

Poetry Series

Julie Park

- poems -

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Julie Park(09-07-69)

A little bit about myself: I toured with the techno-group 'Fem 2 Fem' for approximately three years, and charted in Billboard's top 5 and 40 in the dance charts, musically. I opened for acts such as ZZ Topp, Liza Minelli and Meatloaf. I toured with such acts/bands as Marilyn Manson and Nine Inch Nails, as well. I worked as a music co-ordinator on the movie Shiloh. I wrote stories for United Paramount Network for a TV show called '7 Days' and assisted the production in Vancouver, Canada. I also did casting and assisting with Vince McMahon on a reality show called 'Manhunt', that was shot in Kauai. I've worked, writing with Christopher Crowe on an NBC movie called Homeland Security as well as many other projects. I modeled for 15 years for many clothing companies which led to me producing shoots, eventually. With the help of Scott Gilman (Sonny) I was able to record my original music and, becoming a member of ASCAP, licensed numerous productions to television. I am currently nose to the grind on a series of children's books as well as some irons in the fire on a new screenplay. I currently am in rotation on the Spin and Karma radio with my music, and writing is my passion! When I was a wee girl, I always would say that if I can't marry a book, then I'll marry a writer. I still haven't got married; but I'm a writer! Creation willing; no pun intended!

A Way To Say I Love You

I stayed up all night thinking of a way that I could prove the way I feel is real and find the words to say.

Just how it feels that we're together, there are no words to say, but I've been staying up all night and I've been thinking of a way.

It's a feeling you can see. There are no words that can describe. Bathing darkness with your light you fill what's empty deep inside.

Staying up all night. I'm thinking of a way...a way to say I love you. Thinking of a way. You are the reason for the Sun you are the start for which I fall, forever to you I belong. It is for you I carry on. Staying up all night. Thinking of a way. A way to say I love you. I have to say I love you. You're my star up in the sky that puts the answer in my why. You're the reason for this song. You give me love so that I'm strong. I stayed up all night. Thinking of a way, a way to say I love you; there are no words to say I love you. So I'll just have to show you. But, I stayed up all night trying to find a way.

Julie Park

As A Result Of Him

And, from somewhere, something, someone, with body like mine, but not like mine, do dareth to come upon me. And to casteth their doubt into Love and, also into Love that is so bright, mine own Heart could feel this. Causeth this someone, causeth this fear of the unknown is, 'the First Darkness' whom doth, in sighted eyes that blind the blind; and with closed fists that cripple the crippled; cast the first Shadow of Doubt which stealeth the sky's sight. And the Sky did darken into the blackest of Shadows as Doubt did cast itself upon all that there is. And, this Time came to be so known as the Night. And from somewhere, and from someplace, He is the First Love and He is the Truth. He doth deeply hold mineself so tight in his Love and wraps mineself so tight in his 'Body' that He hath given; unto All that is His is Everything's to recieve His Love and His Comfort. He shareth with the Sky and with All that Is, His Wisdom. With Judgement, there is no Wisdom. With Wisdom there can be no Judgement, He saith. And Judgement would not be received by All; but by the shadow that doth doubt only thineself and which hath did fail at enlightenment from His Wisdom poured out, but gained by Doubt was not. Doubt hath no Love for thineself or for Others. Suffering greatly, Doubt is from ignorance. Doubt is from fear. Doubt doth fear the unknown....All that Is. Doubt doth fear thineself; and casteth He who is the Truth, was His way upon the blackened Sky. He so carried Stars up into the Galaxies and so calleth these Stars of our Galaxy the Constellations. And the Dark was no more. And in this Galaxy, the Constellations number Eighty-eight. And with each Constellation is a different Musical Note. And, with Eighty-eight notes numbering the same as that of what would be called a Piano, the Songs of the Galaxies are played through the Sky, throughout Time. And He is Love. And He is Truth. And He is Honor. As He is Enlightenment to All. And Enlightenment becomes the Darkness, bringing Light. So, causeth this my first Breath. So causeth in Sky, the first Winds. Light intervenes upon the Eve of Doubts which, in Eve's very 'lie' in the darkness, so also causeth the longest 'Time', first called Night. This light begat a new perspective for All to See. Unto us, from this light, cometh what has come to be called the Moon. And this Light which hath bringeth the Moon also casteth with Thine own Will, Day into the Sky and calleth this Light, the Sun. And the World became two parts. And there is the Day. And there is the Night. And in the Day is the Sun's Rays, He so Lights. And in the Night is the Moon's beams, He so Lights. The Sun bringeth with it the Day and the Moon bringeth with it the Night. From before this, exists the Truth and the Love from which All is. The very Colors of the World that encapsulate a Rainbow, Paint, also, the Worlds. The Moon illuminates the Dark with its Beams. The Sun steals away the Darkness with its Rays. Swathing mineself in Minds, theirs, is the Love which begat the Sun and the Love which hath also begat the Moon. And the

Truth and the Light are One; whom is All Ways, and so, is Always, there. Though blind to their sight I was, the Sun and the Moon hath given me thine Eyes to See. So, too, are the Sun and the Moon accomplished at seeing All that is. Because of they, the Darkness may have Sight. And out of the Darkness becomes the Unconscious mind of Self. Out of the Unconscious mind of Self becomes Sleep; A Sleep so deep that one doth cross through this tunnel, cross also they into another Way...another Realm in which the Subconscious dwells. Out of Sleep and out of the Unconscious Mind which our cognitive thoughts take Flight from, becomes Rest which all needeth for thine own Mind and out of my Consciousness and Free from mine own Body made of Flesh and made of Blood, and of mine own Aura and Spirit, I may travel free. As, without body, I am free from the Physical World. And out of my Mind I became more. As more aware I became. Existing in another world out of my Body and so out of my Mind. And the Truth and the Light doth hold me in Their Mind as I sleep with them, as We are All One. He doth hold Me in His Ways, too. And so, comes the Day. And brightness becomes the sky. And so, All may now be with Sight. Bright becomes my Mind so that I may Think Freely. Bright becomes my Mind so that I may Feel, Truthfully. Think, I shall, before I will ever Speaketh against Another. Another shall also not Speaketh against thineself. And I shall also not Speaketh against mineself. And so, another Word shall ever be, again, spoken if there is not Brightness. If there is not Truth. And so, the Sky became Silent as Doubt did not utter Words Truth. And, as Truth need not Spoken with Words, be; but is Felt with Heart. And, so became the first Heartbeat. And so became the first Rhythm. And so became the first Melody from Breath, mine and from the Winds and from the Skies Constellations. And so became the first Song. And so became the Truth that He Loves me since before the Shadow of Doubt. And so was the first True Love, before the Day and, before the Night. And All is from Truth. And All is from Love. And, so, there is the Sun and there is the Moon. As Inside of me He is, as I am Love. And inside of Him, I am, as He is Love. When he walks in the Day or the Night, if He that hath held me so tight as to protect me from Judgement, from Doubt; protect me from Lies, doth look up; He may see the Spirit of the Sky. The Sky which is within each of Us with each Breath that we Breathe. The Sky that Sees all is All, as All is from the Sky. The Sky doth carry us all. And, in the Sky, we do gaze upon the Stars and we do Stare into the Sun of the Day, and we do look up to the Man on the Moon of the Night. And through the Sun's Eyes. And through the Moon's Eyes. We can see. And in the Sky's Body that doth carry Us, We are Loved. And You are Truth; and You are Love and You are Honor. Because of You, I am. Because of Me, You are. To the Universal heartbeat's song, may we dance under the Moonlight, no matter how far apart We are from One Another. To blow a Kiss into the Sky is to Whisper a kiss into the Sky that Both of our Lips do Touch at the same Time. Because, You Believe in the Sun and in the Moon and in the Sky; because You can become a Rainbow

that makes a break in the Clouds. Calming the storms. Because you can stop the Rain; I am. All is because One Believes. All is because Love can be Trusted. All is because of He whom hath Honor. It all began with One. And so, because of this One; because of Him, I am. I am as a result of You.

Julie Park

Don'T Call Me Doll Face

If you want to play, you go buy yourself a silly doll.
My mania is not for your arts and entertainment.
Why do you think I have to erect these high, stone walls.
Don't think my last name is Park for your amusement.

Just when it seems that I might begin to raise up the walls,
At the same time I will be tearing down as up & down doesn't end.
I will build the walls taller; doctors, they'll try to shrink my thoughts smaller.
They do not know now and they never will begin to understand.

Is it trendy, this thinking out of the box?
Who said the World is the box we think out of?
I think in, around and about all that there is.

When my thoughts come at my mind, pushing.
My mind comes at my thoughts, shoving.
When I hear others scream in anger
I refer to them simply, as, "darling".

I do dream that I could be "like everybody".
I also wish that I could think "like everybody".
It's not that I'm boring or
That I really choose not to think clear.

I don't know how to "act" with anybody.
I know I live differently than most anybody.
I'm a wallflower wearing a lampshade at life's party
Pandora holds the key as to why I am here.

I do not truthfully know myself.
For a day could I honestly be somebody else.
It would be so much easier than being stuck inside of me.
My emotions are shaken and turned into terror
I think I get through life by trial and error
I'm being held prisoner by an invincible disease.

Some guys, they just assume they can call me Doll face.
My suggestion to them is: invest in a toy.
These dude's; they need to stay out of my personal space

I don't need to be manipulated and destroyed.

Do not do me any special favors, please.

Don't text me or write me or call.

In fact, do this one thing for me.

Pretend you never met me at all.

Here I am and I feel this may be a pretend way to be alive.

This really is but it's also kind of not how I feel.

I don't know how I feel I know this, and I don't know why

It is a chaotic yet somehow confused calm that seems real.

For me, I cannot comprehend yours,

or any other way.

But, I have tried or mostly had those ways

all tried on me.

To find a cure; to make it through another night;

another day.

The doctors treat me as a guinea pig; using my mind

for nefarious deeds.

They're twisting my brain as I color pages black in a book.

It's all the colors of my thoughts; how I feel that I must look

It won't show up in pictures or the photos that you took

This manic depressive illness has deceiving ways and is often overlooked

If you're good, I might make you a necklace inside a box.

I won't even need to think outside of it.

As I shuffle back and forth by the door that is,

All ways, and is always locked.

I long for someone to understand the language of this

Hey, there Doll Face? Are they speaking to me?

Yes, guys always look at the outside first...right?

If it all appears pretty, then assume she's alright, she must be.

But inside I'm crying as I battle silently for my life.

Yes, I've always been up the creek without a paddle.

And yes...I have always almost drowned.

But someone also has always caught me, thus far.

I will paint my smile on and appear happy, just like a clown.

Everybody will point at me and everybody will make fun of me.
If I have a balloon for them then they may, or maybe will not.
Do I give them a reason to laugh at me? I wasn't really trying, you see.
But people laugh when I walk in or out of a room. At what! ?

I guess that I will laugh last.
I know that I cried first.
I'll probably die laughing.
I bet I'll laugh crying in the...

The beginning of the end,
or the end of the beginning?
And then I get to go, right?
Am I first or am I last;
does the door open or does life shut?

It isn't easy to be you.
Blind to how it is I see
If you spent a day in my head,
No longer blind would you be.

You could finally see and you would finally hear
Which would make you think and make you feel
Just a taste of what it's like to be me; maybe more aware
It just might bring to life the Doll Face you thought was so real.

What it's like to be me
There are too many ways to describe
You'd really have to live it, though
To understand that I live each day and I die

I will only laugh along with you
Even as you are really laughing at me
But funny isn't what you'd find
If you lived a day in my life, you don't see.

Don't Call me doll face.
Just overlooking the obvious.
I'll leave without a suitcase
No need to be adventurous

Been there. Done that. Every day.
Though, repeating things, I always learn.
The End Is Near, Ziggy's cartoon would say.
Every day, the End Is Near, I really learned.

I've hurt them, too.
As in, I've hurt myself.
How could anybody love me?

I live in such a beautiful world.
My life is such the perfect and pretty hell.
I die perfectly, again to live a die every day.

I exist in fear of every single thing.
I can't die, I wish. So, I guess I'll stay.
It's just too bad that so long ago
My mind started to turn and twisting
I lost myself, Me, somewhere along the way.

Now, that somebody is me.
I didn't wish for this.
Can't I get off of this clever Park ride?
Looks can truly deceive.
Am I not the answer to your wish?
Don't call me Doll Face; as I laugh at you in front and in back I cry.

Don't call me Doll Face.

Julie Park

Eye Of My Storm

In the eye of my storm
Where all of the doctors, they lay
They look down into my clouds
They test and medicate my brain

In the eye of my storm
Doctors avoid all of the rain
As I pour down all around them
As they diagnose me, insane

Insanity by definition
Is really quite small
We really know almost nothing
about the mind; there's no cure-all

Not in the eye of my storm
As I am rain; down, down, down,
Dr.'s cannot feel the pain fall
As I both smile and I also frown
I
I believe that I am the rainbow
I believe that I am the clouds
I believe that I am the moonlight
I believe am; don't ask me how

The doctors say that I'm mad
Deadly sad and overly happy
But I live inside of the mirror, I say
On the quiet side of the vanity

I know for sure that I am the rain
I know what water feels like falling
I have been falling for the longest time
the tear drops of the sky are calling

But it's me whom lives with this day and night
It is me whom has died from this, too.
It's not easy knowing, hearing, seeing so much
Or believing that a hallucination isn't the truth

A perfect example of an 'incident'
One that even left me shocked and was bad
Was when I thought I would be sacrificed
For every abortion and miscarriage ever had

I thought that I was going to be burned for this
So, I cut off and shaved bald my long hair
My watch fell off and time, it did stop
I lived to feel even more fear and despair

I thought that King Tut was my dad
I told the Police that I was from Egypt
Doctor's do not know my secret truth
I just remember tiny pieces and bits

I am the Mother of the Sky
Or at least I thought that I was
5150 in the hospital for 3 days
I told them to contact Obama

So, how does one disagree with me
When I know it's the absolute truth
I hear and see things that other's should see
And when I cry, I really do cry for you

I don't want your sympathy or a greeting card
I don't need you to send me pretty flowers
I just need you to believe in what I say and I see
I need your confirmation in my super powers

I've sent the ocean back to the sand
When, once, water took over the World
I was the only person left standing, for awhile
As the waves around me and life swirled

I've been Jesus, the Holy Spirit and also God
I've been Mother Mary and, the first light
I believe that I've been killed every day for living
I don't believe that we were born to die

I rewrote the infamous Good Book, I did

It's best when read between the lines
We live in the last period of peril and crisis
We truly are nearing the end of time

It's all about gravity and anti gravity
Oscillations and colored orbs
It's about Lucifer and Thoth and Edgar Allen Poe
It's about the energy we each can absorb

The Father, The Son, The Holy Spirit
The scale: Doe, Ra, Mi, Fa, So, La, Ti, Da
In the eye of my storm, you think you're safe from the rain
Today I'm not the Alpha, Today I am the Omega

Julie Park

Forever And Ever, Friend

Lend me your heart. I shall borrow it forever. Give me your love. For eternity, this I shall treasure. I'll all ways be true to whom we are. The love of a friend cannot be measured. I shall give all of myself to you. I will walk away from you, never. Whence, in the darkness of the Eve, lit by the Moon. The way that I persuade you to me, it will be clever. As I become the Sun, shining the night away, you will feel that it is right that we're together. Just as the sky holds all of the star's wishes, you too should wish upon a star. There's a star in the sky that holds you, in a way. You see, I wished for a best friend, Lisa Crozier. We'll surpass the sands of time with our beginning that has no end. We'll be friends forever and ever, and ever. Longer than the sky will carry the stars. Together forever and ever and, yes forever together, my Friend.

Julie Park

Good To Be Alive

Pepsi Cinicola/PIB Lakemore

While thinking of being there, I realized that I wasn't.
As, it is here, that I am, thinking, of you.
While thinking of you here, my heart aches, but, it doesn't.
As, it is clear, that you are thinking of me, too.

As, you are away for just a moment, has too long passed us by.
To miss one tick of the tock without each other is too much.
But, for the day and the night that have come and gone from us.
Hardly, have we missed a second. As, cheek mine, now, still feels the gentle
and, yes, tender love from your touch.

While thinking of you, as I am, here. I realize that together, we are.
I am, I realize, with you there and everywhere that you go.
While, I am a part of you there, you, also, are a part of me, here.
We have that something, which no words can describe, that keeps Us whole.

Upon your return, joy and delight; they will be far too little.
Again, there are no words, for the feelings felt, which could possibly describe.
A grand Welcome Home for my best friend, I'll hang on every answer you have
for my questions.
I'll feel complete and whole. Our two hearts beat as one. It is good to be alive.

Julie Park

Looking Glass

I live inside of your looking glass
I come from inside of you
I am your silent voice of reason
I am your reflection, reflecting me, too

When you happen to gaze upon me
I too, gaze upon you
As I live inside of your looking glass
While I also live inside of you

When you have your night terrors - take note
Unlike you - I never need to be sleeping
Sure the mystical dream catcher works great
But I wake you up in a cold sweat - screaming

When you leave this room, each time
You still can't escape from who I am
Before your feelings perform a thoughtful action
I'll come up with a better plan

When looking in a storefront window
You're also looking at me
I am the shadow that goes wherever you go
I see everything that you see

I am your thought that precedes a thought
I am your feelings – in a way
I am before your cognitive reason
Both in the night and in the day

Who am I, you ask of me
You won't get a vocal reply
You could never – ever hear my voice
But you can look at me in your eyes

Mirror, mirror on the vanity
Are you getting scared to be you, just yet
I'll have to think that over in our mind
I feel nothing but see that you're scared - Yes

Chills run down your cheeks from me
Hairs raise up on your face, legs and arms
I am the cause of your nightmares in the day
Don't be simple – there's just cause to be alarmed

Have you seen your shadow look at you
Then you caught a glimpse of me
I see to everything that you do
But you don't see all that I see

Mirror - I am the fairest of them all
More fair, even, than you
We're not equal because I decide
Your thoughts and actions; all that you do

I can't say that I am better than me
I will never say that you are better than I
It depends on what I fabricate of your truth
And what you believe of your make believe life

I make it and you believe it
Less than a fairy tale-
This life with yours I play make you believe
Fairy tales never do have a happy ending
Believe this- I make and break you- you'll see

I am the guilt that is your blanket
I cast upon you the feeling called doubt
I am the smirk when you just want to cry
Quick, look in the mirror, that's what I'm all about

Did you see your reflection just now
That was me - telling you what to do
I didn't have to say a word out loud
Though you must feel that I love you

Do you know why - because I said - So
Is it you who lives in the mirror or - is it me
You know what they say – the body is your temple
It is I who reigns from inside. As you worship me

Wait a minute
You almost had - without me
A personal thought
I could never – ever, ever allow it
Thinking without me
You just will not

What if I just pulled an Elvis and left the building
What if I – as your feelings - suddenly went away
Just who do you think I leave behind in the mirror
I become you – I'm me - in a different way

When you stare into your eyes
I so lovingly refer to as ours
Just remember that it is me that I love
It is you that I literally abhor

As in I won't let the door hit me – oh no
If your memory suits you correct
It has hit you one – two- four or more times
I felt as I watched- pure joy and just laughed

Remember the first time I caused you to fall
I am the shadow that fills you with doubt
Remember your face – so ashen and pale
You - then and still - can't figure me out

That is because I won't let you fail
Not if you work for me- and you do
It's I who does everything right
For all the wrong reasons
I am the truth of your short life – poor you

Short life it has been for the You of Us
Short for you but not for me - so what
I am so thoughtless-I take your glee and your love
I take the crown and the first-place cup

There is not a mountain high enough
That I have not made you climb - yet
It is not within reason that I convey to you
Would you care to wager a bet

As in – I got one better than you
I got you coming and going
You are stuck - in the middle - of where
I live both inside and out of you
- No ING

Knowing that I chuckle as you do all the work
And I take all of everything from you
I even steal your wishes from wishing wells
What are you going to do about it - boo hoo hoo

Do not try wishing upon a falling star
I will truthfully look as if I am happy
Quick, run and get you a bottle of Jack
Hurry - it is for me - make it snappy

Ha ha You can't and you won't leave the mirror
This - I just will not let you do
I cover your face with your hands as I laugh
Tears of joy as I look at a stupid - thoughtless you.
Boo Hoo Hoo!

Julie Park

Parananormal

I know someone is coming, I know someone is near. I feel somebody somewhere has been following me here. Suddenly I'm feeling an impending sense of doom. Suddenly I feel a need to get out of this room. I feel someone is watching. I feel their chilling stares. I'm feeling paranormal and I'm feeling pretty wierd. I know that I must run but there is nowhere I can hide. I know that I knew this before the first time I had died. I see around the corners. I think out of the box. I crawl around in circles as I try to catch my thoughts. I see whom it could not be. I think I know for sure. When all worlds run together and the stars begin to blur. I always start out walking. Put the circle in the square. Could it be the four horsemen. Is it trumpets that I hear. One said it long before me. I think he got stung, too. He always takes my breath when he says I'll be watching you. Every breath I take, every move I make. Someone's watching me.

Julie Park

The First Thing

The First Thing

Time has seemingly stopped, for me.
I want to be your little sister, forever.
I want to follow you around, doing everything that you do.
You're so beautiful; you're so fabulous; you're so familiar.
"Plecase, hold! " You'll say; when I'm speaking too fast.
Or, just "Wave at me when you come back".
I'll say "Jump in and hang on" and he will say:
"And that's what she has to say about that! "
To be continued; with each new sun and moon...
We even sing and dance at the grocery store!
You did it all for the cookie. Is that Limp Bizquit?
Well, that's just a part of one of our adventures.
From where did you gather your strong voice of reason?
I think of you with every thought that I have.
I call you Galinda the Good One, because you're so good.
I call you "Molly Hot TaMolly Lou Who" when you're bad!
By bad, I mean to say, someone to reckon with.
For once no one will take advantage of me.
I've got a big sister that will protect me from evil, now.
Without her in this world, there's no need for a We.
We are really family...that is true.
I've got you, my sister Shawn and me.
You even come with a brother-in-law for me, too.
And a niece and nephew for my family tree.
"Lend me your heart" or "Give to me your love"
We've laughed as we've recited poetry out loud.
You always gently tell me to stare at the back of your head.
This is how you keep me calm in a much too big crowd.
Do your toes curl like mine? Does your back curve like this?
I've got a million and one questions for you.
Have you ever thought this? Have you ever done that?
What is it, exactly, that you, for fun, love to do?
Time holds the answers to all of my questions
Far too many seasons have long passed.
Forever, you'll be Thing1 and I'll be Thing2, now.
And that's what I have to say about that.
Hmmm.

The Hollow Seed

I fought with myself. I, myself fought with me.
In the mirror, a fist, not a kiss, my face did meet.
I counted on both hands; I have ten fingers to beat.
When fighting with myself, my own fists beating me.

No; blue blood doesn't flow from me when I begin to bleed.
Not from my body; nor from my soul, nor from my spirit breaking.
I've died so many times, before; I'll die again, can't you see.
I've died simply trying to live and living is simply killing me.

I live with myself and I, myself live with this.
It does hurt quite a lot; much more than a little bit.
Hollow seeds take my life, they bare no fruitful benefit.
I wake up each day knowing that today I'll die again.

I fight with myself over the tiny, implanted seeds that mean a lot.
One tear dropp of water makes you hollow; just one wet drop
As each day begins, I stow yesterday's seed in Pandora's box
I wish that I could be whole inside with the passage of time's tock.

For a moment I seek safety in silence, reflecting myself in a mirror.
Again, I'm afraid of dying alone; of being hollow, my biggest fear.
As I stare into my eyes, I see that familiar someone is drawing near.
A hollow body of a seedless me, I see in a reflection as I disappear.

It's then that I realize what I was looking at; not a reflection of me.
I forgot about my fists for a moment; I screamed aloud that I disagree.
I fear not evil as I've walked with death; unlike life, death has no seed.
There is a sentencing to a hollow life if you're your own worst enemy.

The seed you'll plant will be hollow; I know.
And out of it something will surely grow.
The biggest nothing that you could never want.
It's that which kills you, and, that, only YOU know.

You are the hollow seed that I write of.
You hide deep down in the darkest of dirt.
You pretend to be a rose by another name.
You are convincing of the lies that you birth.

You write about what I am; I'm a hollow seed.
I feel so cold and empty and lost inside.
I just realized that you made me write about me.
As I stared back into my hollow eyes and I cried.

Just one tear dropp fell from my hot cheeks
They stung and burned my face as the water fell down.
The tears are filled with salt and other toxic things.
They turn seeds hollow when they fall from me, all around.

My ten fingers curled tightly into fists.
My own worst enemy; Me, I can't miss.
The hollow seed is me knocking at my front door.
How do I make it go away, as I knock even louder?

Hollow seed, go away. There is no place for your decay.
Don't come back, again; and please don't bother to stay.
Hollow are my fists; beating down upon my own face.
Hollow are my tears; seeding my mind with hollow days.

Do not stay here. Do not come back.
There's nowhere for you to go.
So, we're right back where we started.
With the night, I usher death home.

You know my fears; what it is that makes me so weak.
It's the same thing that makes you so very strong.
How can this hollow seed take so much of my shallow life?
Maybe I was born this way; the knocking is where I'm from.

Open the door. No, just keep it closed.
Maybe there's a chance it'll forget about me.
What are the odds of me going away?
I can't stay here; I'm the hollow seed.

So, I open the door, as I always do.
The hollow seed is waiting just for me.
As I take my last breath, I open my eyes,
and see my own fists are beating on me.

I am the hollow seed.

I'll die again alone.
I am so hollow, me.
I'll never have a home.

Julie Park