

Praying for the Scars to Come

This wound won't heal, or so it seems,
It boils, festers, as sadness teems,
From a heart's open, gaping gash,
Flow of sadness will forever last

Oh come, I pray, the scars, please come!
It is within that I am undone!
Without you, see the stoic me...
Yet, internal bleeding of the mind runs free.

Rewind life, running back the past,
Turning all over, searching every last
Second, minute, day and week,
Succor in my actions is what I seek.

No scars or scarring leaves open wounds.
No blood or clotting, but to the tombs,
Of death and dying this wound leads.
This I pray, "God, scars I need!"

You wrote of scars you could not forget
From your past and how you met
The challenges of life from birth to death
From first love to last heaving breath.

Your scars by others or self-inflicted,
Make you – you – and we're all afflicted.
I have the scars of which you speak,
Scars of your passing is what I seek.

Seeds to start the scars to grow,
What seeds there are, the hell I know?
Knowing suffering pain is more the matter,
Knowing Hell is no sadder.

So I sit, drunken muttering to myself,
What scars matter to my health.
I pray for scars... or even callous,
To stem the flow of sadness, self-hate, self-malice.

Scars are so different from a callous,
From scars we learn from ancient Pallas
Scars remain a lifetime tender,
As ballasts to life, life's lessons they render

Callous builds with frictious rubbing

Portending a past of violent drubbing
Callous allows goodness to fade...
Feeling to fade...
Dreams to fade...

You fading from dreams cannot be weighed...
Callousness in any form must be stayed!
Must be flayed from any thought and mention,
As your life's death is my death, your ascension.

My death will be slow, costly, from inside out
As all my hopeful imagination fades in slow drought.
I've read your "Final Dream Prophesying Death."
Allow the same, to tell your spirit of my ensuing last breath.

Your death was sudden, mine will not be.
Your death was violent loosing, your spirit let free.
Your death leaves sadness, mine leaves relief.
Your death leaves all eternal asking, "Why!" in disbelief.

My death will come in depressing, slow, slow, slow, grinding halt.
My death will leave a life in default,
Of expectations and commitments to all left unmet,
Of promises broken, other's lives upended, upset.

All this I see in the direction I am going,
As wounds from your death leave my heart overflowing,
As drunkenness fades and grief slowly starts to stem,
"Left wanting!", unfulfilled, my life, my judgment in rem.

So, the question remains, scars or callous will heal?
As callousness grows, its for the scars I appeal!
Seeds of true healing may nurture scars to grow,
Watered from Christ' chalice, the answer, I know.

But it is up to I to drink from His overflowing cup,
Rather than from my cup of bile, from His I must sup.
As super-ego and id internally debate the matter,
Life passes by in empty-headed, idle-like chatter.

If the scars ever grow, ever build, ever arrive,
Then and only then will I believe I'll survive,
Till then the callouses I vigilantly flay,
Patiently awaiting the scars for which I pray.