



The Army Of Ink.

turns raging anger into
foot stamping grumpiness
stubborn defiance

fear becomes a little scary
turns the deep end into
a puddle. I can jump over
rejection directs me to
a nice warm place I can
call home

Pain becomes a hurt more
my size

loneliness shifts to alone
wrapped in a nice warm
blanket

Shame is snipped off and
planted in a bed of white
roses.

truth is transformed into
something so special I can
hold it close without losing
my SELF.

like a wee
rabbit thumping
its foot