Elements of [identity] Transition

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FORWARD

If you are reading this forward you have hopefully already met Tyler. He is an old friend I would have gladly introduced you to had we been friends. Tyler and his art have come a long way since he called from that bus station for a ride. Related to the writings in this book, the "During" time period is when he called me for a ride, he was already on his own ride giving up his history and learning about his current situation and his future course. Tyler uses mathematics and psychology to determine our worth, which makes for a terrific struggle. I am just glad I was the friend he was going to see when he got caught in that pattern of confusion as his journey taught me many things as well. I hope you enjoy the outcome of his journey as reflected in Ty's writings.

Rain or Shine,

Michael T. Henderson

BEFORE

The world is easy, as complicated as myself. I can recognize inequities in every context, although I don't know what a context is. I am a student of higher education. This I equate with a student of life. The ideological challenges I thrust onto the world fail to awaken within my daily behaviors. I am critical without knowing my own reflection. I am deep within a personal history that I allow others to develop for me.

I know how to point a finger, yet I fail to notice that three are pointing back towards me. I know the ideal world, however, I've never been introduced to the world sustaining me. Participation is exercised via coercion. Free will is assumed. I make the choice to follow because that is all I am familiar with. I fear becoming the other, although that is who I am, and so are you.

I travel by car across the country believing this makes me worldly and cultured. I don't take the time to have a conversation with strangers because they don't know who I am, nor I them. Yet I maintain the cycle because I am without the experience. I am a tourist of life.

I

Azure, said the heavenly bodies.
Tranquility, said the four corners.
Harmony, repeated the silence.
So be it, said I.

Seek in all directions, said the sparkle of morning's dew.
Radiate that which shines, glowed the Borealis.
Surrender nothing which is alive, said the Earth.
So be it, said I.

Take the path that leads to freedom
Take the road that winds forever
Find the cause that roots the drive
Find the heart that shares the soul
Seek the joy of being alive.
So be it, said I.

-Two Hands-

II

The chaos blanketed Earth's desires
Through the hatred love and warmth of one seed.
Growth of many soon ignite the wild fires
Upon man's wasteful tendencies called greed.
What happened to flowers of vacant lands
Passing beneath sounds of satisfaction?
Means to happiness slip though wanted hands,
Reborn in metal resurrection.
Nature's gifts transformed into masses rise.
Echoing mountains shyly shed one tear.
For across the lands ring bellowing lies,
Providing wealth that is not very dear.
When Mother Earth fills all the sacred dust,
Man will unleash his heart to share he must.

-Three Prongs-

III

What makes resourceful complexities one?
Is it birth beneath the subtle heaven?
Knowing the answer means become the sun
That sees the lit doors counting to seven.
Within the outside lies perpetualness.
Speckle of tiny Earth catches the eye,
Soaring fruits of Eden never endless
Beneath the blue blaze, by and by.
Seconds are spent searching the morning dew,
Engrossing spectrum of radiant light.
Feeling momentarily very few,
Singing the only song blanketing night.
    Living sights gushing with always one more,
    Induce new life, mirrored through that dark door.

-Bright Flower-

IV

Looking beyond the tunnels only light,
Driving the probing forces of mind's sound.
Are there living worlds of wondering fright
Or a deep see of situations found?
Wondering what contemplation she stirs
During brief moments of sentencing time.
Is there an act or will meandering
Down this path, romanticizing this rhyme?
How does the romantic converge with her,
A trial or test, an ear to confess?
A situation hoping to concur,
For down the road there's mind and nothing less.
    To capture hearts desire of those afar,
    Sends minds running next to this only star.

-Jazz-

V

Quiet world touched beneath the golden sun
Where a stillness of life touches one man.
Strength to be born and courage to be won
Are the pending questions to if I can.
One pebble, one foot, begins the new world
Stretching past sightless thought and heardless sound.
Kneeling upon jagged Earth where winds swirled
Unifies past and present all around.
Timeless wonder creeps up beneath a star,
Lighting only the pinnacle of breath.
To stare the wonders off but not afar,
Suffices answers to life after death.
    Sending the moments only after time
    Will preserve the life hidden in this rhyme.

-Cool Additions-

VI

Power thrives through the force of the beating
Drum, enchanting body, forgotten sign.
Focus spent on unity's spiriting
Flow of pounding heart, forever called mine.
Silence is rendered as bells unleash their song,
Pulsating through breathing of every time.
It is not the absolute which I long,
For this soul resurrects light, not a crime.
The Earth, wind, feathers of once flighted bird
Listen, passing me through the porthole only blind.
Calling upon the spirit Wakonda I once heard,
Reveals the sacred caught in clouded mind.
    Dancing to the drum of heart's desire
    Bestows freedom sung by every fire.

-Mathematical Curves-

VII

Blank stare, mind perpetually wanders
From sense to sound circling in the light.
Unsure of sensations only wonders,
Of reality glowing with heart's might.
A gift of freedom travels this one soul
Surprising the steadfast in moment's time.
Is this a vision seen through the porthole
Resembling that which is not pantomime?
A void is replenished as awe is found,
Engrossing simple gestures of thoughts shared.
Deeper travels of unlimited bound,
Taking me to a place life never dared.
    Finding breath taking meaning in truth's trust
    Guides me down a road to travel I must.

-The Slither-

VIII

Swimming seas of helpless serenity
Seen beneath the touch of forgotten lives,
Send for infinity’s longevity,
Surrendering tears for moments cries.
Frozen worries blanket unity's thought,
Fearing the past endeavors underground.
Forgetting briefly, should it have been caught
For vitality's freedom all around.
The radiant comfort, providing warmth,
Terrorize many, for it's only life.
To hold but a brief moment captures forth,
Tantalizing vigor for those in strife.
Alas, the birth has seemingly begun.
Alas, this entity surrounds one sun.

-Not Welcomed-

IX

Shackles of eternity blessed the souls,
Bonded around life's broken unity.
Fear lends itself within the fruitful bowls,
Compromising in my serenity.
What appears to touch a gentle man's heart
Disperses, masking the creative eye.
To say, I love you, begins a new start;
Such emotions of splendor may be lies.
Can one decipher truth meandering
Down the path of unity crisply told?
Knowledge of life gives words of wondering,
Futures that only the sincere behold.
To tell unearthed words of forever,
Means commit to one always together.

-Light Rhythm-

DURING

I am detached. I am unable to read the symbols of my culture. I see a stop sign on the road; is it referring to a behavior I have to change? I meet a person, exchange a soul, and am off to see what's new in my next step. My step is just as dark as the last. I am trapped.

I use the history chosen for me to unleash answers for how to justify and explain my existence. The history I struggle to hold onto reveals nothing and is non-directive. What is of value? Whose logic do I follow?

Rational thought is subjective. I hitchhike along highways asking strangers questions. Their answers unlock the mysteries of how to proceed. I am without a system of thought. I am without a country. I am with great confusion. I thrust conjured meaning upon the external world when stuck; I am with animosity when they don't empathize with my meaning. My world is not consistent. My world is directed by whimsical construction.

I ask a doctor about the trappings of social ritual and rites of passage. I tell him I am having difficulty making my move…knowing that they can't move until I do so.

X

Azure, said the heavenly bodies.
Tranquility, said the four corners.
Harmony, repeated the silence.
So be it, said I.

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Find the heart that shares the soul
Seek the joy of being alive.
So be it, said I.

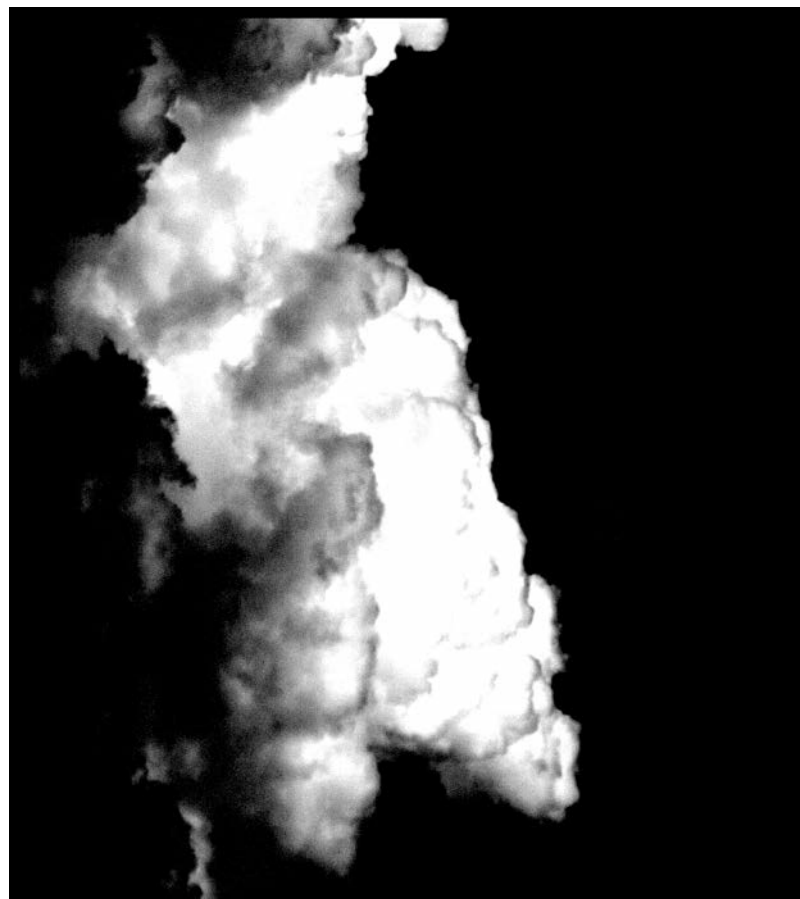
-Exposed-

XI

I struck forth with all energy
desire
transcendence
cramped independence
I took the hill one step
at a time
over and over again
soon to be forgotten
where I had begun
Pain stood near
I tried to pinpoint
locate
correlate
define
resign
Only to have forgotten
where I had begun
Didn't lose it to thought
cognition's co-pilot

-Bear Walking Up a Hill-

Didn't remember yesterday's
good-bye
sorrow
bliss
forgiveness
of all values turned over under the sun.



-Begging for Food-

XII

It dawned on me to turn around
Traveling through the underground
    Pure fresh a lure of unseen desire

Applications paragraphs rhetoric's language
    Does it progress towards the world's
        Tomorrow

            Who sees the sight
            Who judges the beginning
            Who strikes for the end

When the time comes will the blanket sense comfort

Who'll start the beginning

A life in the stars
    Planets stations differentiated likeness of minds

Careful where we step we've seen the toll
Blindly searching we best not stroll
How to avoid the answers to identity's absolute realm
    Of instinction

-Behind-

We better not send without thoughtful provocation
Beware
Hitler
Absolute
Power
Solidarity
Learning to understand
From where we began

-Explosion-

XIII

Sitting idle time passes by
The animal wanders through
Narcirema's eye

Who builds freedom
Who lets them out of jail
Who carries the weight
For those wearing veils

Perceptions ideas postulates
image words feelings
conceptual
contemplation
struggle
to
survive
the
night
fall

Alas, the tools of building take their turn
Alas, sunshine no longer mourns

-The Hand-

XIV

My wheels staggered to the side of the road
I grabbed my goods taking a stroll
up the hill to climb
away from the unknown
personal sway

Back and forth up and down
one face two face
three face
comes the doctor's roar

My head is wrong
my senses need to heal
who sits behind your wheel
scared not to know
of thoughtful
sensation
Grow well my friend
Use more than ideas
To share freedom's song
Grant yourself the reason
To take alienation's fortitude down your path backed by
mirrors never to be wrong.

-River over Lake-

XV

Up the ladder one wrung at a time
The power of the mind
    Forcing
        Probing
            Leaping
                Justifying
To all that is around

I do not understand the reason
I do not know the language
    less romance
I do not know with what to travel
    two packs of cigarettes

I do not feel the wrath
    sundering emotional equity

I know the feelings of one man's life
    disconnected
        trembling
            enabling
                forgetting
                    life's
                        meaning

Down one road where I will learn to tell today and yesterday

-The Result-

XVI

Down the ladder one wrung at a time
Careful not to slip on the source

The power of the people
Control
Waste
Love
Hate
Life's saving grace

Control the mind
Center the force
Do not wonder over time
Piece together the rhyme
Sky so blue
Take me under and above
The shadows of noon's sun
I have learned to peer without words
I have struggled to define
The pillars of strength
The farmers of knowledge
The borders of rooms

The color of vision sends more
To pot than pill or shot's doom

-Upside Down Results-

XVII

Will thoughts stand the test of time
Mirrors parade in city streets
Convincing man to hesitate himself
Where does the lasting arise
In the street's
Brick configurations
The stores pressed shirts
Have stranded many
Savvy
Suave
Sour
Saucy
Set in their ways

To tear at the few who look as they may
Why look beyond a story
Who stole the romance
Who struggled with the arts
Is it the steadfast cognition
A flower play
Or the motion of countless men

-The Line-

XVIII

Timeless tests stand before us now
We dig holes in dustless alleys
We fill them with souls
We impeach democracy
    We voted
        We united
            Now we untie the knot

What progress is found in democracy's untidy order
It teaches to be silent in our ways
It imagines secrets are held without thoughtful understanding
Democracy reminds us that freedom is not a secret
For secrets have identity

Who does democracy claim
    The workers, hustlers, white collar shoppers

Who does democracy find subtle in their ways
    FBI
    KGB
    CIA
Wow please do not stray

-Blinding Brightness-

XIX

It angers to fall prey to the vices of avarice
Artistic aptitude is found not with plenty
Art is not defined by the large
Art is not an identity to wear like a tie
Art is not a gift to be used

Art is identity
Art is democracy
Art is a process separating man from beast
Art is defined through our life's journey
For the journey of life is not a mere canvas
It is more

The journey begins with birth
Ending at the unknown for some

The canvas is vast and pertains not to an individual's creation

The cities and states mold where we go
Cities and states trust our counterparts
Cities and states create law
Law for its farmers, lawyers, politicians,
And all those who participate

Law is trust
Law is what futures are made from
Law listens while the artist speaks

-Earth-

What does the artist say
What does the artist feel
What does the artist acquire in deep
murky waters
Nothing less of a journey without reaction or anticipation
Everything pertaining to nothing of this world

For the strength of an artist flows from the creation of a
Moment's journey

-Fluff-

XX

Creativity is not indulgence in idle process
It takes energy flowing
A sense of emotional patience
Almost trembling with value of the highest order
It takes the steadfast years to contribute to his being Earthly
It takes the alienated one journey to
Conspire with his own
It takes the loved generations for personal erosion
Less conspiracy gets there first

How does the creator maintain form
How does the art progress
Which form holds truth
What context conveys the irony
Where does the senseless find betrayal

Only words of conspicuous formation fall
Only sounds of preparation continue the tone
Only for creation to live must the creator dive into the depths of
The bare
Isolated
Indissoluble
Destitute
Depths

-Arms in Front-

Of personal experience

Identity not symbolism
Reality not justification
Fortitude not freedom

Can the artist express the intangible
It is a difficult truth

The Bill of Rights
Constitution
Vote
Arms
Assembly
Expression
Art
Soul
Identity
Journey
Soul
Self

What is the bottom
A deep place withstanding anybody's waking hell

-Touching-

XXI

It is more than thoughtful containment of likeness of experience or
reaction
Solidarity maintains faith without justification
More than a positive acknowledgment of belonging

We share we bleed we cry we experience life
We live the dreams made from ourselves and others
We are human

Our existence defines us as much
Yet we feel unrelated to humans in the condition
We survive alone walking beside one of our own

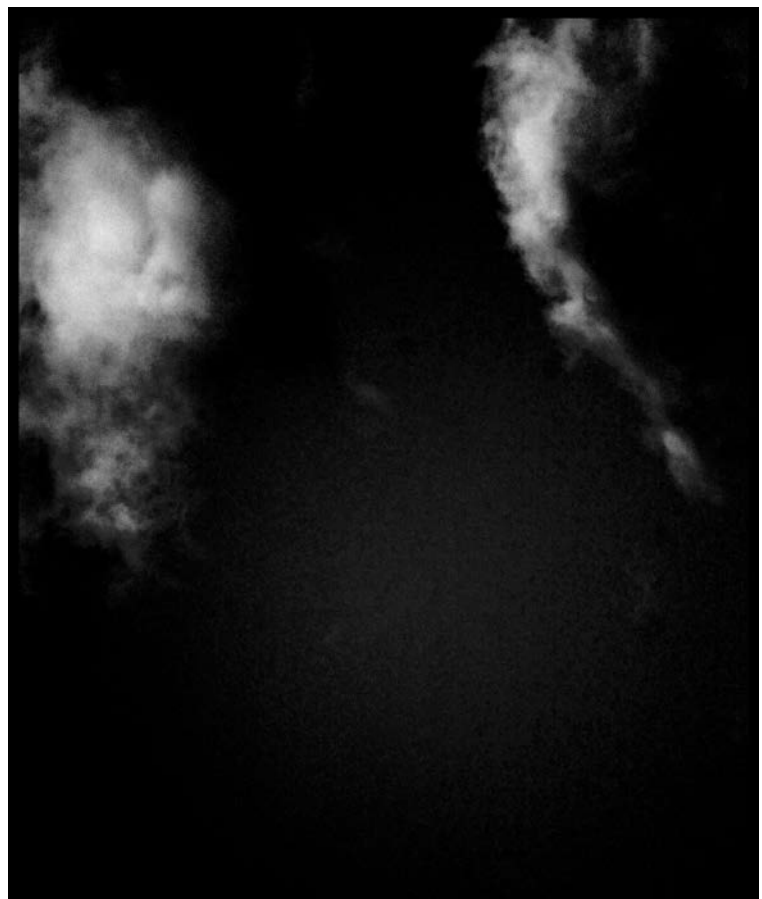
Solidarity, it cannot be described or categorized
Solidarity is everything it is
While maintaining everything it is not and more

Solidarity is not a human condition
It has no boundaries
It has no fear
It smells not the flower of the deer
It resembles a facet of experience while mirroring it unholy
It strives to keep in line without force but,
It uses it wisely

-Isolation-

Solidarity is likeness of the deepest realm
Further reaching than emotional equity

Solidarity is made of that which keeps the messenger less
Faith alive
It is knowing no boundaries



-Full Isolation-

XXII

Clarity what is it worth understanding a perception
Remembering a depletion of romance of life

Less romance of discovery
Greater the urge to be something
But what

What would you choose if the haze lifts from within

What stars would you reach to define
if creation is part of history
if new sensation is contemplatory
if tomorrow, perception's consistency reigns

Would it be painful
Can it be harmful
Sustain life
Breathe again, let it breathe

But wait, do not be rash for this is your life
You have the ability to choose
You have the ability to make it clear
For enjoy your hazy world

-The Hole-

Use it to produce a new life for those around you
Drifting
Leaping
Contemplating
Waiting for tomorrow to
Come on with a new
Shade of shine

Wait for the urge to beware
Wait for it to become a necessity
Wait for it to sustain your life, not to define it

Choose, choose wisely for the choices of your world will

Define

More than a few

-Strong Body-

XXIII

O the life of an artist is pure
There is only longing for personal age
The work will follow

For what kind of life is spent in front of a screen
What kind of life treasures numbers
What kind of life uses statistics to prepare for the final frontier
What is the final frontier

Do we create our being
Do we define numbers as players of nature

Who calls for the definition
Who calls for the absolute
Who calls your desire to exist
Is it the artist or the playmaker

-Creeping Up-

XXIV

I wanted to go back in time
To the point of life where
I was not a criminal

To smell the desire
To wander the stars
Peruse the shelves
To play with toys
Where play does not require work
Where work does not play
I recall the tone of darkness
The burning desire to succeed
Who calls forth the gate
Should I walk run or scream to the line of the
Beginning

-Spread Wide-

XXV

Why is it such a struggle to live without understanding
Where I fit in
Economics is not reason enough

Why is it such a chore to find production in my life
Idle creation for creation's sake
Remains idle in both form and discipline alike

I enjoy my vices
Nicotine
Alcohol
Procrastination
The love of my hobbies
The love of wondering

Do all men fill themselves with wanderlust
Yet filling their urges they do not trust

I listen to my words
Dull
Ordinary
Forgiving
All too human in their intent

-The Body-

Defining who we are is easier than noting
What we want to become
Without sacrificing past or present
Struggle to keep the peace

-Bright Spread-

XXVI

I struggle to be creative
Words
Color
Forms
Ideas
I struggle to keep them original
I ramble on the future will be my savior
I ramble on the future will tell my story
I abide by the rules through participation
Yet I feel part of no group

Does your face ride you to the sky
Where answers and being are justified

Does your crash bring you to the human being
Rash
Full of hatred for those who wish not to understand their
Condition

They crowd the streets with little remorse
They stroll through the parks, tossing their cans
They call forth their lives
Bounded by irony

-Eating the Students-

XXVII

Staring down the barrel I struggle to keep it alive
The forces of man's comprehension change daily
Staring down the barrel I only survive
The forces of man's comprehension devise plans
Kids chill to the bone
They shoot a check and balance
They wrong the good
They struggle with the force
They shoot for a shine
To revise
Seemingly without a demise

-Backside-

AFTER

The world is fragile. I am thankful for the balance. I am grateful for the opportunity to experience connection.

The world cannot fuel my entire battle. I learn to be specific; it makes thoughtful existence manageable.

Strength develops, vanishing the fear of myself.

I intentionally find effort to have my thoughts, speech, and behaviors act consistently and in accordance with my worldviews. I begin to have faith in my fundamental beliefs.

I let go of the dreams that I do not want to own.

The Song

Azure, said the heavenly bodies.
Tranquility, said the four corners.
Harmony, repeated the silence.
So be it, said I.

Seek in all directions, said the sparkle of morning's dew.
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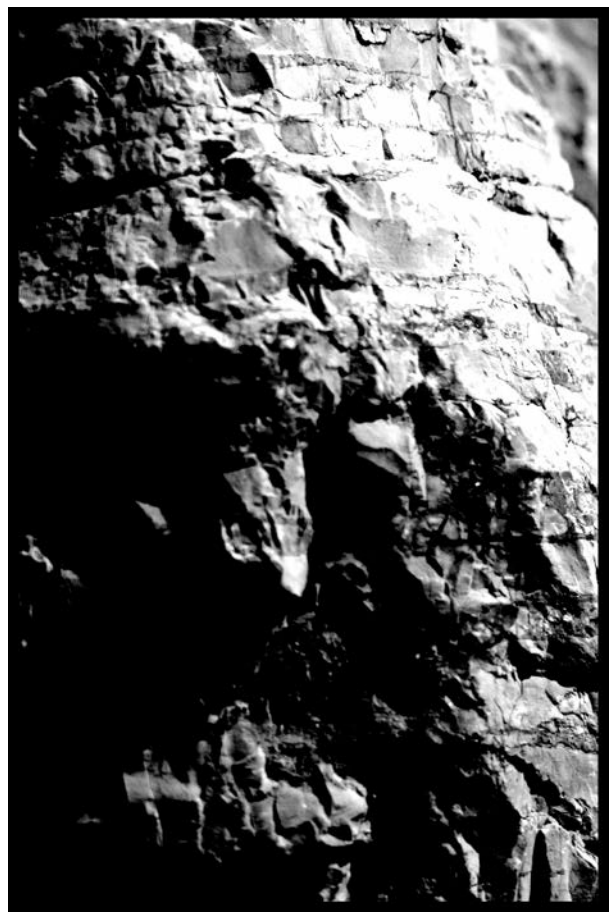


-Solid Armor-

Youthful Calm

We seek knowledge from the children
Refined with a shine.
We use their ideas without true credit's recognition.
We provide them with their fears,
Yet we understand them not.
We sing them songs only to be belittled by our wisdom.

I know when I was young
    I saw the world
        pure
            free
                clean
                    warming

To the touch of confirmation's soul.
We glide to the end;
We walk to the house,
    a picket fence,
        trembling at our age
            without the youth of a child's wisdom.
Who told me to run?

-Connected Levels-

The Woods

Forgive me if I speak a slight tenderness of emotion,
A slightness of passion,
A slightness of wealth,
A slightness of humanity.

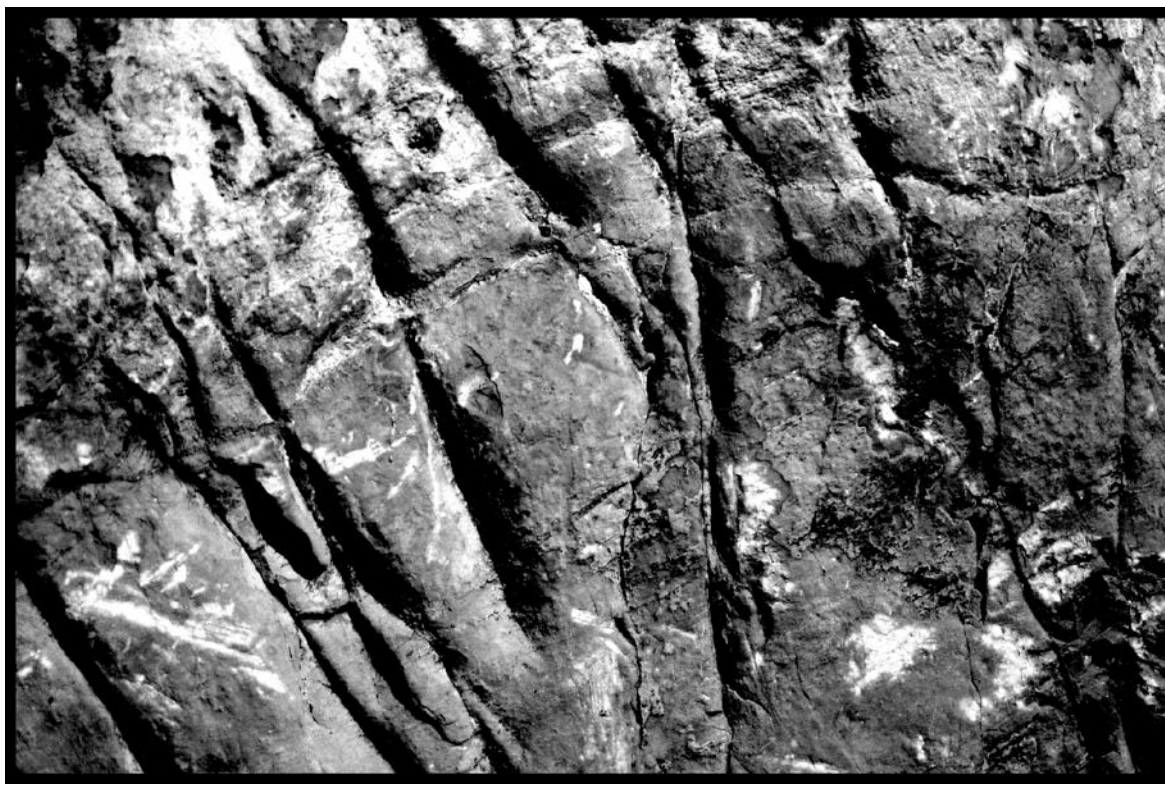
The woods brings out personas in us,
A difference of mind,
A difference of time,
A difference of who we as travelers can and must
Become.

We sometimes choose the high road yet we fall below.
We push ourselves during the quest knowing
Tomorrow there will be one step more, and why?

Why do we choose to put our houses on back,
Our lives on hold,
Our materials away,
Our jobs at rest?

For now our job is to survive,
To beat our own test.

I recall when I demanded;



-Texture-

I once knew the passion,
Hold tight for it can slip.

I dreamed of timeless walks under starry nights, shadowy days,

Trotting with trees and animals in our own parade.

I recall the aches and pains,
They are not just physical.

I recall the dream of walking to live without ever
Running after

One

More

Time.

-Shattered-

Trickle Away

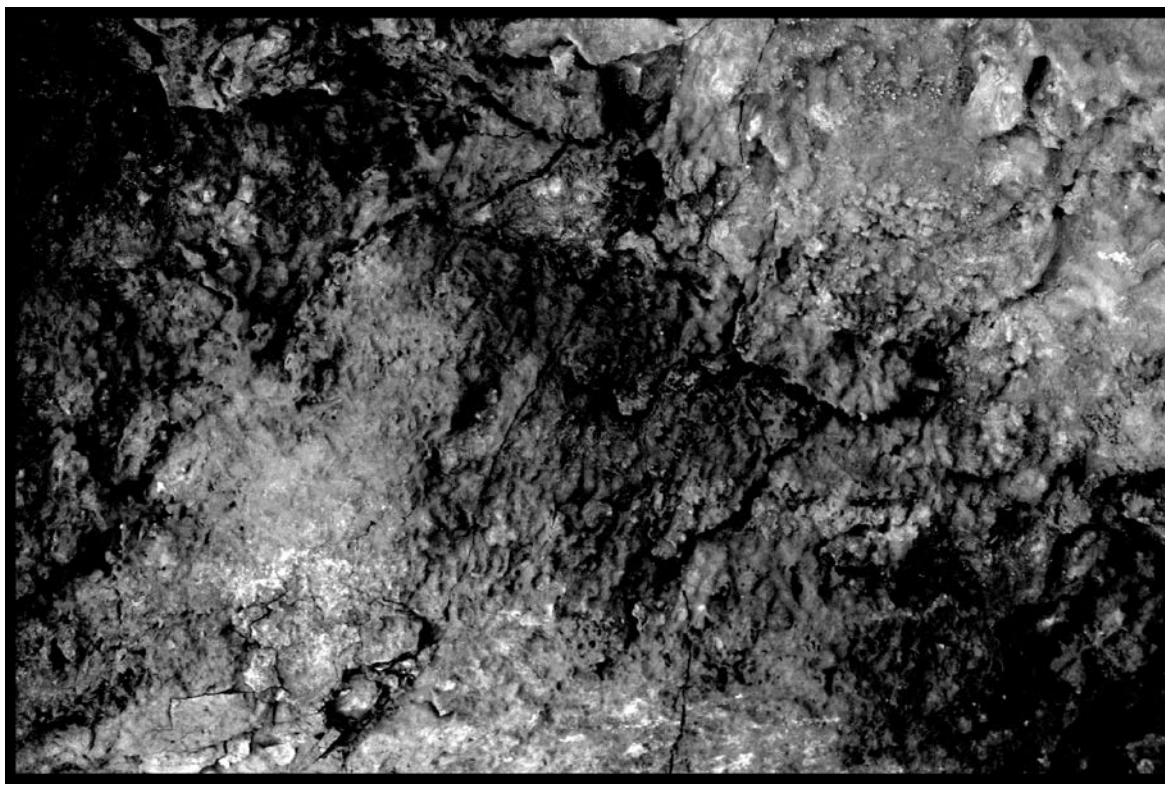
It trickles away,
Then back again.
What happened to consistency?

It trickles away,
Then back again.
What happened to ordinary?

I rush through this time,
Scared of a decision,
Afraid of logic,
Easily of the wrong kind.

Tossing about back and forth,
Careful not to lean,
Careful not to tread on depth,
Careful not to fall,
To have to capture my breath.

Then I breathe and it trickles right back.



-Disturbance in the Pond-

The Shadow

In the early morning appears the shadow.
It peaks through the window tight against the wall.
I turn sideways, it pushes me closer to the mirror.
I see the edge of blackness tossing by my side,
Embrace it
Disgrace it
Entrance it
Disguise it.

Suddenly I cannot handle my friend,
Quickly I turn on the light.

Suddenly I fear solitude; I step in front of the mirror,
Too personal.

Stay by the orange glare, dusk and dawn.
Stay by my shadow because knowing I've already begun.

-Subtle Breeze-