

The grid contains 20 small photographs and one larger photo at the bottom right. The photos depict various moments from a man's life, including childhood, family, friends, and professional achievements. The last row contains a larger photo of a family and a logo for 'Luz y Antonio'.

Words from the soul of a loving son and father.

Lee

FROM THE AUTHOR.....	3
A TOAST.	4
SON OF LUZ Y ANTONIO.	5
ATOMS FAMILY (REPRISE).	6
SON OF A VADER.	7
UNTITLED XXII.	8
A SUNDAY KIND OF LOVE.	9
ANCHORMAN.....	10
UNTITLED II.	11
RIDING IN AN UBER.	12
GHOSTBUSTERS AND DUSTERS.....	13
SOFRITO.	14
UNTITLED XIII.	15
INERTIA.	16
CLUTTER ISLAND.....	17
ADVICE FROM MY VICES.....	18
SPARKNOTES FOR ROMANTICS.....	19
EPILOGUE	20

From the author

This is not a collection of “happy” poems,
but a collection of poems I released
into my notes app to help me feel “happier”.

Within are themes of
depression, loss & grief,
suicidal ideation,
heartbreak & heartache,
introspection of self with a somber lens,
and a bunch of words slow-dancing
to sad songs.

My hope is that you read something in here
and connect with it.
That you stumble on some lines
and feel seen for a moment.
That you touch some heavy parts of my soul
and a weight is lifted from yours.
That a poem I wrote becomes a friend of yours
in a time of loneliness.
That you see that
through the turmoil and tribulations,
I’m still here trying my best.
And it inspires you to keep doing the same.

I also hope you enjoy the thought and care
put into these pieces.
Though I’m offering this as somewhat
of an EP before the LP,
the work inside of ***Son of Luz y Antonio***
is still very much near & dear to my heart.

Thank you for taking the time to hear me out.
Thank you for your support.
Thank you.

If you ever need to talk, I’m here for you.

401-230-6359

Louiethebee@gmail.com

^ ^
—

WhereWordsPlay.com

A Toast.

To the versions of ourselves
that failed to exist.

The rips in time's cocoon
roughly patched up with butterfly stitches.
Rotting stories fed to bookworms
in deserted libraries.

To that random memory [hibernating]
in the 9,820 photos
of your camera roll.
That needle
in the haystack—

That night
that sends needles down your
spine—

That smile that reloads
memories
like a handgun's cartridge.

To the versions of ourselves
that left us speechless.

To the eulogies buried under our tongues.

To the cathedral ceilings
sculpted on the roof of our mouths
when we lick our lips.
Wine creeping its way down the walls,
filling handcrafted pews.

To the final breath we take.

Mournful celebrations & celebratory mourning.
Like Life and Death were switched at birth.

Son of Luz y Antonio.

Here lies a lifetime supply of
moments of silence.

A grave spat on
with chewed-up sleep deprivation,
like dipping tobacco
I rationed in the sides of my mouth
for two seasons.

A headstone chiseled of the stone-like words
of wisdom
my mother dropped on me
from time to time.
Engraved by the lightning from the rage
of conversations I couldn't have with my father.
Polished with the warmth
of the last time I hugged him
when he was still alive.

A casket made of
every room I've cried in.
Bones splintered by sprouting seeds of shame.

My remains are an iceberg
and the glacier poking up through the ocean of dirt
is a bushel of roses.
Red ones,
blue ones,
yellow ones,
white ones.

All their own reminders
that I swam through the pain,
that I flew my best with
anchors laid,
that I loved at full mast
regardless of the wind,
that I dreamt amongst the fish
even if nightmares kept trying to drown me,
that I was a brother,
that I was a son,
that I was a father,
that I was human,
that I was here.

Atoms Family (Reprise).

Every time life hands you
a soul-crushing defeat
it actually knocks diamonds into you.

That's why
we love a good underdog story.

We relate to the quiet sharpness of each cut.
Squeeze our hopes
into both of its jaded 3-carat pupils,
as they dilate from adrenaline.
Place bets on the *Little Engine That Could*
because we know if it could
take the weight of the world off its shoulders
for even 3 minutes,
it would shine much brighter
than the light at the end of the tunnel.

The gemstones that crash together inside us
are the reason
our blood, sweat, and tears glisten that way.
I feel fireworks in each drop.
I taste the rocks from revolutions and mutinies.
I catch my past self escaping from my pores.
No matter how much dirt I put between me-

-and my suicide attempts,
the diamonds inside that space never lie.

And the more pressure I apply
to crush those memories,
only makes them 3-times sharper
when they choose
to resurface.

Son of a Vader.

As the consequences of my actions
took my limbs
and left me in a crisp on Death's doorstep,
history will try to do the same
to my son.

There is a new hope
because he is his mother's son too.
To my knowledge,
she hasn't betrayed
anyone close to her,

like
I have.

Suppressing rage until it bursts out of me
and forcefully chokes out any life
in the blast radius.

That character arc ends with this episode.
I am no longer tempted
by that dark side.

When my son reaches out,
I'll be there to catch him.
Not strike him down to assert my dominance.

I won't have a mask on
to keep him from looking into my soul,
and I will teach him to wield his first lightsaber.

He won't fear joining me because
he will know his father
has been in his corner since his conception.

He will know his father
was only considered the Chosen One
because I helped bless the galaxy
with his existence.

He will know his father.

Untitled XXII.

I hear "come healed" and think:
that's never going to happen.

Life is a losing game
and I'm always listed as Questionable.
Trying to dodge one curveball after another.
Limping through the schedule
into an off-season that's forever a day away.

But at least I know better than:
-to use love as a crutch and drag a soul down.
-to unpack my mess in a stranger's bedroom.
-to suck the laughter out of a joke.
-to crush a smile into dust.
-to smother beauty with insecurity.
-to hurt another heart in pain.

I can heal until my last breath.
That doesn't stop tomorrow
from bringing something else to heal from.

I hear "come healed" and think:
let me not waste your time.

"Healed" is perfection
and I'll never be that.

But I am a healing presence,
and that has to be the next best thing.

A Sunday Kind of Love.

Sunday, Sunday, Sunday!

Soft linen gazes
suturing those breakfast staples together.

Be there, be there, be there!

Raising our glasses
to toast to another week.
Cups half-filled with both of our favorites.

Sunday, Sunday, Sunday!

Lounging between chores
as football games start to come on.
Comfortable existing in each other's silence.
Knowing you're just as happy,
if not more, to
Be there, be there, be there!

But one day,
we weren't thinking of the same meal,
or toasting to happiness with our usual.
We were awkwardly stumbling
between the stagnant air pressure
caused by Wednesday's dishes still soaking
and last month's dirty disagreements
left un-argued.

That was our final
Sunday, Sunday, Sunday! together.

I thought you would
Be there, be there, be there!
while I worked through my pain.

You weren't.
We weren't.
I wasn't.

Anchorman.

Breaking news:

Sources are saying you can now leave your
Depression (TM)
at the door before work.
Studies by the CDC show that
if you close your eyes and take three breaths
before entering a building,
it will simply leave your mind and wait for you
in the bushes.

We have yet to confirm what your Depression (TM)
does while it waits,
but local brainy-ologists think
it finds the nearest bar and tells its war stories
to anyone who will listen.
We'll keep you updated as this story develops.

This just in: Sources are now saying this only
works if you leave your Depression (TM) at home.
It turns out when more than 5 Depressions (TM)
congregate in public
they tend to transform into
a Category 3 Depressiocane (TM),
sucking the air out of a ten-block radius
and inciting riots in usually calm people.
Scientists suggest tucking your Depression (TM)
into bed
before leaving,
since they tend to struggle
with getting up in the morning.
Symptoms of your Depression (TM)
may still linger throughout the day,
but you increase chances of being your best self.

In reality, the source was:

I made it up.
My Depression (TM) has a wild imagination
and it helps
to let it control
the narrative for the day.

Untitled II.

I imagine Godzilla appreciates boy bands.
Its secret cavern covered with posters of groups
that,
for a moment,
even
a 400-foot-tall lizard would have to look up to.

Choreographed steps danced
from households,
to buildings,
to arenas.

Cities toured with new languages
yet all would passionately scream their name.
Yes, especially how loudly they made people
scream their name
as they ran towards,
never away from.

Cold-blooded could turn warm
with excitement
from their fire.
They were the nicely coiffed cake toppers
with birthday candles lit around them.

Always having a brother in arms
to bounce ideas,
share duets in the mirror,
record precious moments.
Instead of practicing solos with a hairbrush,
brainstorming with an imaginary friend,
re-living lonely memories
in black and white.
Stuck in a silent film it didn't audition for.

Stars of their time
and not monsters for life.

It's easy to become something they fear
when everyone projects their fears on you.

All you can do,
is be yourself.

It's not narcissism
if I'm the main character.

Watching over like a helicopter's high beam
and I'm the action hero in the backseat,
shooting out tires of henchmen's motorcycles.

Illuminating the way,
as a surgical light would,
for my team of the best in the world,
while we resuscitate the President.

hanging
like the ceiling lamp.
This maniac won't get away with it.
Not while I'm in charge.

12

Ghostbusters and Dusters.

What a world it would be
if we were the people
our midnight thoughts said we are.

Like how actors study for a role,
we blend
from one character
into another.
Trying to relate to families
that huddle together every week
for their favorite prime time shows.

Not the houses that are static.
A halfway laid spiderweb
in the corner of the living room.
Listlessly wavering
from the draft of the dancing silence.
Fingerprints coveting the film of dust
that collected on the tv's un-lit glass panel.

Unfocused,
distracted,
and contemplative.

Next week can feel like re-enactments
of yesterday's guilt.
Watching reruns
of half-baked decisions.
The ectoplasm of their regret
lightly dripping onto their dimming aura.

Pretty ideal for people with a dark sense of humor.
Sign me up for 10 seasons.

Sofrito.

Today the recipe has more love in it
than I do.

That's how some days are.

I can try to dress it up like it's not true,
dance around it to find a smile,
strip it down to its core and
chop it to pieces,
but the taste
never lies.

Today I am bland.
There is no subtle kick,
no witty punch line,
not even a speck of charming after-taste.

Today I am blended.
Gathering up scraps of myself.
Panting in a corner between rounds
as life peppers me up
and spits in my direction.
Rubbing salt on my wounds
to feel anything.

Today I am watery.
Dampened from lack of use.
A soggy excuse for a meal.
The unfinished dish
that's been sitting at the table
since lunch.

It's just one of those days.

Untitled XIII.

Handwriting
is
the
fingerprints
of
the
soul.

At the moment,
mine is chicken-scratch
with a raven's flair
and a crow's cry.

I took a break from pen and paper
because I kept bleeding
through pages.
Leaving more of a mess than intended.

It takes too much effort to read,
a somber mind to understand,
and a bartender's heavy hand to interpret.

So,
I took a break from reading myself,
because I kept drinking myself under the table
before 3:00 pm.

Leaving more of a mess than intended,
and pieces of my soul
in strange places.

Inertia.

The speed of mercury in retrograde
leaves its outline
in smoke.

Engulfs
everything behind it
in smoke.

Scorns the misty-eyed sun for staring
as the smoke settles.

Accelerates at Godspeed
and crushes the unprepared with its mass.

The speed of change is unpredictable.
There are too many variables.

A = drinking with zero food in your stomach
I = feeling like a fraction of yourself
M = the difference between .22 and .44
X = the ratio of sadness to hopelessness
Y = the weight of the world at that moment
Z = final words written in a cell phone

They say,
“keep going, it gets easier.”
as they run by.
I don’t have the force to stop them.

Sometimes I think if I did,
it wouldn't add up to much sense anyway.

I stay at rest
pretending to move,

*and they stay in
motion.*

That's easier.

Clutter Island.

Welcome to Paradise.
All around are reminders
of a perfect getaway.

Rippling waves crashing
against walls of sand.
Soft breezes hugging
the bended palm trees.
Happy couples embracing
and taking pictures.
Oysters washing onto shore
clutching pearls.
The tighter they hold on
the bigger this lump in their throat develops.
But a closer look always reveals
that life
is not Paradise.

The waves are faucet water
and the walls of sand are soaking pots.

The breezes are cold air from dusty vents
and the palm trees are fake plants
shivering underneath.

The couples are
actually
an embodiment of my depression
smothering my will to live.
The pictures being taken
are still pictures.
Keepsakes of forced smiles
lacking a frame,
unable to hold for more than three seconds.

The oysters are my body tightly holding itself,
and the growing pearls are my grief,
keeping me beached on the shore
of my bathroom floor.

I've been here many times before
and just as I am sure
I've booked my last one-way ticket,
I wake up back in Paradise.

Advice From My Vices.

The fetal position
is a throne room,
a king surrounded by golden treasures.

It is a silk robe
with an ace taped to the sleeve,
one-in-the-chamber to let my skull breathe,
a soft steel brake pedal
calming down the flaming hell horses
as I approach corners reducing speed,
an eject button
with white letters saying
“hold me tighter”
hidden underneath the driver’s seat,
a secret tunnel with
hundreds of locations we could meet,
I’ve lost myself wearing this crown.

Feeling my solar plexus cave into itself.
Using the lingering alcohol
on my breath
as the canary in the coal mine,
hoping it lights a fire to lead me through this.

My gut flamed out at the entrance.
My nerves can’t take another earthquake.
The only way out is further in,
and even then,
I can’t shake the feeling
that this might be it for me.

My last hope
is that my handwriting is legible,
because I’ve written my eulogy
on these walls.
Enough times that it’s lost all meaning to me.

The fetal position
is a pharaoh’s tomb,
a mummy encased in its personal effects.

An end to it all
and I
feel
finished.

SparkNotes for Romantics.

After "Romanticism 101" by Dean Young

Stopped by an objection from a lawyer.
Stopped by a couple arguing within earshot.
Stopped by a heart line with a faint pulse
crossing my path like a black cat missing lives.
Time *is* unbiased.
Stopped by water wakes of a crashing dream.
Stopping to test the viscosity
of anxious sweat from cold feet

versus

melancholy tears from
starving lobsters in captivity.
If I had to pick between burying treasure
or digging graves,
I'd decompose in my screams
'til my mind's muddy chasm echoed a choice.
Two bountiful gardens around the truth.
Too rough around the edges for rollercoasters.
To lay common ground is a story's recital.
Stopped by the weapon of punctuation.
I wish
it was on *my* side.
Stopped by a warm shimmer in the distance.
Then I detoured into a fantasy at T.F. Green
and broke off any wings that stopped by.
Stopped by minutes rushing through my veins.
We *all* felt a tremor
but I danced with Earth.
Broken off by restraints on our joints.
Broken off by sealed containers in darkness.
This too is karmic fate tipping the scales.
And the length of raindrops can pick the locks.
Stopped by the urge to start all over.
Stopped by the urge to start all over.

Epilogue

And with that, the curtains close.
As a bonus for getting this far, I'll let you in on
part of my process:

Usually when writing a first draft of a poem
I'll throw on music to help me get into a mood.

At times, the mood doesn't end up
matching the project I'm listening to at all
and it just serves as background music
to keep me focused,
but we all have our quirks.

Below are the projects I listened to while
creating the pieces in ***Son of Luz y Antonio***.

Poem	Project
A Toast.	Cautious Clay – Deadpan Love
Son of Luz y Antonio.	Xavier Omär - Blurr
Atoms Family (Reprise).	Hiatus Kaiyote – Choose Your Weapon
Son of a Vader	NxWorries – Yes Lawd!
Untitled XXII.	Michelle – After Dinner We Talk Dreams
A Sunday Kind of Love.	Etta James – At Last!
Anchorman.	Lil Baby – Harder Than Ever
Untitled II.	THEY. – Nu Religion: Hyena
Riding In an Uber.	Mac Ayres – Drive Slow
Ghostbusters and Dusters.	Dave East – HOFFA
Sofrito.	Toro y Moi – Boo Boo
Untitled XIII.	John Mayer - Continuum
Inertia.	Frank Ocean – Channel Orange
Clutter Island.	H.E.R. – Back of My Mind
Advice From My Vices.	Blood Orange – Angel's Pulse
SparkNotes for Romantics.	Orion Sun – Getaway