

Tales of A Y.B.D (**young, black, dreamer**)

Who do dreams belong to?

The *hopeless?*

The *restless?*

The *silver spooners?*

Or do they belong to the stars?

To a place beyond infinite imagination.

A place where only the most optimistic reside.

I want to grab hold of these dreams.

Keep it close in my clutch.

Hold on so tight it can not be swiped by the hopeless.

The restless.

The silver spooners.

So I can be among the optimists and the stars.

So I can escape the reality I'm subjected to.

So that maybe I can be where the dreamiest of dreams belong.

To be.. or **not**.

You try to be good but to no avail.

It seems that every word you utter pierces everyone proudly, leaking poison into their mood.

You quite honestly kill the mood.

You don't mean to be this way, you did not ask to be a murderer.

You wish nothing but serenity and contentment to those around you.

But you still manage to execute all of those feelings

And now they hate you.

They loathe every word that means to spill out your mouth.

Why can't you shut up!?

Those words won't stop immersing out like the heavens have commanded an undying flood of the oceans.

You hate yourself.

You begin to nauseate at the glimpse of you daring to embrace who you are.

You *gnaw* at yourself in the most grievous manner.

Making a feast out of your squandered personality.

You devour it until you are a harmless pit of nothing.

No one in peril at the will of your mouth.

You have relinquished, death row onto its maker.

All that's left of you is a blank space free for impressionable souls.

You are passed around between them , actively assimilating to each enthusiasm.

You changed so much, do you recall who you were?

Does the light ever flicker?

Is it a fuse blown forever?

All that's left is a distant memory of your true form.

For you are to be what one wishes .

There is no such existence of being yourself.

LOVE'S IMAGINATION

I want to tell you all the things I imagine us

To be.

Friends turned lovers

Turned soulmates

A connection not even space nor time can conquer.

Your energy speaks to me and in turn we become one.

Where our heartbeats move to the same rhythm.

Where you become the air that fills my lungs.

Where you become my reason to love, and love hard.

To live and live well.

Where I become the one you couldn't see your days without.

I want to tell you all of these things and more.

But I know that it would be of no use.

Because everything I imagine us to be, she has already made reality.

Start of a beautiful friendship

For some of us,

catching your breath ain't easy

Your ears dissect that oh so familiar sound,

and it seems like the whole world is closing in.

Your chest presents itself con-caved from the recollection of the ringing screams.

You replay that excruciating popping sound over and over.

Over.

And over.

Until you regurgitate your lunch onto yourself.

Sobbing grievously,

snot endlessly leaking out your nose.

You're just trying to focus on not choking on your own vomit.

You call out to god

“Why me?”

“Why here?”

“Why now?”

You and PTSD.

The start of a beautiful friendship.