

My Bobby Beila.
Always perfect,
Always proper.
Never a wrinkle on her.

My Bobby Beila,
I adored her,
And she despised me.
Never a wrinkle on her.

My Bobby Beila,
A heart of stone,
Cold as ice.
Never a wrinkle on her.

A tortured soul,
Who saw evil,
At close range.
Never a wrinkle on her.

A tortured soul.
Scars unseen,
By the naked eye.
Never a wrinkle on her.

As a child I wondered,
What did I do to deserve her scorn?
Never dared to ask the question.
Never a wrinkle on her.

As a child I remember,
Being scorned and ridiculed.
Never being able to measure up.
Never a wrinkle on her.

As a teenager all I wondered,
What was wrong with me?
What did I do so wrong?
Never a wrinkle on her.

My Bobby Beila.
Always disappointed,
Always unimpressed.
Never a wrinkle on her.

My Bobby Beila,
I tried, I really did,
To see all the good in her.
Never a wrinkle on her.

Now as an adult I understand.
How broken and tortured,
she really was.
Never a wrinkle on her.

My Bobby Beila,
I wish she'd believed in me.
I wish she'd shown me love.
Never a wrinkle on her.

My Bobby Beila,
I don't know why I still love her.
But, undeniably, I do.
With many wrinkles on her.

And I forgive her for it all.....

RACISM

unconscious, ingrained

understanding, recognizing, forgiving

there is just human

EGALITARIANISM

Lonely and tired,
Perpetually sad.
Always feeling undesired,
Always feeling bad.

All I want is happiness,
is that too much to ask?
A life full of greatness,
Without wearing a mask.

A mask I started wearing,
when I was very young.
Never able to be me,
no matter how hard I clung.

Now I am an adult,
the mask still on my face.
My true self hiding,
because she feels she has no place.

No place in this world,
feeling judged and condemned.
Is it all in my head?
Will I ever mend?

Today I'm trying to be hopeful,
for a life with less grief and pain.

A day when I'll be at peace,
A day I will obtain.

Tonight I look up to the sky.
Tonight I ask for guidance.
Tonight I ask for clarity.
Tonight I ask for strength.

Tomorrow when the sun will rise,
A new day it will be.
With the brightness that I desire,
And that only God can provide.

Today I felt an overwhelming sadness,
Could it be from all of this madness?
Down my cheeks tears slowly flow,
Wishing peace, god would bestow.

A child learning on zoom
Instead of in his classroom.
Surrounded by numerous distractions
And very few attractions.

Missing his teacher's presence,
And all of his little presents.
Missing all of his classmates
Even the ones he alleges he hates

A child full of anger and frustration
from no control of his situation.
No words to express the sensations
Of which these behaviors are the foundation

Lots of fits and name calling,
Lots of sibling brawling.
Screeches so deafeningly loud.
I wish I could float up to a cloud

"I hate you, you stupid idiot"
The sting I feel, immediate.

Why do I have to live in this house?
More insults he does douse.

I sit between him and the door.
My body on the floor.
He pushes and he shoved,
While I tell him how much he's loved.

I barricade him in the room,
Hoping to be out before afternoon.
If i let him out just now,
A battle sequence I will allow.

As he screams more hurtful words,
I think of singing flying birds.
Fluttering up to the sky.
To visit the cloud that's in my mind's eye.

This helps to keep me calm,
So i don't blow up like a bomb.
I take deep breaths and close my eyes
As more insults arise.

I sit with him until his mood eases,
Then his seat at the table he seizes.
We then enjoyed a wonderful luncheon,
That ended with no further eruption.

Today was a very grueling one,
Tomorrow might hit me like a submachine gun,
But, I'll always have my increasingly impenetrable cumulus
To keep me from any ruthlessness.