

Forbidding Entropy

As I step through the door,
I am greeted by the familiar golden sunshine
Seamlessly illuminating the cherry red hardwood.
The uninterrupted ruby red tones
Brighten my dark eyes to auburn.
As usual, no breaks
In the rays of sunlight
That would naturally be tainted
By floating dust in the air.

You spend your time seeking
That brilliant shine,
The polished glimmer,
Gives you peace of mind,
All while you scramble mine.

You are angry.
You are frustrated.
You are overworked?
You *are* overworked.
It is as clear
As the bloody gleam in the hardwood,
As clear
As my fiery red eyes.

Yet,
You are unable to cleanse
Yourself of
Your burning anger,
And now,
You are full of ashes.

The pile of dust
Swallows up the entire depth of your mind.
Yet, all you
Choose to see,
Is a warm fuzzy carpet
In the saddest color of gray.

Left untouched,
It is now overflowing.
The gray spills over
And into me,
Your anger
Ignites a flame.
My pigtails
Are now ablaze.
My eyes burn red.
And MY soul catches fire,
Fueled by blazing hurt
That I,
Am unable to cleanse.
Nothing was as easy as forbidding entropy in the house.

Now,
I lay awakened
In a dark tidy room.
The ashes have settled inside of me.
The moon illuminates my eyes to a dull red.
Not a hair out of place.
And I remember to breathe.

~ Jasleen