

### **care about caring**

why should I care about those who don't care to care about caring? *'why do they come regardless of not really wanting to?'* I sit in a starch white room devoid of all color my hair my eyes even my skin matches the nothingness people come people go *'none really want to have come in the first place'* the stitches across my skin make a patchwork blanket out of my outer layer *'a blanket with no warmth'* I can't move but I still can smell the sick antiseptic clashing with the fake floral-scented cover up trying to hard to mask it I want to throw up the fluids they pump into me to keep me alive *'please please make it go away'* the nurse she comes in she comes in with a needle in her hand a needle that contains drugs drugs that should make me are supposed to make me drowsy and but they don't they don't they make me restless I haven't slept in weeks *'bags will never leave the edges of my eyes'* and they tell me it'll make the pain go bye bye but makes it hurt more not in my body but in my soul *'no no I beg you no more no more shot I hate them please no no'* the words never leave my mouth they can't I can't speak them the needle draws near my arm I hate the way it slides into my skin injecting chemicals *'no more please no more no more'* I feel tainted more and more every time they put more and more into me she leave I'm alone wired oh so tired but I know I won't sleep I know I know it all to well and now I'm alone alone so blessedly alone for the rest of the night but I miss talking to people so I begin to respond to the voices in my head because they're the only ones who understand the only ones who really care because they suffer like I do they went through it with me they don't pretend everything'll be fine because it won't I know it won't and so I retreat into my head with the closing of my eyes and never never ever look back and never never ever want to look back for now I'm free free free *'who knew comas were so amazing'* I love this I'm finally alone with myself and my other selves and no one can bother us I can't see the outside world but I can hear them go away go away go just leave me alone alone they sob and its loud be quiet be quiet be silent I want to leave even further and so I do I do I go to the other side it's quiet peaceful there's no more pain no more noise no more anything I can be left to my thoughts think for eternity and now I'm finally at peace and nothing will ever ruin me again

## **Cloak of Wolf Skin**

When I was but a pup,  
I had an immense family.  
There was my mother with  
her silky coat of moon-grey fur  
and sunset-gold eyes, and she  
was as clever as she was charming.  
My father was the biggest, the strongest,  
with muscles as thick as tree branches and  
stronger than the invasive vines that crept up  
the trunks of the oaks and maples. My sisters,  
both younger than I, were favored among our pack.

I thought life was oh-so-grand,  
for I had never known sorrow nor ire.  
I had never felt as excited as the day  
before my first hunt, the day before I'd  
be a cub. And it was then  
a devilish man-pack struck.  
Using fire and spears and  
bows and arrows,  
they slew all but  
me.

For my mother had told me to run, to hide,  
and I had done as she said.  
But as I watched them slay my father,  
my mother,  
my two petite sisters, the entire pack.  
I watched as everything I knew burned  
more effectively than any forest fire  
that the elders had told horror stories of.

Something within me burned that day—  
Madness  
is something made by  
men.

But in my mind I knew what to do,  
for I was my mother's son and had  
been graced with her intelligence.  
I followed *their* leader home,  
oh-so-carefully, through the  
woods to the edge of what my  
mother called a man-home.

As I looked through the thin-clear-rock  
wedged into the side of the man-made-cave  
I saw him greet his own giggling cub  
and no mate was to be seen.  
Dastardly plans swirled through my head,  
but I knew that I must wait.

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Several years had passed since then,  
I became stronger, bigger, than my father,  
smarter, more clever, than my mother.  
I knew my day for revenge had come,  
when I saw his basket-laden girl-child,  
walking through the woods.

She wore a cloak of wolf-pelt,  
the outside stained red with wolf-blood.  
It was pretty moon-grey wolf-fur, fur I  
hadn't seen for years.

My mother's.

My eyes grew wide, my face twisted  
into the most fury-filled snarl—  
this was the  
                final    straw.

I ran ahead to the house  
where I knew she was headed,  
I snuck inside and ambushed,

the elderly lady who lived there.  
The one *she* was going to see.  
And when the elder was finished off,  
I then lay in wait for the red-hooded girl.

She opened the door and I lunged at her,  
tearing out her throat.  
She was dead before she could scream.  
A wood-cutter happened to pass by,  
and charged with his ax—  
as if he could...

kill me.

Oh, he tried to avenge the girl-child,  
but I ripped out his eyes.  
Don't dare and  
blame me for the  
deaths.

It was *that* man who led the first strike  
that drove me towards revenge.  
If not for him, his child wouldn't be dead,  
just  
for the sake  
of making

amends

## Mother and Lost Child

Child, child, where hast thou gone?  
I cannot find my little one!

Mother, Mother, I'm o'er here!  
Please come back and hold me dear.

Child, child, why hast thou left?  
Where can I find thee and bring thee back?

Mother, Mother, I'm so scared!  
I cannot see thee anywhere!

Child, child, I remember thy face.  
You used to play in all of this space.

Mother, Mother, I'm lost for sure.  
I don't know how to get back once more.

Child, child, you're lost for sure.  
I'm not sure what to do anymore!

Mother, Mother, I'm losing thy face.  
Please come back with fervent haste!

Child, child, I'm giving up,  
hope is lost for those without luck.

Mother, Mother, I know you're somewhere.  
I know that you'll always care.

Child, child, I see your face,  
burned in my mem'ry with a sweet taste.

Mother, Mother, I'm losing hope.  
This is a feeling I've ne'er known.

Child, child, I know what to do!  
I must do anything to get back to you!

Mother, Mother, what's thy name?  
It's lost from my mem'ry not to be regained.

Child, child, I'll do whate'er I can,

whatever it takes to bring thee home again!

Who am I, who am I talking to now?  
I've lost all mem'ry of who I was now.

Child, child, I'll ne'er give up!  
Not 'till you're home again for sup.

Where am I? Who am I? I know not.  
I've lost everything that I've e'er thought.

Child, child, I'll find you, I swear!  
Being without you is more than I can bear!

All I've left is one little thing.  
But its meaning is lost to me.

Child, child, I swear on the clover!  
I'll bring thee back before my life's over!

But for now, I'll keep it close,  
perhaps one day I'll find my mem'ry ghost...

## **My Inner Reality**

I'm wading through a jumbled mess.

Here's a lazy river of vocabulary.

There's a mountain of metaphors.

I see an ocean of ideas surrounding it all.

Oh look!

There's a train of thought I lost—  
yesterday.

Or was it tomorrow?

I tromp through a pile of phrases,  
and jump over decaying memories.  
Some faded like a century-old gravestone,  
both exposed to the elements of time.

I stomp on useless bits of knowledge,  
shattering their boring monotone colors,  
tossing the shards out of the hole  
opposite the one from which they entered.

Don't worry—I'm merely making room  
for much more vivid...paradoxes.  
Don't you love them too?

I look at a corner as I pass, and  
pause.  
There lies a still pool, calm and clear—  
what's left of the sanity in this place.  
I make my way over,  
peer into its depths  
and see a person whom no one else knows.

Her hair might as well be gold,  
her eyes flicker with hidden fire,  
a sword hangs at her hip.  
Magical energy shimmers at her fingertips.

This is the me that I created,  
from nothing more than will.

*Crack!*

I turn around to see  
heavy clouds draw near—  
threaded with electric connections,  
full of rain to add to my ocean.

A wicked grin grows on my face,  
as I welcome the incoming brain storm.

Funny thing is,  
no one else is able to see this.  
For this all takes place  
in a different world.

My mind.

In reality,  
I don't wander an amazing mindiverse  
that's under my control—  
I'm sitting at a desk.  
In Geometry class.

I don't have hair of gold,  
or eyes of flame.  
My dull blond hair is in a messy braid.  
My eyes are really blue.  
Instead of a sword,  
my ink-smeared hand holds a pen,

When I tell others  
of my secret world  
they say I'm crazy.

They have no idea.

Madness is woven throughout my veins,  
after all, aren't the best writers  
*Insane?*



## Thorn-Pricked Finger

Every day I wake in the gardens,  
then pick a single Rose  
and each and every time,  
my thumb wells up with blood—  
dark as the lips I once kissed,  
to wake her from a magic slumber.

I remember hacking my way through enchanted thorns,  
each could pierce through my chest.  
Scars now cover my arms.  
I even fought a dragon, made by a wicked spell,  
while trying to make my way to  
the vine-entrapped castle.

I remember climbing a thousand and one stairs,  
just to reach the tower-chamber.  
I found a beauty in a cursed sleep.  
One I'd seen only once before,  
for a sleeping-dance within the woods.  
But in every dream I see her.

I remember the wedding day,  
her namesake flowers were the only decor,  
as I waited at the altar,  
soon to see a rose-white dress  
walk slowly down the aisle.  
I waited in vain.

After that earth-shattering day,  
I fell into my own slumber,  
one of waking death.  
I never left the marriage garden—  
I reside there still.  
Heart-ache is my only companion.

For I have been abandoned,  
all my people have left this fallen prince—  
the one whom you felled.  
Yet every day I pick a Rose—  
for what pain is a thorn-pricked finger,  
over a Briar-entwined heart?