

La Basura en el Piso

It sits.

I wait.

He sits.

I wait some more.

He moves.

It sits.

I watch.

He doesn't see what I see.

He stops.

I stare.

He smiles.

I glare.

Confused. He leaves.

I sit.

It sits.

We wait.

The Cage

It's lonely in a cage.

Nothing enters knowingly. Some still don't know their stuck.

"HELP!"

You cry. But no one hears you. If they do, they don't understand.

"You're okay" they say, but am I?

Nothing thrives when confined. Nothing can progress when suppressed.

It's confusing in a cage.

You are loved but not *loved*.

You are taken care of but not cared for.

You are captive.

A possession. A treasure. If you look good on the outside, you must be good on the inside.

Inside I scream. I claw. I sob.

It's dark.

Not feeling loved.

It's so lonely in a cage.

At the zoo, the lion is just lying there.

You feel disappointed.

He isn't performing for you, the spectator. Can you blame him?

His heart is sad.

His soul is tired.

He cannot roam free.

He isn't free.

I am not free.

His journey is no longer his.

It belongs to his keeper.

I belong to my keeper.

Sometimes my entire being feels heavy.

I am drowning in sludge.

Unwilling to move quickly.

Unable to escape.

In quicksand.

Sinking quickly.

My will to dream diminished.

But for what?

Why?

Can't a caged lion escape?

It is lonely in a cage.

You feel alone even when you aren't.

You feel unheard, unseen and unappreciated.
Even though you're the star of the show.
The operation can't continue without you.

Without you, it fails.

Breathe deeply.
A ray of sunlight breaks through the clouds.
A sign of hope in an otherwise dismal landscape.
Your heart lurches.
"I'm here!"
You yell.
Though they don't hear you, they notice a shift.

Your eyes brighten.
It is dark in a cage.
You must shield your face.
You peer out from under your arm.
Can I be free?

Can the lion escape?

It is lonely in a cage.
It is shadowy in a stalled life.
It is murky and silent.

But freedom brings light.
Life.

It is lonely in a cage.
Nothing enters knowingly.
Some still don't know they're stuck.
Escape takes understanding.
Courage.
Determination.
Desire.
It is a journey. You must prepare.
The lion stalks his property. He is searching for the flaw.
The weakness from which to break free.

Sometimes the weakness is the captive.
Is it me?

It is lonely in a cage. It is lonelier still in discontentment.

We run. The lion and me.
We traverse the ravine.

We scale the fence.

We break down the metal bars.

We set ourselves free.

It is lonely in a cage.

Anywhere else is where I'd rather be.

The Lake

Shit.

This was a big mistake.

I never should have jumped into this cold lake.

I can see you now.

Floating up above.

At least I know you'll be surrounded by love.

I hear you calling out my name.

I can't respond.

I hate this game.

I really tried to save us both.

I wasn't strong enough.

So I put you in the boat.

I'm stuck, sweet baby.

I can't move.

I wish someone would come and save me

It really was a beautiful day.

Don't cry child.

Just close your eyes

Rest now and feel the waters sway.

I'm sorry, son.

This isn't what I meant to have happen.

Don't worry now.

We've had a lot of fun.

Please remember to just keep calm.

I'll be watching you from heaven now.

Don't forget me.

I love you.

From Mom.

Inside a Panic Attack

Everything is going great when it attacks.
Out of nowhere.
Your mind, hijacked.
Like you're there. Living it.
A switch gets flipped.

Blackness.

Your heart races.
Your skin dampens.
You see your worst nightmares play out in front of your eyes.
You hear the sounds.
You smell the smells.
You feel the feelings

Transported.

You're in a trance.
Unable to move. To speak. To stop.
Sometimes you cry.
Or scream.

You aren't crazy. It's so real.
You react as though its real.

Sometimes it's quick.
Sometimes it takes a while.
Sometimes it's like a snapshot in your mind.
It lingers.

You can't breathe.
You're shaking.
Its hot. So hot.

You can't escape. There is no escape.
You're searching but the images won't stop playing.
You can't find the exit.
The screams are bubbling up from deep within.

You close your eyes.
You rock back and forth.

Doing everything you can to contain it.
Begging your brain to grant you reprieve.
You have no control. Your mind is controlling you.

And then, like nothing, it's over.
You uncover your face.
You open your eyes.
You're soaked in sweat.
Your hands are clenched in fists and sore.
Your cheeks are streaked with tears.

It's over.

The images.
The feelings.
The sounds.
They're all fresh in your mind.
You won't forget them.
You will carry them with you.
Wishing you could leave them behind.
The horrors that never really happened but feel so real.

You're safe. For now.

You know there will be a next time. There is always a next time.
You don't know when. Or where.
But you know it's coming.
Lurking in the shadows of your mind.
Preparing.
Waiting for just the right moment to attack.

All you can do is try to be ready. You're never ready.
How can you be ready for an invisible enemy?

You aren't crazy.

It's real.
The response is real.
The terror is real.

All you can do is wait.

Those Three Words

I said it.

I said the words.

I tried so hard to hold them in.

To hide them from him.

From myself.

And now he knows.

It's all out there.

My heart exposed.

My secret.

The one I pretended wasn't real.

I hope he doesn't crush it.

I hope it doesn't hurt.

I hope it's strong enough to face him.

I hope he feels the same.

I hope love is what we feel.