

Anthology of Nicholas Lawson

Nicholas Lawson



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To the love that got away. To those wiser broken hearted. To those breaking at the seams, sewing themselves back together. To those who want a happy ending to finally become reality.

About the author

24 years old, I started a page on Facebook called 'Insight to Life'. I've been so respectful of my mind that I choose to put my deeper thoughts on paper since I was 13. I view things differently. Who doesn't? I always believe that if I don't do something better than the day before, I'll fail at everything else tomorrow. I'm not one to look for sympathy...just understanding. My poem 'Her Fight' was my vision, my image for when I was tricked by another women to fall in love with her. (Catfished as they call it). I got over that. But the life of a young man like myself can be prone to so much heartache, if not careful. We as human beings are scared of truth, scared of failure, defeat and wonder in the silence for a distant sound. I never studied in creative writing. Yet it's a growing achievement I want. I aim to be better. As everyone else seems to believe, failure is never an option. Rise up...Stay up.

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Her Fight

_You could never fall in love with a guy like me. You may like me...but I will let you down.

I'm rough. Rugged. Unbalanced. I can be clueless about your sensitive wants and desires. I like you. But I can't love you just yet. It won't be easy because I'm a lone wolf. I hunt alone. I eat alone. I sleep alone. I have, not once, asked anyone to join me. For you, just walk beside me, analyze my behavior, for you could will learn who I am. With that, your decision to stay or become bored and leave is yours to make. I will not call you over. I will not chase you down. I will not force you to stay for I have not asked you to be by my side nor to leave. I've danced with emotions for over 10 years. I'm hurt. Yet, I'm still creating my masterpiece. It's a wall. I built it when I was young. Some got over it to get closer to me, only to realize, there's another wall. Yes there's more than one. Three in fact. One twice as high as the last. Twice as rough. Twice as thick. No one has ever made it passed the last few walls. Why? Because I am the gate keeper. The beast guarding the heart for which I now have lost. Behind these walls is my code: Don't ever bring out your sweet side, for she will sense weakness. Don't ever say those horrible three words "I Love You" for she will sense disaster. Don't ever touch her with words for she will hesitate to touch your heart. Be closer to yourself, therefore, no one will hurt you. Don't ever show signs of loneliness for she will try to comfort you in all the wrong reasons. Don't ever be a shoulder to cry on or you will eventually fade away. Be humble and kind only to a short point. Take care of your family and friends, as they know to take care of you. And please....Dont ever stop loving yourself.

This code, this mindset is what built these walls. You can try to fight back. Try to get closer. Yet achievement won't be easy. I won't be fighting you to get away. Yet I'll always keep an eye on you. I won't be hurt again. I won't let this game, these fake feelings tread on me for I've become aware of it. I see it. I want nothing to do with it. So if you're going to try and pry into my life. Understand this. I'm not a pair of shoes you just try on and decide to leave behind. I will catch your games, and continue to build my wall as defense. Unless you break these three walls and show me your beating heart, don't break in and demand I give my heart to you. For I will begin to fight back. You will regret the foolishness of your actions in trying to get close. I won't allow my heart to be in the hands of someone that I don't trust, love or protect. So I beg you. Please think before you clear that first wall: "Am I ready to show this man what a beating heart is like?" Because I'm still waiting for someone to save my heart before I fall into living like a lone wolf my whole life. No, I don't want to...yet the walls are engraved with the words "Love hates to be a burden". To me it means love hates carrying it's strength on one arm. I'm no longer apart of my heart. I don't want it. It's hurt me a number of times and I'll be damned if I witness my heart take damage again. So decide. Turn away, stay out of this forest where my evil lurks, or take that step in with confidence and see a civil war first hand. One that I'm involved in everyday. Will you then interfere? Help me come back to life? Or will you run? Clearing from danger? You decide. I'll see you take either path and remember what impact you scared my walls with.

What's Hate?

I can't remember a time when I hated someone, or said I hated them. I don't hate. I just stop mentioning you in my life. I don't understand forgiveness. I do, however, understand loss of interest. If you make me reach that mark, you no longer have my ear.

Strikeout

I've watched her approach me, take my hand and say "I'm here". Strike one: I believed her.

I kissed her for the first time, the biggest smile on her face. Strike two was saying "I love you" to her right after.

I had her choose what the next step in our relationship was. Strike three was not deciding for her which hurt the most.

Hang on

I couldn't hang on.
It was a 40 foot drop.
I couldn't hang on.
The pain wouldn't stop.
I couldn't hang on.
But I can still see the top.
I couldn't hang on.
It ended with a pop...
I'm still alive.
I can't move.
Arms...broken.
Legs...shattered.
Head....split open.
I'm still alive.
Death is all I fear.
As I slowly fall...i can barely hear.
"Hang on!! I'm here!"

Tell Me

Tell me what you need to say.

Hurt my feelings, tell me off....

Don't just walk away.

Tell me my breath stinks. Tell me I stink. Tell me so I know it's bothering you and I'll remember.

Don't just force your kindness.

Tell me I'm lame. Tell me I'm boring. Tell me you don't see me in your future...

Don't just ignore me.

Tell me what I need to fix.

Tell me what I've done to upset you.

Please...dont just disappear.

Tell me you hate me. Tell me I'm too weak, I'm too skinny!! Tell me I'm pathetic for God's sake.

Don't just laugh behind my back.

Tell me I'm too soft. Tell me...I'm...not good enough....

Tell me I wasted you time.

Don't leave me to figure you out while you move on.

Tell me so I learn you. Tell me so I can respect you. Tell me so I don't lose you.

Tell me something. Anything.

Don't just say your fine.

Dreaming A Beautiful Nightmare

She falls asleep crying that everything she built....fell apart.

He fell asleep at 5pm....listening to the screams of his heart.

She slept with tears in her eyes.

He slept with the shine of light in his.

She dreamt of a time he was walking beside her, holding her hand and smiling.

He dreamt of a time he saved her before her world fell apart.

She woke up with a scream...reaching out for him as the dream faded to reality of a bright room.

He woke up with a silent sigh as he wakes from a loud boom.

She turns over and cries some more. Wishing that dream had never ended.

He turns over...as he stares at his bedroom door.

She dreams of this close encounter for days until she can't sleep anymore.

He dreams of being a second too late, lying on on the floor.

One night she falls asleep...and this time she gets a hold of his hand.

One night he falls asleep....and this time he finally catches her before all her happiness is crushed forever.

She wakes up...crying.

He's still sleeping...

She falls asleep...dreaming of him holding her hand.....smiling and laying next to her. As she sleeps. He kisses her forehead...and says I'll always love you.

She wakes up the next morning....from a Beautiful Nightmare.

Lovers On The Run

We were little, we were young
We were lovers on the run
We drove for miles, we drove for fun
I didn't even want to grab my gun
We were free, we were full of glee
Oh how she looked at me
We saw blue skies, we saw stars
She even spotted mars
Along came danger, along came fear,
We both had.....atleast one beer
She took off, I knew what to do
Who do you think was raised a leader too
Got away, let the past a stray
We ended up losing our way
We were little, we were young
I should've grabbed the gun
We found the car, it wasn't far
We actually stopped not far from a bar
We filled up, coffee in cups
I never knew she liked wolf pups haha
The roads got open, the songs got long
We already knew we were singing them wrong
We were little, we were young
We were lovers on the run.

Calm Before The Storm

Happiness turned to silence.

Voices became quiet.

Phones began calling other people.

Store trips became a vacation from home.

"I love you" became "I'll be back".

This was the calm before the storm.

Hands, before filled with another, became filled with other objects.

Eyes, once locked on each other, became wanderers for freedom.

Feet, once stood for each other, now stand for one.

This was the calm before the storm.

Lips, once soft and slow now became rugged and harsh.

Keys, once used to lock the door before a long day, became a passage to get away.

Memories, once made everyday, became faded, beautiful nightmares every night.

Bags, once filled with art, now filled with clothes.

This was the calm...before the storm.

Given Up

For what I've done, it wasn't enough.
It tore me. Bended me. Stirred me for days.
Took years to build. Minutes to crumble.
Tears won't shed, yet how heavy they were.
I've given up.
I fought for us. Held the bags everyday.
Now I'm weak. Now I can't picture this as strength. Now I became the 80/20.
I'm hurt. I'm crushed. Tired yet restless.
I've given up.
I hoped for happy endings. I hoped for better days with you. Yet...nothing was altered.
I waited for you. To see if you would catch up.
Yet...you didn't move. You just stood there.
Not yet have I given up.
I came back. Beaten, battered and bruised.
Yet you sent a very strong final blow...from a distance. I couldn't walk. I couldn't stand.
I've...finally...given up.

Smiles From Home

They say home is where the heart is.

When you stand together with your family, you build a heart for family.

Friends help repair the scratches that families can soon create.

Your loved one creates a barrier from which the heart becomes protected.

Yet...the home. The place you go to rest. The place you go to unwind. You will always find your heart back home. Long days? Walk in that door to a welcome from your mini me. The smile growing faster than a bamboo tree.

Take a second and analyze you family table, see the scratches and loved ones mending the wounds. When family night is over, and it's just you and your lover, the bed you find to rest, will set the stage forever.

Brotherhood

Two brothers from two different worlds, have seen the tears from their fathers eyes. They have seen each other cry. Sat in silence while the other clung to life from a broken heart. They've walked through picture rest adventures on their own. They both seen death...just feet away. They've both lost something they could never get back. They've both also fought, walked and dragged their way back home.

They are the 12 and 6 in brotherhood.

They know the others heart and what can break it.

Leader and stubborn apprentice these two brothers will keep the other safe, in good line, and strong.

These two Brothers, these two boys...hold the title. Brothers. In dirt, in ocean. In Denver, in Richmond. The road trips that they have to wonder. There is no quitting in their code of brotherhood. They are family. Brothers who fight for family.

Wolf of a Man

He will do whatever it takes to survive.

He knows what life is like...at rock bottom.

He has had to kill for meals. Dance for respect.

Solitude doesn't bother him. Neither does company. The stories he has shared and heard would frighten even the fearless.

He has lost good. Found himself in the wrong of danger. Yet he forged his path on the land we walk. No...he has never met love. His family, mother, father sisters and brother all met a tragic end. He waits for nothing. Regrets nothing. Fears nothing. Women tend to reach out. Men want him on their team. He isn't the greatest of all, but some would say...he is a wolf of a man.

Diamond of a Woman

She isn't weak at all.

She isn't your everyday girl.

She has met her downfall. Left for dead.

She has loved to keep a roof over her head. She has dug her way out.

She has faced her true. She has faced her lie.

Oh don't think for a second she would cry.

Believe me when I tell you boys. Expect a goodbye.

Gravestones mark the end of her memories.

Fighting her won't be wise. Don't dare look in those eyes. For they are like diamonds. Piercing the truth out of even the dirtiest of men.

Hm....you could say she's a diamond of a women, indeed, my friend.

Two Faced

Smiles are not welcoming
Hugs are not strong
Nice words aren't comforting
Leaving out what's wrong
Love is an action
Hate is a reaction
You feel you've fallen
Hold this caption
You heard the truth
You heard the lie
Then they dare to tell stories in your eye...
Why...
False joy
False goodbye
They even say they wanted to cry
Oh the faces
Oh the places
Left in the dirt
Leaving your trust in hurt
They think this is fun
Then continue to run
Walk on
Walk free
You'll never meet the false me
For I've seen
I've learned
My true character...will never be turned

Night Owls

We are the quiet. We live it every night.

We work late hours and rarely get a bite.

We learned to listen in the dark.

We learned how to make 3 hours of sleep into a power nap in the middle of a park.

We do a lot at night.

We even learned how to answer our questions about crap in our past with realistic answers so we can finally sleep in peace. (5am mostly)

We are the diamonds burried deep in the shadows.

We are not afraid to walk the streets at night.

We rarely pick a fight.

We are night owls. No matter the change in our schedule, we will still be up, answering more questions as our beautiful nightmares take flight.

It's crazy. Please understand us. We aren't angry. We aren't comfortable with loneliness. Yet we have to be. Someone at some point, left us in the dark. Some more literal than others.

There are a lot of us. We will be alright...even tonight.

A Walk In The Rain

One of my most important mind based journeys was when I was walking home one day. Sky full of clouds. Warm but gloomy. I knew it was going to rain. But not so much as it did that day. It wasn't a normal day for me. I had lost my job. My best friend. I wasn't okay.

Sprinkles started to pat my head. Instead of the normal "I should get moving", I lifted my head up. Music in my ears and sound all the way up, I took a walk in the rain.

Nowhere near going home at this point, I began to allow my mind to wander. Soon...it was dark. Perfect. I knew where I was. Good. Phone at 56%. Good. Music. Loud. Good.

Eyes full of...water. I'm crying? How long have I been crying? Not good. I get home and I can't wait to clean up for bed. Father approaches me as I watch his smile turn. "What have I done now?" I asked myself as he got closer to my face. Without warning. Soaking wet and muddy. He hugs me. Confused I wait a second. But the hugging won't stop. My arms start moving on their own...and then...he is gone. The door I just walked in, disappears. The walls, the pictures....everything...gone. No...no no no!!!! I ca... I can't be dreaming this. With everything withering away, I take one last look up above. Yet, all I see is rain drops. No dark sky. No clouds. No midnight jets or airplanes in flight. Just rain. I slowly turn around. "I won't look back. I can't. I know its gone. I know what happened. I know what I must do. I know where I must go now." I said upset like if me and my mom were arguing again. Immediately I am welcomed by a voice from my father. "Where must you go?" With all my strength, I held my posture. Facing away from the voice I miss oh so much. "I'm going for a walk in the rain Dad. Hopefully...its not as bad as the last one. Tell mom and bro I miss them."

-Tears and rain hold a very strong bond. You might breakdown in public in the rain with everyone thinking you dropped your paper.

- Nick Lawson

Lost Love

I've witnessed fake love. Fake hope.

I've made decisions...based on love.

Foolish.

I've cried over my mistakes. That never fixed anything.

I've tried to love again. There goes another loss to love.

I don't want to wait for love.

Yet, 'Patience is a virtue' I'll still repeat.

Now it's a haunting lust I want no part of.

I have heart. You know...a humble mindset. No I'm not sure if it exists anymore.

I've lost the will to love. I gave it my best.

It was only my worst.

Never again...will I love and hurt.

Next time, I'll be it to the hearse.

Ahem!

Ahem! Excuse me just a moment.

Have you ever been...so disappointed in yourself, that you become anonymous as to who you knew you were?

Like...you realise that the choices and actions you made weren't really necessary...or good enough?

I have. I've watched the me I dreamed about just disappear. Not like boom!! New me...but like no, stop...what are...oh not that...wait no...all. my. life. I broke the strongest bridge I didn't even build. Family. I turned into a monster. Wow.

Friends have become scarcer each year yet I've been walking around like lifes good. Nah. Not who I am. Now I understand friendships come and go. Yet family is all you have. Ouch.

I've seen my mountain...top of the world dreams...just shatter. Yeah, I'm human. I make mistakes. I made choices that I found out were horrible ideas. And no good conversations or buddy to buddy talks will ever fix my deal. However. I broke my bonds. It's up to me now.

Sorry. Chatter box.

Just needed a moment. Please live knowing what ever chosen idea you're gun ho about, it has consequences. Good...and bad. It could affect everything.

Peace, love, and tranquility. Stay humble and 'rising above' will show you what's up.

Shatter. That doesn't mean bulletproof

Ha. So you're bulletproof huh? Nothing can break you? Nothing can hurt you?

That's what I said before someone pierced my armor.

Like a window. Just...shattered.

I was like you. Confidence was brighter than the sun in my eyes, showing off their color.

However, pain found it's way in me.

Yeah it wasn't fun. Lack of heart. Lack of care in the world.

Yet, I stand alive. I'm not bulletproof. Not in the heart. Yet I've been careful. Indeed I have.

So don't ever forget that you aren't bulletproof. But believe you can be thick enough. I won't tell you ways to live. Yet I do hope you realize life very rarely gives a second chance.

Never say never, but I'm gonna

I begin with "I'll never be successful".

I'll never see mount Everest. I'll never be peaceful. I'll never be at rest.

Hold the phone.

Never say never, but I'm gonna.

I'll never be positive. I'll never be happy.

I'll never be supportive. I'll never have the key.

This isn't like you. Change it up.

Fine! Never say never, but I'm gonna.

I'll never hurt her. I'll never make her cry. I'll never see my child, waving goodbye.

Okay. I don't understand. What are you trying to say?

I'm saying never believe a lie.

That's it?

Yup. I'll always believe I'm capable. Never isn't forever. Nor is it true. All you need to do. Is believe in what's true.

Never say never, but I'm gonna.

Life Suffers

Living in pain

Honestly hoping for strength

While waiting for the rain

All shut off again

It's a medicine for the world

Not the people...but the trees, the grass, the desert you reside in.

We have a limit on this planet

I hope we don't take its life with us

We can still reset

We can forget

The beauty, the wonders of the world, the small untouchables, the ever climbed ranges inhabitable
yo all but a few

How can we live here?

What did we do?

A small sign of fear

As the wind began to breeze through.

Here

With a kiss, I'll start
With warmth from the heart
Being with you
Until death do you part
With a stare, I'll say
Theres always another way
Even when end is due
I wont run, okay?
What matters to me
With all that I need
A smile so beautifully
With a small little deed
From where we start
I knew from the heart
I wont stay away
Until death do you part.

Points of Life

Soon you'll be
Someone's sympathy
Soon you'll be
Someone's only
Soon you'll stand higher than a tower
Soon you'll be a little wiser
Soon you'll be a reassuring medicine for a crier
Soon you'll be able to lift spirits higher
But soon
But soon you'll get stressed
Soon you'll get tired
Soon you'll fight for what you need
Soon you'll be rehired
Soon you'll aid the legs again
Soon, a new era will begin
Soon you will be bed ridden
Soon. Soon you have a silent end

Her Eyes

I've seen them.

Her eyes.

I've seen them in all different light. Different stories. Fears. Joy's.

I've seen them in her ups. Her downs.

I've seen her eyes

The pain and warning they shot after a bad joke.

The love and confidence after the vows.

I've seen them in the dark, giving me a sight of the moon in them, like a foreign piece of art.

I've seen them in the light, reflecting how foolish I was to make them cry.

I've seen that stare. Excitement.

I respect them. I respect her.

Her eyes tell a story only few could relate.

I wasn't one.

Silence is not Safe

Dont you dare break my silence.

I've been quiet for weeks now.

Why? Because I'm patient and at peace.

I'm good. Yeah you're still bugging?

Listen to what you're prying at. Its has no business with you. I've lived in silence my whole life. Never spoke unless asked what I thought. I'd focus on topic changes so I'd know what was brewing. You think I'm comfortable when I'm silent? You actually think my silence...me being quiet, means you can step in my mind, take control, and criticize me? You actually believe you're safe when I'm quiet?

In all my young, odd life, I've been a tornado. All over the place. However...I'm going to stop myself now. I will not let you in. Final. Comfort can ruin my life. I'll be damned if you fit that example. Why...I'm willing to listen to you.

Yet what you're requesting, I can not let you know. Women die with a hundred million words left in their heads, while men with secrets held till death. Honest to god rules, reminders, and lessons. I've almost become the guy who says "if you dont know, you wont understand". Rude, I know. Tough defense, isn't it?

Yet you still pinch...and poke. If I wasn't raised as I was...it would be terrible for me. You'd be safe. Cause you'd never meet me. I'm sure of it. If all you have are questions about me...I've warned you briefly. I wont continue on with you. Yes I'll stay and listen. I hope you understood the rest. I've only stuck around when thoughts came together. I was set. Things were golden. I was smiling more. I was silent and at peace. Like I am now. My face has nothing but hope on it.

So I'll say this, you'll come to understand, I'm not like this to just you. Yet, I'll applaud you for getting as far as you did. However, even wolves will snap back if poked for one too many times. Mind your limits. Take away your seductions, you're lies and deceit. You're battles for power. Silent I am. Yet I'm not scared, worried, nor shy.

But I have scars. I'm tired and screwed up. I've burned bridges. Stood there and watched them burn so they still see my face. I've fought battles in me. Wars still progressing to their end. You've seen those battles. Those empty nothings.

I have flaws. I can be the devil, speaking in riddles. I can be an angel, holding out hope. Yet I'm human. What else can I blame? My decisions? Human. My mistakes? Human. My regrets? Human.

No. I'm done here. Again, you've received enough about me. I'm not a safe person to be with. Not dangerous. Honest fighter to tame, yet the honest fight would go on...

This is the warning laid upon you. It wont get better. I wish you understand, and finally close my story. For I'm not safe in my own glory.

Demons Come at Me

Been alright.

Despite

I don't cry.

My

I'm able to eat.

Feet

I scream singing.

Hurting

Stay a believer

Never

Won't kill

Will

Get by

My

Don't mope

Hope

Always garnish

Tarnish

Let Go

It's easy to let go. It's easier to stand on my own again. It wasn't easy listening to you that night. Watching you leave. Closing the door as a final "Bye" was vocalized. It is easy to go on. It was easier to live before, though.

It's easy. Ha. Not like reciting ABC's easy.

Not like pouring a glass of milk easy.

More like climbing mountains easy.

Crossing rivers easy. Oh you know how it is? How your legs ache and standing becomes the challenge?

Or how it hurts to literally move them and walk away? Those pieces of me. They mimic my resolve. Be nice. Be humble. Be Kind. Although I still have to remind myself "I'm good". Yet, I'm not.

It got easier...but not that easy.

My Sweet Karma

Oh its begun. The blaming. The tears. The heartache, regret, forfeiting, and unanswered screams of why.

She cut you. The world gracefully warned you of this. Sooner or later...it has begun. The shakes of loneliness becoming reality. The whispers of a soft voice as you finally rest.

Oh it's a sickness. Not a curse. Just a bug.

She isn't going to be far. Never was. Look at these countries. These people. These living few. Eyes are recognized as calm. Still shining bright in case they choose fear as the way out. Broken by choices they annually regret passing on another day.

Whichever direction they choose. It's their option. Like you. Karma...she's turned her attention on you. She's capable. Believe that warning. Like the poison of the sweetest apple, she will hurt. Somewhere. If not you or who you hurt...somewhere. She has allowed a few go on, living with death himself, at the door. However, she wont allow the right to stay right forever. Arguments between broken love.

She can be ruthless. The lies. So small to us...can impact an entire side of a family with a bored, sluggish flick of the finger. Crush any mistakes passed. Take names as she waits until the show is over. Yeeeeeah...stills sticks around after that first massive hit. Stealthy right? Not quite. You've never seen her. Never will.

She's on no side. She will throw you to wolves for careless mistakes. Give you front row seats to those who stood before you...or at least attempted to. She will bring you back from your lied paved walk. Yet wont let you see the mistake as a lesson. Shoot she's made movies in peoples heads...strong examples of what happened last time.

Covering it up? Oh she will bring fear. She will bring regret.

However...she takes a small liking to a deaths end. When she turns that attention towards you, do not fight her. She has questions as well as answers. Karma is not the strongest one on the roster...yet I've asked "why is she on it?" Exactly. I said she passes some with death knocking on the door...she knows who deserves it and death watches her choices. We know. Only when it's time will he arise. "A Schedule of Time". That's a sad truth. She is the truth. Some have her in their corner...she waits. Stepped on toes of your biggest spirits. Laughed as the rude and nasty felt bad for once. Cried with girls who hurt from a broken heart. Turned the tables. Soft as butterfly wings, sends you back to yesterday. Capabilities she doesn't have to show in the open.

She can be sweet though. Showing you who's nasty because of your recovery. You're watching them realize who wont follow that. Loneliness. Or what path she was rooting for on your behalf. She doesn't have to warn you. If she's sweet enough...she gives that same peek. Yet wont give the right answers out right. She likes right. Safety...freedom. Care and support. The right...the wrong...and the just. Dont run away from her. Dare make her chase you...it will get worse.

However...aim to use her, just for your gain...she will be back. It will be your turn. Her direction shifted at you. Daring you to make that move. Shed that unruly tear. Exposure.

That's Karma. The sweet. The poor. The right...and the wrong. The minds biggest challenge. The eyes most viewed network. And the hearts most leveled friend. No enemies. Right back on her side when work is done...yet cant take that memory off the mind. Give it the right amount of time. Don't do what she wont warn you. Do right...she will leave one day. Dont forget her though. She will be

back.

Get Up

Could you believe it? You down. Again. On the ground. In the dirt. Beaten battered and bruised. Did you see it coming? The fight? The solitude? Different patterns of thoughts? What path...? What path did you take? Kinda funny huh? You hit what we like to call the fall. Oh no. Rock bottom is a bit far from your little hiccup. I'm not kidding. I've seen, felt...lived it. So this? This speed bump problem you think is the end of the road for you?

Anyway. This situation falls into the category of "Shit Happens". What? You want blunt, theres mildly blunt. Should I send some memories your way?

Too late.

Nope...you want to mope. You wanna cry? You want to drag that ass across another filthy year of non improvisational character. Living with fake smiles in the day. Plot against yourself around dawn?

Awwww. What wrong? I thought you were a warrior? A fighter? A god damn bad ass!!

I thought I was talking to a leader. Not some pig that got left behind.

Yeah...behind. As in I'm ahead of you now. I found the road. It's not great but it's better than yours. However...sadly, you wont find it. Nope. I should tell you what it's like.

Got your Hope's up right?

Ofcourse I can't tell you. It would only ruin the great fight you are strong enough for. Look up for a day. It'll become a habit. Laugh mildly. Yes less. Start learning your weaknesses. They are fuel for strength.

But wait. You dont like getting taken out of a routine.

Oh but you hate routines...right.

Can I say something?

Too late.

You are weak. So pathetic....

Oh OOH noooow you get up!!! I have to belittle you?!?! I got in your head that fast?!?! Boy sit the fuck down. I wasnt done...nope.

I just woke you. Grouchy ass punk. Listen. I'm not here to give you baby steps. I'm not here to pull you up. I'm not here for moral fucking support!!! I'm the one!!! The only one who tells you...

Get up.

Stand fucker.

Up straight!!

Look at this...look at you. Your are not alone. You are. Yet not naturally.

Boom!!

Guess what!! I was kidding!

You want this pain to stop!! Fix it.

...Get up.

Fix this mess. Fix that mess too. Who cares what it is! Just fix it so you can move! I'm not staying

here with you forever, damn it. Like I said...I'm already ahead of you and I'm not sharing the glory.
Stay put. No need to rush...

Okay!! Now you're mad!? Wow!!!! Let a real person say this! 7 billion people in this world and the one you listened to for years...was here. Was there. I'm ahead. So uh...yeah...

Get up.

Im not even gonna kick you. Push you...nah. I'll sit here with you. Poking. Teasing. Reminiscing.
Until you get up. Haha Haha. Ofcourse once you do go to move, I'll be right there to pull you down.
That greatest fight you heard me say...its. with. me...

Now.

Where should I start? Oh yeah...

Get up

Get up

Get up get up

Get up...

...please...get up.

Season

Why does it seem that everything **withers** away at this time of year? Flowers? Trees? Than all life just "**springs**" into action. Brighter mornings. Warmer walks to school. **Burning**. Less clothes and fire. More friends and ideas. New motivation. Progress. Than everything just...**falls** apart. Is it spring yet?

Home Sweet Ride

**Grab your key.
Show your happy.
Hug them all.
Remember to call.
You'll miss that track.
Eyes forward, dont look back.
Give a last wave on.
Soon they will realize you're gone.
Grow yourself and be strong.
Have a sense of the wrong.
Focus on the road.
That last letter you kept in a fold.
Have fun.
This bag weighs a ton.
Remember to be careful.
Keep the mind peaceful.
Live for the trip.
Just hold the grip.
Home sweet ride.
I chose the better side.
Half way through rome.
I'll finally be home.**

Unbroken

Not a single word was heard as mother threw any reachable, tossable item at father. The one man I knew was good. Yet it seemed he broke a rule. A major rule between him and mom. Her eyes. Dimmed with hate. The shine of the glare spoke for her. A combatant stance, of a ops special agent, shielding his life from them, even the lamp that easily could've killed him if not for the talent. Forced to stand and surrender to the women of the unbeaten and unbroken.

As she finally made her way to the kitchen, father found the perfect, safest, and probably the only chance to grab his keys and jacket and high tail it out. For mom wasn't just the cook...she was mom of the house for the traditional reason. Here she came into the living room, holding her uncles 1950 Wessen K-22...aimed at father through the window.

Just as she was about to shoot, my older sister grabbed mothers arm. Instead of fighting her daughter off, mother dropped the pistol, aimed even away from me, as if she knew I was sitting by the steps the entire time. Her tears. Seemed to hit the ground like snow when it fell off a roof on a pile. Sister stood mother up and aided her to the kitchen, shrugging her head at me to bring the gun. Only mother will know where to put it.

Mother. Staring down her coffee the next morning like it's on her assassination list. Her phone rings. From the look in her eyes, it didnt seem like father was on the other line, but work. She wasn't a good person to alot of her side of the family. This job was the reason. Holidays. Birthday after anniversary was without mom around. Only once for my sister's graduation from college...she stayed for a short time. Mother seemed to enjoy this call. It was a request. Mother finally finished the call and hung up. Stood up, kissed me on the forehead and as soon as my sister was coming around the corner to the kitchen, mother hugged her. Sister tensed up, thinking mom was about to tackle her, only to be kissed on the forehead as well, and mom went upstairs.

Her uncles pistol. Stained bronze from oil and age. Sat still in its holster. Cleaned and untouched. Barely looked used. Uncle told me the story of this gun. Last shot was in 1967. My uncle was under attack in York. London was an odd place to be back then. Only shot was an assassination confirmation on a vice president. Mother does that too. Assassin. Runs away from home for days. Yeah short schedule. She doesn't mess around.

After the divorce mom and sis had become distracted with the lose of Uncle. He was there when papers were signed for the divorce. Father ventured to the north. Somewhere in Montana. Mother seemed happier despite the loss. She kept us in prayer. Kept home life caught up and shared a drink with sister every once and awhile.

Ever since that night. That wicked lust for blood in my mother's eyes. Scared to make a mistake, yet, not a single word was heard. She held back everything. Father responded with respect and silently disappeared. Mother still does her job. Unbeaten. Unphased. Unbroken.

Window Seat

Choosing to see the world from literally, another view, can change your life. Plane. Car. Motorcycle. Bicycle. Walking. Just that picture memory only you can relate to the few that share the story.

Road signs remind you where you've been. Text messages are reminders of who you're leaving behind. Stars remember your path. Lightning in the distance behind you.

Music speaks for the journey. Or at least until the forest gracefully grabs your earbuds and welcomes you to the make of life.

The hand waving in the air as your driver increases speed to 65 mph. Going home I see. Wonderful. If only there was a way to outer space. Classic.

I would go anywhere. I would rather go than stay. How? Time is par with travel. I can wait.

Shotgun!

Window seat is mine.

Not Yet

I haven't asked her.
There wont be another chance, I'm sure.
So I stand in the back.
Holding one strap from my backpack.
Not a glance.
It was acceptance.
Going out the back door, through an alley,
Past the highway, and Sundressed Valley.
Weeks past, phone finally rings.
Instead she's at my doorstep, doorbell sings.
No. No smile is on that face.
Theres no safe base.
I opened the door a little bit too wide.
I was in for one damn hell of a ride.
No, there wasn't a lot of warning.
It felt like life was swarming.
She wasn't happy.
Yet where is she?

Alone

After the loss, the chase, and the grasp, I'm still here.
During the build, the rise, the fall, I'll eventually disappear.
How I go, the walk, the run, once found fun.
Rushing to my end, the talks, the story,
crashed with the sun.
My dear heart. The scares, the same damn pain. Felt to the bone.
Blurred by foolishness. The choices, the regret. Sad to say I'm now alone.
Shoulders ache to hold. The goosebumps, the search, not reachable.
Tears dryer than my skin, the rough, the cracked, not teachable.
Alone I stand. The wait, the watch, yet time flies by.
First step to take. The world, My home, With a final goodbye.

Not my weakness

Note this

No man found the diamond in the side of a mountain, waiting for it to appear.

I've complained about a lot.

I've cried over a few.

The battles I've fought.

The debt I've worked on, well overdue.

Now I'm not saying I'm the strongest man on earth. Yet this 26 year old body has taken its toll.

Guess what though?

It started to roll.

Taken the pick axe and got to work.

Taken the sweat and wiped it away.

If its meant to be.

If I can no longer see.

I'll keep chipping away.

I'll go all day.

I win everyday. I woke up.

Here's another note

Thank the janitor, and he one day will become your associate with power. Shame the janitor, and your toilet will never be clean.

I will not take the steps pressed on me.

I wont let the false become reality.

I can't stand on someone's shoulders and dare ask if their okay...ofcourse not.

I'll force my pay. I'll leave before I'll stay.

I know what I want. I know what I need.

Yet I'm not stupid enough to sell my soul to get it. The sun rises. So shall I. Dont ever step down without a fight. Keep a good insight. Be someone's growing light. With one day coming, it will be alright.

Decisions

Tell someone your secrets, and watch them destroy your future.

Make someone fall for you unintentionally, and watch them break your heart...unintentionally.

Give someone everything, and you loss everything.

Guide them, and watch them follow nothing.

Hold on a second longer, and see your fate postpone.

Lie to someone, and you lose intelligence on their level.

Break a smile, and watch the sun shine behind them.

Focus on you're better you, and the old you will become jealous.

Become bold

Watch as everything around you unfold

But lose sight

Everything, a constant night

Stand

Walk

Fall...Talk

Fly...and learn to land

Be the example, and watch it steer

Live simply

And your troubles might just disappear.

Fears of Tears

No crying dear
Theres nothing to fear
Now listen here
Let me wipe that tear
Everything is gone
No, you did nothing wrong
No need to hit the bong
Let's just sing a little song
I know it isn't fair
No one was there
If someone showed care
You'd breathe fresh air
Now look at me
What do you see
Hands shown free
Just like a soliloquy
Honor your stance
Forget the romance
Give it all, a slight glance
Forget the cars
Forget the stars
If you slip, expect the bars
It's not a game
They aren't the same
You have just you...loved by fame
I'll hold you dear
So don't you fear
I'll dry your tear
Let's have a beer
This isnt goodbye
So please dont cry
Don't go and die
Just play it shy

Just breathe a few
Drink the last brew
Eyes will always be on you
You're time is due

Reassurance Insurance

I'll hand it you
You got out of there
Head held high
With not one tear in your eye
I'll give you credit
You figured it out
You gave it your all
Even after the fall
I have to ask though...
Why did you go it alone?
Why didn't you pick up the phone?
I know you're grown
I take it your okay
You always say
"I'll do it my way, home or the highway"
Since I've learned your story in my mind
Seen the hustle, fight and grind
I just have one more question
What did you find?
Hung up the coat
Kicked off the boots
Theres the love
Right from the roots
Take it easy
The work is done
Trust and believe me.
Soon you'll have your fun

Loved Better

Hurt.

In every sense.

Walked the thousand mile walk.

Forced to stop.

Not even once was there a lack of motivation.

Shear hope and determination.

Became the warrior they needed to be.

Ask anyone, you'll see.

Strength.

Barely crawling.

Walked the thousand mile walk.

No. No shoes either.

Foundation was built from earth.

Yes. A warrior from birth.

Gaurded the door from the start.

Given the fight, straight from the heart.

Forgiveness.

Focused on the new.

Walked the thousand mile walk.

Recovered. Healed. Revived.

Gave nothing out unless there was hope.

Never judged, while under the scope.

Took the mothers advice for the weather.

Oh my...finally loved better.

Awoken

See.

It's not that easy.

Forget this. Forgive that.

Let it go and everything is breezy.

As soon as it's gone.

Temptation calls.

Digging into the walls.

Then everything falls.

Yet, it's better after that.

The rage with the bat.

The fun with the gun.

The constant chase and run.

Judgement is stared.

Regret, simply scared.

Angel's turned away, as demons make way.

You took too long to see.

Nothing will just be.

If I were you, I'd take a knee.

Forced to adjust.

Creating what must.

Heal your broken heel.

Lose the crutch of lust.

I Knew Better

I grew fond of you.

Took everything I had and threw it on the table.

The rope between you and I, strong and tight.

I gathered myself. Named my mistakes "Forgotten Teachers".

Hesitant to even speak to you in a lie.

I watched the sun pass by. The trees bring life, while others go to die.

With that in mind. I truly thought...I knew better.

The shape of you. The laughs, the tears. It made me wonder if time was a mistake itself.

I found steps to take, some more brave than the other. With every breath, I learned to adjust.

Oh but the day. That one breathless, painfully, cruel pit of a day. You decided to walk away.

If I had done nothing. If I harmed nothing. If I was causing nothing, then why? Just goodbye.

Clouds rolled over. Mocking my blindness.

Covering up a message you sent to me.

Blissfully, you forged the pain in my heart.

Took everything I had, everything I wanted, shoved in the dark. Mother reassured. Father giggled.
Brother ignored while sister fiddled.

Voices went quiet. Actions made progress. As my hands reached out. My mind spoke.

You knew better.

Believe me, I did. I knew when to stop. Yet that momentum, that push, that "one last chance".

Bitter end to shapeless romance.

I'll joke about you later. Maybe even cry over some Jack. Some say to take note. Some said pick and vote.

Yet if it's a story, end my chapter. Take my character right out of this book. Take all of what everyone seems to believe i am, and discard it, fished and hooked.

Give me all I own. Even the burdens too. I'll quietly leave. With all that I knew.

Changed

Nah

Not who I used to be

Yah

I still get angry

Nah

I wont share, I'm happy

Yah

Cause you might be crappy

Nah

It's not a wall

Yah

It's a personality

Nah

I dont mind the fall

Yah

I'll let you know when it's good to call

Nah

Entertainment dont live here

Yah

I'm real sincere

Nah

If I'm on my own, so are you

Yah

The famous saying

You do you

Know Thy Worth

Note this,

A bad back could get a bit better if all the knives and swords were removed.

They say time heals all wounds.

Wont happen tomorrow. Might take decades. The world has a funny way of teaching how cruel life can be. And yet gives a hint every day of how grand it could be too.

A forest fire can be devastating. Showing an example of my words before. With due time, a lonely flower, blossoming into a work of art, shines through the ashes.

Little things. Not so much like a 1950s coin, but like a single Monarch fluttering over you while you find your way home.

We may never see the wonders of the earth.

The Great Pyramids of Egypt, Great Wall of China. So go out and find your own wonders.

A cave barely traced by man. Parts of forests only the daring go to invest their inner adventurer. The places others dont acknowledge, unless its calling for a fee to pass a gate.

Your world. This land we step on, is your adventure. It shouldn't have a price tag on it.

With that being said, this world will remind you, and me, of what we have to loss.

Yet, the memories, will be your own.

The trips to the destinations. Your own.

The viewpoints that only you can find, your own.

Note this,

The path in front of you, is not your only option to move forward, yet going back will bring the reality of regret. So choose wisely.

The ones who live after us must be thought of as we are finally put to rest. We must remember who we are. What we love. What upsets us.

Forgive, but never forget. Take your hand off the trigger of everyone else. Live life the way you feel is right. Learn something new when the schools are closed. Reach for something more than a star. Bring dreams into reality, understanding the work behind its grasp.

Fight for your character, because you are only you. Theres no one else who is you. Know who you are. Know. Thy. Worth. And become the writer of your own story. Visualize your life, and begin your journey.

Cursed To Love

Baffled by the thought of freedom.
I feel quizy. Hopeless. Dumb.
Haven't been myself for ages.
The lack there of. The wages.
Now I sound like a broken record.
Drunken sorrow. Cut the cord.
By this is you. This isnt me.
Alone. Apart. Never free.
Honestly it's a game.
The fight. The Fame.
Yet nothing holds me up.
Like the honey whiskey in this cup.
Again it's a repeat.
Sand surrounding my feet.
When I first laid eyes on you.
The sight was heavens glue.
Just as the sun set.
All eyes were mine. A bet.
Get the dream. Or loose the war.
Shattered apon opened door.
Hunted for years. Became unfamiliar.
Sought out by wolves. A sudden quiver.
Letters sent. Never returned.
Saving my life. Disappointed and burned.
Forced to follow. Forced to crawl.
Handled with care, just like a doll.
Keeping my only light. Only by day.
Given a curse...only in your way.

The Wound

Pain has a few descriptions. It couldn't be all bad. Could it?

Broken hearts. Broken promises. Broken bones. Broken paths.

The heart. That brainless fool that takes my mind hostage. Yet it's no fool like the heartless brain.

Theres something I need to say. It's what I believe pain is to be.

In my recent poem 'Know Thy Worth', I mentioned a bad back could get a bit better if all the knives and swords were removed.

I wrote that with figurative thought of being stabbed in the back.

I've loved and got heartbroken. Picked up smoking. I've figured out a lie, only to forgive myself for believing it for so long. I invested my money, my home, my life, only to have to give it all away to survive. Blood. I always have a memory of how it tastes.

Yet my back. Literally in pain from the days of work. Figuratively in pain from the souls of those who didn't see me as an equal.

Stepped on. Written on. Seen as a target. Most vulnerable part of my body. Neglected by my eyes.

Those eyes of mine. Having their own stories to share, giving a sign for what's to come. Yet they fall short when it comes to protecting my back. Hopeless.

These stab wounds are not seen by man. Everyone has at least one. I dare say the only ones who should never have these scares are the newborns of this world. These scares won't disappear. And the sight everyone else seems to see, will trigger a painful memory.

Trust. An honor to have it. An honor to stand with it. An honor used to protect the backside of allies. Yet, with so little protection, and so little trust, it's still vulnerable.

Nowadays, standing against walls, paranoid of soft smiles and determined friendships, has me feeling safer. Safe for a moment. Ofcourse, until I have to move again. So it's what I see. I don't know what's behind me. Daggers, great swords, or maybe even sticks. Not sure. Yet this pain is sharp.

That's what's holding me down.

Note this

Take the sword and slowly remove it from a man's back, with the true intention of quickly healing him. You will be the honored guest protecting their backside from that point on. Yet if you wish to break him, just know this...

That sword you pulled out, is the one that harms him...figuratively.

Dear Cancer

Thieves are terrible. A step away from the life of an assassin. The path, so bright that anyone can see the outcome. Testing the few who fight to survive.

You're a thief. With no consideration for the brightness in an eye, you shut them down with a silent goodbye.

You give them time, give them a chance to fight. To win. Then you take all of the hope, and just toss it in the bin.

I get it. They fell vulnerable to your strength. They thought "No way, not me". And just like that, the slap of reality.

You stick around for the tears. You feed on the fears. You drive and steer. No hope left. Not even in beer.

You tease a short goodbye. You mock the unwanted "Hi". With not once going away when they scream "Why?!" You settle down on the cry.

You are hated by alot. Disappointed by a few. Cursed with a sin. There's no pity for you.

Take. Waste. Gather. Pry. We still wonder why. Give me back my fallen. Stand them back up. Take the stairs down. Still we are callin.

No more taking. No more fighting.

Give us back...the eyes of sighting.

Thievery is your strategy. Yet strength is ours.

Stand in the way. Host all you want...just know...we will break your bars.

Foolish

Passing a CHP at 110 mph...
Yeah I can't believe it either
Racing down the highway
I am so ...
Dancing with her on the balcony
I finally let her go
Tears form under her eyes
I truly felt ...
Walking past a dark alley
Glance over to see some thugs bullying a child
Get home and turn on the news to find out...
I was so...
Sister calls about father
Crying over the caller
All I said was "okay"
Foolish.

Bittersweet

Life is bittersweet...
Has good moments
And disastrous ones
In tune with lines of fate,
With a small glimpse through a gate
In times it flows like a river, consistent, persistent
Other times a mountain, spiritual rise, demonic downfall
Sweet like honey, bitter like vinegar
Life is just that
Bitter

Chapters

I'm told I'm an open book. Everything that's wrong with me, written on my face. My path stumbled with purpose, yet not an ounce of grace.

Pace.

I step on the stones of regret. I dance to the song of nature's pet...howling ever so powerfully.

I sing the tunes of pain with no fear of the rain.

I crawl so silently against the stain.

Open book in vain.

I eat the words of insecurity. I wear a mask of doubt. My confidence is a joke, just listen to this shout.

Be wary of my fangs. Be gentle with the feel. As weak as i may seem, my weakness is not my heel.

Laughter out of pain. Crying out of shame. Anger forced by confusion. No settled illusion.

Hung outside to wither away. Give the six feet under blues. Working to grow everyday. Yet closer to the fuse.

Yet...

I lying about my hope. I'm destroying my reputation. Good man and good guy, I've never seen the invitation. Tackled by the rush of sin. Throw away with the bits and bins. I'll still believe in the future. With every inch to ensure.

Peace.

My chapters are not finished.

My sentences are broken.

My pages are torn.

And the cover unwritten.

Pick up my story, be amazed.

Pick up my story, be sent a blaze.

Pick up my story, be frightened.

Pick up my story, and be enlightened.

Yet note this.

You'll never see the first 100 pages. The story that makes sense. You will ask only questions, that I'll answer with tense. I'll gladly give you information, yet I'll have to leave. Giving up a story, non shall believe.

So in my chapters, curiosity will rise.

You think you'll know me, until you share my eyes.

May I Kindly

May I please

Love you as you are

Stand for everything you are

May I softly

Hold you in the cold

Shadow you from harm

May I bravely

Make sacrifices for you

Handle the pain for you

May I fearingly

Approach you

Question you

May I strongly

Carry you up

Guide you on

May I kindly

Ask for your hand

Ask for you

Stone Touch

Oh how her castle stands firm.

Towers screaming to the heavens.

Gates alone with power, no need for guarding.

Walls scorched with battle cries from the other side. Etched with quotes from every broken heart dared called love.

The only shadow with power...

Shade for the burned. Comfort for the child inside. Dark enough for the love that died.

She's alone. Bending up vines along the walls hoping her romeo will take his chance.

Yet the garden doesn't reach as high.

Trees as massive as the mountains. Yet just short of true life. Vision from the top, blurry and incomplete. Hurting her people for adventure outside. What's out there?

Forests lay gain to the surrounding region. Allowing hope to reassure life on the other side.

Resting in her keep, with a single want for care.

Alone she walks her castle, rubbing her soft fingers against the walls. With the reminder of cold, she breaks apart. Having no hand to hold, she graces her walk. Firm steps of the believer.

Finally on the brink of defeat. She stands waiting. Searching without moving. Just to get a glimpse of that splash of hope these walls distribute. Every shadow later dissolved into the mist of night. No motivation to move on.

With one final touch of the walls she wishes to destroy, her silence is broken. With a final touch, her walls, have spoken.

Forged in Bone

Just like the engraved letters, gracefully designed to show a messengers meaning on the ring with glory and hope, our stories are shared in our bones forever.

The happiness, the sadness, the brightness, and darkness. The everyday battles, won, with the crippling outcome shown outside by all the battles fought. Achingly shining the endeavor.

The love, the heartache, the downward spirals, with all the rising destinations. Written as ink to show what the tongue dare not snake out. Screams mimic the thought of a bullfight. Although, this fight holds no chance.

Gripped by the fear of a tomorrows end. Masked by armory of a gentle yet strong heart. Created with the famous cherry blossom story to wake to, only to battle with the crushing reality of dry season. Written all over the face, a shot of existence.

Designed to win the war. Durable and reliable enough to go the distance in battle. Our bones are real. Breaking. Shrinking. Grinding. Aching. Holding up this diamond no man can easily hold up by themselves. Shaking yet never stirred. Biting on for lifes dear conception. Peace.

Forged in our bones. Not just a fracture of the inner defenses. Not just the lines of such pain gratefully unnoticed. However it's at the end, sadly not seen by us who fought until the end.

Release.

Deeper in our bones hold more meaning. Defense. Honor. Character. Ability. Power.

Words constructed to describe the foundation of stature. Forgiving all for every fight. Eventually collecting the debt in the end. Without a chance. Walking stops with forged letters appearing as we finally fight the last battle. Creating the scenery only the newcomers will be allowed to witness. What a sight.

Relentlessly, Consistently Gifted

Have you been so happy for the talent one has?

Have you ever wanted to grasp that same ability? What about the potential to slide right in and practice the way they did? Giving it your all day in and day out for no other reason but to accomplish this goal. Again and again. Day after day. Time after time. Becoming so entwined with repeat, there's no way you're ending short.

However. For some reason, life strikes a pose. Forcing you to decide on a suspended path to what you want to do. Hinting and reminding you that you have to do this instead of that. Getting in the way. Justifying your own actions and gradually pushing. Forcing the button no one every wants to push: Abort.

Clearing the board of responsibilities sends a remarkable resistance from your shoulders to your wants once more. Giving you the green light to take on the practice of dreams and goals. This time pushing to get even further in the moment. Never denying the alternative, yet glancing at it isn't even an achievement.

Blazing through the ranks. Higher and farther than just to an idol's level. Growth. Yet not only are the masterpieces hanging, the stories are beginning to forge titles. Giving little sight to failure as you branch with new ideas. Delivering a stance of confidence in many ways. Large cups of coffee, with little sleep. Breaking records, and breaking promises. This is starting to take over the time you once loved. Yet you're still moving forward. Commitment.

Still waiting for Guts

I'm still waiting for the truth. Wasting time believing in a shoulder pat, a good vibe and some coffee to calm my nerves.

I'm still waiting for a real shut down. Back up song to go along with this walk of shame. I'm tired of the tootie fruity conversation you call "reassurance insurance".

Too many times, I've been giving the "it's alright, dont worry about it" chant. So many times I've messed up, only to receive sugar coated grace. I'm starting to get upset with kindness.

I need the upfront. The dagger in the heart. I need to know where I'm headed for my wrongs, not where I can comfort the guilt. Test my willpower, not my sanity. I'm getting tired of the hero act.

Lifes like a jump rope...up and down. I get it. However if I'm not going to go up anytime soon, best believe I'll take the ride of reality. Hugs are pointless. Encouragement is faulty. I'm dying for the strict, harsh truth. Not this "butterflies and daisies" lifestyle no one ever lives.

Im still waiting for the honesty. The hole in the floor i need to fall through. Give a door to open, but make me search for the key. I think I'm old enough to suffer for a bit. I've done it before, believe it or not. Kill em with kindness is sick. Bitter truth though? I'll take a glass for the road.

I'm still waiting for guts. Even if it means to let me suffer in peace. So be it. However dont come at me with kindness, for I'll repent with no sympathy. I'm still waiting for that push back. Right into the realm of reality. Just to once again, find the motivation to prove myself right.

Sad Truth (Her Fight 2)

Forget what I told you. Forget how it came out. Allow me to start over. From the start.

I've wished for alot of happiness. Hope. Safe runs to get me through my life. Would you be able to join me? My uneasy patterns. My growing desire to be alone? Would you be willing to break my comfortable routine for silence? Could you be the one who helps me get out of this shell? This breathtaking habit?

You have ups and downs. I know, I do too. You hate being sad and alone. Sometimes I do too. You love the light so much you wake to watch sun rises. Well I wake to watch the sunset. Strange twist is, I'll still be up to watch the sun rise with you. Would you be okay with that? The sleepless nights? The walks in the dark?

This is not a test. And I'm sure you'll run into so many others just like me. Yet if you're willing to fight, I'll kindly let you do your best. I said before there were walls I'd never let anyone reach over. They would have to crash through and take my heart hostage. Bullying me to love them. However I'm trying to be a little more "doable". What I mean is, I'm trying to be more understood. More approachable. More likeable to people like you.

So those walls are still there. Shorter even. Cleaned of the battle scars and missing bricks of shaking failure. Those words I wrote on the inside...gone. Erased. Not to show off the walls fascinating structure, but to give anyone a second chance. Maybe, even you. Give it a go I'd suggest.

I'm sorry if this is still too much to get past. Guarded but willing. Defensive but open minded. Have you seen me lately? My mind is calmer. Quieter. Simply simple indeed. You can see the foot of the first wall now. Isnt it different. If by some chance you decide to break through though. Dont expect me to let you go any further. Questions. Hesitation. Distance. Could you handle that? Could you break through the next? My dark room. The sky shines above, yet where you will stand, cold and dark. You wont be able to see or hear a thing. That's the time I choose to surprise you.

Will I break away to my third sector? Or will I embrace you and invite you in?

Will I let you in? That's where only I will know if I will or not. Dont get me wrong. You COULD fall in love with a guy like me. And it will be a battle. Yet I'm not going to let you just jump in and go.

I like this feeling. Loneliness. It's got some trouble behind it, ofcourse. However that broken promise I've made to myself fades away every moment now. Take that opportunity when you see it. Because I'll be blind to it.

To put it simply. Surprise me...before I surprise you. Don't pull me out, and question me why I'd want to go back to that place. It's not gonna be easy. But I promise. It's a battle I'm willing to fight beside you. Hoping for once, I'm not left to build up again.

Loved to Hate

Rare it is to be hated yet loved
The lovable asshole
Hate everything about them
However they still have a seat at the table
The heart they carry, cold
Those hugs though, warm as fuck
Brave enough to speak their name in a group
Yet hesitation seeps in when alone with them
The honesty they carry on their shoulders
Truth whistled through their teeth
Hated because they don't play around
Showing the world they aren't in line
Never caring who's hurt or fine
Deserving of peace
Yet destructive in reality
Distance is fair
The time alone is there
However they can be kind...
Kind of out of the mind
Nowhere near insane
Yet not one to gain
Stabbed in the back with kindness
Defensive with forgiveness
Given the spoon yet told to feed the hungry
Pulled away from the trouble yet told to walk through fire
Hides the desire
Hated....
Loved....

Dying Flame

Tired

Demoralizing comfort

Aching regret

Softly laying out the problems of the past

Hungry

Shaded determination

Unforgiven justification spelled out under me

Hunting blindly for a taste of peace

Ashamed

Always defensive

Undoubtedly upset

Losing the best I wish to get

Dying with every foolish regret

Bitter

Unapproachable sanity

Unlovable heart

Greatly reduced to a nobody

Better off in the dark

Cold

One last breeze

One last drop

Endless warnings of pain in every tease

Yet still warm

Just barely warm enough to stop

Strong

Realizing I'm completely out

Slowly pushing out the doubt

Freely believing I've become new

Yet sunken in hope well overdue

Frightened

Daylight for the comforting

Darkness for the wondering

Lost without the light

Reasons of stress so tight

Note this:

Live like you know the roads battle ahead of you, and all that before you will only fear your steps forward. In the light, we share comfort. Yet many keep close to their own in the dark.

Don't choose the dying flame that chooses to die, unless you have the intention of camping out for awhile.

Going

I've wanted to for awhile
The best decision I've ever made
I've been itching to get it
Drawing closer to the fade
Its something you wouldn't understand
My type of freedom
Saving my breakout for the better stand
I'm not thinking about life or survival
Here, there's no sign of revival
Let me take these steps
Force the repeated reps
Walking out never seemed so fast before now
I'm going

Step Back

I need to step away
This wont take all day
I need some time
Sorry for the rhyme
This was all so fun
Yet I think I'm finally done
The pain is not the same
I've played my last game
I'm sure I'll be back
I still need to pack
On my way out
Just don't carry doubt
I don't think I'm sad
No I'm not mad
Yet my hands are still
Plus my minds a bit ill
Take care of your heart
Keep from falling apart
Smile when you can
Be the biggest fan
I'm sorry I'm leaving
I know it's deceiving
Just wait for me
This is my poetry
I've made my last
I moved too fast
Forever I'll miss
Everything like this

Believe in Me

I did what was right. I made it clear I wasn't holding back. If I failed you than please take that. This burden of your approval. This curse of your support. I'm really tired of this work. I'm ready to retort.

Now I said I was leaving. I'm sure I'm never coming back. Held up by approval. It's just a slack. This wasn't harsh. I'm sorry again. You'll probably find me writing. Hiding in the marsh.

So please, I know. This too is selfish. I didn't even share. Yet you do the same? The holdup uncare?

Having the push was all I wanted. Having the slide to dance. I made up my mind and didn't hint a chance. If I failed you, I'm sorry once more. I'll say it last time as I go through the door.

Please pray for me. Believe that I am fine. Begin to take a breather. Have that cup of wine. If I don't return. It's because I'm free. I send you a note, to show how happy I'll be.

Living On A Riding Prayer

They ask why we ride.
The constant reminder that we should've died.
We ride for our thrill.
Always aiming for the curving hill.
We ride to build our comfort.
Asking and praying to miss the dirt.
We ride to relieve ourselves from the troubles of this world.
We live for the road that's deeply curled.
We ride to be happy.
We ride because our day was crappy.
We ride for no destination.
We ride as a nation.
The times we made mistakes.
We knew all the stakes.
The turns we failed to make.
We dust off with a shake.
We ride to win.
Because thrill seeking is a sin.
And what better way to love harder, then realizing...
You might not make it home again.
We ride in the most alert manner.
We ride under a certain banner.
Feel free to ask us why we ride.
Just know our stories, young or old, never died.

Take 3 Months Off

How funny it is.

That non awkward distance.

The really quick jump on the fence.

The only way out. What everything is about.

A bit more laughter. Yet little shout.

They've left you.

So close like glue.

Starting to get sick like the damn flu.

Time to wake up.

Time to shut up.

They need to finally see what's in your cup.

They don't want you to be happy.

This is just so crappy.

Note this: Start the year off wrong. Since every year has started out right. Build that castle. Give no insight. They will ask how you are. Ask how you've been. Remember our quote "When you feel like losing, just buckle down and win".