

Super Powers

Imagination has a high cost
for unwanted pictures of beloved pain
and butterflies electric in my veins

Fighting the sandman's heart
to wake from oceans and empty beaches
alone there, alone here
with everything out of reach

Pessimistic, antagonistic, lies and fears
anchor me to the sea bed

What could I be
if it wasn't just my heartbeat I could hear?

The burden
Everyone else has left
I must drag myself away
from this eternal child's nest

Shadowed thoughts
eyelids cluttered
frenzied tasks
do they really matter?

The night has left me blind
but tomorrow is filled with hope

hope enough to leave the nightmares behind

Companion

he may not stay forever
he hangs on our necks
but his claws can be severed
and his rage kept in check

she listens to every word
can't tell the truth from lies
but we can filter out the absurd
and break from rotten ties

they won't let you have fun
they darken every mood
but nothing can blot out the sun
only a night time interlude

fear walks alongside us
even anxiety plagues the brave
but we can burn the demons
and not let them make us slaves

Shell

eyes like emeralds
spoiled with dirt
and hazelnut hair
flecked with fool's gold
her lips, like a bow
frazzled and thread
with a nose too big
for her egg oval head

her eyelashes flutter
like flies in a web
when she doesn't quite get
what the regular said
and she doesn't believe
when he says that she's cute
the lies strangers weave
compliments render her mute

but when the light catches her
in the middle of the night
maybe she'll pause
at that weary dazed sight
of a bright-eyed woman
with porcelain skin
a potential blooming
just hiding within

a chance at a life
not a drain nor a whim
not riddled with beauty
but with a sweet little grin
she has a charm of her own
and a determined heart
she's the perfect player
of imperfect parts

Rain

I drift between waking
and sleeping in the world
of dreams where I hide
under rainforest leaves
watching the drips
drop like music

why does rain make some
people cry
why do they sorrow
at the cleansing clouds
the soaking of sweet
smelling grass and tapping of
pretty patterns against the glass

why do people mourn
the hiding of the blue sky
behind thunderous clouds
billowing like yellow smog
when it billows so to rest the sun

to calm the paths
bringing life to cracked dirt
sprouting flowers and weeds
that tangle and breath
around undecorated gates
reaching up dull brick houses
turning earth into a garden

why do people run from the rain
when they can walk slower
and let it seep into their senses

To Friendship

look at how the sun shines on me
as I walk beside my friends
we're glowing bright, alight like fire
burning until the day's end
and you will not put us out
we burn like distant stars
and even as you shout
I don't care for who you are
as I walk between my friends
the day is closing down
a love that shines so sweetly
surely has been found