

7,604

Seven thousand six hundred and four days old,
Happy Birthday to me.
Finding significance in every twenty four hours,
big bold and dour,
almost a coward.
I'm afraid of tomorrow,
so I celebrate today.
In what ways do you care for the future?
Collapse into now
and acknowledge its power.
Aren't we all just flowers growing in the wrong place?
Sprung up in hope,
surviving in space,
symbolize my sorrows with the strings of your guitar.
I'm a flimsy caterpillar
cursing its cocoon,
staring at the moon,
believing that one day I too will fly within its limits

They used to call it miscegenation, but WE still fight to call it love.

Your skin looks nice next to mine,
I said, just days after I met you.
Just a ways off from really something.
It wasn't suppose to leave
the tip of my tongue,
but, as it did, you smiled
like you didn't mind.
I entertained the thought that
maybe we can be the progress;
the swirl the worlds in need of.

Life Cycles

With jean cut offs, I'm a piece of shit.
Too cool to say what's up with that
much more inclined to to slit my wrists on a cool summer's dawn
extracting inexperience from the heart of the vein.

With my cleats in the dirt,
I'm a butt on the bench.
My gym shoes squeak at the end of the line
where dreams unravel and rejection is only a part of the battle.

With socks on my feet and shoes to follow.
What do you say about a girl in her thirties,
unwed and unloved,
still dreaming of a walk down the aisle?

Blunt

Can I be that blunt or is my mouth better closed?
With the repetition of indecision, I'll be the blunt rolled between your fingers
and licked by your lips,
inhaled by your lungs,
the stench on your shirt.
100% cotton,
polyester blend,
I'd rather see you in a haze
than accept we are just friends

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Learning What To Be and What Not To Be

How many times a day do I have to remember that I'm not a machine
but a blood filled bag of skin?

And how many people scream in the shower,
spitting out the world like it tastes sour.

The bird sings why the cage, and I sing why the fuck.

Bars or no bars

I am learning the helplessness,

learning to do as I'm told,

learning to hold my tongue,

learning to be spokes and screws held together with just enough glue
to be called a real girl.