

“Lucky”

Is being Lucky the silence you always wanted after loud screams in the middle of the night,
Or is being Lucky the crisp Autumn air you feel in your eyes as a kid trying to fly a kite in the
sky?

Is being Lucky, the warmth of a fire leaving wood smell in your hair on a moldy wet floorboard,
Or is being Lucky being able to escape from a world that you knew deep in your heart is torn?

Is being Lucky, feeling the icicle form in plastic cups beside where you attempt to fall asleep,
Or is being Lucky, the hope you thought in your nightmares you could never hold to your heart?

No, being Lucky is not going through things that make my soul blue and dark,
Being Lucky is finding what makes me happy and turning darkness into a beautiful Summer
daisy.

“Stunning Life”

A stunning life soon to come,
With Mother and Father by my side.

One half of a rose and one half of a daisy in the purest form,
I will no longer have to hide.

Weeks past so growth flutters like a butterfly in the wind,
Oh Mother how gentle you must be to keep me safe from monsters that bring me such fear.

The voice of a thousand angels,
Yet you may not think I can hear.

The pain so sharp like knives in my throat,
As I search for my first gulp of air arrives.

A stunning life is scary,
But Mother and Father will always see this stunning life survive.

“The Snow-Bunny's Darkness”

Building snow bunnies in the white blanket that was once a field,
One minute hot chocolate breaks with selected words.

A child so innocent that would see the darkness that filled his eyes straight black,
As the guardian turns away, the child goes unattached.

Secure is an unfamiliar term that has never been seen,
The child talks to himself with a mind shaped like a cross-word puzzle in the morning paper.

Soon the child will know the love needed to convey happiness,
Instead of laughing at the snow-bunnies and being a Mother's heartbreaker.

“The Peaceful Ending”

Every step I take is full of peaceful endings that is yet to come,
Every day passes wondering if I'll have to flip a rusty old coin.

I recall picking thorns of white roses with honey bees buzzing,
And digging out unwanted plant weeds.

Today I lightly ran in to my miniature coffee table,
My thin skinned skinny pale leg starts to bleed.

So I dream blissfully searching for a void I have yet to find,
I must wipe away the tears and wrinkled frowns to leave those peaceful endings behind.

"Immortal"

The aesthetic beaming shirk that you give me with your immortal necklace,
devours my incarnation on a magnitude, I for hell's sake, never shall neglect.

The universe of every galaxy in your vividly consciously remarkable eyes,
compliment mine in a shield tranquility way.

The anticipation of eagerness you have been declaring to me about something you desire,
fills the raptured fracture in my heart.

Aftermore, the framework of my essence intensifies when we are assembled:

Yet the undemanding degree of your pleasure,
bliss and triumph will transcend before my altruistic selfhood.