

a collection of moments

Grandpop

She's much smaller than the room she sits in
on the cold bench that keeps her from pretending this is a dream and she pulls at her curls,
nervous that she will make a mistake; but he grounds her in reality while
taking away her fear and whispers softly to her,
begin;

so, she touches the middle key tenderly, listening to it echo into the abyss
and watches as the onlookers, with faces that are kind and smiles that are soft,
absorb it's sound as it bounces off the walls

and Grandpop keeps her calm, tapping his knee to her own.
He has musician fingers and blue eyes, Einstein hair and a vintage smell,
strong bones and gentle love, it's no wonder they play so beautifully together.

The crowd watches as they move their fingers across the sea of black and white
willing their emotions to pour into the keys and out into the room,
making the string lights a little brighter and the mood a little lighter,

and they laugh together, their souls intertwined as the people flood to the floor,
eager to dance to the music, loving every beat and feeling every step,

but this night is not about the room, or the lights, or the people,
this night is about a little girl and her Grandpop, two peas in a pod,
speaking their special language and giving the gift of music,

so, when the song ends and the crowd applauds, she doesn't look for their approval,
but instead she stares up into the eyes of her Grandpop, with love and adoration
and she thanks him for teaching her the beauty in loving the ivory queens.

Why did you have to leave me so soon?

When I asked you if dying
hurt, I didn't think that you would say
yes, but you

did, you said yes, and
I never forgot that moment, because you showed weakness.
Did you know that

you scared me that day?
Or did you die thinking that I hadn't believed you?
Unfortunately, I will never know the answer, because you

have moved on, left me and
all the others behind, with no one to
validate our sadness and our anger, so how do you
even begin to explain why? What can you do

to tell us that it's okay to move
on too? Am I supposed to spend the rest of my

life talking about you in past tense, like you won't
ever laugh at
another one of my jokes or make me smile? You were a
valiant warrior, but no one beats cancer anyways, and
everyone knows that, even

me; but that doesn't change the fact that you left me here, with
everything unfinished,

screaming to a God I do not believe in, hoping that
one day I will finally understand why I have to feel so

sad and empty when you could've just lived. You were
once my friend, with a brain like no
other and a soul too lovely for this world, but
now, you've left me here on this earth asking, *Why did you have to leave me so soon*
?

You'll Die Alone

Do you wish that among the dancing flowers
who sing in the rain,
that you could have found someone who devours
every thought of intelligence that causes you pain.
Because you know that you're too smart for your own good
and too lonely and wrapped up in your own head,
so every day you wake up and wish you would
just learn what it feels like to live, not just be alive, to not be on the inside, dead.
But life has never been that easy for you
and you've always loved your brain more than anything.
You have never really cared what the flowers do,
so, when you lay there dying, wishing that everything
had been so different, I hope you see outside your window, those flowers dancing in the rain
and realize that if you had loved someone other than yourself, you wouldn't have ended in vain.