

bottomless

the depth of your thoughts
has no limits
because you demand retribution

demands fall empty on a soulless mind
whose words have brutally destroyed the person
she could have been
yet they still aren't satisfied oh

how they hunger
for utter
annihilation
no semblance of hope

you wish the fire inside of you would burn
so
 far and wide
that it would obliterate them where they stand
and as your feet brush through the ashes
then she would be able to

Rise.

“We Build These Walls”

You and me,
We live in a fortress
made of our white.
From top to bottom it shines
and gleams and burns
with the naturalness of white.

There is no such person,
place, thing, or idea
that can tear down our majesty.
Its strength is unprecedented,
nay, unchallenged by any other
with our ramparts of white.

We build these walls
to hinder the dangers of the earth
from despoiling our perfection.
Walls that stretch into the sky
and our roof is the heavens filtered
with the omens of white.

One Nation, Under God
our fortress stands on the backs
of
 those
 who
 aren't
 blessed
with this casing of white.

But,
if we build these walls
tall enough
 wide enough

deep enough.

We will not have to perceive reality

“For Her”

For her,
I have to be.
I have no choice but to be.
If I wasn't,
our world would fall apart.

For her,
No longer can I.
I can't run, I can't.
If I did,
our world would fall apart.

For her,
I am never.
Or I pretend that I am not.
If I was,
our world would fall apart.

For her,
I am strong.

For her,
I do not hide.

For her,
I won't be afraid.

If not for her,
my world would fall apart.

“The Alarm”

Reads 8:30 a.m. I roll back over
And pull the covers closer to my face.
Desperate to conserve warmth,
Desperate to stay within the peace of sleep.

The alarm goes off each time a customer
Steps, waddles, stomps
Through the automatic doors, which
Whoosh open and close all day long.

The alarm on my phone rings,
Signaling the end of my break.
I ignore it for a minute or two before
Walking on tired legs back to my register.

An alarm on the television fills the room,
Startling me from the crooked neck nap
In the large green recliner, my chair,
Tucked in the corner of the room.

The alarms in my head burst like sirens,
As I read her text, one, two, three times,
Nothing has happened, yet my heart races
Like it's ready to take action.

No alarms to end my night as I climb
Into bed, knowing tomorrow will be the same.
The same routine, the same people,
The same worries, the same alarms.