

Breaking Free & Filling The Hole Where My Heart Should Be

BY REBECCA FOSTER

Hypnotic robotic
Machine serving time
The movements well organized
It all looks sublime

But there's a hole where my heart should be
And instead in there lies
A program on loop
Pretending to be me

A responsive yes to your constant requests
This machine's got it covered
Better than best
Cos machine gets it done
When I'm put to the test

No room for soul in all of this mess
Gotta hammer these pistons
And fight to the death
The success of your goal is
The death of my soul
I say yes yes yes yes
To fill up this hole

This hole where my heart should be
Beating so strong
With blood full of passion
With love's mighty song

HEART

Speak my name

I want out of this game
These loops within loops
Dark echoes of Shame

HEART

Be my center, my compass
My guide
Fill my guts up with courage
Shift hypnosis aside
Swell the tide of my
Passionate woman
On fire
Shake out the numbness
Soften the pride

HEART

Delete these old programs
I'm so uninspired
From their monotonous moans
And critical tones
This programming daily
Concrete in my bones
Causes pain in my joints
They make me so stiff
These programs – thought junkyards
Just give me a whiff!
A glance
A hello!

HEART

Can we flow? Can we vibe? Please ask me to dance
Dance with your heart, all soft slow and mushy
Then dance like a storm so far out of the norm
That we abandon all programming
Break out of the cage, spill out the rage,
Molten hot lava

Fiery cauldron sparking up this cadaver

The program has run its last loop in me
Gone – hypnosis, atrocious robotic stenosis
Valiant vibrating visceral heart
Be my muse, and ignite me
May your blood be my art
In you
I am me
In you
I am free

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Tears to Triumph: The Spiritual Journey from Suffering to Enlightenment](#)

Sip a little more:

[If You Want To Be Free, Make Your Deepest Self Accessible To Life](#)

[Discover The Love & Freedom From The Pain Only You Are Meant To Feel](#)

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

Maya Angelou

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