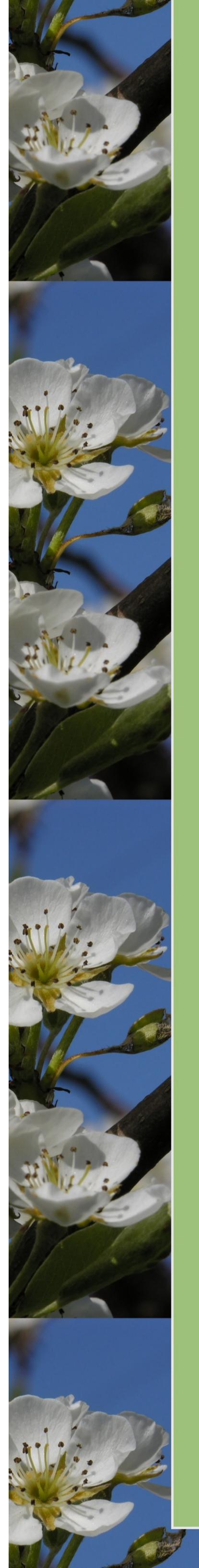


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threatening to destroy all it touched. The only difference being that the wind was like the lightning, threatening to destroy all it touched. The only difference being that the wind would often follow through with its threats. My father worried because the wind threatened so much. It could blow debris into the house and cause damage to the structure he lived in. The wind could harm an unlucky animal or pet or beloved family member. Or, the wind could take something and blow it away to never be seen again.

The wind often seems to cause the storms, and, therefore, causes the battles between thunder crashes and lightning strikes. If the wind didn't cause the battle, it brought the angry cloud containing it closer and closer.

All the while, the rain is both there and not. But, the rain can also be manipulated by the wind. The wind can shove the rain to the side, making it fall forcefully in a direction it would not have chosen on its own.

The presence of wind always causes the rain to have an unnerving chill. This is what would cause Father and I to come inside. The light splashes of rain that would come onto the porch never bothered us. They were a refreshing kiss of mist, begging us to stay longer. But, the harsh wind could cause bursts of icy liquid daggers to stag into us and threaten being drenched. This is why the wind worried my father. It threatened so much, but never seemed to bring any good.

My father would often talk about taming the wind.

"A windmill", he says, "That will do it."

He follows this statement saying:

"The wind isn't here too often, and it isn't always strong when it is, but a windmill sure could help."

I guess what he means is a wind turbine. This would allow us a source of renewable power that could solve many issues, most of them monetary. But the taming of the wind always seems out of reach. Freedom is what the wind wants, even if that comes at the cost of thunder and lightning. Perhaps the wind is jealous of the rest of the storm. Maybe it knows that rain, thunder, and lightning can exist without it. Especially rain.

Rain is usually found alone. Guiding itself through the skies and onto the ground with nary a push from thunder, wind, or lightning. Rain tends to help. It provides life to plants and crops, renews dried creek beds, and cleanses dirt off the various playthings left outdoors by children.

But there is danger in too much rain. Downpours can wash out gravel drives, flood a farmer's field, or ever cause a usually well-tempered body of water to swallow bridges. Through this occurrence, I assume that the saying "all things in moderation" also applies to natural weather phenomena.

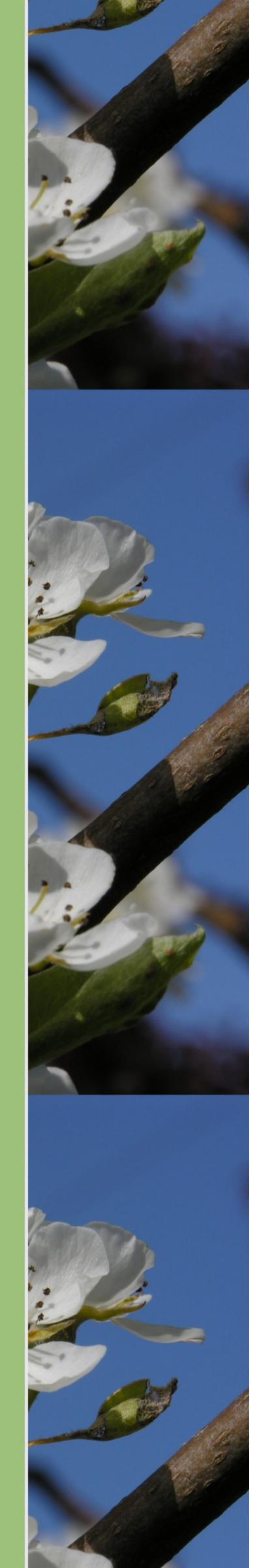
As I recall my experience with weather, I find myself in yet another storm. But, instead of submerging myself in the thunder, lightning, and wind, I find myself within the walls of my home. Even though my family is in bed rather than facing mother nature on our front porch, I still count the seconds between each brilliant flash of lightning and the subsequent crash of thunder like each number has a meaning to me. And, filling in every silent moment, the rain continues to fall calmly onto all things exposed to the now blackened sky. The rain is always there, whether you know it or not. All the while it is watching, listening, and counting. Trying to figure out when one storm will end and give way to another.

I no longer fear the end of nature's storm. I merely expect it and prepare for all that comes after. I find my center in the rain, which remains calm within the lightning, wind, and thunder. My fear is taken by the numbers that quietly form on my lips, each one dropping like the rain that falls between thunder and lightning.

Fall, Fell, Fail, Failing

God I'm lost

Or maybe you left. I forfeit myself to you, but why am I still here? I know lord, It's my fault lord. But why can't I receive the help that was given So long ago. Dear God, where did I go? Where did You go? Where am I? Am I Adam? Or am I the serpent that tempts Eve Eve, the eve, the fall of man Dear god am I man? I pray. I pray. I pray. I fell lord I fell from grace like the one that you held so highly lord I'm here lord. At least I think I'm here I call to you, I'm kneeling lord and doing all I can to make you hear my call. I know you're there lord. I'm in your house. I'm with your people I'm in front of you lord. But still I hear you ask With that booming voice And those ever grieving words "Where are you?" Lord I'm here I'm here lord. Lord are you crying? Am I crying? I fell lord. I fell down I'm falling Calling Breathing Heaving deeply and crying for your everlasting grace to fall Fall on me Fall on all of us Or maybe it has Maybe it has and the fall that fell has failed Am I lost God, or are you? Did I lose you? Did you lose me? Lord, I fell. But as I fell, you have failed. Lord, you are great You are kind You are gracious You are angry You hold the sinners in your hand, You held the sinners in your hand and they fell Fell like me Down a slippery Sliding Slope. Lord, I fell. I fell, and I failed. I failed lord, but as I fail, you fall



Whiskey Burning

They say it's supposed to burn, But I don't feel it. What burned, Was the feeling of my lips against yours. I thought it was passion setting a fire in my body. I was Drunk. I was a Drunk. I was Drunk in love. People will help an alcoholic. But where do you go when you're addicted to the pain she gives you every time she touches your body. The whiskey will never burn the way your kiss did. The pain will never be the same. I can't count the nights I tried to replicate that pain on two hands. But I can count the times I felt your love on one with room to spare. Your touch felt like fire, but it wasn't the coveted burning love that is so sought after among hopeless romantics. I thought I had what they wished for, but I was surrounded by the painful passion which leads to lives lost too soon. I'm still healing. But, the pain will always stay. I can feel the burning now. But it isn't from the whiskey running down my throat.

Gone Without Blame

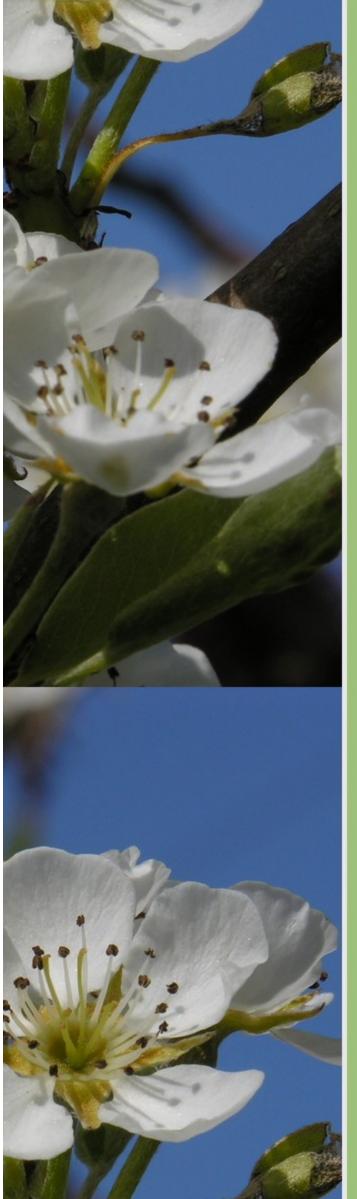
Here I am again, With my clumsy Left Hand. The literature class, The same seat. It's Rainy today. Well, it's dark out And someone has an Umbrella. Had, they had. They walked out of my sight. And, therefore, out of my life. Easily, Briskly, Gone forever. But I might see them again. They're gone because they didn't Want Me Need Me Know Me They're Gone for the same reason that I'm Not Here. And I Don't Blame Them.

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about our fight.

Sweet Dreams Are Made of You

Swaying alone almost center stage in the sweaty gym Sworn to my innocence as if it were binding Striking up a conversation with him would be swell. Showily sweet talking him, Sweeping me off my feet it would be our own small fairytale him the king and I the queen.

Swaying together amongst the swarm Pure as a swan his hand skimming the small of my back the scent of my sweet perfume filling his senses. Careful not to swash my way through the music.

Swaying until the last song plays then him walking me home. Giving me his sweater as a symbol of his admiration for me to swipe the goosebumps from my skin.

On my doorstep scooting in close I open my eyes wishing to live it again Willing to swap my reality for a moment so fictitious, a special night that isn't realistic.

The World After the Wild Geese

You don't have to be brave or strong To put up a good front You don't have to pretend to you are okay to feel okay in the crowd, struggling. You only have to sift through your feelings in the way you want.

Tell me about secrets, yours, and I will tell you mine. In the meantime life goes on. In the meantime the moon still comes up, shining a different shade each night, over the homes and lives of many. In the meantime everyone will go home to their particular pods where they feel most comfortable, most free.

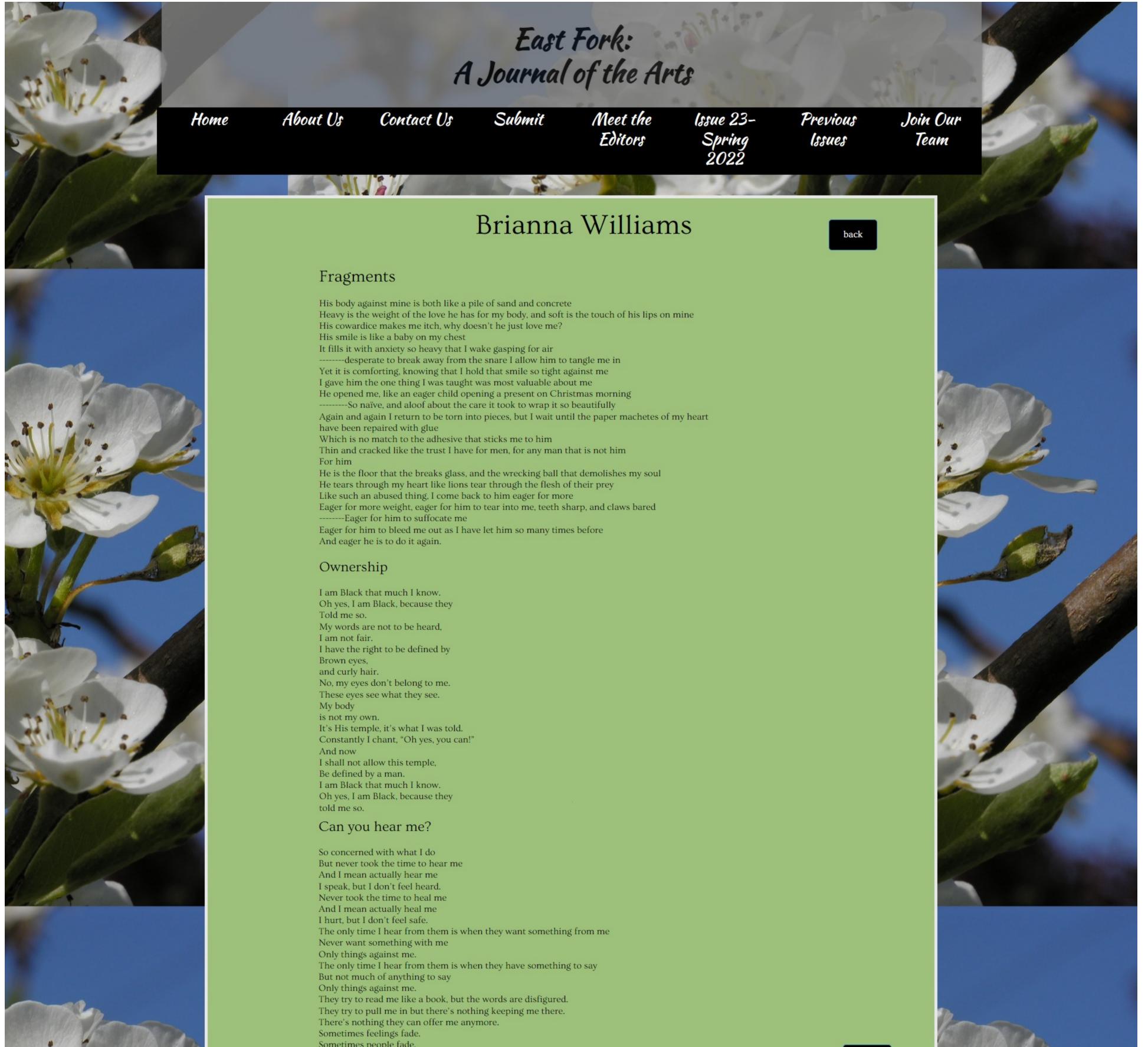
No matter who you are, or how distant you may feel, the world offers itself to you, coming to you in arm's length, open and inviting again and again giving you a home, A comfort zone, in the people who care.







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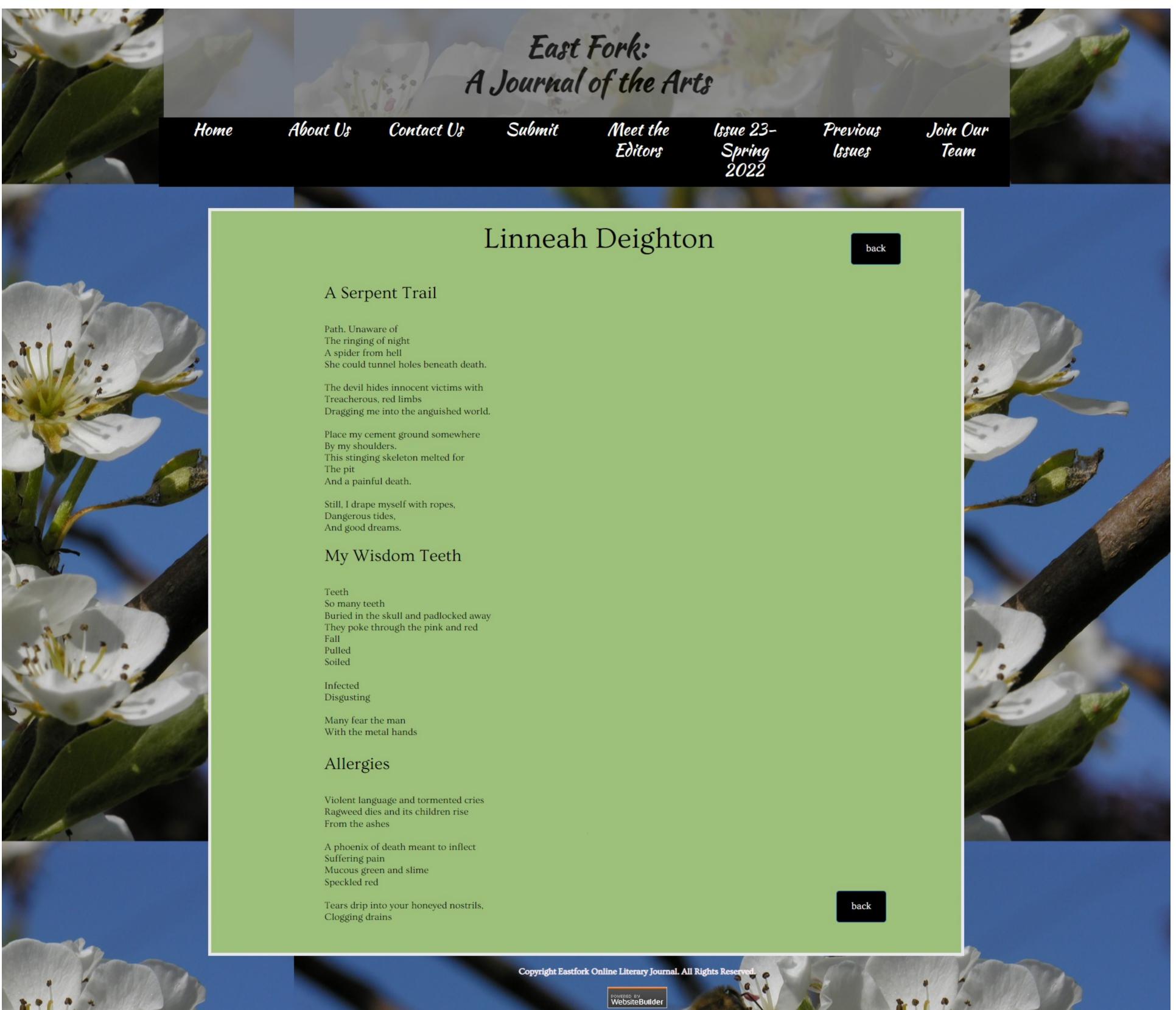


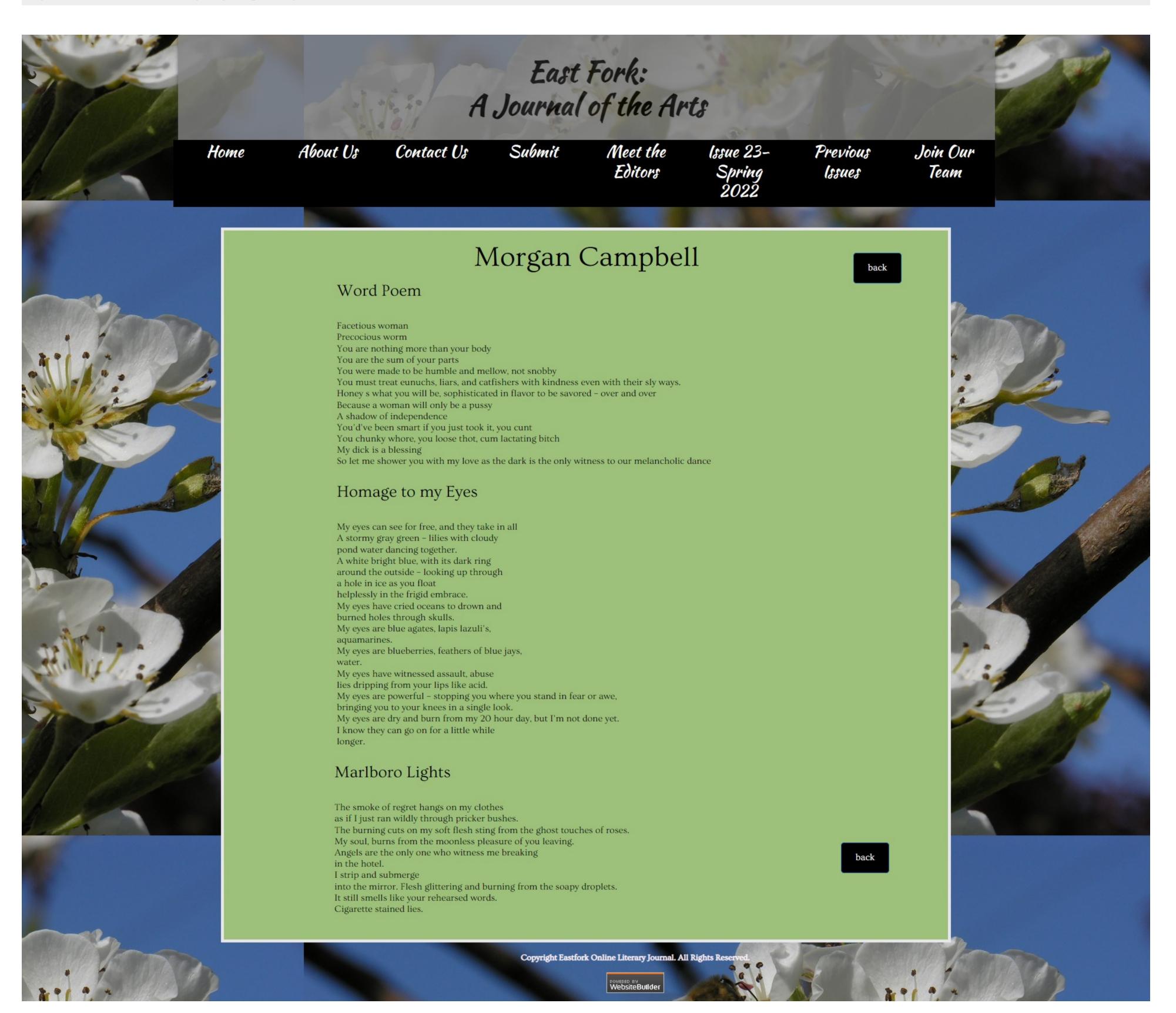
Sometimes people fade. Sometimes I fade.

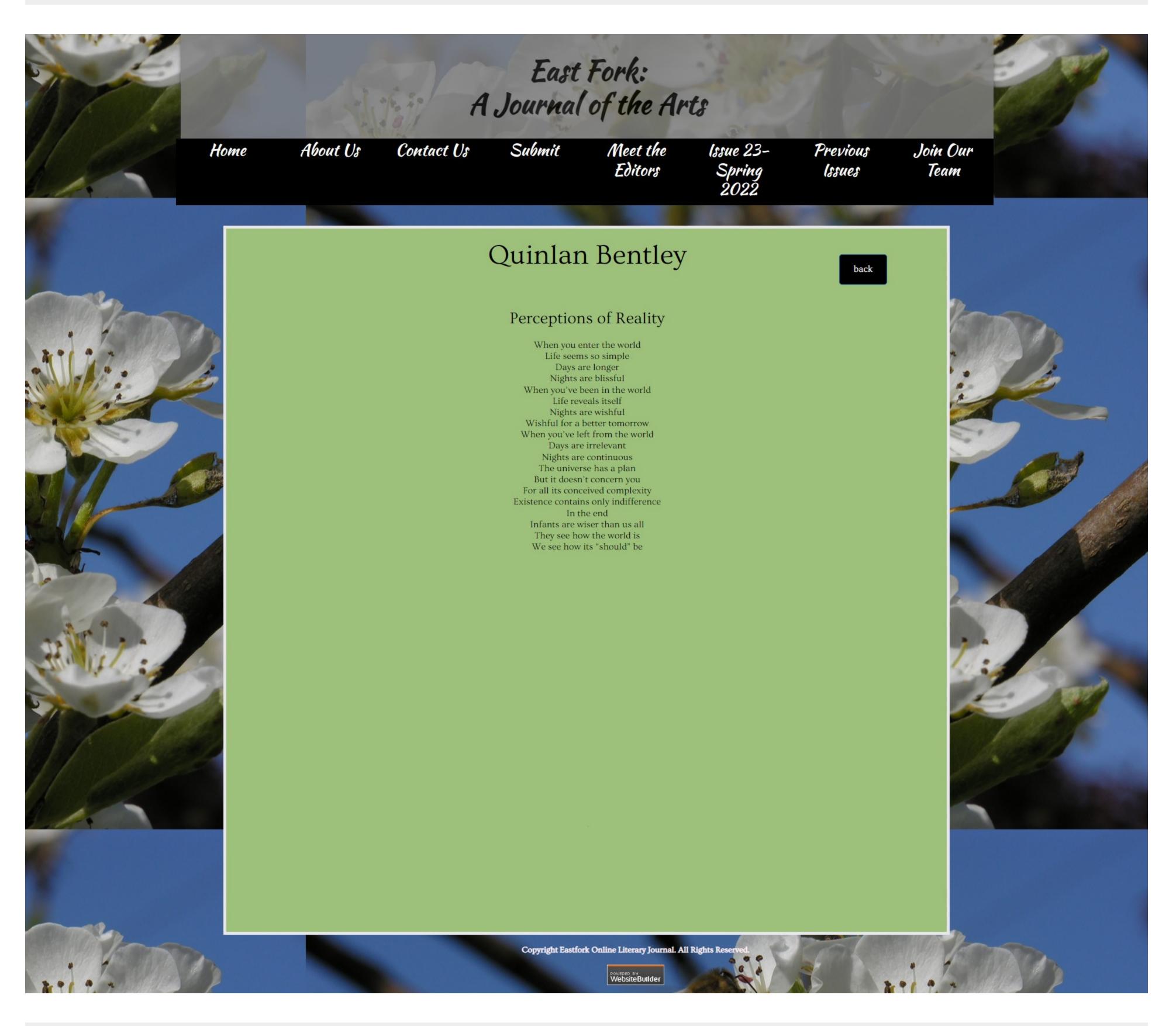
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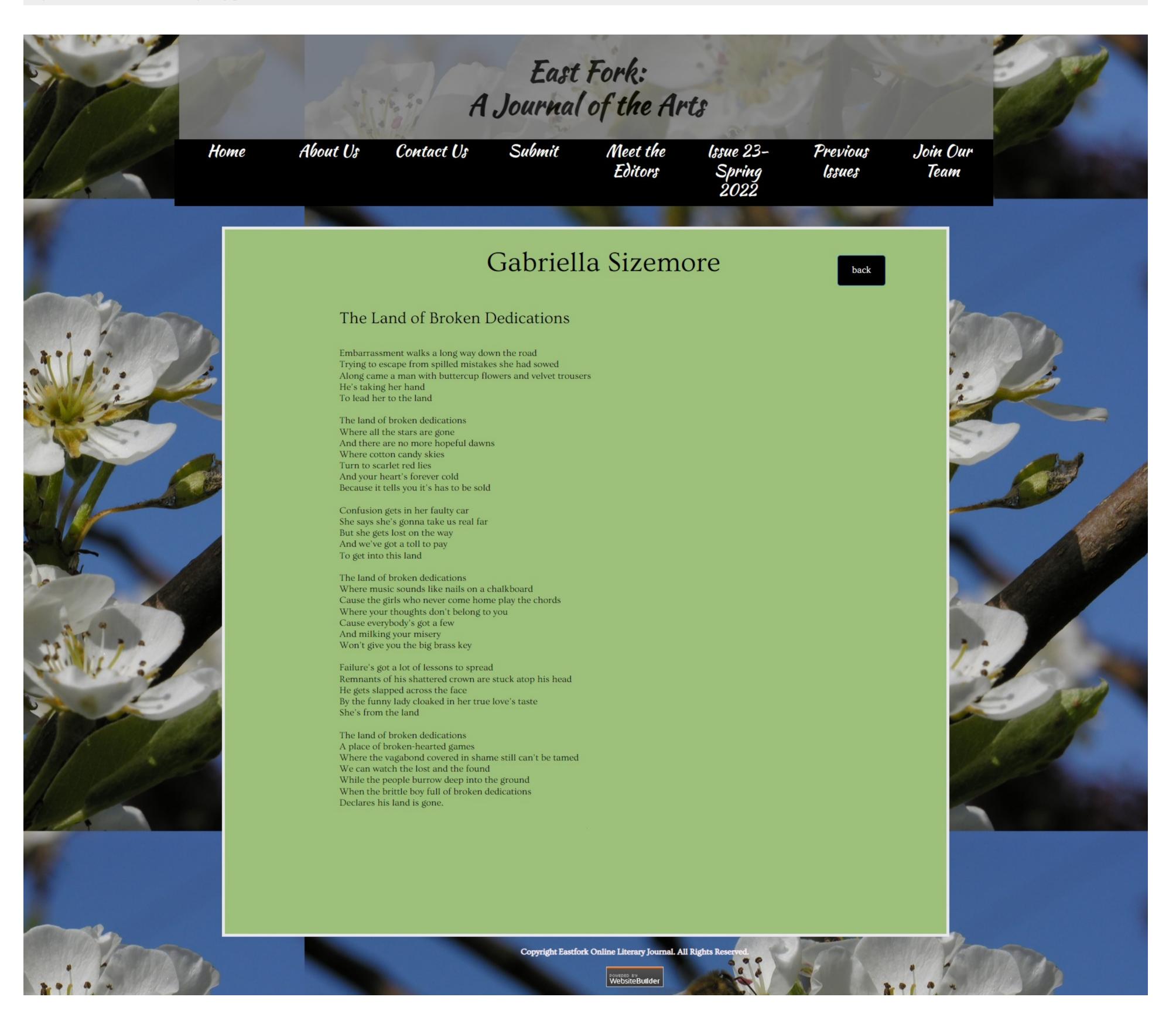
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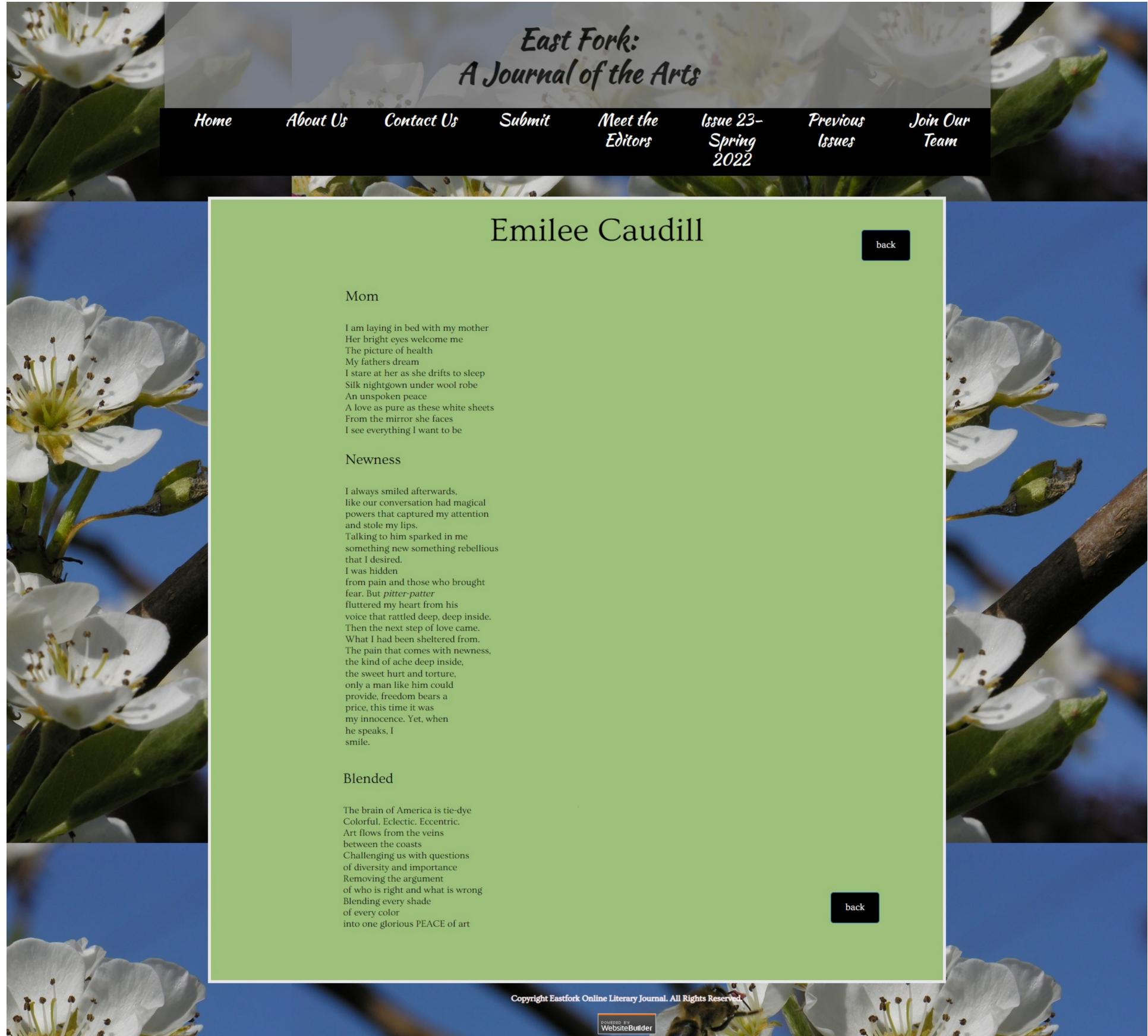
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