

Important Things

Hello, important things
Hello dishes in the sink
Begging for hygiene
Fresh, clean towels on the living room ottoman
For the fourth day
Piles of dirty laundry
Two in my room, one in his, three in the basement
I'm sorry, I just can't today.

Hello, thick, warm, wool socks
Crammed into trauma boots at 3am
Someone needs you
Aged wisdom glazed with jaded exhaustion
Always giving and caring
Always compassion and diplomacy
Always the bridesmaid but never the bride
Give it away but never use it for myself

Hello my sweet, funny, bright, beautiful son
Time for school
Scrape together a lunch
Grab a quick breakfast
Out the door, dinosaur
But we're late again
because mom couldn't get out of bed
And when you got home mom snapped again
And when your feet pitter-pat out of bed for the bathroom
You found mom crying again

Hello, my friends, and my acquaintances
Take a normal conversation
and turn it into self-hatred
Everyone knows that's me
Months will go by, and you'll check up on me
I'll say I'm okay and change the subject
The last time I brought up these thoughts
You regurgitated rage
You all have fulfilling lives
And it's alright that you don't have time
for what I have to offer
My bad outweighs my good

Hello family,
hundreds of miles away
I fled and left you to fend for yourselves
When I could have been watching my nieces grow
I packed up everything I owned, and I ran
Now you're so far away
And seeing me becomes a staggering chore
And I never have any good news anymore

Hello, important things.
Would you be better off without me?

Preparation

Do you think it's fair? Are you ready?

I fear that you're prepared for this to be happening.

Creeks become rivers drain into lakes and channel into oceans

We didn't get here all at once. We didn't get here alone.

But somehow my heart is alone, and the rushing waters are deafening

We didn't get here alone but now that we are here, I am by myself.

I am holding the dam with my bare damn hands

I'm trying to plug leaks while the sticks splinter my fingertips and peel back my cuticles

And I am the only one doing this.

Am I the only one invested in the prevention of this catastrophe?

Are you really ready?

Am I asking you, or am I asking me?

How could you be ready...

When my fire remains a white flame

with an intensity such that it would cause onlookers to shield their humiliated eyes

Why am I acting on this alone? I didn't create this by myself.

We were no accident. Our intent was an astounding beauty.

Our passion dripped from kisses laced with sweat

Our famished hearts and bodies fed on each other with vicious ferocity

We churned until we set this current. We set this current. We set it on purpose.

We built canals to keep it under control and continued to flow into each other.

Now I fear you've dried out, and I'm left holding it all back but I'm drowning

Are you ready for me to let go?

Are you ready for me to let this safe place break, and drift off into the sea?

Are you ready to see that you're losing me?

Small

Small, tiny, minute

I fold in on myself until I don't exist

I am compelled to become as invisible as possible

I fear I am nothing but an obstacle

Upheaved earth that will trip the ones I love

I am taking up too much space

I require too much effort

Too much love. Too much reassurance.

I am exhausting.

So, I attempt to miniaturize

In hopes that acknowledging my faults

Will show others that I understand

I realize how difficult I am

I'm trying not to be so

I'm trying hard to extinguish

My massive and embarrassing needs

I'm trying to be small

Even Exchange

Rivers flow in directions

That physics cannot explain

No souls may bathe in these rivers

Nor stand in the resulting rain

No minds can understand

Why these rivers accept acid runoff

Why the banks are lined with scars

Fringe attempts to exchange

Intangible poison

For tangible pain