

The background of the cover is a surreal, monochromatic blue-toned landscape. At the top, a large, detailed moon hangs in a starry sky. Below it, a bright sun sits on a horizon line, casting a glow over a vast expanse of white, fluffy clouds. In the foreground, dark, silhouetted mountain ranges rise above the cloud layer. The overall atmosphere is dreamlike and ethereal.

PAPER REFLECTIONS

An anthology of thoughts

JOSEPH LUX

PAPER REFLECTIONS

AN ANTHOLOGY OF THOUGHTS.

This book is an anthology; a collection of my works and with an explanation maybe.

A reflection of myself and my emotions; on paper.

Letters and poems to the other person,

Several sessions of therapy with the paper as my doctor.

Trying to keep my sanity and heal from my heartbreaks and disappointments.

My only form of therapy.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I want to acknowledge the mental efforts of my family, my elder brother, Francesco, who encouraged me to take writing seriously.

To my friends who encouraged and read when no one else did; Harry, Alfred and Aaron. I appreciate the love and encouragement.

And to my readers, you're the reason for all these, you are the fans that cheer me on. This work is incomplete, because I'll never stop writing and so there will be more to come.

Sit back and enjoy.

DEDICATION

I dedicate this to people like me; people who don't tell their problems to anyone other than their diary.

People who feel that the words of others can't explain what they feel, so they write their own.

To those who are heartbroken and don't know how to explain, I hope this helps.

FOREWORD

I want to personally welcome you to a journey through my psyche, it's a dark, lonely road, please take your lights along.

There is no great mind without a touch of madness, the greater the mind, the greater the madness. And so here is a written account of my own madness.

If you are by chance looking for the conventional poetry, with rhymes and the sing-song construct, I will dissuade you from going further.

My thoughts don't come in sonnets or duets, most of them are born when I'm in a mosquito net or with someone under my blanket.

So, don't, expect rhymes from me.

But if you want a combination of prose and poetry, an unconventional way of writing out my thoughts, an unusual type of wordplay.

Then you're in the right tunnel.

I promise you originality, ingenuity and a vivid explanation of the reasons behind my madness.

So, please proceed ahead with full speed, with your light though; it gets darker from here.

Regards,

Joseph Lux

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ART

I'm in a gallery filled with works of art from each decade
the best that each decade has to offer

The green lady from the 50s

Big electric chair from the 60s

The dinner party from the 70s

The rabbit from the 80s

And of course, *YOU from the 90s*

And you're by far the most beautiful, the most exquisite.

My favourite.

CAGED

We are never free, not until death
That's one fact that I have come to accept
For Man is but an Ape in this cage called Earth
And it is until our last breath that we are free of our debt.

Freedom is a paradox, a state of mind.
And knowing this truth is like finding a gold mine
I have come to accept this reality with time
And so, every day, I carefully toe the line.

Our lifespan is nothing more than our sentence
Makes you wonder if longevity has any essence
The more we learn, the less it makes sense
We live every day, with death keeping us in suspense

Our lives are nothing but a long pilgrimage
Every day we trot the earth like animals on a forage
And I recently stumbled upon a wisdom of age.
That freedom is just bondage in a much bigger cage.

CUPID 101

I'm sorry I don't understand what this is
I thought I had loved you and didn't miss
But apparently, I have failed again,
I let you down like water in the drain

They say humans are like a jigsaw
And emotions are like a seesaw
And we need to be fitted to make sense,
It's until we're complete that we can find our essence

But my puzzle is missing a few pieces,
That's why I don't know emotions; only instincts.
But if it's not too much, can you put me together,
My heart is sold to you and no other.

But I'll understand if I'm too much of a bother
I hope you can see a reason to try harder
And so, if you think it's cool,
I'd like to learn how to love; from you.

DESIRES

You walked in smiling, looking like magic
The air around you froze, it was all static
Looking like a spell that found manifestation
But there's a sorcerer chanting the incantations

Someone else is the reason for the smile I see
Happiness and sorrow mixed in a poignant sea
The joy of being here to enjoy the lovely view
The sadness of being doomed to endure a preview

It's a private show and he's the only one with tickets
He stands tall in your heart while we scurry like insects
I don't have the words to fully lay out my desire
Because the little spark has become a roaring fire

I'm not going to pretend to be a chivalrous hero
Because heroes mostly go home with zero
And I am aware that the odds are very slim
But is there any chance that I could be him?

GOLD DUST

I know we both promised to be together until the end
But maybe this is it, we've come to the very end
Our glass is empty, our sands are all but run,
This relationship is never making port, it has been sunk

We had our glorious moments; filled with fun
But let's be frank, those days are long gone
We are a staring down an alley, holding the short end of the rope.
At this point, it's obvious there is nothing left, not even hope

The world we live in is very cynical and even more vast,
I am not your first love, and I won't be your last
The most important of things is to find a love that's true
Someone who will stick with you until the end like glue.

I hope you know that all of this has been worthwhile
You deserve much better than to be told lies
And lastly, I do hope you'll get over me like it's nothing
Everyone is looking to be remembered; I hope to be forgotten.

HEARTBREAK CHRONICLES.

DAY 2: We spoke yesterday, I still remember the sound of your voice, I can't wait to hear it again.

DAY 12: I'm yet to get a call or text back from you, it's not even two weeks yet, a lot can still happen.

DAY 37: it's been a month and a week and I have to confess that I am starting to become weak.

DAY 64: its looking hopeless to hope but I believe, there's going to be light at the end of the tunnel, right?

It's just two months, good things take time, right?

DAY 89: I'm beginning to lose all hope, what has kept me through these last twelve weeks has been a miracle to me.

You're the person of my dreams but I have to confess that in my mind I'm beginning to conclude that, that is all you will ever be: a dream.

DAY 122: I wake up without you by my side, I see you, but only in my dreams

I kiss you but only in my thoughts, I hold you, but only in my mind

And that doesn't seem likely to change soon.

I will keep holding on and keep on hoping,

So that it won't be said that I didn't try to achieve my dreams.

DAY 222: I've come to the painful conclusion that you're never going to be mine

I will never go to bed or wake up with you by my side

You're the person of my dreams and that's all you'll ever be.

It was a dream; nothing more.

HOME

I'm in my apartment with the lights on and the music blaring
My favourite artist spitting lines and delivering melody.
But somehow, it's your voice, your grumpy whisper that is music to my soul

The lingering musk of your sweat suddenly rivals any perfume I know
And I have to admit, it brings nostalgia instead of nausea
The house that I have worked fervently, to tweak to my liking
Suddenly doesn't seem to be worth liking

Everything that brought joy now presents me with an abundance of loneliness
In these moments, I realize the one fact that I've always tried to ignore
Home isn't the room or the building; home is you.

LOST

Value the love which you have been shown

Do not hog true love like it's only your own
It should be appreciated because it's golden
what's taken for granted will eventually be taken

I treated love with the illusion that it could easily be found

Laboured under the illusion that it would generously abound
Day by Day, the foundations I've laid were shaken
What's taken for granted will someday be taken

Oblivious to the fact that love is a plant you nurture

Carelessness took over and became second nature
Sorrow laid in wait at the end of the path I was taking
What's taken for granted will surely be taken

We grew even more distant and I didn't care

I called it freedom, space, a breath of fresh air
But In love, apathy is a sign that the fire is waning
What's taken for granted will soon be taken

I saw them laughing heartily at someone else's joke

There was a huge lump in my throat, it made me choke
The realisation had my heart cold and sinking
What's taken for granted has finally been taken.

LYCORIS

Nothing haunts more than the things we remember
The warm, bright sunlight in the summer
The pumpkin littered nights in November
The laughs under the mistletoe in December

The things we enjoyed become the pain we endure
Never knew this would leave a sour taste,
I'm sure Memories boost our agony like a manure
While trees of sorrow, slowly mature

I hoped someone would pull me from this wreck
The agony is hooking me by the neck
Eating away at my sanity with every peck
And there is no medicine to keep it in check

I've paid many visits to the apothecary
To seek an elixir to heal me of this malady
But this is an ailment you can't cure in an infirmary
Because there's no remedy for memory.

MUTED

Muffled like a gun's nozzle
My tears silently drizzle
Hitting my knees without sound
Blurring my vision of the ground

Memories haunt like dead men
Throwing the mind into mayhem
And though I have experience
Some days. I bow to the credence

The pain has become my reality
The only entity that's found stability
Showing continuous consistency
Stacking daily like a currency

I'm an expert at masking my suffering
Facially calm but my mind is stirring
Mastered doing everything in silence
And my greatest mastery is sadness!

NO LOVE

Love should be without compulsion
It should spring forth from true emotions
Fluidly and smoothly, without tension
To be the only choice in a sea of options

But lately, I've been so unsure
It's certain that I don't have you like I did before
Our banners of love; once flying, are now on the floor
In this relation-ship, all you seem to want, is to go ashore.

These days, I have to beg you to stay the night
I'd have to put in an application to be held tight
We're never at peace, there's always a fight
We spend most of our time arguing about who is right

It's pretty clear that loving me is no longer your intention
Maybe it never was, seems it was just infatuation,
These days, I feel I have to compel you to show love and affection,
Because let's face it, begging is just a latent form of compulsion.

NOMAD

All my life I've never been one to stay
I wait for the slightest excuse to get away
And once more, I find myself leaving
With the horizon being far too pleasing

I have never really built myself a home
I will rather settle for being all alone
It's not you, I can assure you, it's me
I have tried but love isn't really what I need

I haven't quite found what I've been looking for
I want someone who relies on me more
Who without me, their world falls apart
It is only then, that I will no longer depart

If you can be truly happy without me there
Then I think it's not necessary for me to be here
And in no way has my love for you been depleted
But for me to stay, I have to be desperately needed.

PERISHABLE GOODS

Time doesn't heal all, Time kills all.
Every second, our body decays,
Emitting odour, expelling liquids
Our sweat, tainted by the odour of our gradual decomposition
With every tick of the clock, a part of our life gets ticked off
Every man wishes for immortality,
Ironically, it's the one thing, many would kill for
Even though it's the one thing we can never have
If the wars don't take us, the ailments will kill us,
If the ailments don't, accidents will claim us
If they don't, time is on standby
Waiting at the end, to end us.
We think we are living; when in reality we are dying
We were born to die; we were created to perish.
In the end, we are nothing but perishable goods
And time is working round the clock to make sure we perish.

RUNESPOOR

At my basest, I'm a beast of extremes
My ferocity and savagery flow like a stream
I've been sanded down to nothing more by life
Everything I have gathered, accrued by strife.

I have tried my best to explore emotions
Plunged into the experience with the best intentions
Trying to understand how it is that feelings feel
And quite frankly, I didn't find any appeal

I am telling you all of this as a disclaimer
Something tells me that you're a bit of a gambler
But this is one hand that I'm sure you can't win
You'll lose everything, like smoke in the wind

I know you believe that everyone can change
That your feelings can release me from my chains
You think there is no problem that love can't solve
But You've never met a monster, even you, couldn't love.

SEPPUKU

Holding on to love shouldn't be a crime
But my dear, we are both out of time
There is nothing for us down the line
This will only leave a sour taste like lime

Can you not see what we have become?
Cold, empty hearts filled with thorns
For how much longer, how much more
Because this is a battle that can't be won

A blind man can see that I'm not the one
The deaf can hear that the love is gone
All our emotions have walked out the door
The fat lady has sung her heartbreak song

Everything we do in the name of love goes amiss
Don't drag this love, till it withers piece by piece
This love deserves to be laid to rest, to be at peace
I'm sure that after you let go, you'll feel bliss.

For how much longer should you keep trying
Why should love be your reason for crying
Save yourself the pain and sorrow, my darling
Be strong and kill this love that's dying

SOME NIGHTS

Some nights, I wish I had changed,
I wish I had communicated more,
I wish I had cared for you like a fresh sore
you know, maybe even picked calls
If not all of them, at the very least, yours.

Some nights, I wish I had changed,
maybe open up when I was messed up
to stop treating life like a chessboard.
To not plan everything out so extensively,
to enjoy the moment in all of its intensity

Some nights, I wish I had changed,
to not pursue virtue and knowledge so avidly,
to live, smile and love so lavishly.
To take a break from chasing dreams; temporarily,
to have been able to love, so freely.

Some nights, I wish I had changed,
to bend my principles, even just a bit,
to ignore the lyrics and just dance to the beat.
To not be stuck on the order of things,
to focus on what I had and not the ones I missed.

Some nights, I wish I had changed,
to have held you closer within my walls,
to attend to your feelings like a trader at a stall,
to make you know that you meant more,
to sing you compliments like folklore.

Some nights, I really wish I had changed
For you,
you know,
before it was too late.

SPEECHLESS

Forgive me for the times I don't say how much you mean
But I need you more than I make it seem
My drafts are filled with messages of how much I care
Laden with sentences that convey how much I want you here
My outbox is loaded with messages that I never sent
To portray apathy is certainly not my intent
I think about how beautifully you smile every day
But that's on the list of things that I'll never say
Everyone I see on my way reminds me of you
You're stuck to my mind with a different type of glue
I've only ever witnessed magic a few times in life
And quite frankly, it is you that tops the pile
I don't say a word but, in my mind, I have a million
I'll follow you to the ends of the earth like a minion
And my love for you burns bright like fireworks
But you'll have to forgive me; for I don't say a lot.

TRAINWRECK

Laying here in the stark silence
Unable to find words or sentence
I don't have the letters to reach you
the lack of your voice makes me blue

The odour of my self-conviction stinks
Every second, this ship continually sinks
Even if there's a sliver that we'll make port
I'm not a gambler but I'll take those odds

I'm broken, my mind assuming the worst
Has my grace with you been used up?
Is this the point where I'm shown the door?
The love I've been gifted, isn't there more?

I'm desperate for anyone that'll listen
I'll bow to any god till my forehead glistens
Is there a sacrifice or incense to be burnt,
Tell me the animal and I'll gladly hunt.

Have pity and Unbreak me,
I pray Say the things I'm hoping you'll say
Save me, before I wallow further in my mess
Please, pull me out of this train wreck.

TUESDAY

I wake up every Tuesday, constantly scared and unsure
Because I feel my hold on your heart is for a tenure
Maybe one day you'll wake up and want me gone
We'll be lovers at dusk and strangers at dawn.

I am afraid that I'll be too much on one Tuesday,
What we had would have met its Doomsday,
For reasons I can't change, we'll both grow apart
My misery will pile like items at a shopping mart

So, every night that I sleep by your side, I fear
I don't know, for how much longer I will be dear
Sometimes it haunts me when I try to sleep
I feel like a worker who is given a short time slip

You wake up and smile at me like I'm the world
I find solace in the fact that you're not yet bored
I have kept my hold on your heart for another day,
I have retained my spot for one more Tuesday.

THE END