

Sick and Twisted

*I am sick and twisted.
I want it.
I love it.
I just can't shake it.
I want that feeling again.
That warmth.
That sweet euphoria.
That feeling that transcends all feelings.
Even though it's all a lie,
My body still aches for it.*

*I am sick and twisted.
I lie to myself.
I lie to you.
I just can't stop it.
I want to be normal.
To be like you.
To be able.
To be the one that can control myself.
Even though it would be a lie,
My mind still thinks I can.*

*I am sick and twisted.
I know it.
I feel it.
I fight against the thoughts.
I try to live without.
Those feelings wax.
Those feelings wane.
Those feelings will end.
Even though I want to lie to myself,
My heart still knows the way.*

silence

I know what silence is.

It is desperately wanting someone to break through that self-encompassing circle.

To break that silence.

Break that promise to yourself that you will NEVER let go

Until someone cares enough to ask you to.

Until someone needs you to.

Until someone begs you to.

And even then you may not voice yourself.

It sits. Afraid to roar.

Afraid to shout out.

Afraid to let go.

And all the while, you know you won't heal.

You won't feel the joy.

You won't truly be at peace...

Until you share your secret.

The Almighty Spruce

*The almighty Spruce has fallen
They said it could never be done
He thought it could never be done
But God said, and it was so.*

*The almighty Spruce has fallen
Its' life has been uprooted
The young saplings, uprooted
But God said, and it was so.*

*The almighty Spruce has fallen
Taking with it no pain
Leaving all its' branches in pain
But God said, and it was so.*

*The almighty Spruce has fallen
And all the Junipers cried out
And all the sparrows cried out
But God said, and it was so.*

*The almighty Spruce has fallen
The old forest sighs
Yet gives way for new life
And God said, and it was so.*

RIP Bruce Stevens 11/3/1954 - 5/25/2013