

# **Pisces Personified**

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# **Prelude**

**“No one knows what it means, but  
it’s provocative” - Reverend W.A.**

**Donaldson**

### **Pisces Personified Pt. 1**

This is life.  
Everything flows.  
Waves rise, they crash, but the flow never stops.  
Along the way, the waves that cross begin to form again.  
In hindsight, we do get stuck, out in the middle  
Of the water, with no one to help.  
In the faint chance fate throws you a lifesaver,  
You take it.  
Do the best you can and embrace it.

### **Pisces Personified Pt. 2**

When you sit and listen to the water reel in a song,  
There's no choice but to listen.  
What's being conveyed is long and drawn out; along the way  
The madness begins to silence.  
The water begins to calm, and you begin to  
Breathe life into yourself.  
Life is what matters most.  
Wants become merely a figment of your imagination.  
Expansion isn't a result of comfort.  
Many believe the tale of healing being blissful.  
That couldn't be more untrue.  
I do believe things happen for a reason.  
Eventually, solutions will emerge, and you love one another eternally.  
But truthfully, solutions only come as you fight for them.  
Love is shown as it's received.  
Life is only lived as deep as you breathe.  
As I dive into me, these are things I begin to see.

## **Rebirth**

Allow me to reintroduce myself.  
Too many niggas got the wrong image of self,  
Portraying confidence on the inside, crying for help.  
It's me, I'm niggas  
Too interested in keeping up an image,  
Fighting hard to play this game, only to realize  
It's a scrimmage.  
Niggas hating from the sidelines and strangers  
Screaming up from above.

At this point, putting on a front is a must.  
Act as if I know what I'm doing.  
Before I even throw the ball, I hear 'em booing.  
The arena comes to a standstill.  
I look around and it was only me,  
Dying inside, focused on how to be.  
I envy the dead because only they know true relief  
I ask life to bury me alive and help me  
Meet with peace.

# **InterLude**

**Quantum Jumped from Dimension to Dimension**

**I traveled light years through space and time,  
entered universes unparalleled to mine,  
blissfully blind.**

**Diving deep into ocean's depths,  
I drank the siren's potion,  
a recipe for a beautiful disaster.**

**I scaled the sharpest mountains,  
tattooing every scar along the way,  
each cut, a testament to survival.**

**My connection to discord  
is my bridge to dysfunction,  
walking a deadly path  
along cargo trains in collision.**

**In the chaos, I searched for my purpose,  
yet struggled to find my function**

### **Shame On Me**

Shame is a game I know all too well,  
the reason behind every attempt and every failure.  
shame brings all hell.  
shamed keeps you locked away without bail,  
the biggest battle I fought without assurance to prevail.

shame—the oldest villain in a gay man’s tale,  
from the moment we know we’re different, it was  
quickly after everyone started treating us as so.  
our parents noticed a shift, and our safe place was no longer home.

kids at school have this burning question they can’t leave alone,  
“Are you gay?” they ask,  
and in that faint second, life halts, if only for a moment,  
hands shaking, eyes wide, heart racing faster than ever.  
At this very moment, my self-image is ruined.

we answer “no,” relieved to escape judgment,  
yet haunted by the truth of our dirty little secret,  
with our authentic selves deemed not enough,  
we start painting our lives  
carefully, at every inch, into something worthy of praise.

this is gay culture in our veins:  
more personality, more high fashion, more praise?  
hoping it equals less pain.

day in and day out, this becomes our life,  
tussling with shame and authenticity,  
while everyone wonders why we switch when we walk  
or why our tone is pitchy

## **Brink Of Death**

jealousy jealousy jealousy

jealousy is a disease, die slow,  
as I scream from six feet under, buried alive,  
rotting from the inside out.  
my mind decays from constant comparison,  
my heart bleeds from unrequited love;  
Why am I surprised by the blood?

for years, I've been numb,  
exhausted by the outcome,  
the damage already done.

putting a tracking device on yet another,  
chasing him, claiming he's the one,  
fevered hot with temptation as we begin the push-and-pull run.

did I genuinely believe all my empty shadows  
would be filled by another's love?  
licking my wounds, biting my pride,  
I savor my own insecurities,  
on the prowl for what's to come.

biting the bullet, jumping the gun,  
coughing up the shell, making my life a living hell.

wondering when I'll fit in,  
asking myself why I don't look like him,  
sipping from a jagged glass of insecurity,  
cutting myself on the rim.

cracked like the reflection when I look in the mirror,  
my ghosts taunt me, moving through me  
as I stare back within.

for a moment, the natural light flashes pitch black,  
then met with light, I begin to question,



deeply:

why I'll never win,  
the answer clear as day:  
I let myself play the back, giving praise  
to everyone else's name.

### **Deep Blue Sea**

when i look out at the ocean i see myself  
intimidating yet so intriguing,  
deeper than anyone could know.

only the surface is seen,  
The darkest secrets hide below.

in pictures, i never lose my glow,  
able to come and go at leisure.

venture far, and i promise  
it won't be easy or pleasing,  
sharks disguised as demons,  
tides disguised as pride;  
the pride i hold close, too bold to hide,  
the one thing that doesn't make me shy.

but be careful with these treacherous waters,  
it's safer near the shoreline.

it's no secret, i'm the problem,  
drowning in isolation to sort out this drama.

### **Ghostin**

Off of Our First Encounter, I'm Deeply Intrigued and Completely Out of Touch with Reality  
Overwhelmed by lust, speeding the process of love,  
an animal passion so innate and raw,  
running on an empty heart,  
desperately thirsting for the feeling of being wanted.

Deep down, a sense of inadequacy resides,  
I don't feel capable of love.

Me and trauma are bonded so tight,  
nothing else can interfere.

My insecurities are a test to my father's worst fears;  
the thought of letting someone in stirred the pot of paranoia.

I'm mortified by the possibility,  
hell-bent on not feeling lovable until I'm perfect,

until I'm poised.

I don't make mistakes; I fail.  
I fail to please everyone, fail at having it all together,  
fail at putting myself first.

The ghosts lurking in the shadows haunt me,  
close enough to remind me of every flaw.

I disappear into the unknown, vanishing  
from every feeling tied to the situation.

Absence is where I find comfort,  
alone is where I feel at home.

It's all I've ever known.

Love isn't possible when shame is on patrol

## **InterLude**

**“The past and the future merge to  
meet us here. What luck. What a  
fucking curse.”**

**the future version of your shadow  
met my soul**

**bestowed upon you,  
i don't know what's worse:  
a wrecking ball  
to my decaying brick house,  
or a fucking mad house  
lit from the inside out  
screaming in unison  
aloud.**

## **Lilith**

Dark and steamy, from across the way,  
I see you seeing me.  
i trace myself into your vision,  
and our story begins.

the tension raw, passion burning,  
This book will teach you yearning.  
a pretty face means little to me;  
It's what lies beneath that keeps me intrigued.

whisper your tales, rich and sultry,  
tempting me to cash in on what's for sale  
before I heard the pitch.

your eyes tell a different story,  
a warning, a twist in the plot.  
i know you're no angel,  
and I wonder why you chose this path.

is it because you think i'm easily swayed,  
that the lights are on but every room is vacant?  
maybe you've been hurt one too many times,  
and now you're jaded?

Whatever it is, I want to know more.  
crazy as it sounds, I'm drawn to your delusion.  
laughing inside, knowing you think  
you're reaching my core.

### **Melodrama**

i don't know if i'll ever get over you,  
my one true mystery.  
Before we began, I was history to you.  
how could i let it go,  
After all, what you gave me was a fairytale fantasy?  
missing your torment,  
I will prove my worth to you.  
for you, pain is pleasure to me,  
one step closer to your heart,  
feeling every scar.

i'll lay flat, let you bruise me, just to wear your mark,  
a true masochist at heart.  
your absence drives me to compete;  
for your love, i don't sleep.  
for you, i ignore the red flags,  
switching the channel to your scene,  
my feelings run so deep.

mixed signals flash green,  
mind games an open invitation,  
a puzzle waiting for me to solve.  
a true sapiosexual at heart,  
your mind is so beautiful to me.

Why won't you let me in?  
Are you scared of what I'll find if love begins?  
Let me be the one to lead you to a win.  
i'd bleed out, reincarnate again,  
just to feel you in the afterlife within.  
don't you see i'd turn every way for you?

Yet I'm only a blind spot in your view.

### **Pick Me**

looking in the mirror, I stare into self-reflection.  
i think i need a break from my reflection,  
learning the difference between loving hard and being obsessive,  
known to be a bit possessive,  
walking a tightrope with a backpack full of hope,  
teetering on the edge of rock bottom.

validation, like a line of coke,  
off the addiction, i grow broke,  
high on delusion.  
my life, an illusion,  
and I'm scared to lose you.

i don't love hard;  
i love obsessively, possessively, desperately,  
seeking the absent parent's love,  
yearning for my mother's presence, though she was right here.  
i go beyond and further than above,  
my self-worth fueled by opinions,  
These situations always end the worst.

Why do I like the hurt?  
the consequence of a skewed sense of worth,  
refusing to come out of the clouds.  
i've said yes to everything i've allowed,  
and I ask—do you love me?  
Do I make you proud?  
Can you pick me out of a crowd?

### Old Flame

Another Day, Another New Flame  
burning at the center of my core,  
your sheer presence, the reward.  
twisted like our nature,  
your absence exposes my sores.

feeling defeat while wrestling with your deceit,  
I ask myself, *is it me?*  
Are you repulsed by my deep sensitivity?  
Do you crave a life where you're unseen?

where the skies scream,  
but the grass isn't green.

tell me what you mean, for god's sake,  
I'm losing my grounding, holding onto faith.

Even after betrayal, I still see you when I pray.  
i hope you find your equal,  
someone to stroke your ego,  
to balance your attitude.

i promise i'm not mad,  
I just know how to move.



# Interlude

Another layer of skin is shed,  
A part of myself brought to light,  
It's exhausting, pulling brightness within  
While unearthing new skeletons.

Debilitating, this quest for renewal,  
Living behind a glass box,  
The public watches, their eyes unrelenting,  
As if I'm on display,  
My art was sculpted under their gaze.

No one marvels at the process,  
How creation is forged in shadows.  
They crave the final masterpiece,  
Not the labor of love it demands.

The pressure mounts,  
To serve, to satisfy,  
Yet a question lingers in the echoes:  
Is this me,  
Or merely my ego?

## Off Script

Yearning for Stability  
ly to be met with instability,  
healing to the best of my abilities,

living through life's atrocities,  
please, give me peace,  
peace of mind.

A dream so abundant and divine,  
say you'll be mine  
when I toss and turn at night; hold me tight.  
when I cry, dry my eyes and tell me I'm fine,  
ease my mind.

I'm a walking contradiction;  
maybe insanity is the best depiction.  
I gaslight myself into thinking my feelings are fiction,  
I can't make sense of the tension.

Don't know if it's truth or just a feeling,  
so young and so gifted,  
Still, I find myself at a loss.  
What is it I'm missing?  
Is it hidden?

I've sacrificed everything;  
there's nothing left to be given.  
Why does what I want for myself seem forbidden?  
Am I purposely not allowing love in?  
am I gasping for control,  
ending things exactly where they begin?

I'm craving a scene that's serene,  
but I run myself like a machine.

## **InterLude**

**I wish you knew how badly I needed this,  
felt your presence, held our visit close,  
it was just what I needed.**

**Now, anytime I drown in sorrow,  
I'll revert back to these words:  
You told me you were proud of me.**

**Tears fell before me,  
mostly in disbelief.  
I couldn't believe  
that you were out there thinking of me,  
that your soul found a way  
to forgive and fall back into me.**

**The last day I saw you  
was the deepest cut I ever gave,  
I never knew that kind of pain  
could reach so far.  
If I could take it all back, I would,  
before I had to right my wrongs.**

**You were a true light,  
a soul too bright,  
a troubled vessel,  
still a diamond in plain sight.**

**I hope to see you in dreams at night,  
whisk me away from the dark disturbia  
to a place where even the sky can't hold us,  
until God says we meet again.**

**Watch over me in this life.**

**Guided Spirit**

a beautiful contradiction is the  
essence we call life,  
a dichotomy between preached mysticism  
and lived truth,  
headstrong on escapism.

This life will make you re-examine many things,  
my main focus being me,  
things i couldn't help but see,  
overflowing in knowledge yet trapped  
within a limited degree.

Is this all we see?  
What about what to be?  
Is there a true meaning of being free?

learning the means of life,  
exercising true meaning,  
life isn't what it seems;  
it's the opposite of what ego deems.

Ctrl + Alt + Delete  
to the life that once was known,  
i ask questions and pray  
the answers will be shown.

Alternative means what?  
you label me by what you think you see  
a projection of what's supposed to be.

I talk of planets and stars,  
how i'm ready to feed,  
while you cling to blueprints,  
lost in a dying breed.

Free isn't a label slapped onto me;  
freedom isn't scripted on a rap beat  
or designed for others to critique.

Freedom isn't performing for  
unwanted attention,  
those same people  
will chew you up, spit you out,  
make you listen.

I'm no preacher, king, god, or messiah;  
I'm just here to say there's something higher.

Between the spiritual and the physical  
We are all here, destined to find our way.

I'm free because i know  
we're all shades of the same reflection,  
human beings basking  
in unique excellence.

I'm free because i'm in love  
with my own presence.

**Expression**  
when i lean into you, i feel alive;

it's like your spirit sparks my creative drive,  
life is so bright behind your eyes.

with your charisma and charm,  
i take to my easel,  
how could anyone begin to illustrate  
a muse as beautiful as you?

your smile shines bright,  
i stroke yellow for your love,  
never mellow, filling hollow gaps  
with every stroke.

i grab red for all the pain you bled,  
black for the habits you had to shed,  
leaving an open space for thoughts in your head.  
i'm painting galaxies instead,  
abstractions all across,  
This is art.

your body is a journey  
i'm willing to embark,  
i fling green to show what you mean,  
spontaneity as perfectly placed  
as it could ever be.

pink for how you make me feel and think,  
brown for when we're skin to skin on the ground,  
my soul in surround,  
screaming loud with every heartbeat sound.

i paint blue for that outfit you love to wear,  
orange for things we like to do bare,  
a shade of nude for moments we share.

indigo for that flight we took to puerto rico,  
off into the sunset glow,  
drunk off life's pleasures,

the glamor and sophistication of the night.  
we dance under the stars, champagne high,  
rising with every sigh.

I sit back, marvel at the beauty you've created.  
i painted it, but you're made this way.

Can't believe i'm experiencing someone this beautiful,  
Is love like this universal?

### **Zealous**

love is such a beautiful thing in essence,  
to know love is truly impressive.  
binding at the soul of another,  
coming together to gracefully melt as one.  
Are you sure you know love?  
landing into each other's solar systems,  
convening through time, alive and electrified,  
having a meeting of the minds in the cosmos  
as the two combine.

True love is rare and hard to find,  
shedding all skins of insecurity,  
inviting in the blind.  
Are you sure you're up to catch my fly?

My open wounds i'll bare,

as long as you promise not to judge or stare.  
this feeling to me is so rare—  
All I ask is that you handle me with care.  
coexist within this, a divine union we share.  
let's reach greater heights,  
leave fear out of sight.

Are you sure you're on board for the right flight?  
selfishly, i'd like to indulge in lust's delight,  
but the union i yearn for comes  
after riding out dangerous tides and currents.

usually, i'm defined by my own demise,  
but something feels different this time.  
I don't have to ask, *who am i?*  
Another is not what I'm defined by.  
humbly, i say, let's enter club mile high  
and transcend into the sky.

I think i've met the love of my life,  
a reflection of what i see  
in the mirror at night.