

STEPS[©]

THE GRAY OF MY SKIN IS THE GRAY OF MY MIND.
AND STILL, THE SORROW RACKING IN MY CHEST WEAVES
ME JUST ONE STEP FROM DYING....

FOR THE BEST AND THE WORST, THIS MARRIAGE OF
CHARACTER DEPICTS AN UNSTABLE SOUL THAT UNDERSTANDS
NO BELONGING BUT RATHER THAN ADAPT AND SUCCUMB TO THE
WAYS OF ONE, I REMAIN MYSELF AND AS MANY.

NO, I HAVE NOT A SPLIT-PERSONALITY NOR AN ALTER-EGO,
I AM JUST A COMPLEX AND SOMEWHAT UNIQUE
INDIVIDUAL THAT REMAINS FREE OF MIND AND HOLDS ON TO
NOTHING. MY MIND IS AN OPEN SPACE OF INTELLIGENT
EMPTINESS, SELFISHLY DIRECTING ALL AND ANY WEIGHT THAT WISHES
TO HANG ON INTO MY HEART. AND THERE, ALL LOVE, ALL HATE, ALL
MISERY AND ALL MY CONFUSION GOES TO WAR.

LOVE CONQUERS ALL. BUT WHEN CONFUSION WHISPERS, LOVE
LOOKS EVERY WHICH WAY WHILE MISERY SLIPS IN UNDETECTED
UNTIL HATRED SIMMERS AND MEMORIES FILL THE EMPTY
HALLS OF MY MIND AND UNDERSTANDING IS LEFT TO NOONE
BUT GOD AND I ASK MYSELF, "WHY NOT?" BECAUSE LIFE IS
NOT WORTH LIVING UNLESS YOU FEEL LIKE YOU'RE ALIVE....

AND THEN... I TAKE MY STEP.



3:36am

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