

e-merge

Jacquese Armstrong

like the pink lotus
emerges from the murky
depths
opens its petals all proud and blush
so i become...

the scars have healed
the anger chilled
sadness stilled
pity distilled
negatives forces encamp
but refuse to invade

the only colors
were black/white/grey

shadows played havoc
with the mind's emotions who
kidnapped a train
of thought that rode past
the designated stop
and derailed

unveiled
the iridescent butterfly wings
colored as stained glass
kaleidoscope changes
take flight
emancipates itself

before the anxious stare
of a blank mind

now
i sit
in the warm sand beach
devouring
sun danced rippling ocean
and its particular roar

or i sit
on a cold grey park bench
watching murky river's
dream

'cause water is life
and life can be Love
if you let it emerge...