*Unbearable*

The second hand

moves faster than the minute

moves faster than the hour

Always in rotation

no real destination, only

moving forward

to the arbitrary

time. We rely on.

Never looking back,

the past has no affect

on the here and now

and the future always comes

without a doubt.

*Who?*

She doesn’t exist.

Her name never rings a bell

and her voice isn’t heard.

In her head the voices

are loud enough to burst a balloon,

but when she lets them out,

they are silent.

No one ever heard them

or her.

Until she was gone

and they—the unheard voices

had won.

*Nature’s Nature*

A flower blossom,

a baby but in springtime,

explodes in beauty.

Blades of grass bending

as warm air pushes over,

bringing in the storm.

Clouds with subtle rain

drip and splash upon the ground—

*Flash!* The storm begins.

Yellow tired leaf,

hanging tight to a tree branch,

finally lets go.

*Sitting Beside You*

Mom left

to grad a spork.

I am alone with you

grandpa,

next to your hospital bed.

I rub your arm—

your scruffy hair

shuffled and disheveled.

You’re sleeping.

I wonder if you’re

dreaming or just

silently waiting

to go to your

forever home.

Mom comes back

and tells me

to say goodbye

to you before I go

I told her: I already did.

*Body, Pure and Simple*

Body, pure and simple,

like a leaf from a tree

part of a larger family

but still its own.

A snowflake,

never the same

in a melt of a large blanket

fallen the night before.

A page of words,

unique placement and combination,

never to be repeated the same way.

It’s a cup of coffee,

a creaky door with a rusty, broken hinge,

and a cracked plastic lawn chair.

Never two exactly a like

but one of many

a single human being

pure and simple.

*Cycle*

Our life runs in cycles, as does nature. We are born from nothing and we die, becoming nothing. We only see our own cycle once but we know it continues on. Our grandparents pass, but a new generation begins. I never met my great grandmother, Bonnie Jean, but I was told she would have loved me to death. I am tall like grandpa Darrel but chubby like the Italian side of my family. Maybe I am remnants of those people; their cycle just returning in a new form. Like a campfire starts with a match and a little grouping of kindling, which becomes full of life. Others are dependent on the entity for cooking and warmth, but it slowly dies out, dependent on others. The next time, the fire is freshly reborn using old ashes with some new logs and sticks, lit with a new match.

*My Smear on the Universe*

As we live

and die,

there’s a mark we leave—

some big, some small.

But we never see it

Five years

A decade

Century

What remains?

Do I still exist to anyone?

These words I write?

Am I still heard?

Or have I been lost,

waiting to be rediscovered?

My life,

does it have lasting purpose

or maybe I’m just a needle prick

on the universe, only noticed by someone

bored with nothing to do.

*Continuous Middle*

life has no definite start

no single end

i started in a cycle

of my mom’s life

which was a new start for her

as a mother

i started new

as a rabblerousing eighth grader

black and blue jeans

eyes circled with sloppy dark makeup

fingernails slick ebony

then i started over fresh

as a scholar and a student

focusing on forming future

and fantasy

much of me has ended

and some of me has yet to start

infinite starts with infinite endings

*Intertwined*

Grandpa died.

Only having met him on few occasions enough to count on my left hand, I wasn’t strongly connected to him. He was a thread on the spider web of my life; one strong than I thought. I saw him, motionless yet breathing, mere hours before his final exhale. This was a gasp of goodbye and realization.

Grandpa was gone—goodbye Grandpa, you will be missed.

Grandpa has passed—realization the next person in my life to go will be important to me.

The next thread to go could destroy my entire web.

*Believe*

The poster by my front door has meaning, though I’ve never been to the place it depicts.

It imparts:

*You must cross oceans*

*and bridges*

*No matter how clear or*

*dirty—regardless how*

*far below*

*No matter how long*

*or sturdy*

*There’s challenges – easy*

*and difficult – with hurdles*

*But in the distance your*

*destination awaits you*

*whether it’s visible now or not*

*It’s not going anywhere without*

*you – so enjoy your journey*

*Walk, don’t run.*

*Breathe, never worry.*

*Memories*

The only things she remembers

is she doesn’t remember.

Ninety-three years

of beauty,

wisdom, stories,

and history

now locked away

in a vault

afraid to reopen.

*Gathering*

We just ate;

someone paid for our entire meal.

Grandpa was well-known in these parts,

I’m sure it was in regards of him passing.

I’m stuffed;

too full to cry at the prayer service.

If I did, I’d be sick.

I’ll save the tears for tomorrow.

*Thoughtless Wonder*

I continue to wonder

as a free spirit and open soul

searching for answers, knowledge,

in this life.

Trivial things astound me

the everyday can surprise me

and curiosity flourishes.

The way a tree sways

or what the story is of a nickel

I found on the sidewalk

or what a person is thinking

when deep in thought or zoning out.

I wonder

why there’s hate in this world

when we are all humans

yet some aren’t seen as such.

I wonder

why I can’t think of what to say

when it’s most important that I speak.

I wonder

where I’ll be in thirty years

or what kind of stories I’ll have to tell.

I wonder

who will still be with me

or who will have left.

I just continue to wonder

why death occurs and where we go.

I continue

to wonder

how important I am.

I wonder.

*Refusing Change*

*(You: Part One)*

You don’t believe or understand me.

I wish you could listen,

close-minded love one.

I hate you.

Hear me when I say:

You matter for more ways than one to me.

You matter because

you are a person

but you can’t say the same to others.

You matter because

you have taught me right from wrong

by showing wrongness in your actions.

You matter because

I learn from you what I must do to survive

because I don’t need to reliance on you,

nor do I want it.

I am many things

that you refuse to see, understand.

You’ve told me to hide parts of myself

because they are frowned upon by you.

You don’t wish to understand

to see or believe

what I am or what I’ve got to offer this world.

You, I love

yet hate.

You…

…Somebody’s nobody.

*Utterly Pissed*

*(You: Part Two)*

If steam could blow out of my ears

like a train when it whistles,

it would.

If my face could turn red,

I’d look like a blood blister,

burgundy and ready to pop.

If I could disown you,

free myself from this family,

I’d pack my bags and go.

I’m dumbfounded.

Your ignorant control

and bothersome power

you provide to me and

others around you.

Sitting under a shell

of a pretty face.

Within, a self-created

sense of stubborn attitude

with an aura of self-deserved perfectness.

Nothing is correct

unless you have the leadership

and you’re angry when it’s not your way.

It’s not my fault

it’s not about you

You know you are like this

I hope

because I can’t change you

but I will say goodbye.

*Battles Within Me*

In my life,

I have found,

there’s pain and hurt and torment.

But the little things,

I always know,

can make me feel content.

Like a fresh, new box of color crayons

or a warm cup of tea

Like a homemade loaf of banana bread

or daydreaming under a tree

Like holding a smiling baby

or finding pictures in the sky

Like feeling pen to paper

or giving something new a try

Drepression tries to find me

in more ways than one

but if I do things that make me happy

I feel that I have won.