

I didn't tell you that the worms in my stomach died  
A long time ago.

They used to be so lively, but less pretty  
Than the butterflies you wish I had.

The worms spoke to me from within,  
Warning me with poetry

“After the glass is broken, he will find  
A house made of bricks,  
You won't move.

Your shoulders will be bruised from the walls you slam in to,  
Then you just may vomit.

You will stare with fire at anyone smiling, knowing you cannot.

Eventually, lying in bed all day will become normal.”

The worms are dead now and cannot  
Predict my future.

But I would rather have bloody knuckles from fighting  
Than bruised shoulders from falling.

May these worms rest in peace.