

Anonymous

Dear Anonymous,
The stranger that lurks behind the moon
I write to you in lieu of my eternal search for truth
We might live our separate lives, but they're connected by a string
So we fight the daily grind and strive to find the deeper meaning

Anonymous,
You're just another sponge of rubber
Plunged in the whirlwind of clogged up clutter
The pores expand, and transmute the negativity
Absorbs the light that lines the edge of relativity

It's there we passed...

Both wandering that esoteric street
So deep in some philosophy our pupils failed to meet
So caught up in the questioning our pressuring collective
The karmic debt we pay that other lifetimes resurrected

Nameless face,
Are you tracing the invisible terrain?
To obtain a greater knowledge of the nerve cells in your brain?
And re-route the receptors trailing through the fading sound
While reaching for the ideal past the gravity that bounds
The soul inside the physical, sadistically arranged
Distorted by the sickness that divides the humane brain
Do you allow your spirit and the child that's within
Opportunities to play and feel the wind against their skin?

Anonymous,
I wrote this letter, left it on the ground
With the positive intention that one day it would be found
And change a stranger's life; that's my mission and my journey
I spread the words of light, and reap the benefits returning
If you trust the strength within, you'll find the energy is endless
You don't need to have a need when your spirit's independent
You were made for adaptation; to adjust to changing life
You'll survive the altered rhythms in the challenges you fight
Don't fret upon the hours, for your time will come to pass
And the functions calculated won't seem like hidden acrobats

Anonymous,
To gently set aside your arousal when you're wired
And accept mediocrity the day your mind expired
Is to follow lower standards, camouflage and then conform
Your palms are always sweaty, but your heart is never warm

Dear Stranger,

Can you hear the nocturnal clock that's ticking?
It's picking off the life that's lost
A concept that's just tricking
The average man to thinking
That time is something real
When it's just a numbered system
Made to help the thinking mind deal

Dear Anonymous,
I'm writing, and it's all a strange projection
Of the things I'd tell myself if I could handle the rejection
Representative; of the fears and insecurities
My self-perceived weaknesses that can't accept uncertainty
I try to settle on my logic, sturdy reason, rational
But I can't escape this feeling quickly stealing my moral
I thought I had the revelations, solved the mysteries of life
Had the paradoxes penetrated with supernatural insight
But as it so turns out, in growing age and passing time
All that I believed revealed a dark and hidden side
I'm wrought with piercing fear, immersed in anxious introspection
I've tried talking to God, but he pays me no attention
So I write to you unknown, acting out of desperation
Thinking I can heal myself by healing other generations

Olivia R. Petrus 10.18.17