

Disposition Of Quiet

This disposition of quiet.
This babbling solitude.
This anxious reservoir of

This is not me.

feeling crowded through my
soul like my feet stomp
heat undangerously bold.

This cowardice in searching
clothes.

This magician spewing gospel
prose of ancient fuck shit
dominos.

This whispered screaming,
"Who do You think that You are?"

This unknowing of unshowing
and who goes where.

This question would you let
me speak or has
perfection
made me weak.

This quiet stare, mocking
beware, shocking.

This let go say no don't
you know it's not polite
to make eye contact with
yourself.

This scapegoat tease of
misinformed dreams and
schemes.

This faith, hope, love
is landing and leaning
and leading.

This screaming is
dreaming and needing.

This feel good do good
no good of my understanding
grabbing splintered wood. This
misunderstood.

This disposition of quiet.

Taken

What did you take from me?

Stranger
Thief
Counterfeit

Innocence
Naiveté
Purity
The chance to remain free?

And what was taken from you?
Endearment
Beauty
Honor
The chance to be someone's princess?

And what did you take from me?
Stranger
Figment
Decapitation

Courage
Confidence
Belief
The chance to be strong?

And what was taken from you?
Masculinity
Respect
A childhood
The chance to simply be "my son?"

And what did you take from me?
Protector
Controller
Bearer

Independence
Purpose
Power
The chance to honor truth?

And what was taken from you?

Attention
Affection
Grace
The chance to be adored?

I've given you anger
But I take it back

I've given you silence
But I take it back

I've given you regret
And hatred
And shame
And responsibility
And blame!

But I take it all back.

And what now can I share with you?
Forgiveness.
And love.
And hope.

I'm sorry.

Literally

Quite literally
While falling from space
I tripped on my imagination and

Lost contact with reality

It was convenient timing though
Because my soul was trying to tip toe
Through uncertainty
And I was certain the revelation
Defined by pin stripe corduroy
Would end in nothing short of
Self-calculated hyperbole

Or a chance. Maybe.
To dream

I mean

Quite possibly
It seemed to appear that way

Trinity

I.

A clearly colored black and white
An inside warmth of sunlit mind
And cold outside eternal night
Awaken a new life to find
But bound by grace in love so true
Enslaved by man's prescribed faith
A death to one and birth anew
No longer seven on the eighth
Two same men smile, argue, kiss
I listen quietly, Adam screams
Mistaken truth no more to miss
While Eve lies down, and Mary dreams

II.

The silence of a slumbered sleep
Beneath the mind of conquered time
One sits wide open toward the deep
With two apart of same like mind
See toward the night like inside dirt
Though vivid colors rhyme the scent
Abandoned body to desert
Through ether of a spirit sent
Received between the real unseen
A textured carpet purple stain
New born birth is now to ween
While two lovers still remain

III.

I sing in silence to my soul
Wind through leaves on trees and ground
Enamored heart now takes it's toll
Before you even make a sound
A taste so sweet I feel it's flavor
Touch so pure it's fragrance found
Unbound by mercy laced with favor
Echo in a distant sound
With lightning's flash and thunder's roll
The glory of a kingdom crowned
As freedom laughs at self control
A quiet whisper of a sound

Rise

Black

I sit, I anticipate

I wait

And contemplate, in peace

Anxiety has died, or at least has not awakened

Or returned. Don't return.

Still and quiet

Pleasure and ease

How can a burst

Be so deliberate and slow?

Like a slow motion explosion of the soul

The sting of excitement

Tempered by your own time

And rhythm and rhyme

I can't wait

What shall it be today?

What shall you bring to me?

You dance slowly for me, and only me

Don't miss that I am waiting for you

I, and no other, am waiting for you

You're laughter delights my eyes

In slow, reaching arms of pink, purple, orange, and blue

You knew

I am waiting for you

Oh Sun rise for no other!