

My Dying Wish

BY: MIRANDA MACK

Despite the innumerable mistakes and mass of poor decisions,
Beyond the ways I mishandled situations or chose to run instead of handling them at all.
Not considering the sleepless nights and tears I cried over things I could not change.
Not regarding the times when I gave up and refused to face the pain...

In the midst of declarations to be “done” with people and situations that caused me to compromise, but turning back to them at the end of the day.
Although I was barren and never married, defeating a great part of my purpose as a woman...

In the midst of the failures that hovered over me as a full, dark rain cloud;
Forgetting that I was far from perfect and often the opposite of what I professed to be.
Blinded to my own beauty and sense of security.
Despite the promises broken by my life’s unexpected end,
The way I swiftly eased away...

My dying wish is that my life, although it may not have served great purpose to me, could some-how have meant something for someone along the way.

Understanding

BY: ERIC HEPPNER

Sweet Sophia, Wisdom’s daughter,
sometimes stays with me.
And I can stand, a man complete,
in her pleasant company.
Yet, she is as capricious
as the water in the sea
And wont to let me wander
In Lethe’s agony.

Pain from 0-10

BY: EVA BELLON

It builds and you think you’re fine
It builds and you say it’s ok
It builds and you refuse to cry
It builds and you begin to fight
It builds and you remain still
It builds and you start to slip
It builds and you fall into shock
It builds and you forget who you are
It builds and you want nothing more than nothingness