

Outsider

For the insiders they know

This isn't me

This is just another image

For the outsiders to leer at

Judge me as you see fit

Fit me into your opinion

If you have the time

I heed to people's advice

I lose the shape of my personality

Consequently I am unimportant

Another static who lost their verity

Sense me only for the bad

Even if my good weighs in full

I can bear a secret from another

Yet everyone is willing to sell mine up

I take a chance on anyone and anything

More chances for upcoming betrayals

When I ask for silence

I earn shouts from both ends

It's always noiseless on the inside

It's always repetitive on the outside

Colors We Make Together

Your fist were lightening

My screams the storm

Each collision of heated passion

Vocalized more than my wails

The calm in our storm is as rare

As the generosity you express

On your moral days all I comprehend

Is temporary warmth

The flush of cerise when lips join

On your deficient days all I discern

Is perpetual hostility

A perfect hue of violets and blues

Scrimmaging for territory over

My off-white lands

Destinations

Lies get you everywhere

Except where you need to go

Lies take you anywhere

Except where you need to be

Red Skies

To rise from hell

Only to fall from heaven

Appreciating the best and worst

Of both societies

The world blinded by hues

Of powdered blues

Like a comet on a summer's night

Streams of enthusiasm rupture

Like a saint's guiding light

In the end when I reach the line

I'll suffer only this heated pain inside

Will I recover or come back

As someone I originally knew?

Comparable to a paper crane

Remodeling into something anew

Transitioning into silver linings

Swarming high above polluted lies

Forsaking weary red skies

Bashful Spider

If asked I come across stand-offish

I'm without fail close by

You will never see me till I fancy

My eyes outstare you down

Studying every movement in time

Always twiddling with the ends of my feelers

Makeshifting, spinning a thread of a web

A permanent pout read as a scowl

Prepared to reveal offcentered fangs

More scared of you than you could be of me

Always tidying up

Never satisfied with my quarters

If I invite you in you will notice a few things

I only display the meaningful bits

Articles filled with scents that keep me grounded

Along with Irregular findings from my outings

I can climb as high as I wish to

But I'm always still ground level

To everyone else

I dream often of flying sky-high

If I had wings I am sure I could

But if you lack confidence

You'll be shot down

If I flew everybody would take notice of me

At the end of my short existence

I do not mind the lack of attention

Like my childhood I can get by unnoticed

That is the only way I am allowed to make mistakes