

A Soft Chaos

I have always existed in this small place

Walls like cracked conch

That reflect my emotions

Revealing the most intimately dangerous vulnerable parts of me

I have never been alone here

In this place beats a rhythm

Wild and dangerous

Her heart

It's soft beats echo off the walls

Gentle, loving, soothing

It has a power over my soul



An unknown ephemeral thing
That can elevate my greater self
Or shatter everything I am like glass
Yet still I kneel
Still I love and give in
Because in that weakness
Within those things that hold my destiny captive
Sleeps the greatest strength I have
Someday this small place will break
Through the cracks a light
Will bathe our world
In those things we have kept most private



Yet given to each other

It is a soft, beautiful, and strong, hard hurricane

That type of wild depth that so few can even dream of

