

The Gray House

Look to the gray house, down the street
I'm forced to see week after week

What's left unspoken, feeds in the night
Terrorizing on my remaining light

Ask all the shadows, cast onto the wall
They'll say what i couldn't before

Ask what was taken, along with memory
As not everyone loves selflessly

Ask about the girl, who once had a father
And what she'd soon remember

May

Wisps of cotton crawl,
across a pastel sky.
Fragrant flowers, fresh cut grass,
float on a breeze, thru my window.
Birds serenade the rising sun.
On another insufferable day.
May ushers in perennial waves,
Of grief and thoughts of you.
In memories, I feel close to you again.
It was messy, it was magical.
It was beautiful, it was tragic.
When I deteriorated,
years of love and dreams,
unraveled in kind.
Resentment, filling the place in you,
once reserved for me.
The only place, I ever felt at home.
Years later, where I ache to be still.
I linger, between spaces in time,
waiting for the Autumn chill.
When flowers and grass,
wither into afterthoughts.
When burnt amber husks,
scatter along the ground.
When tall wooden skeletons,
pierce the graying skyline.
Only when everything is stripped,
as barren as you left me,
will I feel a bit more alive.

Step Therapy

I'm colder
I feel lighter
My skin turns
A mottled pallor
Thinking is harder
I cannot taste the salt
I try to lick off my finger
As spams spread farther
I see stars dance all around
The world now spinning faster
My body now pleading for sugar
But my stomach rejects it violently
My body screaming for fucking water
I'm possessed by some primal hunger
I rabidly drink from the dirty hospital sink
Hoping today they agree that I need a doctor
With something more than wait and see to offer
How many times can a person survive malnutrition
Praying to anything I don't have to find out the answer
As the weight of my worth is now held hostage by a number

July 4th, 2020

On holidays of remembrance,
Grampy watches movies,
or relevant documentaries.
I used to dismiss this ritual,
ignorantly scoffing like I knew better.
He reaches for the familiar,
as the world continues to burn,
fueled by hate and sickness.
He finds only Covid rants,
holiday sale ads and reality TV.
No tales of courage or
battles for better tomorrow's.
I saw fear welling in his eyes,
I'd never seen him afraid before.
"Future generations need to learn,
so none of this happens again".
His words washed over me.
I remembered one day in school,
watching towers crumbling,
to rubble and melted steel,
and years of anger, pain and wars.
Voices of the past are fading,
drowned out by shouts in a digital void.
We complacently wave our rights,
born of others' sacrifice, like swords.
Determined to cut each other down.
As we inch closer to repeating,
the history we passively unlearn.

Every Day Decision

I felt alone in another silence, in another absence, in another unspoken moment

I froze inside another panic, in another night terror, in another memory

I carved my name on another wall, in another room, in another hospital

I heard my secrets in another cry, in another story, in another girl

I saw freedom required another lie, in another facade, in another emulation

I hid my pain in another cigarette, in another drink, in another drug

I tied myself to another guy, to another love, to another cross

I dissolved in another absence, in another loneliness, in another betrayal

I faded inside another stare, in another hospital, in another affair with death

I agreed to try one day, to talk one day, to cry one day

I remembered to breath again, to endure again, to choose again

I laughed today, I cried today, i hoped for another day like today