writing:

in the key of unprecedented times

entering limbo-

a period of waiting.

it may be good for the soul—

but how does the mind know this?

she is tired,

she is longing,

she is unsteady.

send her a message

let her know—

there is beauty in the waiting too.

matters weave together, yet nothing is complete. filling the green moleskines with listspiling up endlessly. meaningless in their usefulness. interviews approachingno nerves, no knots inside medread lies dormant, where he can stay, please. he will be back, but why so soon? life goes on and i cannot catch up. everyone with breath, a hypocrite. expectations reach new heights and for what? i want to greet the world in my own time, on my own terms. but guilt slithers in, like the serpent that tempted. he takes his place at my table...

who am i talking to? no one can hear me. maybe this is the comfort being heard by nothing but air. the air lacks judgement, the air responds with perfection handcrafted by me. unseen means unreal. i was never a north pole believer.

i clawed at the bible—

aching for a sign,

screaming for proof,

until my throat can take no more.

yet it comes as a whisper.

why is this roughness,

met with agonizing softness?

grab me and shake me—

until i hear the truth.

i want to hear it for myself.

ivy creeps down to my feet

slinking round and round

yanking me into my seat

closer to the ground

nowhere to escape this time

wait here in the silence

eventually you'll grow sublime

we beg for your compliance

take a break to ease your mind

soak in nature's air

waste time of your own kind

but all the while beware

IV creeps up to my arm poking for a vein

we don't mean to bring you harm

this should ease the pain....