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Don't Let It Sink

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Hope because your screams aren't loud enough.

Type. Because the thoughts in your head are like over spilled glasses that tremble in darkness.

Hope because your tears aren't strong enough to paint the million arrows that are piercing the rhythm of the thump…thump..thump.

Write like your days are ending, scream when the wind speaks, and follow your fingertips as they stride what was once. What is.

Believe that one day, tomorrow, will say the verse you want to hear, will say the verse you need to fulfill, will say the verse…you are someone.

Breathe because belief is there, breathe because belief is breathing, breathing is hoping, hoping is crying, and crying is relief.

Relief from the breath of day, from the shit of the cray, and the desperation of thirst.

Be thirsty.

Be thirsty.

Thirst for the quench that means, thirst for the feeling that gleams, thirst for the yearn that comes one day and leaves the next. But yearn.

Believe in what you can, believe in what you don't, and pray that one day both will match the thump…thump..thump.

Picture what hurts, feel what hurts, you are only as human as you want be. Hurt. Hurt, because feelings come alive. Hurt, because as I sweep my fingers tips, my tears. They stream by.

We live by day, we expire by night, and as our muscles ripple through the seams of our breast, all we see is that the needle was not strong.

Course through one by one and find the yarn that makes you whole. Whole because you know you want more. More of the days ends, more of the sun's laughter. More of the ribbons that sheer through that one institution's bay.

Speak what you want, and twist the corners of your face and say, *Ahhhh*. Speak through the ripples of seams and hear it.

Hear the thump…

Hear the thump..

Hear the thump.

Don’t let it sink.