

The Declaration of Imperfection

I am Imperfect.
Oh my soul, I say it again so that you might hear me,
I am Imperfect!
No amount of starvation will change it.
I am human. I am hungry!

Too long you have plagued me,
Too long you have lied to me...
Led me astray with your false promises.
You swore that I would be perfect!
But I only hollowed inside and out.
I have become bitter and withered,
A sullen wraith of the girl I once was.

At long last, I demand my independence from your clutches.
I proclaim myself a woman!
Return me now to the world of the living.
I acknowledge my imperfection -
Today I find solace in it.
This is how I know that I am human.

Learn to love your own reflection,
There is life to live in imperfection.

Mr. Willow

My dear Mr. Willow;
You are so very comforting.
I lay here in your boughs,
Gazing out upon the honey-colored wheat fields -
they stretch for miles and miles,
glistening like a sea of gold silk,
shimmering brightly in the last rays of the setting sun.

The sky hangs in tattered pinks and oranges above me,
I bob a piece of timothy between my teeth,
My chapped lips, parted in a peaceful grin.
The breeze blows your branches close around me.
Violets in my hair, Queen Anne's Lace in my lap
The creek babbles below over smooth rock and stone
My gingham skirt billows in the air -
revealing two bruised legs and dirty toes.

I have sap on my hands, in between my fingers.
I was playing hide and seek with Darcy.
She grazes on the bank below me,
and lazily lifts her head as I whisper her name.
She has burdock in her tail and feathers braided in her mane.
Today is a beautiful day.
I am just sitting here, dreaming the day away.
Mr. Willow, how old are you?
Has anyone ever sat here before me?
My dear Mr. Willow, you are my favorite lazy tree.

Father, I got a "C" in Logic

The Muses scratch at the corners of my mind.
They yearn to be released from behind their prison bars.
They wail in frustration as their fragile wrists break upon brick.
Their rosy fingertips pull at the veil that shrouds my imagination in darkness,
But, my mind is relentless;
It is iron, and worry, knitted tightly against them.
Who banished them to that dungeon in the first place?
Surely, not I?

They once roamed freely in my thoughts -
Lining each spark with silver and wonder.
They are creativity embodied,
Now despair chains them to the abyss.
What can set them free again?
For their cries echo eerily in my head in the black hours of the night.

I watch the minutes pass by in red;
I cannot convince my mind to sleep.
My thoughts are of banshee huntresses,
And ivory bones buried deep within my abundant flesh.
My heart pounds, my head aches, my palms sweat.
I toss the coverlet aside and fumble for my slippers in the darkness.

The wailing in my head grows louder,
I tie my night robe at my waist.
My hands are shaking,
I descend the stairway unsteadily,
My head is swimming.
Too little food for too many days.
Silly girl, you silly girl.

I pull the chain to the kitchen light,
It blinds my eyes painfully as it brings the scene to life.
I grope for a cup through blurred vision,
My fingers close around that dotted coffee mug.
"It has 49 dots painted on it," I murmur to myself
As I turn the faucet on.
"I have counted them before."

The water tastes like sulfur when it touches my tongue-
I gag and dump it down the drain
There is sweeter water in the refrigerator,
but I forget that I am thirsty,
My thoughts have wandered to ponder on that smell
The sulfur, that lingers in the air around me,
Like a match that has been lit and quickly blown out.
To Mephistopheles, To Dante, To Milton...

I find myself in front of my bookshelf,
My fingertips running slowly across their spines,
My darlings, my loves.
They will never leave me nor forsake me.
They will always be there for me,
When all is said and done,
They alone will stay – untouched by my madness.
I am saddened suddenly – as is the nature of my mind.
The storms come without warning and rage for an unknown time
before the sun shatters through unexpectedly and burns the rain away.

The shrieks within my head resume,
their wailing cries crescendo in the silence.
My head thrashes wildly and I cover my ears,
“Go away!” I moan to them as I curl up on the couch.
They badger me, they tease me.
How can I listen to them?
How can I free them?
I cannot make a living on words and paint alone!
Oh my Muses, don't you see?
Creativity is dead!

Oh Father how I long to make you proud!
Oh my Father can you never understand my dilemma?
Can you never see why I am suffering?
Oh sweet Muses how I long to free you!
How can I please both forces at once?
How can I have my own office,
With books piling over my desk and lining the walls?
But still put food upon my table and a roof over my head?

I writhe alone in agony.
Who could understand this pain?
Who could hold me in these dark hours when my mind wars within me?
Crazy girl, you crazy girl!
There is a hole in my heart, a void, an emptiness that I cannot seem to fill,
No matter what materialistic thing I patch it with,
Father, don't you see? That is not my calling.
I am always searching,
I am always trying,
But it seems as if,
“I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For.”

Mourning Village

There is a cold feeling in the air today,
It pushes all the warmth away.
You can search everywhere,
But you won't find a single smile
Not today, today, today
If you are silent, you can hear -
Everyones' hearts breaking.
All our tears are washed away
As it starts raining.
You wonder if this town is ever happy,
Not today, today, today
The whole village is dressed in black raincoats.
The children play in the flooded streets,
Jumping in puddles, floating their little toy boats.
But even they won't smile,
Today we are all quiet.
There is one less empty grave.
Don't cry dear village,
We must all be brave!
But not today, today, today
You walk down our sidewalks -
With a puzzled look on your face,
You can't believe our tears have flooded this place.
They flow as a river running through,
We all stare, we blame you.
You came here searching for something,
Why today, today, today?
We can't help you.
Not today, today, today
Please just go away,
You cannot stay in Mourning Village.

750 West Main

There is a violent fun-house,
Defined with mirrors and twisting hallways.
Doorways and stairwells ascending...
Perhaps descending into the dark unknown.
This is where they live.
This is where I work.

When night falls upon this old house,
The little man in the front room begins to scream,
He is afraid. He tells me that there is a monkey down his shirt.
He sees it every night and yells, "Get out of there!" repeatedly.
He keeps the others awake with his visions.
When I tell him that no monkey lives in his shirt,
He bites down on his hand so hard that blood flows freely.
At the designated hour, I give him his pill to chase away the monkey,
But his cries still linger in the corridor.
Lock the medicine cupboard deary!
Locks on everything.

After the clock tolls ten times
I begin to feel that this is where I live.
Is this not my home too?
Do I not belong here?
Palms pressed desperately against the front window pane.
Let me out! I swear I am not one of them!
A scream builds up, tightening in my throat.
Will I succumb to his serenading cries?

I pace up and down the hallway, the carpets threadbare from my footsteps.
I could very well be like them.
When the mind falters and I am left stumbling through life -
I am very much like one of them.
I could have a room here.
Suffocating, nursing my insanity.
Am I not already? Here Miss, take your medicine.

Here is your Abilify,
To make the shadows in your eyes,
transform into psychedelic butterflies.
Escape from here my darlings,
Break these chains tethering you to this reality.
This half-life.
Do not forget to visit wonderland along your way.

But be good now, take your pills!
No more exaggerated emotions please!
Take them with a full glass of water.

Sit there silently and watch the silver screen.
But do not open your eyes, do not come alive.
We are too tired to encourage you tonight.

Let us all sit down together,
and stare emptily into the abyss.
There is no one home now,
here in this lucid maze.
We cannot hear the world now,
From within our trance-like gaze.

Lord, I turn my head away!
I cannot watch them anymore.
Admit the life we offer them is flawed.
We take for granted their human nature,
But I still become like them,
trapped within 750 West Main.