

Love vs Responsibility

Please, forgive my mixed signs

I apologize for the heartaches I designed

I'm remorseful for the fears I proved right

I am not equipped to love you at this time

But day after day

The one prayer I say

is for our angels to meet back around

Darlin', I love you more than poets could ever put down

You make me brighter than all the stars combined

Because you, like the sun, have a hold on everyone

And you, like the sun, have admirers from all around

I've fled through many state lines and still struggle to keep my feet at home

Still, I don't know where my identity lies

I only know where my heart's tied

Please don't push so hard

I'll break your heart down

I am a project too messy for us right now

This God, I don't know how to trust my life's route

But you, love, go and lay your dots down

Don't try to save what is not yours to take

I've lived too many lifestyles to count

Stop making me your crutch when you know damn well, you have no need for one at this

stage

Get your head out of the clouds

It will hurt more than you know

Please try to understand

I need a friend, not a lover

You want to help?

Go live your life plan out

And maybe someday our angels will meet back around

A Life Prologue

I didn't ask to be created this way

This way I feel like a mutation

An unfortunate mistaken creation

A creature for the babysitter to play exploration

To be used as experimentation

I have been hated since day one and have been given a million reasons as to why

But not yet have I been given a reason for someone to love me right

You could never fathom the time I've spent rummaging for clues highlighting map lines

You could never count the number of times people used me as the punchline

All this time I've questioned why when people look at me they feel that cruelty is alright

Every day I spent alone

Nobody wanted to play with a monster

Nobody was capable of teaching the airhead ogre

Nobody wanted to be near a short-fused panther

Nobody could love me, even if I begged an enchanter

And no matter how hard I try to fit in

I am always hammered down to be nothing more than the scum on the floor

I am the leopard with no spots

The zebra with no stripes

The turtle with no shell

The sheep with no wool

The ram with no horns

As a kid, I soon learned the meaning of sober

Only I became addicted to making myself feel like a warrior

But I am more like the Lone Ranger with no partner

I asked why I am always isolated but never got an answer

I think people prefer me to be their Looney Tunes character

It's not hard to see I'm pretty screwed up

Take a look at my room

It's amazing how many things you can make out of a liquor bottle

I am terrified at how I'll make it in this life

I've spent so many nights contemplating if I should stay alive

In this world, for me, is there even a way

Somebody give me a reason to stay

I've heard of being dealt bad cards, but are mine even from the same deck

Can somebody do a double check

I feel like my only option is to fold

The child in me screams on his knees begging to be consoled

Please

Put my pain at ease

My tears are singing my cheeks

My throat has ached since I could breathe

And I'm scared my screams are lost in the sheets

Everybody Dreams of a Soulmate

Everybody dreams of a soulmate

Whether it's often or not

But I dream about mine a lot

To what form, I like most tastes

But let me stick to one or this could get excruciatingly long

I have been spun into the past of black-and-white films and 1900s chivalry

Falling in love with old-fashioned names and grainy orange photographs

Walking down cobblestone paths in the warm April rain

You hold your umbrella above my head to ensure my white dress remains untouched

Our shoes pitter-patter in the puddles until we reach a low-lit restaurant

You open the door with a bow

The smell of tender rain becomes warm bread

Inside we are framed by elegant dark-wood windows

One of my favorite past scenes is when the man leans forward with his top hat on

With one hand behind his back and the other holding hers

He kisses her baby-soft glove and it smells of sweet perfume

He is a man of much craft

In a day's work, sawdust coats his skin as sweat drives clean rivers down his neck

His hands are rough from handling tool after tool

He has an ancient drive that has been discontinued
He only accepts work where his morals fall into line
Together we can get any job done in the blink of an eye

He never fails to use his words to ask if what he's doing is alright

He ponders with his heart and mind
He celebrates my highs and holds me when I low

He is a private and generous man
Who always sticks up for the little guy
One who will let me own any animal I like

He may be a dream but he is not your mother's perfect Christian man

His faith is that of a mustard seed on its journey to growth

He masks his troubles as often as he is helpful

He has a blotchy dark past
One with devious brown glass bottles and white rolled cancer sticks

He has battled with what they call temptation of the flesh

He has been abused and dangerous

But I think overcoming is what has made him so drug-inducingly charismatic

He entrances me
I might as well be spell-bound

At first glance, he may be formidable

But once you speak to him, you will feel like a homemade cookie

Built like an ox

Acts like a puppy

And I would take him any day

My Chinese Takeout

Miss, you have lassoed me into your grip

I cannot express the gratitude I have to have met a little lady like yourself

You are glossy inside and out and your highlights are blinding

Every curve in your body and wisp of your hair make my knees go weak

I am no writer, so I apologize to those who cannot experience you through my words

Your dainty touch sends bolts into my skin at the voltage of lightning

My heart thumps so deep, it trembles, and I fear I may die of cardiac arrest

You overtake my mind

Clouding every other thought like Cali Canadian fires

Darlin', you have opened my mind like the brights on my truck lights

I will love you and hold you forever until my DNA is embedded in your skin

So much so that if you ever die, forensics will automatically make me their first suspect

You say you weren't born into this red, white, and blue country

Well, Lord

You are America's greatest Chinese takeout

