

# Snapshots of a Disaster

## Leave

Leave me.

Leave me on that bench under the tree where we had our first kiss.

Leave me leaning against the brick wall with my hands covering my face trying to conceal my tears.

Leave me drowning in my own memories, thinking back to my home that never was.

Your arms were my castle walls protecting me from reality.

You always kept the armies at bay.

But now they march steadily toward me threatening to take away what little I have left.

The only treasure that remains with me is the way your laughter would always fill an empty room.

The way your hands would twitch when you wanted to feel my palm resting on yours.

The way you looked at me after kissing my forehead.

Please don't take these treasures away.

Just leave me be.

# Pretend

I know that you are disappointed.

I know that you don't like what you see.

So baby close your eyes.

Pretend I am blowing kisses instead of smoke.

Pretend I am drinking in the sunshine instead of whisky.

Pretend I am covered in freckles instead of scars.

Pretend I am not broken.

# Atlas

There is a galaxy behind my eyes.

A milky way between my ears.

Every thought is a star.

Every vision a planet.

I can crumble entire universes with my thumb.

I can shake your very core with a word.

What's yours is mine.

What's mine is mine.

I am all.

I am me.

# Two Wolves

There is a saying

There are two wolves within everyone

One good, one bad

“Which one will you feed?”

My eyes widen at the question

I can't give my real answer

I don't have a good wolf

I just have a shaky delusion of a whisper of goodness within

Thanks society

My bad wolf is strong and lonely

He keeps trying to bite his way out of my heart

To search for other bad wolves

I yearn for someone who is alike

Maybe there is no good wolf or bad wolf

There are just two wolves, both equally moral

You are the one who assumes one is bad and one is good

You turn them into a monster or a saint

They were forced to fit a mold

Crunching their bones and scraping off fur in their attempt to squeeze through this pigeon hole

Thanks society

# Haiku 3

Angels and demons,

When viewed in the perfect light,

Look the same to me.