

From the Cracks of My Heart

myself

I find traces of her in the world around me:
In the petals of the discarded flowers on the table;
In the dent on the couch where she rested her head;
In the ruffled blankets she found comfort in;
In the passionate strokes of her paintings on the walls;
In the lingering of her perfume on the sheets;
And the scraps of paper where she would doodle
 Wisps of love poems;
But most of all, I find her
 In the echo of her laughter
 That has absorbed into the air around me.

She is not gone.

She only needs to be found again.

performance

I'm a performer

A dancer on a stage;

I never wanted this.

Bleeding for the spotlight

Permanent smile frozen on my face;

I never wanted this.

Makeup cracking

And hair falling out;

I never wanted this.

Break a leg they say

But I broke my heart instead;

I never wanted this.

-I don't want your round of applause.

ghost

They pulled me away from things I knew

Cast me in darkness, shrouded my view

Danced and twirled around me still

Until I stumbled, dizzy, in all the thrill.

And to the floor I fell like a stone

Hands outstretched but I was alone;

For they let me go and so I fell

Through the floor and into my hell.

Now I dance to my own song's tune

Under the light of the shadowed moon;

Crazed and howling to the skies

Until someone one day can hear my cries.

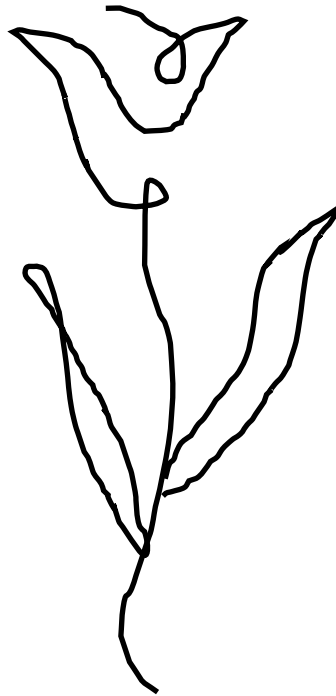
Listen quiet, maybe you'll hear

But don't touch, or I'll disappear.

dust

Make sure you lay beneath the sun
To melt the snow that's iced your heart
And when you can't walk, but run
To put together all that's fallen apart

And joy will once more within you reign
Emerging from the depths of all the grime
Where flowers will bud and grow again
From dust that had settled for so long a time.



shattered flesh

Do you hear it crack?
And shatter and break?
Walk carefully now
The pieces are sharp;
You'll think you've swept them all away,
Then tomorrow, next month
A year from today,
You'll cut yourself
And cry once again.

