

On a fair summer Day, when feet were still too small
and hand-me-downs too big
and the world still mysterious in its ways

wonderous ways in which airplanes still flew by the
will of its passengers

"you win as a team and you lose as a team, son"

and a word caught my eye, then another

then,

black and blue, papers and poems, completely incomplete thoughts

numbers upon letters upon characters that very much needed
to be appreciated

thousands upon thousands off reveling, reeling

mindful mirrors, more powerful than the false truths that sat
just below, waiting for a slip

up.

but that poem, the family

la familia

the family it was called

apparently i had the eyes that burned like fire

desperately searching for something to like

but was i that transparent?

was it not an accurate observation

the way she knew me

saw me.

she, kind

her, understanding

him, hardworking

all together we made a complete person, still with room to grow

eyes that burned like fire, my native american name

my rightful title, the judgemental one
my most elusive quality
my most telling feature, our family portrait is an interesting one

"you win as a loser and you lose as a loser, son"
and a word caught my eye, then another
that

black and blue, scars and sores, completely incoherent thoughts
numbers upon numbers upon numbers that your non-numbered
to be appreciated
thousands upon thousands of revealing, revealing
single digits, more powerful than the five figures that had
just below, waiting for a slip

ND.

but that poor, the family
in families
the family is was called

essentially I had the exactest budget like the
essentially near him or her being so like

for me I that arrangement
with no an accurate operation

the way it is known as

see me.

the kind

her, understanding

him, hardworking

all together as each someone's personality with room to grow

eyes to a brand of fidelity, my native American name