

# **BROTHER, SISTER, HEAR MY CALL**

## **(A call to arms)**

Your stories from this planet are but different tales to mine,  
And all are just illusions when you read between the lines.  
As humans, born to feel, to touch and sense our day to night,  
It is our very nature to uncover raw insight.

I urge you, if you've found yourself defeated by the sea,  
Nodding in agreeance with the big authority,  
That madness has erupted and your being is unwell,  
Your sadness is beyond the cast of just another spell.

If you have sold your soul to the cure of a pill, defining all your thoughts and feelings  
as a crippling ill,  
And signed prescriptive contracts, 'Disordered and Forever'  
I urge you, hear my call, your spirit shant be tethered.

Believing one perspective takes the governance of truth,  
Because it's scientific based and therefore bullet proof,  
Dishonors every body's right to claim emotion real,  
Which often means dissolving into spaces hard to feel.

We can hold each other's hands and speak where there is silence,  
We can be as bold as brass and bare our private violence,  
But we can do it gently with ourselves and with another,  
And offer up our bullying thoughts that haunt us under cover.

We can seek to build a trust in what feels right for self,  
Be our own hero, dust our heart down from the shelf,  
And overcome the urge to want to die a death of fear,  
With turtle steps, hunting down, an empathetic ear.

For I hear you, and your cries that rise with sun.  
It feel it to the bone, the rub of hardships never won.  
Brother, sister, hear my call, the moment when you say:  
I'm hanging on to harm myself and hate another day?

I hear you when you tell me that you've lost your will to try,  
I know that place within you that would much prefer to die.  
When nothing that your mind can say will rectify the matter  
And if you tried to ask for help you'd be a Madder Hatter.

At this point-blank-of-zero trap, I open you a door  
Into a space much warmer than your cold hard thinking floor.  
Where you can find the solace that your mind needs to retreat  
By tuning in to your own heart, beat by beat by beat.

And even if you grasp at it with your own loving hands,  
Feel out over beat out living all your minds commands.  
Keep on holding, keep on dissolving, all that mental chaos,  
And trust your heart will guide you with its courage, strength and Eros.

For it outlives all thoughts of dying, pain and fractured truth.  
It keeps drumming its own beat, resilience and real proof,  
That you were born to live through puzzles that the mind creates.  
And crawl from deep dark places with your heartbeat as your faith.

And if it means containing all your holding into bed,  
For days on end until you find the strength to raise your head.  
Then keep on warming, dissolving, holding, feeling your heart's love.  
Triumphant through the dark like an iron fist in a velvet glove.  
Wherever that may take you be it doctor, guru, friend,  
Surrender to its mighty will,  
your love will never end.

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