

Breaking Point

January 2014

On Edge

Will heaven fill the void?
The bit that disconnects me from the harmonies I hear?
How can I be the music?
My soul is filled with it
My poor soul is trapped
It is buried, it can only release its sweat as it tries to fight
Fighting to break itself out
Its light
A tightly bound machine keeps it buried
My spirit is rebelling, creating a new life
A life that can escape

I wish I could say I love you
I love you
I am a ghost walking through this plane
Observing the events around me
I am no longer breathing amongst you
The world continues on while I shall remain on pause
I listen to the sounds around me
Smile when I need to
But the world continues on while sit in place
I fade away from all that once knew me
I blend into wind
I shall not be a memory, my existence erased

I pray for a light, for an embrace from God
I need to fee the warmth of unconditional love
Acceptance that I am a child that belongs in this universe
Broken, bruised and pleading
Nothing has come
My soul is dry and shriveled
My spirit is hunched over
I am brittle

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Mother Earth

Shhhhh....
I am here my dear
Your Mother Earth
I wrap my arms around you
Cradle you to sleep
The wind will sweep up your dreams
Willows will dance with your thoughts
Sweep all the good and bad emotions
Blow them to where they are needed
Bury the worst beneath the rotting logs
Bring the light to those who are shedding tears
I will protect you from the hurricanes
Lie here my baby
Curl up, close your eyes
I am here
And I love you
The whole world loves you
Shhhhhh....

Untitled

It's true
I have died before
However this time feels more real
Forever I will be changed by the moment to come
Keep me hollow, harden my shell
Strengthen my resolve to simply keep breathing

I hate you
My stomach churns by your every move
I wretch to hear you breathe
You are a wirey creature
A witch in modern times

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Chaos Repeats Itself

How long can this soul keep the burden?
Her shoulders stay high but her spirit sinks with each new cut
Words are hurled at this beaten body
Bruises and bleeding
Scar tissue builds and builds
The seams can barely keep up with each new onslaught
Angels watch helpless
God does not answer
She cries
She breaks
She begs for comfort
But comfort does not come
She stitches her wounds with each new morning
Allows the aches to dull throughout the day
Salve again before evening falls and prepare for battle
Death seeps into the void
The mind falls to flatline
The eyes are all that remain alive
To watch the anger
The degradation
Her son's future
A tarnished light
Red wrists
Red string
Twitching hands
Mantras chanting
Rastas singing
White noise cancelling
Chaos rising

I Squirm for Cockroaches

Dead cockroach lying on my floor
Your legs just moved, now they move no more
Thought we killed you last night, but I see you brought guests
I wish you'd stop using my house for your late night parties
Now you see the bouncer gets the last laugh
Watching you lie on your back soon to be swept out
Yet I cringe to think of picking you up
Big and brown and oh what's that?
You are still alive!!!!
Die cockroach die!