



# **A COLLECTION OF RANDOM THOUGHTS**

## **VOLUME II**

**CARTER FORD**

*To you. Thanks for reading.*

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## SOLITUDE

If it is her you speak of, I know her.  
Our relationship, however, is highly unstable.  
I have revealed to her my true self,  
it is no surprise she knows me profoundly.

On the days I want her, yearn for her,  
she is usually nowhere to be found.  
I miss her those days but I do not complain,  
for too much of her may be bad for me.

That said, she makes up for her absence  
whenever she misses me and comes around.  
During those visits, she brings with her  
the elixir of solace, my favourite potion.

Sometimes, she visits me with her twin.  
I hate it when she comes with her.  
She knows it, but she does it anyway.  
They are so identical, and I find it hard to tell  
them apart. I feel she does it to torture me.

Nonetheless, I have to live with it. I love her.  
I adore her because she shows me  
a little bit more about myself each time  
I gaze into her jade eyes with intent.

I am learning to accommodate her, regardless  
of how I feel whenever she shows up;  
- either alone or with her twin, especially the latter.  
Her twin is despair, and she is solitude.

## SUCCESS

I was tested severally, and  
performed exceedingly well.

I came out the other side  
scathed, but with me was  
the panacea for my scars.

Success is an intense high.  
Once attained, it wipes away  
the pains of preparation.

## **COPACETIC**

A perpetual look of worry  
sits relaxed on her face.

I try to decipher what goes  
on in her head and heart

that keeps her in a seemingly  
eternal state of trepidation, then  
she shoots a smile my way, as if  
she knows what I am thinking.

At that point, I do not worry anymore.  
Her momentary smiles reassure me  
she is going to be copacetic.  
Eventually, we all will be.



## ATTENTION

People talk about  
paying attention.

Maybe it is hardly paid  
because it is costly.

What exactly is the currency of attention?

I am quite certain it is time.  
Despite the profusion of time,  
we possess a minute amount of it.  
It may just be life's biggest paradox.

# TRUTH

What is the age of truth?

Is it mature or is it  
still being defined?

Why is it so simple, yet  
incredibly intricate?

Who begat truth?

Is truth timeless?

Is it the genuine master  
of the universe?

Does truth ever die?

## **DESTINATION**

Where does time fly?  
More importantly, why  
doesn't it ever come back?

It flies into infinity, and  
it never comes back because  
it is yet to reach its destination.

## **COMPLEX**

The past was spent

simplifying the present,

whilst complicating the future.

## QUESTIONS

When the cause is the effect,  
when the question is the answer,  
when the beginning is the end,  
what then is reality if not what it is?

## **FURLOUGH**

If life is the prison  
and death is the release,

what then is furlough?  
It must be the happy moments.

I long for an extensive furlough  
until my official release.

## **CHOICE**

Sons of men lay waste  
in this apocalypse  
called democracy.

Choice, is a major  
factor separating man  
from animals.

What happens when  
choice is an illusion of  
a desired outcome?

## **RESET**

At this point

of human existence,

I feel whoever is in charge

should just hit the reset button.



## **FUTILE**

I am trying to conceptualize the universe,

or write something poignant about life.

My attempts so far have been futile.

All I can seem to do is think about you.

## **SECOND**

The numerical indication

of this particular moment

fades away into infinity.

Omnipresent only in sensation.

## **SKYFALL**

She leads the way  
and illuminates the path.

I bid her farewell  
when eventide approaches,

and embrace her sister  
when the sky falls.

## HAZY

The mind is hazy.  
Yet, there is a glimpse  
of clarity in its turbulence.

I just have to focus  
on the most salient thing.  
But, there isn't just one thing.

Everything is pertinent, and  
focusing has been harder than usual.  
I want to sleep the haziness away,  
but I have got to wake up.

## COMIC

I feel life is a comedian, whose humour  
is often delivered in a deadpan manner.

It delivers its punchlines straight-faced,  
maintains all seriousness, waits for one  
to get the jokes, and then moves on.

I am not sure a lot of people appreciate the jokes,  
as they are mostly delivered at one's expense.

It takes a great deal of understanding to get  
life's wisecracks and laugh straight at its face.  
The knowledge of life is just the beginning.

## **ICON**

To live

forever,

one needs

to die first.

## UNIFORM

My uniform falls apart.

As the threads loosen,  
its durability dwindles.

My pockets are the victims  
of this material deterioration.

Is my uniform a euphemism  
for my loyalty to the cause?

Do my pockets represent how  
intrepid I am or used to be?

Or did the tailor just ultimately  
fuck up my uniform?

## **ABSTRUSITY**

there is a balance,

harmony in nature is

an abstrusity

- *Haiku*



## MEMORIES

time heals everything

memories, however, may

reopen the wounds

- *Haiku*

# EMOTIONS

Emotions

Simply complicate

Existence

- *Haiku*

## HAIRLESS

when our heroes are  
hairless, beards then become the  
dastard's distraction

- *Haiku*

## **BATHOS**

to be lost in the

bathos of the universe

is just what i seek

- *Haiku*

## **INEVITABLE**

the first time is not  
a mistake, rather it is  
inevitable

- *Haiku*

## **OUTCOME**

I spoke  
my desire  
into existence.

The outcome  
remained still -  
a dream.

## **WISER**

I can't help but think  
I would have been wiser  
if I had lived a previous life.

I wonder if I make errors  
I have already committed, or  
if my previous existence was  
cluttered with more certainty.

As a result, I'm not disconcerted  
about what comes next; I don't  
even know what came before.

All I have is now, this moment -  
this life, until I reset again.

## EVANESCENCE

The future flashed  
before my eyes as  
she walked by.

Even though it revealed  
itself for only three seconds,

I was satisfied knowing  
what could have been,  
and left it that way.

Perfect.



## **GARDEN**

I no longer roam  
the field of dreams.

I left it unattended,  
and the path is overrun  
with blunt blades.

I got distracted when  
I opened my eyes and saw.

When I retire, I shall create  
a garden to which I will tend.  
I still believe there are some  
dreams that should not die.

## CYCLE

Trapped in a lull pyramid -  
the crux of the cycle of pain.

We all start off differently,  
the climb and fall are definite either way.  
We are mocked by pain because  
of our avarice and colossal insatiability.

The cycle of pain is eternal,  
we are only alive for the little things,  
fleeting moments, and paramount descent.

## EXCUSES

Time is the child you sacrifice  
to the god of impotent excuses.

The indecision, selfishness and ego  
you conscientiously breed eschew  
the wrath of the executioner.

She is taunted as the sharp guillotine  
decapitates her over and over again.  
She is immortal, yet suffers great injustice.

But she waits patiently, she knows your end  
is but once. So she takes great solace  
in the ever trusting arms of eternity.

## AMALGAM

She revealed her true colour.

I preferred her in black and white,

- or grey, my favourite.

An insane amalgam of evil and sexy.

## **ADROIT**

The paths of life are rigged  
with mines of expectations,

failure, debt, depression,  
loss, heartache and happiness.

My training was not adequate;  
as my feet are not deft, and

my eyes - blind to the existence  
of the mines, until it is too late.

## **INHALE**

They applaud me.

I am not used to the  
adulation, but this time  
around, I am not timid.

I drown in the sea of eyes  
as the wave of hands  
covey me to euphoric depth.  
I inhale this unique moment.

## **DISGRUNTLED**

A disgruntled journalist,  
I continuously ask questions  
whose answers are not immersed  
in the abyss of obscurity.

I work with the tools I am given,  
my wit takes an unearned vacation.  
My compensation is the truth,  
no matter how vapid its form is.

## PROMISE

What would you do if you had  
the option of staying content, or  
going back to a time diamonds

rained in the night sky; and you  
saw conspicuous rainbows with  
colours that really were feelings?

Would you leave because of that  
unique moment and ignore the fogs  
of uncertainty the morning gifted;

or would you look into the azure eyes  
of tomorrow, and see the promise  
the past could never offer you?



## NUMB

I make bad decisions when  
I do not want to be alone.

My choices are spoilt milk  
and rotten cookies, the child  
in me loses his taste buds.

I can't cry because I am numb;  
I want to feel sick, but I just can't.  
I sulk, until the child realises no one  
would pacify him, not even his adult.

## **MYSTERY**

A mystery lies ahead -  
distant in its entirety,  
but surely within my grasp.

At night, I hibernate and  
unravel segments of it, but  
they elude me when I awake.

My amorphous mind is a scuttle  
through which reminiscence seeps.  
The mystery taunts me for it.

## PAPYRUS

I wrote beautifully once.

It was a brief period

when I perceived eternity

to be within my reach.

My heart was at ease -

Nirvana flooded my soul.

My pen flowed with elders' ink,

the words dissolved on papyrus.

I was cursed with visions of truth;

the waters of paradise vivified me.

## MERRY

We drank the night in  
metered shots of ecstasy.  
The stars made merry with us.

We could not sleep, our eyes  
were disco balls that entertained  
strangers with their levitating lustre.

They danced while we sang songs  
in unknown languages; they loved them  
and sang along, enchanted in intimacy.

When morning screamed, our ears rung  
of inebriation, and our eyes wouldn't stop  
spinning, much to the delight of the visitors.

## **DESTINY**

The blades of destiny are blunt;  
the eyes of purpose never shut,  
for its duty is to sharpen them.

The trails of fortune are riddled  
with malevolence emanating from  
eternal foes inoculated by life.

In the battle of palatial dreams,  
the conqueror's imagination is the  
daunting reality of the vanquished.

*For my companions on the voyage of the seven seas.*

*Carter Ford*

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