

MACHINE THOUGHTS

xane ly

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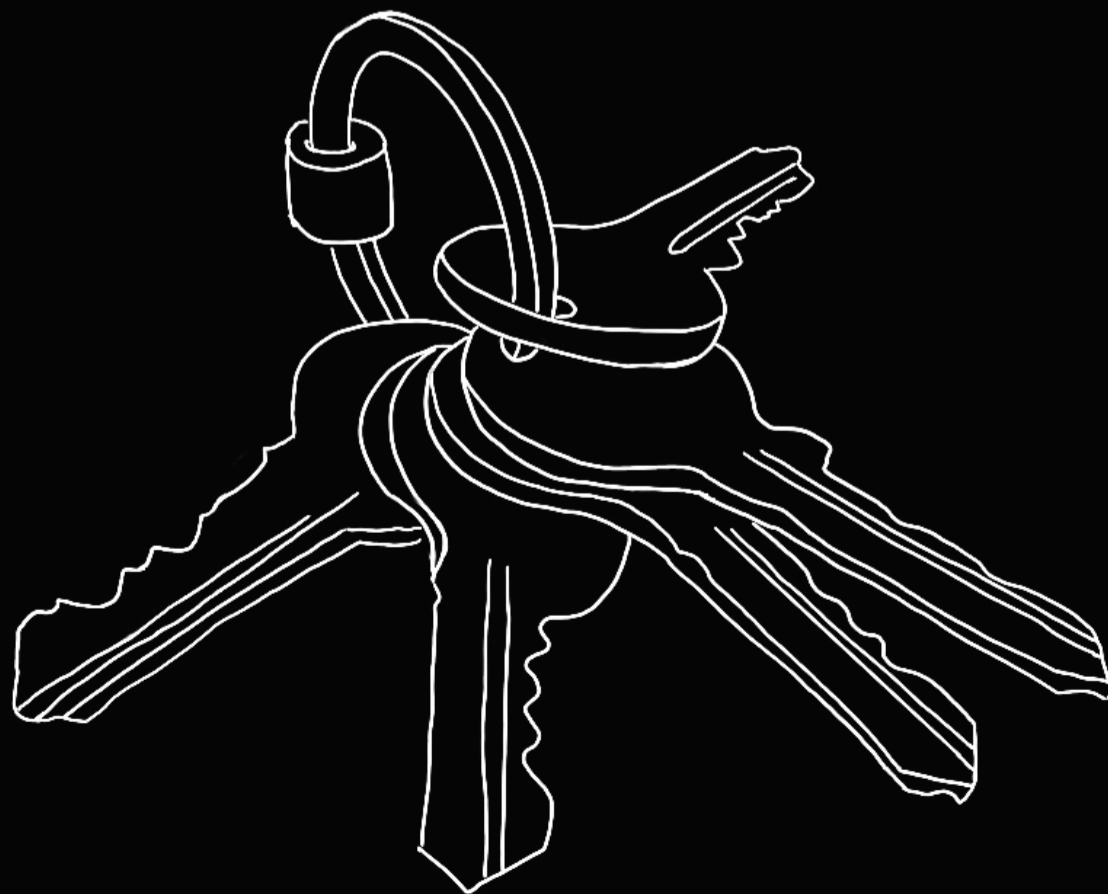
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I'm defeated
Any confidence left in me, seized
Being constantly shut down,
Talked over,
Bound and restricted
I'm stuck in this mess they've made
Everything I crave for
The love, the attention, the nurture,
The warmth
I crave it.
I need it.

Instead I sit behind locked doors
With the keys in their possession
I cry silently,
Defeated

Remaining a part of their discussion
As they continue to haunt me,
The demons come and strangle me

xane ly
03 · 18 · 2018



imposter syndrome is prominent in today's
generation due to the mass influx of baby boomers

parents of the aforementioned no longer nurture
because the American Dream industry takes their
attention

giving us technology and advancement to divert our
attention from their lack of attention

so where are our role models?

the ones we see growing up on tv
the ones that sing away our loneliness
the ones that appear in games, books, music

imposter syndrome begins

xane ly
09 · 06 · 2018

TICKING

Another day
The war ended in a stalemate
4am, the bombs kept going off
Ticking
And ticking

...

The bomb has been retired for another day,
Another time
No pliers, no weapons
We fought in the dark
We fought bare
Lack of care, we decided to spare
each other's lives
The suffering and the torment we put each other through
You and me, me and you--
My mind and I.
I live to see another day
The same prison, the loud words with blurred faces
Just another day

xane ly

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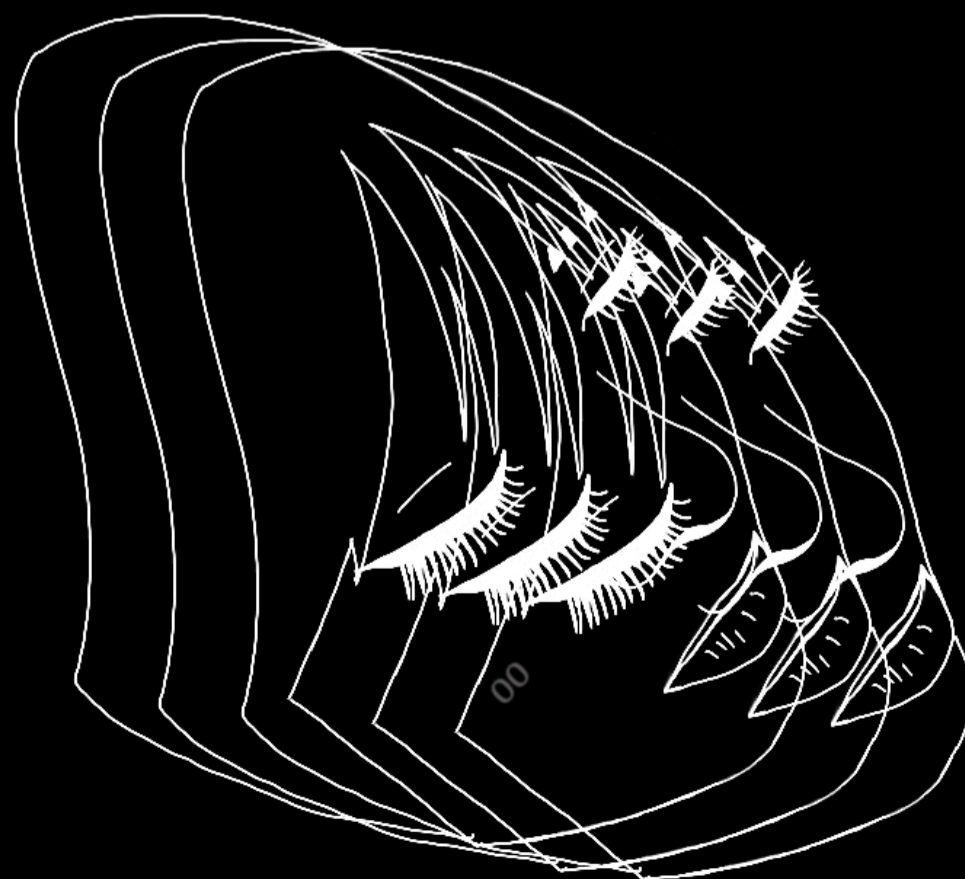


SOCIETY OF MONEY

Created by machine arms
Created by humans,
it creates lives.

With each life, there is the
working hard and the hardly working,
a piece of paper to determine
how far up and how far down one will go,
who will stay and who will go
in this society of money
where people are planted
and left to grow
all on their own.

xane ly
02 · 14 · 2018



SUFFERING IS A GIFT

Suffering is a gift
As a mask that covers all waves of feelings
They say count your blessings
As it gets harder and harder to breathe
And in due time, you'll see
How suffering is a gift

The shelters leave their lights on,
The bells sing their songs,
Blankets to keep you warm,
Friends are close, and not adjourned

There is bliss
In this
Suffering
In this
Life

xane ly
02 · 25 · 2020



to be continued |