

Entry #7

naiveté

1.

i have yet to stop wanting what i cannot have.  
relentless longing that he has entwined,  
an undisturbed enigma i know all too well.  
is it such a crime to believe i deserve to solve it again?  
a selfish thing,  
yet no man may claim to be selfless.

it may be naiveté,  
the art of believing i can have this back.  
though i have had this spin at fate,  
i retreat to his insurmountable wheel.  
naiveté  
to believe unspoken words,  
hold any weight in a mind that is not my own.

i wonder if ignorance is my pushing hand,  
my descent towards wave beaten rocks.  
though how many claim ignorance  
of their own design?  
how dare i claim ignorance;  
towards an outcome that has run its course,  
like a scorched elden fir,  
desiring the warmth of flame.

an echoic chorus sings warnings  
deafened by naiveté—or choice?  
for the grass may not be greener on the other side  
this is true.  
yet i would still have them bury me in the soil you till,  
blind to its decay.

2.

the death of self

there is a responsibility in aging unaided,  
a duty to know place in this world,  
placed unto my shoulders, as atlas held the sky.  
an honor now intricate burden;  
as i fear my arms will not hold.

perhaps i should forge  
a sense of tenacity.

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craft my bones from hardened steel,  
mend this mind with iron;  
or learn evolution as the finch.  
for this flesh of earth may not be  
so dissimilar to my own.  
the expectations of man  
may always crack the surface.

i fear becoming something habitual,  
of losing individuality.  
pressure downward onto rock,  
should forge diamonds;  
yet i feel more akin to stone.

do i mourn a death i have not faced?  
the death of self  
in the exchange of achievement.  
i should have hardened the mantle before the crust,  
but the crust is impermeable and the mantle is caving.

### 3.

#### generosity

i watch the way rain falls,  
puddling itself in the depressions of the ground,  
filling what is empty, as if returning a purpose.  
i tend to do the same  
as both the depression and the rain,  
draining myself for the purpose of another.

i think this is generosity,  
yet my depression is not filled.  
is it fair to be generous?  
if i give,  
and give,  
with no return?

i wonder if my rain filled your mariana's trench.  
an abyss so vast,  
is that where all my rain collected?  
my depression left depleted  
and you spare no rain.  
i can attest i've always been the generous one.

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i stare into the abyss,  
 unsure if i can offer anymore of this rain.  
 but your ocean is drying up again  
 and my depression has filled.  
 it is drought season  
 and i spare no rain.