The Small Kindness

We don’t require an invitation. After all that we have seen, heard, and accumulated as experiences, we recognize the opportunities to act. To perform a service that is in the means of our scope. To do the simplest gesture but not go out of our way. And if 8 billion souls would use a little energy to identify and carry out a small kindness. Just one per day, we would feel the collectivity. All of us walking beside each other as opposed to behind or in-front of one another. We could be sitting and yet feeling an ascension. Where our dormant spirit soars and breaks free from the quicksand. Enjoying living with ourselves a little longer. Contributing to our greater good despite the hardships that haunt our daily routines. We are not meant to ignore the sufferings from injustices. We are not created to live in hypocrisy. We are here to accentuate our identity. Based on the blessings bestowed upon our ancestors. To pursue knowledge and, as much as we can handle, develop a complete understanding behind the purpose of our life. To have the meaningful be the dominant sentiment triumphing over the meaningless.

What has your small kindness looked like today? How did it feel, taste, smell? Was it approved by the neglected orphans swallowed by the mechanization of the system? All of those stripped surgically of their humanity and exhausted by inhumane processes and procedures. All seeking a small kindness. Whether it is a moment for you to hear their pain, to validate their accomplishments, and to comfort them with the tiniest support. In solitude, my clarity thrives. But I realize I cannot be selfish and I mustn’t breech the locked doors of my companions. Still, I will stare into their eyes and invite them to do the same. To communicate that my small kindness is boundless, effortless, and truthful.

Do not feel obliged to perform the same. But please, step aside if you cannot lend an outstretched hand. If the microcosm of your machinations is too precious to give up when you assume kindness is vanishing, then move out of our way. Those who practice goodness to establish and expand the mutual understanding desire the path to the Home of Peace. I invite you, the ruminators, the ponderers, and all the undecided to want the same. This is my kindness that I’m sending you.

The Longing

You make me want you. My shyness born, from a prolonged absence, creates our distance. Observing your features as though it were against the law of nature. There’s not a speck that surpasses my attention. Not a memory that escapes my senses when I think of your fragrance. My comfort lives in the avoidance of approaching you. To be patient in suffering within my manic delusion. Thinking that the reward will reap a most beautiful orgasm. A release inviting relief.

There’s not a sound that evades my spirit. How I recall the thunder of your waterfall, the crunch when I would bite into you, the bellowing sounds of your joyous laughter. Not a sight that escapes my daydreaming. You revealing your wondrous landscape. Your glorious mouth agape with head tilted back in euphoria. Your natural colors hypnotizing my smile in a freeze frame.

You did, in fact, made me forget the weight of time. The stillness of my limited motion when I struggled to find direction. I don’t escape to you, I leap into you. Immersing my senses in the crevasses of your splendor. And no one is around but the two of us. You are my liberation from the monotony. My reason to persist being. The nourishment I long for in these junkyard times.

My longing stems from your enduring absence. And your absence is a result of my going astray. Perhaps my willingness to be driven is a necessity. An attempt at avoiding the cacophony of low-level souls. Whose first reaction is that of concerned pessimism. Communicated through anger with confusion and intolerance. The limits of their understanding are stored in the mirrors that surround us all.

The Fitting

The mastery of my skill lives in permanence etched in mankind’s timeline and proven by those who replicate, duplicate, and imitate my style. The mastery of my skill is a visitor witnessed by a fickle memory who can’t quite place me. And when it transfers to the youthful thinkers, nourishers, and fighters, I retreat to my cabin in the woods to die. You don’t know me but I was born in the wrong box. With jigsaw pieces who spend to expend their concerns over our disconnection. Hiring diagnostic pill dispensers to alter the chemistry of my peace. I, along with all you other jigsaw pieces, are looking to connect. With those who were designed to fit into us. As opposed to being forced to be molded into their unique pieces. But don’t you see what is here and has always been? We are all belonging to the same jigsaw puzzle. I am the motor mouth located in the dirty south. Fighting for you to open your eyes and realize, yes, that I am with you, sticking right beside you amongst all the other phenomenally weird pieces forming, shaping, actualizing our collective.