



# COMPASSION: TO SUFFER

BY MACKENZIE DEVEREAUX

# **Compassion - To Suffer**

Porcelain doll on a pedestal.  
Fragile female in a dress just right.  
Her skin is bleached white.  
Her clothes fit nice and tight.  
Nothing about her is too drastic or unsightly that would give you a fright.  
Porcelain doll of perfection a playful companion whom bats her big  
eyelashes at everything that is said.  
She has a permanent smile plastered on her porcelain head.  
Agreeable in nature.  
Her pink lips perturbed.  
Even if she tried to speak her voice SO soft spoken  
Heard barely over the wisps of her dress  
moving as she curtsies and swirled in circles by a man's hand.  
When will this ever end?

Do you speak my language?

I hear only the beats that match the rhythm of my fragile heart.

Be gentle with the broken parts-

slightly out of tune, create depths of sound unknown to you.

Not unpleasant to the ear it sounds a little odd/distressed with straine and

use over the years.



Pain, all I feel is pain or numbness.

There's this sense of emptiness, this lingering in this endless void.

I try to make myself feel better but I feel more empty than full.

When I have to interact with another everything is always "All good,"

How can it not?

Knotted, tense and restless even though my sleep is endless.

I distract myself from this sickness with anything trying not to be reckless.

I can't even trust my own thoughts so I drown them with music and wine.

I felt peace for an instant; calm not in another state of panic.

Just rest.

I want to feel better, I need to feel better than this.

Emotional lows and sugar highs.

Salt water taffy, honey sticks.

Caffeine fix and nicotine kicks.

Share this bag of chips?

Munch over thoughts.

Eat my feelings.

Worrying about where to get my next fix.

Caffeine and nicotine I can't get enough.

Splurge on this, indulge on that.

Try one of these please...

A Rainy Day Perspective: Trying to gain perspective.

Google: The Middle East, Africa current events and local news.

Try just turning off your computer and walk outside and talk to your neighbours.

I see issues too close to home.

People cold, hungry and seen too much shit .

People choosing to starve themselves against corporate corruption and the rape of the Earth.

Indeed, people being raped everywhere.

Rights taken advantage of and starved of an education and facilities to thrive.

The balancing act of trying to survive independently and as a community .

Abundance exists.

The revolution will not be televised.

Maybe google, facebook and twitter will share twisted truths through the filtered Eye.

The Convoluted Universe...

Cosmic chaos doesn't skip a beat.

Blessed by sunflowers in the street.

Flashes , streaks and dots of light.

Goosebumps cool to the touch as day turns to night.

I observe, watch and witness sometimes turn a blind eye.

Let go of tunnel vision , check my blind spots.

I control my thoughts.

Focus.



Be free to be perfectly you.  
No thing is wrong nor is it right.  
Some are filled with light while others find it refreshing in the shadows.  
Either direction you'll be sure to grow.  
Expand your horizon and dig deep.  
Remove the blinders which, you didn't even know could go.  
Not all can be known.

Night follows day in a haunting display.  
The clouds creep in to keep the warmth within.  
I've lived without and managed all my doubts.  
The thunder rumbles my mind as lightning strikes my heart.  
Weathering my challenges.

A pill for this and that, having troubles?

Hmmm, why don't you down a cup of pills that ought to make them turn to rubble.

Have some real advice, time to talk or philosophize?

Yeaa right, join an AA meeting or two, your just a drop in the ocean of tears of abuse.

Having it good or bad or happy or sad it's just a de ja vu.

I've experienced this bullshit before I slammed the fucking door and said,

" I don't want to hear it, I can't bare it."

I wish I was ignorant.

Buying the stairway to heaven leads to Hells gate.

What's the meaning?

Is love fleeting?

My heart pounds and it pains.

Please rip my heart out so I don't have these feelings pumping through my veins.

I'm damaged goods-baby.

You don't know how misunderstood I am, baby.

Life is short,no time to talk, have a complaint?  
Wait it out...Trying to express who I really am when I'm in a jam.  
What's your choice of normal?  
Is it dark as night or is it the first morning light?  
I'm fond of both as you now know.  
I chase the Sun into the night hoping to catch a glimpse of my vice...the shadows.  
(I like to watch my shadow.)

The Pace is set and it's out of my control.  
Feelings of frustration, fury and being forgotten are in my control.  
How to compute them in beneficial ways.  
I remind myself I know little of what has affected the others day.  
All I know is where I'm coming from and where I wanna go.  
Hopeful the other wants to help me get to where I need to go.  
I believe the matter boils down to trust.  
I don't even know.  
I take it one moment at a time remembering the intense power of breath  
to move my feelings and thoughts through me.  
Each a single seed that may prosper or tumble away.  
So much value in a moment of reflection instead of reaction.  
In an instant so much may change.

Music makes me feel so much.

Happy, sad, lust to fuck.

Tickle my fancy and I'll be your every fantasy.

So damn,  
go slowly.

Closet erotica, sexual desire contained.  
Feisty and ferocious no need to be tamed.  
Seeking a worthy adversary.  
NO time to second guess this goddess.  
Fulfill her fantasy, take her to an indescribable place of play.  
She's looking for a great lay.  
Seeking to unleash her inner beast.  
Who can she really trust to release this desire.  
A woman is one of many surprises.



What do I do with my weeping heart?

It's torn apart.

This love doesn't disappear.

It's very clear.

An artist has a piece of my heart.

Torn apart.

Broken down.

Put your ear to the ground, you'll hear the sound of my heart.

Torn apart.

Add the sound to your collection for deep thought and reflection.

Morn my broken heart.

Torn apart.

My heart is worn.

Torn.

Heartbroken like a break in a song.  
There's a longing , an anticipation of what comes next.  
Play my heartbeat on repeat.  
Mix it up, dilute it and convolute it to the core.  
Make it unrecognisable, completely disguisable.  
I can't bare its raw beat.  
My heart is homeless livin' on the streets.  
Dirty heart, blackened deep please,  
disguise its beat.

Love pains, agony grows in my veins.  
What I feel is no gain but, an illusion of my heart.  
What feelings are real?  
I must think smart.  
Warmth of the Sun moves my way.  
I wonder what is love anyway?  
Confounded, confused, conflicted.

What is connection?

Verbal, physical, emotional...

Two hearts beating.

Pro lithic understanding of eyes.

Metamorphic development of bodies.

Telepathic expansion of minds.

Ecstatic transformation of possibilities.

Be authentic self.

Differences not divisions.

Abundance .

Observe , be aware without judgment

This is my process through deconstruction and transformation.

Weighted down, trying too hard.

All of a sudden the burden is lifted.

How? When?

There is only now.

This...never...ending...now...

This drunken, horney hallucination

We call life.

Beauty is found within, beneath all layers of skin.

Age is irrelevant.

Time is perspective of the mind.

All that remained is one's essence  
and presence.

Feathers, crystals, shells and sage.  
Music pounds and dancing all around.  
Raging laughter and celebration.  
Wine.  
Laughter, chatter, ramble on.  
Read your cards,  
Ask questions to the beyond.  
Crystal gazing in a smoky haze.  
Meditate on one thoughts each day.  
Cleanse and seek clarity.

Condensed feelings- spill out.  
High tensions- wanna get out.  
Compressed heart-unfolds without doubt  
Yearning connection-ready to shout.  
Internet intensifies- full of lies and falsities.  
What do you really think?



Call a spade a heart, it's just dark  
Upside down, spun around.  
A leaf is green but,  
Depending on when and where in fact is yellow or red.  
Eyes are deceiving.  
A cat's hair stands on end,  
A dog barks aloud.  
Take a picture and capture what  
Looks like an orb or cloud.

When you're heart hurts and it feels open  
And exposed music tends to those loose tendrils.

Tenderized finely it seems.

How do you undo what's mashed?

The pieces are never the same nor, plain.

Decorated with scars and stitches galore.

Feelings are heavier never quite the same.

God damn.

What shall I do but listen to a song or two and dance until I feel like i've ripped  
my heart out so I may mend it again.

All I have are raw emotions pumping through my veins.

Call me insane.

This is real and raw, I can't withdraw.

I'm here waiting 100% for change, a revolution of emotions.

I deserve the BEST.

Love pains, agony grows in my veins.  
What I feel is no gain but an illusion of my heart.  
What feelings are real?  
Drained of smiles I've to think and attempt to grin it out.  
I don't want to have a perma-bitch-face.  
I chip away at the feeling of rock hard jadedness.  
All I wish for is that state of bliss.  
Angry that these feelings have control over me.  
Trying to let it all go-ya know?

Warmth of the Sun moves my way.  
I wonder, what is love anyway?  
Confounded, confused and abused.  
You have to be so careful or you lose.  
Walking on eggshells or stomping them down.  
It depends on how you choose to hit the ground.  
We all have to make choices:  
Do you go silent or fucking loud?

So I went on a date.  
Thought it went great.  
Because I didn't want to go back to his friends house he stated this was  
"Obviously the end." "I got it, it's not happening."  
That's right can't get in my pants on the first night, wait it out alright?  
HA, doubt it now.  
Turns out he is all ego and dick.  
This shit makes me sick!  
So quick to assume he knows....What's up....  
What if i've got my period pal?  
Typical mess.  
Fuck you dude.  
I ain't getting undressed.

Distorted sounds flexing,vibrating into the ground.

Oh lord, all this buzzing and humming around.

How are prayers heard of no sound?

Bended beliefs , I have some relief...

Believing in what is not there....

Beyond the noise.

Take it to the streets.

Weary and the homeless around.

It is too cold to be laying on the ground.

Gotta stay on your feet, trust me,

You need some friction to feel the heat.

Songs of heartbreak.  
Rhythms of love and sorrow.  
Resonate like stories of late.  
Songs of old are retold and retold.  
These moments are just a taste of the story.  
Songs of babies unborn,  
Missing that date,  
A moment or two too late,  
One drink a plenty made of regrets,  
Being cheated on,  
How to go on,  
I will survive.

Vague connections.  
Yearning for past reflections.  
What's this calling; Old or new?  
Grasping at the past at what couldn't last.  
What has changed in your ways that would persuade change?  
My sensitive heart has been tenderized.  
Left out to dry now hard as a rock.  
Confused by why you grasp at my dried -broken heart?  
Seeking attention?  
I'll be your friend.  
What you want me to be, I doubt in the end...



You're my fantasy.  
Better than any drug could be.  
I wish to drink from your cup.  
Share your reality.  
You know I wait for you.  
How I need to convert our virtual reality into complete totality.  
Driven by this force, I feel your discourse.  
Torn, Do I torment you?

Facebook is empty.  
Connect with your friends.  
Filter your reality to see what you wish.  
If Facebook doesn't "like it,"  
I'm sure it will be missed.  
Full of advertisements.  
Send out signals of distress are they even addressed?  
Facial recognition is the new trend.  
Shoved under the rug.  
Artificial intelligence can predict your next move.  
Trends come like a flooding fixation on material gains.  
Is Facebook a tool or a weapon?

Escapism : bending reality...  
Eyes peeled to videos and memes.  
Drinking information to infatuate the senses appealing to taste.  
Getting high to altered states.  
Change your temper to a different manner.  
Higher the high the lower you can go.  
Exchange one for the another.  
Taste euphoria , drown sorrow.  
Wake up tomorrow and do it again.  
Drink it up to release it all.  
Dive into a movie and relax.  
Let the imagination flow.  
Disregard limits and reality as you know.

What makes the heart pump?

What excites that never ends?

It is the chase not the catch?

Feelings never end.

Thoughts constantly race.

Complexity of the body, mind and soul.

Feelings such as pain can be physical or mental.

All blending together pondering the senses which can be experienced internally and externally.

Change is constant yet, feelings can be revisited.

There's a long pause followed by a deep exhale which,

Puckers lips into a kiss.

A circle of inhales and exhales makes the lips part.

Relax deep into the stomach.

Ride the etheric waves of zest.

Forget the mind and the past pains.

Breathe deep: IN and OUT.

Time lapses in the emptiness of the mind.

Riding the moment of breathe.

Lips pucker into a kiss on the exhale.

Sounds: Sirens blast, seagulls caw.  
Flapping wings settle where Crows perched about.  
Van-city skylines: cityscape and mountain tops  
Meet blue skies warmed by the sun's rays.  
A plane flies North, a crow flies East.  
A piano chimes like the stars undulating constantly moving and changing.  
The calm waters flows below.  
Mother nature continues to provide abundantly beckoning presence.

The Moon and the Sun are madly in love.

They're one.

Yet, never together.

The Moon illuminates and the Sun radiates.

They have set dates when they eclipse each other.

A cosmic dance of love.

Fire in my heart.  
One moment a raging fire the next a flickering candle flame.  
No appetite.  
Numb to pain.  
Stomach in knots like I know, I don't know, why?  
There is something unseen.  
I believe it's there.  
Love.



Whether you want it or not the internet is there.

Invisible wavelengths in the air.

I know it's there just as much as I know you're  
there surfing wifi wavelengths pulsing through the air.  
Check points left as you move through time and space.

Technological difficulties, glitches, firewalls,  
passwords, secondary authentications, secret questions.

Questions....

What is it you're staring at?

Adapt to dense populations.

These dense pockets of blue collar clash with  
the black suite of privilege and success.

Jobs are created yet homeless populations continue to grow painfully.

Creating this feeling when you can't help but  
dry-heave and your insides convulse, tighten

And involuntarily causing your gag reflex to go....

Cringe.

What is caught up in the daily grind anyway?  
Change causing the rhythm of the grind to increase to a faster pace.

What's up online?

What's been freshly downloaded?

Micro-chipped, finger printed, eye scanned, palm readings and celestial beings.

Major shifts are happening like a snail race.

Every creature counts in it's own rightful place.

There is no point in timing or knowing when is the end of the race

Or is it just the beginning?

The monetary systems have failed.  
The elite are keeping it a float.  
Bank accounts on bank accounts.  
The people hold them accountable.  
The people pave the roads we walk and drive on everyday.  
Who, what, where, when, how, why?  
The people Will tip the scales to-  
Balance.  
The ocean.  
The poverty.  
The starvation.  
The “natural” disasters  
Warriors battle from sunrise to sunset.  
Patiently.

Movement through time and space.

Slow, fast, undulating, spiralling, spacious and continuous.

Remember.

Music and art heal.

Calming forms of meditation that act as reminder to be present.

Each letter, word and sentence creates, destroys and brings thought into something tangible.

Each note of music is a vibration of various pitches evoking feeling.

The movement of the body through dance moves and releases energy.

Art comes in many forms.

The experience of creating art is enlightening and liberating.

Classical notes, dirty bass, rockin' beats viben feeling feels.

Energy levels rise and fall.

My heartbeat moves from steady to suddenly raising.

There is a sense of freedom in movement which feels supported by the music as it progresses.

Embraced by sound and its absence.

There is space where there is no sound.

Intentional or coincidental.

There is a vibration.

Music creates connection between feeling, time and space.

The progression of music is eternal.

Hemlock Sisters Three: Gentle, green, giants,  
Grow gracefully amongst the Big Leaf Maple and Douglas Fir trees.  
The air is cool and thick with moisture from the ocean breeze.  
Allowing their branches to move with ease.

Protected by the largest trees.

A slow, calm energy greets me.

A voice rises from the deepest roots to the highest needles;  
'Come sit with me, be patient, I have many stories for thee.'

The age of this ancient groves is unknown but,  
struggles to thrive with humans by the ocean side.

By the totem pole claiming to be the highest of highs.

Hemlock Sisters Three: Gentle, green, giants,  
Grow gracefully amongst the Big Leaf Maple and Douglas Fir trees.

I have come to sit and drink tea with thee.

I must breathe deep and listen intently.

To learn of the old ways of The Hemlock Sisters Three.

The Hemlock Sisters Three with good posture grow so delicately.

The needles are welcoming to the touch and taste citrusy.

With branches allowing the light in,  
bend gracefully like they are curtsying from within.

Hemlock Sisters Three have many memories of  
beautiful sunsets which paint the sky,

By the ocean side at night where the stars sparkle high.

Thank-you for the breath of fresh air-I need you to breathe.

Hemlock Sisters Three: Gentle, green, giants,  
Grow gracefully amongst the Big Leaf Maple and Douglas Fir trees.

Alpha female follows her instincts and  
walks the path of the words she speaks.  
She owns up to her responsibilities and actions.  
Lessons and blessings teach.  
Eyes wide open or closed in a state of mindful meditation.  
Conscious of her heart steadily beating or does it race?  
What does she think, feel, taste, touch, see and sense?  
How to comprehend and communicate clearly and not meanly.  
Seeking teachers, healers, and wisdom from elders and  
all those whom seek enlightenment.  
Self expression through many mediums of art  
bare layers of meaning of the message.  
She travels her own path, a wayfinder igniting lights  
from her eternal flame.  
The destination is not important,  
it's the journey that builds character, morals and ethics.

Who is an Alpha women?  
You can tell she radiates confidence, love, compassion.  
She is sharp to shield herself  
and others. Protective.  
Always learning.