

## **Noble Cause**

You think it a noble cause,  
denying yourself, your humanity,  
in the name of perfection  
when the only person  
searching for it in your eyes  
is you.

## **House of Worship**

Searching for myself in torn maps and old books  
waiting for the day when I become both a house  
of worship and the alter to burn my sacrifices.  
Maybe one day, I won't look at the stars  
and try to figure out why they shine.  
Maybe one day, they will simply be beautiful.

## **Smoke**

At 10, I begged my parents for a rope ladder

to climb out my window in the event of a house fire.

Even then, I could feel the licks of anxiety creeping at my neck,

the burning unease in my chest as I looked for help,

and the understanding that I'd be the one saving myself.

## **A Mother's Love**

A burden presented like a cherished gift

wrapped in kindness and misplaced attention.

It would kill you to know the critic in my head,

the voice of my doubt,

is yours.

## **Renaissance Girl**

She calls me her renaissance girl.

Interested in everything,

Starving to learn it all.

If I capture it all in my head or my heart,

Then, will I finally be complete, worthy, fulfilled?

Will it impress enough people

That I know languages and art and

beautiful words strung like pearls

and science and math and complex things

that most would protest are secrets best kept to the dark unknown?

Is that what I'm searching for?

To master a slice of the universe?

To claim some of its power?

I can tell you in all this time,

I have gotten no closer to harnessing a star.

Tell me, would you be disappointed

To learn that I get so consumed in wanting,

That I never end up doing any of them?