

Collection of the Lost

Quiet mysterious man is now walking on my ceiling
I see the big tree and I think about beauty, life, growth, and sadness
an evening that has waded through water.
#1 white #2 blue #3 brown #4 red #5 black
The weather feels so pleasant
Don't let the neighbors know
but I can hear her voice and laughter
Occurrences from my childhood make me mad
which is silly
there is no use.
Tiny colors: yellow, green, purple
I think about my fear
in the castle of my skin
it sits almost motionless without a single sound
She would freak when she heard it.
In that large house that lacked furniture
and food, we created a game
We called it "Parallel Universe"
that was one of my happiest times
and I can't figure out why
We held mirrors under our eyes
How frustrating it is that we forget so much
Soon passed into noon
Something consistent for a couple years
was a metal blue bunk bed
My mother tried her hardest
and fought so hard to make us okay
but she had bad fortune
I couldn't see her, she was behind a wall
So smart
so loving
so strong
I can't begin to grasp how
she summoned the strength
Steve gave us up
like one would leave behind a penny
but It was okay
because she had us.
Justin was the best thing for a while
but then bad outweighed good
The way he was wasn't his fault
but unavoidable
Paper signed him away
Next was Greg
who I would gladly erase
We went to Arizona for him

a round-headed deceitful borderline
Years of painful ping pong
but an attic with Christmas lights made me so happy
We had lizards on our walls and named each one
Every cactus we could spot
on the route to our school had it's own name
I thought about forgotten friends and faded memories
Kainoa was my most important friend
We sang together
It was strange because I couldn't bring myself to sing around anyone else
We would laugh ourselves into tears everyday
That library was the most special place
that and the hardware store down the street
also the grocery store
where we bought jelly-filled donuts, the kind with white powdered sugar
The powder covered our faces when we were done
We raced the motorized vehicles intended for the disabled
we were promptly escorted out
We slept on the shelves at the hardware store
for the sole purpose of confusing people
also we may have been tired
I remember the day
the two of us stood in that library's parking lot and cried
it was Sandy Hook that made us cry
while we wept together
the sky wept with us
and held the most beautiful sunset
either of us had ever experienced
So many colors
Such a strange moment
when I realized that someone could see me cry
ever more strange, a boy
He dropped public school
I saw him once more
it was at church
We didn't talk
He acted as if we never had talked before
one year passed like that
then I moved away
What's to come[?]
gradually grows in number and volume
I fear that it won't be what I want.
Breakdowns and panic attacks
each year passing
getting more challenging to hold myself together
I long to have so many people back in my life
that I have fond memories with
very quiet yet seemingly pointless sounds

Forget them because I try not to dwell, but I can't.
They are not pointless sounds
Each and every one of their heads I thought about.
One of my biggest weaknesses of the moment
oddly is a person (won't say)
But now I have learned how to distance myself.
The downstairs group is migrating
and a boy with blue jacket smiles like a happy jokester
Boys quickly jog upstairs with a chuckle
Them. I thought about my fond recent memories
very distant screams, then laughter
Gloominess, which frustrates me.
Why must everything hurt?
That evil man
his face was *too* inviting
he was unsuspected
too friendly
and shiny
When I think about the game
where you roll the tiny pigs for points
He gifted those games to me
or maybe the board game about road traffic
I start to cry
How silly it may seem to someone
We saw his mail with a flashlight
I wasn't the only one
I got a wolf stuffed animal
that was too large for the home
or my mind to grasp
and also my tiny hands
I was seven.
Group that forms at bottom of stairs
That has orange flowers; Katherine doesn't like orange
he slightly moves his head
using hands to visualize
My 7th and 8th grade art
I have fooled myself
into thinking that anything significant
happened at age seven.
During many years of being seven years old
I had a best friend name Haven
we had the same last name
we created everyday
distancing ourselves from our world
hours of everyday we spent creating
my older sister took her from me
At seven I had a concussion
oh how it changed my life

how silly for just a game
all in good fun at the time.
My angle changes, everything is white and linear
Though I wish I could feel better
A look of purpose in her eyes
(Because the big tree) I think
Upstairs, he watches his feet
I played in lines at Lagoon
the kids in the classroom that I could see through a window
made me feel so nervous
and why does silence hurt my head?
I held in my arms a sobbing Jordan
heart-wrenching it was to see a stone wall crumble
No eye contact or expression
So much expression
He can't live up to his own expectations
I never ever live up to my expectations
How strange is it
that the sound of a lasting heart-drawn sob
is the equivalent sound
to a laugh brought on by the utmost happiness

I observed a man that wore a slight smile
orange shirted man with his khaki pants
and look of self-worth
I feel slightly warmed
when I see people holding that expression
I want them to be happy
I remember little details
Occasional coughs
Arizona, where we fired our sculptures
for Mr. Lazo's class
Indents upward- lots of texture
Sounds are everything
I saw the huge snake in that art place
how loud I screamed
"holy shit."
how new of a word it was for me,
a grey shirted space case
Walks up stairs
sporadic and subtle
my intentions and my frustration.
years ago I thought about strange and skewed perceptions
I saw a tree
in the past two years
I thought about how it is strange
It is strange that I live.
Why must the silence hurt my head?

My watch beeped

nerves and sadness.

I moved away.