

House

Hail Mary,
full of grace,
the Lord is with you.
You are the very reason that ticking time bombs explode
with lost capsules of once shared memories.

You are falsified memories of deranged hope
that sprouted from bruised eyes and purple fist.
You are the mere dichotomy of life and death.

From the very moment you were born, I watched you.
Following you around Spark Park playgrounds in downtown Houston,
knowing that you would stay here
until it was safe to go home.

Hail Mary,
full of grace,
the Lord is with Thee.

Home was classified as an unratified
constitution breaking bylaws while
feening for federal protection.
Protecting innocent lives in physicality
while spiritually devoting your own.
Deteriorating elitism and the hierarchy of
Life
And
Death
to defend my sister from being psychologically launched.

The abuse drained me,
but could not abstain me
from being a catalyst of breath and mere sunlight in a
darkened room.

A song to the tear gas in the eyes of the suffering.
A divine intervention from the astronomic passage of God's touch.

Quiet nights locked inside of four small walls did not mitigate the problem.
Trash bags could not be pulled over my head to suffocate
my ethereal being and presence in my human experience.
The scorching realm of the underworld grasped my neck
with clawed hands and emasculated my very
being.

Being a generator of fear is not what God created.
I am a woman who can overcome any
physiological conundrum that I encounter.
The abuser and I were not one in the same,
but his character
uncovered that he is too,
my brother.

Hail Mary,
full of grace,
the Lord is with Thee.
I will never leave
nor forsake you.
That's what God told me.
I am his daughter.