

An Ode to the Weak

You are the weak who wear
The heart on the sleeve
Much too honest not like
Those in the real world

You are the weak too concerned
With everyone else
Don't put your head down and
Busy only with yourself

You are the weak too covered
In scars deep-set on the surface
Push it all down until bones
Crack you won't

You are the weak still talking
Too much about the world
Uncovering the mirror and
Holding up what is broken

Night

the night does not apologize
for being drenched in darkness
leaving the moon in solitude
Candles burn, glazed
Salt lamps glow
When the tears fall

No one can tell you nothing
If you want to turn to mush under
bones bare holding on

True Love

love like the faded blue sky
on the cusp of the day's end
dimmed but never gone
the next day brings its balance
means it exists in it
true because it does not only stand
for whimsical devotions
but what do we know?

Memory

How did I not know that I, was utterly
Broken, I let the dam fall
Gates open and
can't be closed up
Keep falling as the loud trucks sweep away
Yesterday's dust on the trampling grounds
And the little machines rattle the air
Driving harsh on their roads
What to do with them
my tears that could fill up the ocean's Atlantic
if I let them?
Gates open and can't be closed up

Awaken

Dawn can be as dreary as
me, giving me comfort,

when the wind blows through
the peaks of trees, under
a gray sky.