

Between the lines

In the dark of happy faces
Between each burst of light
Is where I fell

In the sounds of silent echoes
Between each drop of rain
Is where I yell

In the full of empty spaces
Between each blade of grass
Is where I swell

In the hope of tearing lashes
Between each falling bead
Is where I dwell

Timbers

I gaze upon the house
That used to be my home
All broken and fallen
Like the self within my bones
Home is where the heart is
But mine was rarely safe
Between the drunken anger
And a predators face
Only once he touched me
Though it wasn't meant for me
Such a dreadful secret
Too scared to set it free
She finally told our Father
But Mother took his side
I wonder if he touched her
When she was just a child
I watched from my window
As he turned to come inside
The smile of a predator
I hid my face and cried
And though he's dead and buried
I won't forget that smile
But it's strength has somehow faded
Like this broken down pile

SILHOUETTE

Shadow-like outlines,
Holding more than I know,
Seem to whisper soft secrets
As they stay out of reach.

Is the light from behind
Or the light from in front?
Are they slowly approaching
Or just walking away?

Should I stand here and wait
Or leave them behind?
Should I ask them to turn
Or let them escape?

Should I dwell in my fear
Or toss it aside?
Should I give them a chance
Or just time of day?

Will I gain a new friend
Or a stab in the back?
Should I reach out my hands
Or keep to myself?

What's a life with no point
That stays safe at home.
What's the point of a life
That's lived all alone.

I'm only tiptoeing among other silhouettes

Approach

Some want to keep their distance.
Throwing stones
That skip across the surface.
Making multiple hits,
Each with its own set of ripples,
Before losing steam
And sinking to the bottom.

Some like to test the waters.
Just dip their big toe
And watch the ripples
Unfold across the surface
Slowly dissipating
Back into the calm.
And then just walk away

Some take their time.
Slowly wading and waiting,
Hoping to adjust,
As multiple ripples
Made by others
Dissipate their own
And send them back.

Some make a big splash.
Reckless abandon,
Irregardless
Of the impact
Of large droplets
And giant ripples
Amongst the chaos.

Some quietly dive into the deep
With almost zero impact
Giving room for all the other ripples
Catching the stones
Inviting the cautious
Enticing the dawdlers
And saving the reckless.

Self Image

What defines you?

Is it the clothes you wear
The cut of your hair
Your unusual flair
Your defiant stare
The things you share
The times you err
What gives you a scare
Or makes you despair?

Who defines you?

Is it the friends you keep
The ghosts that creep
The souls that seep
Or souls that sleep
Adults that heap
Or those that sweep
The ones that leap
Or those that weep?

You define you!

Choose to lose
Or just refuse
Blow your fuse
Or just defuse
Take the bruise
Or change your views
Follow cues
Or follow clues

IT'S UP TO YOU!