

Behind A Painted Face

These inconsistencies don't sit right with me. Another idea on the nature of my being, straying far from the truth. Reserved and mistakingly impertinent. Not a dog, rather a rabid mutt, or so they say. A brand new day, but the same old nonsense. Thinking without common sense. Spitting on my shadow and tossing daggers into my back. When I turn my head, I don't see jack. An abominator Johnny-on-the-spot, when I defend my perception. Spewing out corrections quicker than fast and reminiscing on nothing but my past. Halting my future, acting on my behalf. When I go to throw a punch, I see nothing but dust. Sprinting instead of running, I smell perpetrators in abundance. So I ask myself, to whom do I address my retaliation?

The Embers At My Feet

An inferno put out by a stream of my strongest tears. I've been alive for many years, but I've been a slave for every day of it. A tool, moving about my duties with utmost elegance. Vibrant smiles fail to fill the darkest room. Ignoring the elephant, like all things sad, are irrelevant. Corrupted by the popular element. Coupled with the demon of unfelt ecstasy. It haunts my head and incapacitates the rest of me. Infinity looming on top of every second I stay with the living. A crowd, I must admit, I am not comfortable with. A caliber of weaponry that could kill a man and an army. Biting the bullet with my name carved on the side. The truth is the hardest to face, so, I turn my back and relax in a space of creative escape. Outrageous excursions, calling fate's bluff. A bonafide believer in my time, whenever it may come. Be it by storm, or bump in the night.

The Leaves Bury The Flower

Several miles ahead, but still She can't stop to breathe. An iron maiden with a soft spot in my heart. In life, She attacks and She conquers. Despite the abundance of imposing adversity, She could only flourish. Amidst the rubble of tribulation, She extinguished the flame and constructed a utopia of love. Currently my residence, and all that is within is currently Her prized possession. If I passed at this moment, She would be my final thought. And when I congregated with those we've lost, She would be the subject of our first conversation. My affinity for the sun derives from the fact that it keeps our bond alive. And when the stars arise, they gaze down on us. Wishing us success, despite all that has obstructed our attempts. We roll onwards, pummeling all that opposes our furtherment, together. Though, on occasion, my intense love may be disguised in the shadow of spite. But I urge Her to see through its transparency. All the pain She has braved still affects my perception. God has tested Her endurance extensively, what's Her reward for prevailing? That would be Her decision, but as the children of a damaged flower, we can't help but flourish with ease. All the tears that escape my observant eyes, leave with her in mind. And all my sorrow is short-lived with that single thought. And when She feels duress, my heart bleeds with the need to grant her solace. And I always receive love in exchange. And when I find the struggle in life, I think of Her. only wishing I could match her strength. Death couldn't defeat our mutual love. If She was taken, then my purpose would move with shackles. So every day I wake and she still graces my presence, life moves with fluidity. Her animosity and love are shared with me. Together we win, and together we fall. Even on Her worst days, she fails to stray from the path of perfect in my eyes. I could ask for no other, other than the constructor of my being, my first love, my Mother.
