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A Loss isn't a Loss

I was told to just lose it in the music
But I didn't lose it
Being lost may be confusing
But it can be found
It may sound stupid
But to prove it
Let's take a moment
And rummage through the ruins

Sifting through the rubble
You can think of it as trouble
Or you can see it as subtle
It can be trivial to some
It can be everything to none
But you can't see it as double
You can only choose one
Don't let your only option crumble

So you see, it is dumb
It can be confusing
But you're not dumb
All you do is follow the music
What's lost can be found
Just dig some in the ground
Put your ear to the soil
Melodies are laying in mounds

You have already lifted your spirits

Music when you hear it
Gets seared into the nearest
Clearest clearing's appearance
Recognize it when you see it
Wear it when you be it
For whatever you are seeing
Are visions of its being

As I move the rocks aside
I can now look inside
I see crumbles of verses
Mumbles that come alive
I stumble upon the hive:
The nexus, the center
The headquarters, the nucleus
Everything the head borders

Found dead to revive
If your spirit has survived
Then your spirit is alive
And that's what's most important
Whatever didn't die
Can still be supported
Don't consider this a lie
The truth is not distorted

What you lost can be found
All you have to do is look
Intelligence is hearing sounds
From any page in a book
So when you flip through the pile

You flip through the plays
Although it takes a while
You will find style on the stage

I found a missing piece
It appears to look jagged
But sharp is the piece
Sharp enough to draw magnets
I found another, and another,
And another piece
If I find four more
Then the music secures another beat

Now I'm down to two of them
Once I'm done, I'm through with them
Now I'm gluing them
Super glue the two of them to the four of them
To the original piece
But I'm still finding more of them
If only four can make a square
The right angles can make a floor again

Now I have something to stand on
I stand up with my head strong
Hands up and claiming that they were dead wrong
When they told me I couldn't find them
I now suspect them guilty
They were the ones that would hide them
That's why the dirt was filthy

It was you who only doubted me!

You who confounded me!
You who repressed my noise
And caused the clouds surrounding me!
You who demanded my insanity!
You will suffer in calamity!
You who reprimanded me!
You who tried rebranding me!

It wasn't my life that was lost
It was my vision that you hid from me!
You aren't worthy of the cause
Your ways portray silent bigotry!
You sway away from literacy
You can't persuade what you've given me!
Your ways to maintain my brain
Have fallen into misery!

Big sigh...

A loss is a loss but doesn't find me
A loss isn't to lose, but it rather defines me
For a loss isn't to be used as an excuse
A loss is rather a reason to retrace your moves

So I walk without caution
I know my mistakes may be costly
But it doesn't cost me a coffin
It brought me a loss
With just a little bit of coughing
But after I squeezed coal rocks
I found gold in my stocking

So a loss is when I lost me
If you hear the sound
It either comes from underground
Or when your head is in the clouds
If the vision is ever foggy
Just lift away the pounds
The life cycle can be bossy
But it makes the world go round