

2017

Poem Trilogy

Josue Burgueno
New York Medical College

Follow this and additional works at: https://touro scholar.touro.edu/quill_and_scope



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#), [Higher Education Commons](#), and the [Medicine and Health Sciences Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Burgueno, J. (2017). Poem Trilogy. *Quill & Scope*, 9 (1). Retrieved from

This Poetry and Creative Writing is brought to you for free and open access by the Students at Touro Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Quill & Scope by an authorized editor of Touro Scholar. . For more information, please contact touro.scholar@touro.edu.

Poem Trilogy

Josue Burgueno

Fade to Black

Live. Die. Repeat.
For the beast waits for your last beat.
Punch in, punch out, home you drive,
You'll never make it out alive.

A rat race we live daily,
Just for us to feed our family.
They'll work you like a dog,
Your emotions should be swept under the rug.

Go to school to get a good job,
John came home from work and got robbed.
Live life by the book,
No one cares, especially a crook.

You are replaceable,
It's beyond inevitable.
Freedom forever, you say?
Tomorrow might be your last day.

You hope the pain will end,
But a new struggle is just around the bend.
Some just want the world to burn,
This much is so as you run and turn.

Let us forget this dog-eat-dog life,
Take one last breath and grip the knife.
Fear not, as today is not meant for the red troll,
He takes the knife and saves your soul.

Live. Die. Repeat.

The Grand Optimist

Live. Love. Laugh.
He makes us dance for an eternity and a half.
Not all dancing is bad and under duress,
I want to know the lady in the blue dress.

Even in my dreams she makes me blush,
My blood pumps in such a rush.
I yearn for the day,
To come home to her beauty and play.

See her in class again,
If only I could speak through paper and pen.
But tomorrow is a new day,
Must I wait until the morning rays?

She walks toward me,
I close my eyes and count to three.
Courage I seek,
For a simple kiss on the cheek.
Hear my mom's voice,
All I can do is rejoice.
She tells me not to worry,
For things will work out in a flurry.

Years and years have passed now,
How blessed that girl and I are, wow.
Light shines through and shows the way,
As we drive to our last supper amongst the fray.

Live. Love. Laugh.

Listening to Freddie Mercury

Watch. Wait. Wonder.
A shift from hope to despair is no blunder.
We all suffer from insecurity,
It's up to us to build immunity.

Sixteen was a sweet age,
Learned to drive and escape my cage.
Older now and full of wisdom,
Waiting to finish school to start my kingdom.

Uneasy hearts weigh the most,
Can't wait to meet the Holy Ghost.
Bury my body in the sand,
The warmth and embrace are so grand.

A broken record is what I feared,
But they listened all along and secretly cheered.
To lead by example is what I was told,
These actions and words actually hold.

There is a beauty in not knowing,
Our choices should dictate where we're going.
Hold my hand and close your eyes,
Follow me in fear and faith for the eternal prize.

The Devil and God are raging inside me,
If only Adam and Eve didn't eat from that tree.
A sound from above is blue sky noise,
It gives me peace of mind and such poise.

Watch. Wait. Wonder.