

## INTERDEPENDENCE

I forgot the depths;  
the simplicity;  
The core of my fear and my wanting  
I lament my hollow softness  
from emptiness to richness  
I am willing to cut wide open for it  
Risk my soul for distressed daze,  
the emotionless hum  
Of patient panic and rage

Three times a day  
I walk the terrace:  
small buds and grass, moss and lichen,  
Nothing is sustainable, yet I live  
Nothing is forgivable, so I forget  
Ignore the distance beyond the rose lined fence  
Mourn her touch and her dance  
Her solemn love for a life entwined;  
Isolated and innocent acceptance  
that three times a day, I am just getting by.

I was not fighting for anything different  
for it was just one fragile glimpse  
The lush light of that vision  
has long been bent into lies  
by those who would lose the most from my leaving.  
I grieve for the freedom that for so long  
my tender ache has satisfied

My story reads like blind stumbling survival  
Self determination was only a brief glance  
from a soulful woman walking the terrace alone  
There is a garden, half living behind the roses from  
where she came  
Three times a day we are starving.  
Three times a day we are stripped  
You cannot fight,  
if you are soul is tethered and tired  
only lies about our destined interdependence.  
Three times a day, I fight to satisfy hunger, muscle and  
breath.  
Three times a day I can feed my spark or  
Continue this inside out death.