

Shards Of Glass

I sat there, teetering my glass on the rough of the wooden surface, dim lights reflecting off each carefully-crafted edge. I thought to myself, how utterly satisfying it is to feel the glass twirl in my fingers; how I controlled its fate. How close it is to shattering, and how easily controlled chaos can end in wreckage. My life is something quite comparable to this teetering glass--half-filled with bourbon and always one slip away from entropy's indignation. People say that entropy is inevitable, but I say anything within my fingertips is within my control.

"Another?" Said my favorite liquor-pouring companion.

"You beseech me, Lawton, we have all damn day."

The young boy smirked and went on, leaving me once again with my estranged flow of thoughts.

I slowed the teetering to a halt, letting the glass sit back again comfortably on its foundation. My fingertips lift ever so slightly from the brim, still trembling like the exhaust on an old pickup truck. It's early and I'll admit, the shakes are the one thing I struggle to manage--at least before noon. I lifted the glass up delicately to meet the point of my nose, and the smell is riveting: oaky with a singeing finish. "I'm your puppet on a string", I thought to myself, as I tilted my head back ritualistically. The whole of the glass' contents filled my mouth and my eyes closed tightly, as I hoped to feel the warmth of the amber liquid thoroughly consuming my body. A chill danced up my spine as I gulped. My eyes fell open and my heart dropped in my chest as shards of glass ricocheted all around me.

Live a Day in Her Skin

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Her cheeks are sunken in and her spine holds up her flesh, much like a circus tent. Mommy's living with some regrets after perceiving the deeply-seeded thoughts she planted inside that pretty little head. Like weeds, they grow to consume her just overnight- in every crevice of a young, impressionable mind.

I'll plant seeds of all your favorite flowers, in all the colors you so love, under those watery eyes. And when the wells run dry the most beautiful florets will surely bloom, from the light that shines from the inside out, in you.

Live a day in her skin.

She's told that clothes are an open invitation. Privilege leads a man to think everything is his for the taking. What about the little girl on the swingset in her sundress? Forced entry, leaves her stomach sinking, when your monstrous hands were never invited. Acting "like a lady" won't save you, for they prey on all shapes and sizes.

So stand tall with your chest out and dirty words all in your mouth. Sitting pretty with your lips sealed is not what being a lady is about.

Live a day in her skin.

Bitterness stains her mind just like the ink blots she stares through, blankly.

"What do you see?"

Wrapped up in her own mind, she's much too blinded by the thoughts barging into her head at all times; like a runaway train, she can never coax them long enough to get some shut eye. Eat your pills to heal your imbalanced mind. Half-heartedly spilling out your guts to strangers when the safety of your walls took years to build up so high.

Put the pills down and look at the woman in the mirror, glowing with self-acceptance and resilience. I hope you know that between space and time, that pretty little mind was created so divine. I know it's hard when life comes tumbling down on your spine but pressure makes diamonds. My love, I see you shining.

Live a day in her skin.

Black and blue adorn her wrists from shackles made by his fingertips. She is a canvas; she is to be touched gently, lovingly. May each brush stroke of the hand be full of purpose and good intent.

The damage inhabiting her mind far exceeds anything that bruises or bleeds. Alcohol drenched and ill intent. Sleepless nights and somber eyes, with weapons hidden under your pillowcase.

She wakes to the light seeping in each morning but the nightmare is still so unrelenting.

Women like you should be nurtured the same way you do. Heaven itself sent you as proof- that angels walk among us, too.

Every inch of you is different from anyone, you're *1 of 1*. You undoubtedly belong upon grand, museum walls with other pieces of priceless art, like yourself. Tell them you refuse to be another clone; nobody ever fell in love with life by trying to be like everyone.

If the words from this piece dressed you in chills: I am writing this for you. If these words felt foreign, I invite you to live a day in her skin.

