

Too Many Prayers Unanswered

Watch the fog drift away with the breath I breathe out from below. Pushing away the uncertainty of the chains that keep you tied to this rusty wall we were succumbed to.

Look closely as you see the remains of the souls that were here just before you, and see their innocence that they left here just like you will. There's a window, a very small window that could allow an escape if only it was possible to reach it. These corner walls holding us up; keeping my knees from buckling underneath me. But, the shadows around me are still dark and they hold onto me like these chains do. And just like that I try and catch my breath. Although the four corners in here trap me like a prison, this is one because I'm not who I used to be. And even if these walls didn't keep me from reaching the outside world, I'm not sure the feeling would be any different. Men and women casted to surrender their pride and forced to believe that the American dream will only ever be just that; a fiction of imagination and a hopeless thought. These eyes flutter toward the glimmering hope that rays through the window. But, it never came through. Because my breath suddenly got weaker and soon enough these lungs of mine filled with much more than just air. A poison, an unfamiliar toxin fluttered the air that I breathed in and all hope seemed to disappear along with my hatred for the world I was stuck in. I didn't feel hate nor love, I felt indifference. My mind raced through fictions I only tried to keep alive; prayers I only wished would be heard. And what if they were? This life that was taken from me for no valuable reason at all was now a life that I would leave behind. My breathing is slowing and my body seems to be faded, there's no more pain anymore. And I started to get sleepy, as my eyes flutter, closing for the last time I make out one more prayer, my one last hope that it'd be the one that finally gets

answered. And as I spoke the words out loud, I was happy they were my last. "Please God, put this fire out, and stop the smoke from filling our lungs. Let our world know love again, for everyone. Let these children see light instead of walls trapping them in this prison. I know my time is up and I accept it. Shed some hope on their dark hearts, we can't fight this alone. Amen."

I Gave an Inch

*These old tire shoes
Have taken their toll.
Seen paths not taken and ways
So rough
And edged off it was a miracle
The world didn't cave in.
I've seen as much as the hands
Of a mother nurturing a crying child,
To the evil poison holds
Within. Slowly
Damaging the ground we stand on.
A burning fire has
Erupted in the hearts of those who
wear shoes
Like mine; who've walked and stood
strong.
Maybe one day these shoes can carry
Us; comfort us
Just as the warmth of my sheets once
did.
The yellow in the sun will now
Gaze through the eyes of children-
Keeping the hope in
Sight and only setting just enough to
rest;
To dream.
This world has been
Cursed,
Blessed,
Torn,
And sheltered-*

*Guessing its way through each day.
Is there anyway
To watch these winds slow or is
That impossible?*

*To watch the wings of faith glide in
Take over.
Twenty years of hope
Lost-
Gained,
And flustered. Two hundred and forty
Months of traveling in these shoes;
Running-
From everything I feared.*

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*So hard it seemed catastrophic
Stumbling- I couldn't catch myself-
Standing tall
Every
Day as it came.
Seventy three hundred days of
Being in these shoes
And seeing
All I've seen,
I don't understand
This world-
I don't know who I am.*

Cure for Tomorrow.

The notes carry through in the background of my chasing thoughts that cloud my vision. I struggle to hear the voices that convince me life goes on and I'm not really stranded on the island that my mind sticks me on. I'm lying on the floor grasping a pillow, white knuckled and frail. What side is up? My lungs fill and deflate with air that I once found refreshing, but has soon fallen. Discomfort takes over my every move and the panic in my eyes speeds up my heart. This place I thought could cure me has become a place that has the power to haunt me. And that's when I realize these figures are not in my imagination they are shadows of the past I allow to follow me. The feeling of never been good enough was brought on from a night of pain. Reminded of mistakes daily, I wish I never picked up that knife. My intentions went way off base that I regret clenching my fist so tightly to such a harmful antidote. Even in that madness of confusion, I held my life in my own hand; a split second of not caring what happened next, I did exactly what you have done to me mentally. Too many scars that aren't visible, I'm sick of placing the blame. My heart couldn't possibly break anymore. I wake up every morning fighting to make it better than the night before. Sometimes I yell at myself to wonder how I had fallen so far from the plan, my plan. And I wish that the time that passes would make it easier, I really do, but the reality is the scars won't fade. Because I've hurt myself even more than you have hurt me and I'm tired of blaming you. The past doesn't fade away with a click of a button, it forms you to who you care to be tomorrow. Tonight I pour these words on this page to take some of that pain and frustration away so I can care to look forward to tomorrow. Maybe it won't come right away, but I have to find a way to not let you run the scars on my heart anymore. I need to wish for a better tomorrow so you no longer have the power over my mind and to take away the fist I still clutch. I have this fascination with curing the pain that I can't hold in my own hand. I try so hard to take it from your hands, relieving you of the pain just like I have. Looking through the window we've been outside and all

along I thought I was staring at myself. A figure that was me. And the pain dripped down my face like it did your arms. All this time I was looking through to your eyes. No longer was it a reflection but a vision we both saw. We got lost in the shadows and as we looked to the mirror our eyes had only fooled us, it was you all along that I saw through that window. I see now the pain in your eyes matched my own and maybe we drifted for a bit playing into something we saw as a way out, but tonight I look and I see you. Before I turn I reach for the glass as you place your hand to match mine; both hands pressed against the glass, a contagious smile spread on our faces. My scars or yours, I'll never give you a reason to believe you're alone.