

The Whole World's Collapsing

*The whole world's collapsing
In front of our eyes*

*It's nearly impossible
Knowing truth from the lies*

*Have the pictures been tainted
Designed and repainted*

Have the dates now been altered

*Were the images cropped
Engineered to appear
And falsely re-propped*

*Are we made to believe
That something is fake
Feel good in the moment
Because of that take*

*Then all of a sudden
Be shown something new
That rattles our brain
And makes us unglue*

*Is the evil so rampant
We cannot perceive
From whence it is coming
And thereby deceived*

*Is the right hand holding
The magic reveal*

*Or did somehow we miss
The left hand conceal*

The Mighty Deadline

*The mighty deadline, what does that mean?
Let's take a look, behind the screen*

*An arbitrary line, drawn in the sand
A faulty construct, devised by man*

*It is a time set up to state
You cannot reach beyond that date*

*The hands are set, you all took stock
Of their position, on the clock*

*The calendar is circled, for everyone to see
Beyond that date, it cannot be*

*Until that time, you're filled with hope
The joy of promise, infinite scope*

*A wish, a drive, you're so alive
Pushing forward, as you strive
To give it all, all you know
All signs point Go Go Go!*

*And then the moment does appear
The one we outlined and defined
The one we dreaded with such fear
The mighty deadline now is here*

*And oh my God it came and went
And all you pushed for, all is spent
And now it's gone, you feel bereft*

*It takes away, leaves nothing left
But pain and sorrow, for tomorrow*

*It's there to say you cannot win
A buried death so deep within*

*A sign of weakness, loss and fear
You did not make it, though came near*

*But near is not enough they say
You missed the deadline*

It was today!

Hidden In Plain Sight

*It feels like I've been hidden
My entire life
Behind the scene, off the screen
Out of radar's view*

*Feels like I've been hidden
In plain sight
Standing in the wings
Ready to take flight*

*Behind the curtain, until my time
Peeking out slightly
Then pulling back behind*

*From time to time I get a crumb
A glimpse of magic to become
A taste of this, a taste of that
A dip, a sip, into the vat*

*A glance, a chance, but nothing more
A trailer, preview, to explore*

*To wet my appetite, that's for sure
To feel a sense of my allure*

*A glimpse of talent, expertise
But that's just it, it's just a tease*

*So here I am behind the gate
Being told that I must wait*

*It seems forever that I've known
The who I am, the what to do
But here I stand, until my cue*

*And yet I'm back here all alone
Screaming loudly to be heard*

*Is anybody listening
I haven't heard a word*

*The silence now is deafening
The signal hasn't come
But in my heart I hear the sound*

The cadence of my drum

Finding Your Voice

*Finding your voice
Takes courage and grit
But everything pales
When you recognize it*

*It's not like the ego
So heavy and dense
It's rather pure lightness
Your spirit can sense*

*Look deep within
To a time and a place
Where you denied you
And switched on a face*

*That wasn't your own
But were drawn to embrace
To fit in somehow
Or some way in that space*

*How did it feel
When you put on that face
Did it feel like you
Or cause some distaste*

*Did something come in
To question that choice*

That's what to look for

That is your voice

Why Women Hate Mirrors

*Did you ever think about the fact
You never really see your face
Unless reflected back at you
From some refracted place*

*The mirror in the morning
That starts my brand new day
Makes me feel, at least I think,
That yes, I look okay*

*Then oh my God, I pass a car
A window in my view
To find ten pounds arrived
I never knew I grew*

*Oh please it gets much worse
I know you know the drill
The different ways it starts to show
The imperfections from the glow*

*As sunlight hits the rearview glass
And suddenly my heart does gasp
To think, oh dear, that cannot be
Oh really is that really me*

*I hate to even mention this
The biggest culprit on the list*

*The pain it caused is never gone
Each visit to the hair salon
It's not just once I do repeat
It's every state and every seat*

*And dare I even go there
The very worst of all*

*I hate to say the hard cold truths
But none as bad as try-on booths*

*I wish so much that I could see
A truer version back at me
A better picture of my stare
Without distortion from the glare*

*You'd think with all the highest tech
A mirror standard could be set
To make us feel what is more real
A simple task to get and yet*

But anyway perhaps some day

*Now home sweet home I have arrived
A chance to breathe and feel revived*

*Upon my mirror I do say
You know sweet girl, you look okay*