

## ***I Hate You***

*By Madison McCarty*

I hate you  
yet I don't know you.  
Whoever you are  
above the strati  
of grief and pain,  
chronic fear  
but mostly shame,  
you dangled  
from God's cloud of grace,  
and like a meteor  
trailing flames,  
plunged into the earth  
like a rogue raindrop  
left a crater in its place;  
creating an ancient ocean  
a puddle of imposing waves  
lost to history...

I just know you're not  
the one--  
chosen to survive,

to take all your tears  
and fears,  
carve a river  
full of life that thrives--  
then cross it terrified;  
the constant current  
tugs  
on your tired ankles  
taunting--  
whispering

*"why?*

*it would be easier*

*to die."*

Not to value human life  
the most improbable  
cosmic miracle--  
forget the stars  
that had to align,  
to be alive  
and experience what dying is like.  
Or the lonely lows and highs  
early mornings after long drives--

embrace the downward slope  
a spirit takes  
deep into the probing night.  
Eyes glaze and fantasize  
of colliding straight  
into black  
and white waves,  
feel the cold water  
rush in;  
accept the beckoning  
of merciful tides--  
the lies  
that filled you  
with self-hate,  
now fill your mechanical grave.

To sit there  
still buckled  
and finally know  
how much shadow  
of your soul  
stills waits,  
gives voice  
to all that pain.

It echoes  
in the ocean spray  
then flows into unmapped caves,  
Illuminated in the dimmed headlights.

For your breath to fall out  
for the last time  
and glow like a light  
you never learned to define.

The true strength to be found  
inside the shatter  
of a human's cry--  
you start to fight  
in desperation, for the uncertainty.  
You want to impose your might.

But no  
not you  
you're too incomplete,  
Your power is  
meek  
your light is merely spectral  
faint  
illusory...  
You're just not  
ever enough

or who you're supposed to be.

You're the particles of a person

songs of suspended verses

never quite to be determined

condemned or set free.

An outline of an angel

who used to be

who used to sing

of sweet

liberty--

a good, good girl

she tried desperately

to be;

now buried in layers of lava

a rough haze so to speak...

stuck down by lightning

and all that's left is a wandering plasma of mystery

and if you are my universe, I've never seen the sky...

And all I'm met with is

volcanic ash

when I look up screaming

"Why?"

I don't hate you

Because I don't know you

And I guess I never will.

But I wish you could float down here  
so I could show you how it feels  
to not know if I'm what God made me into  
or if I fell flat  
at the feet  
of the world.

To not know who you truly are  
or if I was ever even real,  
to know if I created our suffering,  
or to live is just part of the deal.