

WARNING: This poem contains potentially disturbing acknowledgements of themes about war and death. Please do whatever is needed to feel comfortable reading this poem (including not reading it). Thank you.

Collage of the Free (a "Matured Version" of Fragments of the Mind)

Collage:
The freedom
To express yourself

Bits
Pieces
Put together

Together
Fragments
From the mind

My mind

Always free...

Time to start making it :)

First part
Of the collage:
Warmup

Ocean
Violent
Peaceful

Contained
In a giant
Bowl

Stare at
What life
Feeds me

Different
Shades of
Blue

I paint

On my canvas
As a background

Second part
Of the collage:
Peace

Ash
Tears
Blood

Spilled
Numerously
On the ground

Underground
A place
To shelter for the night

Bodies
Peacefully quiet and asleep
Awake in a nightmare

Bodies
Dead
Or is dead=asleep?

No need
For an expanded
Vocabulary

Or is there?

Peace=quiet
Peace=sleep
Death=sleep

Death=peace
But it happens more
In wars

Fragments
Of my mind

Thinking

About words
That make people
See red warning signs

Lost, drifting in
The deeper part
Of the ocean

Driftwood pieces
Stained with blood
Glued

Glued on to my canvas
As a war back in reality rages on
Wait, was I not in reality from the start? What start?

Third (and final) part of the collage: knowing

I know very few things. They tell me I should know more. I agree, as much as readers want me to disagree. It keeps things controversial, which is modern. People like modern.

I take a fragment of my mind that looks like an antique boat house, glue it to my canvas. Abstract concepts battling their roommates' opposing opinions, but the ocean's sound drowns out their shrill shrieks. As they come to their senses, the ocean quiets; the waves rock the boat less. Everyone surrenders. Wars get old.

No matter how much I know about the world, whether it is the colors of life, the symbols of it, I could never write a textbook about it. Only make a collage. I know only what *my* world allows me to. In my kiddie boat I sailed across the shallows as a warmup. My mature self must conquer deeper depths and unwavering waves. I must find peace among the violent, war-like tides.

I know I must. Or do I?

I lose fragments of my mind on these voyages. They come at a price. The fragments drown where everything drowns. I don't even know which part of the ocean that is. The confusion of life. I drink it like a poisonous potion, and it weakens the strength I need to sail across the ocean.

My mind is never free