

Everything and A Little More

Wilted flowers,
 shattered vase.
 Hate seeps through
 the empty space.
 Depth in the dark,
 light in the sun.
 Without depth,
 there is no one.
 Mama is wilting,
 so am I,
 our problems stack up
 ten feet high.
 I cannot write
 because I pause.
 Stopping to think
 is a writing loss.
 Dad is busy and
 we have no time.
 We have some money,
 but not the right kind.
 All deep thoughts
 like to sink low.
 Maybe that's why
 we lose them so.
 If they don't understand,
 I won't let them know.
 My mind is a cage
 that won't let words go.
 But without awareness,
 there is no effect.
 How can you think
 when there's nothing left?
 Chalk in the street
 is my escape.
 The things that I think
 are what I create.
 My words can be formed,
 they're built out of clay,
 but once they are hardened,
 they won't go away.

Flowers grow tall,
 from the sky to the ground.
 Why do we plant them
 and then cut them down?
 Without roots in the earth,
 their color will fade.
 The petals will wilt
 and fall like a cascade.
 The fish in the ocean will
 die outside of the sea.
 We will die in it,
 we both need air to breathe.
 The feelings we hide
 are stuck in our minds,
 rotting and waiting for
 someone to find.
 The sticks and the stones
 will surely hurt less
 than the mountains of words
 being thrown at your chest.
 We want to be skinny,
 we want to be loved,
 but nobody is perfect.
 Why aren't we enough?
 The pain that we bring
 can stab us like wire.
 The glares that we feel
 are the ashes of a fire..
 the reminders of the flames
 that flickered with despair.
 How do we know
 if love is really there?
 Words wrap around my mind
 like the branches on trees.
 Without words,
 what would our world be?
 I wish life were better.
 I wish I were more.
 I wish I knew everything
 that life has in store.

Will I touch the stars
instead of just reach?
Maybe I'll grow up
and learn how to teach.
But all I want now
is to be understood.
To inspire the world
and to do something good.
Poetry on paper,
flowers in a vase.
Have the glue at hand,
but that's just in case
for when I am broken,
shattered to the core.
Hold me and listen, hear
my everything and a little more.