Dancer’s Symphony

The ballerina holds
her fifth position
awaiting her cue
for the first beat of the melody
heart beating faster
as the seconds tick by

_lub-dub, lub-dub_

She glances towards the audience
not a single soul heard
as they’re glued to the stage
watching the prima ballerina,
the pressure beginning to grow

_lub-dub, lub-dub, lub-dub_

The pressure, suffocating
heat coursing through her veins,
losing her train of thought
as the music begins to play

_lub-dub, lub-dub, lub-dub, lub-dub_

Executing her grand jete
fears dissipate, the audience
under her melodic dance

_lub-dub, lub-dub, lub-dub_

She finishes, head high
audience roaring with satisfaction

_lub-dub, lub-dub_

Until next time, she smiles victorious.
Farewell, Old Friend

Farewell old friend, quite a journey we have shared
Remaining during those long, lonely nights
And at times, the one who lingered and cared.
The first time feeling all your warm, addicting delights
Never wanting your nectar to leave my side
Because your effects were toxic, begging for more.
Continuing our bond, you never wanted us to subside
The need to lock me up and seal the trap door.
After a while, I realized your deliciously charming games
Feeding on my heartbreak and making our bond seem real.
You broke me in half as your destruction left me in flames,
Creating a monster lacking the basic elements of appeal.
So long old friend, once a crutch to lean on,
Now it’s time for my return, reality wondering where I’ve gone.
The Man Who Refused to Let the People Go

As he sat upon his throne
adorn in the richest treasures
made by the people
he once held in chains,
treating them like cattle,
no more than a slave

His cousin Moses, the savior for
this poor, helpless race
charged into his palace
demanding for the freedom
of his people

My slaves are his people?
just learning his true identity
now walking amongst
them
wanting nothing to do
with the family
who raised and love him
so dear

Moses, now the traitor to this
rich, powerful land
taking the slaves who
built this throne,
breaking their chains,
severing their family ties,
erasing the memories
when he called the traitor
brother

Pondering
the pharaoh stares out
upon his land
forgetting the past
and moving towards the future
wondering who will next
to endure his mighty
chains.
They knew the inevitable was about to transpire. Both were at fault, destined to pay the price for their reckless actions.

As time froze, they each moved away from their metal death traps, as regret was evident across their features, wanting to erase the impact that would soon come to pass.

As they debated who was guilty, each death trap moved slowly towards the impending impact awaiting the gruesome grand finale.

Both looking up, they pray to the skies, wishing this explosive fate was not what He has in mind.

The inescapable is coming, As they moved towards their fates gripping their wheels closing their eyes, their last human memory is black.
Merry Go ‘Round

I always pondered
the future within my reach,
wondering what adventures
they had in store for me.

As I grew older and more
rebellious
I questioned my feelings,
wanting to believe there was more,
but mother said to forget
these crazy desires,
and ride the merry go ‘round
like the rest of the town

But I was not naive,
no longer amused with the merry go ‘round
spinning ‘round and ‘round,
but feeling it was time to begin
my pathway towards happiness.

One day I decided to discover
what lay past my security blanket,
worring if I could ever escape
and float away
towards my desires

Nearing the town line,
fear engulfed my senses,
gluing my being
to the only place
I ever knew,
the only place
I could ever call
Home.

In time,
I hope to remove the glue
from my being
and finally make
my long awaited journey
across the town line

For now,
I’ll ride the merry go ‘round
hoping one day
someone will fix the defects
and stop the merry go ’round
from continuously turning.