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### **Me**

The waves rush for the shores,  
Where they can wet the dry sand,  
They gather up their strength,  
Marshal every ounce of vigor,  
And when momentum is sufficient,  
Lunge angrily at the unmoving beach.

Day in, day out, She comes,  
Involuntarily, unable to stop Herself,  
She must feel useful, or She dies.  
She must be on the move, or She withers.  
Where would She store her strength?  
Where would She take her bulky mass?

And so, every day without fail,  
The waves rush for the shores,  
For in movement, they find purpose.  
In fine splashes, do they find happiness,  
In the eyes of those who stare out to sea,  
Do they find reason to come back again?

Like the ocean waves each day,  
I walk to the beach to discover,  
The reason I am alive today.  
As my life's storms repeatedly come,  
Ceaselessly attempting to squash my dreams,  
So, do the waves ... every day.

To calm me!

### **Death or Life?**

The white powder beckons,  
Its smile so warm and inviting,  
The pull too much to resist.  
Every tiny particle is a promise,  
A promise to numb every pain,  
Pain that has brought me here,  
Here – Where numbness is the only way not to die.

I sniff, the tears falling with abandon,  
 I close my eyes, shutting out the dazzling beauty.  
 I bite my lower lip, to replace the pain of longing.  
 Images swim behind my eyes,  
 Eyes that are sore with tears,  
 Tears that empty me off all feelings,  
 Feelings – That I struggle to keep.

Still – The white powder frantically waves,  
 Still – The painful yearning comes at me,  
 Still – The forlorn figure of my mother stares me down,  
 Down where highs have dumped my body,  
 This body that's no longer attractive to men,  
 Men that now have beautiful, picturesque families,  
 Families that I once dreamt of too.

I reach out to take it,  
 Bereft of all resistance,  
 I sniff ... once, twice ...  
 The die is cast.  
 I'm dying.

### **My Papa**

Bleep! Bleep! Bleep! Bleep!  
 The sounds bounced off the white walls,  
 Monotonous, boring,  
 Like Father Paul's Sunday sermons.  
 Shades of blue, pink, yellow ...  
 There are too many colors.  
 Was it a rainbow? One? Two?  
 Why were the colors mixed up?  
 Did colors speak?  
 Their voices sound strangled.

There it goes again,  
 The axe that keeps splitting,  
 Splitting wood in my head.  
 Why can't Mama stop it,  
 The way she stopped Tommy from beating me?  
 Why did Papa leave?  
 Maybe Mama is tired ...  
 He would have helped Mama.  
 The axe must be so blunt,  
 That's why it hasn't finished cutting wood.

When I grow up,  
 I'll never leave Mama,  
 Or my little brother Foxy.  
 If Papa hadn't left us,  
 I wouldn't have run after him,  
 Then, I wouldn't have tripped,  
 Then, that big, blue, monster bike,  
 With Mama's fat, ugly boyfriend on it,  
 Wouldn't have hit me on the head.

### **The Wait**

I watched them lower her,  
 Lower, and lower, and lower,  
 Down into the brown, wet earth,  
 I willed her to wake up,  
 To prove all these people wrong.  
 I cried and shouted and screamed,  
 But no sound came.

They weren't very careful,  
 Why then would the rope slip?  
 Why then would she tumble,  
 And fall with that cold, faint thud?  
 Was she really there,  
 Watching them do that to her?

If she were,  
 They would be more careful.  
 She would have put her hands on her tiny hips,  
 She would have opened her mouth,  
 The words would have tumble out,  
 With the speed of the thrashings on my buttocks.

If she were,  
 She would have held me in her arms,  
 Wiped away the tears on my face,  
 Fumbled for a handkerchief in her purse,  
 And pushed it into my clenched fist,  
 Cooing her love into my ears.

And so, I turned away from them,  
 Pushing through the solemn crowd,  
 Walked straight past my grandmother,  
 Ignoring her alarmed look,

Headed for my mother's bedroom.  
My mind was made up.  
I would lie on her bed,  
Until she came back to me.