

Inner Mean Girl

I found myself within it,

But I was not alone.

There was something there inside me,

That had taken up its home.

It sat upon my shoulder,

And whispered in my ear,

"I am here beside you,

You have nothing left to fear."

It is me that you will listen to.

I will be your guiding light.

I'll tell you what to look out for,

And when to take up flight.

We will turn against them.

We'll remove what's in the air.

The energy around us,

I told you that was there.

Walk with me, my friend.

You trusted me long ago.

I'll keep you safe and lonely,

Away from everyone you know.

So, when a hand's extended,

You'll stand back far away.

I'll have you to myself, just know,

Your mean girl's here to stay.

Gaslight

I heard the rumble inside my head.  
The sound of wintertime was dead.  
It's strange to hear the rain outside,  
    And being told it's in my mind.  
I felt the barometric pressure change.  
I knew the energy had gotten strange.  
    But then I saw the lightning strike.  
They told me things they thought I'd like.  
    Now, even if this storm's not real,  
I'm becoming comfortable, the way I feel.  
My perceptions do remain unchanged.  
    It's my reality, I feel the rain.  
There is no need to change my mind.  
    I control what I decide.  
    I grab my umbrella.  
        I turn to go.  
    This storm is real.  
        This I know.

Manuscript: "Finding Me"  
~ 3 poetry piece collection

Found

The heartbeat there beside me,  
Was beating soft and slow.  
She sank into her slumber,  
No other place to go.  
Her mind need not to wonder.  
For she was safe and sound.  
Her breath a tiny rumble.  
She knew she had been found.  
I searched for a companion.  
She knew me long ago.  
The void had been a Canyon,  
I had the privilege to know.  
She was put up to be saved.  
I was looking to save a life,  
But however more surprising,  
Whose life got saved?  
T'was mine.