

Pedestal

I am but a delicate flower,
Snapped by your hand.
You distorted with your power,
Strung along a garland.

Cut at the sepal,
Trapped in confines you built.
Separate me from my people,
Who worry, as I wilt.

Wear me as a necklace
Along chains, so small.
Or between books you press,
From your pedals, I fall.

Speared

Spent the night on the water,
Making waves with my hands.
Searching for the naut,
To get me to safer lands.

But a sailor speared the water,
The weapon stunning all at sea.
I paddled as hard as I could,
But something was swimming beneath me.

As my arms lost their strength,
A figure illuminated on the pier.
It was a familiar face,
Christopher, how did you find me here?

Sand and stones accreting,
The closer to the shore my feet got.
Until I could pick myself up from the floor,
Stunned, in silence, I remained fraught.

Ghosts

I begged, it's not right,
Something's happening inside me.
But dismissed, I was told,
You must just be blurry.

And I had stumbled
Through the forest, my mind fully faded.
Disoriented, knocking on strangers' doors
Before I finally made it.

Back inside, oh the looks,
I knew I wouldn't be believed.
Tripping up the stairs,
I just desperately needed a reprieve.

In the bathroom, I was protected
By two figures, familiar, but ghosts.
I couldn't believe it was real, but they
Held my hands and my body close.

I shook like a leaf,
And they told me to come down.
Eventually like a cascade,
Water fell down to the ground.

And for days I was buzzing,
Blaming myself for my choices.
But the ghosts returned - it wasn't your fault,
They decried, stern in their voices.

Haunt

You're a ghost, I always warned,
Keep my lights on at night.
You don't visit me anymore,
In my mind, maybe, but out of sight.

I felt myself die too,
Old habits and bad taste.
Your presence doesn't haunt me,
Cause your hands held mine as I faced

The demons in my head
That'd try their best to trick me.
Scarier than anyone dead,
Haunting all of my memories.

I flick my lights off now
But I still hope to see
You, in my dreams,
Or maybe one day here with me.

Leave

I don't want to,
Said the leaf, looking down at the ground below.
What if it's painful?
They started shaking, hoping for another day to grow
On the tree
Where they're safe from crashing into dirt.
What if it's the end?
The leaf asked, I want to protect myself from the hurt.

But you can't,
The tree interjected, with the wisdom of all its years.
You have to let go,
She continued, as she tried to dispel the leaf's fears.
You have to fall,
Let yourself get all the way down to the ground.
Listen on your journey,
There is wisdom in all of the winds sound.

And let go the leaf did,
And the breeze carried them to new places.
Up above the tree line,
New ways to see all of the different faces
Of folks who'd sat
Beneath the tree for their many reasons.
Some good, some bad,
It all depended on the seasons.

And as the leaf met the earth,
It didn't feel scared anymore.
A soft landing,
The leaf settled on the sand near the waters shore.