

Anthology of an Empath

K. R. Jankowski

Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

To my inspirational children and mother. Life has taught me to be strong, but you taught me to love.

summary

One time around

Where is my Home?

Light follows even the darkest of night

Light flows through the cracks of a fractured soul

One time around

"Ever the inmate of our own chaotic minds. Locked in our prison thinking, pondering; what, where and why?"

All those things we 'should' do, all before we die.

We forget to live for the moment, those moments are the best.

Just make sure that you enjoy them, before you're put to rest.

I'm telling no lies, we only have one life.

Live it to the fullest because next time could be game over.

Enjoy it whilst it lasts because there will be no do-over.

I don't want to have regrets because those are just for fools.

Time is more precious than any diamonds, gold or jewels.

Nobody knows the true meaning of life,

But life is full of meaning.

What would be the point in standing; wasting it, screaming.

I don't want to live forever, once is enough.

The time we have is precious, so don't call it's bluff.

You could blink in just one second, and the next thing it's tough!

You had your time, you made your choice so make sure it's enough.

Choose you path wisely, and choose it well.

Death waits for no one, only time will tell.

What life do you want?

Only you can decide.

Strap yourself in and enjoy Life's ride"

Where is my Home?

"Do I belong by the mountains, or do I belong by the sea?

All I know is that there's just one life, only one that's meant for me.

There is beauty in the oceans and there is beauty in the hills.

Looking down upon my young child's face, the awe, it gives me chills.

The stars and moon come out at night, to light up the abyss.

Be it skys, be it oceans, be it souls that loved ones miss.

The only thing you need to know when searching for your Home, is that it doesn't matter where you are, as long as you're not alone.

Awe can be found in many precious times, places and even things.

A tropical terrain or the embrace of a loved one, everyone is different.

"What makes one happy, differs from another.

That's the beauty of free will, of choice", said Mother.

Where is Home?

Home is here.

The only place on Gods green earth, that makes us feel so near.

It's the people around us that keep us warm, nothing to do with destination, well, maybe a bit, but not entirely all..

Make sure your Home has a colourful, vibrant and awe inspiring view,
to collect and cherish your memories with the ones that love you too.

Destination is just geography,

Where you LIVE is what matters.

So make it count, travel the world and take your Home with you.

What's the point in seeing the world, if you have no one to miss you"

Light follows even the darkest of night

"In the comfort of the darkness,
In the reassurance of the night,
With my head on the pillow, my heart on the floor.
Cracks in the darkness, can't be seen, can be ignored.
Tears fall silently in a room of isolation,
Its time to wake up, no more feeding trepidation.
Candlelight flickers as if like a glimmer of hope.
Its time to come back,
No time for denial.
I'll be back real soon,
Its time for revival"

Light flows through the cracks of a fractured soul

I open the blind and the sky is grey,
There's no break in the clouds and it's about mid-day.
It's dark in here, I can't sleep.
A constant shroud of blackness in a room of light and sadness.

It's tiring trying to illuminate your soul.
Your heart, head and mind feeling so completely out of control.

It's dark in here, but you can all see me.
I walk around with a smile, even though inside of me is bleeding.
They're unaware of the fragile broken core, let's face it, people don't really care or want to know.

Ignorance is bliss to even the most trained of eyes,
So we keep telling the world that we'll be okay, we'll be alright.
We stand strong, we stand firm against these feelings of darkness,
pulling us down into a desert of pure madness.

It's now 11pm,
I've not moved from here since mid-day.
It's been dark in this asylum, right here where I've been lay.
All week, all year, I've shed my tears,
Waiting on this day...

Tonight I see something that I haven't for a while.
It's the vision of light through the cracks,
it brings a smile.
A broken lamp is still a lamp, you just need to change the bulb.
In with the new, out with the old.
You're just a story still untold.

Everyone has a light in there heart and a fire in their soul.
If yours is shining bright today then help someone find their own.

We all get lost,
we all get weak,
but in times like this remember..
You're not alone, you never were, just take a good look inside ya'.

The sun is coming up, inside my troubled mind,
It's time that we start the mourning..
Goodbye to the hurt, the pain, the fear.
It's time for the death of yesteryear.

The light is now pouring,
Spilling out from deep within.
I've found the spark, the ray, the flicker.
All words we use for hope.

Only in darkness can you see how bright someone can truly shine,
Who'd of thought the owner of that light, would be me, it would be mine.