

Lover

Anguish travels through her cold, anxious bones.
Her visage drops and drips like a dull tear,
The falsity of words become unknowns
And loneliness is never not a fear.
She is left in chaotic distortion—
Something she deemed as normal, I suppose,
The exhausting emanant extortion
And restlessness keeps the girl on her toes.

She puts off asking herself the question,
Is it ambivalence or avoidance?
It's never over, but a suggestion
To end this unbearable annoyance.
Mature for my age, but still a child;
My care for you abused, yet I still smiled.

silence

a slip of the tongue, a glance the wrong way
may elicit a longing want for more—
an ongoing array of hints until thoughts and
feelings are poured out like yesterday's water
and the months of work will be no more.

the pondering, the back and forth, the slip
of the tongue and it will all come crashing down—
a slip of the tongue and the battle, the rollercoaster, and
the months of self-destructive ways will all be a waste.

the obsession over only a friendship, a complicated,
mind-twisting relationship because maintaining the silence
feels like withholding a laugh yearning to erupt—
a slip of the tongue that may have ended this months ago,
though at this point, it would feel like losing herself.

the guilt, the denial, the twisted thinking, the illicit
feelings— a slip of the tongue and she would be shunned,
mocked, called delusional for having hope of something more;
months of back-and-forth conversations in her head for a friendship.

the cat lets go of her tongue on the occasions when she
wants to rid them of her life— though maybe she wants to
leave before they have the chance to because it pains her
to know that if the silence will not last, neither will this,
and no one can stay quiet for long.

worry into silence

a slip of the tongue may lead her off the ledge
and make endless thoughts spiral until
you can only blame the one behind the edge

the thoughts spiral until whirlpools allege
the innocent messenger and insist that still,
a slip of the tongue will lead her off the ledge

may her thoughts in her head slow, i pledge,
so when i silently speak the unspoken spill,
you do not blame the one behind the edge

tainted advice will broaden this wedge;
her pain will worsen and without skill,
a slip of the tongue may lead her off the ledge

she will hideaway due to my words, hold a grudge
because my unqualified advice will not fulfill—
and you would have to blame the one behind the edge

she assures me my words won't avenge
but the worry wills me to believe that they will,
and a slip of the tongue may lead her off the ledge
until you can only blame me, who is standing behind the edge

a poem rebuking clichés

and though i swore to never be like the old poets who wrote
plodding poems about birds who walked the human world,
as i watch the oblivious, white crane ominously stalk its prey,
i begin to enjoy the little things in life. a cliché—
those five words that you can find sprawled across the internet,
the phrase that poets articulate in various ways, so they can call it *creative*;
the lackluster response to an incredible experience because

what makes a bird any less than a human? it stalks it walks,
it works it lurks. so what makes it so small? why have we
minimized the creatures who walked the earth before us?
the birds that walk our world— the humans that walk their world.

we minimize them to feel content with ourselves
to feel proud for drowning our home in oil and smoke
to feel proud for sending our sons our daughters,
our mothers our fathers, our sisters our brothers
out to war to destroy not only ourselves but our home.

we enjoy the little things because we have minimized ourselves so much
that we have to minimize others too— the sky, the birds,
the plants, the water. when will we wake up and see that soon,
there will be nothing else to minimize because our home will turn on us, and soon—
we will be at the bottom. the earth will be the earth. and us?
well

the bottom

the bottom of the pool awaits;
i drift like tiny leaves in a gale and
i can only rely on subsequent dates.

my writing becomes slurred, it fades,
and as i slur my words with an unsteady stand,
the bottom of the pool awaits.

i stammer, struggling to speak my debates,
and when my brain initiates a command,
i can only rely on subsequent dates.

i count like an absurd mathematical nerd; these states.
i am stuck on the number seven, and i understand
the bottom of the pool awaits.

i quiver and question these traits
because these things are never planned and
i am stuck relying on subsequent dates.

the uncontrolled anxiety inflates
and it takes repetitive effort to withstand.
i sink, the bottom of the pool awaits,
and the only thing keeping me afloat is subsequent dates.