

Hope

My heart breaks

Cracks

Fractures

Daily

For myself

And the people that I love.

I wait for the day that it no longer breaks

As if that day will ever come.

Prayer

How long must I pray

Before God sees

That I am tired

Of broken promises

And the people

Who just

Keep

Making them?

Affirmation

I am nobody's

Until I am my own.

Boys with Stretch Marks

For the boys like me

Who don't fit in

Who look at themselves daily

And feel like they aren't good enough

Know that God Himself

Made you in His image

And that every little thing you hate about yourself

Is evidence

Of power

And love.

Blue Heart

Dear boy with the blue heart,

I used to think that you had a golden heart that was meant to be treasured and cherished by one person.

They would polish it with kisses and fill any minor cracks with the love in their hands and the kindness on their fingertips.

But I saw your heart change its colour from gold to blue.

And so I wonder, boy with the blue heart, what happened to you?

And are you happy with this blue heart of yours?

It is as big as the ocean, as deep as the sea, but it weeps ever so often. No matter how beautiful it is, how much loyalty is in there, sadness washes over everything.

Still, it is inspiring. Life giving. To see this unique blue heart, still beating, still pumping.

Oh boy with the blue heart, the royally blue heart, I hope that one day you will see, that your heart need not cry. It. Is. Beautiful.

And blue is now my favourite colour.

-thankyou