

Songs for the Forgotten

Flaws

I am disheartened and grunted, sheepish and determined.
I am a fighter, a lover, an angel, a demon.
Me, this is me,
love thyself before another.
I accept all my flaws
so I can love you.

Leaves into My Soul

Whishing by as the warm summer breeze picks up,
the gnats form a cloud in the distance unmoved by the breeze.
I run back to the house where I grew up.
The wind starts to pick up as I grow near,
and I can taste gruesomeness in my mouth
as my upper lip starts to sweat.

Finally in the house, I run up the stairs
to my nest where I slept and played all throughout the day.
The house is empty
with no one in sight.
Even the neighbors are gone
along with their livestock.

Looking out the window I hold a stone I found on the floor.
Caressing it and stroking it, trying to find comfort
as I watch my soul blow by with the leaves.

Porcelain China Doll

I'll be your porcelain china doll
if only you will let me.
Put up on a shelf
so only the chosen can see.
Put in a special place on that shelf,
just like the one in your heart.
I will flourish,
but collect with dust.

Dangers in the Water

What I admire most is the ocean.
The unpredictability of her emotions
entice me to ponder her existence.

I weep as I remember you standing next to me
with hands on your hips to support your back.
As you grab my hand
we gaze towards the ocean
and squish our salty toes in the many grains of sand.

Pointing to the tan muscular men with boards in the distance,
you speak of sharks, poisonous jellies,
and the many dangers of the water.
“For the ocean will engulf you to feed to her own,
only after they swim and search for your movement on the crest of the water”.

I scuff with irritation,
not understanding your insensible tongue.
I feel the stare of your small brown eyes burn into the side of my face.
With a smirk then a smile,
you slap my rear and motion up the beach.

Waddling through the thick, dry sand,
our feet sink into the quicksand of our future dreams.
I don't dare think about the unknown,
for what is yet to come,
or the fear of life without you.

I now stand on the beach,
alone,
staring into the distance.
The ocean is angry, as she mutilates herself with the
Roaring and smacking of her waves.

“The ocean is a dangerous place,
And will engulf you for her own.”

I hold myself and close my eyes,
imagining the waves under my feet on a board.
Without you here I cannot judge,
for I am lost,
and fearful of the future.

For I walk alone
without your silly tongue.
I squish my salty toes in the many grains of sand
wishing the tide wouldn't have washed away your footprints
in the sand.

When Time Stopped

I remember that day when you caught the bud bucket on fire.
Your eyes were glazed over and you were looking up jargon on your phone.
Not paying attention as usual,
except to me.

Standing outside,
in your garage,
on the porch,
was where I was most comfortable with you.

Lives became busy.
Time was lost.
Goals changed.
We Grew up.

We tried so hard.
We both did.
Time flew by.
We didn't notice.

Until it stopped.
I never knew time would stop,
but that day I saw my life slowly just stop. You barely looked at me
as I walked out that heavy wooden front door.

One last time.
All I'm left with now are those memories.
I fight daily to keep those memories close. But as time goes on, new memories are made.
I long for those days.

Those days standing outside,
in your garage, on the porch.
I will never look at the stars the same again.