Untitled

Sydney Portilla-Diggs

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2004/iss1/30

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact mtomlin@collin.edu.
It's me, only.
It's only me.
I stand on my own feet.
So it gets lonely
A home body,
Picture an alone me.
Writing these rhymes in the zone and deep.
Mixing Pac with Poe to make poetry.
I'm Pessimistic,
So Optimistic, is how I don't see.
And I don't look for opportunities
That won't be.
I feel sometimes that
No one knows me.
So Hold me with comfort so you can ease the worst,
Cause I'm constantly working.
Feeling worthless so for a purpose,
I'm permanently searching.
But it gets too tough,
And I can't bear this non-stop controversy.
Lord, have mercy on me!
Cause to you my vision's blurred,
But to me I see perfectly.

Miles Stoner

UNTITLED
The moon
Is an unloved woman.
Pools of hot tears,
Like acid, have burned craters
Into her face.
And my sadness, like hers,
Has brought me to this place.
I will be with her
Soon.

Sydney Portilla-Diggs