

Growth

*Through the cracks,
A flower will rise,
Between the stacks
Of the concrete's demise.
The flower will grow,
Wherein the rain will flow,
As does the settle of snow.
It will sprout
Through the rubble grout.
But in order to blossom to the sun,
It will shout.*

Strange

*A flow of emotions course through my veins,
Steaming mad like a steam train,
The sorrow of thunder, followed by rain.
But just enough to keep my sane.
This flood stains my memories,
Singing the false melodies,
Creating the unsolvable mysteries.
But a new feeling comes to fruition.
Like a domino effect, it ceases my cognition.
My heart beats to its effusive attrition.
Except it begins a passionate ignition.*

Use me

*I'm an artist,
You will be my canvas,
I will inspire on your carcass,
Please remember this.
You will be my shining light,
To my inevitable darkness.
You will teach me to fight,
And to run the farthest.
You will teach me to love,
Even when I'm at my lowest.
You will help me reach the worlds and stars above,
Because this world is hopeless.
You will... right?*

Odd odds

*Unlucky, misfortunate, or cursed
There's no way thing can get any worse
It's like the universe want to coerce
Me and my sanity into this strange entity
My effusive identity wants to turn
'Me' into 'we'
But I can't see the odds of this happening
I'm ill-fated with this kinds of thing
The odds of us sting*

Mute

I love you

I feel you

I want you

I see you

You are everything I seek

But I'm weak

But I can't speak

I've been but on mute

I leak in emotion

To an affectionate devotion to you

To love you

Through and through

Hoping I have nothing to lose

But to lose you

I lose

Limit

You've piqued my curiosity

As I'm pushed to the peak of my monstrosity.

There's a jagged line,

Splitting what is yours and what is mine.

We wane in the wandering winds,

Which wither the weakening world.

I'm hurled to the ends of the Earth

To test all that I am worth.

The depths of my beating clockwork

Jerk and lurk,

To your irresistible smirk.

Missing

*There's a void im yearning to fill
I want to feel the lustrous thrill
That'll make space and time stand still
You can complete me against my unstable will
Lashing a stunning chill
Instead you instill an ill quill
Into me.
I need something within me
As I'm crying a plea,
Like an unstoppable banshee.
My core is vacant like the dead sea.*

Forge

*Cast in an eternal flame
You are the smtih to blame
You bring both honour and shame
When you speak my cursed name.
You must tame my inner beast
In order to feast on my flesh.
You intrude my crude, lewd mesh
As you thresh your way through
With that divine sword you drew.*

Makes No Sense

My senses are sent to the drainpipes like a couple of cents.

I see the steam rise from the warm concrete.

It rises between the toes on our feet.

I detect an exciting aroma that smells so bittersweet.

I taste a poison that does not give a welcoming greet.

It's embedded in our ravished meat.

I feel the imperfections of where the creases of our skins meet.

There is an upbeat heat from our connected deceit.

I hear the shouting, screaming, screeching, stomping, slapping beat.

Of your heart's empowering fleet marching in the street.

I admit defeat as you compete

*To make me smell, sound, taste, see, feel
complete.*

Crossroads

I need to decide whats wrong from right.

I need to spread my tattered wings and take flight.

But the decisions I must choose give me fright.

I'm separated between the darkness and the light.

But both paths don't have an end in sight.

I must decide within the night.

The roads are winding and tight.

My own destination must be one I write.

Only I can walk with either a bark or a bite.

I must fight my own fight.

Rhythm

My heart is beating like a chugging train

My heart is beating like the roof getting beat by the freezing rain.

My heart is beating like the flourishing city of Maine.

My heart is beating like the propellers of a plane.

My heart is beating like the stomping paws of a Great Dane.

My heart is beating like I'm going insane.

My heart is beating

A new pain.

Sea

I'm set afloat

In this sinking boat

Caught in your deep moat

With the water choking my throat

My own fate is what I wrote

As I'm thrown by the sea's anger.

You're my severed anchor.

Numb

I've sustained myself from hurt

I've had my face shoved in dirt

I've said things I wish I hadn't blurt.

My feelings want to avert

To something so uncontrollably overt

But is instead sent to a desert

To revert its inert alert

From an introvert to an extrovert

I am an emotional pervert

Sent to the far outskirts

I suffocate every gasp

Because I can't grasp close

The protective clasp you chose.

I am merely a rose in your vase of poisoned water

I'm a small sheep in your slaughter house.

You start to get me aroused.

I am the ship at sea and you are my lighthouse.

You guide me like a game of cat and mouse.

I cling to you like a measely little louse.

You douse my forever beating drum

And you cursedly hum

To make me weak and numb.