

Breaking Bottles

I collected a lot of stuffed bottles over the years
sometimes when I think about it the thoughts bring me to tears
the thought that some people walk around in la la land
throwing bottles at whoever, whenever they can
the only way for me to avoid getting cut was to make sure every bottle thrown at me was stuffed
stuffed with their hurtful words, stuffed with the things they said that sounded absurd
even stuffed with things they said that they were unaware I heard
and “pretty” usually wasn’t among their choice of words
condemned because of the flaws on my skin
something I didn’t ask for but was given
and I still had to find a way to keep on living
that’s how the bottle stuffing began
“Oh baby I wish I could take away your condition away”
as they would kneel with prayers of healing my skin they’d say
or “don’t touch me your condition may rub off on me”
or the ones that liked to ridicule me publically saying
things like “don’t play with her she’s so ugly”
and the ones that did usually turned on me for fear of risking their popularity
so bottle stuffing protected me
I could focus on looking forward to another day
The only problem was the bottles started piling up
and I had to start moving those stuffed bottles with trucks
as if the load I was carrying wasn’t heavy enough
but apparently there were more bottles to be stuffed
men would say I was “pretty” mostly because they could see my ribcage under my then 34C’s
so I knew they were only focused on being pleased
because the one’s I wanted
only wanted the girls that constantly teased me even when the guys would say

“hey that’s not nice she’s pretty cool take it easy”

so obviously I could never exhibit fragility and those stuffed bottles protected me

but there were a consistent few that said

“Go ahead break those bottles so you can be renewed, we’ve always been here we got you”

so one by one I broke each bottle

released what was inside and for some I was startled

because I had forgotten what the contents of those bottle held inside

each one that broke free

gave me a new perception of me

and left me with the gift of sensitivity that allows me to see what and who are truly ugly

that others can’t see visually

my shelf is currently clearer than my skin

with only a few blemishes left to remind me of where I have been

so I choose not to cover them up because simply put I have had enough

I’m not stuffing bottles any more

I walk right past that stuff heading towards the door

because the words of others can’t cut me like they did before.

Striving for Greatness

I don't know if I would proclaim to be the greatest

I guess it depends on what you think great is

some mistake being the greatest

for being the latest

and to the truly great

you have yet to see your greatness

because you are just the latest

not even on the greats list

but if it helps your confidence

maybe you're the greatest of the latest
and will come late to the table of the greatest
as long as you keep going just like the greats did
then one day you'll be one of the greatest
as the latest to make the great's list
which means you made history
that's part of what great is
then you can claim to be the greatest
As for me I'm not the greatest
I'm just the latest
striving for greatness
like the greats did
to be great you have to eat, sleep and breathe
the traits that make you great
and don't wait until it's too late
for even the effort to be great is... great
so I would be elated to be the latest
to make history as one of the greatest
or even make the great's
latest greats list
but for now I don't mind being just great at striving for greatness.