

Once Told Me

You once told me
That I could be anything
That I could do anything
That I could make anything

You once told me
I could be the sea
Be the force as great
As waves of that blue, blue sea

You once told me
I could make fire with my bare hands
That I would burn away all my binds
That I could forge a future by my defines

I believed you
I believed I could be
I believed I could do
I believed I could make

But then, you told me
I would be the eclipse
The shadow that hid the sun selfishly
And snuffed all home from the world eternally

But then, you told me
I would bring tears and destruction
That I would do just as pestilence
Taking and taking, giving only agony

But then, you told me
I would make despair with a blink of an eye
That I would rob a man blind of fortune and riches
Destroying dreams and hopes, bringing spite

You called me
A blessing
A curse
And everything in between

Then one day, you smiled
You sighed and hummed
And sat me down
Then you told me

“You are both, my child.”

“Both good and bad.”

“Nothing is ever only good.”

“Or ever only bad.”

You paused

I stared

Would you tear me down?

Or would you raise me up?

To my surprise

You did neither

You smiled again

And merely said

“But no matter what,”

“Everything has a choice,”

“And with that choice, you will live,”

“Good, bad, you are who you choose to be.”

I remember frowning

I remember stilling as you brushed my hair back

I remember your gentle touch and your sigh

But most importantly, I remember your words

“But always remember, my child,”

“Whatever you pick, whether it be good,”

“Or whether it be bad,”

“I will always love and be with you.”

I remember my tears

I remember my regrets, my hopes

But most importantly, I remember your words

And I believe you

Pluto

Scientists have said many things about Pluto

“It’s a planet!”

“It’s a dwarf planet!”

“No, it isn’t a planet at all!”

“The orbit isn’t round enough!”

“It’s much too small!”

Thus, sometimes, I came to wonder
What did Pluto feel about it all?
Did Pluto know what they said and weep?
Did Pluto shrug and let the words heap?
Did Pluto roll its eyes and let out a sigh so deep?
Did Pluto ever tire of the endless repeat?

I came to pity the planet
What had Pluto done to anyone
But be as it was meant to be?
Then, I came to realize
Perhaps it was not I who should pity Pluto
But Pluto who should pity me

Because amongst all the bickering and chatter
Pluto had not changed
It had not grown in size
Nor had it rounded its orbit
Pluto had not chanted to fit any set standard
Pluto, had constantly and quietly, stayed Pluto

But could I say the same for myself?
Could I say I had not conformed nor changed
Who I am
For the sole purpose
Of blending in
Of fitting into society’s standards?

I cannot
In fact, not many can
It is now my belief
That I should be more like Pluto
For now, I am sure
Pluto is a planet all to itself

The Boy of the Fae

Have you seen him?

The boy who told pretty lies
With the sweetest of eyes
The boy whose voice was full of honey to the brim
To which one could listen to all day on mere whim

Have you seen him?

The boy who would giggle and play
Alone, but smiling on that bay
The boy who was never fazed
That there was no one to share in his craze

Have you seen him?

The boy who people called strange
And kept their children out of range
The boy who claimed to know the way
Because he could see the Fae

Have you seen him?

The boy who one day suddenly changed
As if he'd become mortally deranged
Eyes wide with a terrible fear
Lips parted in a cry so clear

Alas, the boy's terror-filled words
Were taken to be a prank of the bored
For the boy was talking of the Fae
Who only exist in fairy tales, they say

Moreover, that boy did grow older
And oh, how his eyes always did smolder
With tears of hot anger and agony
And oh, how he hid the effects of the brutality

People laughed, pointed, and whispered him weary
"Little boy, little boy, scared of the imaginary!"
So the boy learned to be silent
Despite words turning into punches so violent

The Fae were bad under the good
And the boy drew back as he should
The creature grew mischievous
And thus, they grew vicious

Tragedy struck, ending in blood
A body lying in the mud
The boy was slain
His body, heart, and spirit maimed

But let this be known
There is more to the story than shown
For the boy was surely framed
But to this day, he is still shamed

His hopes long been snuffed
His plea for help rebuffed
The boy had waited for the end of his days
Despising himself for the Fae's ways

The Fox and the Hare

There once was a fox
A drifting spirit
Who traveled endlessly
With a quiet yearning
That was never quite sated
He roamed free

There once was a hare
With a mark of grief
Imprinted on her soul
But with bitter vengeance
Embedded in her bold spirit
She roamed free

Then one day
The fox met the hare
Who spoke as if the world
Was in her paws
And he saw in her eyes
The twinkling universe

That one day
The hare met the fox
A gentle and giving soul
Much like the summer breeze
Yet proud and noble
Like a mountain

The fox and the hare
Gave each other company
The unlikely pair
Her to him, a direct purpose
Him to her, a soothing balm
The days passed on

Their love grew
Brighter than the first beams of sun
After long years in the shadows
Hotter than the fiery flames
Of a wildfire
The love betwixt them

Alas, alas
Oh, woe be told
The forbidden fruits of love
Having already been plucked and devoured
By the fox and the hare
Was short and sweet

The fox and the hare
A love between them was
Never meant to be
As the grief that marred the hare
Was caused by
Her very fox's brethren

Betrayal
Horror
Anguish
Grief
Wrath
O, wretched love!

The fox and the hare
Fought and bellied
Trials and tribulations
But oh, how miserable they were
The web of their love
Already having ensnared the two

The two returned
To where their journey had started
And that very place was where
The value of shared burdens
And the selfless act of sacrifice
Was learned

The hare, her vengeance
The fox, his wrath
In the name of their love
The two swore
They would both forgive
And forget

There once was a fox
Who was a poor lost soul
Who did not know
He was lost
Until he was found
By his hare

There once was a hare
Who was a poor lost soul
Who did not know she was searching
For the sweet embrace of love
Until she was found
By her fox