

Waking Up

What are you afraid of?
A common icebreaker
One I refuse to let break me

My answer is always the same
I'm afraid of snakes
I hate the way they slither and slide
I hate their scales and slime
But the thing I fear most in this world is waking up

I'm afraid of waking up and finding my world gone
I'm afraid that when she leaves I will forget
Forget the blue of her eyes
Or how her laugh could light my darkness
Forget how her council could ease my pain

I'm afraid of waking up cold
In sheets that will only ever be used by me
To never feel the warmth of another
Only ever learning how to seek shelter within myself

I'm afraid of waking up and feeling nothing but regret
Feeling my skin wrinkled and worn
Knowing I could have been so much more
If only I had dared to be less afraid.

I welcome the dust and resent the dawn
When the morning filters through
I pray my fear will not consume the light

Anchors in Time

Part I

Swimming, I used to love swimming
In a memory just out of reach
Haze fogging the corners
I see a little girl
Pattering and prancing
Through the clear water

I'd swim all night if I could

Until my lips dusted blue,
And the skies turned too
I was not captive by time
Nor thought
My heart knew what it wanted
My mind followed
My soul was at ease
My body at peace
Swimming, I loved swimming

Part II

Sitting by the shore
No longer a memory
I peer into the murky water
Knowing time was not the culprit
I dare not touch the water
For fear of what is in it
My heart aches
My mind hurts
My soul cracks a little more
My body hindered
Realization swims through me

Realizing my urge to swim is doused
The flame of my youth
Submerged with my present
The pressing weight
An anchor on my chest

Part III

For I see a little girl in the water
Looking into her eyes
I see fire
I see passion
Knowing what she sees in mine and
She sees chaos
She sees destruction
A longing for calm waters

Accepting time
I turn to leave
I pray the clock slows
Before thoughts settle
Before that little girl

Has only memories
That she loved to swim

Isolation

Part I

When were young and fierce
The world is ours to conquer
The world that is large,
Yet so very small

With age comes wisdom
So I guess with youth comes ignorance
We see, we learn, we grow
But never fully comprehend

The doors all open
The light seeps in
Like daybreak on the horizon

We talk without thought
We laugh without apology
We indulge in the thought
That the world is ours to conquer

Part II

Comprehension comes when
The doors all close
When the light we saw
Withers and smokes
Like a flame in a bottle

We see nothing but ourselves
We learn only from a screen
And how does one grow,
When isolation is all one knows

Until the day we accept the darkness
Close the windows, shut the drapes
Rest when the suns high
And awake when the moons on the horizon

Once peace is made, it shatters like glass

Because nothing good or bad ever last

Part III

Emerging in a light so painfully bright

We squint and squander

Trying to find the path

We forged before

Only to find it gone

Blown away with the chaos

Taken by time

With no choice but to start over

We see again

We relearn

We plant a new seed

Slowly we open the doors

And adjust to the light

Because the world is ours

To conquer once more