

“Kingdom for Fun”

I held open my palms  
“This is all that I have”  
The Lord and his angels  
Interrupted to laugh  
Pennies fell from my mouth,  
I’ve been coming up short  
And ruffling feathers  
On the wings of the Lord

There have been many nights  
That I’m met with this haunt-  
I gave up my kingdom  
Without a second thought  
For just a little fun  
And didn’t even care-  
I have looked for myself  
And realized I’m not there

“Loaded Guns”

I have procured another word  
And now I start to doubt  
The meaning, in my solitude  
I dare to sound it out  
The air rejects the consonants  
My tongue resents the vowels,  
My body knows I've done it wrong  
It shatters on the ground-

I'll dedicate a day to this  
Til' it pollutes the air,  
I fear the power and consequence  
Of someone else's ear  
I keep my words like loaded guns  
They will not interfere-  
And even if I dared to aim  
It would be insincere

“A Place of Worship”

I ask how you are and  
Your eyes darken like chapels  
On a weekday

I wave from your street and  
I feel that a door has shut  
Between us-

I used to braid your hair,  
Now you're unfamiliar-

I no longer worship here