

1. Fuck you

I want to smoke until my lungs run dry, subsequent of my own thoughts.

I want to drink until my vision blurs, and I can no longer see you behind my cracked eyelids.

I want to scrub my skin raw with lemon scented bleach and rubbing alcohol just to rid myself of your lips gentle touch.

Now, skin raw, eyes bloodshot from going on night 4 and I still can't get you out of my fucking head. Your touch seems to have latched itself onto me for with each scrub of copper and bleach, I cannot seem to rid you my dear.

My flesh bloody purple mess, god why did you have to stain yourself with permanent marker and cheap perfume on the nape of my neck. Why does my lips always taste like whiskey and cherry lipstick even though I've spent the last 3 hours making out with the toothbrush and a bottle of salt. My skin constantly stings, like lemon in the wounds, but it still doesn't hurt as bad as it did when you up and left on our anniversary. You left e stranded rain pooling at my feet, as you spend away making sure not to look back, the ring rested on asphalt.

I still remember how your eyes so fiery, so determined, you managed to rip out my soul right then and there, im still stitching the wounds. How you never second guessed yourself, you just dropped me on the road like one of your old high school hookups, I swear to god I have not had that much water flow from my eyes since my mother died, and even then.

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I saw you last week, by the produce.

It took me 15 minutes walking back and forth threw the same god damn isle to muster up enough courage to say hello, you just asked for the shirt you left at my house. I drank myself sober that night, I called you with words a slur, filled with broken love and blood-stained memories, you kept repeating "Its ok Aaron" like you took it right out of the old testament. I could not stop crying, I wanted you so badly, I wanted to run my hands threw your hair, I wanted to whisper sweet nothings in your ear until we drift to sleep in our own separate dream worlds. Most of all I just wanted to be with you, I did not care in what way, I just needed to see you.

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Gun now cocked sitting on the bathroom floor, water flowing, hands shaking. I let out a desperate scream, pain searing threw my veins, then the phone.

A call from your stepbrother now 3 o clock in the morning I was not expecting it.

Why did you have to go?

Why were you not wearing your seatbelt?

Why were you drunk?

Why were you on your way to see me?

The echo, a loud sharp bang ricochets threw the phone, the thud. The blood, bone against porcelain, we soon meet.

2. 11:11am

"Make a wish" my little sister says cheerfully as we pull up to the funereal home, gravel crunching under the tires.

I wish you were still here, in my arms. I wish your life did not end the way it did, it is not fair. I wish I would have noticed ahead of time that you were drowning in your own sadness, just trying to stay afloat. I wish I could have called you, texted you anything just to have you change your mind, but my head was spinning, and I couldn't even keep myself above the waves.

Its to late now, now standing at your wake tears streaming down my face, I realize 11:11 wishes don't come true, but boy do I wish they did.

11:11pm

"Make a wish" I hear my little sister yell from across the hall. Door locked, rope a noose I make my final 11:11 wish, and for once maybe this one will come true.

3. A sick boy

I met a boy, a boy with stars in his eyes and gold running threw his hair. His voice sharp as nails, but soft at the edges.

Always had one lit in his mouth, waving it around as he spoke windows down, I felt afloat, getting lost in spiels of reality mixed with fantasy. He was different, he spoke the same tongue, but at times like snake beckoning eve to bite the apple. I as eve but out of fear bit as many as he pushed my way. It was always like I was hung onto every word he said, like a breeze blowing threw the trees. I do not think he knew the effect he had on me, like with each passing day I realized I kept falling deeper and deeper. I could not possibly see myself for who I truly was when getting lost in him.

He became my everything, like an alarm in the morning to the sweet lull of night calling me to sleep. He clouded my mind, never had a break, it was like my air being replaced with the cologne he bared, I felt intoxicated.

Dizzy in love, sick for his touch and a need for his warmth. An obsession, I guess you could say was way past the point of healthy, but I never gave it a second thought.

He was my everything,

Always and forever.

4. Artificial emotion

They say the way im feeling isn't real, that the pills never make the problems go away, but what if feeling empty also makes me feel free. A bird with outstretched wings soaring threw storm clouds and thousands of drops of rain of emotions, everything a breeze in yesterday, my problems slowly fading away. Artificial emotion you spit my way, the pills don't make it go away. Yes, but they make everything a little less grey. Im not an addict, I do not spend my nights lifting my arms trying to jump and fly, the clouds enveloping my charcoal wings. The pills make everything a little less tragedy so that must mean its ok.

5.The loss of my father

Context, my father had gone through two heart transplants, was always in the hospital a 2 hour at least away from where we lived. There was an atrium made of glass with trees surrounding the whole thing, I always pictured him looking out od his hospital room looking at the atrium thinking and waiting for when he can come home.

I picture you there not here, gone but only a few hours away not an eternity like it feels. I've put an out of business sign on my mind to let everything pass by like cars on the freeway. Listening to the hum of tires on asphalt as each thought goes none easier then the last, I picture white on white, bleach intoxicating my nose and you staring out the glass, trees still around you, wondering when you'll be home. Its mind tricks, a cruel way of letting our bodies deal with grief, denial of the inevitable that your gone. Its easier thinking your just waiting to come home.

"I will princess, and you will get the help you need, there is nothing to be sorry for princess, you've done nothing wrong. Some of us, including myself need some extra help dealing with certain parts of life, like anxiety, stress, and we try coping ourselves, but we do not have the ability alone and that is nothing to be sorry for. Im immensely proud of you for accepting the help they were offering, and everything will get better and we will both be home living happy well-balanced life. You are an extraordinarily strong lady, and a daughter I am very proud of. Remember I am always here for you. I love you princess, sleep with angels.