

**LIFE IN
TECHNICOLOR
VOL. 1 LOVE**

TUNISIA JOLYN

life in technicolor | volume 1: LOVE

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preface

People search for love

People search for themselves

For we are love

This is dedicated to the **searchers** and the **knowers**

friend

a girl

a boy

add friend

to the title

the definition drastically changes

from two beings

to two mysteries

trying to unlock each other's heart

with faulty keys

always leading them to just being

a boy

a girl

game of love

do this but don't do that
say this but don't say that
it's hard enough to be honest
with all the hidden rules
in this game of love

wear this but don't wear that
show this but don't show that
it's hard enough to be comfortable
with all the expectations
in this game of love

by the way, why is love being played
with society's chessboard tactics?
why do we act like we are going in
for a job interview to get a match?

human emotions are manipulated
to simple logistics and safe linguistics
where strangers are stranger
because of the fear of potential danger

it's insane how we try to act sane
by being framed to be someone tamed
as if our true selves are meant to be gamed

i2i

eye to eye

hi and hi

saying meaningless words to fill in life's before
knowing damn well we want to say so much more
but lighthearted banter seems to be much easier to explore

eye to eye

sigh and sigh

blurting random truths about life's complexity
might be too much for one's mind to see so quickly
so one retreats to the mind's recess playing simplicity

eye to eye

day and night

relaxing in the meadows of safe middles
embarking on a maze of daily rituals
creating a map of emotional tiny riddles

eye to eye

bye and bye

leaving with a pause of trust
wondering if this is love or lust
tasting the bittersweets of us

baseball and bat

random words seem to intertwine with you
no matter where i go or what i do
i say, see, sense one thing and think of you

he's like an abstract painting

hard to figure out with a logical mind
but can emotionally connect in colors and hues
moods and motives
different people will get different interpretations of him
gain refreshing perspectives that range from the simple to the complex
thinking that they get him, his complicated layers
adding dimension and depth to the once blank canvas
he just stands there and lets the artistry of him do the talking
he walks with a slight insecure stride that hides behind confident security
he humbles himself to small art galleries that feature up and comers
allowing those with curious eyes to stare at his magnificent radiance
the underrated masterpiece that is he

midnight moment memory

i am not asking for forever
no ring needed in this engagement
i don't even need a full day
just one moment with you
is enough to change my life forever

her make up

stained

on the crisp white pillow

invisible

pleasure

indented on the sheets

his masculinity

scattered across

the cold wooden floor

the pride

hides

in the white lies

they'll tell themselves

when they say

“It wasn't anything serious.”

safe

she alters the intimate moments
to candy coated codes in electronic summers
pulling back layers of secondary traditions
where a park turns into a medley of social explorations

he turns the key in the lock
opens up the vault of valves
seeking for a deep bass beat
that speaks in his techno vibrations

both sexes want sex in mirrored compilations
but complications create a safety net of frustrations
where two beating hearts can only live in pseudo-migration
intertwining in muted intimidations

hologram memory

he

holds all the keys
to the winding road of
her journey
travel down gravel
the hard old wood
splinter in skin
red gives in
to the beating
of organs
torn apart

he

jingles the keys
in a musical melody
sparking a whole new
reality
doors appear in his soliloquy
tempting him to open each
one

he

inserts key number 1
into door 1
logic serves him
well for it swings
to allow him
into surface superficiality
where conversation is safe

he

spends the night in 1's purity
without knowing its insanity
boredom kicks in
and he curiously
opens door number
two

he
leads himself to
a place of no return
where atypical family issues
occur
where quirks turn into flaws
where small burns turn into
house fires
enjoying the pain
he dances in the red rain
until he exposes
his warts
his faults
his insecure blanket
protecting him
hovering him
smothering him
and her

he
takes his chances with key 3
third door opens as
third eye emerges
terrifying him at first
until he sees how it works
mesmerized, he lies in the midst
of collapsing doors
from 1 to 3
entire house of cards
fall at his feet
the doors merely paper thin
in this galaxy they travel in

he
grasps the key
that is never at his fingertips
but at the depths of his
hologram memory
hologram memory
hologram memory

s.he

jigsaw puzzle
fit the pieces to make peace
with the illusion of her

scattered picture
not easy to play
with the complication of her

force interlocking
jaded imagery lingers
with the submission of her

slick tongue
rocks the world of innocence
with the proclamation of her

late night three words

you said it
you said it
so
casually
as if you said it
a million
and one
times
you said it
you said it
so
fleetingly
as if you don't know
the words'
true meaning
you said it
you said it
so
openly
as if you allow any and every
one
in its mystifying
spell
and i fell for it
i fell for it
As if i did not care
About the eyes
in 'love you'

azure

you make me wear a different kind of blue
the depths of its shade is the best way to describe its hue
like the sky, forever still in its grandeur,
the color lights the light and darkens the dark
allowing other entities to spark
omnipresence in our hearts

a break from heart

you were supposed to save me
you were supposed to love me to rebirth
you were supposed to breathe in life to my lungs
you were supposed to provide oxygen to my body
you were supposed to remind my heart of its rhythm
but you didn't
and now i bleed to death

i wrote a whole monologue

hoping to improvise
into a dialogue
Between you and i

3AM

i had a love affair
with words before
but they failed to
touch me
the silent page
could not keep me warm
on the cold windy
mid-nights
emotions were sparked
the intrinsic body
of work was spoken
with each syllable
however, the heartbeat
that was desperately
trying to find its rhythm
could not syncopate
a full blooded gentleman
could never be formed
despite my imagination's
pleas, even with a please

3:33

i want to make love with a savior
i want to feel the divine deep inside
travel up the vine, tangling sensation
an external desperation
an internal separation
a languid infatuation
a vacant reconciliation

emotions on high

elevate words on the page
where thoughts linger on its white stage
finding new life in true light where matter fades
into matters that play in the freedom of endless days
building steps to a spiritual cage
that resurrects the emotional phase
where angels run, hide and play
in a realm that most question in every way
yet feel it in their every days
breathing in a smoky heavenly haze
caught in vibrational maze
where the highest is amazed

i remember you

you were on that corner
where red concrete blended
with pink trees
and unicorns adorned the top of its leaves
rainbows burst in the sky's seams
golden eagles perched on angelic branches
while parrots serenade in note's dances
the crown sparkled in platinum and diamond
the elegant breeze gave its sermon
lifting heads and hearts to look up
into infinity's overflowing cup
blue water fell on its ruby grounds
perfecting purple's peace
that was located all along at its roots
yes indeed, i remember you

acknowledgments

Thank You, God, for the words.

Thank you, family and friends, for the love.

Thank you, imagination and reality, for the inspiration.

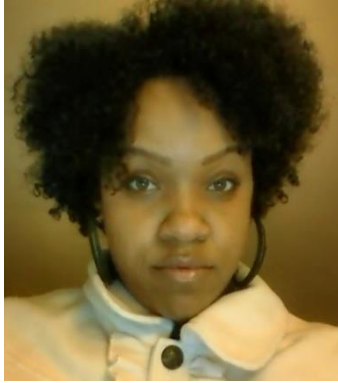
Thank you, reader, for indulging in this book.

I truly love you.

Sincerely,

Tunisia Jolyn

biography



Tunisia Jolyn, born and raised in Philadelphia, was always inspired by words whether on pages or in songs. At the age of 15, she took words into her own hands writing her inner most feelings in a blue notebook. She decided to hone her love for writing during her college years, majoring in English at Temple University.

In 2012, she began taking her craft seriously, releasing a highly-praised free poetry book, *Narcissism, Notes & Niceties* on her website, The Jolyn Project.

She plans to release the next two books in the *life in technicolor* series—vol. 2: war in September 2013 and vol. 3: peace in December 2013.