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In Depth Piece

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Vince Sercia
in Depth assignment
4-20-21
creative writing Poems

Theme- Using poetry too reflect on my own experiences during the pandemic. By expressing my own experiences of the pandemic through metaphor. While also exploring how the Pandemic has both limited and expanded my horizons for different potential futures.

poem 1- Explores divisiveness in our country frustration with incremental reform and the feelings of powerlessness that I felt during the Pandemic.

Media meditation tell every vein in our arms banging

we're so far from mediation.

at each other's throats. compromises feeling abrasive,

narratives personalized for every single patron.

We all got something to hide and privacy is vacant.

Stuck in our loops giving up so much information, wait until some AI takes your vocation.

exploiting beings no matter what nation It's time we escalate the situation

That means we Buck at the suits who play flutes gathering crowds.

lusting over power we can see the face paint on these clowns

pied pipers peddling polarization, paralyzing progress discourse breaks-down

It's all the same sound sycophants scavenging for crowns.

what are we gonna do integrate or incubate the cake is lie while smoke screens segregate

The state would rather disenfranchise every reprobate who dares pock at the pecking orders magistrate

Calculated configurations cutting corners all this disorder is a carefully fabricated oder

ventilated through every town, city, and street corner

scapegoat infested borders keep us climbing on each others shoulders

it is very apparent the safety net has perished the sharks smell blood before were perished

pin the privilege to our merits

hang ourselves with our bootstraps

sticking fishing rods in our back then follow the dollar tell our tombs
packed

were following the golden road giving scraps to the sick man

thinking were treading water while sinking in quicksand

still can't see that reaching oz won't mean a heart for the tin man

especially when these victories are hollow and every step forward feels like time borrowed

then the missionaries follow leveraging eternal damnation against the pain of the sorrowed.

artificial levees swallow the visionaries of tomorrow hemorrhaging hope from a wrecked ships cargo
product of parasitic poachers LARPING as life savers

I'm talking tear gas, rubber bullet, and steal lightsabers these are just a few of their favorite heartbreakers
cages and chains eclipsing every savor fascist fetishize their masters to justify killing their neighbors

struggle as old as time the constant evolution of the maze

so I'm calling on my fellow youth to unite the candle with the blaze

carve a path out of the haze expose the illusion of the cave

Escaping the gallows of the ever alluring gas light

spawning horrors more abdominal than any fable told around some fire at a campsite

endless cycles of scatter goods pandering

using Helter Skelter to sell us a narrative justifying calamities

Careful when a lions dens bantering to give up an antelope for amnesty

fish in a canary can't play no piano keys

Sacrificing pawns just to satisfy the gambit

word is if we pacify the guards our villages will be swarmed by bandits
while Ratifying wrongs allows authority too run rampant
tantalized cogs toil in a ceremony of madness
obliviously building our own prisons out of our loved ones very ashes
thousands of pieces to the puzzle as we piece together the tangents rationality is lost in the sand pits
Feeling sandwiched planning for our futures the damage can manage to make us feel volcanic
the eruptions splintered our bandwidth stranded connections vanished
chemical caste aways our only confidante is Wilson, trembling trying too drown out the bullshit
There's no bandage that can replenish this emotional famine swapped the dogs and water cannons for tear gas
and rubber bullet antics
Everyday I watch the frantic rush to keep up the illusion of this pageant
leaves me **fiend-in** too throw a Molotov at the stage just too watch it burn to ashes
All talk no action watching this circus tent implode into an inferno of sadness's yet I'm still eating popcorn
watching bears dancing for salmon

Poem/song 2- Explores America's heavy reliance on hard and soft power. While reflecting on the fact that the material conditions that western powers enjoy is built on the exploitation of other peoples and cultures around the world.

Staring at a blind sign of patriotism on a poll
But i'd Rather tread where light hit the coil as a mole
Put my head underground hope the parades pass by my town
Now I'm the clown bound to a roundabout way of thinking
I'm a dead ship sinking
A limp bear bleeding i'll stop feeding
My need for impressions with an aperture depression

it shakes me to the core LEDS beaming images of beings whored for the benefits of Foreign wars

Red white and blue face paint tainted by the realization its bloods haste

That is constantly pleading quenched regurgitating everything we shove down in its chest

The troglodytes quest is the grim reapers request

He is a mess

a hollow heads flashbacks conjures adrenaline to the nest

What rises with daisies can often be hazy

black and white phases into multicolored walls raising

corroding oxygen pushers ozones decaying

Lexicon filter the nations through a bane screen

we Tame the primordial side with an illusion of order in a fight or flight mine

Glide over oil spills distress chains us to the money bag shrines

The fad is a drab that lingers in the spines

See that's the story of man were navigating a checkmate game on a checkerboard slab it's a checkmate game on a checkerboard slab using foreign soil as crucibles of bellowing combat labs gluttony is the void that forever charges the death tab

Tribes flexing their armories like a pristine muscle

Put a muzzle on the puzzle for the endless geographic tussle

The last piece is an illusion to keep the trolls in an endless hustle to rat out their idea of a nuisance

Supply chains feed the justification

uncle sam with a cardboard sign pleading emancipation

Anguish the first stop on your road map to vanquish

Its grenades on the pavement IEDs on a dirt road

Enemy combatants invasive screeching buzzards echo Geronimo

See that's the story of man were navigating a checkmate game on a checkerboard slab it's a checkmate game
on a checkerboard slab using foreign soil as crucibles of bellowing combat labs gluttony is the void that
forever charges the death tab

Towing legions of soldiers on old Sam's back like a nap sack

Fresh over 17s scented out by recruiters at the sham shack

Litigation in your head shifts into a deceptive crown where the strings of your defensive mounds crumble to
the fate of invasive sound's

Second his head hits the pillow it's back to the war born hoard

With the dissipating feeling that their was always something more

But hell when were not torn were bored

This is quickly disregarded as ammunition for entitled shit heads too disregard the blip of light as a dwelling
pig pen

it's a penalty box decision where every pattern descends to recidivism

reload and recycle the lead use it in a clip to remind us were torn to scorn then break bread

you gotta be careful where the stars and stripes tread they disguise death as a med to hide the darker trends.

poem/song 3- Explores the hyper consumption filled society we live in and how greed and consumerism has
shaped are identity while also reflecting on how we can escape from that.

Existing in a monetizing medley

Bought and sold politicians in a bureaucratic frenzy

It's the capitalistic tendency

To see every being as a means for profit relentlessly

You ask me what system i would choose

One where the alarm clock of ethics isn't constantly hitting snooze

At the end of the day what could we lose

if we meta morphed the free for all and awakened from the ruse

Constantly second guessing the actions

Of my self the system and the common foes reaction

We have to keep a steady pace of traction

Disperse of the factions and scrap the old contraptions

Candid faces tell me I'm confused

I say Seclusion is the essence that lights my creative fuse

The bastion of wealth is only growing

While the Sanctuary of malice justifies greeds corroding

conjuring the moxie to shed our skin as the consumers

The essence our people is torn by greeds tumor

ritualistic policies conserving the condition

primitive mind intuition keeping us slaves to the commission

Its a bold acquisition

that we abandon pragmatism and Cling to the traditions

But we Cant let the zeitgeist bend a trend we won't ascend

profit is the ideology that dissipates zen

Fending off the endless hordes that always want something more the flood of blood spilled from war
submerging our collective core

not to mention the Medicated population indoctrination

Generation born into prescription pill intoxication

Its an unusual manifestation when every other second persons name is patient

Rxs leaving some apathetic to the message

Consumption winds catalyst blowing the ship to wreckage

we can choose to drown in greed or sedate the inner fiends

conjuring the moxie to shed our skin as the consumers

the essence of our people is torn by greeds tumor

Poem 4- Reflecting on the last year during the Pandemic. Exploring how to make change and continue to dream of a better future during difficult times.

spent the last year stuck inside

every anxiety every fear magnified

the world felt like it was slipping from our grasp at times

all visions of the future left us terrified

horrors only nullified when we picture thousands standing side by side

Unified in a frenzy of passion to see injustice die

consumption leaves us pacified

that's how they keep the matches dry

sparkling change starts with making the voiceless amplified

shine a light in the dark

let the clouds depart

champion the untried never lose heart

our enemies build moats around sandcastles

our enemies hassle a homeless man just trying too pan handle

our enemies trade capital for human rights in back channels

Anyone who makes levity out of the changing tides too the point their rocking stagnation like a packsaddle

out of all the places to plant your flag an lye the status quo is laughable fallible

Those who don't make noise get overlooked

algorithms pull us into a void with endless hooks

all ideas of equality gets hijacked as crippled ambitions leave us shook

nothing left but rebellion only problem is everyone got a different future their selling

incremental reform feeling Machiavellian progression is a chore when all semblance of change is Orwellian

Disguised like Chameleon's dreaming of a future with no nations no Aliens just human beings through thick and thin