

Tree

Still Life

I watch this through one clear eye, I can't climb these walls of acceptance, this is my everything. I'm gasping to see you smile, these words fall through lips far from innocent these wounds self inflicted. I tried. In this room the air feels ugly, can a tree grow strong yet deny it's branches. I watch this through one clear eye, feel the strength rise behind me, this becomes our everything. Grey fills my sight, in shame still I try, to say I understand, I can't hide everything I am. Pain this feeling inside. Insane these walls made of pride. A blade cuts like the tongue. What I claim, no better than anyone. Understanding is everything. I watch this through one clear eye, waiting for tears to dry. All this hatred clouds my sight, beyond darkness lies dawns clear light..... through a

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