

Temper, Temper

(Person one "I")

I dislike very much; I hate it
When he justifies himself by falsifying my words.

(Remembering and Mocking)

*That is, I thought you had a 2pm appointment.
Who told you that? You have my phone.
Why not call me and check?!*

*Why didn't you ask me to be sure? Who are you with?
So, that's it. You are **with** the appointment.*

Slam!

(Person two "Me"/my consciousness of self)

Darkness and ashes.
Heat of Anger!

Now I can burn!
I'm the all-time burn, baby burn
Of mothers and wives!

But I can also see the light of reason
When you show me that you want what I want.
What do I want? A better way for us!

I can even help another burning house
When I'm a safe distance from my own inferno!

Disregard: I see it; I feel it. I often can ignore it.
But it is better to be Away from it, So, go!

(—picks up tablet and pen)
I hurriedly inscribe the event.
I flow with what it was that erupted.
As the words wash over my mind they cool the burn
The flame subsides

It is now the reflection of the event that lingers
Disregarded: the me I am to him.
But I am regarded by my Great Creator.

I again purpose to keep my vow
To God, to live and know; My *temper*
Will grow!

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