

INTRODUCTION / DISCLAIMER

Somehow, my words will never be enough.

I fear that regardless of what I write here, my words will never be enough. I can't tell you who I am, what I do, or what this is supposed to mean. I'm not defined in a sentence, and the feelings I want to express are far greater than I could ever explain. So, I invite you to dive into this collection of conversations. Hopefully, you'll find the essence and the reason I proclaim that there is so much beauty in the ugly!

Yes, I'm different, and through this book, you will partially discover why. I want you to know about me. I hope that by reading my paragraphs, going through every page, you will slowly come to understand that regardless of what I write in here, somehow, my words will never be enough to explain what to expect from the whole book. This is just the introduction, meant to raise a question.

And that is: Do you believe that there is beauty in the ugly?

FOREWORD

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Scene 2

Before we can dive into the reasons why I named my alter ego Poetry in Anarchy, we first need to take time to appreciate and acknowledge the individuals, the legends, and the ones I hold dear.

TO MY FRIENDS

Thank you for believing in me, even when I refused to believe in myself. Thank you for being patient. I'm well aware that I'm not the easiest to deal with. Without you, I wouldn't even know what to write about. If I haven't said it before or forgotten to remind you, I'm saying it right now: thank you for being my friend. You gave me courage when I needed it, and for that, I will always be grateful.

TO MY FAMILY

I wish I had shown you this side earlier; there were countless things I wanted to share but didn't. The thing is, I wasn't sure if I was ready to accept that this was me. The funny thing is, that all of you have always accepted me for who I am. I had to learn to do that for myself. So, thank you for giving me the opportunity and freedom to do that. Thank you for the love, the tears, the laughter, and the joy. They say you can't pick your family, but if I could, I wouldn't change a thing because there is no place like home.

I hope you know that I cherish you. Peace and love. I feel only love for the people who raised the man behind the keyboard. You made me the person I am today, and I can never thank you enough for that. So, thank you.