

Labyrinth

American

If America was a woman
She'd be a washed-up actress
A woman who once shined bright
In front of a camera
A woman who walked a righteous path
Who gave birth to democracy
Who showed her kids how to fly
She didn't just promise them the moon
She put them on it
If she wanted something
That didn't exist
She made it herself
She was a woman
Skin the color of determination
Lips spewing words of change
And eyes staring down the tunnel of her dreams
who when betrayed
Was unforgiving
A wrath felt by anyone
At any time
In any season
From December 7th
To September 11th
And we loved her for it
For getting back up
For brushing it off
and avenging us
We loved her because
She was the best we knew
And we knew she wasn't perfect
Even with cautious fingers
She made mistakes
But never were we ashamed
Never did we shy away
From the notion
That she was the greatest in the world
And when her lips stretch into
A smile
The sky lit up
With fireworks
and pride
She was the flame that awoke the dormant candlestick of freedom

Was

But now
Now, she goes through cigarettes
like cancer is a cough
Now, her cautious fingers turned to shaky hands
And now, she never smiles
Now, her gait is crooked without care
Stumbling on others
On her reckless path
She doesn't care for
Her heart is a bitter poison
She doesn't care to kill
even herself
The sky has lights
That people put there,
Only to pretend,
To try to remember what it felt like
When those colors stood for something
Other than the past
She turns her head away
not from the wrongs being done
but from the actions
she could take to stop them
Her hair, a mess
Her shine, dulled
Her clothes, blended
in with the crowd's
She's a woman
who wants to be left alone
behind walls of men
who know nothing
but guns

So
We
The people
Who she once stood for
Once fought for
Do nothing for her
but Post
Stream
And tweet
As we sit down in all our righteousness
Behind our phones

Cowardly
Narcissistic

Pretentious
Never did we stop to ask
Are we as vain
as the leader we so openly hate,
Because the point was never to
Make America perfect
Or
Great Again
The point is to make it better
Than it was yesterday
So that one day

She'll smile again

survival of the fittest

they say love
is like a cat and mouse
causing havoc through the house
you were the cat
that came out to play
i was the other
who thought she knew the game
but in the end
i wasn't told
of the possibility
of being swallowed whole

Moon

I admired you like a little kid admires the moon
Looking at it through the cracks of his blinds
Imagining its perfection with every detail that seeps through
Even its craters must be symmetrical, for nothing could possibly be wrong with it
Not with the way it lights up a room in a cool glow
Looking up at it with starry eyes and a heart filled with hope
Able to go nearly the whole night till I could not cope
I needed to completely see my beacon of light for all its worth
But as I walked out and searched the sky I realized,
My perfect moon
Was a
Lamp post

Halloween

You came into my life like a Santa Claus walking into a Halloween party
You weren't wrong, you just kind of looked out of place

I'd like to say you were too early, but by the time I realized you had arrived at all, I was too late
I tried avoiding you because I always told people I hated the holidays but how can I hate someone
who looks at me that way

I never told you, but you had me imagining the colors of our future Christmas tree when you walked
up to me in all your excitement and said
"Guess who I am"
I shook the thought away and ran to the nearest Michael Myers for comfort

I needed something to remind me of reality, so I followed the ghosts that led me to the scariest
mistakes I've ever made

You came into my life like a Santa Claus walking into a Halloween Party
You were the harshest glimmer of light, you scared me

When you spoke to me, I didn't know what to say
Like getting socks for Christmas, not knowing whether to be thankful or offended

You offended me; you were proof that all my beliefs were wrong
Like when The Grinch showed Cindy Lou Who that Christmas wasn't just about presents

You came into my life like a Santa Claus walking into a Halloween Party
And when you left you took all of my joy with you

And then I decided that maybe we could have the most wonderful time of the year
But as the first snowflake hit the ground, its beauty faded along with it

I was falling in love with Rudolph, Frosty, and all things Red and Green
While you were falling out, leaving pieces of me behind like footprints in the snow

I tried my best to show you how festive I could be
Clinging on to you like Christmas lights cling to December despite the fact it's already February

You came into my life like a Santa Claus walking into a Halloween Party
When you left I couldn't stop looking for you
And when I found you, you had changed

At the time I didn't know I was chasing shadows, desperately trying to get you back
But now I realize that you only think of me as Christmas lights, to string me up for a month, call me
yours, your pride and joy. Just to put me down again, roll me up and throw me back in the attic with

the rest of your temporary decorations yearning to adorn your body all year, but never getting the chance to.

You came into my life like a Santa Claus walking into a Halloween party
When you left, I came into yours like a ghost from your past

God is in my mother

I didn't believe in God

I didn't believe in God till I realized the idea of him isn't that crazy. Till I realized God is in my mother.

My mother gave me life, she fed me when I could barely open my eyes. She ran to hug me every time she heard me cry.

Band-aids, lullabies, and restless nights.

She not only gave me life but she kept me alive.

I had to blindly believe in a woman who was new to me

A woman who seemed nice yet expected me to understand she knew what was best for me

Preposterous, yes, but not impossible.

My mother's words might as well be God's because if she said no, then that was that

And if I disobeyed, I would feel her wrath.

The omnipotent power, I both loved and despised as her hands could breed beauty and her words could win any strife.

I ask you, nay, I dare you to tell me how God is not in my mother

For I have seen her anger, her love, her suffer as I suffer.

A love like that is ridiculous but possible.

She has made mistakes, this is true

But I have not claimed she is God, for I know she is human too.

But I beg you to tell me how she does not do Gods work,

For any man can make a child, but it takes a mother to do the work

It took me a while to realize it, it took me a while to believe

But this is how I know

God is in my mother.