

Sometimes I Feel Things
by Enedina Prater

I remember floating through the unknown astral plane with you.
The one that held us and cradled us close and dear.

I remember-

Surrounded by the energy of it.
Engulfed by the fire it birthed.

There was no pain.
There was no hurt.

The truth of it?
It lurked within us before our souls had ever met.

Its waves we rode separate into bliss,
colliding into liquid pleasure-
that dripped as one unto this world-
that is only you and I.

They Do Not Know They Are Angry

Survival mode-
Can turn you into a well-oiled machine.

In many ways-
A warrior.

Not everyone will know your struggle.
Why would they?
Why would you want them to?

Sometimes the outside-
Does not always match within.
Sometimes-

If rage could blossom into a fire-
Could you see the beauty of the flame?

Lies!
You couldn't possibly-
Many people would be frightened.

And not understand-
What it is that they are witnessing.

Many would see an uncontrolled monster-
Whose value and beauty would mean more with death-
Than with breath.

No one tries to understand you when you are alive-
Only when you are no longer here-
So they could draw their own conclusion as to what led to the flame.