

The Overgrown Self:

Look how overgrown you are.
Self-loathing has spun webs
 amongst your ribs,
and doubt has burrowed tunnels
 through the muscles of your neck;
hunching you over.

Look there,

See how misery has built a nest
 in your soft, plush heart.
And identity
muddles around in your mind.
Like a grub in the mud,
 mindless, meandering
 with no real home.

Consider the sorrow;
it weaves its way into your marrow
and settles there.
Crawling behind your eyes and fogs them.
Like the mist that rises on a damp, heavy mourning.

Have you forgotten the rage?
Have you grown numb to it?
It slimes your throat
and curls itself around each vocal cord.
Leaving you silent;
 with the iron taste of your existence
 resting on your tongue.

So,
What now self?
Will you hack away the unruly bits?
Trimming the edges so they fit just so?

Will you kill the wildflowers of your humanity?
The ones that color your skin with worth;
 with wild, untamed love.

For what is a body

but an aching to find home.
To return to the soil of our soul.
To root yourself down and rot.

This body will wilt;
melting,
flush back into the earth.
Back to the dust it was created from,
back into the edges of the self.
Unfurling,
the softest of bones.
Forming empty spaces for the worms.
For the grass to grow
and fill the space that
held all of us.

Then,
Maybe all this overgrowth,
is a sign of your flourishing.