

Time Capsule to the Future

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OS24



I.

I've seen change
humans becoming much less
disappear, and dissipate into near oblivion.
Who knows who they are.

They blend in with the rest,
faceless figures,
bodies in a crowd.

Corpses fill these streets,
what lies within the wooden coffin
what lies beneath the mahogany gleam.

Do you know who you are?

II.

Repeating lines,
vertically and horizontally crossed
broken up into smaller chunks
creating a divide
splitting us into two
separating my insides from the out.
Smaller chunks
spew from my chapped lips
lethal remnants of dinner,
a reminder of the past
memories that haunt my sleep.
I fear the pillow,
I fear wrinkling the pure white silk
tainting the pillowcase with my filthy hair
forcing the grease of my day into my dreams.
Reality creeps into the night,
unwanted like the night stalker of '84 and '85.
How can I be anything?
I am nothing.
It was enough to make me cry.
You ignored my tears
you never guarded me from my fears,
the divide grew bigger.

III.

A blink,
The youth of our lives
become wrinkled and frail
like grapes left out in the burning sun.
Liver spots creep onto our hands
shrouding our naivety
demolishing our hopeful cherub faces
leaving nothing
but an undecipherable map of wrinkles and tears.
Self-prescribed medication,
stolen Xanax
a glass of burgundy
“miracle” creams and injections,
every last breath of air
is made up of prophylactic measures,
anything to remember
to hold a shred of forgotten valor
to hold hope in our hands.
It’s just what the doctor ordered.

IV.

I grow older

I grew older

everyone grows older.

Trees take a long time to grow

I don't know if I could live to a hundred like the sequoia in our backyard

But you won't.

V.

They won't break out of the cycles,
turning wheels
gears grinding
going on and on and on and on
never changing
turning in a monotonous cycle
like our wash forgotten in the metal machine.
Mildew grows in the fibers of our clothing,
giving off an unpleasant smell.
Deteriorating underwear and bras,
the things we hold near
the things few eyes catch glimpse of.
Mold sneaks up on you
like everything else
tainting what was clean and pure.
Unplanned,
unwanted,
nothing ever happens like it's supposed to.
That's what you told me
rocking me on your bony hip
the only piece of truth to escape from your withered lips.

VI.

We all fall into the same footsteps

we fall in line

we all raise our glasses to the same cause

we all become the thing we swore we were not.

Photocopiers,

spitting pages and pages and piles of shit out of a big plastic machine

we are copies of the same fucking thing

we all see the same thing.

You didn't plan to be a middle-aged divorcee

you didn't plan on failing as a parent

just like yours did.

You didn't plan on reaching into couch corners to find the last few dollars to make rent.

You swore that it wouldn't happen

don't we all makes promises to ourselves

and promises to others,

promises to the world that never come true

who remain falsified,

broken,

jumbled into sharp pieces

that dies on the cold, hard floor.

We all die on the cold, hard floor.

Returning to the brown caked atrocities of our birth

to our lives as mere babes

innocent, forgotten,

shitting ourselves

relying on cotton triangles to keep us together.

How many years does it take to learn?

Can we ever learn from our mistakes?

They never learned from theirs or from others.

VII.

The shadows creep into our lives
and attach themselves onto our heels,
each and every silhouette of our body reflected in a dark shape,
feeding,
sucking the life out of us,
like leeches,
like ticks,
like dirty parasites,
we cannot shake them off.
The difference is that we depend on them,
we live on them,
we survive because of them.
We take their muted cries,
bottle them
box them
shove them underneath the cedar floorboards that lie beneath our bodies as we sleep.
Into the back corner of the closet where we hide our dirty laundry,
in the garden where we first pricked our fingers,
where the thorn first drew blood,
where we shamefully hid the pleasure we got from the pain.
when we first realized that every cut, or bruise, was the only time we ever truly felt alive.

VIII.

We are broken,
tossed aside carelessly
shattered
our dreams useless
minds cheaper than trash
can't buy coffee
make your bed with cardboard and yellowed newspaper.
The headlines come in
Loud, clear
reading something I never wanted to hear
I lie underneath the gallows.
Is it reality?
Mindless robots fill the screen,
dressed in man suits
women suits
faux feeling suits,
regurgitating history
repeating itself.
Learn from our mistakes,
I'm faking this feeling
you are faking this feeling
we are faking this feeling
I am fake.
What lies beneath the mask.