

# Boundless

## Hotel Books

Dear everyone, we are a broken people.  
But, it's okay, at least we have each other.  
And all I ask is that we can love one another,  
In a society of social adaptation to no end.  
We can't pretend to fall silent in this bend.  
Enduring injustice and lack of substance, reduced to redundancy.  
Repetition, regurgitating serpents to the church of Christ.  
Now, the church of judgement.  
Amid the beautiful devastation,  
The reusable meditation to calm the nerves of witnesses to a crime of  
passion.  
A crime of madness,  
A crime of catastrophic proportions extended across seas,  
Reaching into the hearts of children,  
Grabbing into their vital organs.  
Until their blood pumps differently,  
Now inept to the silence,  
Rather than the equality.  
We've been indoctrinate to believe that it is better to die for our b  
eliefs rather than live in vain.  
And this is a belief that I breathe in, every single day.  
Not letting a single moment go to waste.  
But we find fault in our grief, and we let political biases enter a s  
piritual realm, and change the pace of our breath,  
Until anxiety has consumed the depth of our mess, that is our bleedin  
g head.  
Breaking our necks and changing the landscape of the human brain.  
To conform to lessons we prescribe to those we thought were not livin  
g life in a way we wanted to see astride.  
So we created a diatribe, a sickening language of dialect to change t  
he meaning of brokenness.  
So we can say we are changed.  
Even thought the linguistics were simply just rearranged.  
And brought back to a point of comfort,  
Through a time of stress.  
And we talk to each other fairly straight,  
But at a scary rate, we escalate our fate to the point of that very b  
reak.  
And then in times of comfort we barely relate.  
Just a merry state of intellect fleeting down a warred drain,  
But it always leaves dark stains in the sink holding society to the b  
rink of rioting.  
The extinct act of trying, and that's why I'm writing.  
I want the ink of my pen to stain the hands and hearts of many,  
In the name of love,  
In the name of peace,  
In the name of grace.  
Don't shy away I don't write to expose shame, or pass blame.  
But rather to make it known that we are all the same.  
In need of love,  
and in need of embrace.  
So let's make this change, and find a way to relate,

In a way of love,  
Not hate.