

A HOUSE OF EMPTY SPACES

My House

I'll let you in my house,
But you must to ask to come in
You simply window shop
A beautiful exterior
Yet you can't see inside
It's easy for me to enter your house
It's harder for me to let you in mine
I can't let you in just because you like me
There has to be compatibility
I'll guide you through my rooms
Show you my childhood memories
Smell my blooming lilies
Reading my poetry
But you have to walk towards me
Some rooms are dark
You must open the door.
I want you to see that too
I'll guide you through
And do the same for you.
Then turn the lights on
Sunlight floods through the windows
Erases the shadows
My house is warm, my lights are the sun
The ceilings are stars
That illuminate my scars
Ask me questions,
Pick up my books, study the titles,
Look at my photos.
Get lost in my ethos.
Don't sit on my couch and fall asleep
Dance in my ballroom, sweep me off my feet
Ask me about my walls, my art, my patterns
I'll bloom for you,
Unravel, layer by layer
But only if you show interest in me
If you ignore, I'll retreat
I must feel adored and safe
My house radiates
Don't shut the blinds
Is my house too big for you?
Is my light too bright?
I'm an original Gaudi, a Frank Lloyd wright
My spires reach up into the starry night
My stories are the decorations
The walls are painted yellow and gold

The floors are crunchy fall leaves
My couch is a magic carpet
That you must unfold
I don't own a TV
Roll around with me
Through my colors
Unpeel me, my weeping willow tree
Swim in my salty, warm sea
Get tangled in my hair
My roof is curly
I don't own anything
Yet I have everything
In my house
Stay for a while
But the entry is not free
You must put in effort to be here with me

Adults

When do I become an adult
And if I become one
Do I stay that way?

Is it a state of mind
Like being high
That I can slip in and out of
When it wears off
Go back to my childish ways

And then do I make a decision
To be an adult again
I do my laundry and pay my bills
It's a fluid motion, a negotiation
Does it happen at a certain age?
When I have children, get married
Or reach a certain stage
I know many people who own a house
Have pets and a spouse
But certainly have not figured it out
Maybe it's when I can rent a car
Vote, smoke, and go to a bar

Maybe no one is an adult
It's just a made-up idea
A word we play with
Trying to be something that we're not
Do I become an adult when I have responsibility
Show up to work, participate in society
And give up adulting when
I do drugs and smoke pot
But it's okay for adults to gamble
Get drunk and argue with kids on the internet
I guess we're not done growing yet

What does it mean to be fully grown,
Developed
Does it mean that I own property
Save money and achieve financial security
Or does it have to do with my body?
What about those that never grow fully
Must I be fully grown mentally, emotionally?

Do I stay there permanently
This state of being grown

I looked it up in the dictionary
But I still don't know

Who made the rules about being an adult
Perhaps it's emotional maturity
When I do something wrong
I admit it is my fault
The ability to communicate appropriately
Or maybe it's a declaration
A decision we make arbitrarily

I'm an adult when I say I'm one
For we are never done
Growing, evolving
No matter the age
Maybe I can be an adult at any stage

Or perhaps I became one and I didn't even
know
It happened when I wasn't looking
Through my life experience
My highs and lows
Day to day
My actions will show
If I'm adulting

As I move through time
The more I find
That no one really knows
What they are doing

Letting Go / Smashed Avocado

I threw the salsa across the room
Smashed an avocado on the floor
Exploded a seltzer on the refrigerator door
I don't understand what to do
And I don't know what's in store
For me
I can't see a way through
So I take it out on my food
My anger falls on the groceries
On my clean white walls
After all
I can always get more

But my anger is just fear
I'm afraid of not getting what I want
The only one who can see
My tantrum is my apartment
My secrets are reflected in the windows
I cannot hide from what's inside
It comes out eventually

Staring at the chunks of tomato on the ground
I feel heavy and still haven't found
An answer
I turn it over again and again
My frustration bubbles up
And spills out all over my kitchen
It feels like I can't win
Judge me all you want
But destroying food is not a sin

Smearred avocado on the hardwood
Creamy green
Laughs at me
My irrational actions
Immaturity

Wasted groceries
Money can't buy me what I want
My smashed food
Destroyed unnecessary
Puddles reflect my unmet needs
Unsatisfactory

It's so easy to make a mess

Takes so little time
But cleaning up is a process
Picking up the pieces is
Unglamorous
I won't share my un-success
I'm embarrassed by my regress
By my silly actions
My tainted floor
Unrealized passions
I always want more

But somehow I feel better
Pressure released
Broken glass
Dreams smashed
This feeling will pass
Nothing lasts

I let my mess sit for awhile
Maybe the universe will see
And smile favorably
Take pity
I still bargain with something I don't believe in
Momentarily
Looking for a reason
Letting go is not easy

Maybe we all take it out on something else
Other people, driving, food, exercise
We are all trying to get by
Do whatever helps
You deal and survive
With life

Maybe letting go is like a smashed avocado
Guacamole on the floor
I don't know what this struggle is for
It feels like everything is falling apart
Perhaps it's a new start
My expectations explode and resettle
And then I explore
Something better

Swipe Right

Swipe right if you like what you see
But you don't really see me
How do you choose one
When you can always pick another
The next best thing is yet to come
With the next swipe
It's never quite right

Welcome to the world of dreams
Where everyone seems perfect
Make yourself seem like the best version
Funny, smart, well worded
Always searching
But it's hard to know what you really find
When talking to multiple people at the same
time
We move so fast but this process is slow
It takes awhile to get to know
A person

I might have a nice profile
Witty answers
But I'm more than a few pictures
A blurb on an app
So many options
You can't see my depth
Just a momentary snap
Of what I could be
Projected reality
But it's not really me

I don't want to play this game
I just want a real interaction
Quality time, depth, satisfaction
A connection
I don't want superficial conversation
I'm not fulfilled by
Endless messaging
That doesn't go anywhere
Don't meet in person
There's too many people to care
A waste of my time
What are we even doing on here
Just trying to feel better about ourselves?
Swipe right if you can tell

What you want

We all put up a front
It makes me feel wanted
And we all want to be wanted
But my progress is stunted
The more people I meet
The more I retreat
Into frustration
Everytime
The connection doesn't going nowhere
Subsides
You vanish into thin air
I decide I don't care
And delete it
But still I'm aware
That I want partnership
A relationship
And don't know how to get it
So I resubscribe
And give it another try
Repeat

It's madly impersonal
This can't be the only way to meet people
Yet we all get sucked in
But I can't tell who you are
From an app, social media
Send a like, match to begin
Yet a match means nothing
An illusion, a filter
Lack of depth
A filler of time
I can't feel chemistry
Through a message
Shallow compliments
Yet when you get bored you resign
We don't really give each other our time
But we are hoping to find
Something
The one

If the one exists
Perhaps the dating app is fixed
Maybe we've all been tricked
You can't see my value
Even after meeting you
I'm still not sure

Yet the app is making money
Off my uncertainty
Try again
Swipe again
It's a tease every time
We've been reduced to an image
A momentary decision
Of who we want to fuck
Increasing our luck
Everytime we swipe right

Dating has changed so much
The virtual game has just begun
It's slightly mean
This sorting and swiping machine
Reducing a partner to a probability
The app controls who and what we see
But are we having fun?
The pandemic has made it impossible to talk to
anyone
In person
We are no longer flirting
Afraid of hurting
Someone's feelings
Swipe right if your seeing
Ghosting

Feigned interest
Mediocre at best
I just want someone to talk to
But I feel lost
Swiping through a maze of faces
Looking in all the wrong places
My energy is depleted
For I did not get what I needed
On Tinder, Bumble, Hinge
I Binge
On dating
Still waiting
Impatient

Enchanting disillusionment mixed with hopeful
highs
We're all playing games with each other's lives
There's no consolation prize
I'm starting to despise
Dating

Corona

How Covid has warped all of our lives
This name that came into existence
Has taken all the power
Freedom to interact and resistance
Against the system
That has now taken over
Moving through the Greek alphabet
But we don't know what it is yet
We cover our faces and stay in our places
For fear of the unknown
Germs, particles and crowded spaces
The thing that can't seen
Just shown to us on TV
And apparently felt in our body
I may do all the right things
Yet it still can get me
This virus, the enemy
That separates us
And gets us from the inside slowly
But some people can't feel it all
Yet our economy, our society
Might fall
To Covid

It has a number and a name
We don't know exactly when it came
Still we need someone to blame
Maybe 20 years later
Someone will unravel all the secrets
And put them on paper
But fabricated stories can't change
What already happened
How badly we reacted
And the world won't be the same

A name has tied us all together
And kept us apart
Despite our collective pain
Since its inception
A reflection
Of ourselves, isolated
Desperately mated
Our human nature
Not wanting to be alone
Locked down

A tiny virus
Wearing a crown
Corona

Hide your face but open your eyes
We now all walk around in a disguise
Not seeing each other
Judging each other
By our position, our masks
If we do or don't have it
Justified by the guise
Of a vaccine card
Politicians lies
Illuminating our insecurities
Our fear that we won't have what we need
Planting the seed
That this is all we have to do
I can't see you
And it won't spread through
Our lives, our population

Control the crowds and public spaces
Gather all the information
Mixed messages
Spread fear and stagnation
So that no one can move
And Zoom erases
Social interactions
The desire to leave our houses
We are now stuck on our couches
Sinking into Covid
Falling deeper into our new reality
That consumes us
We can't get up from our comfy
Virtual meetings
Paid laziness
Forced vaccinations
Unending boosters
No more vacations
Nothing changes

I want to do the right thing
But really I don't want to do anything
I just want to go for walks
Make small talk
With strangers
Covid has killed my motivation
Yet I have so much time

Still I'm waiting
For something to happen
And my time feels wasted
Again, nothing changes

But change happens
It doesn't wait for vaccinations
Masking, lack of social interactions
Canceled shows and I don't know
Invisible barriers
That stop us from passing Covid
Everything moves
But nothing's changed
Except our expectations

A Covid time warp
Day after day
Time trudges through the muck
Of uncertainty
False positives
Lost years
Feeling stuck
Closed borders
Toilet paper hoarders
Abandoned plans
Unrealistic fears
That maybe next year
When we are clear
Of Covid

We'll begin to live again
Children will go back to school again
I'll rekindle my relationships
We'll get back time
Our society's flaws
Reflected in paternalistic laws
Will go back to normal
We'll take our power back
And everything will be fine
I guess in the end
Corona will decide
How we get by
It's forever woven into our lives