

# Pieces of Peace



I just want to live in peace before I rest in peace  
While pieces of me is still dealing with demons from yesteryear  
Somehow living in fear doesn't feel like a feasible option  
I show the page the parts of me I am unable to speak of  
Vulnerability is not just a difficult word to say  
It's an existence that is heavy but not in a burden like fashion  
Passion is my cross to bear  
I am powerful beyond belief  
I just wanna leave my mark on the small space I occupy on this  
planet  
Pray that the people I love most don't take me for granted  
Patience is a lesson I'm still learning  
My poetry is a gift that I'm still earning  
While trying not apologize for the darkest places in me  
I still visit the skeletons in my closet on a regular basis  
Trying to keep a homeostasis  
Still trying to remain humble  
While I'm this close to greatness  
Finding stability on these scales of life  
Seems to be a task, I am forever failing to master  
So instead of fighting the inevitable  
I just revel in my pieces of peace



# Dream Haiku



Dreams are the language  
We refuse to understand  
In consciousness

# Where do I leave it?



It has stopped my heart  
And caused it to skip more beats than broken records  
This hurt has clouded my mind for days at a time  
Stealing minutes at my job  
And robbing me of moments at night  
It has flooded my eyes, relinquished me into a puddle of my own  
tears  
One more time after every time I thought I had no more tears for  
this  
Spent more raindrops than I had budgeted for  
But the question still remains  
What should I do with this hurt?  
Would it be best to put bandaids on bullet wounds  
And pretend that my heartache won't saturate it and spill out  
What should I do with this hurt?  
Maybe I will put it in an offering plate at church  
Should I leave it on the steps of the Goodwill  
Or give it up for adoption  
But who would be foolish enough to adopt hurt  
Only a fool would go to a place  
Knowing hurt was there  
Waiting to be picked up  
Dressed up with good intentions  
Call me foolish...

