Slam poetry

Dear stranger,

You think no one sees you

Standing all the way up there,

That building so high

You could fly

Off of it, in fact

You just might…

but I see you:

you who cries in the nighttime

fights in the daytime

strives for just a little bit of quiet time,

time to yourself

time to think

with only one voice in your head,

instead of the ones that wish you were dead

silent

like your house when you get home

like the mother or father who left you alone

from spending all night in someone else’s home

in someone else’s bed

while you look for the love

that you lost a long time ago

for yourself

for others.

You are the broken

Beaten

Bruised

Bloodied

Barricaded heart,

A love that tastes

Just a little too tart

For you to swallow.

**I** am the intricate plan

Designed so you can **only** fail

Because your attitude shatters chandeliers

Into hurricanes of glass tears

And you live in a constant fear

That someone else will break you

More than you already break yourself.

But you can’t turn me

into the dark hole

that you shove your misplaced misery in…

you who smashes glasses into paintings

like planes

crash into buildings

and you don’t feel the pain anymore

Because you only see the side of the story that’s yours.

And there is a war

in your mind

That’s designed

by some divine reason,

 but you blame the world

For what you think is God’s treason.

Newsflash: you can’t have summer in all four seasons…

I am those fist punched holes in your bedroom walls

That show just how far your heart can fall.

I am the shattered mirror on the ground

From when you cried so hard you didn’t make a sound

I’m the one who cheated, lied,

Devastated pride;

Anything to stop the heartache,

So you take another stride

Towards the empty pills on the bathroom counter.

The life you’ll leave behind

Is nothing short of fantastic

But you can’t see that, somehow, you’re blind –

Blinded by the light

That you mistake for love

Love that you find in all the wrong places

Faces

Miscommunicated cases

Of “I love you”s that weren’t worth it.

And you wonder just how much more

Your heart can take.

I am the swollen shiner from life’s sucker punches

People who told you to ignore lunches

The kidney that feels the brunt

When you get stabbed in the back;

*Killing yourself is the one thing you don’t want to succeed at.*

You want to know how to fight with lips and not fists

But you can’t avoid the hits

That life throws at you

And so you numb the pain

Begging

Pleading

To release you from this insanity

The force forcing you to your knees,

Gravity;

Stand up

Before you become a hopeless casualty.

You feel that dreadful feeling letting go

Slowly start to take over, take away

And you say to yourself, I’m the problem

But you’re reading it like its nothing.

Pain reading you like a book,

Telling you I’m not going anywhere;

It will never go away

Until you realize

You have nowhere else to go.

So give up,

Give in

What else do you have to live for?

Besides the painless feeling of feeling good;

Of freedom and free verse;

Going 90 on a freeway freedom, wind in your hair

Joy in your heart freedom,

Slow dances in a dim lit kitchen freedom

Joy, overwhelming

overflowing

when you think of Jesus

Dying for you freedom.

You work so hard for success

Because this country built you on nothing less

So you fight your way through the system

Hoping to just get a foot in

That door that shuts on a million more.

That good feeling that you used to chase

You started to replace

It with the smoke that clouds your vision

Losing sensation

Desperation, till you’re forced to resort to immigration

And you turn to yourself in the mirror

And you don’t recognize her

That face

What place did you come from?

And finally, you’re forced to see that

 you’re no stranger at all.

through the wind that whips your hair

you hear the voices are still there

and you wonder just how long they’re gonna stay

but it doesn’t matter to you anyway

because you’re already on your way

down

you up there, on that building,

I see you

I was you.

I was once the shattered human being

Blood stained carpet, bleedin’

Flames on a moonlit night,

Struggling to find the light;

To find the hope--

Exhale hope

Inhale desperation

That smoke cloud of mine clouds the mind,

And I didn’t want it anymore.

I am everything between high and low,

Sometimes the hero, occasionally a zero.

But just you wait, because one day you’ll wake up

With an ocean gleaming smile

Joy that stretches across miles

And a feeling;

Like “I love you” was reciprocated when you finally meant it

Like for once that boulder shackled tightly to your conscience

Finally gets the hint that it’s obnoxious

And you start to feel weightless

Breathless

Restless

Conscious

In your own mind, floating in awareness

Awakeness.

And you smell the rain

And you realize you can finally obtain

That happiness which was always so close but out of reach

Like flakes of snow, each unique

reaching for the hand that has been keeping your

Lifeless body afloat

And you didn’t even know!

That Jesus is so good like that,

And you can never go back

To feeling that lost

Because He makes it known that you are not alone

And so, I know that you’re hurt,

And I know that you’re dying

But can I convince you, to keep on trying?

Just a little bit longer?

Because we all die a little,

But it would be a shame to watch you whittle

Yourself away like a carving

Put the blade down

Because there’s a cross that stands, and a thorny crown

On his head, He is there, taking the pain for you

And He is there to show you that there is nothing you can do

To lose the love that He has given you.

And I am the beaten, the battered, the bruised, and belittled

But I stood where you stood, and I refused to be withered

Down to nothing

Like you who has everything

To fight for.

And so here you are, and you’re given a choice

Do you let them win, or do you create your own voice?

One that screams “Jesus thank you,

For being there when no one else was.”

For being the one who took the cross

And on his beaten, battered, bruised back,

He carried you away and gave you the love that you lack.

Jesus, thank you.

For dying

So that I don’t have to

Tonight.

And in his reverence, he stands tall,

And he’ll catch you when you fall.

Are you ready? To take that pain

And give it all

Away?

Take the scars with you,

But leave the knife behind.

You don’t need it anymore,

You’re done fighting that war

You were never going to win – because sin

Took your weapons and turned them into fear.

We’re done feeling sorry for ourselves,

You and I are nothing new;

We turn heartaches into hurricanes

And then we wonder who hurt us more;

Them or us?

I am the cause of my own destruction,

But He is the reason for my redemption.

And we can look fear in the eyes

And say, “you are no longer in charge of my demise;

I am the loved, the yearned for, the craved.

What was once

Vilified, condemned, and defamed.

But one thing has changed,”

And, fear

Once filled with abuse, rotten with the putrid

Stench of the abolition of my own contentment,

Fears now for itself.

“one thing is changed:

*This time,*

*I’ll meet you on the battlefield.*

*And I’ll bring you to your knees.”*