzing people around. I'm stuck there, sticking out like a sore thumb. The host asks me questions. I tell him I don't know, I got stuck here. He moves on. The girl next to me chats with me a bit. A bit further is a guy, someone who knows the place. I tell him I'm looking for my bag that I left behind. He said it's probably gone. I told him outside there was a large metal tree with shoes hanging off them. He said the security guard during the morning and evening are different. Dejavu again. I thank him. When I look back, the people were already leaving the place.

I go out and see two of my high school classmates talking about how to look into the future with technology. They're on a computer, talking, while the others were leaving. I kept searching for my bag

I walk further and see a close friend with who I assume to be his classmate, a girl, doing something, most likely a group project on his laptop. His hair is the same length as it is now, long with loose curls, but bright neon blue. I tried to tap his shoulder but only the girl noticed me. He was wearing headphones but trying to speak to her as well. I leave out of fear I'm disturbing him.

The parking lot shifted from evening to day due to those job seekers. I am forced to give up on finding my bag.

### repetition

I searched your name in a maze of uncertain memories amidst nightmares your image is no more comforting only confirming our moments remembered knowing my past self, undead

the mirrors show a familiar figure the numbers on the alarm count down to my doom a solution to a puzzle i know like the back of my hand a plot twist predictable but i'm unable to understand

rewinding twisted paths, footsteps retraced the road morphs and contorts, dead ends conjured all the work to change one ending repressed; i chose to run from the fears

another time, to tie up loose ends another you, to be easily replaced burn the knot, so it doesn't come undone burn the bridge, you won't be gone for long



My friend and I collaborated on a flash game to post on DeviantArt. In the game you had to serve hundreds of portions of food to the grim reaper. I died because I failed the task. I tried again, this time I could earn a horse if I planted enough corn. I was impatient so I attacked the horse-rider, but he was too powerful and I kept dying. So I gave up and played the farming sim like normal. After I cleared the planting quest the corn field turned into the backyard of my grandparents house, and suddenly there was a family function. I was told to pray at a building close to the house, and I saw my aunt with her family, unmasked. I scolded them, but they were stubborn and yelled back at me. I was ready to throw fists until I got woken up by my cat meowing at my door.

## The world is her oyster

her ego is frail, an old cautious tale unable to tell, for her, what is well to do and to meet, a frightening feat she burrows inside, the edge of defeat

tis grandeur she seeks, a splendid facade obscures what she did, or maybe did not all crumbling down, all costing her look with apathy rife, was all that it took

and so fawn'd in place, and yet not to please a cautious conundrum, one never at ease for she wants the world, but none what's inside for she lives her own, until her demise



### 6 Feb 2021

I was at campus late at night. Thought of going to the canteen to grab a bite, but chose not to. I found a tent in front of a forest and met someone. I walked back to the canteen, now 6 stories high, lit up blue and yellow. I turned back. As I exited the forest opening, it was almost pitch black dark outside, I bumped into a group of people looking at the sky, petrified. Some military men were also there with guns.

I turned around to see the tall building ablaze with blue fire, tilted. A large thump, an explosion, was heard, the structure's foundation was giving out. Screams were heard, as it fell onto its side and collapsed on itself. A burst of fire. screams. horror. People stood back.

There was a 2nd fire at the school. A large explosion was heard and the fire doubled in size. The room on the 1st floor was bursting with flames. People ran with fire on their heads, blue flames enveloping their faces, black gaping holes where their mouths and eyes ought to be. They ran to the room with the bigger flames, likely to get it over with quickly. People stood by and watched. Some victims would try to jump out of the building, but they got sucked into the flames by a magnetic force. There were too many souls to count. Their ghost forms floated towards the skies. Their phantom bodies swarming like insects.

When the fire was over, it was the crack of dawn. The place turned into a floating market of sorts. The air was solemn and foggy. I couldn't find the tent or place I visited before. Some children are sleeping on floating rafts as one of my elementary teachers looks over them.

I kept walking in the other direction but the land wasn't there anymore. What were campus grounds turned into a body of water with some wooden buildings and rafts.



# 1 Feb 2024

I was MC-ing for a runway show at my old school, but I didn't know what exactly I was supposed to be doing. At some point the show was paused because someone was supposed to go up next but they were nowhere to be found. There was a big dance number coming up, and people were arguing whether we should skip this person or not. Frustrated, I got up and walked away Meanwhile, Brian David Gilbert has a pregnant wife. She and her mother was talking about how hot the weather's been getting lately. The monsoon season has been pushed back.

I stumbled across a museum of some kind and saw scribbled Sanskrit names on one of the benches. Using infrared lenses I could intensify the text and get translation. It lines up (poorly) with the anglicized name given. She? was supposed to walk the runway? Who knows.

Brian shows up and I instruct them that they need to finish this "ritual" to bind them even more than wedding vows. They do just that. We race back to the school, magically transporting, and they kiss on the runway. There was rain instantly. The people were rejoicing. The drought is no more. The sun was out, but it was lightly raining.

#### seasons

Pink blooms scatter across the streets As storm clouds roll in from a distance Equals from walks of life gather A result of mysterious systems

Whirlwind storms and tumultuous floods Dark nights and lonely days Seeking shelter under the same roof For when the rain stops, we part ways

The morning sun scorching already Rigid winds, clouded and grimy Radiating warmth, pulling like gravity A breath of fresh air, a remedy

As supple as honeydews in season Like mangoes saccharine to the pit Self-indulgent, something to call my own With all the love that comes with it

The fruits overripen, tender and dark Imparting a bittersweet rot To ponder a decision, a choice to part For the feeling's now fraught

Forest flames engulf and devour The cyclical nature, another restart Let the sun wash away the smoke Graft what is left of the charred barks Plead only the sweetness remains For memories too bitter for this heart

# together

O! false-figure, thou whisk me away into the dark night Keeping me awake as coffee green-bitter On my toes and high alert, thine hand clasping mine Were I to join thee, t'would be a never-ending slumber



# 19 Apr 2024

There's a section of the top of a tree only viewable on special occasions. There's a rail track going around the scenery and that special tree. I get on it. The guys go up first, followed by the girls. The track is open and we have a pretty flimsy cart that's more like a magic carpet if you think about it. During a sharp turn our weight distribution fails and we fall into the river below us. We stand on the foundation of the tracks while the guys come back from the other direction (it's only one track and it goes both ways) to get us onto rafts.

#### an artist's woes

monotony, a life of glee unwillingness, a tragedy a hermit-lived, what else to be a bad routine, repeats with ease

unable to, completely break free from restraints, i myself made a gilded cage, a ruby lock an artist-starved, is it enough

been driven mad, what i could have it's jealousy, not my own path but what it is, seems so sublime but what is theirs, and what is mine



it's all a blur, i wish i knew what i am for, and what i do the truth is this, i fear myself failed certainty, all that is left







# 28 May 2024

I am back in college, but this time I'm watching my old batchmate deliver his thesis defense. We're all sitting circling a room. Some people brought a meal to eat. I asked for some rice crackers and my former academic advisor tried to shade me because I needed to get permission to bring something to eat in the room. There were multiple kids and professors. The one presenting prepared an essay-length powerpoint and we all sneered. So he just skipped all the bulky theory and went straight to analysis.

#### a complex

rip a hole out from my throat break my fingers at the joints introduce a brand new growth just to make a salient point

dirty laundry's all to see soaking hands until it prunes self-destructive tendencies righteous purpose gone askew

bloodied tears that never dries visionary from my dreams on this canvas i will lie as they fight to keep it clean



# 25 Nov 2024

I'm the last person on earth, but the entire world was chasing me, even into the ocean. I'm a young black man, I'm swimming deep into the ocean with a swarm of people following me. As I reached the ocean floor I use my teleportation gadget to be transported back to my house. My brother was there. The neighbor's kid didn't believe I was at home. I catch up to one of the last trains heading to what's supposed to be my direction, and I congratulated them for being very late. Then suddenly an ex-friend, manic, brought a gun to kill me. She tried to shoot me point blank but the gun jammed. Someone else took the gun from her hand and tried shooting her but it jammed again. Only on the third try did the gun go off on her.

There was a grandma with a special open-air carriage for her wheelchair at the back of the train. Tom Scott is there and trying to avoid a grandpa there, so he gets on the "accessibility" carriage and released the lock that connects it to the train.

Tom and his team, in wheelchair seats and in astronaut costume, roll onto the beach and points to a takeoff base nearly. He and his crew will be on a multi-day mission on the ship. The ship had shuttles to take them to the space hotel (his words).



Isn't it hard showing off something invisible? Like your skill's easily divisible, quantifiable, squabbles and squalor seep through the city Not asking for pity I'm saying the world's not built for me with me in mind, in time, I'll find what it takes to survive, it's fine No it isn't I wish I have what it takes to gloat I wish I could brag like I had what it takes to be on top filled with ego and i've stopped, only to sit and think only thing going for me is the manuscripts that nobody reads in this climate it's hopeless I'd survive another decade, accolades, are personally secondary, seriously, plausible deniability, it's all folly to me that's what I'd say if i didn't feel envy truthfully, I'm wallowing and coping but here is to hoping I'll swallow my pride and hop on a better mindset mind my own business and not lose a wink of sleep over the fear that I'm missing, something, anything













## bonus: media corner

**Strategy** by Twice and Megan Thee Stallion is a fresh girlypop anthem. It's quintessentially Twice with a dash of Megan flare.

**Cadmium Color**s by Jamie Paige featuring Kasane Teto is a moving, mixed-genre masterpiece. Paige's command of tuning, lyricism, and melody is absolutely captivating.

**Bear and Breakfast** is a laid-back hotel management simulator where you play as a bear. The art style s adorable and there are many regions to unlock, each with slightly different mechanics to keep things fresh.

**DREDGE** is a boat fishing simulator with horror elements that you can turn off. Fish, trawl, explore, and collect fishes. The gameplay loop is addictive and there are many side quests to keep you busy.

I recommend picking up ransom lettering because it is a rollicking good time and it gives you an excuse to keep every flyer and brochure handed to you

I've also been crafting a lot of beaded jewelry. It's very fun and rewarding getting to design and create wearable things.

