

Her Mother, The Sun

An unwavering being growing with power,
growing **older**, growing **bolder**, waiting,
to swallow the Earth in a grand **sweep**,
a mother, willing to put her daughter to **sleep**.
A daughter so full of life and potential,
she learned how to **read**, to **breed** through love,
but was weakening from her mother's **rays**,
a mother scolding her daughter and her rebellious **ways**.
A ruthless dictator who gives either life or
her death,
nurturing or hurting, she only
burns,
A mother who didn't care that her child had consciousness,
or her dream to save the universe.
The Daughter's last hope is to send her children to others,
noble and **immobile**, she holds the life she created dearly,
She is where love came from, she's the **one**,
only hoping to be loved in return, before she was smothered
by her own mother, the **sun**.

I Will Live On

What was the chance of being born here?

How this Universe, solar system, planet, continent, city, mother, become home?

Years went by, my soul floating in space and darkness, suddenly waking to a new world.

Have all my dreams simply been the aspirations my soul had made in past lives,

Each one in a similar universe, the one we see when we look in the mirror,

Reaching for the new dream imprinted on me since day one,

Everyday looking for a new time to rise.

Why am I on such an imperfect world?

Here, evil may still rule supreme, and stubborn ignorance to a larger world remains,

Yet, could we be the only beings that experience love?

My life may not last to see the first multiverse, but in the next life, where my soul dwells,

Everlong, it might live in the first universe to discover the one I now call home.

The Words We'll Never Hear

The sun's rays pierced through the clouds,
Like a soul who had discovered that they too can be free.

The blades of grass were warm like a body covered in gentle kisses.

The leaves mimicked the sun's orange shades as the wind set them free,
Pushing the clouds away from the sun's warm embrace.

The meadow held more wisdom than I'll ever know.

The hot orange burned the eyes of all who watched it rise and set,
As the sun was in its purest form.

For no one can ever see a soul.

Mother Earth's angels discovered a new road of undergrowth under the camouflage of
dusk,
And a possible new friend or enemy.

An instinct I'd lost long ago.

Their fur was brown like the leaves glistening in the proud sunlight,
Their leader stood before me and questioned why I've changed.

And how I'd never return again.

A forceful, old gust of wind ran off the hill,
Desperately trying to get a whiff of me, to get inside my head.

It pushed away the clouds hoping to give sight,
And I'm blasted by an orange burst, an immense power.

I shielded my eyes from the meadow, my roots.

The wind and sun tried to push me away as I sat with my back turned to humanity,

I have not yet left my safety of the hill to join what is my body and my soul.

But not my mind.

Even the tall grass below wave me away in a rush of mysterious energy,
Energy we've discovered but haven't felt quite like the deer in the meadow.

This was a language I've long forgotten,
And I unknowingly walked away, never to return.

As Above So Below

If you were born already in flight,
too busy looking at what's below you,
you never steal a second to look up at the sky,
and say "wow, that's beautiful,"

If you were born without the blueprints to make your wings,
All time is spent gazing at the clouds, finding what you want in them,
never taking your eyes away to look at the single flower,
blooming just for you, out of sight from the stars.

I Am Free

I am the first to see that one leaf fall,
The branch fall,
The sunset from the hill,
And will be the last.

That leaf will never fall again,
Nor the branch,
And the sunset will never be as beautiful,
It was the last.

How much have I missed,
That I easily would have found,
If I wasn't distracted by imaginary fulfillment,
Or entrapment.

How many days have I spent,
Stuck in a box with chains,
Believing there's nothing for me,
When leaves are falling, the sky is blue and the sunset is pink.

How many months have I spent,
Waiting for inner peace,
When all I needed was to open my eyes,
And break free.

How many years have I spent,
Stuck in a box with a door and cardboard chains,
Too afraid to run down the hill into the sunset,
And never look back.