

Frequently you have asked
what is decent
me? I don't know I'm freakishly
indecisive so it eats at me
my soul and my heart leap at the
thought of choosing between
two things. why can't I choose both
evenly?

A cloak of invisibility
covers my indivisible
skin to society's visible
need of being more than just open.
So when you ask
me to decide what task
is moral for you my last
desire is to help you
Or to help myself.

Because I'm not me.
No I'm not me.
Unfortunately I represent the
millions of of people

With whom I share skin complexities
Complexion
yeah whatever that's not the question
but why don't we make it one so
So we can avoid indiscretion
My identity,
Just a common
Misconception

Your intent vs your impact,
You just vent, your mind's intact,
Circumvent the realities,
Intentions are dualities
Composed of alter ego mentalities
And hearts that try to beat while
lacking

Blood. It coagulates in your veins
Through your soul
It aggravates your vain side
Inside
It agitates your brain
To know the magistrates aren't sane
And your actions maintain
Pain.

● But there is hope
● We can make our intent and our
● impact unite,
● But not without a fight,
● Despite the fact that
● Peace is the only way to bring light to
● this frightening predicament we find
● ourselves in.
● It'll be a peaceful fight.
● In the night
● When the moon is bright
● And wrong is right
● Then we may gain the insight
● We need to rewrite
● This life and ignite the flame
● Of delightful shame.
● And in that peaceful fight,
● My complexities become yours,
● Yours become ours
● Doors open pouring
● into our pores
● The very knowledge
● That allows us to explore.

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