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.

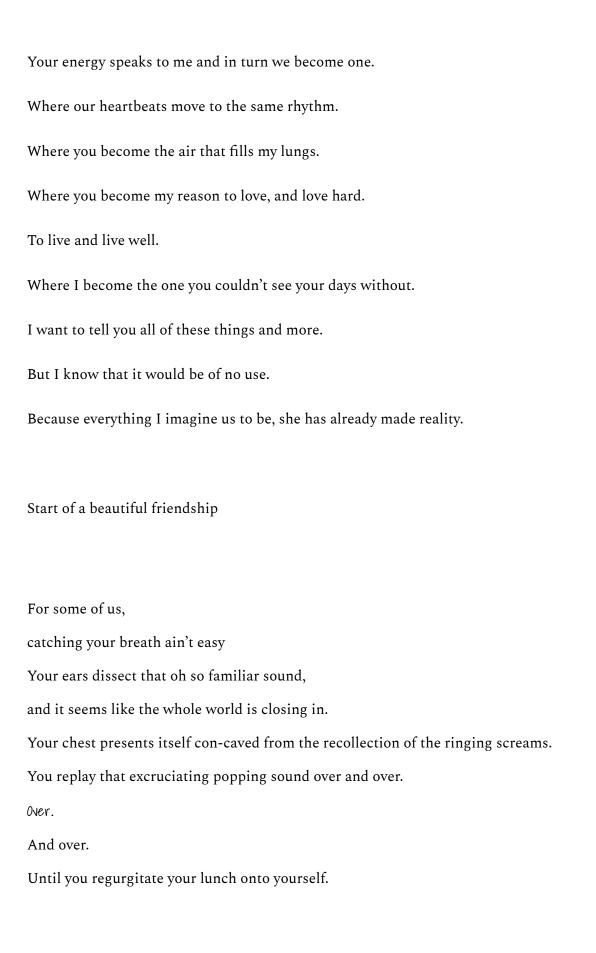
You hate yourself.

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.



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.