

DEAR YAISHY:

I am still hypnotized
by the way your silence recites:

The jar of acceptance feels drop by drop
the wrong won't remain once vanity flushes the claims,
senseless pride surrenders by expectations reframe,
self weaved denounces cease by silencing society blame.

I know you love music of peace,
But some of us are still in the process of releasing
those emotions that tremmel the gift of relieving
the unconsciously feeding seeds of rage aiming release
painfully grinding to knock at the door of internal amnesty.

Still in the process of redeem
what once was blindly perceived,
Still in the process of bricking-up tormented thoughts
via disobedient transcribing emotional intelligence misheed.

Tediously forgiving will steer the wheel towards impulses cease
furiously taming the joy of that wishful disease of revenge
Craving emancipation of us-idols kidnapped backstage;
once dreams hijacked their vigor snatched,
essence alive by inked projections ghosting in flames.

I know you love music of peace
Some of us still like those in the process of reviving;
Still in the process of releasing them anger
Everyday more dissolved through your cleansing magic.

Rousingly inspiring when you walk so majestic
Kidnapping and seducing the tragic
suddenly flushing it far away.
Yaishy... Please!

Come back and do it once again
in case we relapse in the embracing of them blame
recycling the habitual back-stabbing games of the Brain.