

Mind Straws Volume 2

Pavan Cheruku

Syncopation of Being

You go and then me
We'll count to three
Here, just watch me

A tornado swept me away many years ago
It was while I was watching Star Trek
Which to be honest, I have never seen

The wind showed me memories of the future
From the perspective of the one who experiences it all
I can't find him for you
He's always somewhere else
Behind your eyes

But suddenly, I was back
The debris restored me
And actually, nothing ever happens
It is a shame that you haven't spoken to a frog
They would tell you precisely the same thing

The little man is good
The big man is good
Good is the one who knows this too.

Strangers Aren't Strange

Spread out
Go far
But never forget to listen close

Give in
Tap out
But never forget
Only a fool thinks inaction is different than action

With a horse draped over his shoulders

The young boy ascends the mountain
With each step he's younger
Though his hair grows thinner and whiter

At the top of the mountain
The old man finally lets the horse go
And it dissolves into the blue of the sky

But that's not what he thought about as he lay there dying

Indeed
Only one sound visited him at that moment

The sound that is before words
The sound that is words
The sound that continues after words
The one sound that need not be heard

He heard it then.

Give it Another Go

The dog
Leaves with its tail between its legs
After realizing that the treat it was offered
Never existed in the first place

How can you think that the morning is when the day begins?
This never began
It certainly will never end

But still
Your teeth get brushed
And your coffee gets drunk
And my throat dries up after hours of calling after you

This time when I wake up
I won't hesitate
I will run without chasing
I will run without chasing

So although I have nothing to offer
I embrace the dog

And remember to forgive.

Someone

What is absolutely true?

Absolutely good

Absolutely happy

I scream at the mailman at the top of my lungs

He delivers me all of my failures

Packaged up in neat envelopes

All of this is clearly his fault

I was wearing my bathrobe at the time

It is tattered

And moldy

But it covers my body better than you did

Running from room to room

The bathrobe begins to slip off

And when I look down at myself

Exposed

I realize that I don't have limbs

That's when the mailman appeared at the door

He was snickering to himself

Watching goldfish swim in the gulf of Oman

I couldn't resist that golden opportunity

So when I slide down the rainbow

You will know why

The upside down smile of the ultimate

Will not know my name.

Incorrect Answer

A chariot ride to statistical paradise

Once a day will do

Succumbing to death by avalanche

Twice a day will do

Being lifted out of your body and into an opaque celestial object

Thrice a day will do

Staring straight into yourself
From out of yourself
Back through yourself

Witnessing the birth of out-side and in-side
Adoring that primitive womb

A day without it is night
Yet it is subtle as daylight

Trust is Not Such an Easy Thing

I rode a pigeon to work today
And we both had the same wish
To be something else

When I touch my face
I know my mother

When I hear my thoughts
I know my sister

When I listen to my heart
I know my father

There's nothing more divine than sitting on the floor
And telling the truth
I'm really sorry for everything I've done to you
I'm really sorry for everything I've done to myself

We don't need to fly away
The pigeon and I concluded
We need to go all in
And in that decision
We are eternally one in the same.

Turn Yourself In

I'm sorry for lying
For wanting a different ending

For dreaming of dreams within dreams within dreams

I'm sorry for turning away
For tuning out
For speaking in a hurry
My voice was looking for itself in silence

How is it the tree's fault for decaying?
When my eyes give its roots birth

You don't have to look any other way
You don't have to think any other thing
I'm sorry for everything
I'm sorry for everything
I'm sorry for everything.

I am the Light

I've made a few wrong turns
That's all

There is a Light

The trees don't care about me anymore
One glance and they're gone
Do you know how that feels?

I see the Light

I take out a deck of cards
Paper and pen
Confusion keeps you busy
I'll take an extra serving

Turning towards the Light

If seeing is believing
Then show me what you see
Or keep quiet

There is only Light

With nowhere to go

I finally settle in
After all of that arguing
It turns out you were right all along

I am the Light.
