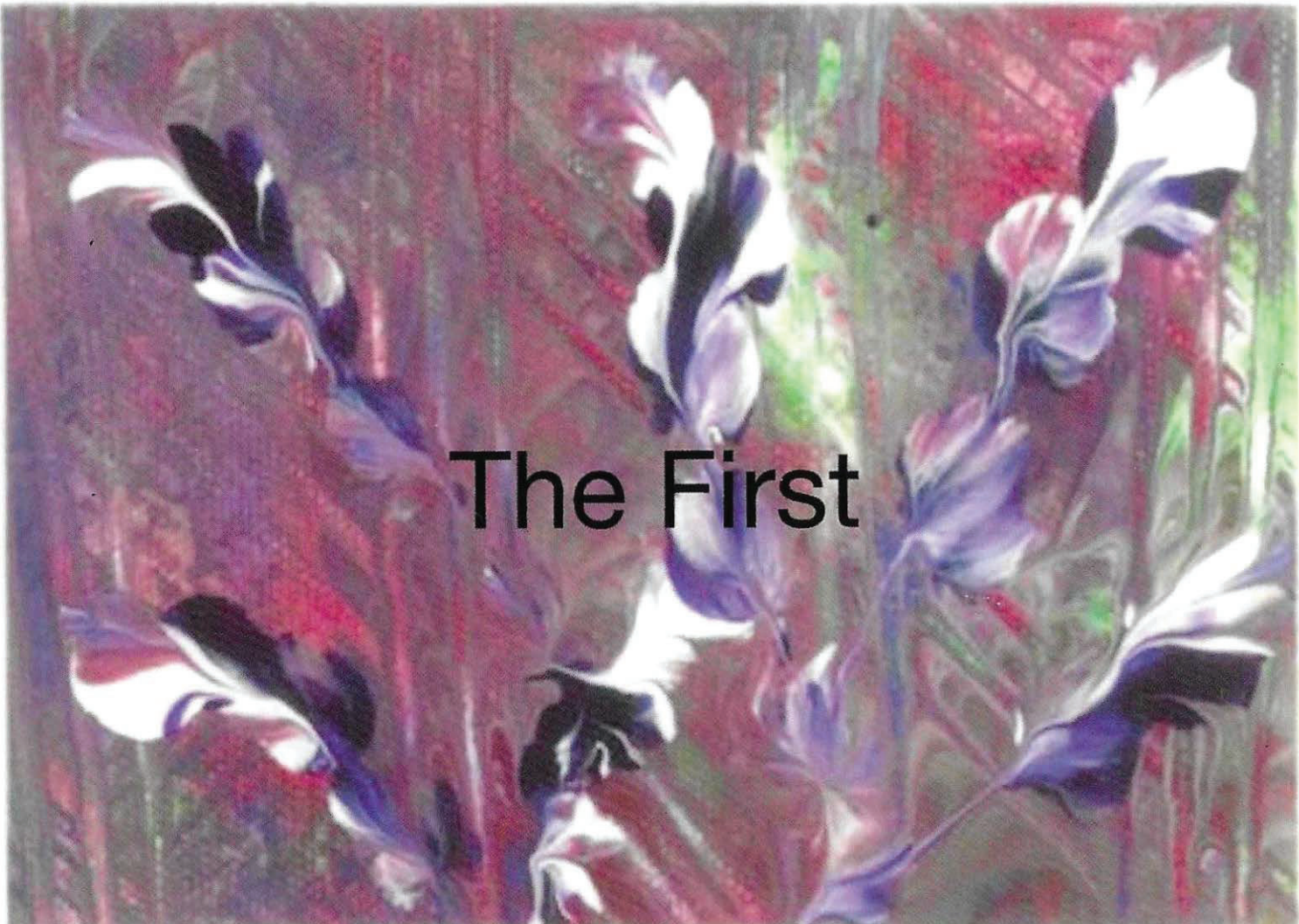
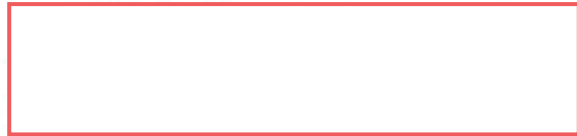


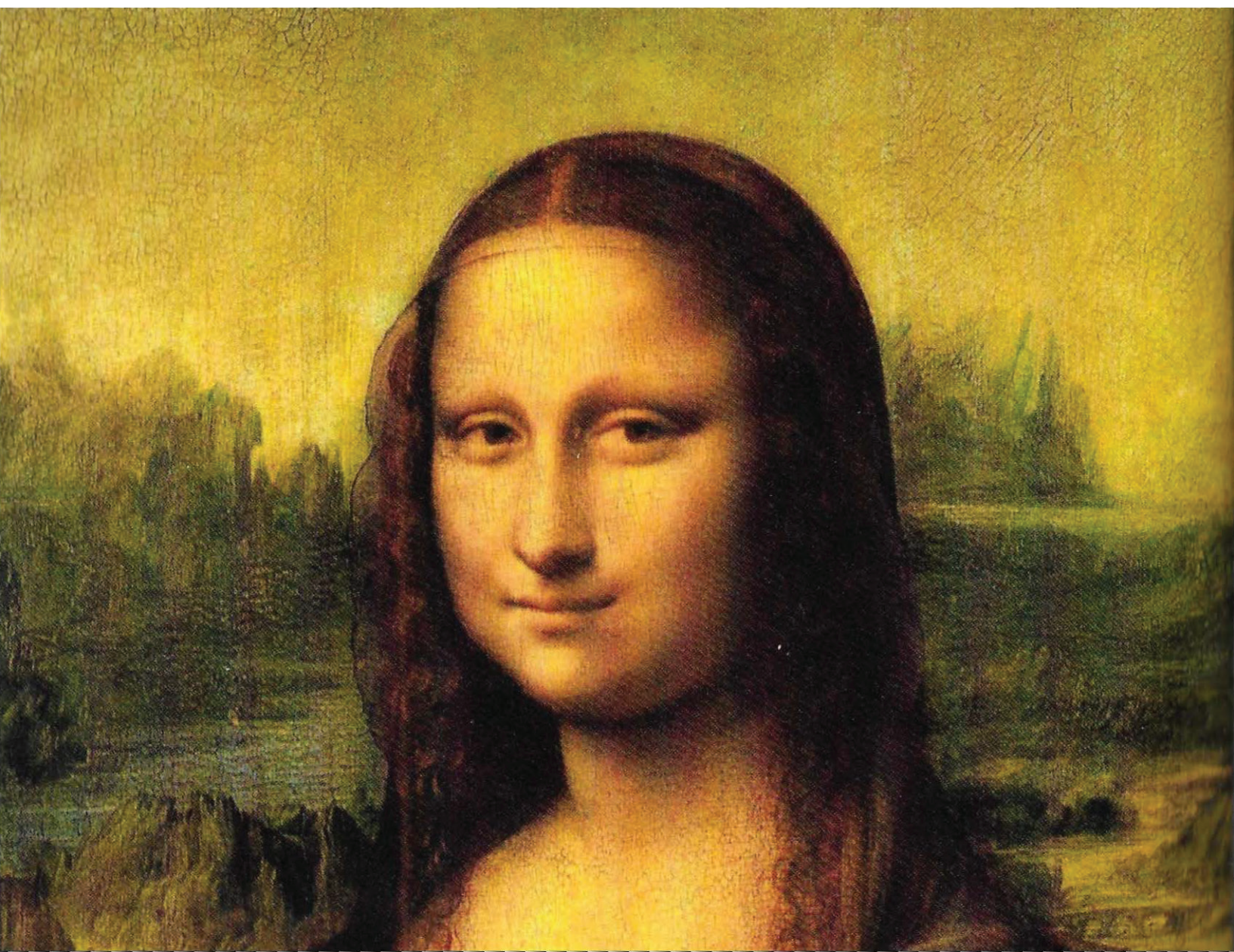


The First

J. Sanford

To my past self.





In Frame

I'm in bars, I'm made with oil and colors,
and a wooden frame as my cell.

I'm attached to nails on a wall in a hall.
These nails help me not to bail.

They all start walking at a slow pace
for only to see my face.
They awe me for my smile.

They know not of my origins,
but if I wasn't in fame with frames,
I could say more other than smile.

People wish to look like me,
and that smile of mine.
Some wish to look, Lisa.

I'm in bars by a wooden frame in fame.
On a wall in a hall,
with a smile on my face.



I Started with a Flower

I never gave a physical or something to anybody.
Therefore, I never gave a gift to anybody.
I would give the simplest gift like a flower from the ground.
I would never see it the next day.
I would never see it again until I gave more and more to someone.
I stopped giving flowers. I never had a gift to give anyone.

One day my mom told me, "you already gave me a gift".
"I never gave a gift to anyone," I told her.
Then she said, "your life". My life was a gift to her.

But then I wondered what if I wasn't here.
I stopped liking my birthday.
I got sad when someone's birthday passed or holiday.
Even people I didn't know.
I knew I would never give a gift to anybody.
But when I was with my family I was happy.

Anybody's life was a gift to someone, even mine.
I would find the simplest gift to give.
I started giving flowers.



Doll

Doll, what is it like to be like you?
Doll, how does it feel not to eat?
Doll, how does it feel to be moved by someone else?

You are something that is eternal
to be played and not played.
You look like us,
but you only have one face.

Being ripped by pieces
or rotting into dust, and can be possessed
and haunting.

Doll, how does it feel to have nothing in you?
Doll, how does it feel to be hollow?
Doll, wants to be like us.

Doll



This Little Place

Where can I find this happy little place,
where everyone is in oasis?

Where can I find this happy little place,
where everyone is already in paradise?

Where can I find this special little place,
where they're already in the clouds?

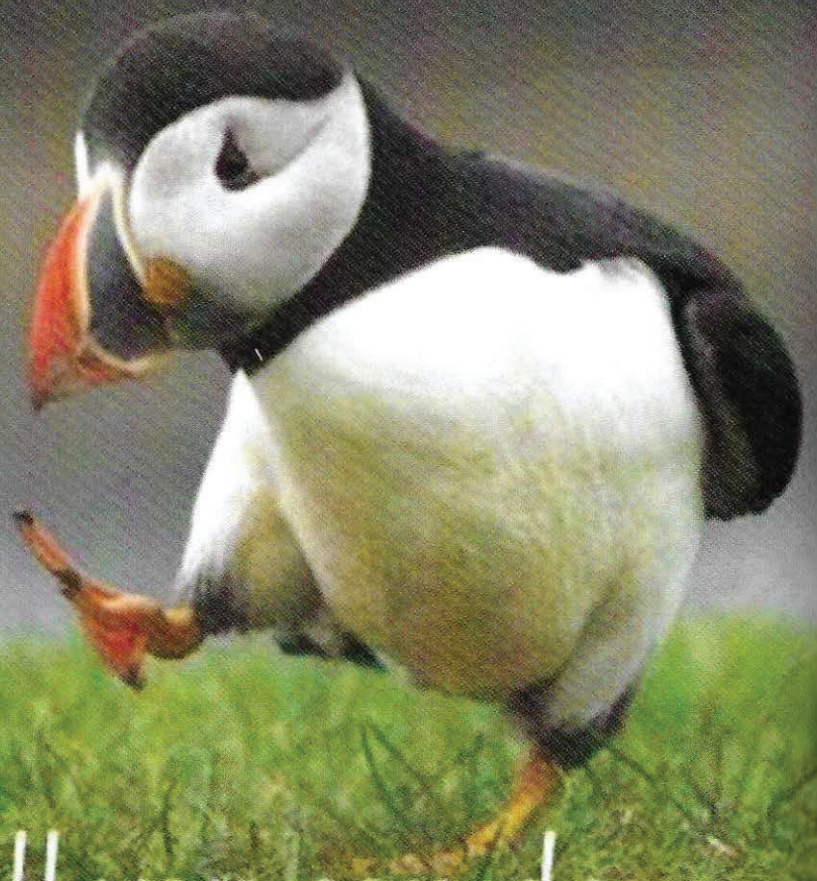
When will time tell me where this special little place is,
where they already found the light?

How can I tell the others where this happy little place is,
when I can't find it on my own?

When can I tell them where this special place is,
when it takes me years to find it?

Where, when, and how can we find this little place of hope?

Just take one step at a time...



That's really all you can do...

Satisfied

How can I be satisfied?

I don't like the way how the dirt can touch my spine.

I also don't like the way how I can breathe this fine.

How can I take this away from me?

How can I feel satisfied?

I don't like the way how that smells so nice.

I also don't like the way how I can see this sight.

How can I take this away from me?

I now know how I can be satisfied.

If I can just take one leap, it would be fine.

This is how to be satisfied.

If only you could see my face as I saw yours
flash through my face.

Why can't I be just satisfied?

As it went away, I finally took one leap.

A leap to your arms

Now I finally feel satisfied.



The Tears of My Cry

The tears that I cry have sense, smell, taste, hear, touch, and see.
Feelings deep within that have a soul. Those are the tears of my cry.

The tears that I cry smell like air that would be evaporated by water as like tears.
That's how I smell the tears of my cry.

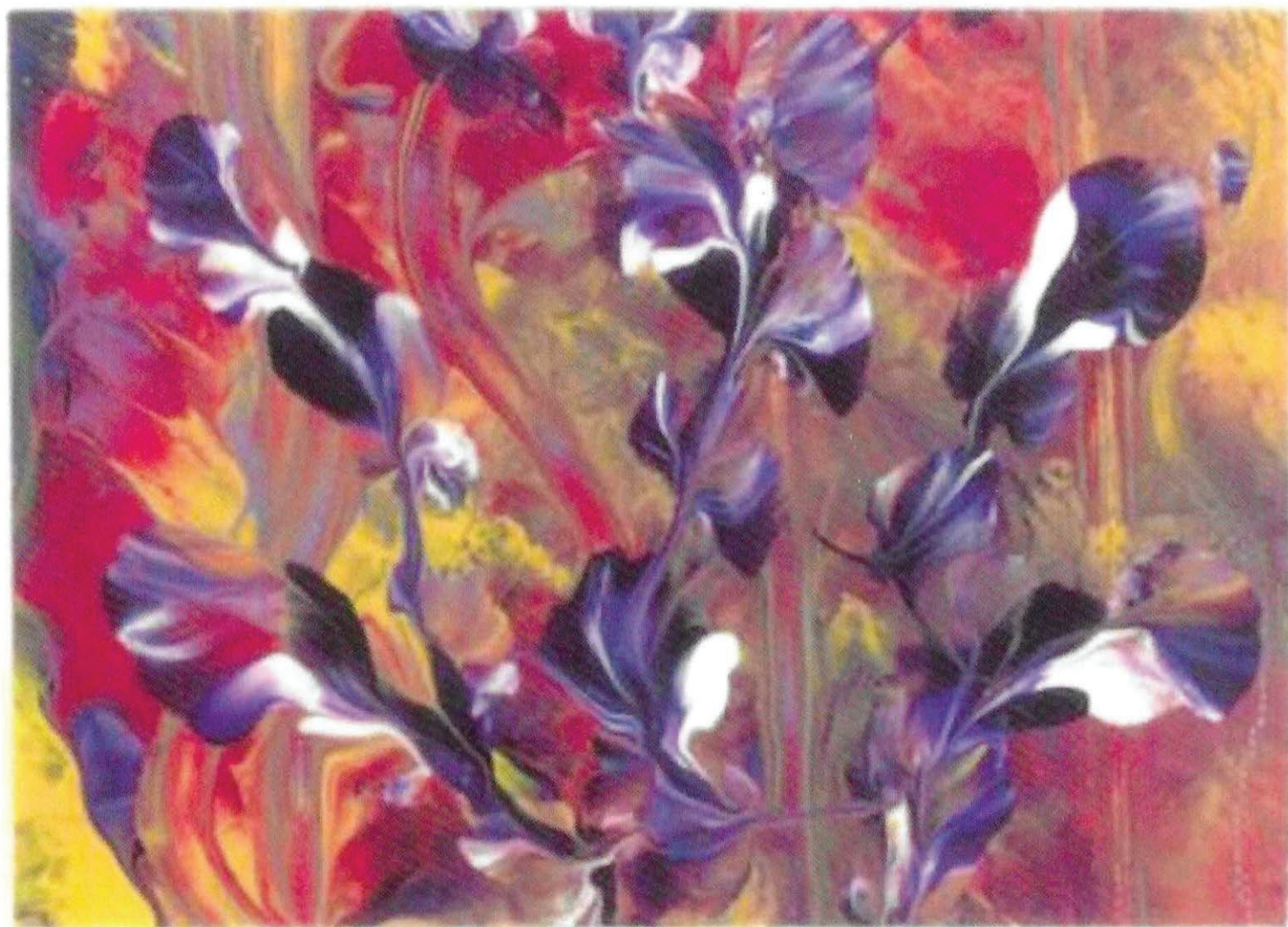
The tears that I cry taste like water that has nothing in them.
With no sense. That's how I taste the tears of my cry.

The tears that I cry sound like deaf that has no meaning out.
Like to have a voice as a soul. That's how I hear the tears of my cry.

The tears that I cry feel like my skin that can be hurt but wants to feel other than pain.
That's how I touch the tears of my cry.

The tears that I cry see like stars in the sky. Every single tear that feels on the earth.
That's how I see the tears of my cry.

The tears that I cry have sense, smell, taste, hear, touch, and see.
Feelings deep within that have no soul.
Those are the tears of my cry.



J. Sanford