

To You-- the Children of My Future

I watch you hold my hand, your own so frail
Your soul is filled with light, it's so detailed
I see your face, it's there, yet swims with chance
You're blurred-- you smile, you cry, you laugh, you dance

I know not how you'll look nor speak nor walk
My heart-- it aches to wait to hear you talk.
All combinations that could be, I'll love
I have not found you yet, but still, I love.

I do remember when I wished for death
I wanted nothing more than loss of breath
Each day of living lonely constant war
That comes and goes, but nothing like before

The thought of you is what I'm living for
I have not found you yet, but still, I love.

When All Has Blown Over

Blades of grass-- where were you
when I needed you?
The warmth had halted
I got lost
and I don't know,
the grass could've helped.

Perhaps you could've held me
with all of your green glory
while the sun gives you its love
that you give
to me.

Now that I feel so empty
I step outside, while
my eyes still sting
I fall to your mercy and weep
oh bed of green grass.

Collection of the Lost

Quiet mysterious man still walks on my ceiling
It was my evening that waded through water.
Occurrences from my childhood made me mad
I think about my fear
in my castle that quakes
it reeks of distaste for participation,
and my skin weeps
as I make it.

In that large house lacking furniture
and food, we created a game
“Parallel Universe”
One of my happiest times
We held mirrors under our eyes

How frustrating it is that we forget so much
Soon passed into noon,
noon was then late.

Something consistent for a couple years
was a metal blue bunk bed
My mother tried her hardest
Fought hard to make us okay
but had bad fortune
I couldn't hear her voice or laughter
I couldn't see her, she was behind a wall
So smart
so loving
so strong
I can't begin to grasp how
she summoned the strength
Steve gave us up
like one would leave behind a penny
but it was okay
because she had us.
Justin was the best thing for a while
But bad outweighed good

His ways weren't really his fault
but unavoidable
Paper signed him away
Next was Greg
who I would gladly erase
We went to Arizona for him
a round-headed deceitful borderline
Years of painful ping pong
but an attic with Christmas lights made me so happy
We had lizards on our walls and named each one
Every cactus we could spot
on the route to our school
had its own name

I saw the big tree and
I thought about forgotten friends and faded memories
Ka'inoa was my most important friend
We sang together
It was strange because I couldn't bring myself to sing
around anyone else until then.
We laughed ourselves to tears every day
That library was the most special place,
that, and the hardware store down the street
also the grocery store
where we bought jelly-filled donuts,
the kind with white powdered sugar
The powder covered our faces when we were done
We raced the motorized vehicles
intended for the disabled
we were escorted out
We slept on the shelves at the hardware store
for the sole purpose of confusing people
also we may have been tired
I remember the day
the two of us stood in that library's parking lot
and cried
it was Sandy Hook that made us cry
While we wept together
the sky wept with us

and held the most beautiful sunset
either of us had ever experienced
So many colors
Such a strange moment
when I realized that someone could see me cry
Even more strange, a boy.
He dropped public school
I saw him once more
it was at church
He was distant and
out of reach
as if we had never talked before
One year passed
no more talking
then I moved away.

What's to come[?]
gradually grows in number and volume
I fear that it won't be what I want
Each year passing
more challenging to hold it all together
I want to feel better
But I'm so damn sick
I long to have so many people back in my life
that I have fond memories with
very quiet yet seemingly pointless sounds
Forget them because I try not to dwell, but I can't.
They are not pointless sounds.
Each and every one of their heads I think about.

One of my biggest weaknesses at the moment
oddly is a person (won't say)
But now I have learned how to distance myself.

The group that formed at the bottom of the stairs
migrates, and a boy with blue jacket smiles
like a happy jokester
kids quickly jog upstairs with a chuckle
Very distant screams, then laughter

He slightly moves his head
using hands to visualize.

I thought about my fond recent memories
and I think about my children of the future;
the light they will bring into this world.
This gloom that continues on and on
to frustrate me
Why must everything hurt?

That evil man
his face was *too* inviting
he was unsuspected
too friendly
and shiny
When I think about the game
where you roll the tiny pigs for points
He gifted those games to me
or maybe the board game about road traffic
I start to cry
How silly it may seem to someone
We saw his mail with a flashlight
I wasn't the only one
I got a wolf stuffed animal
that was too large for the home
or my mind to grasp
and also my tiny hands
I was seven.

I watch that tree that has orange flowers;
my younger sister doesn't like orange.
I have fooled myself
into thinking that anything significant
happened at age seven.
During many years
of being seven years old
I had a best friend named Haven
we had the same last name
We spent hours creating every day together

distancing ourselves from our worlds
My older sister took her from me.
At seven I had a concussion
oh how it changed my life
how silly for just a game
All in good fun at the time.

I held in my arms a sobbing lover
heart-wrenching it was to see a stone wall crumble
No eye contact or expression
So much expression
He can't live up to his own expectations
I never ever live up to my expectations
How strange is it
that the sound of a lasting heart-drawn sob
is the equivalent sound
to a laugh brought on by the utmost happiness

I observed a man that wore a slight smile
orange-shirted man with his khaki pants
and look of self-worth
I feel slightly warmed
when I see people holding that expression
I want them to be happy

I remember little details
Occasional coughs
Sounds are everything
My 7th and 8th grade art
Arizona, where we fired our sculptures
for Mr. Lazo's class
Indents upward- lots of texture
I saw the huge snake in that art place
how loud I screamed
"holy shit."
how new of a word it was for me

Years ago I thought about strange and skewed perceptions
My intentions and my frustration.

I saw a tree
I thought about how it is strange
It is strange that I live
when everything hurts.
Why must the silence hurt my head?

My watch beeped

nerves and sadness.

I moved away.