

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

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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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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.

THE JOURNEY

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...

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.

THE JOURNEY

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.

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.



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.

THE JOURNEY

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 too 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 swish  
And in the never-ending journey I embark upon  
Destination is Nowhere. Enjoy the ride before  
It ends too soon.

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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