

"Stained Mug"

It always drips.
You pour faster, you pour slower,
higher lower it always,
drips.

Staining the countertop and
stinging your palm
but,
you like the mug.

and how lucky,
you only get one.

And so,
Even with its stain down the side
And the lone rings left on the table.
You,
learn to love it.

As they always said.
Beauty is, not just what meets the eye.
It's in the moments when we try,
To soar high and touch the sky.
Wearing your stains with confidence undenied,
for you, are good inside,
and if others dare say otherwise
you have me to confide.

You felt lucky,
not many get unconditional love,
its neatly tucked quilt smothers your groans,
its neatly packed lunch

will clutch at the thrown stones of the phone's notifications.

These creeping crashes and lashes

it plasters.

the incisions of, nihilist conditions

with a simple umbrella.

As pouring rain yelled for more restoration,

Back to the comfort back to the protection

Even when the storm grew more severe.

The umbrella never disappeared

Until it did.

Lost its grip to the sky's accessories

departing, for lands lodged in natal memories,

you chase in a wail of reaching limbs and legs

your arms outstretched unable to grasp at a past life desire,

one once filled with love and grace,

now wet and dismal,

a hollow space.

Alone.

Your knees oppose a single stone

6 foot high you were to them. Yet,

in grass overgrown.

Here they'll lie unreached by sky

You, never got to say, goodbye.

Like the rings of coffee,

you left on the table.

Never, not

cleaned up by the mail.

because the mail was always there.

It was always coming,

and it was always boring,

and it was always nothing,
so you took it for granted.
Threw it away without a thanks.

but they didn't mind.
The confines of these undefined unsigned agreements.
Still always there to assure you, congratulate you, remind you.
They never asked for help.
Their masked frown always unfound unseen,
their fabric, covering to comfort crisis
Towards, a familiar soothe.
You remember their displays.
You remember the solace they gave,
You remember.

And now that ember
with such a crave is
Nothing but a flickering flare defined to foam,
To refuse from home to home
holding such yearning of these memories, of their love,
their gentle touch now high above.

This pain
weighs over the days
they haze this maze decays
months into years you,
still trapped, in these tears.
But don't you see?

you're no longer a little kid.

In the present.
Your "gift",
was never knowing

what it sounded like to hear the words...

I see you.

I'm proud of you.

I'm glad you're here
you really make a difference.

Suddenly the sky is unreachable when you're a shadow of,
Expectations.

A stealthy predation,
they edge their way closer
driven by the smell of disappointment,
motivated by venomous societal morale.
Each bite intended for positive change,
each bite a bar in your cage,
an uncompromising dictation of exchange

and,
the coffee isn't even good.
It's always,
too dark, too sweet, too hot,
not strong enough not nice enough not, mean? enough
Maybe.
it's the mug.

You
with such hunger for affection are left starving.
Starved of attention
starved of affirmation,
starved of being told, that you are enough.
Could it be.
Possibly your chronically wannabe
stained mug.

Holding back the confectioner's sugar of,
little crystals, titillating the light.

With affection needing to be earned.
Comfortability with replaceability
provides the only sustenance to survive,
the acceptance of the fact
you are only as good as you are useful,
you are only as valuable as you are needed by others,
but as a disgrace.
Can't be surprised when they say, all you do is,
take up space.

They, don't spill a drop.
At least in the ones you've seen
with, green pool eyes
Sick with what they have swallowed
See they, use a new mug ever week.
Tall
Short
Soft
Strong
Colourful

Oh the mugs they use, so many to choose.
Always sparkling,
always new,
always perfect hues.
On display, like shining stars.
At bars, playing guitars, smoking cigars.
Oh, to be those perfect mugs,
Inspiring with pride,
always in joy,

always loved,
Always. Happy

Do Stains, kill happiness?

A question you ponder as
you sit there.
alone,
A damaged vessel that nobody will own.
With this longing,
to be clean
and bright a source of delight,
But each time the snow turns to rain.
The stain remains unchanged.

But you keep doing the same.

and each time the rain shall stop,
and each time a wondrous light will fill
each dark, round drop;
and each time you hope the sun shines bright.
you hope,
you hope it reveals a lovely sight.

But most times you fear that sight,
most times you fear what,
opening the blinds does to a room
that was, left unseen,
untouched, uncorrupted by sunlight,
uncorrupted by,
harsh truth.

An unforgiving,

sharp, jagged blade
That cuts through lies and masquerade
It spares no one.
Rich nor poor each unstitched gaping sore
how raw the cuts
how raw the pain,
it contains the honest glass feigns.

See the corner, of this room,
holds a broken mirror.
Through delusion it shatters true conclusions,
these extrusions break down sincere safety,
a lying torch that cannot be dimmed.
Burning pride, ashes implied.
But with no one to confide,
This glass.
Has no mercy,
no pity nor grace,
it stares you down, with a cruel embrace
reflecting the image you once held dear
Now,
with the imperfections to which others adhere.

You, confused the only mug unused,
yet mentally abused
you ask why,
And they're,
too honest with you, too harsh with you, two truths for you.
And crashing down, your contents cry.
But you had already fallen.
Like the continuous drips that dropped
Dregs of the Drink
Desolate and Discarded

Damaged and Dented.

Bluer than the sky
The words still ring.
Around and around and around
A constant eco, It won't let go
This overflow overcoming over everything.

Creeping and crawling you fear it feeding on,
shed tears still bleeding. Black sweet blood mouthfuls,
It's growls pull, full, an unrelenting game,
an endless refrain it takes control,
longing, to be out of this frame to escape.
your stain.

To be, stainless.

Oh, A welcome illness, a stillness
in this emptiness to be fed

EAT

but don't feed this need, you can't concede
a single fight,

EAT

a single bite despite,

EAT

hunger consuming, abusing
oh how amusing each shed-ed pound
a scaring receipt mentally bound.

EAT

Sanity maimed
the voice laugh tada-tale,
demanding obedience,
all hail the numbers on that scale.

Digits moving to this rhyming tune of sticks and stones.
your shattered silicon dancing away.

It was a, beautiful dance.
This, kaleidoscope of
lasting light. refracts the shattering past.
The lost gloss releasing a comfort, unsurpassed.

Cease the names, oh but now they change.
They shift they, rearrange
opposite directions they go yet still holding the same weight
they are thrown.
Cracking dams, slowly emptying themselves until you'd feel nothing.
You drown when you linger in this,
never-ending abyss by nature,
eternal in size swallowing every hope of a dream
don't tell them,
that hurts less than sticks and stones.
Each milestone
another tombstone
another ingrown hereditary monotone
cocktail, of one part desertion and three parts self-tragedy,
self-absentee,
self-cavity.

You're asking for a strategy?

Only mental heaven is the physical hell,
Only friend is the weight prescribed.
Live like the uphill is mountains and the downhill is cliffs,
four-fifths suicidal a tidal wave of antidepressants
YOU wish,
For the tangible.

Something you can physically fight.
Anything other than these
raging currents of negative thoughts up your arm.
An uncooperative,
mass parade of red hopes and dreams
leaving your skin behind.

This coffee spoon,
mixing, stirring,
scraping ripples on the surface,
mixing bitterness with sweetness,
for wholeness.

And though the cracks may show,
leaking espresso it never weighed more so.
Ever harder to grip
hoping for one more sip,
before you slip.
a slow drip,
marks the end of the warmth and comfort.

the mug empty and bare
how dare you compare
where their stares drill tears at the
refill.
RESIST potential completeness
RESIST through the heaviness of this emptiness
RESIST Venomous fulfillment.

Exist
Exist
Please!! Persist,

But not down, this lane.

Consuming yourself

enduring non-self.

Did you forget the strength in crumbling?

Yes, you endured Pain's exchange.

Now change.

Reject his offers of a dance so strange.

Reject his gentle touch,

such marks clutch on heart,

restart. I beg you,

leave the dance floor.

And if he casts you to the dirt,

root firmly in the soil's embrace.

Let the beautiful solitude plant the seeds encouraging growth,

embrace the freedom of infiltrating blossoms,

watch their resilience anchor and progress though each weathered setback.

Its roots held so tight to the vibrant green haze be amazed, the sun, does indeed shine.

See sometimes, it's the unwanted gifts, the unloved stains that seed

what you truly deserve to hold, within your mug.