

I remember the feeling

She curled up on the bed

in a fetal position,

oh her head!

Oh, exhaustion.

“We won’t tell anyone yet—

Let’s savor the knowledge first

—ok, just family...

...well, maybe a friend or two.”

A special secret;

the secret smile.

A protective hand on the

new home,

which will grow

and grow.

And then there will be a heartbeat

and a nudge,

then everyone will know.

Change

“I want to change the world”, she said.

A perilous task indeed.

If you set out to change the world, my dear,

You’ll get lost, you see.

A task so large, impossible;
You'll easily be engulfed.
You will lose focus, become distracted ;
You will lose yourself.

Most youth who spout this high ideal
Don't even know its true name.
Their definition is quite vague and their
Actions very lame.

When overwhelmed by what you see,
Throw up high your hands and rant
Of impossibility, then you cede,
To the gods of "cant".

Most people wish they could do more
But fail when facing titans.
Just focus on one, all you need is
One day to brighten.

For a platform with a wide base
Harbors the stronger tower,
Than one which shot up overnight, which falls
In the first shower.

Love without restraint or bias,
This is the rarified key
Also, a sympathetic ear, both are
Endangered species.

Don't judge the visible shell;
Internal is hard to see.
The invisible outweighs it by far,
Under the debris.

Don't desire a greater platform,
It may come with time, or not
Just remember, the smallest kind gesture
Is a lesson taught.

Time

Time paces
steadily,
until that
moment
when it ends.

What makes time slow?
When minutes turn into hours.

Or what makes it

speed up?

when an hour passes in a minute.

if we

could

control

the steady

passing

of time,

what then?

We could *l i n g e r* in the tender or breathtaking,

Hurry through the tedious or painful.

If only we were wise

as the one who, creating time

stands outside it,

observing us chase infinity.

Time never changes,

Only we do.

“There are not enough hours in a day”.

Be honest,

Nothing would change.

Just one more hour frittered away.

What is really important?

Cut out the unnecessary fluff:

filler,

busy-ness,
commitments.

S l o w d o w n.

Time will
stand still
for the
moments
you create.

I, Me, My-Trinity

A god to myself
Pompous, self-sufficient being
All my wants and wishes are
Of the highest importance
The world circles me
As the moon does the earth
Simultaneously
A confining slave to myself

I, *me*, *my*

The three to oppose
Trinity
The beast has a voracious appetite
Keep it caged
Invent strong bars to hold it in

Or forever live in

Misery

Stumbling along

Oblivious

Surrounded by

Nothing

The strongest bars of my making

Fly like straw before a livid wind

But

Beyond me was calling

Outside the barbed-wire fence

Enclosing an empty field

Of my creation

He stood with outstretched hands

Bleeding

The true center—holding me all together

The magnetic pull of the core of the earth

Bleeding

For *me*?

Even the beast in me?

On my own

The best i can be

Is bare mediocrity

Always striving with self-imposed isolation

To take it all down

With the strength of feeble arms

Old and shaking, weak as wilting branches

Emerging from my self

For a pithy moment

And

Slipping back-that elastic pull

To the center of my world

Cold dark nil

The only way to break through

Is with bleeding hands

Pierced through

With barbed-wire nails