



BECAUSE I AM HUMAN

20 POEMS

By Darby Bognot

UNO

The downside of a
Crazy brain is an
outpour of crazy words
forming a work of art.

DOS

Music covers my body with fat.

It feels right

It feels comforting like a Vegetable Meat Burrito,

French fries and cheese dip.

I hope one day, we can just taste music

And be the only addiction of humanity.

TRES

(Joana Grace)

I have never seen a heart so pure;

A different kind of pure;

Purer than what I thought I have.

So pure that it is willing to

understand the mysteries of the cosmos.

Unadulterated. Forgiving. Patient.

She understood love.

She speaks it.

I have no reason not to listen.

QUATRO

Born and raised a Christian;

I left it age twenty one;

Learned great philosophies from the Buddhists;

Balance from Taoists;

Pure love from Atheists;

Wisdom from Agnostics;

Hare Krishnas' Humility;

Hindus' Creativity;

Muslims' Solemnity;

Back to Christianity, age twenty four;

World religions made me

appreciate it more.

CINCO

Because today is SUNDAY,

I need to rest

for I have consumed every hormone

every neuron,

every sweat,

every bodily juice

for art,

for music,

and for a fight to live creatively as possible.

Happily tired...

That's what I am.

The need to create is what I have.

SEIS

One day you are on your shoes

exploring mosques,

eating crickets,

traveling exotic places.

The next day, barefoot,

Creating stuff,

basking your ass trying to do some art.

This is what I love about seasons,

Accepting now, and just bloom

right where you are planted.

SIYETE

Being drunk is mystical.

It's just you being you.

It's not giving a damn.

It's confidence to its purest form.

It is art.

It is bliss.

It is music, the best kind.

And the best proof that being drunk
is heaven is you get to write drunk
poems such as this.

OCHO

The "cosmos guy"

that's who I am now.

Drunk or not, I just can't

stop thinking and talking

About its vastness

its greatness.

This, my friend, is the Universe

Giving me a special mission—a ministry.

The "cosmos guy"

That's who I am now.

NUEVE

"Darby, you want to eat?"

my 81 year old grandpa asked

offering me some smelly blue cheese

and crunchy soda crackers.

I smiled.

Saw the beauty of life.

He is 81.

He knows my name.

He knows classy food.

DIEZ

Sitting on a couch;
breathing and feeling the cold mountain air
as the yellow lighted chandelier gives
life to the wooden cabin.

Blank sheets of paper;

A fountain pen.

Independent music as a background.

The classiest form of life is actually
the simplest form of life.

ONSE

I am neither sad nor happy.

I feel nothing.

My heart pushes me to celebrate.

My mind tells me that I have to
worry about something.

It feels weird tonight;

like a bitter sweet coffee.

DOSE

Insecurities are like
Cactus thorns stuck on your skin.
It is also a human cycle that
needs to go down the drain.
One is insecure with two;
Two is insecure with three;
Three is insecure with one.
Yes someone will always be
Bigger than yourself.
Just don't give a shit.

TRESE

Dreams should be ambitious.

It should feel like the

Empire State Building

When you are stuck in your

Termite infested abode.

Whatever!

KATORSE

In your own little world,

YOU WILL BE.

If not, there's always a parallel world.

Yes, it exists.

They exist.

I am dreaming of them every night.

Nothing is put in vain.

The cosmos is on our side.

Always.

KINSE

I woke up earlier with a heavy heart
from an undoubtedly happy night.

Sad for no reason at all.

From extremely empty
to extremely cluttered mind.

Looking far away at nothing,
While nothing looks at me as if I'm nuts.

Maybe I am becoming a psycho.

No.

I think I know what I am becoming.

I am becoming a human.

A real human..

A human that feels,
and a human that accepts sadness as a
reality.

Dieciseis

The day before the big day,

The point before your

"make it or break it"

the step before your dreams,

is an unexplainable vacuum.

It is a city where

Anti-emotions thrive.

It is another mystery of human nature..

Very real

and very true.

AND I HATE IT.

DIECISIYETE

Waking up early is my new religion.

Earth's energy is awake;

The heaven is open and

the outpour of creativity is real.

Coffee, anyone?

DIECIOCHO

(Mothers' Day)

That awkward moment when
half of your friends are
now mothers while you
are still wondering how
Lightsabers work and waiting
for the next Harry Potter spinoff movie.
Happy Mothers' Day

DIECINUEVE

The best kind of
White lies
are the ones
that you need to
fight for your dreams.

VEINTE

Love Poem for my Mom:

My frustrations in life are
Just bits and pieces of your
Life.

You cook good food;
You traveled on a Volkswagen Van;
You entered a legit Playboy bar;
Your twin sister is a microphone;
The stage is your home;
And even though you have gained
A huge amount of fat
For raising a self diagnosed
Bipolar with occasional ADHD,
You still loved me unconditionally.
I love you for that.