

Pride

Deeper is confusion within the soul with every noticing character:

my face,

voice,

receding hairline,

path of life.

Where did you go? Why is there only bitterness here? Can I forget you or is my life destined for such a screaming darkness? A small boy used to call for your name in his sleep. Those dreams have yet to be lost. Where are you?

Every chance my adolescent body stepped into a day was to make one more memory that your fat ass missed.

Sharp pains,

cold tears,

swayed words.

I hated living,

I hated family,

I hated friends.

Even a self-proclaimed man today, my heart burns with the desire of your presence, piece of mind, and involvement.

(I wish there was anyone, really)

"Fuck you!" I used to say, laying my wet eyes on my wet pillow ready to recite daily prayers. The Lord has heard my loathing for you; hope the Savior understands this hatred.

I can still taste those sleepless nights when my brother would guide my hand to the doorway where you often bellowed and beat.

She was too lovely to hate, yet you battered her face with willing fists.

No other wishes have been more constant than being able to see you now.

With hardened fists, as well, I would fucking kill you.

The laughter that would erupt from the very sight of you, your blood, lifeless body--a deserved laughter.

(These steely tears, destroyer of young aspirations, are for you)

Self-confidence used to sink with your memory. No longer do I struggle for likes of you. I am a man now with muscles that would bend men, clenched fists that would never open. Dare to be tested in such disgusting times.

(Such a last name makes suicide understandable)

Only your untaught lessons keep my sane. For I have

a soft heart,

gentle hands,

accepting eyes,

lips so tender with kisses

and arms wide enough for any hug.

Children I produce will know all these traits for they will have my soul at any time of the day.

(I can only pray I have children, not in spite of you, but with respect to my lover)

Now only the wrinkled smile of my mother lets me grin. I love her, miss her and wish she could see my streaming eyes when I think about her and her joy. She is such a lonely lover with a heart larger than the diversity of the world. Her dreams have been denied so many times; I hope I am a dream come true. I can only hope.

How dare my selfishness call her to focus upon I.

Her solitude, strength, tenderness.

There was only so much to go around.

Among the struggles of working to simply live, afford, and laugh, I have had no tangible guide, mentor, man. I've had no leader.

Though, craving the man who lost himself within time, the last name is mine to be called.

Shepherd will I be,

Leader will I be.