

The little girl who screamed at the stars

A Dance for My Lover

I walked with a quiet uncertainty with a companion who had long ago learned to ignore my absurdity

"Further," I asked once again my voice shaking with anticipation

He only smiled showing no agitation

We suddenly came across a clearing

He stopped and held out his hand

I just stood not understanding the meaning

He smiled once more and twirled me into his arms

He finally spoke "It's not your time"

My eyes grew teary at this line

So many times, I had tried and failed

begged and pleaded to no avail

Sensing my sadness

He responded with no malice

"One day I will come for you for this is your due he spun me around speaking softly but tomorrow you will awaken".

And with a sweet kiss, he left me alone and shaken.

Mother May I

Mother, may I ask a question?

When did you realize that life could be so cruel?

Did you know that your pain and sorrow would pass to your children?

That the storms would come and destroy the schools, parks and
neighboring buildings

That the world would take your precious jewels

Pointing fingers and spewing ridicule

Pulling those strings and laughing like fools

Mother, may I ask a question?

If you knew what the world would do

How it would take and abuse

Would you have ever let us go?

Mother do you stay up at night

Twisting and turning with doubt and fright

If the future had been shown

Would you change everything you've ever known?

Protect your heart

Before the world could rip us apart

The Battles that We Cry

There is this burning rage inside of me
That is longing to be set free
To burn down every injustice in its path
As a warning to all who sees its aftermath
I want to watch it grow and feed
Moving faster and faster ever gaining speed
I want it to watch people succeed
while punishing others misdeed
I want it to burn down the brutality
and shatter that false sense of normality
As it grows and becomes bountiful
I want you to hold my rage accountable
For I am your sister, never your victor

Feminine Grace

You speak in poetry and rhymes
constantly looking for the divine
With beauty and grace
such a rarity in this commonplace
Dancing in time with their fears
and embracing the tears
Such a kind soul
never one to play a theatrical role
Never one to withhold
You come in many molds
Existing in all of us
if you are quiet you can hear thunder under all the fuss
Found in any face
for you are feminine grace

A Midsummer Stroll

I see a woman with long braids flowing down her back

What others have she seems to lack

Others carry fears and tears

but she carries light with little to no fright

Others are full of greed and envy

She has little need if any

I catch her eye as I walk by

Me still a little shy

She smiles with delight

Ready to share her secrets by morning light

But I am far from ready

making my gaze less steady

I lower my gaze but she is not fazed

She knows I will return when I'm ready

In the meantime, she returns to her medley