

THE JOURNEY
A TEN PIECE DISCOURSE
(PLUS ONE BONUS TRACK)
BY NGUYEN TIEN ANH

tienanh2003

THE JOURNEY

I. PROLOGUE

Before I came here
I asked the girl I loved most
If I go away
What would still remain of me?
Do you think of me every day?
Or you will forget me, like so many other?
I looked into her eyes
Deep and sparkling like stars
She could not look at mine
For she knew how far I would go
She could not answer
Then I turned away, I fled
Running away to find a place to stay
And never met her again
Even though her images
Lingered still in my mind
Still with me on the deserted roads
That I walked on this Earth...

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THE JOURNEY

II. THE TWILIGHT IS MY ROBE

Here I am in the dark of skies
Moonlight that is wan and blind
On the path into the mist of night
On mystical wings of will I fly

Heaven beckons
Hell awaits
Nightmares chasing
Pursuit of dreams

As the sun sinks into the blindness of mind
I fall freely like a feather in the wind
Only be burdened by the leaden weight
Of the heart in infernal peace

Here in twilight I ride
Like the dark prince of tales forgotten
Night be thou my trusted guide
Bring me the force I need
With haste I will break
The manacles of dawn and race through dead fields.

Life is wretched in its own beauty
But your heart is closed
I take the darkness of the night
My refuge my hideaway in life so jaded
Cried out the last word I shun the light.

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III. BRAVE NEW WORLD

Here I come

To this paradise

Where the grass is green and the girls are pretty

Here I come

To this utopia

Safe, warm and comforted beyond imagination

For a traveller's weary feet

And his fatigued eyes straining too long on the horizon

This land promises much

A brave new world opens before my eyes

Sunlight almost blind my eyes

Seeking the brilliance all too eager

Having no reservation nor fears

I dive into the Edenic world

Many things will be coming

Many will leave unforgettable memories

Adding wrinkles to my mind

Will leave me breathless sometimes

Unprecedented changes lay ahead

And here I trod confidently

Albeit still a trifle unsure

Welcome to the paradise they say

Where the grass is green

And the girls are pretty

But won't you please take me home...

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THE JOURNEY
IV. CRYSTAL HEART

Once my heart was pure
Like crystal forged in ages prehistory
Once my heart shone like a brilliant light
When the sun touched its glistening edges

Light flickered and flickered
Bounding endlessly from within
Finally burst out in the shower of blueness,
A scatter of rays of crystal light.

My crystal heart was fragile
When it gave away too much
Weak and yearning it became
For failure was damning

My crystal heart shattered
Broken by the relentless forces of life
Too pure to stand even a chance
The angel leaves the sanctuary of my heart.

While it shatters within

As I watch my heart broken and shattered
The splinters crash on the blood-red floor
Like a rain of tears, tears made of crimson gems
Did my heart cry?
Could you hear it choke?
For a world too hostile for the crystal heart to survive

And it just ... shattered from within

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V. CONFUSION, MADNESS, AND THE POET

I do not understand why
Loneliness haunts me
I cannot express why
I feel isolated

Disagreement, contempt and bitterness
Fill my heart like the magma of hell
Opening up from the bowels of my darkness
Will tolerate none, save my own self

I was sorely disappointed
Wanting to retreat into my safer heavens
Withdrawal into my introspective refuge
For my heart was more than leadened

Cannot stand, can not bear it
Wishing god had given me more tolerance
But the feeling is hard to beat
When you are weary and despondent.

Uncertainty creeps into my mind
Insidiously undermines the thoughts
It has blinded my eyes
I am oblivious to the rest.

Ignorance and arrogance have all to pay
Isolation and exclusion are what I deserve
And in the end what's more to say
To a crazed, fanatical and lonely poet.

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VI. THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

We are the beautiful people
Fresh faced, nice bodies, huge smiles.
Enjoying ourselves in the falling waves
In a blue infinite ocean.

Golden sand and endless beach – a tropical paradise
Life can't be sweeter when love blossoms
In the blooming garden in the springs of youth
Games of life and games of games, fun and exciting.

Adventurous in the safe haven
Uninhibited in their comfort
Nothing really matters to the children
Of the sun that burns ragingly

Posing in the dawn of the new age
The beautiful people are like sunflowers
Await the first of warm sunlight
Like red roses, embrace love and passion
Sway with the winds in the rhythm of life
Like wild flowers of the open fields

Tireless, green and restless
Rosy and free and beautiful
There isn't anything more wonderful
When the past is gone and
The future is here with an eyeful
Singing and frolicking by the caressing waves
Bathing in the warm sunlight they worship
The beautiful people play.

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THE JOURNEY
VII. HUMAN PSYCHOLOGY

It is often hard to reconcile the heart's pain
And the mind's analytical thoughts
It is not too easy to suppress emotions
In favour of more logical facts

I know a thing or two about human psychology
Gifted with the flair for analysis
I can discern much and is sharper
For I know what it takes to understand

Sometimes I do regret of knowing too much
I learn just too well
Becoming too confident and then shockingly disappointed

Of all people, I know about human's unpredictability
Of what they want and what they lack
It comes naturally enough
And I forget that I am human too.

Because I am no superman
This is a human psychology's discourse
But I have the flaws too.
The philosopher fails his paradox!

Human is a gem so deep
No other can fathom
Shall I smile to myself
And call it a day?

Just act like nature have you to.

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THE JOURNEY
VIII. SOUR GRAPES

Oh sour grapes
Fruits of bitterness we gobble up
Seeds of hate
Stuffed into our tiny minds

Sour grapes
An excuse however lame
Denial and dejection
As it makes us feel more secure

We like not to be taught
By the facts of this tumultuous life
That we are powerless in the draughts
Winds of change that bring us high
Sometimes
And let us fall
Freely
Deeply
Most of the time

It is impossible to admit some truths
Even as we look into our weak and crumbling lives
It is hard to give in to the facts
We have to face our stumbles
In the world of love, affection and longing
Do we ever try not to reject and condemn at first?
Walk out of our prohibiting self
Imagine being another person
And fill his shoes with your own mindset?

Come to this place, and let your hate be gone
Sour grapes will be forever sour
But sweet fruits last oh so shortly.

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IX. NO NAME

What is a name? Why should there be a name for this?
An arbitrary shit of words, incoherent and self-stultifying
Sometimes a name to misleading, just as it is dishonest
Lying and disparaging
Why should there be a name at all
It is a mere name what we seek in our life
Everything can have a name
So when you have no name
It's actually a name
Judgemental and illogical
A name sticks around
Beautiful or not, like it or not
You have the name
Even if it is what is not.

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X. PSYCHEDELIA

I stare into a box of light
Surrounded by the cold darkness of night
Psychedelic voyages take places in my mind
In vivid details of riotous colours that blind
Maelstrom is reality, the harshness of life
Giving me a little relief from the strife

Intricate patterns of harmony ring in my ears
Freedom of expression, unbounded by any fears
In front of my eyes it is very clear
The complex networks of the thoughts of years

Disillusion of illusions, mirrors of the house of laughter
It is so funny to see my distorted body
But people do pay for it
It pleases. It is psychedelic.

Master of reality, go to hell with your creation
Hippiedom is here to stay
We shall dream
Let go of all that we hold on to
Free from the pain and the lust of it all
Get me prepared for the infinite worlds
Create dreams of faraway lands in your minds
We need not clarity of the mind
Jumbled messages carry a stronger meaning
Swimming in a pool of fish
Psychedelia just does not care where you wish
And in the never-ending journey I embark upon
Destination is Nowhere. Enjoy the ride before
It ends too soon.

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THE JOURNEY
XI. START AND END

You see everyone starts at the same point
Much alike and steps gingerly together into
A brave new world (a paradise city?)
The journey is long and tough
Time flies before you barely know it is present
Time is both short and huge
When you are travelling with it
Or when you look forward and backwards
Or to see the time wasted in our lives
Time has only one function
That is to be the road on which my journey winds
Life is a journey and Death waits all
Some of us may live slower, some like faster
But the greatest thing in life,
Is to live it all
The journey for all of us is on
Yet we are so much apart
In divergent routes that rarely cross
Is it destined by fate? Or is it the laws of Nature?
Differences grow, distances widen, life is more demanding
Like an expanding gas
It is relentlessly seeking new grounds
The loose attachment is so fragile
Life is a game that is complex
Destiny plays in her hand
When it started and when it ends
We know little about it
Being passengers on a journey
On the long and winding road.

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