[poem] Bland

I'm in a white phase of my life

I'm into white food

let's celebrate the blandness

I'm into white fashion

let's celebrate the frailness

I'm into white art

let's celebrate the hollowness

No, but then, I have been in a white phase all my life.

And now i'm bland, frail, and hollow,

I blame it on the white.

let's go east, let's go asian, asian is sexy

let's go african, african is swag

I want a spiced-up life, sauce in my bag, hot pepper and curries.

May you call it a fixation of teenagehood at age thirty.

But it is true.

I want more flavors. I don't want to be bland. It doesn't even hurt, when you said

You're too bland for a saggitarius, no?

When I said your smoothie was too bland

But it was, I mean. It's splashed kale with smashed avocado

and I'd rather just chew them raw.

But you *are*, you calm, polite, non-adventurous, softspoken, physically strength-less asian boy, who never dare to make a first move on a first date.

Okay, i'm 29. I couldn't change me. I guess the beauty of life is, you can be you and you can have what you want, but not always.

Guess I'll just say, there's also something about me that's not bland.

Help yourself.