

Anthology of Christina K

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My poetic Side 



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How to Live

I sat by myself alone in the dark
afraid it would consume me.
I felt a fear, a fear so loud
I thought that it might kill me.
I called out into the universe
hoping someone might hear me cry,
but no one came to rescue me
and for years I never knew why.
But then there was love.
Powerful, mighty, strong.
Now I know the time I spent alone
was because I was living wrong.

Ugly

My friends are so great.

They make me laugh,
they make me smile.

They make me mad,
they make me vile.

They walk too slow,
they talk too fast.

They cheer me on,
they hold me back.

They never speak,
they sing aloud.

They're all too humble,
they're all too proud.

They don't forget
to dig down deep.

They don't forget
to listen to me.

They lend a hand
when a ear is not enough.

They lend a voice
when mine gets rough.

They create the best times
alongside the worst.

They create the best days
along with the cursed.

But they also give me confidence,
an air I cannot fill.

They also give me comfort
to act the way I fit the bill.

When I am with them,
I see beauty.

When I am with them,

I forget that I'm ugly.

Wise

I am wise.
I hold the fire of truth in my eyes.
I will not let it reach its demise.
Because I am wise
and I know wisdom more than you.
I was a fool.
I played in my own happiness
and never thought twice about truth.
My eyes did not see,
my ears did not hear,
the things they didn't wish to know.
I ignored voices of wisdom.
I treaded deep paths of snow.
I wandered down valleys of ignorance.
Because truth - I didn't want to know.
But I woke up one day
and I cried
because I knew my foolish and selfish ways
had increased my pride.
I realized my life was spiraling down.
It was reaching unwanted points of dismay.
So I thought about how to fix it
and I realized the only true way
was to look at my past and learn
that I needed to uncover truth that day.
So I did and I confessed
that my wanton ways got me into a mess.
And I stood up for myself.
I cried no more.
Because it's hard to cry
when fiery truth is burning in your eyes

Everything Beautiful is You

The trees
the flowers
the grass
the plants.
The birds
the creatures
the people
the earth.
All the beauty
I find in
the world is
you.

Nonsense

If you call me ugly,
I'll remember every time someone told me I wasn't.
If you call me fat,
I'll remember every piece of clothing that fits.
If you call me a tight ass,
I'll remember every time I went with the flow.
If you call my chest small,
I'll remember that I'm a D which is three times the size of the girl you're trying to get to put out.
When you call me unhappy things,
I remember that I'm happy,
and I don't have to suffer like you.

The Thought

As I lost myself to consciousness,
The thought of kissing him danced on my lips.
But no one cut in to join my dance,
and I died slowly from failed romance.
But I still hope he cuts in soon,
to save my soul from its deadly slloom.
And yet I know he will never come through,
because he died from the thought of kissing you.

The House

To her it was just a house,
but to me it was a lifetime.
The walls were built with memories,
the ceilings stretched into the galaxies.
The floors had endured the weight of my sorrow,
the doors were pathways into new tomorrows.
But to her it was just a house.
The walls were made with brick.
The ceilings crafted with wood.
The floors were imported tile, stained carpet, scratched wood.
The door had been replaced twice.
To me it was a lifetime.

A Writer

The day I discovered I was born to write
was the day it was ripped from me.
The hateful critiques of idiocies
spurred a dark emptiness through me.
Someone had punched a hole through my heart
and left me out to die.
I lashed out at my family and friends
and for days I didn't know why.
Because when my dream was taken from me,
so were my thoughts and words.
And a writer is not a writer
if their thoughts and words go unheard.
The day I discovered I was born to write,
I set myself apart.
For a writer is not a writer
if their words don't come from their heart.

Today

I realized today
the best thing in my life
was the thing that couldn't be mine.

I realized today
I had thrown out everything
and wasted your precious time.

I realized today
that there's nothing I can say to you
because you don't care about me anymore.

Today, I realized
that the best thing going for me
was the last thing I was going for.

Waiting

Waiting is good.

When you wait, you gain patience.

When you wait, you get guidance.

When you wait, you find yourself.

When you wait, you focus on everyone else.

When you wait, you are able to make better decisions.

When you wait, you are happier with your condition.

When you wait, you get the best of what's in store.

When you wait, you get what you've been striving for.

But when I wait, I get tired.

I hate waiting.

But waiting is good.

Silence

"SILENCE,
silence,
silence,"
he shouted to the waves.
They crashed
and tore
his aching heart
away from love that day.
"The noise,"
he cried,
"has denied
my mind and soul alike."
But when he yelled
the waves dispelled
his voice
with a mighty spike.
For the man
was not a sailor,
he mistook
every step.
He suffered and cried,
unqualified,
and in the end,
his needs went unmet.
So there he died
his heart, denied
by the love
he thought would stay.
His cry for silence
to the sea's asylum
was unheard
by the waves.

The Clouds That Keep the Light Out

The clouds that keep the light out
scream for attention.

The sun and moon and stars -
the universe - forgot to mention
that the clouds were more important
than they are
or than they ever will be.

Because the clouds keep out the light
that shines

on the days that I miss you.

And I find it hard to miss you
when the sun is shining
and the skies
are a perfect shade of blue.

It's Okay

I hate myself
and that's okay
because I also know
I love the parts about me
that I hate
and I know you care
but not that much
because you love
those parts too.

Sometimes

Sometimes
at night
or in the
day I stop and
think about the way you
walk and talk and smile and
I begin to miss you
more than I did
yesterday and the
other day
before.

Warm

The weather started getting heavy,
the cold was tearing at my lungs.
Icy blasts of wind and snow
had rendered us the frozen ones.
The only reason I made it through
was because I always was with you.
Your beaming rays of sunshine
guaranteed your warmth would be mine.
And the fact you held me so close
had me thinking that without you,
I'd sink and drown in sorrow
far away from the place you held me and made me new.

The Smile

Today I got a smile
from the old man down the street.
His eyes were filled with kindness
as his heart opened to me.
I could see his good intentions
in his face as I stared
and it didn't make me happy
'cause I didn't really care.
My day had been okay, I guess
I didn't have much to tell,
but I passed him in a manner
that said "Hey, go to hell".
And I didn't feel bad
upon my first reflection,
but after the fourth, fifth, sixth time
I thought it over, I regret it.
So I made sure I went back
to his small house down the street,
and I flashed him a smile
with my unforgiving teeth.
And he did exactly what
any cute old man would do,
he showed me his favorite finger
and said, "Hey, fuck you too".

I Lost It

I lost it.
My heart broke.
Forever
It is gone.
I'll never see it again
I'll never hold it again
I'll never be the same again.
When I had it,
I was fine.
I did not think
I would lose it.
But I did.
And now I am torn.
And now I am broken.
And now I lost myself.
Forever
I am gone.

Fault of Imagination

Everything I wrote was an art piece.
The paint spilled out of my heart
and the inspiration came from my soul.
I formed images through color.
I molded mountains with my hands
and I sculpted statues of gold.
But then I looked down.
And the paper was smeared with lead.
My words did not fill the page.
It was ugly
and it sounded ugly too.
I pictured my art as something it was not
and I reaped the consequences
of my folly.

I'm Not Who I Thought I Was

I didn't know
I was someone
that I'm not.
I thought
I had myself
all figured out.
But when I went
against my own
wishes,
judgment,
beliefs,
I realized that
I never truly
knew myself
and
that mole I have on my forehead
is over my left eye
and not my right.

I Am Fine without You

On my own
I am completed.
On my own
I am undefeated.
And for whatever reason,
you think
that I need you.
You think
that I want you.
You think
I suffer
the days we are apart.
You think
my pain
comes from a broken heart.
But the only reason
I am hurting
is because
I find you annoying.
And I,
a goddess of love,
a controller of time,
an afflictor of pain,
am fine without
you.

The Colors of the Sky

As the colors of the sky
touched down atop the lake,
I forgot the world was black and white
and the scenery was fake.
The dream world I lived in
had kept me in too long,
I forgot the world outside was bad,
I forgot that world was wrong.
Yet the colors of the sky
seemed so real from where I stood,
I almost wanted to believe
I lived in a world of good.
But the world still stands so evil
with a fake, waxy facade,
and I wouldn't have thought twice about it
if the sky hadn't been so odd.

Alone

Locked up in a room
made up of my sorrows,
I sat and I waited
for each possible tomorrow.
Alone with my thoughts,
and alone with my feelings,
I sat and I waited
and my mind was always screaming.
With nowhere to go,
and nothing to do at all,
I fantasized about my life
outside of those four walls.
I waited for the day
of my glorious release,
and until that day,
I sent my captors constant, aching pleas.
I begged and I cried
to finally be free,
but no one seemed to listen,
and no one seemed to hear me.
For I knew not how long
my captivity would be,
because I never realized
that my captor was me.

Hope

Broken dreams.
A crushed heart.
The world spins,
but in reverse.
And although nothing
seems to be going right,
nothing is going
dreadfully wrong.

I wake up some nights
and I realize I'm all alone.
I thought I felt you.
I thought you were lying next to me.
But the space is empty.
My mind tries to fill in the gaps
you left there so long ago.
But I have not given up hope.

For we hope for things unseen,
and I have not yet seen you
or even known you.
Hope is out of reach.
It sits on my back,
in that one spot my hands cannot reach,
and it itches.

I want it.

I can almost touch it.

But I can never have it.
Because once I see
whatever it is I am hoping for,

there is no more hope.

I can only think back
to the time
I was filled with hope.

I can think back
to the time
you smiled at me
and I was happy.

To the time
you told me you loved me
and I loved you too.
You weren't lying,
you've just changed.

I think back
to the time
you really were there,
lying next to me.
And I hold on to that thought
just as you held
onto me.

And I think about the moments
we spent together,
laughing and talking,
like we had hope for our future.

We did,
but the future changed,
just like you,
and I am stuck here,
with the same hope
I have always had.

Nothing Can Stop Me Now

Motivation takes its form
in the unlikeliest of all things.
I am holding onto pulsing energy
no one else can see.
The beauty of my hidden talents
set me far above the rest,
for if I asked others what they were,
they wouldn't pass the test.
No one knows just what I do
because I never show them
that I'm a star at what I do,
and that is writing poems.
My motivation comes
from this unlikely thing,
and no one knows because
they don't think I'm good at rhyming.
For when I am in doubt or bored,
I type out my thoughts and feelings,
these poems exercise my mind
and always get me going.
My motivation comes and goes
but no one else knows how.
I keep it all a secret
and nothing can stop me now.

Afraid

Courage is a distant memory
that not even I have known.
It's something far away from me,
it's something I'll never own.
For when I am approached
with a task that is most daunting,
I retreat back into my shadows
and the thought of said task haunts me.
I have never been bold,
I have never stopped fights,
but as long as I am cowardly,
I can sleep safely at night.
I know I am afraid
and I honestly don't care,
for if I ever took a risk,
I'm not sure how well I'd fare.

I Wish

My bones shake.
My fever rages.
I want with a violent fury.
For if I get
what it is I wish,
I will forever be happy.

The Future

I'm thrown into
the crashing chaos of confusion.
Not knowing which path to take
or how to even choose it.
There are so many options,
so many ways to go,
I wish I wasn't in charge of myself,
I wish I had lost all control.
The future seems so far ahead,
unable to reached,
but in fact, it's so much closer now
than it has ever seemed.
I'm afraid I don't know what to do,
I'm afraid the battle's won,
for if I choose my future today,
I won't know if I chose wrong.

Love

I didn't know how much I could love you,
or what love really was.

Love is when I feel mad or angry at you.

Love is when you make me cry.

Love is when you disappoint me.

Because you couldn't affect me,
you couldn't change my mood,
unless I cared enough to love you.

Broken

I didn't know
how you could break
my heart in only one
sentence.

Our First Kiss

Today, I walked by the place
where we first kissed.
And I wasn't sad.
I was happy.
Happy to remember
we tried to look at the stars
but the clouds kept us from succeeding.
Happy to remember
when our noses touched
and elicited a spark that told us
we were in love.
Happy to remember
that my phone rang
and your lips lingered on mine a moment longer,
not wanting to let go.
That's why I thought you were happy.
Because you laughed at the chaos
that surrounded such a perfect moment,
and you told me that nothing would ever change.

Happiness

Happiness is overused,
OVERRATED, unexcused.
Trapped inside a weary web,
I spun myself vast wires of dread.
People painted perfect pictures
of who they thought they were,
and told themselves that they'd find happiness
within the painted blurs.
And when they didn't, they were angry,
pissed off, and quite confused,
so they spun their own damn webs
and blamed their problems on word use.
And I'm mad and I'm pissed
for reasons I can't show,
and I blame it all on happiness
so that I won't feel alone.

I Am Still in Love with You

I am stuck in an
everlasting pit of despair.
The people standing over me
just glare and swear and stare.
I got in way too easy,
now I'm learning to fall hard,
and maybe it's not worth it,
since you caught me so off-guard.
The way you used to hold me
took away my doubts and fears,
but knowing you don't love me
is the hardest thing to hear.
What's it like knowing that
someone loves you so hard?
I'm sure it can't be easy
since I caught you so off-guard.
And maybe I'm just crazy,
but I know I caught your stare,
I was standing right above you,
over your own pit of despair.

Sight

I see you
with my eyes
and I remember
that the real you
isn't the surface you,
you're hiding underneath,
in a place
where eyes cannot see.

The Stars

You stand under the stars
and you look up at them,
marvelling in their beauty,
taking in all their wonder.
They look down at you too,
and they wonder why you were created.
They see beauty in you too,
a different kind, though.
They see hope twinkle in your eyes
and they see how loved you are.
And they're confused.
You don't look as beautiful as them.
You do not shine as brightly as they do.
You are imperfect, and they are not.
But when you look away from those stars,
they don't look away from you.
We only give ourselves seconds
to marvel at their wonder,
but it takes them centuries
to wonder why we were made.
And that is a question
not even we can answer.

I Am Scared to Sleep

Your voice haunts me.
Your image dances in my head.
I cannot escape this feeling
that's been filling me with dread.
I am in a constant cycle
of anxiety and despair,
'cause every time I go to sleep,
I'll see you standing there.
Your arms will wrap around me,
I'll feel safe and sound,
but I wake up every morning
and you're nowhere to be found.
I see you every day
and I thought I could escape you,
but my mind is just another place
where I am unable to shake you.
So I tried to avoid
going to sleep at every cost,
but this overbearing restlessness
has only made me feel more lost.
Please get out
before I love you even more,
for these dreams are just reminding me
of the way we felt before.
I find myself collapsing
on the floor in one big heap.
Leave me alone
so I'm not scared to fall asleep.

Go

For the longest time,
everything within in me
wanted to hold on to you,
wanted to cling on to you.
My thoughts never separated
themselves from your name,
from your face,
from your hateful words.
I used to dwell deeply
on our past, what we were,
and I forgot that I needed
to look ahead to my own future.
But now, I have decided to be free.
You will no longer be in my mind,
you will no longer take over my dreams,
you will no longer be a person I cling to.
So go.
Far away.
Run.
I do not want you here.
Go
where you want,
be
who you want,
and
never come back.
For if you do,
I will surely never recover.

Outside

I saw the blue in the sky today,
the clouds had fled south,
and the wind breathed softly
on us who stood in its wake.
The sun was out and not too warm,
we basked in its comfort
as we stepped around puddles
of melted snow.
We could see all around us,
and most importantly,
we could see in ourselves
how truly happy we were.

Rage

This deep burning anger
has been building up inside me.
I kept feeding the flame
and nothing can satisfy me.
I can't release my rage,
I'm too afraid of what will show,
so I bury it inside
so no one will ever know.
The passion I set before me
is unable to be reached,
I'm mad 'cause I won't get it,
I'll never feel complete.
This rage that I've pent up
is because my dreams were crushed,
and this rage is so unnerving,
it feels so unjust.

Rage Part II

Your words sent my unrelenting
feelings to the top.
I overflowed with rage,
with feelings I couldn't stop.
And I let them all out,
in just a blink of an eye.
I let them all out
to save me from my mind.
I felt rage's strong power
flowing through me, coming out.
I felt it soar within me,
I felt it all about.
And the power that came with it
left me quite in shock.
I could have done more damage,
I could have done a lot.
But I managed to control it
although not deep within.
I was able to uphold it,
to respect it without chagrin.
And after I released it,
I felt a strong surge of relief.
For your words had just renewed me
and purged me of my grief.

I Am Afraid to Fall in Love Again

If love is a pit,
I am standing at the top, looking down.
I cannot see the end,
I do not know where it leads.
It's scary, it's dark.
If I jump in, I'll fall hard.
If it's too deep,
I won't be able to get back out.
If it's too shallow,
it won't be worth my time.
I need an endless pit -
one that does not have a bottom.
I need an endless love -
one I can survive.

Renewed

A brand new start,
I've been renewed.
Pulled out from
that grave into
a brand new world,
pale shades of blue,
a brand new start
that feels untrue.
I felt suppressed,
I thought I knew
those views of blue
were far too few.
And now with my
unobstructed view,
I see myself,
in shades of blue,
I see myself,
I've been renewed.

The Dark

Cold darkness
wraps around me.
I assume I'm trapped
I assume I can't be free.
All I know is that I'm alone.
I know that I am lost.
I know I can't be found.
And that feeling,
that pit in my stomach,
is everlasting.
It reminds me
I'm in darkness
and I can't get out
at least for now.

The Waiting Kills Me

Stagnant and petrified,
I'm standing still, quite terrified
of the path you've set before my eyes.
I have to wait to see it come alive.
But the waiting, it kills me.
And if I'm not already dead inside,
tomorrow I'll be quite surprised
to see myself still standing by
in this world filled only with todays.
Why can't it be tomorrow?
Why can't it all be here?
The waiting kills me -
the waiting paralyzes me with fear.

Be Still & Know

A gentle ball of energy,
A love caught in a rushing stream,
A path laid underneath my feet -
I am waiting to see the life for me.
Be still and know, he says.
But my life is the deepest point of the sea,
it stretches into nowhere, nothing, darkness.
How am I supposed to trust
if waiting only made me an empty carcass.
But a voice comes from deep inside of me -
It casts away the seeds of doubt I've sown.
It whispers to me gently,
Christina. Be still and know.

Love and the Universe

Obsessed with time and space,
I can't help but see something's missing.
I could stare at the stars my whole life,
I could study the planets till the day I die.
But if that's all I'm looking at,
Then I am truly seeing nothing.
If this world was a chaotic explosion,
Then why does something deep within me cry out
To the stars, to the universe?
Why do I feel a connection?
Someone has woven me into the fabric of a quilt -
They have taken time to stitch me perfectly
And place me perfectly.
The stars are the backdrop -
Hanging, glowing, shining brightly -
Connecting us to one another.
They cannot be a mistake.
They cannot be an accident.
They were placed perfectly, too.
It's not a one-ness with the earth we feel -
There are no spirits in the trees.
There's a God who dwells above us
He connects us together with love.
A love so potent, it holds the universe together,
A love so soft, we can feel it in a breeze.
A love so wise, we can't doubt it.
A love so present, we can't run from it.
So why us? We ask.
What makes us deserving of this love?
The simple answer is we're not.
And that makes it all the more valuable.

Inspiration

Thoughts untouched,
words unused,
how the fuck am i supposed to write this.

The Next Morning

The mornings after
he drinks
are the worst.
Because the bathroom
smells like vomit
though it's already been cleaned.
And he doesn't understand
exactly what he said
and just how much it hurt me.

Feelings

The endless parade
of emotional shades
pulled down on my face
is starting to fade.

Their feelings are real, why pretend they're not?

I've been emptied out
and jettied out
so how didn't they know

I was already out.

If feelings are real, why are mine not?

I am an empty vessel
of misery and deso-
late worrisome troubles
that can't be resolved.

Who knows what's real? I am not.

The Love is Gone

I'm sorry.
I don't love you anymore.
And to be honest, I'm not sure I ever did.
To me, you were a constant.
Always there, every day, for me to count on.
To me, you were a crutch.
To support me, every day. For me to count on.
To me, you were a catch.
You were perfect and that's one thing I could count on.
And you meant something, too.
You meant a lot, really.
And at times, I really thought I loved you.
But you knew it wasn't love.
And even now, as you read this, you know.
You remember the times we spent laughing?
The times we embraced each other.
Maybe that was love.
It doesn't really matter though.
It's gone anyway.

This is It.

How can you love me
if you're leaving?
I am filled with tidal waves
of anxiety
and emptiness is the only
thing that fills me.

You're supposed to be here,
you're supposed to love me.
How can you
if you're leaving?

As your constant companion,
I can't help but wonder
who I become when
the consistency ends.

You're supposed to be here,
I'm supposed to love you.
How can I
if you're leaving?

And I feel this dread inside me,
building up over time,
because when you're gone,
I'll be alone.

I'll be here still,
in the places we once ventured together.
In the light we once walked,
I'll be crouching in darkness.
Where we sat, under the stars at night,
I'll look up and be blind.

I'll lay in the grass at the park
in the sunlight and I'll shiver.
And I imagine I'll turn to
talk to you once or twice,
but I'll just catch the icy breeze
from your swift movements out the door.

You will be an image in my mind,
a thought once in my head.
Were you even real?
Were you even here?
Were you supposed to love me?
Were you supposed to care?

It doesn't matter.
You can't.
You're leaving.
So I guess this is it.

These Are My Words

I am against you.
In what you say and what you do,
I am strongly opposed.
I live a life far from pleasure
in the peace of a Savior
who looks on me with the grace of my God.
I am not like you
and I can't be.
Your way of life disgusts me,
the path you've chosen repels me.
Yet in this extreme awareness
of your lifestyle,
I have forgotten that mine was once the same.
I am not unlike you.
I was once in your shoes.
But the beliefs you've forsaken
are ones I still hold
and will continue to hold
until I see you again.
For I cling to them ever so tightly
in the fear that letting go
would put me where you are now -
in a place I've tried so hard to keep myself from.
So if I accept your actions
for even one moment,
I am accepting that they are good
when I know from experience they are not.
I can't fall into that path again.
I can't do that myself.
I am not you,
and I can't be.

Uncertainty

I was in love once.
Though I'm not sure how it ended
or if I was even there for it.
I'm uncertain about many things,
but I am not uncertain
that it was love.

Like A Moth

Unwanted, unfeeling,
and alone.
When released into freedom,
I poke holes in all I own.
I ruin all I see
due to my own desires.
I care not what others feel,
I just seek to fan their fires.
Plain and ugly,
I leave no one in awe.
Blending into backgrounds
so no one can see my flaws.
There is nothing exciting
about me to show.
No purpose on earth
that's surprising to behold.
I am nothing special,
please don't pretend I am.
When you see me, you won't hesitate
to squash me in your hand.

A Fool Repeats His Actions

I place my hope in people
like I place
heavy bricks
on thin glass.
And I wrap the cuts on my hand
with second chances
and dust the glass shards off
like disappointment
doesn't exist.
Who ever found love
in something so unstable?
Maybe I'll be first.

Funeral for Broken Dreams

Every now and then
I put on my nice black dress
and I lock my door
and I play a song of distress
on my ukulele.
I look out my window
and hope that rain is falling
so that my mood can follow.
My soul is melancholic
and my actions filled with sorrow.
I hold a funeral for my broken dreams
and lost tomorrows.

Like David

In the corners of my soul
I find darkness.
Deep and unnerving,
existing but not deserving
a chance to live.
For in me,
there is still light.
And as light leaves no shadow,
you, God,
cast no darkness.
But human nature
has its own will
and cannot be compared
to the will of He who made us.
The darkness dwindles daily.
With every prayer,
every letter of Your Word.
But it returns with my own desires.
And as light leaves no shadow,
you, God,
cast no darkness.
Make my soul like yours.

All Along

An ugly, lofty thought
burrowing deep inside my mind,
burning its image in my heart,
I resort only to my pride.
God, where are you now,
when the lies build up inside me?
Where do you hide
when they start to redefine me?
My ear is trained to hear your voice
but that constant has gone silent,
and now I'm stuck here in this void
as these thought start getting violent.
I cry out to hear your truth
but I feel more alone
as the lies start getting louder and
the fears still feel like home.
God, why can't you approach me
when I'm crippled with my fears?
I know they'll go away
once I feel you drawing near.
In my darkness I can't see you -
like I'm wandering in night -
for I know your familiar presence
is a crippling bright light.
Lord, replace these itching fears and lies
and fill me with your truth.
Pull me back to earth and
renew me to my roots.
Remind me that my failures
are forgiven in your sight.
Cast out all my anxiety
and give me peace in this dark night.
Humiliate me with your love

till I'm naked and ashamed
and re clothe me with your mercy
so your kingdom I can gain.
God, you hide from no one
despite what we have done,
and though I can't feel you now,
I know you've been there all along.

If I Ever Die

If I ever die
unexpectedly
please don't be alarmed or cry,
or shocked with the corpse you see.
Know that I'm at peace with God
and I'm held tight in his arms.
That I'm free from earthly suffering
and safe from this world's harm.

If I ever die
looking mangled or diseased,
don't turn your face from mine
or be scared at what you see.
If my body is contorted
or covered all in blood,
don't pity my pain or death,
just know I'm in the presence of His Love.

If I ever die
in a way that is unknown,
Don't sit around and wonder why
I didn't stay at home.
My life was filled with travesties
and treasures in and out.
I've leveled up to better things
much more fun to think about.

If I ever die,
please remember my whole life.
Focus on the good and fun
but don't forget the days of strife.
For my life has been the deepest
point in an endless, troubled sea
and I've often wondered if being born
is worth it or would I be
better off not seeing light

and feeling suffering inside?
I guess it doesn't really matter
If I ever die.

Reclaimed

I am barren
Lord have mercy.
I have sung and I have cried
My eyes are blurry.
You say I am more
Without conceiving
'Cause I realized my need
While I was grieving.
My Maker is my husband
the Lord of Hosts is his name.
The Holy One of Israel
Has called me back again.
You hid your face from me,
I was abandoned in disgrace.
Now you've called me back in mercy
so I may seek your face.

The One She Can't Hold

The hopes and dreams of a mother
Never seem to end,
Until reality besets her
And she has to try again.

Everything is dark at first
And then it turns to red.
Overwhelmed by the burst
Of clots she goes back to bed.

And waking up she realizes
The nightmare is not over.
For now, in pain, she agonizes
Over the babe she once hoped for.

She continues on with great groans
And with one big squeeze
And an inward moan
She hates that she hates what she sees.

Her eyes behold
The fruit of the pain to which she submit -
The death of the child she will never hold -
And now she has to flush it.