

My Recycled Soul

by TJ Skarbo

Forever

Implies
To my recycled soul
That it is achievable
If only I stretch myself
Towards it

It wraps its damp
Blanket
Around me
And suffocates me
With possibilities

I huddle like
Fabled Buddhist monks
And try to raise my
Body heat
Like those
From aged Nepal

Illusion
That grand allure
Kisses my cheek
Gently
And whispers
Secrets

Forever
Laughs and taunts
My innocent
Arrogance
And

Weakness

I blush and
Renew my efforts
Rising from intellect
And ego's
Shell

I delve into the
Waters of knowledge
Enjoying the lick
Of its smoothness upon my skin
Its fingers raking through
My hair
As it plucks pearls
Of oxygen from
My lungs

I am merely on
The outside
Looking in...

