

And You

Every day you wake
Cold feet hit the floor
Damning this day as you realize
You awoke to another sunrise

And you damn another day
This day of forever
This hour of never
The second of together
And you realize
You awoke to another sunrise
And you damn another day

Hit the door – it can't hit you back
Another hole in the wall
Another hole in your heart
Another gash in your fist
As you realize
The slice marks on your wrist
Scabbed over again
And you damn another day

Fall asleep once more
Maybe you'll get lucky this time
You're out the door into the sky
No pain, no fears, no crying
The dream in which you die
Is the only reason you close your eyes
And you hope this time
Your heart will rest
Just one time on
This day of forever
This hour of never
The second you're together
And you realize you awoke to another sunrise
And you damn another day

Pearlia

I have been labelled the Blooming Nightshade
I am the raid upon each day the pain subsides but comes back without mercy...
A mark over each scar given through battles fought near and far....
The end of the garden
The beginning of the undead
The entrance to your own personal journey
Whether it be a fire-pit emotional torture
Or a cloud-laiden flight...

I may be white as light
I may be bright as day
I may be as sweet as candy
But deep down within lies
The deadly nightshade

Dear Fire

Dear fire, licking tips of pain
Whiplash marks
Black smoke tarnishes
Jagged edges of my life

Dear flame, brutal reminder
Of unfair delicacies
Crunchy and crispy and fried
Mementos left behind

Dear heat, searing and everlasting
A moment of chance
A prolonged consequence
A life altering event

Dear burn, permanent and textured
Surrounding my actions
Penetrating my calm
Infiltrating my wall

Dear chaos, sibling to destruction
Ruining my construct
Changing my escape route
Suffocating my plans

Dear nightmare, daughter of choice
Constant presence
Unchanging streams of fate
Uncontrollable time

Dear death, shadow behind me
Don't take me yet
I still have dreams

Stricture

These hands around my throat
This noose around my neck
The anxiety that closes shut
I love all of it

I live for the stricture of air
The invisible gasp for life
The closing of my holes
The strictures that take control

I love it when you choke me
When everything goes hazy
I live for the lights in my eyes
Dizzy from the deprived high

The stricture
Squeeze tighter
Make it all go away

Aggregate

A collection of gathered emotions in connection with past events and hypothetical future possibilities.

Walk away, the inner beast shouts.
This is terrible, the little one in the corner cries.
I don't want to be here, a small whimsy whispers.
But we must, the responsible one quibbles.

It is part of the process

the loathing

and the pleading

and the depression.