



Poem and Art works: (B)e C(o)nsconscious

Bo Thai

Traveling Man

Ironic ain't it to take a selfie
But still not know who the picture reflects
To live life artificially
not knowing if you're really free
Filling mundane tasks as the body moves
Conflicting if time wasted is really waste
Or if time sped up is haste making waste
Wordplay to understand the big picture
But yet can't read a simple caricature
Is it wrong to be confused and lost but happy
To walk many paths and just roam
But along the way I lost sense of home
And now I just feel like procrastinating life
To enjoy this "journey" cause i got nowhere to be
Guess I'm just a traveling man with no destination



A lost boy with no vision

A lost boy with no vision
He marched with the crowd
And lost in his own pacing
Blurred by obstacles and self disbelief
Every time he speaks, he shares his whole life story
Old memories of pain and suffering
Rewinding on the daily for an argument
Proving his self worth defined by his struggles
from places to spaces, he was morphed by his very own word
Shaped in order to fit the narrative that best sold
He became an undocumented immigrant from Thailand with a “dream”
Tokenized and used for the greater good
But that good trapped him in his own past
He lost himself by his very own word
The lost boy with no vision
He marched with the crowd and lost his own pacing

I flew

I flew
and the rest was memories
up I went and down I came
light I saw
but darkness I see
faded faces I recall
suppressed thoughts to hold the tears
as time pass by they are still here
i can run, i can fly, but i can never escape
i can hide, but soon i'm found
and every time i fly
i fall from the sky
an injured bird
once free
stuck
waiting
hoping
realizing
remembering
of that time I flew

Will you leave?

Will you leave if there was a life elsewhere
to let go of a life you came to know
of beauty; of community; of love
to a life you used to know
a life you think you knew
from a long time ago it felt like your past life
a life buried deep within you
of memories forgotten to ease the pain
I live in that limbo
struggling to prove my worth to this country
laughing, building, and living with ones i came to love
crying, escaping, and running away
from the past that is catching up
the past joys, the past laughs, the past life i used to know
so will you leave if there was a life elsewhere
a possibility of dignity and reunification
a possibility being lost forever
the time is ticking
and it'll be in no time
when choices wouldn't arise any longer

