

## **My Slam**

A Poetry Slam  
Not a long time  
2-5 minutes  
And standing in front of you  
I can say it's not a huge deal  
But I cried several times in the making of this  
Tears of stress  
A Couple of Confusion  
A few of Sadness  
I cried enough tears to create a damn ocean  
Salty scrambling seas  
Tearing through lifeless streets  
And empty alleyways of my mind  
Occasionally spilling over the rim  
The funny thing though,  
Is at the end of the day  
It doesn't matter  
I could fail this  
But pass the class  
At the end of the day  
It's not that important  
Whether you wear a red shirt  
Or a blue shirt  
Or if the boy you liked  
Was obsessed with the girl you didn't  
It doesn't matter  
You see what my momma told me  
Was that life goes on  
Regardless of if your hair was perfect  
Or If you were the most popular kid in school  
Life goes on  
So don't sweat the small things  
But I tacked on a phrase of my own  
Don't sweat the small things  
But don't forget them either  
Don't forget the way a certain boy smiles before cracking a joke  
Or the way your friends eyes  
Scream with laughter before she opens her mouth  
Or the significance of the smallest objects

Fourteen Rocks  
To you they seem just that  
Rocks  
Some smooth, some cracked  
Round, Square  
Though to you they are just pebbles

To me they are an entity of their own  
Both an antagonizing reminder  
And the fondest of memories  
If there's anything losing someone has shown me  
It's the fragility of life  
The realization that everything is temporary  
A ticking time bomb  
Playing hot potato  
Seeing who explodes first  
You touch these pebbles  
I see through them  
See through it to a fading sky  
Light receding to night  
Like an inkblot overtaking the sun  
Sat on the back porch  
A short cut toothbrush clutched in one hand  
A rock in the other  
Sat beside my uncle  
Polishing stones  
Polishing Life  
Fond memories  
Fun times  
Simple times  
But had I known he was to be ripped from my life  
Before his clock hit 58  
Before I started high school  
Before his second grandchild was born  
Things may have been different  
So yeah  
Those were fun times  
I enjoyed them  
But they were gone all too quick  
Ripped from my hands like the heart from my body  
I think now  
Of all the times  
I sat to the side at a family gathering  
All the times  
I stood alone thinking  
Of all my issues  
How much I hated my hair  
How much I hated my body  
Middle Child Syndrome  
Anxiety  
Self consciousness  
The amount of times someone called me a name  
Ugly  
Annoying  
bitch.

I had let these words wrap around me  
Coiled like a noose  
Trying to choke me out  
I allowed every foul name  
Every foul comment  
To plant a seed within me  
Allowed them to grow into a forest  
Scratching my soul  
With every branch, thorn, and root  
Until I realized I needed an axe  
Every minute I spent silent in the corner  
Could've been another with him  
Another crazy laugh  
Another enormous grin  
Another bear hug  
Another fond memory

His life was ended abruptly  
A ruptured aorta  
A stroke  
Four days in the hospital  
Gone  
But I can definitively say  
He died a happy man  
He had a family he loved  
A job he enjoyed  
And sure he wasn't swimming in money  
Not even close to it  
But he had everything he needed  
He was happy  
He appreciated the small things but never let them hold him back  
It would take him two weeks to eat one of those tiny dove chocolates  
We devour in 2 seconds  
And when it came time to choose,  
Between his dentures and a stuffed animal  
That his granddaughter wanted with all her little heart  
He got her that teddy bear  
Insisting it too, was the thing he wanted to do most  
He was happy with the life he lead  
And I'm trying to be happier with mine  
Sitting in the yard  
And finding fool's gold with him  
Was the real gold to me  
And though sometimes I'm upset  
By the likes of you  
There's a lot of golden moments we share  
And I pray you don't let them go  
Don't let me go