

### **To My Mother's Keeper**

I missed the sun go down  
I missed the sun shed the weight of half the world  
I missed your implied invite, I missed my cue to speak even just one word  
My focus is nonchalant  
My anxiety is somewhat arrogant-  
Cool breezes through willow trees can't blow away that my cluelessness is somewhat fragrant

To my mother's keeper  
I'm holding tight in the hope of eventually  
To my mother's keeper  
I want to know how long that will be

I have no necessities- I hum the same song  
Maybe I made myself feel guilty,  
Maybe I have no sense of right and wrong

To my mother's keeper  
I'm holding tight  
To my mother's keeper at the end of the tunnel it seems there is no light

### **Positions of Abandon**

In positions of abandon I've spilled my ink;  
I've lost my train of thought on a worldly pursuit  
I've caved in and shortened my stature  
To level with what I consider a failure

I've tightened my chest, I've tensed my muscles--  
I've forgotten how to write  
I forgot to breathe  
I forgot to shower  
I forgot to say goodnight

### **Untitled**

I spent the night at what cost  
but to fall deeper into  
existential fear  
Ever so folly;  
I closed my eyes  
to guide the way at  
chance for more vivid days  
Yet evermore  
I adore the way  
darkness takes its shape  
Yet evermore  
I don't adore the way  
darkness has taken its shape

I'm insignificant  
and it stings more  
than I ever hoped for.

### **I hope It Rains All Day**

Think, summer sun!  
Name the color I walk with  
the one I love  
Fall in wonder, jump in joy, sing light at the moon  
that of kind and gentle days  
about silent truth and seas so blue

Spring butterfly we are all but bugs  
Morning mud, wild nest  
different times are not to cry for  
Grow, take, and understand  
little rain lives here

### **Negative Connotations**

Will I be bestowed with a blessing  
at the end of my reign; will there  
be benediction?

Will the shallow river of guilt  
where my conscience swims ever stop flowing?

And by means of what sort of death  
will I still be considered pure; And  
not a murderer, a sinner, nor a tragedy? --

But if I buried the remains of a fallen  
empire I'd be to blame for its collapse.

And if I put a gun to my head,  
painted the walls red,  
my cause of death would be suicide.  
Not a fucking heartache.