

## Show Me Where It Hurts

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Helping me bury everything good. That's what [they] do. Why do I see them but they don't see me? Always doing what I'm told. I used to believe in hope, because I thought it was based on 'who I am.' Now, I cannot tell a smile from a grimace – could I ever? Breaking away from all those torn-down dreams. I don't know where to run; I just keep running. I am desperate all of the time. I know someone is inside of me somewhere, but all they do is show me where it hurts.

Nothing gets in or out. This was not how I used to be but now you make sure with every sweep of your pen, hand, and ugly glance that I am reminded the dream is gone. The distance is dark and I cannot go forward or backward. My sole purpose was to save myself, my siblings, my mother and later ... you.

Why is there all this suffering and then death when all I wanted to do was save a life? Everyday crazy dreams seem to push their way in showing all possibilities are no more than squeezing the blood from a heart far too small for a task much too large.

I'm sick with hate. These are not my dues I'm paying, but yours. I paid mine in blood and love. I do not want to live and die. I want life and love. Then death can finally come any goddamn time it wants.

Don't [you] want more than this?

The only thing I thought I ever needed was your care – that's where I got my power. I don't pray. It's always been for those with no other option. We always have options. If I did pray, I'd ask to repeat a life where I have loved so many and they have loved me in return.

Hate is a ball and chain. I've set us free time and time again. What I give, I get back and it will be either way in life and death... There are no good intentions; only intentions, but there are good deeds.

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## The happiest life of my day

Counting the lights one by one. I can still hear my own voice that sounds more like an echo caught between lost and distant mountains. Maybe I've been in the world too long. But I knew all along this

was my station in life. Home has always been inside a kind and gentle soul. The way I'm needing to have the world just isn't fair. Therefore, one more god is born and another dies. Someday.

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There are empty pages in my notebook and empty words in my heart.

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### Who's Listening

R A I N	When your voice is not heard.
P A I N	I'm holding to the ground but the sky is my way home.
S A N E	Only one more go around.
F A M E	A promise I have never regretted – No favorites.
S H A M E	No regrets.

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Clean and bright is the moon that shines down on all the sleepy flowers.

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### I Wish

End with: When everything you fight for is ignored. All that is left will forever be – Revolution. Those able to help look the other way. It is not important to them. It is important to me/us. The apathetic will come to know they are an empty and terrible lie. We demand to see the change. Feel it. Touch it. Live it. Now! Present yourself as a survivor. A fighter. To do so, you must behave as one. Fierce. Unsettling. A rebel with and for a cause. This is our world. It was always our world. Proof positive: Love Always Wins ... and is Still Winning. What keeps you coming back to me – better question: What keeps me waiting for you to come back?

I can see the smile in your eyes that already knows the answer.

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You cannot tell me this life is better. Because I know there is another.

### **“Am I Remembering”**

Many times over, I said to God: “You don’t remember me – do you?” He/she never answers. When I finally get around to living, I am going to put my heart away. I cannot trace the steps which brought me to the place I am today. I do remember having to fake how I ended up where I am. I also remember how difficult it was giving up my wings in exchange for loneliness. Those wings used to take me places I now cannot remember. It is such a waste to know that all this love was for me and I cannot give it all away fast enough.

### **“God, you can take my place – I promise I won’t take yours.”**

I need a hiding place for my dreams again so that at least one of them is not so lost. On paper, I seem fine. But there is so much more to me than these words to call home. I wish the innocent never had to feel so small. I wish the innocent had a place to find home.

Bring ‘home’ back to me please.

Once, I heard a song bird sing. Mother said it was a sparrow. I also heard my spirit crying to the sound of the song bird. About the time Mother was showing me what it was like to be a man when only I ... a small boy. After listening to her ugly sounds, I thought to myself,

“I never want to be a man. I want to be a boy forever and sing like a song bird.”

There are no winning teams. Just a prize. A gift of love and I want everyone to let it in. For leaving or for trying, small bellies should be full before they are too lonely and too old. ‘Coz age always wins – if you live long enough.

So does love.

Only when you fight.

But when growing too old

--- no fight is left inside your bones is necessary.

## □ THERE ARE □

Many things I cannot replace. I am holding me. If you were standing right here, I would stop you  
between the dark and the light and ...

hold *you* forever.