

A POEM: EXPOSURE

I'm vulnerable.
I lay naked.
Each day brings with it a glimmer of hope.
I hit snooze.
Nine minutes more.
I must embrace the day.
I need to turn my dreams into reality.
I begin moving.

Is my life formula flawed?

Am I a pawn?

Do my masters have my best interests at heart?

I can't hit snooze anymore.

I'm lost.

Who's scripting the next scene? Why are the scenes fucking repetitive?

30

ACTION

We act.

BACKGROUND

We obey.

We rarely question the direction.

In the beginning, my parents decided on my path. They instill themselves into who I will eventually become.

They lie to me.

I'm alone.

I resist who I'm becoming.

I know I'm different.

I want to fit in.

I need to breathe.

I don't want to be a secret.
I don't want to be broken.
I must be strong.
I want to be loved.
I don't want to fall.

I fall.

I claw my way upward.

I'm different.

I'm unique.

I'm scathed but not broken.

I have a responsibility to share.

I like who I am becoming.

We can't hide from dysfunction.

I need to let my family go.

Time drifts by and is responsible for loving, sharing, holding, caressing, nurturing, and supporting.

We need to expose our vulnerabilities and allow love and forgiveness into our hearts!