

In Any Season

Family

lifting them all up
struggling to keep their heads above water
as mine dips below the surface
again and again
i gasp for air
and inhale more salt water
it burns my lungs from the inside-out
as i contemplate which fate is worse
do i keep trying to hold them up
and risk drowning myself?
or do i let them go under
which is essentially like drowning anyway?

Consequences

what if i don't end up with the right person
what if i make a mistake
and choose wrong
will my soulmate end up with someone else too?
or will he live his life
all alone

a ghost of who he was supposed to be
an outcast in isolation
lusting after an existence
that has slipped through his fingertips
without him ever knowing it
a life he can almost taste
but can't quite touch
or see
or hear
one that is purely fantasy
and what about our children
the ones that will never be
where do those lost souls go
when fate twists another way?
one simple decision
throwing destiny into chaos
and all of this
because i chose too soon
settling on one life
because i was too fearful of solitude
and too impatient for love
to wait for the right one

Some Things Are Easier Said Than Done

it's not really our choice

what we suffer from

or are faced with

in this life

our choice

lies within a considerable challenge:

to stay good through it all

regardless

Inadequacy

i was raised

on not-good-enoughs

and pay-attentions

scolded frequently

and praised little

the joke is on them

the not-good-enoughs

are sometimes what fuel me

when i have nothing left in the tank

proving them wrong

is my greatest challenge

and my greatest achievement

Trust Fall

grandma calls it wing-walking
she says it's the only way
to soften the repeated blows
to my heart
and ego
dealt to me by countless
faceless
men
i barely remember their names
yet their indifference leaves ugly crimson scars
that remain on my body
for years to come
wing-walking
she explains
is when a stunt artist carefully balances
on the wing of an airplane
hurtling across a cloudless azure sky
and calmly walks from that wing
to the wing of another aircraft
mid-flight
she preaches the same philosophy
about men

don't let go of one
until you grab hold of another
she warns
that way you can always avoid being hurt
alone
and humiliated
trust me, i know
and she does
she's been to hell and back
and never misses a chance to remind me
that i'm one mistake away
from ending up in her boat
but still i wonder
who will be the man that will inspire me to let go
to step off of the wing of the plane
and free fall into that
cloudless
azure
sky
no parachute
no backup plan
nothing holding me back

just our piece of sky

and a leap of faith