

Conscious in Lack

By Claudia Lee

I test the hand of God
Chasing a feeling of adrenaline
I am a voice not an echo
And my healing is not linear.
My all or nothing thinking,
My constant kitchen sinking.
God is gay, and yet the end of all is brought thus dear
She pitied thee.
And now my potent art is full of soul
And the great devourer is none the wiser.
His spirits hear me! God is what you make them
I'll lead the way O' brave monster.
No risk no story,
No risk no glory.
To heal the wound they created
You must stop touching it.
You must stop judging it.
For few love to hear the sin, they love to act.