

ENOUGH

We never end with "Goodbye."

Tastes like sour copper on my tongue

Won't get passed the clenching of my ground down teeth.

Never even "See you Later."

Cannot find it's way through the knot in my throat

Too many syllables before my voice catches.

After the initial 10 yrs., the bravery has melted from my face.

Make up has gone stale.

Ran out of ways to wear my hair.

But I could never grow tired of your face.

Senses could never dull to your gentle voice.

Rhythmic cadence of your healing words never gets old.

I am a volcano.

Years of pent-up frustration, pressure and turmoil suppressed under the surface.

Stuffed down the blood-curdling screams I can't release because I can't let any of you see my pain.

It hurts even worse to walk away knowing you feel the same way.

Helpless

Sometimes a little hopeless

So, we always end with "Love You."

Two syllables that graciously spill from our hearts.

But I have these two words from you.

It's enough.

Stuck

I'm Stuck.

Stuck in a rut

In a tiny cavern

Squeezing my breathing supply until...

Am I even breathing?

Can't feel my heartbeat anymore

Things that are broken are broke

I am on autopilot not knowing what day it is, what time it is, or what your name is

Everyone looks alike

Like another person getting another chance over and over

Harsh, harsh cruel reality of defeat

I am the laughingstock

Queen of disappointment and mockery

Grotesque sense of false hope I represent to the fullest

Is it my turn yet?

Missing

Silence is something different to everyone.

I ache for it, but I wonder if it will be deafening when I have the chance to experience it again.

I have mastered the art of blocking out everything external but cannot seem to get a grasp on silencing the internal.

There is not a band-aid massive enough to cover this type of affliction.

Truth is bottomless.

Grave runs cryptic.

I wear the color of Serendipity, but bleed calamity

The Search and Rescue Team came up empty.

Mission Failed.

My disappearance was not voluntary

Absent and at risk of lunacy

Misconceived by the delusion of the solid; The complete.

Displaced by the imposter

Absent from the relevant

Deemed past my expiration date

There was not enough room on the milk carton for my picture.

No one even knows I am missing.

No one would even know who they were searching for.

MANIA

I am bound in a prison, within a prison, inside a prison.

More than madness

A stockade for the irregular

A cooler for the fragmented

A glasshouse for derelicts

A warehouse full of castaways

Discarded deemed unredeemable.

Only emptied out of another's neglect

Detained limitations

Voracious out of the depletion of basic necessities.

Waiting for some relevance

The hour of estimation

Trying to prove one's distinction

To whom?

No such thing as flawless

Merciless with no merit

We have the ability to be whole

Collect our pieces

Reassemble to gain emotional control

No conditions to our greatness

An abysmal point beyond which one can go

It's just a matter of time.

ACCEPTABLY SLANTED

Is it me, or the monster living inside me? ...

The skeletons in my closet or dry bones I carry? ...

The monkey on my back or the thorn in my side? ...

Excuses or justification to keep me free from blame?...

Uncomplicated to marinate in my victim mentality?...

Am I the scapegoat or the assassin?...

Am I just existing, or have I expired?...

Challenges may come from without or within...

I refuse to be defined by any one of those things...

Unrest takes up residency in my space: eviction...

I keep waiting for my replacement, my relief,

I am left inconsolable, lowered my expectations...

Bottomless pit of wasted hungry hope ...

Exhausted from trying to dismiss my importance..

I am not an imitation of something...

I am someone worth taking seriously...

I am significant, relatively useful...

My appraisal does not depend on you or anyone...

In a certain light, my flaws tend to look beautiful..

Shine me up from years of tarnish and find a treasure...

There's no first or last place, just space to be who I am...

Grateful for favorable combination of circumstances, and time

Indebted for a chance to be something different...

A rest from disquieted, oppressive thoughts or emotions.

Bequest

Knowing who you are, and loving who you are, despite what other think, is the humblest form of vision

Putting stereotypes to death, disqualifying labels

Grown callouses so the ignorance never penetrates your lightness of heart

Reflects against your resilience

Educating the unlearned by prevailing

Compressed by lack of knowledge

Driven to find opportunities where some say they don't exist

Conditioned for success

Having an urgent quality to catch fire

Smooth mahogany

Sultry sanguine

An extension of midnight

Bronzed twilight

We learn how to live from your history

Your birthright stirs others to generate their legacy

The expansion of labor for one's self

Recovered from misfortune

Redirected into a destiny

Real purpose

It is not about survival

It is about what you do after you survive

When it hurt, you persisted

Your genealogy has brought forth change

It wasn't just a movement; it was a shift for the future

Hate turned to inspire

Ignorance turned into admiration

Incapable of being conquered

You have overcome, and continue to overcome, but plant seeds of hope in your path of tenacity

You matter

You are revered

You are loved

A dream turned into reality

HONOR

"Oh, say can you see..."

That we, the people you protect and serve are in debt to your bravery...

"...by the dawn's early light..."

...the early morning boot camps, endless shifts with no sleep, tours of duty with selflessness...

"...what so proudly we hail, at the twilight's last gleaming..."

...hours of thankless work, painstaking dedication you give to so many complete strangers, while sacrificing precious time with your loved ones...You call it Duty...

"...whose broad stripes and bright stars..."

...the red, white, and blue, black, brown, and rainbow, whatever color you represent...

"...through the perilous fight..."

...for our freedom, to speak, to worship, to believe, to educate, to be educated, to succeed as a woman...

"...o'er the ramparts we watched, we're so gallantly streaming..."

...to not have to be defined by a government, principle, person...to not have to be defined at all because of your sacrifice.

"...and the rockets' red glare..."

...through danger, warfare, right versus wrong...

"...the bombs bursting in air..."

...looking up to the sky to call out to God, looking behind you to see your comrades have your back, the losses, the gains, not knowing if you will see another sunrise...

"...gave proof through the night, that our flag was still there..."

...because of you, because of your dedication: our flag remains...

"...oh, say does that star-spangled banner yet wave..."

...over the crisp cool air of the Smokey Mountains, through the golden husk of the Midwest corn, across the crystal mystic blue waves of the Atlantic...Forever...

"...for the land of the free..."

...free from oppression, free to live in peace, free to choose my own values, free to be who I want to be...

"...and the home..."

...my home, your home, anyone's home, Our Home: America...

"...of the Brave."

UNFAITHFUL

I'm in an abusive relationship with my past

It holds on to me like a hostage

Can't differentiate who can't breathe without the other

Got your hooks embedded in my flesh

Fresh pink scars

Healing vacant

Your obsession with me is obscene

Aggressive to your prey

Every time I come up for air

Asphyxiation pulls me back under

You resuscitate me with your venom

Choke on your cancer

Rotted from the inside out

I'm cheating on everyone with my past

Tied down by choice

Don't know if I can live without you

Unfaithful to everyone but you

Dedicated to no one but you

Only you

My one true love

Thief

I feel like a thief with you

I have to sneak to try to steal just a little bit of your love

I have pretended for you

Pretended for my own pride

I have lied for you to make you look like you aren't as bad as you really are

Lied to myself to try to make me look like I'm not a fool

I am a believer, I see the best in people, so I keep searching for that in you

I have exhausted all resources when it comes to you

I can't make you be the person I want you to be

I can't keep wasting time hoping you will change

My change and your change are different

You expect me to settle for your acceptance and expectations

I expect you to embrace the genuineness of my love

I keep hoping for you to be humbled by the pure depth of my affection

I keep waiting for you to realize the type of life you could have if you would just let me love you

You don't get to pick and choose what you want from me

As long as I did what you wanted, it was okay

You are delusional when it comes to the way you want me to love you

You are demented to ask me to accept your inconsiderate ways

You are deranged to want me to understand your selfishness

Your love is unreasonable

We both just settle, but in different ways

You settle for anyone, anything, as long as it can benefit you

I settle for your pathetic manipulation

I settle for the "they don't mean anything to me"

You can't keep putting me in the corner until you are ready to play with me

You legitimately love the way I lie.

My lies give you power.

But they are just lies. Fabrications.

Why does my truth bother you so much?

It's mine.

It belongs to me, and I take full responsibility for it.

You have never been concerned about the damage your venom has done to me.

You have never felt the need to withhold your poison from my veins.

It almost killed me.

Sugar is really bad for you...

Rots your teeth to go along with whatever else may be rotting inside you.

Please just let me speak.

I sift through the moments we've had to pick ones that aren't "so bad"

I pacify your lies and excuses as to why you will never love me the way I love you

I want to smile when I hear your name

I want to trust and know I will only hear positive things about you

But when I think of you, I am consumed with anger

You string me along with barren promises

You prey on my past, and my vulnerabilities

All I receive from you is lies, broken promises, false hope

Your promises belong to someone else

Your promises were never meant for me

You love me out of convenience

You have never even given me the chance to love you

You have never given yourself a chance to love me

You have never given me a chance to love me

Some day you will wake up without my love and ache

One day you will hurt when you realize what you lost in me.

Suga'

My lips are coated with sugar,

My words drip with a gooey sweetness that sticks to your teeth like cotton candy.

Call it lies, buttered compliments, sugar-coating,

But I am about to go into a diabetic coma.

Always having to care about how you feel about what I say.

I am a soldier that guards my words like they are a national treasure.

Once upon a time my words were a lethal weapon. Hurt people Hurt people.

Call me silly puddy because I bend, and shape to whatever will save you from getting your feelings hurt.

Like a gymnast, I am super flexible

Making sure your needs are met, while I am stuffing the ache deeper and deeper.

You people have turned me in to a simpleton, uncomplicated, just plain.

That couldn't be further from the truth.

I am multi-faceted. Incomprehensible.

Impossible is what I am.

I am like an onion, multi-layered so that every time you peel a layer off, there is a whole other piece to taste.

Like an onion, some can't handle my texture, but they dig the flavor.

If you would just let me talk and be free with my words, you would want more of them.

My words would be your drug, full of whatever you truly needed.

I have no agenda, no connotation, just a perspective.

I have had so much time to think about the negative impact my words have had, I cling to them like the tightrope walker clenches the tightrope.

No more a bull in a china shop, but a conservationist of worth, of value, of reverence.

Let me let my cup runneth over with healing, and acceptance, and power, grief, compassion, or even fury, but let me have it.

I am no longer afraid of my flaws.

No longer ashamed of my inadequacies, so why are you?

I'm more comfortable in imperfection, so why can't you be?

HARVESTED SPIRIT By Lara Campbell

Remembering the past and learning from it is relevant but being controlled by the past to where you cannot see past the pain is being bound at its worst.

Be the Change that you seek. You are the one you've been waiting for.

Freedom is not something that is given to you, it is won at an expensive selfless price.

We succeed because of our failure. Sometimes we succeed at another person's failure, but that failure was at a devastating price.

Mistakes are like revitalizing food to grow your soul.

Roots are planted so deep that hatred cannot get a grip on them.

The human spirit can rise above despise and demise, because the potential for greatness resides within each of us.

We can only progress when struggle is a part of our lives.

We can't ever know what is enough until we know what is more than enough.

You refuse to reside with another's assumption about who you are. You dismiss the ignorant labeling of what you're made of, and the type of elegant soul that dances inside you.

Your ability to not only rise above it all but to glide across the misconstrued ugliness conjured by insecurities and falsehoods.

Truth always prevails, even it is gut-wrenching and knocks the wind out of you. Truth is power.

Hope lives in the overcoming of your pain. Hope grows from courage, which has the potential to be contagious to the oppressed.

An old Kenyan proverb tells us that "Sticks in a bundle are unbreakable." It doesn't say what color the sticks are, or where they came from, or what type of sticks they are, but they all came from the same tree, just like all of us. So many of us just refuse to see that beautiful, yet sometimes disturbing truth.

Love creates even the faintest light in the darkest of places.

Souls crawl out from hidden places.

In the end hate is too great of a burden to carry. For with hate the price is detrimental to loving yourself less.

We must all be each other's harvest, we must be each other's business, because we are connected by spirit, not a color.

FENCES

Forget you fence!

You're always in the way!

Keeping me away from everything I've ever wanted

Separating me from anything genuine

Disconnecting me from something concrete

Leaving me detached from all actuality

Severed from everything I love

Suffocating me with the bogus

Connecting me with the artificial counterfeit

In my face with synthetic and imitation

Saturated with falsehood

Submerged in the lackadaisical

Lost in the land of indifference

Kingdom of listlessness

Province of the misplaced

Realm of the distorters of truth

Never free from added matter

Isolated from the legitimate

You are a control freak!

You are a bully!

An antagonist taunting my sanity

You are my enemy

Cut-throat coveter playing with my emancipation

How dare you deny my greatness?

You have come between me and my everything

Are you keeping the bad in?

Or are you keeping the bad out?

You tease me with your fortress of power

You are my Alcatraz