

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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