

Indigo

The color of my soul that day.

The rain came down from the dark sky
like tears pouring from big brown eyes.

My world was ending, I was ready to die.
You wouldn't let me.

The cigarettes burned and burned
illuminating the way, until they set fire to bridges.

I didn't think it would happen, but it all cleared up.
The rain, life, and anything else that could fog.
All except my memory. It could have been a bad dream.

Maybe it was a dream, I stand thinking. Feet safely on the sidewalk
as a car speeds by.

But when I toss the cigarette butt, I am taken to another place.
No, same place. Different time.

And I see the rain droplets landing upon the pavement.
Just like that day when the world was indigo and I was ending.

I blink and the melancholy echoes on. I breathe and pretend it really
was all imagined. And then, I go.

Following the spirit of more than I can comprehend,
because the spirit of the moment and the spirit of the past were, past.
And are over.

And time, it doesn't move backward. Just go forward, into the light

Flight or Fight

I thought you were a bird, teaching me how to fly.
The sky was the limit if I would leave the tree.
I was wrong. What I learned is, you weren't a bird.
You were a snake, with wings.
A bat? No that's rude to bats.
A dragon? Maybe so
You were tamed by the prince.
But it wasn't the first time, or the last.
A battle was beginning.
Then your fire came out. Protection was key.
He fought hard. Everyone did.
We thought he was down for the count,
but he rose, knew the truth, and saved the day.
Returning to the kingdom everyone knew,
they had known all along.
A sadness was present,
but they carried each other as good people do.
And I, I'll always be learning to fly. A little higher every time.

Inspiration

The candle stands tall and proud.
Or Large, small, stout, slim, with colors both magnificent and plain.
And as it stands there it waits. For the moment to be ignited.
Set on fire.
Then it burns. Burns Bright and warm.

On occasion, obstacles happen causing the little flame on top to become bigger. Engulfing everything it stands close to. Overpowering and taking over.

Often though, the obstacles are stronger than the flame. Sadness cold and wet puts it out. Taking a significant amount of time to dry and be ready to light up again.

Force and strength push through and blow the fire out in a quick flash. Restarting it can be difficult as the force continues to push.

Resilience and patience for the issue to subside, trust that the light will come back.

Though arbitrary and seemingly inanimate, The candle is patient, its purpose will come through in time. It will glow and warm that which it surrounds. What an inspiration a little thing can be.

An Unexpected Search

There's a hole in my pocket where the magic used to be. I put my hand in, and nothing was there. It was as empty as the sudden feeling in my sunken chest. Where did it go? Would it come back?

I walked about the town. Up and down the footpaths and alleyways. I looked all around for the magic. I was hopeful. The sun was shining bright and the wind was calm. I was sure to find it as I retraced my steps. But confusion set in, it didn't seem to show up.

I went back home. The castle on the hill. A fire roaring bright as the rain began to fall down. I closed my eyes and felt the warmth of the fire on my face. It glowed in front of me and I saw. The magic. In my imagination. Memories and dreams.

The magic was bigger now. It wasn't safe and predictable and comforting. It was big and uncertain. But what good is magic really if it isn't big? The joy of what it was is real. Or at least it was, in that moment. But like its sudden disappearance, the uncertainty of what it will bring is scary indeed.

But it is magic.... so really, its quite exciting. Just let it lead.

A poem about burying the past ... But not.
You've been in my trunk for a few days now.
In a few days more, it'll be a week.
I look for you everywhere that I go.
Even though I Know,
You're in my trunk.
I lit a candle.
But it wasn't for you.
It was for all the poor souls that you ever knew.
Think it'd be comforting to have you this close.
In all honestly it actually kinda blows.
Imagined things were fine.
We should have read the signs.
This was coming all in due time.
And now.... You're in my trunk.