

A Lucid World Through a Dreamer's Lens

I once had a dream of blue skies and cold winds
That blew my hair against my face and past my ears
Where I would look up into the sun shining
Its brightness flaring my eyes but I would keep looking
Even though I knew my vision was slowly being burnt away

But I did once have a vision
That I would explore
Every inch and crevice of the earth
And dive deep under the ocean's waves
That I would be able to reach out and touch the clouds
That seemed to fleet in and out of sight

But I did once have sight
Sight of the goals I set before me
But knowing I'd never run towards them
Or try to grasp them into my reach
One by one, they slowly slipped away
But I still longed to feel the satisfaction of having them

And I did once have feelings
That could make my blood boil or turn into ice
That could sting in my eyes or creep a smile up my mouth
That could make all the walls in the world cave in
Or blow all my problems away with one breath
And either clear or fill my mind with reckless thoughts

But I did once have a mind
A consciousness that looked up at the night sky
Just to count the stars and point out constellations
That observed the world through a different perspective
And collected memories of past lives that were taken too early

But I did once have a life
With moments that felt like sprouting wings and jumping into the air
And others where I'd fall and fall down an endless hole
Filled with contorted shapes of people I dedicated myself to

And claustrophobic spaces that I locked myself in
To shut out the world and all its problems

But I did once have a world

once...

Kaleidoscope

The first look seems like a swirl of colors
Like glass shards stuck into rainbow
Or droplets of water flung out from hair
Landing atop a mountain of gold
Sliding down to hit each fraction of light
That is cycled in and out of the air

Images that go on forever in a loop
As they're twisted over and over again
Meeting each other just to be pulled away
Never touching for more than a split second
Each line, each shape, is clearly defined
But nonetheless, still contorting together

Your eyes are searching for shapes
As if its searching for answers hidden in a pattern
That contracts into itself and out again
Making object and creatures with your imagination
Just to slide away as quickly as it came
Mesmerizing to the human eye

Inside, it describes life perfectly
Filled with individuals, but pictures just the same
What you will see cannot be put into words
But somehow, you understand
As if it's been with you your whole life
Because that's precisely what it reminds you of

A Forgotten Name

I remember the moment I faded away,
White and black was dancing in front of my eyes
The same choreography I learned when I broke my ankle
The memory was pounding inside my brain
But my mind felt utterly disconnected

I've always felt the ghosts trailing behind me,
Their wispy hands grazing my back,
Touching, finger by finger; lingering-
Cold, like frostbite spreading through my veins
Like droplets of snowflake falling down from the sky

Pulling me into their grasp slowly
But I would never think of becoming one of them
So early

But I've watched my life slip out of my hands
My body- shriveled- crumpled to the floor
That day, or night, I cannot remember
Nor can I recall anything else

The moment it happened my thoughts were changed
Like I exchanged my life for eternal ignorance
But I'll never know if I did,
Because I've forgotten- I've forgotten it all

No more is the constant flashbacks of cracking
When my foot hit the ground and snapped
Or the colors that entered my vision when I died
What even were they doing....?

All known concepts I surrounded myself with
Gone, like eraser shavings flicked off the table;
Lessons learned from all the times I had fallen,
But where has that gotten me now?

Perhaps I'm still alive, just not living

I'm sorry, I can't tell you who I am
I don't know, have never known, and will never know

"Just because you know my name, doesn't mean you know my story."
-Anonymous

An Insomniac's Nightmares

One, two, three,
Counting the steps I take up the stairs
Pitch black darkness surrounds me
Engulfing- closing around like hand pressed too hard against throat
Four, five, six,
Hearing the muffled chirps of crickets in the cracks of my walls
Drowned out by the beating of my heart going
Seven, eight, nine,
The blood rushing in and out of my head
To accompany the dizziness in between my eyes and skull
My body- begging me to close the lids
Ten, eleven, twelve,
Chipped skin brushing handrail,
The sound of nails scraping against torn wall,
Closing around a cold door knob, twisting-
Silence-
Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen,
No one else in this too big of a house but me
I can hear my steps echoing across the hallways
As I step into the void of my room
Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen,
Years flash by my eyes
Knees knocking against the wooden bed legs
Fingers grasping the soft mattress
Head sinking into pillow; all too unfamiliar
Nineteen, twenty, twenty-one,
Finally ready to let go,
Body leaving consciousness,
Consumed in darkness, but also comfort
Rest it whispers,
And the waking nightmares are lured back to sleep.