

Fear shook the cradle

Our deepest fears are wrapped in procrastination,
 Like how trees sing only during windstorms and flowers blossoming by season.
 Our deepest fears clench us by the throat as we gasp for the courage to fight against failure.
 And whispers of the vilest adjectives permeate our skin to cast away any hint of confidence
 found beneath our layers.
 Hide and seek becomes fear's favorite game as hope buries itself in the shelves of our eyes only
 to be found in the tears of our dreams.
 How are we able to see what we can produce when our bravery is found playing in streams too
 costly to redeem?

Streams of self-pity.
 Streams of agony.
 Streams of doubt.
 Streams of solitude begging to be rescued from a perplexing drought.

Fear shakes the cradle, putting asleep our passions and desires,
 Maybe one day we can shake fear and find the audacity to believe we truly hold the power.

If the sun had a love affair

If the sun had a love affair it would sound like monstrous waves devouring a boat as it wreaks
 havoc on climate change.
 It would awaken every congregation in its float fighting not to be seen.

If the sun had a love affair it would embody our first glance that made waves scream melodies of
 resentment.
 Like how shores push away the debris of surrender along the streams of entitlement.
 Or how destruction and addiction were captured in the picturesque lens of your eyes.
 If the sun had a love affair, truthfully, it would look a lot like you and I.

Dreams of gentleness wallow in the palms of your touch.
 It breathes light into tomorrow and calms seas at the sound of your love.
 The harmony of your heart rate emulsifies as two peas in a pod,
 Your smile found at the end of a rainbow more unimaginably beautiful than a pot of gold sought.

Rich spices mixed with vinegar to make love potions to cast your heart away,
 To my dismay, it was in your eyes a burning flame became the antidote for heartbreak.
 Prayers for a love so endearing turned into cries of neglect,
 Storms of melancholy danced angelically to the music of our sex.

If the sun had a love affair it would become a hurricane.
 Now we understand why they're named after people because they're destined to wreak havoc on
 our esteem.

Writer's Block

I see you, but you don't see me.

I see the loss in your eyes and the sorrow draining down your face.

I feel your trembles as your fingers race across a paper and your emptiness painted clearly on canvas.

The pencils stare at you in anguish hoping that you would one day find them worthy enough to use.

The metaphors leak through your pores fighting to be freed from the dungeon of your ice-cold heart.

Your history collapsed in the crevices of your bones that your marrow is relentlessly trying to guard,

But what's truly being protected? Memories of him or your heart?

"Let them free," the paper says to me.

I see you, but you don't see me.

New Settings

Cold weather, brown leaves, black people, new identities.

Fresh coffee, foggy glass, burnt wood, middle class.

Inflation, bluebirds, vintage houses, minimal slurs,

History, antiques, consumed with nostalgia of ancestry.

New beginnings refine the soul as it quenches vulnerability with decorum.

It gifted grace in exchange for obedience to appreciate the beauty of being resilient.

Destiny plastered on the white walls of a new home to cover remnants of the past,

Painted in shades of yellow as the voice of the rainbow expressing tough times do not last.

"What ifs" turn to "what did" to procreate the good to come,

Uncertainty became the best friend of drive to accept the endless possibilities of many to none.

Shackles became a haystack cushioning the needle of regret,

Life becomes a puppet of dry seasons balancing hope and death.

In the eyes of the Beholder only He can free this waging war of newness,

Only in Him can troubles bestow the goodness of His grace in times of weariness.

For three months despair and solitude dressed the table for dinner,

Crushed dreams and broken promises carved misery in every supper.

New beginnings tasted like pepper flakes on a burnt bun,

Thankfully it was just an appetizer for the good destined to come.

Carefree

It's mind-boggling to think that history doesn't define reality,

As if common fatalities are no measure to dispute the attributes of felons in society.

Brainwashed civilians destroy the children's mentality of what it is to have an identity.
Racial slurs graffitied on historical monuments with indulgence of sobriety.
Treasured talent scooped by corporations in corruption under false pretenses of
misrepresentation.
Laws made to dehumanize instead of maximizing the value of every life as a result destroying a
nation.
How is this a democracy when my body is chained to victimization in honor of keeping us
enslaved to the system?
Emancipation became an ongoing revolution to blind us from restitution,
Tell me,
... When can I breathe and finally be free from this political pollution?