No Title Chosen

Here I am to lay before you a type of sight, my sight. Every day someone dies, someone lies, someone spys.

But where are the glowing flowers, mass waters, vivacious skies? They are in my mind.

Someone says they are before my eyes.

But I reply and boldly deny the truth of this dreadful story.

Every minute a hour a child is born, a child laughs, a child stands, a child opens eyes what wants to be seen.

So why then should you evil oppressors away my mind's eye and disfigure my dreams?

Love

The sun rays still shining bright at 7:30 pm, an idle lake at sunset when the sky is pink and blue, a homemade cupcake, icing and all a vacation with my friends my favorite song! my favorite song! my a good home cooked meal
a soft kiss on the back of my neck.
a child asking me what's next?
hersmile, the way she walks, and
her wild hair, her eyes, her laugh, her!
Fair games.
Fun: no names, my hand fits this
glove.
I do it because I fell everyday
not for me but for...