

Three Key Words: Futurism, Time, Poetry

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Research Question: Throughout time and space, gifts or talents and can be entrapped within the past, and seek to escape towards the future. What does this truth means towards you?

Futurism, Musical, Poetry

*“The art to traveling
is uncovering the hidden treasures
a country didn’t know
they hid”,*

(Atticus, pp 77, 2019).

Poetry defines the most sincere, excruciating pain and calmness between calamity and peacefulness. It also links between the existence of time and the sublime of the future, and the past. The key starts the beginning of life until the never-ending death. It flows within and consumed by love and hatred, our concepts of expectations and reality. The path of time takes the context of poetry and futurism. It takes wherever we go; to spend more time with our friends and family or to ‘be’ independent in who we are and what fate leads us to. Like a vital storm of cluster strikes and tidal waves of hurricane flames. As the;

*“The sunset raged
in its gentle fury
a four-headed apocalypse
charging towards us
huddled on a beach*

*in woollen blankets
singing songs
on a ukulele
to the ever-riding doom of dark”,*

(Atticus, pp 220, 2018).

We cannot hide from our past but look towards the future and to understand the meaning of life and the dynamics of relationship of people because we are all different in our everyday lifetimes. In my generation, we take challenges and risking our lives so we will not regret the mistakes we make, later on. We have that kind of feeling that drives us into a deeper realm, that takes us to the bottom of the ocean or high above the heavens.

*“We are all born free
and spend a lifetime
becoming slaves
to our own
false truths”,*

(Atticus, pp 190, 2017).

Poetry uses words we cannot describe. Time has that measurement and the feeling of being under pressure. Futurism takes on worst cases scenarios or events that we wished for, for a long time. It is the aspect of being truthful, living lies and hiding in the shadows cause the problem within us and it lures, and deceives the people all around us; this is the world we live on today. A world of hidden identities and their chaotic act of lust, pleasure and entertainment. A world of poetry and time transforms the monumental of the undated past and the future lies ahead. It has become a world of an inescapable truth and living like between the lake of the deathly hollows, and the shining stars. The only problem for living like a human being is, we don't live that long but one thing we could do is;

*“Chase your stars fool,
life is short”,*

(Atticus, pp 147, 2017).

The future plays with aspects of representation, a repetition of life, and realism. As time comes, it transcends down through manipulation and false evaluation. It influences people to follow events that are full of lies, but finding their ways of solution as this world is already tearing us apart.

*“Yeah, my future is bright
but my past's trying to ruin me”,*

(Tempest and Davids, pp 11, 2016).

The past is never completed, but it possessed of a kind of humbleness - there was a rich source of moral symbols, creating an essence of morning glory where the memories can be very demanding and require a lot of intense mental focus. A scrutiny without losing the sense of wonder and discovery. Even the creator of this planet and all living life said:

“Let History begin”,

(Politt, pp 33, 2012).

Piece by piece, one by one. The song name ‘Towards the Sun’ by Rihanna talks about never be afraid, face the sun, and let the dark memories you hold be left behind. It embeds the heart of joys into a sorrowful soul. The dark between stars has become a reversal of fortune. A youth of nocturnal truth and poetic justice; from death’s sceptre, the hero’s fall. As we continue to strike a pose, a victory lap, the attention of glory seeker empowered of relentless aggression and black heart’s rage. The forces of gravity raised from the ashes of organised anarchy leaving no witnesses behind. As the;

“Shadows chase me far from home

I remember when heart was filled with gold

and you know I’ve been burned”,

(Rihanna, 2015).

The future of this world falls on marching orders and quantum chaos because we follow those who planned our future, ahead of us leaving the path of destiny, waiting in line to be awoken, one more time. On our worlds edge, we could feel the serenity overflowing power and the cries of the thundering sky, raining down from the darken clouds of agony and terror. It indicates that each time we battle for the past we cannot escape of the triumphant battle we fought for. The past contains memories we hold and searching through the dark while burying our bones can be hard to continue living like this. The moment that follows can be the angel’s wings, but then, a memory we are trying to escape cannot be eradicated unless we face our fears with its mightiest foes living amongst them. Facing the;

“glorious battle with the past to create a new future”,

(Marinetti, Boccioni, Carra and Balla, 2020).

As we continue living this future head on with war, poverty, racism and discrimination, inequality and extinction, and lastly, climate change, there will not be any more future for the next generation. By the light of the hunter’s moon, this path we all decide on are the devil’s making. Everyone and everything made is lost. Humans are being cowardly stupid facing one another because humans consider themselves unique, so they have created their whole theory of existence in their uniqueness. We’ve created a large scale so that we can fail to remember

the incomprehensible size. For example, imagine a time-lapse of a seed evolving to a plant, continuously. As the energy that flows within the plant creates a matter of time, but at the end, it disappears. It captures the speed and the ability of the lightning strike of life of all time. Time is the only true numerics of measurement. Time gives the evidence of matter because without time, we don't exist...Time to go then.

*“Go forth and conquer
for the world is small
and you are a giant
and every step
you take
will make the ground shake
as it rises
to meet you”,*

(Atticus, pp 166, 2017).

But with time, it is more than the myth of the artist itself that provides the aura of the next stage. Timing measures social systems that we've set into an area of a basic drawing. For example, the letter A comes after B, then C and so on. That's all we've learned. But these letters have never continued on. There are, in fact, no letters and no numbers in this existence like *'one plus one equals two'*, but one plus one never equals to two. It could be three or four or five because time is immeasurable. We make this memory like a clock, to follow on the days we've counted for years. Time is where we count on and leads where we go because without time, we don't exist. Each time of memories consists a photograph. To picture a moment where we could feel frozen in time.

*“We made these memories for ourselves
Where our eyes are never closing
Hearts are never broken
And time's forever frozen still”,*

(Sheeran, 2014).

As minutes passes by. Hours consumed by darkness and days drowned by daylight. Years broken and centuries fading. Time bleeds and it descends while our hearts are broken and our scars are open. My fantasy of vision and my mistake for regretting it, falling for desire can be a betrayal, our mind racing while I swim across the ocean, and spread my wings across the roaming skies. It's a lie;

“watching the night sky

*or a beautiful sunrise
there's so much they hold",*

(Mraz, 2012).

But then they cause the old stars to burn and some even sink down to the earth. We all play a part of the same role. To hold their breath, bite their tongue, stay awake for days, fake a smile, force a laugh, sing and dance, and play their part. We can throw the part we play away and pour ourselves a bitter and sour of whisky down the sink of our throats; to feel the burning and the pain that we can steal away the time we don't have left and reclaim the crown. There's no logic in our sadness because we don't gain anything from misery, but then;

"A heart that's broke is a heart that's been loved",

(Sheeran, 2017).

Humans can be nothing. They can be often cowardly, an ignorance that leads to chaos, fading like a heartbeat. But then, when we were younger and free, the heart can forget how it felt before. We can hide all the pain but what remains is the permanent scars that cause us not to forget how awful they felt. As we turn our backs on mother's nature but then she may change her mind to rule her world. While on the other side, nothing lasts forever. One thing that human beings are, whenever they feel separated, their personality can change but the memories don't. They identify and observe things in a terrifying way where at the end, they sense they could feel their soul departs.

*"You don't even need a gun
you don't even need a pill
if you ever wanna die
fall in love and you'll get killed",*

(Maynard, 2015).

This part of journey never ends because we all get experiences like this. No matter how heart-broken we are, there will be someone waiting for us, out there on the other side. All we needed is space and a matter of time. Sometimes, power is a pure form of destruction and manipulation. It deceives the minds of people and an ability on not to dominate of what they've given for. Power is a gift, to be commanded wisely. It can be indestructible, yet nothing can be that indestructible - in a blink of an eye, just a snap of your fingers, and the whole universe, the rift of time, erases everything we hold truly. We don't have the strength of a superman flying fist nor changing the form of a beast, nor to read minds, but the power to change in who we are and all around us.

"The legends and the myths

Achilles and his gold
Hercules and his gift
Spiderman's control
And Batman with his fists
And clearly I don't see myself upon that list",

(The Chainsmokers and The Coldplay, 2017).

But one thing is for sure, instead of power and time altogether, knowledge has the potential key of understanding interpretation to unlock clues and mysterious areas we haven't come across yet. Knowledge is the greatest dominance all mankind has ever given to. However mankind is so driven by supremacy and profit because giving the true power of integrity and strength of knowledge will leads us to instability and chaos. But grasping that intellectual of wisdom and perception is not the key yet, that leads us towards the future but to fight for greater survival of all loving things. To forget the past and move forward. To grip that visual imagination and make it truly happen, and at last, be free.

"Poetry at the wrong time is madness
poetry at the right time is magic",

(Atticus, pp 186, 2019).

Poetry is Poetry. Words are words. Pictures are pictures and their capability comes from the form of poetry and their performative, conceptual art of life. With screams of a hollowing fury of air, snatching and scratching across the surfaces of the mountains below, cries as the dawn blade breaks down the ground, tearing the thunderstorm apart, and enters the black void. Using the way of words can be torturing and painfully crucifying. All this time, words can be afraid and nobody can save it like stars were only visit by darkness and poisons the eye. It will not let it show, but will reveal itself through its true form. A way of a human being can act as an ace of pursuit. An ace of flashing strikes and an ace of desirable needs.

"Poets are souls at war with words
from battle waged within",

(Atticus, pp 62, 2018).

Otherwise, poetry of words would be simply all over the place and the image virtually, and possibly lost. Words is just a man-made country and we are all trivially trying to slow down the damaging natural affects of our undivided unbearable pain. While we departure from life, we rally into a doom of immortality - inter-dimensionally, we all will encounter the after effects of agonising, hell-scape pain. But within these walls, knowingly outside awaits. Waking up in morning hours but lately sleep at night, and seeing the crystallised shards descending from the ecliptic sky, it was hopeless after all. Rewriting the

past and the stars but the world cannot be ours. Everything keeps us apart,
wondering why the cards are not yet to be claimed;

*“but there are mountains
and doors that we can’t walk through”,*

(Efron and Zendaya, 2017).

It could unravel the space and memories of uncollectible fragments that reflects
towards our past, and the notion of visual imagination through conceptual
moments of time and thoughts. At least, time is all we need and time is a short
one to live for. Time can be our enemy because without it, then our energy of life
fades away. Words can describe our daily life routine and the colours we feel
emotionally, like under the blue sky of Swansea bay, sweet imperial, vermillion
roses of red, flies through the merrily down across the stone-cold street. Or;

*“Two figures on a blue boat
floating gently under Tokyo’s cherry blossoms”,*

(Davies, pp 228, 2010).

It could be a poeticism of words through experiencing life. A life where a shooting
star burning and our hearts racing; our minds escaping; our skin surfaces sweating;
our hands shaking; our feet trembling; our breath losing; our nose twitching; our
ears hearing; our throats thirsting and our time fading. Sometimes, it feels we
never asked for life to be this way. A way to become what we planned for the
future, head on. A way where people wanted to live longer but life is too short. A
way where we could discover more places outside of this world, but then, we
don’t have the advanced technology, yet. A way where we could live freely and
become anything we want. A way I just want to become of being me, rules
discarded, laws disappearing, ‘following the procedures’ to be gone, and let the
world be the way it wants to be. But then, there are smouldering flames are left
to be untouched; of walking flame of the huntsman pain and its devils making. Out
there, there are lives they never wished for because everybody knows the dices
are loaded, but then, the war is not over. The poor will stay as poor and the rich
will stay as rich. The future has never been decided whether we get to stay alive
or to be kept hidden in the darkness of shadows. From the bloody crows, pecking
at the sacred heart, and commence to squawk as one. As;

*“they saw in her
a bright star burning
and basked in the heat of her flame,
but behind the bright
she was smoldering*

*for breath
in the black of a life
she never asked for”,*

(Atticus, pp 109, 2017).

Phrases of texts and words of honour, but they can be very powerful. They're not just clearly written from pages of books, words can motivate, enjoy, create, combine the notion of languages and simply express throughout your emotional views. They can be written off by listening to a music we like. It gives and spreads joy, happiness, depression, isolation, or desolation. Words are hard to understand and to read them off by heart. When I was young from my home country, I spoke my native language correctly and fluently, but at the age of five, I came to this country, (UK) then learning all the basic English words, one by one. It was easy at the start but words were very differently based on my country (Philippines) because my words were based on American style while here, these special cases use 'u' between 'o' to 'r' of 'favourite' while mine spelt out as 'favorite'. At the start it was easy-going and confusing as one, but days spent studying and learning, I got used to it. I have been here for 15 years, became a British citizen and every five years at the time, we go back home and visit. Today, I can barely speak my own language because every day is English. I can only understand most of it only. Like Ed Ruscha, he used to experiment with a new direction in his project of single words. Ruscha doesn't have a rule on how a letter to be formed. It could form a new language of his and words are just or could be numbers, lines, a sketch, letters or full stops. And;

*“Words are pattern-like,
and in their horizontality their answer
my investigation into landscape.
They're almost not words -
they are objects that become words”,*

(Ruscha, 2020).

Generally, creating history means travelling through infinite possibilities. Events that are bound by the laws of causality courses through your bloodstream in accordance with their gifts of talents. Even time cannot break this law. The gift of talent may be temporary and ephemeral but if time breaks it course, it causes the worlds become muddled and confused.

*“But talent makes a huge spiritual leap possible.
it's an almost universal, independent phenomenon that
transcend the individual”.*

(Murakami, pg 69, 2013).

Though wandering to the ends of universe does sound quite adventurous. Life has given us a billion years past, life has ended a billion years today. These decades has not become the prisoner of the past but a lesson to be taught; not a life sentence. The intersection between time and space created a new world for all mankind. I believe no matter how time flows, that very deep within our soul it will transcend throughout time and space, and our time is almost up.

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