

Beatnik Femme Fatale / Chelsea Cohen

my words hit you between the eyes

I execute you with my
truth
with your truth

with the truth you've been a fugitive from
for way too long

the way I was a fugitive from
for way too long

bold as a midnight moon

vibrant as a blood-soaked crime scene

I've read you backward and
forward yet you're
standing still

I know better where you've been
and where you're going than you do

I know the deviations
you're too afraid to make

the ones that'd save your life

my prayers are with you that you'll
make, shake, take the shift

and find yourself a life
that
makes you happy

truly happy

a life that satisfies you deep within

I'm speaking to myself
again I'm speaking to the world

I have about as much faith in the world as I
have in myself

I scare the shit out of me at times

I execute myself in
silence I give myself
a voice

I wonder when I'll be truly happy

Is it human nature to be never satisfied
with where we are?

or is it just me?

I wanna tell you I'm just like you

truth is, I don't know

are you as impatient as I am?

are you as disgruntled,

dissatisfied as I?

smiling through your frustration?

gritting your teeth between
enjoying the moment and settling

unsure at times of how
difference to tell the

is it worse to pipe dream
dreaming? or to stop

to try and never make it
make it? or to never try to

suddenly life is a compromise

suddenly life is for someone else show
me a time when it wasn't

I want to believe i'm just like
you I want to believe I'm
normal or rather that we are all of
us crazy crazy
inside
normal world outside

the silent assassin, this invisible killer,
seeped within our veins.

all of us crazy

everyone screaming like internal
bleeding from some long gone accident
we keep forgetting

working its way inside of us permeating
our innards while we
look, we feel so
normal turn around and
end up dead

didn't even see it coming

the antidote:

Live

for what brings the passion

what brings the fire

in whatever way you can

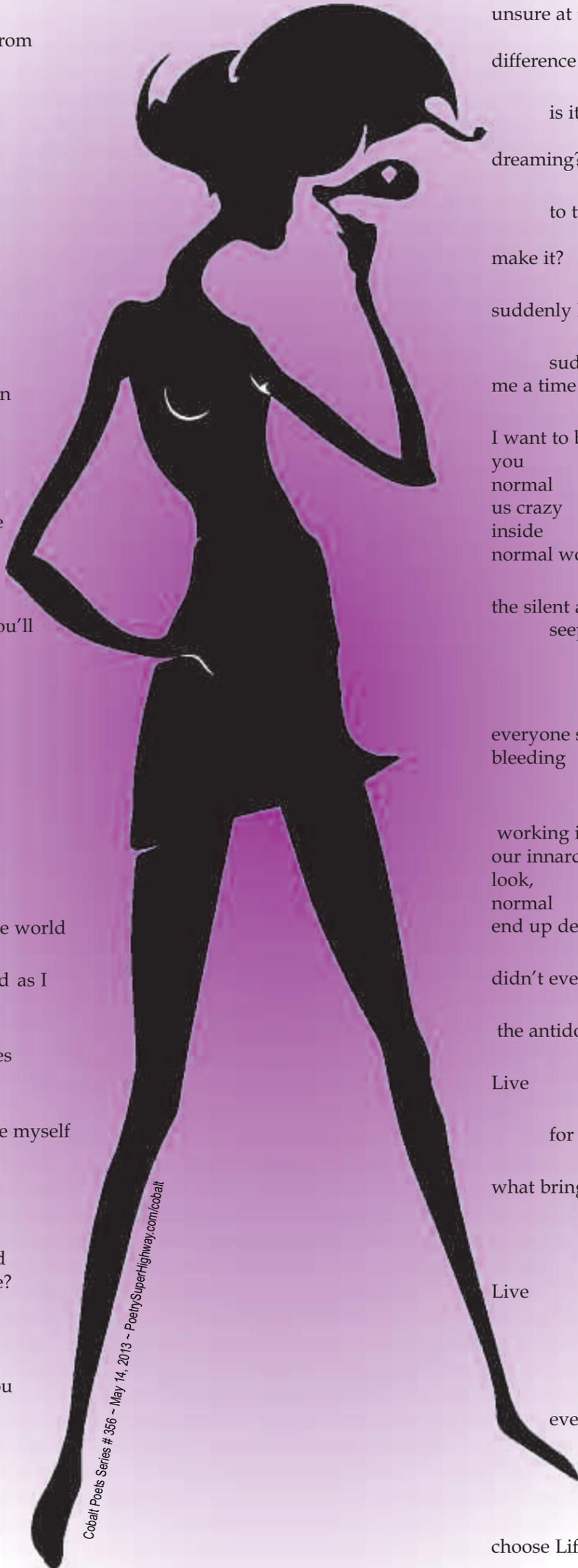
Live

the rest is just a living
the rest is just survival

eventually it's Death

I, for one,

choose Life



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I write. My passion is truth. My palette is the written word. My canvas: the world. I see light in the darkness and darkness in the light. I see all this as beautiful and tragic both at once. I desire to give a voice to the many facets of humanity, for only through understanding do we grow. I am passionately involved in art activism as the founder of the artist community group, Artists Underground, and a key member of LA's own Soapbox Nation and I am currently working all angles toward retiring my dead-end day job for the uncertain but ever-rewarding life of an artist.

