

Morning dew,
Brings eyes of new.
This path I am on,
Like a beautiful dawn.
An ugly lies beneath,
I feel it and its heat.
Past lives held in storage,
It will only take some courage.
To face the burdens deep,
This wicked I won't keep.
With brand new eyes,
Every morning I will rise.

She found herself.
Not when she was
Following direction,
But when she was lost.

Now That Everyone Knows

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It's all so puzzling, she said. What is? Said the man accompanying her. Life is, she said. The decision one can make that can impact their whole life and also the life of others. Why do you say that? Said the man. I am speaking of tragedy, loss and having to go without, she says. Why are you bringing this up all of the sudden? Says the man. He said, have you been hurt? She looks at him as though all air had been taken out of her, she cannot breathe. She says, I have had to live my life up until now without you, because of a decision you made and you ask me have I been hurt?

The look on the man's face was as if someone had punched him right in the stomach. He blew it off and said, but I am here now. The woman stood there, in shock, thinking to herself, is this it? This is what I have waited for, for 27 years? She looked at him and said, you have kept my life a secret for 27 years and now you come here and say I have finally told everyone, you can come out of your hiding spot. Am I supposed to welcome everyone with open arms as they stare and judge? The family she had wanted to know and be a part of. Although she had wanted this all of her life, now that it was here, she had no idea what to do with all of it?

She said, what now? How do I forget all of the rejection, the hurt, the feeling of not being worthy? He looked at her and said, please do this, because I am finally ready to be your father, now that everyone knows.

Old fashioned in nature,
My demise this will be.
It was only decades ago,
Respect was the key.
A prude I am not,
My actions may surprise you.
But I'll be damned if I succumb,
To the neediness inside you.
I hardly remember you're there,
Leaving you home all alone.
I don't even miss you that much,
You are just a silly phone.

As the thread is pulled,
And the seams unravel.
You're lost in this place,
As the mind begins to travel.
Wicked are these stories,
You've created for yourself.
You attempt to leave the dark,
Running circles for some help.
As the words fill the page,
You start to feel empowered.
Inside a poet's mind,
Their truth never cowers.

Confronting the days,
With a wild and curious need.
This hunger from deep within,
She was more than ready to feed.
Be patient with yourself, she said,
As more and more started to show.
The places you wish to find,
Are buried beneath your soul.
In order to see the beauty,
You must first go through the dark.
In nature you find your peace,
For her, a good place to start.
You might not recognize parts,
Hideous in their disguise.
But you must slay your monsters,
To see beauty with brand new eyes.

Try as she might,
To fight from within.
This thing that held her,
Like the ugliest sin.
Wanting to see good,
She buried her worry.
Like ghosts they came,
Her past as it scurried.
She was what she feared,
An ugly monster full of scars.
Digging her way out,
She tried to see the stars.
Not worthy of love,
Her wounds cut to the core.
For any deserving soul,
She'd only be a bore.
Came so close,
If only she hadn't shown.
The cuts that still bleed,
A future always unknown.