

As serenity floods//driving my brain in circles.
Humility reminds me to just let the composure be.
"God grant me the power to know the things I can change,
the things I can't,
and the difference."
But this pain has a face. Vilified. Unstricken.
Deeper than what my soul can give//higher than my mind.
Sharing all of my late night testimonies while your
tongues touch.
As the rat creeps past my eyes, onto your legs.
Dragging my mourning through the streets of our town.
First impressions//second glances at souls you'd think
you know.
Have you ever dreamed you would wake up dead? I'd swear
that I have.
But my word is temporary residence of my mind's eye.
Wandering.
Endless f**king trudge.
Recognition vs the ability to let go
of the places and people that destroy me the most
in ways there is no rhythm or reason.
And in that lies the sickness.
You. Just. Know.