

The Kids are Growing Up

Many things about a child's birthday party
let you shrink. Morphing you
out of your oasis. Gloating to all
not included. A certificate of well-being
waved in front of your face like a foggy glimpse
of the future, but it's clear the children
are misguided by ignorance. A stray balloon
avidly floats toward freedom. "Happy Birthday,"
dragging its color into an otherwise dull scene,
like a child with a coloring book
who can never quite stay within the limits...
right before they rip the page out
and crumple it in frustration.

Our doom is a product of our imagination.
Hope gets disconnected from our minds
as time continues with each additional flame
of life burning dimmer than the last,
as fire eats away at your previous stages.
They don't wait for you to be ready
to blow them out. And you don't want
that change to happen. Afraid to lose control,
you fall back to the past, leaving you
stranded and transfixed in refutation.
Finding only frustration in search of the peace
that we mindlessly disregard while living.

Accept or Except

Pronounced the same way,
but opposite definitions.

Inclusion and exclusion
are always happening.

Most people wish to be
accepted wherever they are,
except they don't always
accept everyone themselves.

That's the exception.

We're taught to be nice and accept
other people and their opinions,
except for the ones who don't accept
us or others. Those are the ones
we consider mean and cruel.

They are the exception.

If I were to accept
everyone's ideas except
for one person, it would be
exception within acceptance.

The Paradox of Tolerance implies
that for a society to be fully tolerant,

It would have to be intolerant
of intolerant people, making the society
itself intolerant. Tolerance is acceptance
with no exception. So for us to be accepting
we must make all who are not accepting the exception.

Blackberry

People write about blackberries as if they're heaven themselves.
The taste on their tongues is balanced, a tart and sweet poison
That's squeezed from the bumpy shell that can never sit up quite right.
Such a small fruit conjuring endless emotions and descriptions
From the small deep purple and red filled glass bowl
That sits patiently aside your breakfast.
The thought of this summer fruit hangs from your brain
By a thread, picking at your deepest thoughts as you wait to pick
This morsel in the warmer months. Cramming your arm into the neighbor's
Blackberry bush, like the world's most innocent thief, controlled not by morals but by curiosity.
Searching for the sweet poison to free you from your lust and let your sense of justice prevail.
Not even the gloomiest day could stop you from enjoying a blackberry as you watch
The drops of rain plummet from above. Suddenly, you remember how thankful you are
To sit on the couch, under a blanket, in the comfort of your home, protected
From all the evil of the night. As you eat another, the juice engraves its flavor on you
Like ancient stone. The Ten Commandments melt onto your tongue after your
Blackberry bush catches aflame, leaving you a reminder of the power possessed by
This divine and revered fruit. Some say that when you enter Heaven's Gates,
You'll see a lane outlined by endless rows of blackberry bushes,
Leading you to Eden, curiosity uncaged.

Fireplace

If one life were enough, or eternity
Kept our purpose safe and locked away,
Allowing only those who are open
To opening their mind to the privilege
Of knowledge, then troubles would wash away.
Life isn't for the faint of heart, and
Peace isn't for skeptics.
Why worry because you have no worries?
Even with a clear forecast, you still manage
To prop up storm clouds, projecting them over the fire
Inside of your soul. Morphing the fire
From an uncontrollable forest fire raging with passion
And burning down every sign of life it sees, to one
Being used by the man in the blue coat that's waiting
In the dark outside of the grocery store.
It's not until you replace the dark scene with storm clouds to one with
Sunshine that you can clearly see the answer to your troubles.
But whenever I try to let someone know, they never believe me.
No matter how hard I tried and tried to confirm it.

Solar Eclipse

I'm sorry for losing my head...
And for cutting off yours out of anger.
My light lost the battle to the darkness around us,
Like a chiaroscuro by da Vin—
No, Caravaggio. I was

Going against an unbeatable opponent. How
Could anyone take down a warrior so giant
And make him fall to the ground?
Rage fueled the fire in my soul, yet I looked around
Into only darkness.
The last ray of hope beaming down has been concealed
By this presence, and

My resolve wasn't strong enough
To fling a stone at this giant,
Which led to my swift defeat.
The darkness won't stop. Seizing
The sky, leaving a void to run in
But nowhere to hide. It won't stop
Until it takes my head, but I've already bid it adieu. I'm sorry
For taking yours.