

Like GOD is Beautiful

I live for those endless days that feel like forever.
Like time will keep going until we lose count of the sunsets.
Like we'll be young forever.
Like nothing else matters and everything is perfect.
When the moon smiles and the sky marvels at its beauty.
Making pinkish purple water colors that seem to merge with the blue the way my soul merges with the Universe.

I live for those day I understand the Universe, the way my mother understands me.
Yet still understanding nothing at all.
Like everything makes sense yet nothing is comprehensible.
Like I was made to be in this moment, in this exact place, for this exact reason.
To look at the sky and to blush at the nostalgia in the spontaneity of existing.
As soft pecks of the breeze grace my face.
Like the world was telling me it loves me for me, and no one else's opinion matters.

Like I was GOD and GOD was me.
Yet GOD dwells in me, like fish dwell in the deepest of the ocean.
Even in the darkest places.
Like I was the light that keep the sky awake at night.
Like the stars were mimicking me, and I am all I need to survive.
Like surviving doesn't matter because living is more important.

Those days when letting go of the past seem so easy.
And all things of the future are as endless as the sky or the sea.
Like the heavens opened just to tell me I was beautiful.
Like I was beautiful, the way that life is beautiful.
Like GOD is beautiful.

A Twenty-first Century Classic

Soldiers,
with the courage of cooing infants, trail indifferently down asphalt paved plains in fragile metallic carriages.
Blaring boisterously blunt sirens, that ricochet of mountains of glass, wire and steel.

Maidens,

As timid as a summer's day, or the eye of a tornado, search their satchels for beauty fixes,
appraisal and purpose.

The follies,

are filled with obnoxious bastards.

Boasting with perilous pride.

The festivities are no longer accommodated by pianos, violins and clarinets.

Now buttons on a board guide the musical arrangement, accompanied by unintelligible vanity
and blasphemy.

The insanity of these people!

Warped by the subliminal programming reflecting from their double sided mirrors.

Wrapping themselves in cloth, much tighter than corsets.

Defiling their insides with gases, acids and baguettes smothered in pounds of seasons, salts and
sugars.

Tomorrow,

they will forget their crude assaults of a peasant.

The passing out in their own regurgitations.

And tell their sons and daughters to avoid the woes of the world, with the poisonous stench of
hypocrisy still lingering on their breath.

Misogyny

There are broken mirrors in her smiles.

Screeching engines in her laughter.

She moves like a leopard, that's never known
the Safari, or its mother.

Or what the tart sweetness of a gazelle's raw flesh, blood and bone taste like.

Or the feeling, of digging her claws into the rich soil of virgin earth.

He clipped her motivation.

Spayed her determination, and domesticated her mind before she was old enough to breed
success.

She has forgotten how to hunt.

How to pursue then conquer.

Their past are defined fragments of forced love, covered in denial.

The façade of holy matrimony.

The raw, uncensored truth, behind monogamy's heaven gates.

Her eyes are stained glass windows that her soul peeks through to catch a glimpse of freedom.

Yet the image is always veiled by his hatred.

This hell he created burns at her core.

Her heart has become the furnace where her misery turns to ashes and die.

Her tears are shards of glass that cut through her pupils everytime she cries.

He forbids her from looking at her own reflection.

Because he know it's only a matter of time before she notice she has wings.

He weeps every night, over the dreaded moment she realizes all she has to do is fly away.

So he hates her for her gifts, and he hates the whispered traces of hope in her questions.

He can't fathom how she endures every blow.

He know that she will last forever, while he dies without a legacy.

Even though she has not left yet, he hates her for the day that she will leave.

She know not of this, and she know not what love is. Yet she know she loves him.

December

The black ice intentions was not to keep you in hiding.

It just figured that you needed to dance.

That the lack of friction would guide your steps, into a slow waltz and effortless pirouette.

You had been running from pain, and needed to be slowed down.

You needed to fall, then to get up and smile.

For there was no other reason to smile, you take life too seriously.

The cold only wanted to catch your fall.

To remind you what it is to feel, even for a brief moment.

As the damp rain sent chills down your spine, and the cool breeze sent shivers through your veins.

For the first time in a long time, your body would react simply off of impulse and reflex.

You need not to think, to plan, to calculate your counter reaction.
To construct elaborate steps.
You needed to experience unpredictability.

You needed to become vulnerable to your senses.
So that you would only see with your eyes, and not the memories of your past.
So that you would only hear with your heart, and not the doubtful voices that fill your mind.
So that you would only feel with your soul and not the damaged nerves you try so aimlessly to control.

Because you can't control the inevitable nature of ambiguous emotions.
You needed to lose control.
So that your feet could slip right from under you.
To remind yourself what uncertainty is.
And how you have never been more sure in life, than when you have no other option but to get up and keep going.
Losing the fear of falling.

Because falling is a part of living.
And all the ice, the cold and the wet kisses of the rain ever wanted you to do was live.

Last Chance

I never wanted to be this cold.
I always wanted to love and to feel.
To find something that's real and grab a hold.
Something that gives me butterflies and chills.

I never wanted all my dreams to die.
To wake up and to find my passion's gone.
Has everything I needed pass me by, or is there still some hope in holding on?
I feel my soul, once bright, becoming dark.
The stars I once possessed are fading slow.
The vultures lurking near are angry sharks.
Should I keep swimming on or just let go?
Heck no! I refuse to give up and fall.
Until the end I'll fight, risking it all.