

## *To Walk Among the Gods*

Let us be invincible tonight.  
Forget the clock's ticking,  
counting down to midnight.  
No, our carriage will not  
turn into a pumpkin tonight.  
We will dance and twirl,  
like planets orbiting the sun.  
Symmetry is not often found  
in nature, but tonight, our bodies  
will mirror each other perfectly.  
Tonight, we will walk on water.  
We will converse with the gods,  
and they will congratulate us  
on finding each other,  
*How unlikely, they'll say,*  
*How wonderful. You have faced*  
*the unimaginable and have*  
*come out victorious.* Of course,  
they will not fail to remind us  
of their part in our union.  
But it does not matter, for they  
are immortal and we, human,  
and for one night, for one beautiful,  
impossible night, we will have known  
what it is like to walk among the gods.

## *Heavenly Bodies*

Do you think stars get lonely?  
Do you think they look down at us,  
watching as we hold each other,  
and do you not think they wish  
they could do the same?

I wonder what they would give  
to *burn* as we do.

*1:23 a.m.*

There are a thousand ways to say  
I love you—I am only familiar with a few.  
Albert Einstein said insanity is doing the  
same thing over and over and expecting  
a different result each time. I relish in  
my insanity and laugh at my surprise  
whenever I find myself in this place again.

It is inevitable—and yet, I refuse not to hope.  
How could I? When you are all tranquil rivers  
and rolling meadows and open skies and  
long conversations at night and I am only  
sharp edges and broken mirrors and unstable  
roads and deep waters with cold currents.

I feel the heaviest at nights, when the light  
is not around to wash away my thoughts.  
When it is quiet enough and I have no choice  
but to listen to that voice inside my head,  
cutting me open with sharp edges and pulling  
me into deep waters with cold currents, away  
from tranquil rivers and rolling meadows—

*It is hard to see the sky from down here.*

*It Is a Terrible Thing to Realize*

I have this feeling in my stomach:  
kind of like dread, or maybe understanding,  
like when the final piece fits into the puzzle,  
the calm before the storm—such terrible quiet.  
Watching the meteor as it barrels down toward us,  
unable to alter its course—feet firmly planted, s  
tuck in place, helpless to prevent obliteration.

Acceptance is the end of delusion—  
or is it the beginning? There is nothing  
left to do once it settles in, only sit back  
and watch as it all goes down in flames.

## *Almost*

My mother wrote me a letter once,  
all sugar and honey—it tasted of  
*I love you* and *I am so proud of you*  
and *You are the best thing I ever made*,  
yet, it falls short. The sweet turns bitter  
as her words make their way past  
memories of a broken ankle and damp  
towels and foggy bathroom mirrors.  
The stain of that night is reluctant  
in its fading, like a bruise—or rather,  
a scar, it lingers. It will not see itself  
ignored, nor forgotten, even now.  
I still feel the echoes of that little girl's  
tears in my own, her longing for our  
mother's sweetness, for what we could  
have had, for what I cannot accept now.  
See, I know her well, *but I remember better*.  
I can tell, deep down, she is terrified.  
She looks into my eyes, sees her own  
reflected there, and hates it. Hates herself.  
And perhaps I should forgive her for her  
shortcomings. After all, she is only a woman,  
lost in her self-loathing. But what about me?  
She was wrong—*I am the best thing she*  
*almost ruined*. Almost. Not quite. Not yet.