

Refraction & Reflection

Feeling the pavement beneath me
My weight pressing in
Everyone else's every day happening
Around me
Filling my ears
Extraordinary ordinary
It washes over me
Through me
In one ear and out the other
Fading into the background

I crane my neck around
In circles
With my eyes closed
My head tilts towards the sky
There, the light looks warm
Inviting, through the skin of my eyelids

I open my eyes
And stretch my hand upwards
Cutting through the cold winter sky
The grey reflected against my palm and fingers
I am here
I am present
I am alive
No matter what the weather says my mood should be
I am me and it is it
A mere perception of refraction and color
It only reflects
It does not penetrate

Unless I let it

It Was Never About Her.

She tried to take him.

She tried to summon him up
With the passion of her soul
and the sound of her siren songs
Which sounded the sirens in my heart
and started a war

Between a woman
ready to release the reigns to God
And another primal thing
Ready to fight with tooth and nail
A tumultuous tangle
Ethereal and physical
Tumbling around
Tying a knot
In my throat

As I slowly choked
On the noose from which I hanged
The bucket to the well
Of my emotions by my face
I decided to take one last drink
Savoring the tears
Saline and bitter

Giving in to the sadness
Heavy in accepting my love's fate
And my powerlessness
The rope gave way

I was now free.

NV

Jealous.

White hot with anger I attract the bugs / Moths and locusts swirl and swarm /
Consuming my flesh / As if a woolen sweater

Bittersweet

It's perplexing how complex our lives and emotions can be.

How you can feel both happiness and utter sorrow in the same moment.

How they can live so vibrantly

Separately

Then how they can collide and coincide

Together

One thing informing the other Creating words like Bittersweet

Making weapons

Like double edged swords

It's astounding how you can be so grateful to the thing you hate the most; For the
handsomest fruit that came from the ugliest tree.

We either want to smell the roses

Or we want to throw ourselves into the bramble of thorns But like all things,

Can we really grasp one without fully grasping the other?

Somewhere in the middle Straddling the line of elation and sadness In the very act of
feeling

And in the space in which they meet

Is joy

And gratitude

And

the very reason

for

living

View from Above

From a metal bird's eye view
We are reminded
That we are a part of a beautiful tapestry
A patchwork quilt of colors and textures
Interlocking in utmost beauty

From above
There is no noise
No traffic patterns
No fighting in the streets

No overgrown lawns or HOAs
Only shades of emerald and soil
With rivers reaching out
Weaving like capillaries in a dry ground

And yet
You and I are always agonizing
over the details of our day to day
Scrutinizing the small missteps
And missing the big picture

Though in my house
are separate thoughts
separate lives
and separate paths from my neighbor's
Though I cannot know
the going's on behind their brick walls
We are a part to the same whole

Somehow when we go inward and look at our own hearts
we get plugged in and become conscious
of that universal hum
We realize our roles in the bigger picture
and become more than our tiny lives
in our large houses
on our cul de sac
And gladly take up our needle and thread