

# POETRY

## IN SPOKEN WORD

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# A LONG DRIVE INTO THE ABYSS

When will the truth strike a chord?

When will I learn from my past?

When will I be absolved of my mistakes?

Sinner running, running scared.

Chasing the past, looking for visions.

It all seems so surreal.

There are new gardens planted

Where devastation once resided.

Somebody tenderly cared for

The land they were given.

My life seems stolen, handed over

To somebody other than me.

## AN UNCERTAIN MUSE

Notwithstanding a shameful reflection

I threw all of my chips on the table

My destiny appeared uncertain.

I choked up my tears of agony

My soul, subservient, resurrection.

Bravely, I coughed up a bit of humility.

I adored the muses to my left.

My subconscious languished needlessly.

Who would be my caretaker

If I could no longer bind my own wounds?

Who would white-wash my soul

If I could no longer listen to my muse?

## A NEW NORMAL

I suppose it'll suffice-

This isolated existence-

A shadow of a former life.

I will be content with mediocrity.

There is much I long for-

None of which is fitting for me.

I will get back into my lane-

It's the mantra spoken frequently.

Idly, I'll sit in my chair-

Accepting what is presented to me.

## ABSCESS

I must remove this abscess-  
This infection within my soul.  
I must pray for regeneration,  
For bitterness I strongly hold.  
It eats away at the very core.

I've become tainted,  
I can't do much more.  
I cry when I awaken.  
Death is my eternal wish.

I run like a coward,  
Afraid to harness the grip.

## AFFLICTION

It's unfortunate you had to know my sorrow.

You saw the bitter-most fragments of me.

In the midst of my agony,

A spiraling decline of the utmost proportions-

Your needs were overlooked.

Depression wreaked havoc on me-

My mind- I lived in isolation-

Alone on that island,

Far from the grimaces of strangers.

Anxiety, the sister of my dreadful affliction-

She paralyzed me,

Tormented me with noise and unrest.

I'm haunted by my lack of engagement.

I cried out and was denied,

I cried out but hid my tears.

You saw the invisible scars inside of me.

You reaped the consequences of my sorrow.

A childhood restricted by a mother's afflictions.

## AIMLESS

All of my days,  
I follow a script  
I work and I sleep  
I cling to promises  
Of days yet to come.  
I navigate the bounds  
I occupy this space.  
I breathe into a paper bag  
As I run in this human race.  
I pray to God to meet my needs.  
I rehash old accordances  
In the hope that one day  
I will find the peace I need.

## AM I ALONE?

Am I alone, and why should it be?

What did I ever do to provoke such misery?

If I've reaped what I've sown,

Show me the seed!

If I've continued sinning

Beyond your threshold-

If I've followed my own heart

To the point of disrepair-

What makes me worse than anybody else?

Are you not a merciful one?

Won't you welcome me home?



## ASSEMBLAGE

I could be an assemblage-  
A collection of broken dreams  
And love lost.

I could vanquish all my tears  
I could trade my sorrows  
For my fears.

I could recollect a time when you  
Pretended to care.

I could simply cower away  
And take it from there.

I could be an assemblage-  
A collection of the unwanted  
And the odd.

I could abandon all my memories  
And start over again.

I could release this power  
I had given to you.

I could simply forget much too soon.

## ASSURANCE

When I hear the words  
And I hear them loudly  
When I recall your eagerness  
To get rid of me  
I recall how often you taunted me.  
The scars on my soul  
Tell every kind of story.  
Many would shudder,  
At least, they would be quite devastated.  
Chill, another cold, long night.  
I was forced into early adulthood  
I witnessed way too many fights.  
I am atypical but typical, indeed.  
I am now a contradiction  
To all the things you never assured me.

## BITTER ROOT

Pseudo-energies emerging

I must reclaim my victory

I must carefully examine

The whims within my psyche

New memories emerge

Memories beckoning the past

I don't want the joy to slip away

I don't want to continuing

Chewing on the bitter root.

## BLIND

Out of desperate necessity,  
Our spirits were bound together.  
Intertwined between convenience  
And the notion of "Happily Ever After".  
My mistake was a lack of foresight.  
I should've opted to save my heart.  
I should have never underestimated  
The divine nature of matrimony.  
The part I played was equivalent-  
If not more than your portion.

# BRUTE

No sleep,  
I woke up again  
To the motorcycle roaring  
And the drunken engines.  
I prayed he would quietly go to sleep  
I prayed he would leave her alone  
But he hurled abuses and  
He spewed words of stone.  
Rain, it rained for days and weeks  
My head hurt so badly  
I was bound to restless sleep.  
Words that cut but she didn't seem to care.  
He offered a warm house  
And comforted her with his sober stare.  
Hours and hours, we endured  
The insanity of this lunatic  
A drunken, callous fool.

## CALLOUSED

Never have I felt so much pain.  
Can you see the aching of my bones?  
Or the nerves of my soul?  
My skin has eroded, awash with toxins-  
Just like my calloused hands.  
Cursed days, you call them a blessing.  
But my spirit is frayed.  
The skin on my back-  
Like a leather-hyde.  
I hunger and I thirst,  
Still no reprieve.  
There seems to be no end  
To my suffering,  
No comfort when I bleed-

## CAPRICIOUS

I do not know of your face  
Your eyes are unfamiliar to me-  
The ways of your mind  
Have become cold and fleeting.  
You turned away from me,  
You betrayed my trust-  
Now the tides have turned,  
I will not give freely of my heart.

## CAST MY GAZE

With only slivers of sunlight  
Seeping through these darkened drapes,  
I see remnants of hope  
On my darkest of days-  
Whispers, hushed screams  
Stifled soul bleeding, blinded,  
I can't see a thing.  
My enemy overwhelms me  
But you see my need.  
I cast my gaze to the mountains high,  
I shuffle aimlessly, I look to the sky-  
Will you receive me? Will you be there?  
Will you deliver me?  
Do you really care?



## CHASING FANTASIES

So much time is wasted  
The hours whittled away  
On fruitless fantasies,  
Objects of idolatry.  
Longing for adoration,  
Yearning for affection.  
A promise of devotion,  
A commitment of protection.  
Without regard, I jumped right in.  
I failed to see my own insecurities,  
I was trapped by your volatility,  
An unwitting victim of my own naivete.  
How much time I spent chasing dreams!  
How much time have I squandered  
On the desires of my flesh.

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