

For Those Who Fear the Known

WHEN I GET TO WHERE I'M GOING

When I get to where I'm going,
I'll see more days than nights.
Starry eyes will float like fluffy clouds,
emitting pure rays of light.

When I get to where I'm going,
I'll have many reasons to smile.
I'll make friends with Hope along the way,
and she'll ask me to stay for a while.

When I get to where I'm going,
laughter won't be used to forget.
I will know just how to protect my heart,
and find joy without regret.

When I get to where I'm going,
it'll be safe enough to dream.
I can take my time enjoying life,
never fearing losing everything.

When I get to where I'm going,
I won't have missed so much.
I'll find fullness in what I have,
and value all the things I touch.

When I get to where I'm going,
I'll find my healing to be true.
I'll be steadfast in self-commitment,
and give me all the love I'm due.

When I get to where I'm going,
I'll stop looking for places to go.
I'll take the time to meet myself,
and be unafraid to know.

THERE IS A WORLD TO BURN

When buildings burn,
we howl in anguish from a distance.
Thick smoke clouds fill the air,
and the darkness lights up with flames.
The sky cloaks a cruel warmth.

No one is comforted.

There is a fear of the unknown.
It is daunting to lose a world you call home.
As the walls fall and the trim fades to black, a question arises; is this burning
building a lost dream?

The fireman says a spark tore the building apart from roof to foundation.
He points at the crumbled walls and says, "the foundation was weak from the
start."

There are structures with sturdier roots.
As luck would have it, you get to start again.

THE INFLUENCE

Worldly wires running.
Women wishing for wonder.
Waking the oppressed.