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How a Heart Beats

Day by day. Minute by minute.
Hearts tend to skip a beat
when we trip over our feet.
Hearts break after mistakes.
Hearts work hard to remedy
the pain created by the brain.
Hearts pump flowing blood
as tears and dirt make mud.
With each step, hearts beat
faster in times of disaster.
As long as my heart is still
beating, time is still fleeing.
I feel my heart pump slowly
with less blood flowing. Life
has taught me that heartbeats
appear when I face my fears.
In this life, I am starting to
notice how my heart works.
Now, through the joy and hurt,
I value life for what it's worth.

Spilled Beans

Don't cry over spilled beans.
Some secrets don't make it
to the grave. By all means,
secrets get caught between
a rock and a hard place:
a happy and a sad face.
It's one thing to give it away.
It's another to never say.
One day, no one will care
for the beans we spilled.
Don't cry over spilled beans.
Fear no judgment. Live on.
The spilled beans are gone
as our spirits grow strong.

New Face. Who Dis?

Leatherface beat the case.
He can wear many faces.
Tall as hell. One can tell
evil consumed him and
his heart. All his exes live
and died in Texas. You
bet he ate George Strait.
He kept his chainsaw ripping
and his cholesterol high from
eating enormous apple pies,
Kentucky Fried chicken
thighs, and human eyes.
He cares not that he is
“slow” or dumb. If you
hear the chainsaw: run.
The fun has just begun.
Leatherface can’t die.
He will beat another
case. Life is a race,
and he’s in first place.
There is no need
to worry. Leather-
face may be as dumb
as nails, yet he is as tough
as them. He can’t spell,
but he can read brail.
He does mean well.
Too bad there’s no one

left who can tell.

The Blame Game

Who is to blame in this game of life? Who controls endings? Beginnings? Who has a say in how these things play out? Who are the team captains? Do they know what's happening? In life, there are players, coaches, referees, judges, spectators, commentators, analysts, rivalries, and concessions. Is there anyone to blame when we lose this game? I say no because I know that life can't be tamed or controlled. There is no way to predict the outcome. There is no way to get our hands on a script. In this life, it is easy to play the blame game by leaving out our own names. Some choose not to engage. Most decide to play. Don't give blame, and take responsibility. Remember that this game turns out to be our reality.

The Air Between

I look up and breathe.
Both my eyes close
as I exhale. I see you
take a breath after
I take mine. The air
between us thickens.
The energy flowing
means that tension
is growing. The air
between you and I
forms an invisible
wall - one too small
to see through. The air
between us dances
back and forth.
Recycled over again,
the air between us
is more than a gust.
The air between us
knocks off the rust.
It shakes off the dust.
I look up and breathe.
I smile and take in
the air that we share.

I Wonder

Sometimes, I sit there
and wonder. I think
as bluebirds sing.

I get lost in thought
as church bells ring.

I drift away. I wonder
about things that
can't be changed.

I wonder if I ever
broke out of the cage.

I wonder about
the past. I remember
keeping track.

I wonder as rain
dances with thunder.

Sometimes, I sit there
and wonder. I forget
where I am. I fade
away before I
remember what

I was going to say.

Sometimes, I wonder.
Still. Silent. Content.

Sometimes, I wonder
where the time went.

Behind the Scenes

I am the leading actor
in this movie of life.
The cameras are rolling
all day and all night.
The scenes are shot
from my eyesight
with or without light.
The film developed
is stored in my brain.
There are no 'cuts' or
'do-overs'. The camera
keeps rolling whether
sleeping or bowling.
As my movie finishes,
my memory diminishes.
Once the movie is made,
all things in life fade.
Only if you saw behind
the scenes, you would
understand the man
that I am. You would
see all that I was:
the good, bad, and ugly.
See me for me and look
for all the good things
that I am and will be.

Yikes

Pick up the phone. Open Facebook. Yikes.
Facepalm. Like, SMH. It's alright to not
complain. Try to talk to someone with
a brain in their head without a phone
in their hand. Change of plans. Relax
your hands. Now, open Twitter. Yikes.
Nothing but litter. Open Instagram. Yikes.
Robots disguised as humans. Souls traded
for likes. Yikes. The internet can't
be real because it doesn't think or feel.
Yet, people that use it do, but they forget
what's really real. What's the big deal?
These words are real. They will live on
long after I'm gone. Pick up the phone.
Yikes. Put it down before you drown.

Under the Hood

Look under the hood
before you ride.
Discover what drives
you. Cars with dents
and dings still run.
Being an older car
takes you just as far.
Every car is different.
Some cars are new.
Others just make do.
Different builds, colors,
and interiors show
us not one single car
is superior. Stop.
Pop the hood and
get a good look.
If you can tell that
all is well, then go
faster. Drive further.
Change the oil,
buckle up, and hit
the gas. No need to
make it last because
in the end, whether
we were slow or fast,
we crash or get passed.

Behind the Mask

Behind every mask
hides a hurting face.
People mask emotions
by concealing feelings.
People mask pain
every single day.
Everyone wants to
know who's behind
the mask, but they
never ask what is
behind the mask.
So much more is
behind the mask.
Don't be afraid
to show yourself.
It's time to take
off the mask
and face the world.
Rid yourself of
the hurt and pain.

Gray Days

Some days are gray days.
Dark clouds. Heavy rain.
No umbrella can help
us stay dry. Some days,
gray days fade to blue.
Most days, raindrops fall
turning seeds into trees.
Some days, the breeze
reminds us of the cold
world we occupy. We try
to get through the gray
days. On the worst days,
we find ways to follow
the light that pierces
the darkness. We have
seen many gray days.
We know it to be tough
when smooth becomes
rough. We know that
life has its ups, downs,
and roundabouts. Life
is full of green grass,
blue skies, gray days
and we are full of life.
Look past the haze;
do not let gray days
take the sunshine away.

Read the Room

You don't have to be literate
to read the room. You don't
have to know how to sweep
to use a broom. You don't
need feet to own shoes.
Rooms are like books on
a shelf. People are like words
on a page. Sometimes, it takes
a while for some to open up.
Each person has their own
definition of life. Views
and perspectives differ.
Beauty is in the eye of
the beholder. Lessons
are learned and days
grow shorter as we get
older. You don't need
a folder to read the room.
Open your eyes and look
around. Take it all in
as you read the room.
From womb to the tomb,
leave no room for regret.
Read the room and learn
how fires burn. Read
each person's face. Learn
just how the world turns.
Whatever you decide to do,
know that it is better to

read the room than to
leave the room. Look.
We can all be open books.

Out of Control

The world is out of control.
Sharp minds become dull.
Stress can squeeze the life
out of a soul. If there is not
a light in sight, just breathe.
Keep fighting; don't freeze.
Know you can't change
the direction of the breeze.
Sometimes, it's better to stay
than to walk away and leave.
People are out of control.
There are more questions
than answers. There are
more songs than dancers.
Life is like rolling some dice.
It is hard to roll the same
number twice. Each day
is another opportunity to
encounter something new,
to reach a higher view,
to get better-looking shoes.
The puppet master has cut
the strings making things
out of control. The guy
upstairs never stopped
shaking the snow globe.
When life is out of control,
the answer finds the soul.

Rope Burns

As life gets heavier,
my grip naturally tightens.
I am playing tug of war,
and on the other side
of the rope is the fear
that I lose all hope.
I am always trying
to stay grounded when
my mind is flying.
I am trying to live
instead of thinking
of death or dying.
When I try to pull,
I feel that the hole
in my soul becomes
filled: almost full.
In this life, I tug, tug,
and tug. I attempt to
stand on top of a rug
that is being pulled
from under me. See,
these rope burns
come easy. I won't
slip or lose my grip
until the sweet taste
of victory drips off
of my quivering lips.

Fade to Gray

Time continues to slip
through my gentle grip.
The clothes on my back
continue to get ripped.
My words get flipped.
Blue skies open wide
bringing those who hide
out into the holy light.
Blue skies seem to fade
to gray when the sun
goes away. I don't mind
doing a little dance
under the thunder.
Days fade to gray
as rain drops drip
onto a vacant crypt.
All colors eventually
fade to gray. Evidently,
some shade is man-made.

Time to Shine

It's time to shine. Dry those eyes.
Move into the night. Dance as
you watch the sunrise. Seize
the day. Enjoy each passing
moment. Breath: it will be okay.
Exist. Live without trying. Smile
after crying. Push yourself to be
the light that fights the dark.
Don't be a dog that won't bark.
Don't be a fish. Be a shark
that tears negativity apart.
When every candle blows out,
and each light turns off, be
the light that guides others.
It's our time to shine. Time
to write the end of this line.

The Key

There are gatekeepers
that hold the key
to the kingdom –
the key to success.
They hold the key.
There are street sweepers
that hold guns and cuffs.
They hold the key.
There is a grim reaper
among the living.
He holds the key
to the afterlife.
With him, it's on sight.
There are timekeepers
watching from the other
side. There are spirits
that know when to hide.
They hold the key
to the somber skies.
There are old leaders
driving imported cars.
They hold the key.
There are people
like you and me.
We, too, hold the key
that will, one day,
set our souls free.

Dead Ends

The rubber met the road. The pedal hit the metal.
Raindrops filled the kettle. The explorer did not settle.
The peasant earns Shekels. Many faces wear frowns.
Some attendees heckled. The rubber met the road.
The host ended the show. Robots speak morse code.
Frogs claim to be toads. The snakes in the grass
slither fast as the blades cut and the blinds shut.
In life, follow your sight and do what is right.
Trust your gut. Pretend that you did not just hit
a dead end. Go spend time before time spends
you. It is time to lose the shoes and move out
of the way of the kicking boot. I mean, shoot.
Time to turn around. We are not quite ready
to sing the blues, read the news, or face
the fact that we must pay off our debt.
Just turn around and you will be free: set.

Look Alive

Don't be a dead man walking.
No need to be a sitting duck.
Don't be down on your luck.
No need to be feeling bad
when you miss all the things
you wish you could have back.
Don't stare at your reflection
for too long. Change it up.
No need to replay the song.
Move on. Wake up and look
alive. Buy the ticket and enjoy
the ride. Know when to show
and when to hide. Look alive.
No need to slip into the night
when we can just take flight.

Bombs Away

My finger is on the button.
Let me know when to press
it. One finger can change
everything. A single bomb,
when inside its proximity,
causes utter dysfunction
due to its mass destruction.
Leaving nothing but rubble,
a bomb will cause trouble.
When there is nothing left
but fragments of the past,
a thriving history surely
will not last. After a blast,
the surviving buildings
are just sad shadows cast.
Tell me when. I'll press it.
When it is pressed, know
that's when war begins
as peace is put to rest.

Down in Flames

Fight fire with fire. See
the flames kiss the sky.
Watch the sparks fly.
Feel the temperature
rise as cold weather
dies. Think back to
a time when the clouds
cried. Feel the heat
rip like a baseball
hitting a catcher's mitt.
Poison swirls inside
a dormant mind.
Love stays on
the brain as hate
goes down the drain.
When life knocks,
do not be afraid
to open the door.
When the heat rises,
try not to go down
in flames. Save your-
self. Ask for help
before you strike
matches that will
turn all into ashes.

In the End

Life, as we know it, fades away. Those we come to know and love becomes memories. I once heard: “The only thing that is constant is change.” Each day is not the same. In the end, death can cash a check life can't. We can't take back time, but others can draw a line from our birth to our death when the sun decides to set. In the end, just pretend you watched a really cool documentary that was shot from your eyes. As the credits roll, smile, laugh, cry, shout because, in the end, that is what life's about.