The Seasons of Me

Mine are the teardrops falling like rain.

Outside, the stormy winter howls again.

Chill runs deep where sunlight’s gone.

Winds remember all I’ve done.

Shadows gather thick and long,

But here I stand, I still belong.

Frost-laced branches tremble and sway.

Hoping not to break away.

Roots beneath the wounded ground,

reach for warmth that can’t be found.

These are the seasons of me.

Weathered by sorrow, shaped by grief.

I rise as spring through memories.

Refuse to harden, choose to be.

In a world that never sees,

the worth of gentle hearts like these.

Petals fall in autumn’s breath.

Leaves torn free from what is left.

Even in the summer's glare,

the world can strip your branches bare.

I wander through a crooked grove,

always searching for a home.

Thorns and storms may bruise my frame.

I hold on still, I keep my name.

Fragile forests fleeting green.

Even pain can grow a dream.

These are the seasons of me.

Weathered by sorrow, shaped by grief.

I rise as spring through memories.

Refuse to harden, choose to be.

In a world that just never sees.

The worth of gentle hearts like these.

Dawn will come, and so will rain.

I’ve survived the wildest pain.

From barren roots flowers break free.

In every wilted memory.

These scars, these blooms each let me see.

I am the turning of the leaves.

These are the seasons of me.

Hope returns with subtle green.

My heart unfreezes, lets love be.

Rising I bloom, despite what’s taken from me.

For every storm I’ve weathered through.

I find a kinder strength renewed.

Gentle wind, spring’s fragrant balm.

Branches stronger where they’re calm.

The cycle ends, and I am free.

Hope lives and it remains, in the seasons of me.

https://www.reddit.com/r/OCPoetry/s/9CbTWCQEMt

https://www.reddit.com/r/OCPoetry/s/4gDRxlX8zJ

Tomorrow Never Told Me

Alas, Tomorrow Never Told Me What Time

Alas, tomorrow never whispered when.

That I might steal the cosmos' burning grace
by wishing with all I may or might,
I wished every wish I could ever have, and
wished them all tonight.

In that sweet, foolish act of wonder,
I was blessed and cursed at once.
For your beauty tore through heaven's silver veil,
a spark that I sought with my mortal heart.
And found mine you did, it was waiting, wide
and willing.

For you carry salvation in your gentle arms,
pure as holy water blessed by trembling hands.
You were never meant for earth or shadow,
yet here you stayed,
a mercy I could never earn.

What wretched, tangled fate is this,
a knot even the gods must envy?

It twists, it pierces deep,
this pain that runs me through,
and yet I dare never pull myself free.

At the altar of your smile I kneel,
laying bare my sacred currency.
My pride, my pulse, all that I could ever be.
I would give every thump that drums in my chest,
I'd give every precious gasp of air, that I would ever breathe.

I'd steal the moon's ethereal glow
and silence every celestial choir
if you would linger just a bit longer still,
like Atlas I'd hold the whole world for you, and never a single day would I tire.

For only in the stillness at your side
am I blessed to witness the true meaning of grace,

that soft, eternal flame that mortals call love
and angels mistake for light.

But every dawn demands its toll.
A fate worse than death, for from you I must turn away,
your radiant face fades from my sight, all color fades and life is now grey.
The world grows thin as parchment,
the air forgets to speak my name.

I drift through crowds of hollow echoes,
their laughter empty as a conch shell's cry.
Each shadow bears your perfect silhouette,
each whisper holds the memory of your breath.
Even my prayers return like wounded birds,
as if Heaven too is listening for your voice.

No crueler torture could exist
than to see how your light does pierce the void,

yet never get to feel the warmth of its tender glow.
A symphony I would hear, without its source,
an eternal wound I would be, that sings instead of healing.

Yet I would rise each dawn to greet the absence in that space.
For I have learned love's hardest truth:
to love you is to live with open hands,
one reaching for your light,
the other setting you free.

So when tomorrow finally finds its voice
and tells me what hour it meant our meeting,
I will not curse that moment again.
For even one heartbeat in your orbit
was worth eternity itself.
Every moment that passes on from here, only heaven knows where it's leading.

It Doesn't Cost A Thing

Silver coins forget their weight when love carries you off at night,

No ledger marks the hours spent within the gentle comfort of your light.

Your tender calls, softly salted by the ocean’s breeze,

A single rose in velvet keepsake, take my heart if you please.

No more pennies than hope, cast you fountain wishers will

you’ll see it bloom in serenades awake and seeking thy souls to fill

So let your heart its own song sing may we hear that tune play

Love. It doesn't cost a thing. But lose it and there's no greater price you'll pay.

Crash, Light Flashes

Crash, light flashes

\

My whole life burns to ashes.

\

fog on my glasses.

\

Grasping for help since the pain never passes.

\

And the train already left but only took the masses.

\

It ain't my time, I'm not ready, I don't get to shine.

\

Not just yet not while there's so much on the line.

\

I struggle struggle struggle, oh trouble that's their design.

\

Where do I fit in when I feel living is a crime

\

I'm not fine.

\

When do I get to shine.

\

Crash, light flashes, my world's

rearranged.

\

Somehow everything seems less deranged.

\

My demons and I have become estranged.

\

An angel entered my life and vows exchanged.

\

I can't believe it, my whole life's changed.

\

It's finally my time, I'm ready, I do get to shine.

\

And maybe I'll get brighter and brighter with time.

\

No need to look back just climb climb climb.

\

Leave the pain in the past It's only used to define.

\

The person you were before your Angel's big redesign.

\

Crash, light flashes, again my whole life burns to ashes.

\

had a chance & lost it pain grows

time slowly passes.

\

Two beautiful children lives forever changed.

\

My demons and I are no longer estranged.

\

What do I do tell me Lord how can I pay

\

So my kids will understand I never wanted it this way.

\

I'm still not ready not ready to shine.

\

And it seems it's less likely the more that's on the line.

\

struggle struggle struggle, been my fault the whole time.

\

That's why the train left me that very first time.

\

Short answer long question, bang bang I found mine.

\

Crash, light flashes, I see a new view no smog, no ashes.

\

I battle my demons with every second that passes.

\

I use my pain for growth, the shadow of my fear it surpasses.

\

I can see clearly now I never needed any glasses.

\

Perspective is what kept me away from joining the masses.

\

Any place any time, when I choose to, I can shine.

\

Remembering my example for my kids is on the line.

\

Struggle struggle struggle, I'll use it to build this time.

\

Only your fear believes that your

life is a crime.

\

My life is mine my strength Devine.

\

Go ahead now and shine shine shine.

\

Crash light flashes, my spark light anew.

\

What hurt me made me stronger my story a breakthrough.

\

Instead of giving up my faith I did

renew.

\

I just never saw my progress because it wasn't in view.

\

Through sadness and loss my wisdom grew.

\

And my bond with my children will be forever true.

\

Crash, light flashes, I hit my stride,
I have shifted into gear.

\

My role as a parent has never been more clear.

\

Time to make memories, moments that they will always hold dear.

\

Teaching them both to always face every fear.

\

\

To hold family close, and loved ones near.

\

and above all else one thing should always remain clear.

\

I will always be their guiding star, year after year.

\

Flash, Light crashes thank God you stuck around.

\

Your kids need their daddy here, without youtheir problems would compound.

\

It’s within you that their strength

and confidence will be found.

\

They need you to guide them and keep their feet on the ground.

\

So cherish all the laughter and revel in the sound.

\

They are the gift that truly keeps giving, all of the year round.

\

Shine now for you children in every endeavor.

\

The example you leave them they will hold onto forever.

\

That life may be a storm but you may stand firm remember.

\

With love and strength you'll conquer every fear together.

\

And someday when I'm old and gone, my spirit will be with you never surrender.

I found writing on the walls inside my head
Stuck following my thoughts wherever I'm led
And who knows what it could have said
if I wasn't so lost then I might have read
The words your life is precious you’re not better off dead
But today is not a day that I can relate To all your advice that I argue and debate
Because I’ll say again my pain is always and charges twice the rate
Trapped in my sorrow I'm resigned to my fate
So if you’re trying to help me you a little too late

The borderline see I'm stuck in its snare And it's true that nobody said that life's fair
But only another like me understands this despair
Like being held underwater desperate for air

Like even if you died no one would care
And few can relate to how you feel so why even share
The road I've paved full of wreckage and debris
Wondering how to break this cycle how I'd ever be free
If this borderline I could control who would I be
Would I even recognize that picture I'd see
Could they repay all those I've hurt, could they pay the fee

The borderline it consumes it destroys it makes me weak
As if I don't have a voice because it's in control when I speak
I need you to stay with me even if it seems bleak
But I can't prepare you for the damage I'll wreak
The borderline I'm trapped stuck in its curse

That pushes those I love away like I've said in this verse
I'd give anything to put time in reverse
Take back all I've said find or a way to reimburse
All the times I hurt you or just made things worse
But the borderline won't stop till it leaves me dead in a hearse

Someone help me please save me is anyone there
the pain of you leaving is more than I can bare
I want to be better to be more I swear
But you hear my words now as only hot air
And the hurt I've caused I can't seem to repair
Now I read that writing on the walls inside of my head and it just isn't fair
Not too soon but to late did I notice but who would care

I'm sorry I'm sorry so terribly sorry I swear

Writings on The walls Inside My Head Part 2

Hey you with the writings inside of your head
If you couldn't read it I'll tell you instead
It said more than your life is precious you’re not better off dead
It said don't follow that voice you hear where ever your led
Follow mine I'll be the one to guide you instead
I'm you as a child before it went wrong
Before everything was ripped away like a gravity bong
I'm here to show you that you can still belong
That you should never give up but the road is

long
And you can fix the past but you've got to be strong
I see you stuck in the borderline snare
But I can help you see clearly and be more aware
Even if someone left you most of them still care
But they can't save you from drowning while your pulling their hair
You've got to trust and work with them for your chance at repair

had to follow you on that road of wreckage and debris
And I know you mean it when you say you want to be free
So look from a new angle take a new approach and you'll see
That your curse is a superpower this I decree

But you cannot wield it until you agree
That taking on all that pain was never the key
The borderline it consumed you but it also makes you unique
Your emotions are stronger that doesn't make you meek
To flip it around you need a new technique
Be slow to react and careful when you speak
Use your perception to your advantage and you'll find what you seek

I know the borderline it feel like a curse
And it hurts to know that you made things worse
But you know when someone isn't ok you can see when it hurts
And you can help others and their pain you can reverse
Through service to others this lonely desert

traverse
The borderline is yours control don't leave in a hearse
If you give it a shot you'll find so many people still there
So proud you finally saw what they saw that made you rare
So glad that you realized you didn't need repair
But to take a new approach you did finally dare
And now you can see a big wide world where
Your destiny is still to be written not locked in despair

What would I Do

As nights disappeared quietly Into memory like distant haze
Onward we went Warm and aglow

Like embers of a crackling fire
And charged we did through fire and pain
Traversing the muck and the mire
If ever we could
We pushed
We chased our hearts desire
But all was not so
Our course together agreed
But we were on the wrong track
And darkness it festered
It Spread like mold eating us alive In that beautiful garden we grew
It was not of our knowing

We kept pushing and pulling
Victories few it was us against the world from now until next
All along in silence the darkness kept creeping
We laughed and we sang
Ecstasy it pierced through all shadow and flame

As vibrant as the sun and so too did blind
Oh like a drug it was and like the same so deceiving
So hurt by the my past and warm was your glow
I was desperately drawn to you and you to me
For missing pieces in each other did we both provide
Magnetic and palpable Our nearness enslaved and enthralled Still darkness grew
But I did not know That I was poison to you
My love goes deep like a well
My love it could never run dry
It burns it rages it pierces through the eternity of space and time
Assurance I found that it did provide
And what I accepted as a gift it made me deaf and blind
Thinking all was well and our love was safe As long as for us I could provide
But our fate was unbalanced and on me it did

hang
Unaware that I needed to make a choice but the result wasn’t for me to decide
I never heard I never saw the warnings I never saw the signs
I never heard all the times that you cried
Then like the ticking hand of a clock on a day neither of us noticed or knew so well
Our love died in a solitary moment in the swell of the darkness
That fire bright as a million stars above that fire that raged for me
It ceased to exist inside your chest and in its place darkness it grew

My love,
No one can tell us where the next day would bend.

No swirls of cream in our morning tea can tell us
what we'll see.
In the passing of days each one arrives
unnamed.
Thousands of little moments waiting for us to
decide what they mean.
I have watched the sky outside our window
change color with your thoughts.
When worry sits behind your eyes,
clouds hurry in.
As if they heard your heartbeat,
seeking a place to hide.
When you laugh full of joy the way you do.
when you forget to be careful.
even ordinary streetlights,
seem to burn with a gentler flame.
It is not that we control the stars;
we don’t.
We cannot bargain with the tides,
Nor argue with gravity.

But we can choose
where we aim our sights.
Which shadows we leave room for.
which futures we keep rehearsing,
until they feel like fact.
Fear is a tireless and a weaver of tales.
It whispers it's nightmares,
in the language of certainty.
Papers the walls of the mind,
with all that has not come to pass,
and may never come to pass.
Anxiety is an architect.
It builds houses no one will ever live in
Room after room of imagined disaster.
Then locks you inside to wander the halls.
I have seen you braver than you know,
walking through those corridors.
I have watched you
check every door,
alert to every imagined collapse,

trying to keep us safe
from storms still unborn.
But, my love,
what if we turned
some of that fierce vigilance
toward gentler possibilities?
What if we noticed
each small proof
that the world has loved us—
the way the sunlight
finds your hair in the afternoon,
the way children smile at you
without knowing why,
the way strangers soften
when you speak to them
as if kindness were the most natural
language on earth?
You do not see yourself
as the cosmos sees you.
If the stars could speak,

they would say:
here walks one of our favorite
reflections of light.
When you worry,
they dim in sympathy.
When you smile,
they lean closer.
You are, and will always be,
the most beautiful thing
I have ever been allowed to witness—
not because life has spared you pain,
but because you keep loving
even when it does not.
I do not ask you
to stop feeling—
how could I?
Your heart is a cathedral
where every emotion
has a stained-glass window.
I only ask:

when fear begins to preach
from the pulpit of your thoughts,
let another voice stand beside it.
Let the memory of every time
things turned out softer
than you expected
offer its quiet testimony.
Let the possibility
of goodness yet unseen
clear its throat
in the back row.
We create the world around us
not by magic,
but by repetition.
If we call every day a threat,
each hour will dress itself
in that costume.
If, instead,
we dare to name small mercies—
the safe arrivals,

the gentle conversations,
the evenings where nothing terrible happened—
then slowly, quietly,
the fabric of our days
will begin to remember
that it can be kind.
You once told me
you were terrified
of “getting it wrong.”
But look at your hands:
they have held so much,
and yet they keep reaching
for more ways to heal.
In my life,
you are evidence
that beauty exists
even when the headlines disagree.
You are proof
that tenderness survives
even after the world

has had its say.
So when tomorrow comes
without a guarantee,
let us meet it together
with a different kind of courage—
not the courage of pretending
we’re unafraid,
but the courage of choosing,
again and again,
to look for light
even in rooms
where fear has turned off the switch.
If there is a universe
we can build with our focus,
let mine be simple:
it begins and ends
with the way you breathe beside me.
Everything else
can be negotiated.
Your worth,

your beauty,
your place in my heart—
those are
non-negotiable laws
in whatever world
we speak into being.

When spring returns too late, how does the winter feel?
Its winds grown tiresome, holding the chill; the cold it can no longer heal.
Oh, wondrous tundra, sprout forth the beauty you reveal.
Rise from my bedrock, you glorious colors are the paint of the landscape's fill.
Your earth that kept me below the frozen dark, will feed and care for me still.
Bloom now, every precious perennial.
Every delicate and colored thing, waking in their

hours.
Rivers flow your majesty and display your mighty powers.
Burst forth new life your many miles, bringing all things a fresh new start.
For your force both begins and ends within the beating of my heart.
Beauteous fields, your peonies unfold, the gift of April showers.
Climb high great queens of blossom, all sunflowers perched upon your towers.
Fill the air with lily and lilac, as gooseberry and greenery revives ground once torn apart.
Your beauty floods the winter in me, within the beating of my heart.
Linger, stay; do not leave with the haste in which the seasons fade away.
Let me peacefully reside in every moment you create, every dawn of glorious day.
As sunlight renews this weary, weathered man.

Your splendor, the scent upon your terrain, the beating of my heart lays in your hand.