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Daily Evenings

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Samuel Irving

Fantasies of my life
With the freedom to steps
no longer crooked
As my blinded eyes
overshadow the standards of everyday,
drawn in a self reflection
relived in nightly spasms
and monthly flare ups
of needles scorching the tears
of a present past
Becoming the lines between
what I truly feel
as myself, in a condition that invades my body.

However I no longer
allow society to place badges
of special treatment on my chest
while placing kick me signs on my back
Because I am a survivor
of daily struggle
and a child of promise.
For I seek not
to befriend mistaken ignorance
of “Can I help you with that?”
or
“Do you want me to read this for you?”

Because I am a descendant
of God’s destiny
and with every spasm
my lips can take,
every thing that
my eyes cease to see,
incorporated in my
dragging left sided years.
Just believe that my pain
exist beyond this page
and my soul rests
In God’s hands.