

Still Chaos by E.T.

The whole world supposedly resets now.  
Mid-pandemic and evolution takes a toll.  
The fee my brain pays to survive,  
My mind is in sprint, not stroll.

There's an endless cycle of thoughts,  
Trapped in a still body sheltered, tending.  
They fade into unrecoverable depths.  
The growth is constantly pending.

The bright side is that it's all in transition,  
Society and humanity aiming to live.  
With my nervous system and wiring struggling,  
Doing everything in power to stay active-

The goal is emotional awareness.  
To stand tall like a tree braving a storm,  
Acknowledge the presence of strong winds,  
Allow the chaos to pass, hold your form.

The Prison Mind by E.T.

We're locked away during this pandemic.

Forced to look within our souls.

Faith in "the man" lost.

Tragic.

Prisoners to our own minds.

The virus sucks souls all around.

Here rests the killer neurons.

Binds.

Negative programs attack.

Pause and select how to react.

Plenty of choice.

Smack.

Gloom slaps the clear brain.

Fear of the genre, we exit.

Search love and confidence.

Gain.

A Therapist's Outcome by E.T.

"Can you take a pause for a moment?"

"What is your body telling you?"

My throat is choking, closing.

My shoulders bear all the holding.

"Acknowledge what your body is feeling."

"Take in deep breaths and breathe"

Sometimes the breathe is my savior,

Other times tears are my go-to behavior.

"What does your younger self need to hear?"

"Say what needs to be said to her."

People will not understand you.

Only other highly sensitive people do.

Know that you are incredibly unique,

Life is an art with no correct technique.

Everyone in the world let's someone down,

Accept this truth, so you do not drown.

Stay true to yourself and all you believe,

These blackened experiences-- you must grieve.

If you suppress the torment and shame,

You will only have yourself to blame.

You need to let go of all this pain,

So I'm here to listen and act as a drain.

Pour out your heart's wounds now,

They'll spiral through me as I bow.

"What does your younger self have to say?"

"Is she saying anything back?"

I wish people weren't this cruel,

I wish I actually liked school.

I don't even know what "dyke" means,

But I'll understand the term in my teens.

I crave for boys' attention,

To feel any positive affection.

I wish my mom understood,

The pain beneath my hood.

How being raised without femininity,  
Took over my apparent identity.

How being scolded for not knowing,  
Was the dominant love she was showing.  
How no matter who my friends were,  
She expressed more as better.

“Now, what do you want to say back?”

“Know this part of you, and how to take care”

You know, your feelings are valid,  
With turbulence of a rapid.

The hurt will likely continue.  
Poetry will help you through.  
Let's rewrite the narrative,  
As your experience is relative.

This time is an opportunity,  
To recognize all you desire to be.  
You crave to be kind,  
And love you will find.

You see how people disappoint,  
A difficult lesson, a life checkpoint.  
Others will only become insecure,  
When you shine all that is pure.

Now pure can mean a handful,  
(for you) Follow your internal pull.  
Your moral compass is wise,  
Years beyond your allies.

You must understand how life operates,  
A system of continuous updates.  
Life places boulders in the way,  
To see how far you go astray.

You will always be too loving,  
At your own detriment of running.  
You will be smart and beautiful,  
People then show how they envy you.

So you see, in this situation,  
Others reveal their own deflation.  
They try to block your rays of light,  
But I promise, you shine too bright.

“Now breathe.”

In for four seconds, hold for two,  
Out for six and it'll do.