

The Bully

My biggest bully and I have a love-hate relationship

I would call us frenemies

When I go out feeling and looking good

She tends to disagree

One insecurity at a time, I start to think she's right

Fake friends won't tell you, "Your outfit's ugly,"

But my biggest bully might

She's not all bad though. I can't complain. She's in all my conversations

We like all the same songs and watch the same TV Stations

When I feel down, she seems to know without me uttering a peep

She stays up all night with me when I can't fall asleep

A friend or a foe

More like somewhere in between

Because my self-reflection can sometimes be mean

My Shopping List

I'm going to the store to restock

I have some things that are running low

First, I need more patience

What I have left is just for show

Aisle after aisle I look and I look

There must be a shortage

What is left, I took

Next thing I need is a little more help

I can't complete my to-do list all by myself

I would if I could, but I'm working on growth

Sometimes a helping hand is what I need most

Then I cruise down aisle four in hopes of finding grace

In today's market, I don't see a case

Everyone deserves it, no matter who they are

Just a little bit of grace can take you very far

The last thing I need is a small box of faith

Believing and trusting my path and my pace

My journey's my own and unlike no other

I'll push through the storms

I'll fight through the thunder

That's all I need now, but I know I'll need more

Catch y'all next time that I head to the store

Why Do Things Happen

Somebody told me, "Everything happens for a reason", and I agreed for a while

But with my attitude, the ambiguity drove me wild

I needed a reason, a logical explanation

Some would call it closure

I say my personal investigation

I'd find myself drowning in what ifs and theories to explain the unexplainable

Why me or whose fault? How did I become unfavorable?

But one day somebody told me

"Everything happens for your greater good."

That is the day I truly understood

That things happen for me not to me

I'm no victim

I'm growing, maturing

Don't fight the changes, go with them

My experiences are here to help end the cycle

The rearview is behind me

The past is meant to mold me

Unwind me

To turn me into who I always was but wasn't showing

To be who I was meant to be

Amazing grace is what they call it

Was blind but now I see

Salutations

It may not be forever, but I'm glad I said goodbye
I missed the opportunity before, this time that will not fly
Au revoir, adios, or ciao will do. It does not take much
The last words I speak to anybody shall serve as a crutch
There are three times in life that I didn't get to say goodbye
Not before their final breathes, and I always wondered why
An ending or a new beginning, each salutation brings a choice
So now each time I say goodbye, I choose what I need most

Sometimes I need separation

Sometimes I need to breathe

Sometimes I need to clear my mind

Sometimes I need to scream

Sometimes I need to focus on what I'm doing next

Sometimes I need to leave it all and really get some rest

I choose to see the beginning in everything that ends

I say goodbye to yesterday

And welcome new days in

The Voice

When you ignore the whispers, they get louder.
Invading the spaces you have deemed to be safe
From a soft spoken nudge to authoritative warning
What once seemed calm will make your heart race
First whisper, then warning, you won't want what's next
The voice will grow louder. You'll feel tight in the chest.
You may question the feeling, but you know it's not good
Listen to the voice. You know that you should.
Escalation turns the warning into an eerie screech
Please don't take it personal, the voice is sent to teach
Pain will come along the way to accompany the sound.
The lesson does not go away, it wraps its way around.