Strength, I Come For You / Inspiration, You are Mine

For what

I am special, so they say. As in destined. For what? I cannot specify, because I ask the same question.

I live presently in my future, a golden one I assume.

For what?
I cannot say,
Only that we want forever,
and it's the now
that will take us.

So let every breath you take, Take you where your special is. As in destined. For if I am special, so are you.

For what? I cannot specify, For that is our one true question.

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Mythology
It's you.
Me?
Yes.
Where
      Are
             You
                    Going?
                                  They told me to follow.
                                  Why?
                                  They said because of
                                                      the
                                                             Norm.
Lie.
What?
The Norm is a myth.
Well, do
  you
      follow
             it
                    too?
                                               Why of course NOT.
                                               Please tell, how do you do it?
                                               Well, I simply fell in love
                                                             with the good
                                                                    inside me.
How do you do it?
                           Listening to thy self.
                           And?
                           Not the myth of Norm.
                           But?
                           The
                               Myth
                                     Of
                                         Ме.
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Once, but never twice

When sorry revives you, Don't hold it tight. Let it go. Sorry, once but never twice.

Forgiveness is stowed. Hold it tight, then let it go. Goodbye, once but never twice.

Strength is upon. It cannot let go. Hold it tight. Say hello, never once a goodbye cry.

Courage is within. Keep it close, for it can go. Present at once. Twice again, Who knows?

Freedom happens in two

Freedom happens in two. One, Inhale the power. Two, Exhale the weak.

Freedom happens in two. At One, Inhale the courage. At Two, Exhale the fear.

Your freedom At one, with a determined breath towards the stars. At two, a courageous smile ready to face Life.

Freedom happens in two.
Even in the midst of strife,
In a count of two, go.
For at One,
Never forget to inhale.
And at Two,
Always remember to *let it go*.

((Untitled))

Bold with words and gentle at touch.

Keep your mouth straight and your skin soft.

Know your words and pair them right with action.

You talk with passion so you follow through with planned reaction.

Your skin is soft and your lips soothing.

It is nice when the words from that pretty mouth can strike them quiet.

Never quite astonishing
Enough to forget
that
they
think
your tiny body
is only
paired with
a quiet,
pretty mouth.

You tell them just how wrong they are.