Soft Warm Words

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How could I have been so naïve?  
but it seems I am so  
in the presence of soft words.  
though steel skin I may present  
strength is somewhat absent  
i am tinkered with like a brand new toy  
played on regularly by little boys  
then intrigue is lost  
to my dismay  
surprise me not  
with extra time at play.  
should I allow these foolish hands  
to stir a shred of doubt within my mind?  
is there something faulty in my design?  
heading now to troubled lands, it is not me!  
no! it cannot be!  
for I tried too many times  
to not be this naïve.  
yet again, I succumb  
to the warm words  
of another’s tongue  
just to have a little spark  
to cause a twitch within this heart.  
i give into falseness  
and fall to break  
never bouncing off the ground  
then off to weep into the dark  
no ones there to hear a sound  
to numbness went that little spark.  
oh, here we go again.  
i'll remember you just like the rest  
left a painful mark.  
put up my guard
put on a shield
to another’s soft warm words
i shall not feel
on my knees i will no longer yield
to soft
to warm
into new thick skin
i am again reborn!

Witness
Juan A. Miranda

Witness a power that strikes more fear in the heart,
more chaos in the mind,
than a falling bomb.
Burned and decaying flesh is but child’s play
when compared to hatred flowing through a man’s veins.
The stench of sulfur slowly fades,
the sight of destruction lingers,
but what truly horrifies,
is that this man, engulfed in hate,
can find peace at night and wake up the next day,
absolutely apathetic,
and ready to direct his hatred once again.