

## From the Eyes of Macy

The cold  
Overwhelming  
Winter  
I can't feel my face

How many are there, 5, 6, 12  
Little monsters that eat at my stomach  
They steal my juices  
I never wanted this

The pups wag their little tails  
The pups are oblivious  
Of what's to come  
What the Chinese do to us

They feed me the toxins  
That pollute my body  
And make me burn  
Just to breed

I know what happens  
On the other side  
I wish it was pleasant  
I wish I could survive

I did no wrong  
I don't want to succumb  
I wait for a guardian angel,  
One that will never come

My sickness grows worse,  
Consuming my breath  
I can't live like this  
I await the cold of death

My time is up  
My body runs ragged  
Now in response  
They load me into a wagon

Twenty of us  
All shapes and sizes  
Grey, white, gold

All crammed inside

I can't move my legs  
can't feel the sky  
Trapped in a cage  
Watching the time go by

It was inevitable  
I did what I could –  
no way to find a life  
That would end as it should

My only hope was to wish  
That the sickness killed me  
before the slaughterhouse did  
I will never be free

I don't want to be meat  
I just want to be loved  
To have a family  
a place to call home

Like a fire burning  
in an everlasting rage  
My savior arrives  
Freeing me from the cage

They take me to a shelter  
A clean and safe place  
I share a room  
With a greyhound named Grace

We both have distemper  
A dangerous disease  
They promised to heal us  
The promise I believe

Days, weeks, months pass

Now I'm healthier than ever  
I'm a free dog  
Outside of the grasp  
Of the Chinese meat trade

## Man with Three Arms

His arms go 'round and 'round  
I watch every second pass  
His hands wave at me  
I shiver in my glasses

He has three arms  
A silly game of chance  
They say it doesn't last  
I give him another glance

Seconds, minutes, hours,  
All three seem too slow  
Soon they'll take me out  
To the room below

24 hours remain  
He taunts me in jest  
They tell me to call a friend  
One day 'til my last breath

They take me away again  
For the last call before I die  
In another cell  
With a phone to say goodbye

I have no one to call  
No one would care  
I put down the receiver  
There's silence in the air

A few moments of peace  
without the clock's gaze  
They pull me to my cell  
That holds all my lost days

My feet tick and tock  
On the hard cement  
I don't feel bad  
I don't lament

They leave me alone  
Alone with the clock  
Its hands reach for my neck  
There will be no shock

The supposed call  
was a waste of time  
I had no one to tell  
Of my nonexistent crime

Twelve hours remain  
Under the clock's domain  
They call me for my order  
My last meal, simple and plain

A revelation comes to me  
A way to claim my right  
The hour I could steal  
It's time to take the night

A big barrel of shellfish  
The clock's arms turn away  
A moment to grab some justice  
I refuse to stay

I won't let the clock kill me  
I take a first bite  
My throat closes  
Time to say goodnight

Trapped in the Junkyard  
of my mind  
The gears turn 'round and 'round  
The compactor crushes down

The junkyard is breaking down.  
Calm down

Relieved that the compactor  
still functions  
I can't stand to see what happens  
To the trash thrown inside.

A curse  
A memory...  
I throw it away  
Get rid of the trauma  
Cut out the memories in a broken-down  
junkyard  
nobody will help  
Help get me out of this mess  
Everyone will scoff and say  
"You're overreacting"

Calm down

I throw in a wrench  
As a temporary fix  
I say I'm fine, that nothing is wrong.  
The machine sputters, I bleed  
to keep the gears on the compactor  
biting.  
It mercilessly eats  
the memories I shoved  
down its throat.

Calm down

If I let go  
The machine breaks down  
My junkyard is breaking down

## Junkyard

Calm down

Am I the clown? the jester?  
As everyone watches me struggle  
Today I discovered a letter  
that reminded me  
of the heaps of burnt paper and rotting meat  
I try to ignore

Today was the day that everything soured  
The wind blew in tons of decaying metal

Memories return and attack the junkyard  
Like a moth stuck to a lamp  
The gears of the junkyard go around and round  
As the debris runs amuck on the junkyard

My junkyard is breaking down  
Calm down

These monsters of mine are self-created  
Every last one of them my own creation  
Despite how hard I try  
They rip into my soul and infect my mind  
I reach out for help  
No one answers my call  
I'm trapped in the junkyard alone  
With the trauma that eats me up  
I dislodge the gears of the junkyard  
Everything collapses  
My own little personal hell  
Calm down

Calm down  
Calm down  
God damn it!

Calm Down  
Calm Down

I lock the chain link fence to the junkyard  
And walk along the highway to home.

## A Mid-Autumn Confession

Strawberry field  
Shielded in trees  
In this deep forest  
She's my trustee

I tell her I love her  
She seems so happy  
An arrow shoots  
through the autumn-leaved trees

With the heart of love  
Those arrows pierce me  
They have no effect  
They just can't touch me

I think to myself  
She can't know  
The secrets I hold  
Can't wait till tomorrow

Behind a locked gate  
In these fields  
No one can know  
The things that I shield

Ignorance is bliss  
Should she know?  
I don't know anymore  
Ignore, don't show

autumn breeze  
We take in the wind  
I can't shake the feeling  
That I have sinned

The field is littered  
with fruits of joy  
Strawberry leaves  
The color of bright red soil

Plucking off an apple  
From the tree above  
Shiny white core  
A real proof of love  
A glorious day  
Cool autumn breeze  
She carries a parcel

Homemade bread and cheese  
She slathers it in butter  
Urges me to try  
If it wasn't for her  
I would rather die

I almost told her  
Right then and there  
I opened my mouth  
And gagged on the air

Keep it locked up  
Now's not the time  
To lose her now  
Would be a crime

I know that my secret  
Would scare her away  
I mustn't state it  
On this bittersweet day

Get out of my head  
My head's in such pain  
Clogging up my mind  
Like a rock in a drain

silence is your option  
Secrets are a necessity  
Go ahead and tell her  
I can't stand to stay

My thoughts collided.  
the horrid secret I kept  
the horrible life I led  
All the loveless nights I wept

If I tell her now  
she might not turn her back  
If I wait too long  
She will leave, it's a fact

I don't know  
Why am I left with this choice  
I try to speak up  
My mind's choking on my voice

We sit and feel the cold breeze  
I can't think, I can't see  
Do I love her?  
Does she even love me?

Why can't I be normal?  
I wish I was the same  
Then I wouldn't have to deal  
With the pain in my brain

I open my mouth  
My mind fails  
I can't seal my mouth  
Like a jar of jam

I confess to her:  
It's selfish and wrong  
I've been keeping a secret  
for far too long

I have a deformity

a physical one  
my heart's artificial  
I cannot feel love

I can only mimic feelings  
Falsify emotions  
I am separated  
from feelings or passions

With emotions equal to the trees in this grove  
I'm just a robot  
You should leave me  
But please, will you not?

If anyone looked  
no one would know  
About the secrets I kept  
The lies that I told

She stayed with me  
Promised she'd love me  
And my robot heart

## Evelyn

A thread weaving through a beautiful tapestry  
That displays outside of an open window  
The gusts of the wind cause the tapestry to  
flutter  
As if to contort the silks natural beauty

A young woman, Evelyn, who resides  
Across a rocky street from me  
So close she is and yet  
She's practically stole my heart

'Have I met her' a playful thought  
Not a conversation to our relationship  
Still, I could smell her sweet fragrance  
From miles and miles away

She sits on her porch  
Weaving the art of my heart  
And the tapestry of my love  
Eyes glistening in the summer sun  
Hair blowing in the wind

I sit and admire Evelyn  
The woman is gods own personal grace  
She looks wistful, wasted  
Color drained from her face

She's like a sculpted statue of a goddess  
Devoid of emotion or color  
She hosts a sale, in front of her house  
Her own tidy lawn

All of her tapestries,  
For a dollar and a quarter  
I cross the street to meet her  
To finally proclaim my feelings

I bought an indistinct tapestry  
A mess of different colors  
When I bought it, she seemed sad  
Like she was adrift in her own little boat

Her eyes clouded with sadness  
Her hair tied with regret  
I just wanted to tell her  
How much she meant to me

But I couldn't muster the words  
I couldn't be heard  
On the next day,  
A tapestry stained red

Beautiful Evelyn  
With a knife lodged in her chest  
She stabbed herself  
Turing her chest as red as a rose

As my dear love, who I've yet to know  
Passes away on a cool January day  
Eyes closed like a queen  
Hair let loose down her head

It pained me to see her this way  
I wish she wasn't dead  
Later that night  
A message on TV

Fourty-two year old Evelyn passed away  
A horrid, tragic death  
'A letter she chose to share'  
'The note of her final breath'

They read the story  
The story of her death

"If you are hearing this  
I have passed away  
No one cared to stop me  
It wouldn't have mattered anyways  
I chose to end my life  
Just to see if anyone cared  
Not a person in the world  
Will miss me anyways"  
She wrote

My heart had shattered  
Wishing to tell her I cared  
Tapestry weaved  
With the heart of the thief  
Of our best chance to find love  
If I had just spoken up  
I could have prevented

Evelyn's own demise