

Sixfold Submission:

Flying

I sit at my desk, as a writer should.

But nothing comes of it.

I sit at work as a worker should.

But nothing comes of it.

I sit in front of a mountain with my dreams slipping over the edge.

But nothing comes of it.

A robin spoke to me in a dream,

It said, "Trust your wings and you will always fly."

"Trust others all the time and you will always fall."

I stared at the robin in anger, and it tweeted at me:

"No one understands how you fly little bird,"

"No one else but you."

And I loved it.

I wake up with my dreams in my hands,

The sun shining through.

I got up and flew.

And something came of it.

Grief

The sun always rises.

No matter how you feel that the Earth will swallow you whole.

No matter how being left behind feels like a cancer in your soul.

But the sun sets on another day.

And rises again.

Never ending.

Immortal.

Except pain, sorrow, and rage make you beg.

For Mortality

For Nothingness.

For an End.

“Live like there’s no tomorrow!” they say.

“There is no tomorrow,” you say.

But the sun rises and sets.

Again

Again.

Until all you do is wait

For tomorrow.

When the sun rises,

And you feel it seeping into your pores.

When the sun sets,

And the darkness settles in your skin like old clothes.

The only remnants of grief a box hidden from view.

Or a picture you keep in your desk.

And the sun rises again.

Reminding you there is no forever,

But there will always be tomorrow.

Sabrina Fair

Sabrina Fair,

With russet eyes and dark gold hair,

Many maidens speak your name,

With hope and love sighing through their veins.

Sabrina Fair,

You wave your sword of light.

And speak the truth with your lips of might.

Sheltering those who are rabbits in the fields of delight.

Sabrina Fair,

Where do you rest?

Through tiny stars of light gleaming in the waves of night?

Through the sun gleaming in the trees of your father's domain?

Sabrina Fair,

How do we save thee?

When many maids scream your name in abject misery

Though none truly cares about the cost paid by thee.

Sabrina Fair,

I will speak to you as a mother might.

“Take care my child of those who seem in faithless night.”

“They are not always in the right.”

Sabrina Fair,

I shake my head.

Though justice is fair and truly right,

Love and cost go hand in hand.

Do not stray far from your place of rest,

And let others handle their mess.

Schizophrenia

Madness is upon me

And I fight,

Kicking down closed doors.

Why?

Why?

Why me?

Go home,

Take it easy,

Get some sleep,

Everyone tells me.

But it never ends.

Endless panic, endless mania

Endless voices belonging to no one,

At least, no one anyone can see.

Memories fade into funny delusions,

Until there is none left at all.

Then they come in waves.

Clear like a movie strip

Sharp like a tack.

Taste, touch, smell and see,

I recite.

Until they fade like they've never been.

Madness says hello again.
Shaking you like a mad dog,
Scratching you deep like an angry cat,
And the feeling of nothing to lose comes back.

Why?

Why?

Why me?

No answer.

Anger and resolve.

I clutch at them in silent desperation,

As my vision turns gray.

To live life with no regrets,

To love life with the fire of a thousand suns

Hoping happiness is in the cards.

No matter how short,

No matter how fleeting.

Screaming as thousands of voices rise up again,

Obscuring reality and making me forget.

Until there is nothing left of me

But pills and darkness

Looking for a light in my endless night.

Desire

They say fire and ice will end us all.

But they know not of DESIRE.

To be encased in fire with a heart of ice,

That is hell you see.

For it makes us yearn for destruction.

Haunted by a life seeking everlasting PASSIONS.

But to burn with the heart of fire and be encased in ice,

Well then destruction will never suffice.

As it gives only a taste of desire,

Igniting flames of devotion, SLOWLY.

Living for one or the other is paltry.

Living for both leads to immortality.

Giving way to vivid and lasting desires,

Making us feel ALIVE.