

Constellations

We are all stars in a sea of darkness,
Our light bright and full of happiness.
Together we form a constellation,
for what was once bright and beautiful is now a structure painted on a canvas of togetherness.

A universe of connection, a sky of perfection, a comment of affection,
words of creation and not of destruction

Together as a constellation we shine brighter than we do on our own,
we form a connection, a family, a love, and we call it home.

Our brightness in the night cuts through the darkness,
and when one of us goes dim it hurts us all.

The darkness is weaker and that's easily true,
because when we shine, we shine together and we shine straight through.

The darkness tries to flip your switch,
it tells us things that make our light twitch.

At times we feel dim and almost nonexistent,
but in this constellation, you're a key piece in it.

Together, like a puzzle with one piece gone,
without you in it, everything is wrong.

Stained Glass

Across from me peering
Into the stained glass window,
A woman, cold, lonely,
Forgotten as a soldier's widow

Whispers into shadows,
In corners of my temple.
With God all around,
Still no one who is eternal.

Stories on the walls,
Keep light from shining through.
A stained glass window,
Is the barrier of me and you.

To reach out,
To take her in.
I would sacrifice my title,
And give myself her sin.

The women of purity,
Of a dark, lightless habit.
They look towards me, a man,
Full of godly, unjustified merit.

Maybe I'll wipe clean
My title formed by bishops.
Find my own way living,
Ecstasy, sweet like black licorice.

I was never made for stories,
White painted and red lines.
Instead a life of excitement,
Intoxication not of communion wines.

Monologue of the Heart

I live for you,
And you, you give me life.
Every moment I fight to go on,
But you, you add weight to my strife.

Can't you see? You make things difficult.
Not just for you but for me.
You eat junk food, never work out,
And your time is consumed with the tv.

Maybe if you took your eyes off of the video
And looked inside
You would see a story, remarkable,
One that you can't hide.

I was talking to my neighbor,
On Diaphragm Way.
They told me about how you started smoking
Just the other day.

One in five,
Six million,
With noxious gas,
There's no way we wouldn't feel it.

I'm with you because I have to be,
And there's no way I'll ever leave.
But you're hurting yourself,
And as for me, I am the reason you bleed.

Expanded atriums, ventricles,
You're not in love, yet your heart is swollen.

But who could ever love you?
In time you'll be dead.
As soon as I give,
There won't be blood in your head.

Call it an intervention
Call it my final gasp
But after a heart attack,
There's so much you would take back.