

The Rejection Letter

Bitterness

I swear. I curse. I hate the world that brings this pain,
I hate me, for empowering these bastard fiends,
These pygmies who hide behind their cryptic scenes.
I hate you! I hate you all!
If you stood before me, I would tear you with my tears,
Bitterness burns in my veins, bitterness takes away my name,
What am I to do with their impersonal no? When they refuse to let me to explain.
But lonely, I will stay, inside I will play, strong in my belief that I am worthy of their disdain.

Depression

Can't get up, no words will flow.
My purpose destroyed, removed, torn up and worse,
Why work, when no avenue, no flow, no path to course.
Dead end, blank verse, canker sore upon my muse,
Blackness coiled, no imagination free to use.
Covered in filth, lost in despair, investigating all my flaws,
Scolding sympathetic tones, lost within the black beast's jaws.

Anger

Fuck them!
By definition, they know not who I am,
The words held back, break free of the dam.
Clouds break, furies streak across the sky,
Tearing apart their fucking lies.
I step forth, ready to be renewed.

Hope

Right now, right here is all that matters,
Forgotten nightmares that shuttered.
Detrimental voices, chores muted,
Taking back what was looted.
Rising, from my mental ashes.

Work

I put my blood upon the page,
And laugh at ease within my mental cage.
Stressed by each turning of the newly written page,
I refuse to hear my inner voice's rage.