

Allow Yourself To Shine

Nov 26, 2014



[Wrote this as I sit during the experience. I hope sharing helps those in their journey.]

As I sit in a chair, inside my parent's home,
and I see my dad dying, air heavy as stone.
I look in his eyes, peering into the soul of the man,
and how his wife dying, burned away his life's plan.

Mortality raises its hand, and slaps my face hard.

The razor sharp fingernails, my cheeks further

scared.

I continue to smile with the pain of the scene,
etching further into my skin, my cells inside scream.



A sibling, a brother, another person in shreds,
joins in the journey, reading the book of the dead.

The past of our childhood bubbles deep from my eyes,
sliding, biking, memories no longer alive.

Expanding my thoughts, to the world, to those at large,

for everyone living and dying will feel the same

shard.

It slices and cuts, it pierces the heart.

The bond of emotions now end from the start.

A dark pit appears within our mind's eye,
a place for pity, depression, tears ready to cry.

But, among the swirl of our emotional states,
there are other things to grab, other things to take.



The reason for the hardship, the crushing dark weight,
is the collection of the good times, the negative of hate.
There were the smiles, the giggles and the forever
bond,
singing to each other, using our love to create song.

As we go through these turmoils of anguish and pain,
and our hearts begin breaking, the stitches feeling
strain.

We should allow ourselves to smile, lift our heavy
heads,
and cherish we knew the living, before they were dead.

Then hold onto that moment of your personal white light,
and realize the point of living, is to live as we fight.
Don't allow the effects of the things that make us die,
to take all of your time while working to be alive.



Mourn for the fallen and feel for their loss,
honor their time with you and the bonding
you've lost.
Then set that aside and look back into your face,
your still in the running, there's more of a race.

Get angry if you must and use the energy it
builds,
drink from your frustration, and at that which

kills.

Then spit back at it, you tell it NO MORE TIME!
Your going to value your own life, you're going to shine.

8D...ave

Some of my art I chose for this:

Dad's Little Boy: <http://timeforyourmind.com/davesArt/tfymArtIndex-269.htm>

Buddies: <http://timeforyourmind.com/davesArt/tfymArtIndex-254.htm>

True Love: <http://timeforyourmind.com/davesArt/tfymArtIndex-477.htm>

Getting Along: <http://timeforyourmind.com/davesArt/tfymArtIndex-100.htm>