

## A Leaf Jumps

A leaf jumps  
Twists and turns  
On a colossal space mission  
Quintessential exhibition  
of what life looks like while fighting the body For breath  
The wind picks up  
And an army starts up  
A torrent of leaves left to self-loathing  
Roaming  
With bodies that demons seem to home in  
Pinnate leaves but the mid-rib's close to cut in  
People are being blinded by  
the media's portrayal of crazy lately  
Wait for school massacres  
to finger point monsters and craters in health acts  
Accusations covered up truth by the acres  
Meanwhile violence on our streets are overlooked  
Like corner store shootouts are a norm  
We no longer run from  
Rather synonymize mental illness with demons uncured  
There are crises at every door under every window and every moor  
There is bloodshed on every floor  
This is mental exorcism of the masses  
Psych wards start looking like penitentiaries  
And penitentiaries start looking like... homes  
If hormone  
imbalance and traits of "abnormality"  
are crimes  
Then technically we are all guilty  
While delving into this world's pity  
We may feel our spirit weakening  
But there is nothing wrong with us  
There is still so much fight in us  
We are those leaves that jump in rampant hiccups  
Red amaryllis twisting and turning  
Tear Alteo down tonight and leave him burning!  
In a wildfire of Helios and goodbyes consumed too soon  
At times everything feels so defined  
Till moon tide rise too high  
And suddenly we're drowning again  
But then the wind cradles in  
A prayer reborn.  
Tender and green at the core  
We are all we've ever wanted and more!

We tell ourselves  
We are all we've ever wanted and more !  
Because lives so amazing,  
should not be so torn  
When fight and depression collide,  
a leaf jumps  
at it's own resurrection

## **Naked**

If you were to strip yourself naked  
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Tear off your fleshly fabric in shreds of magenta  
Unearth the buttons from your neckline  
Peel off your covering down to the ivory relic of bone  
If you were to rub off the powder and artificial that had consumed you  
from beneath the layers you've lived in long enough to call home  
If you were to strip yourself completely  
Naked  
Crawl out of your physical  
And leave the body alone  
Run forth and break bonds with this land and sky that's not your own  
If you were to shred yourself boundless  
Sandpaper scrape everything you've ever held unto  
Imagine yourself timeless and nude  
Swaying in the winds of freedom  
Running without the fear of being found  
Relishing in the sweetness of your own empty and unburdened  
Like stain has never laid its sickly hands on you  
And death could find no muse  
Undeniably  
Raw and torn to perfection  
Wrecked and ruined in all your glorious beautiful  
If you were to strip yourself naked  
Stop judging from behind worn skin  
Insecurities peeking through your being  
Like weeds, where they're not wanted  
If you were naked  
I'm sure you could look just like me.

## **My brother is not dead**

My mother breathes in my company  
As she lightly snores  
Gentle waves of life making way through her little nostrils  
Arms crossed against her chest  
one hand raised to her aging face  
As if in deep thought  
The second episode of Bambino continues to play in the background  
She takes fetal position as she dreams of her baby  
Who hasn't been in her stomach for years  
But will soon turn to dust in the womb of the earth  
Once in about every 12 breaths  
She shakes her head in her sleep  
Her forehead scrunching together in ripples of confusion  
"How?" "How?" "I don't understand," she mumbles as she tears  
But I do  
My brother is on vacation  
Each grain of dust is it's own destination and my brother will choose the best one  
He's resting beneath palm trees in a world unknown  
The air is crisp and cognizant  
The ground a never-ending abyss of serenity  
He is fulfilled as he takes in a fresh breath  
His regrets have been put to shame and tomorrow is nonexistent  
He is simply present and weightless in the  
Dust storm of a mother he has left behind  
A woman's voice lulls him to sleep and the scent of her fills the air  
She is unrecognizable but he continues to sleep in her caress  
Next to me  
My mother rocks herself childless  
But I don't think she'll understand me when I tell her  
My brother is not dead  
He is on vacation

## **Alphabet Duress**

Sticks and stones may break my bones  
But words will never hurt me  
is a lie told too often  
Towing wind through the teeth of timidity  
A false beat repeated by those weakened by phonetics  
Attempting to convince themselves that  
Words don't hurt unless you allow them to  
But Oh! They do.  
Words when released  
Can be a tongue to tip of the palette



Bearing the harsh winds that blow

Welcoming the cold into her crevices

She will be waiting

A lose pink scarf sailor knotted around her

Thin neck

The other side flowing with the gusps of time

Her large eyes will continue to stare down the distance

As she sits

Legs crossed and hands clamped in bewildering harmony

She will be waiting

Until the last time you tell her to go away

Then her insides will collapse

Thousands of thin roadways will race across her skin

The rock mass of a woman will crumble to dust

Silently

But even then she will be waiting

For you.