

my tears

a poetry collection

my tears is a collection of poems i've written over the past few years. i use poetry to be able to observe my emotions from a subjective standpoint in the future, and to help process them. the collection gained its name after realizing that i tend to write when i'm overwhelmed, and crying my eyes out. and somehow, by the end of the creative release, i am no longer engulfed in my emotions. i'm at peace, and proud of the art i created. the common theme is love, whether it be my past romantic experiences, my attempt at understanding how she operates, or my coming to terms with the relationship between self and she. hopefully you as a reader can take my experiences, and feel inspired. hopefully instead of dealing with your pains alone, you can have my tears to fall right alongside yours. you're not alone.

with love, k.l.

self sabotage

my tears flow when i think of you
your goodness and humility
your steadiness

my tears flow because
i run
run from goodness
run from stability
run from real love

the mind craves chaos
for the chaos feeds me
like a succubus feeding on fresh flesh
the mind hungers for the extreme
the disorderly
the path filled with consequences unknown
i cannot seem to gain control of the mind

my tears flow because
you are good for me
and with your hand outstretched
into the abyss that consumes me
you reach for me
i reach for you
and as our fingers touch
the abyss grabs me by my ankles
my shadow snatching me back into her possession

my tears flow because you are good
and i cannot escape my evil
my tears flow because
i fear for the day
our hands connect
and instead of pulling me to the surface
i will pull you into my abyss

for the chaos feeds me
and i feed her

pretty

have you met the son of satan?

he's really pretty

his shoulder-length hair is curly
thick and soft
sometimes he lets you braid it
so it won't get in his face

he smells like perfume and cigarettes and weed
cologne is too strong for his subtle personality
his skin is fair, and sparse of hair
his innocent eyes fail to warn you
of the evil lurking behind them

although he can be foolish
he is quite the cunning boy
he observes you
taking note of
every
little
thing you love
and lures you into his lair
filled with your greatest desires
mental
emotional
physical desires
he is very articulate with his hands
as they trace every inch of your body
while he tells you he'll never leave you
nor forsake you
he tells you he will never leave you
nor forsake you
he tells you he will never leave you
nor forsake you
he will never leave
nor forsake
never leave
never
never
never

and then he leaves.

he's really pretty.

vis vitalis

any time
any place
any atmosphere
lips touch and

time stops

all living things
seem to take a single slow breath
all sound muffled
outside noise muted
all i hear is
 you
monarchs flutter from rib cage to gut
feet levitate from earth and
somehow
i am simultaneously
 grounded
in tune with all
 and nothing
in sync with nature
something about it is
 divine
 holy
 sacred
something about our union
 is blessed
tranquil and intoxicating chaos
each breath
 fusing our bodies
i can feel your joy
your pain
your fear
 your love
for our connection is
inevitable
inexorable
celestial
divine

i can hear your thoughts

can you hear mine?

big girl decisions

i take a seat in front of my mind
and the members of its council
covered head to toe in grime and filth
the residue after battling Anxiety and Depression
i look to the council, defeated
"it is time for the separation."

Ego observes me with a look of pity
"you do not have to put yourself through this."
Higher Self cuts her eyes at him
"why deprive her of a necessary pain?
necessary pain is the soil in which growth resides."
Body looks up solemnly
petting the Abandonment Issues in her lap
"we will miss his touch. his scent.
can we please touch him once more?"
the members look to a silent Heart
for they know Heart is tired of trying
Higher Self gives Ego a puzzled look
"where is the child?"
the council and i search the mind
only to find the child hiding
balled up, rocking back and forth
crying hard enough to hinder breathing
Heart and Higher Self console her
Inner Child is able to mumble through her tears
"i can't take it anymore. please, for me. please."
she runs away back to her room in my mind
the members look upon Higher Self
and she looks upon me, pleadingly
"for her."

the bell of fate rings
the child walks with me, hand in hand
to the center of my mind
i lie on my back, arms and legs outstretched
Higher Self and Ego tie a rope to each arm
Body and Heart, to each leg
mounting the horses attached to each limb
Heart looks back to me
"it will hurt. but this is only your mind.
you will be made anew."
Higher Self flicks his reigns
"Future Self thanks you. Past Self as well."
the child stands to the side
a relieved and grateful look on her face
"thank you."

the council proceeds with the separation
and as painful as it is in the moment
i am made anew

my transformation

have you ever considered the growing pains of a butterfly

butterfly is astonishing
she flutters around
delicately and gracefully
her presence being treated as though it were an honor
we see butterfly and say "wow. beautiful."

butterfly was not always beautiful
she was once a caterpillar inching around
unnoticed and unloved
her presence being treated as though it were a burden
we see caterpillar and say "gross. look at it."

caterpillar entered her transformation into pupa
chrysalis separating her from the outside world
alienating and camouflaging
her presence being treated as though it did not exist
we see pupa and say "what is that?"

pupa is a sensitive and absorbent organism
she feels all
the wings emerging from her back
shredding through her skin
the claustrophobia of her chrysalis
the constant longing for her change
"when will i be beautiful?"
"when will i be loved?"
"when will i be free?"
pupa sees other butterflies
and considers their growing pains

butterfly finally emerges from her chrysalis
she flutters around
magically and gratefully
her presence being treated as though it were a celebration
butterfly sees herself and says "wow. beautiful."
because butterfly is beautiful
the caterpillars are jealous of the butterflies
but we must ask the caterpillars

have you ever considered the growing pains of a butterfly