
Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Semaj Earl: "Searching"

Semaj Earl · Wednesday, October 4th, 2017

When I heard Rudy Francisco say
"my heart still searches for you
without my permission"
he was speaking for me.
Times like this, I don't know how
to speak for myself.

As far as my heart goes,
it searches for you
in the desolate quiet corners
sitting still, and folded over

it still lingers,
in the heavy sighs
and cold breathe
from every winter

it is still trying to uncover
any clues
you left behind.

through the looking glass,
i still wish sometimes that you
would be stuck
in the same space as me
forced to make amends
your words are like a mending thread
straight out of mama's sewing kit and needle

i watch you, involuntarily
the way your eyes jump
twinkle
and light up
oh, how the dawn moves me
oh,
how the dusk fills me up

it searches for you in my hands
the way they're missing your shape
your voice
your reach and grab
you're not texting me
when you're outside anymore
no more pick ups
or pick me ups

when i get angry,
my tears burn down my cheek
like acid rain
it feels like a storm in my heart
singed up all the flowers
i tried to grow in my chest

but integrity will leave most women lonely,
and pride feels like me scolding
my own heart.
Maybe i'm just meant to be
in love with God,
and belong to myself,
Sometimes I am craving you,
maybe sometimes
is all i need.

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