

# Grief, Hope, and Negligence

Deep down, i do not know to have hope for dead bones can come alive again.

Apprehension towards the hope for the things that i deeply desire could be,  
When i finally understand the power in the liberty,  
Of freeing myself from the need  
to please You.

You came across my mind and gave me a bouquet.  
Arranged with roses and daisies and promises.  
i don't know if the flowers will die on me again.  
i don't know if I can trust You again.

But again, we have had this conversation already.

Haven't we?

Realities, Meanings, Truths, and Intentions,  
Stab, Bite, Bleed and Melt into one another,  
Enmeshed and Codependent.  
i am me and me are You and You are not  
--Even here.

After Your letters sent in anger that one of many times maimed my body to shreds—muscle and  
sinew,  
Your face contorts in discomfort watching my body heavily bleed—entrails pouring out of me.  
You conclude that i too should be loose in the principles that You taught me to uphold  
above my head as You observe bewildered.

By my crushed skull and spinal cord.

Here.  
I lay unable to get up again  
Here lies my hopes  
Here lies my delusions  
Here lies our possibilities  
Bury them deep into the ground.

Please stop expecting me to dig up the bones, especially now. I am finally ready to grieve.