

Lying in bed,  
I cannot rise.  
It is as if I am lead,  
weighted down,  
Or rather,  
unlifted, unlightened,  
for the love of the children I stay  
Here.  
She speaks of your anger,  
and with her Sight she is so right.

Having recreated my mother,  
how do I leave?  
The same conundrum  
That I faced, to run,  
instead of fighting my demons.  
How foolish.  
How I justified it  
Now I  
am so far from my family,  
from my heritage,  
from my history,  
that I shall never make it back.  
God forgive me.

How sad,  
that I need to dig for friends  
like the gold seekers.  
I wish for Peace,  
for the ability to be,  
yet the shoe does not fit.  
However I try to  
Make it, I know it is not right.

Play all the mind games  
I want,  
read and practice all the New Age Philosophy around,  
but it is inside, it burns, it breaks and  
I have denied  
It for so long now,  
It has no effect.

Looking around  
I try to justify it,  
as I justified all my moral transgressions --  
For which I once again ask forgiveness.

It is here and now I  
have to straighten  
My walk,  
though by the time it is straightened,  
I fear all my love will be gone.

Fearing the future,  
for the error has propagated,  
I lie in bed,  
the noise of the family,  
Reverberating through the house.  
One yelling, another shouting back, a third wailing in  
The background...  
my family, my pain, my transgressions.