

What We Sow

A collection of poetry unraveling trauma and learning solace.
For all the damaged souls piecing themselves together with
words. I am with you.

- 2:54AM

What happens when the city goes to sleep?
All the sparkling lights shine brighter,
mischievously knowing it's just you and them.
What secrets will you whisper into the night,
of confessions only the stars will hear?
What happens when the party ends?
And the lovers go home entwined with one another,
while the lonely come out to be in solitude.
The moon mends all the broken hearts
the stars hear the cries of the wounded.
Luminescent moon rays light up the painter's easel,
give light for the poet's pen,
provide a place for the artist,
to rip ourselves apart and bleed on this page.
When the party ends the unfolding begins.

- Don't Wake the Ghosts

You couldn't handle the silence of the night,
the chirping of the crickets that sing,
the stars that shined brighter than you.
So you had to break it,
drunken slurs fill the air.
your insults cut through the night.
Your stumbling awakens the ghosts in the house.

- Distorted Love

When he raised his hand to her, my trust broke a little.

When he raised his voice to her, my heart shrunk a little.

When she raised her hand to me, I fought back.

When she raised her voice to me, I screamed back.

Where'd you learn to behave like that? She asked,

I laugh in astonishment. Silly mother, it was you and daddy dearest.

Who instilled in my heart, that this is the way love behaves.

What is love? I've only known this distorted version.

- Your Hands

We lay in bed together;
entwining our limbs with one another.

Your unwavering hands;
glide methodically over me slowly.

They sneak to my neck;
tracing softly my collar bones.
Goosebumps tingle and spread;

I moan, a sigh, in relief.
Your hands tangle in my hair;
as you kiss my third eye.

Sliding back down
following, every curve, and line.

I didn't know I was homeless,
until I felt home in your hands.

- The "P" Word

I

Don't call me pretty,
I know it's not a genuine compliment.
If I rated myself I'd say I'm a five.
Seven on good days.

But why reduce a person,
confine them to a number,
between digits one and ten?
Someone who's cultivated a life.
Fighting through the trials and triumphs;
to remain standing like an oak tree.
The dragged out hours spent studying,
hours working out,
hours spent reading,
hours of writing.

II

Don't call me pretty.
There's better things you can come up with.
Tell me my poetry is captivating;
whisper to me how,
my stanzas sweep you off your feet.
Ask me about my favorite novel;
how I think that the themes relate
to our current society.
Compliment me on my strength;
acknowledge my intelligence.
I'll tell you about what made me,
and those who made me,
the people who were present, supported me,
and those who always doubted, consequently,
had inspired me

III

I am more than just a number,
as a rate,
on the scale,
on my pants,
on my bra.

What I was born with I can't change.

Don't look for my beauty outwardly.

You won't find it.

Let me seduce you with the beauty of my coruscation.

And you with yours.