

Through the Eye(s)

Texts

Calm and Storm

Whittney (CoCo) Bales-Malone

Peaceful, untroubled by conflict, quiet and
Tranquil. To be serene clear and free
Of the storm.

At one with one's self, a place

That society longs for...

Where people struggle everyday to

Achieve, with the fast, Busy, hustle and

Bustle of Life, the Noise and chaotic storm

Is all towards the end of the day's

Constant fight back to being Silent and

Calm...

Nightly Storm

Ashley Strong

Huge black clouds were forming up a head in the dark night sky. The lightning flashed across her face. She could barely even hear the blasts of thunder roaring in the background. The little girl was crouched in the corner of her dark bedroom floor that gloomy night. She often found herself there, as the storms would come. Her heart was racing faster than the Kentucky Derby racehorses at the final finish line. The innocent little girl had tears filling her eyes. She let them fall down her face just as quickly as the pouring rain outside was coming down. The pain she felt inside of her heart felt like the lightning had just struck it. From the storm arose inside the girl a terrible fear of death. The little girl was so afraid of death that she lay in bed at night, every single night, praying to God about the death she knew nothing about. This night was no different than any other, just another nightly storm. As the girl was shaking and trembling in terror, praying to God for the storm to end, she heard it again. It wasn't that his voice was actually any louder or more powerful than the thunder and lightning. No, it was more like a sly prowling wolf, as he is out searching and hunting for his next prey. That is just she felt. He was the Big Bad Wolf, and he was consuming her soul, day by day, minute by minute. She heard the whisper again... "Nobody likes you. You are too fat and ugly. Your mother and father don't even want you. Nobody loves you and nobody ever will." His words cut her like a knife. As she heard his voice, she looked around and she was all alone. No mommy there to comfort her. No daddy there to tell her the storm would end soon. There was no one there to make her feel safe, nor loved. So she believed the words that the Big Bad Wolf told her. He ate on her heart and soul day after day, as the storm raged on. The storm outside finally let up. The rain stopped tinkering, the thunder stopped roaring. But the voice of the Big Bad Wolf continued to tell his lies. Tears continued to fall from the girl's eyes. She was left with a broken heart, shattered to pieces, all alone with her wounded soul and tormented mind. The little girl wondered, when will the storm ever end? When will the sun shine again? Would she live to see the calm? Or would the demons devour her whole being, until there was nothing left of her?

Lost in the Fog

Marjorie Woods

I am lost in a fog the mist

Is so deep I feel like no matter

What I do it sucks me back in

I'm lost in my mind it's like

A maze and I can't explain how I
Feel, how do you explain that to the
Ones you love

My mind is not only part of me that
Is lost, I feel like my body get sucked
In a fog when I can't reach the
End how do I explain this

I'm here but I'm lost no one can find
I can't find me, I'm struggling to
Hold on

Tell me how I can be found
In this fog

I'm scared I'll be lost
Forever and will never get out

Do you see the fog, it swirls
Around me like a tornado
Made to destroy me,
I'm so lost in this haze
Of destruction and lies that
I have led

The clouds are rolling in
Here they come

My Tunnel

Ingrid Swinford

Looking up at my soft calm clouds as I hear myself taking a calm breath in and out.
I come across the sounds of rain dropping in a puddle. Splash!
My shoes are wet and my steps are in the mud; I find rocks that sound thump thump together.
I come to a dark tunnel to hear my heartbeats fast with fear pow pow.
I enter with a bat that shrieks. As I walk through a puddle that sound woosh woosh.

I went to the end and saw a pond with fish flop flop. I put out my soft blanket that felt real soft and wool.
I see a tree with rough leaves waving at the sound of crunch crunch and my squirrel chatters back and forth.

My secret way through the end of my story
an airplane is flying in the sky that sounds a distant motor
with the dog bark bark stepping on dry leaves crush crush my frog ribbit ribbit
and I see the baby dino – deep rawwww –
while the sun shining on the pink stars where people died from cancer
plus I hear voices coming from Heaven saying, “may God be with you.”
My heart starts beating fast
I finished my goal.

Violent Passion

Char'Dae Avery

Smacked by the hail that leaves memories of this heavy turbulence
Never revived from the lightning that seems to snatch my soul
instead of shining a light on my tranquility
Back before the rush of the violent disturbance that made me into
a snow petrel
Twisting turning flipping with never any place to land
Forgetting what it means to be still and undisturbed
In love with this violent passion
Finding foundation in this commotion has lifted my safety
Smacked by the hail that brings me to reality
Leaving me with memories that teach a lesson
Never before did I know a storm can bring out a rainbow

Fortitude

LaDawn Johnson

I am the storms of your past, present and future. Do not despise me. Be afraid not. For I will cause destruction, sadness, and distress upon you, however I am like a refiner's fire. I will help forge your life anew. Together me and you are powerful. We can rebuild and restart a fresher, more stable chapter of your life with a deeper passion, power and freedom. Accept the rough exfoliation I will bestow upon you for I only last a little while. Thereafter you shall return to your sunny skies and silent nights. But take heed; there is never a calm without a storm.

Who's That?

Dawnetta Taylor

I am silent
The voices in my head run violent
Dared to move
A fight ensues
React...
Attacked...
Held back...
Now everything is black.
Drops fall...
Curled in a ball...
Who's that?
Wind so cool
Light to bloom, consumed
Again...Again
I see you
The blood rushes through
I come to?
Will I be able to wash away
Crimson stains?
Feeling pain
Standing in the rain
Silent in vain.
But

I'm not to stay quiet
I'm learning to speak
To sing to yell
Screaming
I found a reason
To use my voice
A lesson in my storm
Conformed...
Informed...
Reborn...

HER

Lara Campbell

A thousand people
A million words
She cried out for help
But nobody heard

Scars on her ribcage
Dying inside
Numb from excuses
Drunk on her lies

Have you seen her, have you seen her,
Have you seen her, does she look like you... (2x)

Addicted addiction
Perfect pretend,
Emotional absence
Relapse her friend

Empty to hollow
From needles and drugs
Chemical nightmare
Substitution for love

Have you seen her, have you seen her,
Have you seen her, does she look like you... (2x)

Masks from past destruction, dressed itself as love
Silenced by your demons, her light you tried to snuff

Smothered in her depth, succumbed to heavy heat,
Her tears a summer rain, her heart like thunder beat

No place to fit inside, winds etched jagged places
Unnoticed wounds feel raw, ash let from your faces

God washed the filth away, smoothed the seed to grow
Her worth became a value, the storm she had to know

Have you seen her, have you seen her,

Have you seen her, does she look like you...
Have you seen her, have you seen her,
Have you seen her, does she look like
Does she look like
Does she look like...

Unrecognized strength
Brutal pretending
Ruin preserved
Survival unbending

Emergence

Joyce Hawkins and Amaris Rose

To not sacrifice who we are,
being one who knows so much.
Someone who thought she never knew at all.
Belonging in our crowd,
Being one who feels so hollow.
Someone who is present with people.