

The Thoughts Inside My Head

Sometimes I wonder,
what it would feel like,
to be six feet under.
Sometimes the voice in my head,
tells me I'd be better off dead.

My depression,
leads to regression.
As the progress attained,
is not easily maintained.

The pain is too much,
as happiness escapes my clutch,
one too many times.
So I write these sad rhymes,
as I think of the relief in dying,
unable to stop my crying.

I wish I was lying,
but it's true that I wonder,
what it would feel like,
to be six feet under.

My Muse

Pain is part of the process,
Pain is powerful,
Pain is a thread,
Inextricably woven into our stories.
Yet, it is something we always dread.
Pain is how we learn,
It is normal, and no cause for concern.

You get out what you put in,
So don't suppress your pain,
Because then you will never win.
Progress is attainable,
And yet it is only maintainable
If one preserves through all their fears.
So,
Feel the pain,
And always try,
To take things,
Just one step at a time.

The rainy days make the sun feel brighter, after the storms.
Never forget,
Growing pains come in all shapes and forms.
Someday,
You will look back on these storms you survived,
Having realized,
In the end,
Things were all okay.
In the end,
That was just the price you had to pay,
To find yourself,
And make your own way.

My childhood was never easy,
It seems I was dealt a bad hand,
And this could turn me bitter and cold,
If I so choose.
I could allow myself to feel destined to lose.

But instead this pain has become my muse.

In embracing my pain,
And accepting it without disdain,
I realized, what I must do,
For It is my destiny,
To help kids like me.
I will help them work through their pain.
I will help them endure the rain.
I will show them hope.
Things get better, things improve,
And soon like I did they will find their groove.

One kid.
If even one kid's life was changed,
One kid experienced some kind of gain,
I would be so thankful for all my pain.
I would be so thankful I endured all that bad weather.
If it meant one kid's story was rewritten for the better.

Without pain we are fixed.
Without pain we are never amidst,
the thing we desire.
Forced to watch our dreams die,
like a slow burning fire.

To face the pain,
Requires one to be brave,
And yet allows one to say
I did it all,
Before they reach the grave.

Yin and Yang

What would the sunny day feel like,

Without the rain?

What would success mean,

If failure didn't exist?

What would dreams mean,

If they were guaranteed?

What would it mean to win,

If we never lose?

What would it mean to laugh,

If we never cry?

What would it feel like to be alive,

Without an inevitable death?

What would life be,

Without pain?

Without Love

A house is not a home.
If the structure alone,
And the walls inside,
Protect one from bad weather,
But not a bad temper.

A house is not a home.
If the doors are kept closed.
If the walls contain holes,
Thanks to a short temper that quickly rose.

A house is not a home,
If the people living within the walls,
Hate to pass each other in the halls.

A house is not a home,
If the dinner table is seldom used,
Unless one is alone.

A house is not a home,
If each person contains hatred in their heart,
If each conversation starts,
With a loud noise,
A yell,
That quite frankly sounds straight out of hell.

A house is not a home,
If the fighting never ends,
If no one has a friend.

A house is not a home,
If one feels unable to grow.

A house is not a home,
If one cannot walk around carelessly,
But must tread lightly,
Always walking on eggshells.
Never knowing what is to come,
Always wanting to run.

A house is not a home,
Without love.

The Death of Imagination

A dream dies,
If the dreamer never tries,
To persevere,
Despite their fear.

If the dreamer,
Feels failure they will never win.
Destined to watch what they desire,
Die like a slow burning fire.

If the dreamer,
Does not set goals,
They leave this dream on their pillow.

If the dreamer,
Is scared to try,
They will never fly.

If even baby steps, are too big to take,
Then the dreamer will never make,
This dream a reality,
But instead the dream is sentenced to fatality.

If the dreamer is unable to believe,
That they are capable,
And their dream is attainable,
Then they stand in their own way.
Forcing this dream to fade away.

So the dreamer's story ends with a cry,
As they grow old,
And watched their dream die.

