Pain is Inevitable

Pain is inevitable... I've casted my lots with self deception… I tried to plant money trees with seeds of prayers I know God will not answer…

Watered them with midnight promises and
sang lullabies of "maybe someday" to barren soil…

The roots never took.. and the sun hid in shame… but the dirt remembers… It clings beneath my nails… a reminder of everything I've touched that would not grow…

I've blurred the lines between stubbornness and hope…bargained like a crooked dealer and stacked my chips against Gods "No"…
rolled dice carved from doubt….
prayed to chance and called it faith.

Pain is inevitable.. but so is rebirth.
With every cut I receive it is a reminder that I can still "feel" because even that is better than becoming cold as the wind that hollows my brittle bones… but failure is futile, because even thorns still bloom with beauty….

And still, I plant.. because the earth listens
even when the sky does not… and I will bare the roots of my labor no matter how the crop looks… I will eat… I will consume the rotten… let it fill me and line my stomach with my prayers that were denied entry into heaven…

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