

Cherophobia

Cherophobia is the fear of happiness
An ordinary word
To describe the unordinary feeling

How do you articulate?
That you don't want to be happy
Happiness is frightening
It means room for error
Calculated costs of what you can lose
Because saving people is hard

No matter your footing the floor will cave from under you
I've fallen before
We know that growing up means people leaving you behind
I've seen the door shut
Stars fall out of the sky all the time
It's taking your past and deducing your future
Carrying the weight of the shield no one gave me
But I had to piece together with all the fractures from life
With the knowledge that broken things can never really whole again

On Luck

Sometimes a stroke of luck
Climbs its way through
The cracks of our lives
It's almost as if a prayer was answered
- If we believed in that kind of thing
The unlucky people
The people in a past life
That must of
Shattered a thousand mirrors
Walked under hundreds of ladders
Refused to carry
The old woman up that mountain
Every now and then those people
Meet another person
Who reminds them that life isn't so bad?
- It's can't be that bad
Because out of everyone here
All 7.8 billion of us
They ended up in the small yellow house
That has the big backyard
But only one bathroom
Sitting next to you on the old grey couch drinking hot coffee
Out of one of the many chipped mugs you collect
Listening to the stories you share
On an ordinary Saturday morning in the middle of fall

So you think to yourself how I got so lucky
And laugh

This Is America

Waking up in America is like waking up on groundhogs day
We wake up to school shootings and grocery store shootings and movie theater shootings and
work shootings and concert shootings and bar shootings
And then we go to sleep
Our alarm clocks are the voices of our elected officials telling us it's our fault
The politicians are blaming doors
The NRA is blaming liberals
The police are blaming parents
The parents are blaming teachers
The students are blaming guns
The bullets that tore apart their lives like it does their bodies
And those who are in overly pressed suits wear their lack of empathy as badge of honor to
display when speaking to the crowds
In their heads they say "good thing my kid goes to private school"
While out loud they say
"yet another senseless act of violence"
They blame the lack of teachers who would bare weapons in place of books
We can't give you pens and pencils and paper but here's an AR-15
AR stands for armalife rifle not assault rifle
You libtard
They banned the word gay but not the word gun
They want to hand them a weapon
They want to have them lay their lives down
And leave their families and kids and friends behind because as a teacher that's their duty
For only 30k a year you can be considered a hero!
You can be traumatized in the name of freedom
Bullied and torn apart by parents
Stuffed in a box by the government
That SWEARS it cares
Our mental health is hanging on by a thread
It gets thinner every day
I wish someone would do something about it
The America we live in today
Shows us time and time again life is promised to no one
Not to those kids
Not to those college bound students
Or post grad celebrators
Or concert goers
Or grocery store connoisseurs
They blame doors
And teachers
And lack of family values
They blame us
Our health

Our godless outlook
But who could believe in a god
When even in church we are taught that blood of Christ is nothing but a sweet sip of wine
with enough of it you wash away the sins out your past
A simple sorry gets forgiveness
And maybe some McDonalds
Gunning down kids
We get amnesia
Until the next breaking news story
And like that movie groundhogs day
We see people fall to their knees
Heads to the ground
Whispers to a god “please we have to do better”
In response god pulls up twitter and tweets “thoughts and prayers”
By what else can you say in 140 characters or less?
This is America
Where freedom is counted in the number of times they say “it could’ve been worse”
We need good guys with guns
We need bullet proof backpacks
And armored vehicles
We need active shooter drills
Where statistically not all of you will make it out alive
This is America
Home of the brave and land of the free
Home of banned books and land of the free (unless you’re...this or that and no not that
Sorry)
We dig graves for our kids and say we wish we could’ve done something
They deserved better
What a bright future they could’ve had
Gun regulations helped every other country but you can’t infringe on my freedoms
No matter how many lives it costs
This is America
“Give me your tired, you’re poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free”
This is America and we are exhausted

Cousins

You were like a character
In the books you loved
A traveler too far away from home
Always - *always*
Trying to find their way back
I wonder
If you made it to the place
You were always searching for
I wonder too
If I'll be able to find you one day

They say
Not all those who wander are lost
There are some,
Who are just looking for their next great adventure?
And I hope *finally* you found your

Gravestones Mistaken For Gardens

In the days that follow
They bury our voices
In the same graveyard full of kids
Wiping their hands clean
Of those they never cared to save

We strike a match in the aftermath
Smoking out the monsters
Who leer over podiums?
Spinning webs of empty prayers
Their gift that keeps on giving
An endless list of names
Growing like a garden no one ever
Tends to

These ghosts who haunt our thoughts
Like the same hallways
They never had a chance
To come back from

On these days
Our anger is like the kerosene
Our tears are the kindling
Our voices are like flames
A reminder to them that
Change will come from the ashes
Of those who try to drown the fire