

#3a

Love (A Slam Poem)

Love is all encompassing, excluding,
Shared both unwillingly and generously,
Some associate Love with a single glance
While others don't associate it at all
As a child, Love was an innocent meaning
A feeling you get when you're around your family
An emotion you acquire when you meet a special personality

But some people use "Love" as an excuse
To use and abuse the people who already listen to you
People use "Love" to control what they desire
And use "Love" to justify the punishment they do

For me, I thought I had experienced Love in the second grade
With my friend who was the same age
In those early days, Love became a confused meaning
He was mean to me, and quite demanding,
but he was my only companion
I didn't know it at the time,
But the fear he instilled in me was not Love,
And when he moved away, I was sad to see him leave
As I think back on those early days of Love, I pity my old friend
And wonder where he got his justification from

But for others, Love has the meaning of comfort
Love is the basis of your home,
It's a place where you don't have to feel
A world that's harsh, aloof and cold
This kind of Love welcomes you, and recharges you when you're weary
It accepts you unconditionally and most people don't recognize
How rare and amazing this kind of Love can be

Love can sometimes be miscommunicated
Sometimes all someone wants is what's best for you
Their Love blinds them from your imperfections
And Love changes their perceptions

My father thinks I hate him
He thinks I can't stand when he speaks to me
I must admit, it was his seemingly "lack" of Love that caused my frustration
And harmed our Love and communication
But Love doesn't disappear just like that
One fight doesn't ruin a lifetime of agreements
I have realized he still Loves me
Just like when I was a kid
And I have begun to accept

That I still Love him as I once did

To those of us who understand these versions of Love,
We are all very lucky indeed
And to those of us who still have yet that Love to receive
Just know that you will get what you need
And what we all need
Is a little bit of Love

Stepping Stone

I am the first stepping stone.
The one you weren't thinking about.
The one you weren't planning to meet.
The one you weren't trying to find.
But you found me. Or I found you.

Alone.
Voiceless.
Lost.

But we found each other.

I welcome you onto my little stone. It's not much, but it's loved with all my being, and that's what matters. I allow your weight to press it into the ground just an inch further. It's okay to rub your dirty shoes on it, helping it be buried into the ground.

As time passes, and we both stand on the stone, it sinks a little deeper the more our connection grows.
But one day, you found another stepping stone. A bigger stepping stone. A better stepping stone.

I try to make you stay. I try to get us to hang out, to play games, to talk, or do something. But it only prolongs the inevitable.

You leave.

And no matter how much I call for you, you never come back.

The stepping stone is lonely.

Big.
Dirty.

And buried with our memories.
I have to dig it out with my bare hands, because it's all I have.

Me and my stepping stone.

A little bit ruined.
A little bit tainted.
A little bit sad.

I try to forget about you. It's not easy. There's not much to distract you on a little stepping stone like mine, and your shoe print is still there.
Time passes, and I consider never being a stepping stone for anyone else.

Until another shoe comes, and I give it a chance.

Me and my stepping stone.
My stepping stone and me.

It's the same thing.

But after some contemplation, I begin to understand why you left.
I worry what would happen should I leave, and who would help support the next shoe that
comes by.

I think about my life, and the other, smaller stepping stones I myself left behind, and wonder
Why am I stuck on this stage of life?
In the distance, I hear someone calling my name-
A familiar smile, A shared joy, An encouraging voice.

Indecisive, I pace on my stone, unsure of what may come
Until finally, I take that uncertain step,
Creating a new footprint

And finding a new stepping stone.

The Timeline of Hope

A little girl hopes for a doll
With a painted mane,
And hooves that clop on the hard-wood floor
So that she may add another horse to her herd.
She hopes that all her friends will come to her party,
And sing the little song they wrote together
She hopes that things will be like this forever,
And hopes for nothing after.

A young girl sits atop the stairs
And listens to her father yell at her sister.
She wishes she knew why,
And hopes she can comfort her after,
But mostly she's angry for her sister.

A confused teenager stands in their bedroom
And looks at themselves in the full-length mirror
Wondering why they had all these curves,
Hating being called "She" and "Her"
They hope their family will accept them,
As their thoughts turn to an unpleasant place,
And hopes they will find someone special to love them
Even if they don't fit in one space.

A lonely student walks through the halls
No friends to invite to parties
They hope they can grow up soon
And find a life with meaning.

A young man works in a barn,
Taking up the hours for someone with a broken arm,
And hopes his father will leave him alone
Before his blood boils over and causes problems at home
He's angry, but he's wistful
He wishes things didn't have to be this way
He remembers good times from when he was younger
And hopes his father can be proud of him one day.

A mother's son helps her move into their new house,
Eager to help out
The school days are stressful,
But his friends don't let him down.
And all he hopes for now is a place where he can call home,
And a job where he can roam,
And a partner with a smiling face,
And a child he'll never disgrace,
And has he hopes, he dreams
He'll always feel peace like this again
And he hopes...

