

Small Things

The gentle breeze caresses my hair.
Birds dart between trees.
Summertime is in the air.
I hear the sound of buzzing bees.

Birds dart between trees.
Rabbits nibble on some grass.
I hear the sound of buzzing bees.
In the woods, I see a deer pass.

Rabbits nibble on some grass.
I smell a freshly cut lawn.
In the woods, I see a deer pass.
The bright sun shimmers with dawn.

The Dark

It's dark.
The noise is loud.
The screams echo in here.
The blood is wet beneath my feet.
It's mine.

Dark Things

Her cruel, mocking grin.
She's skillful with cutting words.
All my love, aflame in a bin.
She says things I wish I hadn't heard.

She's skillful with cutting words.
But worse, is her hate.
She says things I wish I hadn't heard.
Part of me loves her despite the closed gate.

But worse, is her hate.
She doesn't see what she is doing.
Part of me loves her despite the closed gate.
But my heart is a toy that she is chewing.

She doesn't see what she is doing.
My tears fall to the floor.
But my heart is a toy that she is chewing.
I sob as she slams the door.

From Despair to Repair

Early childhood was stressful,
To say the absolute least.
My father was a heroin addict.
My mother was the same.
My father was abusive.
My mother was a victim.
My sister was fed hate.
I was a victim of it all, but,
My adoptive mothers
Carried me away.

Away from the Pain,
Away from the Trauma,
Away from the Screams,
Away from the Dark,

Away and towards...

The light,
All the love,
New acceptance,
Newfound prosperity,
Me having a healed mind,
Me believing in myself more,
Me still having ups and downs,
Loving myself and not forgetting who I am,
Paving my way towards a bright new future,
Making new, healthy, and understanding friends,
Creating close, unbreakable bonds with those friends,
The joy of me being in love with one of those great friends,

Towards me, becoming who I am today.

Every child feels fear, and that fear is powerful,
But with loved ones by our sides to support us,
We are more powerful.

A Gentle Love

My heart is thou if thou heart is mine.
In distant lands, I hear thou lover's cry.
The heart in which I boast is in thou prison,
And by my will, I will keep it there,

For content am I with my ardor,
For her sweet unrefined persona.
For her o so vexing elusive beauty
Puerile I may be in the world of love,
But I will not let my ardency for thee slip from my clasp.
And yet love like grain, will slip from my embrace if clenched too fastly.
So I ask my humble heart to not beat so harshly.
To not go darting thither thou love.
To let waves ebb and flow with the intimacy of romance.
That is my wish, I covet a gentle modest love.

Notice

(Inspired by Please Notice, by Christian Leave)

You notice that when I'm worried I tend to stay quiet.
I notice that when you're wrong you deny it.
You notice my pride in my 'unique' clothes style.
I notice that when I joke, you smile.
You notice that when I talk a lot, it means I'm nervous.
I notice that you show love through acts of service.
You notice that when I expose my emotions, I avoid your gaze.
I notice that your self-critical thoughts put you into a haze.

But have you noticed how close I want to be to you?
Do you notice that my feelings for you are something new?
Have you noticed that your gaze gives me butterflies?
Do you notice that when you're close; I don't want to close my eyes?
Have you noticed that your childhood friend,
Will be in love with you until the end?

The Cell

Please no,
I will not go.
Not back into the cell.
Not back to seeing no more light.
Please no.