

Inner Cities

by Hannah Messinger (December 2014)

I realized that I had always been a spiritual being,
Letting the earth keep me tongue tied,
Holding my breath as I prayed in my head
Ink blotted, oak dusted skin
And that faith has always been somewhat of
An eclipsed promise to me –
I always knew there was so much we are blind to and
I let the stars do the thinking for me,
Sending my best wishes to the
Sky.
But I let it dampen out until it was nothing more than
A pattering of rain,
A dull throb against the noisy backdrop
Of my sick inner cities,
Nothing more than a silent pulse through my hidden veins.

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