

Cycles Do Not End With Time.

Cycles are disrupted
fluidity is frozen until there is nothing left
but rigid regrets.

If it's not me then it's her.
If it's not her then it's me.

You weren't sorry
until there was an audience watching your every move.
You weren't sorry
when you thought we were alone.

You thought I was defenseless,
incapable of using my voice.

Your facade was just as strong as mine.

To others,
you look strong.
To others,
I look weak.

Just as I was foolish enough to fall for your beautiful lies,
you were foolish enough to fall for mine.

Foolish to believe I was an easy target.
Foolish to believe I would stay silent.
Foolish enough to think I would not disrupt your habits.

Appealing wasn't it?

Another body to discard.
Another soul to break.

Are you satisfied, yet?

You convinced me.

I am nothing.

I am disgusting,
untouchable.

It is a sin to love me.
It is a sin to keep me.

I am good for one thing.
I am good for a moment in time,

longevity is something I pass by.
Something I can smell but not taste,
hear but not see.

For the time that I last,
you use me.

You are ingrained into my vision,
I forever see myself in your image.

Perhaps that is how you have convinced me,
That this is all I will ever be.

I am scared to step towards you.

I understand what this means to you.

I am the light you have been searching for,
the clarity you have been missing.

I am proof you can love again.
You are proof that I am still scared.

The thought of your absence is more terrifying,
than the damage,
you can cause me.

You are already in control.

So yes,
I am scared to step towards you.

As you taste me,

I wonder if you notice the hesitation dripping out of me.
Are you able to taste it?

With each stroke,
your tongue formulates a language that is
unbeknownst to me.

You are beckoning me to respond.

I feel the incoherent tangle of sounds that
you always seem to understand,
wounding up inside of me.

I can never understand what they mean.

My mind circles back to the first time I spoke these words.
It was ripped from my core and
devoured by entitlement.

I wonder if the taste is the same,
if you are sharing the same experiences as them.

My pleasure is defined by yours and theirs.
Your orgasmic response is a reminder that without you,
I am nonexistent.

Can you taste that, too?

I forgot what it was like to have anxiety.

It is nothing more than a shapeshifter.

The minute you think you have it under control,
it turns to liquid and slips through
the cracks of your fingers.

I told myself that my anxiety was gone.

Little did I know that it had manifested into:

Insecurities
Suspicion
Self-doubt,

I thought it was normal.
I thought it was just a bad relationship.

I was so excited to leave,
convinced the anxiety would be left with it,
but I ran too fast.

Too fast that I didn't realize I had just stepped off of a cliff
and now I am falling.

It's such a long drop I must be floating.

That's all I ever do now,
float.

My anxiety has nothing to latch on to but air.

I guess that's why it is so hard to breathe.

I guess that's why it is so hard for me to find my voice.

I guess that's why I continue to fall.