

Tears of the Oryx

Sometimes create characters
to be that which we are not.
We bring them to life through
words and art and give them those
qualities that we could only dream
of having for ourselves one day.

Strength, confidence, compassion,
love.

In our moments of weakness we
go to them for strength, support,
a way to hide from whatever bothers
us so that we can pretend for a moment
to be someone else. Someone who rises
above such things and deals with them
in ways that we are only beginning to try.

But sometimes we don't want strength.
Sometimes we don't want compassion or
confidence.

Sometimes we do not need a creature to
embody our desires. We need one who
will embody our reality. Our sadness,
our pain, our loneliness, our hate, our
misery.

He is the shadow dwelling in my heart.
He is the past I have overcome.
He is the pain I have conquered and the
hatred I have left behind.

He is the silence I wish I had when people
ignored what I had to say.

He is the hatred and loathing that burned
through my veins at all the injustice
in my life.

He is the pain I wanted to take out on my
arms.

He is the embodiment of my darkest places.
The masculinity I have never been able to
reconcile. The soft feminine side I have never

been able to fully accept.

He stares from the shadows in muted
silence because he knows no one is
listening anyway.

His is me. He is what I could have been.
He is loneliness and hatred and pain
and such desperate aching loneliness
that it chokes his throat and rips at his heart.

While I wish for the heart of a lion all too
often I still find myself shedding the
tears of the oryx.

--Written April 14th, 2014