

Anthology of Rose

Presented by

My poetic side 



summary

Sand

Half

untitled

One Arm

Guilty

Sand

Wasted time. Who decides? Life is an intangible dimension. As the waves roll upon one another, lapping the corroded shore, once boulders, now broken down into infinite minut pieces of what we call sand. The sand is in fact made up of millions of shells, glass and perhaps bones of lost life. I believe that we are comparable to these molecules that compilate "sand". So small. So delicate. So many. Like life or time the waves are in constant motion, no stopping once the life or wave has started. The moon is the life source of the water. The sun brings her golden beauty to energize. We bring life and death to both.

Half

What was once two is now one.
His half.
That made her whole
Life is fleeting.
Smile lines receding.
Sure, now the future looks dim.
Once you let go it won't be so grim.
One day you will look back and remember the good.
I know he would want that.

untitled

I sat in the spotlight of my bedside lamp.

It had been a rather long time since I picked up a pen with the intention of writing.

It was 4:28 a.m. and the alarm would sound off in 32 minutes for about an hour. This hour was the most painful of the day. Lifeless. Yet full of relentless willpower to live I would coax my boyfriend out of his slumber and back into the world where we both existed together.

I flicked on the back porch light stepping into the night to enjoy a cigarette. With each breath I could taste the chemicals. I wanted to quit the filthy habit. I couldn't imagine such a void of object in my hand. What would I do with my new free time? I would only find more time to waste on a new toxic activity.

Writing was something to consider.

I would force people to read it.

I was like the Junebug, waiting on a big nudge to place me in the right directiondirection. Back on my feet.

Inevitably I would exert all of my energy again only to be knocked back. I gave up trying to save all of the June bugs that would aimlessly fly and ricochet off objects. I could see a bit of me in each one.

The lackluster of creativity was trickling down from my crown to the soles of my feet. As I stood barefoot I could feel the Earth. My spark slithering through each pore of my feet into it's place of origin.

One Arm

Currently I work as an account at a gym that only allows women.

Some of the ladies come to the gym just sit in the lobby and talk about food. Cruel. I also have yet to escape the fate of brewing coffee for a living. The ladies and I use that term loosely demand coffee Monday and Wednesday. We were out last Wednesday and I had to beat them off with a stick.

Before this job I was waiting tables at a local Diner. Some customers came in at the exact same time , sat in the exact same chair and ordered the exact same thing. I would prepare their drink before they could make it to their designated place. I knew most of their names. I would listen to their life story killing time. Most had very interesting stories to tell from there many years of existence in a seemingly far away time. Life seemed more simple and perfect when \$2.15 was a good wage. That was my current wage.

The people that worked in the service industry left 20% or more others 10% no matter how good the service was. One man was always there and didn't tip. Ever I asked him one day if there was something wrong with how I handled his order due to the lack of tip for me. He simply said I can't afford to tip. His bill was always \$5.40. I can't afford for you not to tip. Once there was a man with bugs crawling all over him. I didn't believe the waitress serving him. I decided to look busy rearranging flatware on the table near where he sat. Indeed he had black beetles of the new species from his planet. When he left there was a trail of little bugs, perhaps to lead him back like Hansel and Gretel. as I write about it I erupted in a laughing fit alone. all alone I have grown accustomed to being alone I joked that I would become the crazy dog lady. my dogs are literally my best friend's. I have begun the transition. it was painless. I'm sure the future me would regret the change drinking alone with my old dying dogs racking up medical bills that would cost me arms and legs. I would keep one arm to open my beer that I went into debt over.

Guilty

Should I write down the sound I hear in my outward bound thought?
If the pen tells the paper will it be forever?
But then forever comes.
The black ink fades away.
Never.
The thought stays a sound.
Forgot and never found.
Truth and fact turn to fiction without diction.
Cover it up.
It's a must.
Then stop.
Mop up the black ink.
Wait for it to dry.
Daily I live a lie.
Sweep it under the rug.
Pull it out never.
Never will come.
I can't let it be known.
I truly want to die.
I kill myself with toxic ways...
Only on Saturdays.