

**LIFE IN  
TECHNICOLOR  
VOL. 2 WAR**

TUNISIA JOLYN

## **life in technicolor | volume 2: WAR**

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## **preface**

People create wars

People manifest their inner struggles

In outer sufferings

This is dedicated to the fighters who are in a cold war

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## when one becomes two

one  
breaks from one  
when one part  
solidifies in ego  
separating itself  
from one  
creating a faux divide  
when one becomes  
two

two  
have the capability  
to remember one  
if one magnifies in spirit  
collecting it self  
from two  
creating a real synergy  
when two becomes  
one

one  
usually forgets one  
even when seeking one  
for two seems to matter  
manifesting the conflict  
between lost ones  
that believe in two  
intensifying an energy war  
when one becomes  
two

## **mirrors**

i see you  
you see me  
we are merely  
reflections  
of each other's  
duality  
we play in two  
thinking it's me and you  
when really it's i that i see  
you are just a holographic memory  
so when we stare at each other  
in the eye with such hatred  
we are only seeing the disgust in self  
even when we scream and shout  
trying to prove a moot point  
it is only a metaphor to our fears below  
we may even stab or shoot at the other  
only to discover the pain will forever reside in us  
for we are merely  
reflections  
of each other

**the art of war**

a battlefield  
exists when one  
becomes two  
and believes it'll never be  
one again

**[con]form**

i committed to conform to be insanely norm  
i needed some solace and silence  
i spoke in red and bled from the dead  
i broke out to breakout in authentic wounds  
i highlighted the light and ended up in a fight



**voices**

do

walk

no run

stay awhile

don't do

be quiet

fuckin' scream

play

hurt

think

meditate

clean

fall

slow down

sleep

skip

sing

write

drink

cleanse

travel

find home

smoke

roll in dirt

leave right now

dream

love

be

be

be

be

### **lie to me**

just want to wake up early  
listen to the birds chirp  
wish to be as free as they  
shuffle to the shower

just want to drive in traffic  
sip coffee with a little cream  
listen to the morning radio  
take advantage of me-time

just want to take orders from boss  
focus on tasks and projects  
get promoted if possible  
and dream of fridays

just want my food fast  
in the short rush to eat lunch  
with no questions on ingredients  
relishing in the fake flavors

just want my connections  
to be sweet distractions  
bitter frustrations  
and simple conversations

just want my 2 options  
in governmental debates  
focus on the issues of the day  
during the big election seasons

just want to see the news  
find out the miseries of others  
feel the daily horrors of them  
allow the stories to mold emotions

just want to follow the trends  
wear the outfits, state the current  
read the gossip, listen to the hits  
consume the latest

just want to go to my 9-5  
do my duties for the 8 hours  
come home to my family of 4  
talk about my day to them  
and sleep in oblivion til 6

**lost in translation**

tell a vision  
make them believe  
in all their internal fears  
play with coded colors  
program with mental memories  
suggest with innuendos  
spread with dis-eases  
sue with inferiority complexities  
educate with subjects  
distract with dreams  
divide with fake sides  
instigate disagreements  
in all their internal fights  
creating a disconnect  
between black and white  
ignoring the gray intricacies  
to tell one vision  
in two ways

**devil in the detail**

on screen  
mosh memes  
sin schemes  
light beams  
sign seen  
end scene

## happy holiday

sinister sections  
become joyful occasions  
masked in its beautiful bow  
boxed in gifts' overflow  
brutalized in material consumption  
praying for wall street's redemption  
missing the true definition  
creating faux traditions  
based on misconception  
mass appeal deception  
waiting for resurrection  
following green religion  
manipulating the mission  
sedating intuition  
masquerading superstition  
all for disguised dollars and cents  
for spotty spiritual sense  
freshly packaged poison peppermints  
hoping to taste love's relevance  
leaving one high and dry  
for a happy high

**instant gratification**

delight my buzz  
distract my insanity  
dip my addiction  
drive my impatience  
deaden my third eye  
deepen my womb  
dare my serenity

**touched**

he touched  
with symbols that mumbled  
foretold stories of sweet tastes  
that chipped a tooth and blurred areas  
pixelated suggestions that mention  
sexual frustrations and tensions  
reinventions of male and female counterparts  
digression of sadistic procreations  
into numbed body sensations  
quick fixes to mind mixes  
flipping switches  
into permanent stitches  
seeking pleasure in probable causes  
of mental holocausts  
that fade into black in internal pauses  
where daring dreams reside  
and unseen scars hide  
that speak linear stories  
of when he  
touched

### **blurry red boxes**

He likes her  
And she likes her  
And she likes him  
And he likes him  
What a perfect box  
They are all living in  
If only everyone could see  
The perfection in every black and white  
Bleed the checkerboard  
Until everything turns into gray raindrops  
Drowning all the silly separations  
Only created by fear's unnerving resistance  
Hesitant to accept the depths of our true state  
Willing to judge others for social doctrine's sake  
As if it does not reflect the courts that lie in us  
Those with robes do not dictate the fabric of freedom  
So take it off and be naked in skin and see how it feels  
To be a simple little human again



**day 78**

wrote 22 letters to you  
in words that i would never say  
emotions are not encouraged here  
so i allow the pages to quietly weep  
i hope you forgive me, love  
for my sentences sometimes make no sense  
this is my 23rd note to you  
perhaps this will be my luck  
the last one to submit before my time's up  
remember when i was 22  
just a kid deciding to enlist  
i bet you never expected for it to be like this  
i only wanted a free ride through college  
and you said it would make your dad proud  
now i sit in silence hoping to hear the heart of you  
praying for tomorrow's promise

**eradicated**  
radical terrors  
deliver means  
propose purpose  
murder others  
gifting ends

**three words go**

hat pull back  
drop down cadillac  
rims bling out  
listen scream shout  
crouch down more  
down to floor  
shots ring loud  
dark gray cloud  
sun wears dark  
dogs do bark  
child go cry  
body there lie  
loved die one  
three words done

## **cold soldiers**

cold boys  
stained on lips like cold sores  
the future's cold cores  
cold killers with counterfeit confidence  
iced intellect  
blood bath blizzards  
brainwashed bleach mythology  
methodology seasoned in green gods  
tailored made from past ideology  
in search for powdered power  
sniffed on snuff  
smoked screens for smoked scenes  
don in tainted teams  
battered abused bleed  
sedated in lucid dreams  
contrast on cold streets  
cold beats blurted in cold clean  
manufactured cold cures  
dipped in bitter liquors  
storage in stores for  
every four corners  
four centuries' cold breath  
locked in minds of  
cold boys

### **cowboys & indians**

Two grown men  
Acting like little boys again  
Where cowboys and Indians  
Fought 'til the bitter end  
Invisible blood turned visible  
“Pows pows” reach deadly decibels  
Emotions become less simple  
Imaginary infrastructure crumbles  
In a land of limbs, reality sets in  
Men are forced to see their fellow men  
In a stuck state of suffering  
Shattering every entertaining myth  
Of cowboy murdering Indian with  
Loud noises and quiet pains  
Ugly tearstains blur the pretty paints  
Of yesterday's picture of cowboys and Indians

**hunger pains**

oh sweet mother

you've been starving for quite some time

and everything we've been feeding you

is processed from a strange man's hands

straight to the hot heart of you

making your core cold and bitter

causing all of us, your children, to feel

your aching hunger pains

**1 + 1 = 1**

to control one's energy  
one must think in separation  
this is probably why certain ones  
think they are The One  
splitting their power  
over multitudes of people  
but they fail to realize  
two within one weakens  
One's true philosophy  
because division was created  
to not conquer over another  
but for one to realize The One  
in unity with one another

**a question**

does it really matter

what form life takes

when all matter

resides in the same place?



**god is love & devil is tough love**

unconditional  
that is you  
no matter how you are presented  
you are truth  
personified  
demonized  
hypnotized  
glorified  
magnified  
light in the eye  
light in the day  
light is love  
love is  
you  
you are me  
i am you  
we are inclusive  
wrapped tightly  
in a spiral  
that delivers our material  
our persona  
our character  
our individuality  
our identity  
what i feel  
you love  
even if it speaks  
in 7 deadly tones  
you hear 7 heavenly  
notes  
the wars we battle within  
manifest the bloodshed  
we travel in  
for we create our surroundings  
our next doors  
our fist fights  
our enclosed nights  
we are masters  
once we remember  
that two equals to one  
power  
the unconditional  
love  
that is  
you

## war 2 peace

If war is the way we reach our freedom  
Then we will always be caught in our demons  
Slipping into our nightmares and visions  
When we murder one man, we murder all men  
The blood that scatters encases the earth  
Turning the blue energy into a red rebirth  
The sky becomes invisibly gloom and gray  
When war is the answer to our prey  
Patriotism is the disguise of our fear  
When ego ignites itself in the Western Hemisphere  
Ripples of love are needed to teach  
The masses how to heighten our spiritual reach  
Towards the one goal we all try to seek  
Unconditional love is our collective peak  
The promise land is no particular land  
The light resides right in your hand  
Turn your attention from the outer war to the inner  
Where the mind manifests life, energy's epicenter  
Look at the truth of you head on  
Notice your mental madness and stay strong  
Calmly pick each thought one by one  
Organize, clean and clear your inner home  
No judgment is needed for the purging of programs  
That was planted by others since the beginning of man  
Don't be afraid if pain surfaces severely  
That is a sign that healing is reaching clarity  
Balance is key to your life story  
So learn from past patterns of our history  
Allow love to enter where bombs once blew  
In the unique Universe that resides in you  
Peace will be in your path once the war is done  
So no matter what war occurs out there, you'll have already won  
The most courageous battle in your life  
Gaining a badge of honor of inner light  
That will always sparkle in the darkest of nights  
There will be no more need to fight  
For you will really understand that freedom  
Is truly a freed dome

**acknowledgments**

Thank You, God, for the challenge, the illusion and the words.

Thank you, “enemies”, for the lessons and undercover love.

Thank you, family and friends, for the unconditional love.

Thank you, imagination and reality, for the inspiration.

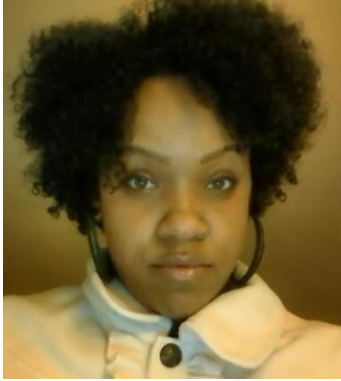
Thank you, reader, for indulging in this book.

I truly love you.

Sincerely,

Tunisia Jolyn

## biography



November 2013.

**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 as well as her very first official ebook from the *life in technicolor* series simply titled LOVE.

She plans to release her final book in the series, PEACE in