

### Shy Statues

Like an avalanche of glowing lilies  
Falling from the stars above,  
You spill your warm, white grace onto me  
From a source so impossibly sweet  
I forget to question its reality.  
Leaving no room for doubt, or even periphery,  
Your thick, syrupy love flows slow and smooth,  
Yet it consumes and conquers the path it seeks.  
Sticking to both ends, it removes the suffocating  
Masks worn by all and shaped by time.  
Then naked we sit, boring and adoring,  
Unable to move, and learning that  
Suspense is Nature's chief captivator,  
While reluctantly remembering this:  
Every beginning must come to an end.

But there is something eternal in this  
Impermanent moment. Something divine.  
Something that awakens the all too often slumbering Soul.  
Distracting, like a sunrise that takes its time,  
Or a pair of maple-brown eyes, shining beneath  
Lustrous locks of gold, that assures even Cupid:  
Beauty is not in the eye of the beholder,  
But rather right here, between these level shoulders.

So we play the role of shy statues,  
Pretending to act, knowing full well that  
It is an involuntary, frozen perfection that keeps us,  
Like a snowflake landing gently on a  
Lover's lips right before the—.

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### A Rainbow's Shame

Strip me naked;  
Stop and stare.  
Help me again;  
Bleed me bare.

Screaming white ghosts;  
Crimson glow.  
A rainbow's shame,  
Soul to toe.

Heart crossed lonely,  
Inside out.  
Meaningful means  
Certain doubt.

Black tears will fall,  
Bitter boil.  
Close the door so  
Love won't spoil.

The feelings sway,  
Hold a few.  
Numb the others;  
Cannot choose.

Mind secure;  
Remember two:  
I am flawed,  
And so are you.

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### **This Won't Be the Last Time**

These times they aren't easy.  
Not when patience acquiesces to rage.  
It grows like a cancer in the mind.  
And the self-criticism...  
It's a lose-lose no matter what.  
Torture by guilt or by emptiness;  
Pick your poison.

My hands are hard from always hitting walls.  
I try to use the side of the fist;  
There is good padding there.  
But often I forget and lead with the knuckles.  
I want the scars to be reminders.  
Lately they're a justification to keep punching.  
I don't know if I'll ever be able to control it,  
Not when the blood keeps boiling like this.

I will live with the fire.  
It's part of who I am; I accept that.  
It drives me; I want to use it for good.  
Never is it my intention to hurt.  
But this divider seems to wedge  
Itself deeper with each angry episode.  
My fear is that I will break—  
My hand, my mind, or, worst of all, another.  
And I foresee the chips falling in that order.

## Feel the Freedom

I have no desire to turn to toxins.  
There's enough of that in here already.  
But I do crave.  
My hope is that an angel will come one night  
And sprinkle me with a cool dust of calm  
That changes me forever, for better.  
All I need is direction, not a destination.  
For then I can ever chase the fantasy.  
All I need is movement, or distraction.  
Stillness is what stirs the pain, numbs the brain.

When my hand lies in yours the urge subsides.  
Maybe you are the angel after all.  
My heart beats hard with you, but not anxious.  
Like a red drum banging on the moon.  
My dream is for us to live in an igloo,  
Where clarity is frozen like a noble truth  
And everything is

S l o w e d

D o w n.

Disputes will be settled by sliding  
On our bellies across the ice and  
Seeing who travels farthest.

Until then I will keep carrying this fire.

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### Conviction

Running with my head turned round,  
Too stubborn to just look down.  
I keep stumbling over these sticks;  
It's just something I gotta fix.

'Cause discerning eyes they will cry  
In search of answers wrong or right.  
The unexpected lesson learned;  
These truths and tears are intertwined.

## Feel the Freedom

For any soul digs deep enough,  
Discovers grace and dread alike.  
These things can't change but choice remains;  
The beauty lies in fight or flight.

See you and I are different,  
But we shatter all the same.  
Broken yet still so certain;  
Bequeathed with a noble aim.

So we gravitate toward the light  
To assure ourselves and teach unknowns:  
That Good will always outlast Evil;  
That a full heart outweighs heavy bones.

But conviction floats and conviction fades,  
As nearer draws the unsuspecting moth.  
Before the burn begins to wonder: What if  
God and the Devil are cut from the same cloth?

I want to believe; please help me believe.  
Motivations are pure and soul unsold.  
Yet the whispers keep on stinging my ears:  
Better are those mysteries left untold.

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### Queen

I wonder if He ever prays to us.  
If carrying the weight of the world on  
His shoulders makes Him bolder. Or Older.  
If His strength is unending. Or bending.

If He painted the clouds gray and thick  
So that He could secretly sob behind them.

I wonder about other things, too.

It is said that God created man in His own image,  
But if God is the Creator,  
The one who gave birth to all that is life,  
Then we must be mistaken.  
And She all but forsaken.  
Ideas spark conversation—  
A female incarnation.

The Sage said 'to be great is to be misunderstood.'  
So why shouldn't the Greatest be the most misunderstood of all?  
That should assuage some doubts, but I doubt it will.

## Feel the Freedom

Now, my intent was never to poison the pot.  
I don't mean to ruffle feathers or start a fight.  
But my eyes are curious, and my heart concerned.  
It weeps for those poor souls on the edge of the night.

Including this one.