

empty hearts

it's hard to
look in your eyes
expecting the shimmer
and seeing nothing
the light is gone
our story is over
and though these wounds will heal
the scars will always remain
a striking reminder to
a love that never was
because it's easier to pretend
that it never happened
than to face
your empty eyes

sides

all these pages tell my side
but i wonder about yours
what went through your head
when you said what you said
when i told you how i felt
when i broke into pieces
when all fell silent
when we parted ways
something i want to ask
but i know that all i would get
is an empty response
with an orange emoji

and empty words

what does it mean
to be "okay"
is it the bare minimum
of breathing without it hurting
of being without breaking
is it lies you tell
through sobs and tears
in spite of the pain
is it flowing freely
or is it thriving in harsh conditions
does it even mean anything at all
or is "okay" just another empty word
like "love"

untitled [with oranges]

they say everything grows
into sweet fruits of labor
everything is worth it in the end
everything has a purpose
oranges take time to grow
they need patience and care
and you have to wait to pick them
they are best by december
even better in january
they're meant to be sweet
filled with smiles and joy
on gloomy days oranges are
slices of liquid sunshine
but i sit here with my basket
of bittersweet oranges
picked away far too soon
wondering why you gave up
before the season ended