

We Will Grow

My child, my friend, my family.
We carry this burden of a poetic sadness.
We go on wondering, searching for something elusive,
an innocence that can never be restored.
We are in a slow moving trance,
where we live within an unknown and unforgiving space.
A parallel world, familiar but strange,
where beauty and chaos become one.
And let it pour over us.
Plant new seeds of salvation and restore the light.
Through grass, concrete and gravel,
we will grow.
Stepped on by those who think they tower above us,
we will grow.
The sharpest of thorns, yet all the brightest colors of the spectrum,
we will grow.
Let no one take away from you, us,
the beauty that was locked
until we came.

The Lines of Deception

I've seen two pink lines
When they said it was impossible,
As we did everything wrong.
We embrace at an open windowsill.

There is no god above
That she couldn't take his every punch
An ocean of emotion between four concrete walls
Are you happy like I am?
Because my glass is half full
But your anxiety traps you still
Thoughts of being someone else's mother.

Are you thinking of every needle that pierced you?
Just remember my calloused hands that held you
I'd give anything to take or replace your pain
The cliché of good with the bad
Yet your beautiful spirit would always shine though.

I know you are crying, yet you are not built like that.
I know you are suffering, but you won't let me comfort you.
Anger thrown at a defenseless bystander
Is it selfish to want to be a father
When others just walk away?

Mother is a word for god.
God is just an synonym for mother.
Blood is just a substitute.
For a stranger that we could always love.

Is it ok to be happy and sad for eight straight weeks?
I would give anything to hold your hand for the first heartbeat.
As you cry, because you blame yourself for a carriage uncompleted,
Did you ever think maybe I wish that there were more people just like you
Not soft, but a beautiful, strong and independent thinker.
Not like me, tortured and unconfident, damaged and indecisive.

Maybe karma finally came calling to collect.
Oh darling, my love, place the blame on me.
My love, let me carry this burden, on bended knee.
And on that heavy, subdued bended knee
Go on loving two pink lines that almost was.

We are the Tortoise

Your anger can't change the past
You must learn to let go
Before all your hate, apathy and shame consumes you
The chains of despair must be unlocked
To free the person you once were.
You are the tortoise.

You will find a way out of your personal purgatory
It won't be easy
You will struggle, break and bleed.
But you have to believe this thorny road was for a reason.
You are the tortoise.

But know this,
The pain never did
Stop you from dreaming.
And In the end,
You will find yourself across a finish line.
In the end,
Your strength will inspire others.
We are the tortoise.