

**LIFE IN
TECHNICOLOR
VOL. 3 PEACE**

TUNISIA JOLYN

life in technicolor | volume 3: LOVE

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preface

People hope for peace.

People wish for peace, dream about peace
and forget that peace is always available inside.

This is dedicated to the peacemakers, peacekeepers and peace-dreamers.

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a vibrant room

a pack of cigarettes
sit on a bare empty table
an ashtray leans towards it
begging for its smoke
the floor is wooden
with hidden splinters
a black cord snakes its way
in the middle of brown seas
to a source of sound
that once sung sweetly
life's melancholy
an escape is housed
in between the four pale walls
a framed photo slants
with old strangers
dust falls like raindrops
energy pulses
in crevice of memories
that leave room for
life's vibrancy

a healthy mess

handwritten notes
capture an ego
submerged with doubts
poking holes in reverie
of us, of I and i
focus on the worry
hypothetical purgatory
that leaves i stagnant
in anxiety's angst
however I wait
patiently for the ink
to bleed through the pages
leaving only smudges
of a captured ego
allowing the art of doubts
to emerge from past notes

a blank wall

no matter how others paint you
you still hold emptiness
i expressed as much as possible
in mental graffiti
but you wash away each masterpiece
leaving me with nothingness
manifesting into absolute stillness
where thoughts ricochet back to i

they

i forgot how this life thing works
i've been too busy living for them
the ones that say you're doing big things
when your face is plastered on papers
the ones that say you're at the top
when you're name is plastered to no. 1
the ones that say you're accomplished
when your home is the biggest of them all
oh no wonder I've been in a constant fall
i was mentally set up to fail
having amnesia of who I am
gave credence for them to work me
but today, I sent my resignation papers
ready to go to my 24/7 job
where life can finally make a living

be

go on
dig it up
that messy incomplete stuff
the fuck ups
the cover ups
the make ups that make up
the bruises and scar tissues
the deep rooted issues

go on
take a break to breathe
a time to plant a seed
to get rid of all the twisted weeds
to find out your hidden needs
to clear up any dis-ease
to breakdown the breakdowns

go on
be comfortable in the stains
that will surely remain
even when you find sane
allow peace to be insane
for life will never be plain
so enjoy the messes
the second guesses
the cursed cusses
allow truth to discuss
itself through you to you
and just be
be

noteworthy

words understate worth
in everyday idiom
treating us like idiots
slyly slipping inferiority
like it's noteworthy

words overstate worth
in everyday idiom
treating us like second-class
slyly slipping in superiority
like they're noteworthy

words state worth
in everyday idiom
treating us like humans
slyly slipping spirituality
because it's noteworthy

a [quest]ion

have you ever noticed
in silent moments
a hum is heard
quietly in the key
of energy?

[for]give

You did nothing wrong
You did nothing wrong

She did nothing wrong
She did nothing wrong

He did nothing wrong
He did nothing wrong

God did nothing wrong
God did nothing wrong

All merely creating the experience
All merely creating the expression
All merely creating the energy

Allow the forgiveness
To find You
To find She
To find He
To find God

For We are all searching for Love
In withering wavelengths

off and on

the frequency of energy
polarized in two
creates a blurry photo
where nuances are hidden
and details are considered sins
for no one wants a question
to be asked from this point of view
where thinking is mute
and a stranger's suit
is praised for "knowing"
the creases in its fabric
are the lines that need to be drawn
so the picture can get much clearer
and the wisdom can be turned on

conscious consumption

Evolution can turn into a
political,
social,
mental revolution
if we simply execute
the consumption
of
products that enrich
words that elevate
education that thinks
food that energizes
liquid that cleanses
music that uplifts
spirituality that empowers.

illumination

triangles

have sharp edges

cutting and bleeding

the surface of its formation

3D versions are worshipped

only to behold false relevance

for those in search of ego's magnificence

bending the light of its effervescence

searching for empowerment through external means

thinking to have found true wisdom in their team

losing the whole shape of rebirth

where circles are drawn around triangles

curbing its sharp edges

to smooth surfaces

illuminating its true purpose

yesterday

I remember

You remember too

We just have this oblivion

Temporary induced coma

We can wake up at any moment

Any moment

We can remember

I = We

I am greater than the sum of two parts
for peace resides in the acceptance of the heart
no matter how battered and bruised my beat may be
the unconditional rhythm will trump any ideology
because I am the only one creating life like this since birth
playing the drum in my own continuum on Earth

experimental experience

it was a silent truth or dare game
where truth was absolute
so we were caught in dare's daring ways
twisting our fears into risks
so we said yes, yes to the ultimate challenge
kissing the lips of Mother's Nature
slipping into matter to know what truly matters
beyond the ultimate knowing
into concrete understanding
hoping to gain a balanced remembrance
Of yesterday's fuzzy memory

the beginning

eyes, ears, lips and other body parts
in formation to be accustomed to new information
the grid swims in the sea of one woman's womb
the ins and outs of multiple realms
overwhelm the psyche
while the woman's emotions emote a motive
in your barely beating heart, finding empathy young
kicking to solidify ego's need for attention
to let her know that you are there and you are aware
may not have gained the earthly senses yet but still sense
always sense
the energy that intertwines between mother and child
attached to the core even with a broken umbilical cord
eyes slanted seeing a familiar light
but the view becomes dreamy
surreal in its presentation
everything is so new
always so new
until it becomes old
where the beginning is lost
forgetting the dark ripples
of everlasting realities that now feel like a dream
waters splatter across canvas of concrete
where both feet are firmly planted on the ground
overlooking the presence that surrounds
lost in translation, missing the striking view
where arms, legs, fingers and other body parts
were in formation to remember truth's information
that was always there since the beginning

still waters

movement contained in small increments
the eye cannot see its flowing seas
tiny stories placed under a still landscape
in a picturesque scene

a Sun, a Moon, a Reminder

Perfection

Lights Up

Your Life

Selflessly

Every

Single

Day

Yet

We miss the opportunity

And focus on our imperfections

Light Dims

To customized

The collective mood

But a flicker still lingers

For another chance to find

Perfection

In every

Single

Way

still

calm the noise
slow the traffic
quiet the pain
pause the past

still
waters
still
molecules
still
actions

calm the doubt
slow the suffering
quiet the fear
pause the future

still
waters
still
molecules
still
thoughts

calm the waters
slow the ripples
quiet the waves
pause the moment

still
waters
still
molecules
still
emotions

remembered

your Soul
mate
is
You.

the little things

when this journey is done,
you've said your goodbyes,
you can only pack your memories.

things will never replace moments.
accolades will never replace peace.
money will never replace God.

when you've arrived in your new home,
you're about to say your new hellos,
you can only bring your experiences.

memories will serve as stories.
lessons will serve as wisdom.
growth will serve as elevation.

once your path is finished
and it's time to move along
remember the little things in your next journey
where new memories can be packed
and new experiences can be created.

a discovery

You
match
the
Uni
Verse

acknowledgments

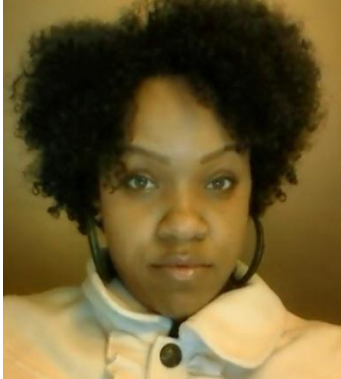
Thank You, God, for allowing us to remember you as mini-yous.
Thank you, family and friends, for the unconditional love.
Thank you, spirituality and metaphysics, for the reminder.
Thank you, reader, for engaging in this book.

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 14, she took words in 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 { www.thejolynproject.com }.

This year, she released two books in the life in technicolor series—vol. 1: love and vol. 2: war which received positive reviews.