

## A Collection of Dates

### January 2021

There's a beehive  
Between my ribs  
The buzzing is  
Bumbling around  
My stomach, and  
Bubbling up my  
Esophagus  
Oh honey  
What you do to me...

### October 2021

The butterflies I have for you  
Are throwing up in my stomach.

The flutter of their wings cue  
My fantasy:  
The flutter of your lips  
Kissing the tips  
Of the inked bird  
That encircles my wrist

My butterflies are more than just unwell though  
They're tired of trying to pretend they don't care for you  
That they don't feel the static electricity  
In the negative space between  
you and I; I and you.

Tired of convincing themselves  
Time after time  
That they don't notice  
Your rhythms and your rhymes

Tired of ignoring the  
Level of detail with which  
You notice even the nausea of them—  
My butterflies

You see  
When you touch me  
You freeze and overheat them simultaneously  
Like a badly cooked TV dinner medley

Defrosting their reservations;  
Demolishing their hesitations

Your hammering hands making quick work of their hammered hearts

Will you be a restorative medicine?  
Or instead some fatal poison?

I think I already know.  
But just one honey-eyed stare,  
And I'd give it a go.

## February 2022

You ask to see my poems  
The deepest parts of me  
You want to go cliff jumping  
In the basin of my memory

The first couple of poems I shared,  
A lifetime ago, prob'ly two...  
These were easy enough to do  
Written before you'd stamped my life  
In potential so sparkly and new

Now my poems hold my thoughts of you:  
My insecurities,  
    my woes,  
        my blues

My unabashed opinions  
On hypothetical unions

But inside all of the chaos

Of my thoughts on this  
There's a whisper  
Too loud to be missed

If I were to show you  
My innermost being  
Would you be able to identify  
Your trees in my clearing?

**August 2022**

What do you do  
When the potential you saw  
Withers away into nothing at all?

We're always talking about potential  
Praising it  
Idolizing it

Potential is a pedestal

But what happens when the potential you saw  
Doesn't come to fruition?  
When the future you imagined  
Doubles back in contrition?  
What do you do?

It's a fucking gut punch is what it is.

They say "just believe"  
Well that's hard to receive  
Since I've only been given door slams  
And DOA deeds

They say with great risk  
Comes great reward,  
But look at what happened  
When he got bored?

When put to the flames

Our trophy burned plastic;  
Fools gold was detected  
In the loops of our bracelet.

You made me fall for you

You came in swinging  
With your gift-wrapped sign  
Dotted craftily in clover green  
Letters of forever and wildest dreams  
Scripted in your emboldened handwriting

You said that you saw a future with me  
That we could just be  
And we could just breathe  
Only to then turn around mere months later  
With speeches of doubt scrawled out  
Haphazardly on scraps of paper

How do I not let that chip away  
At my carefully constructed trust  
In you,  
In me,  
In this entire population?

I know what I have to offer  
And I know that it's true

But there's this putrid voice  
Perched between the folds of my brain  
Singing endlessly it's tireless refrain:  
"How am I going to ever be good enough for someone new,  
If I clearly wasn't ever  
Going to be good enough  
For you?"

**June 2023**

My mind is right, that I trust.  
But I can't help it, I feel for my gut...

Two halves of myself  
Poised against each other  
I know which side will triumph,  
I know which side *should* triumph  
A W branded  
On the left side of my brain

But that doesn't negate  
The strain and the pain,  
Of my bones and biology  
Yearning for him  
In an infinity of refrains

Alas, I'll march on  
Like a good little soldier  
When my nerves whisper:  
"Let him hold her"  
"He's my shoulder"  
"Just be bolder..."

Head will approach from the sides lines  
And disconnect our Wi-Fi  
She'll let Space  
step in  
And Progress  
on by

All of this I know to be true.  
But damn if your hair  
When sprawled in my view  
Doesn't make my fingers  
Almost desert  
To the jungle of you

Every part of me not encapsulated by you  
Is dragging my ass away from your monsoon

You crack a joke  
And give a me poke

Sitting there  
Unabashedly unbroken

I counter with a smile  
That I quickly stifle  
Mid route to my eyes

I know which side will triumph,  
I know which side *should* triumph

You'd think I'd learned my lesson  
On building a foundation  
Made of potentiality and optimism

Around and around I go  
Without moving a muscle  
Caught in a stagnated  
Psychological tussle