

# Aliens and Norwegians

If I said I was an Alien,  
You might believe me,  
Albeit cautiously.  
Or you might chuckle,  
Or roll your eyes.

If I said I was Norwegian,  
You would probably believe me,  
Even if it was mixed with a little bit of surprise.

But if you were an Alien,  
You would know I wasn't one of you.

And if you were Norwegian,  
You would tell everyone the truth.

# A Second and an Inch

A world, and a lifetime ago,  
We were both so different, but you more so.

We used to see, talk, and text each other at every opportunity.

You used to have the most beautiful smile.  
It would spread across your face,  
And shine out through your eyes.  
Radiating out like a sun.

Your laugh was full of happiness, contentment, and joy.  
No matter what it sounded like,  
It was music to the ears.  
As loud and commanding as thunder,  
But as gentle as a butterfly's touch.

Your jokes were crude, but enjoyable,  
And made at every opportunity.  
Always were they laughed at.

Your happiness was contagious.

Now.

I always seem to miss you by a second, and an inch.

When you smile, only your lips carry out the motion.  
And it never seems to finish its journey to your eyes,  
Much less shine out like a ginormous star.

Your laugh is loud, but short.  
It is not meant for your enjoyment, but for others'.  
There is no happiness behind it,  
Only an empty vessel.

Your jokes come few, and far inbetween.  
When they come,  
They are still laughed at,

But only because of the company you keep.

I stopped trying to pretend  
That everything was the same.  
And decided to just go with the flow.  
I hoped the contagious happiness would come back,  
But I didn't really know  
If it actually could.  
I hoped, and prayed, and pleaded with the universe,  
That it would.

Today, I missed you by another second, and another inch.  
But I saw  
Your smile.  
As you waved to me three times,  
And as I waved to you three times.  
Both of us trying to wave at the same time as the other.  
Trying to bridge that second, that inch.

That smile radiated light.  
You were happy.

And I was happy,  
Because you were.

# Differences

They laugh, and chatter, and shout, and scream, and hollar,  
Filling the peace and quiet in my mind.

Stop.

I want them to to stop.

But they won't.

They never listen to me.

Because I am not like them.

I am not rude, and loud.

Cynical, and over the top.

I do not ignore, and laugh at,

Procrastinate, and irritate.

I am different

I am polite, and quiet.

Reassuring, and unnoticeable.

They don't listen, and speak kindly,

Work hard, and solve misunderstandings.

We are different.

And sometimes I wonder,

Do I keep the wrong company?

But then,

I watch them,

And listen to them,

And I smile.

I join into the laughter, and chattering, and shouting, and screaming, and hollering,  
Filling the peace and quiet in my mind that was never really there.

They will listen to me,

If I speak their language.

It is true.

We are different.

That is why I love them,

And why they love me.

# A Pillow's Life

It sat on the rack for a while,  
That pillow did.  
Waiting for someone who wanted to lay their head onto it.  
It was relatively flat  
That pillow was  
That was why nobody really wanted to buy it.

Then, one day  
Somebody picked that pillow up from the shelf,  
They did  
And laid their head into it.  
And that was that.

The next thing the pillow knew,  
It was nestled on a cozy bed,  
Next to another pillow.  
And then a child got into that cozy bed,  
And laid their head on the pillow.

That other pillow became the pillow's best friend.  
They sat on that bed for a long time,  
Those pillows did.  
And they shared many experiences together.  
They were slept on,  
Jumped on,  
Cried on,  
and hugged.

But the most painful experience the pillow,  
and it's BFF ever encountered  
Were the pillow fights.  
Those were truly traumatizing.

During these torture sessions,  
The child, and it's friends would grab them in the most painful ways,  
And smash them together with incredible force.  
Every time they met in the middle of flying through the air,  
And crash into each other (creating multiple bruises)

The two pillows would say “sorry” to each other.

The pillows often talked out these traumas with each other,  
As substitution for actual counseling,  
Since neither had access to it.  
The only other counseling help they received  
Was their pillow cases being changed  
(Which honestly wasn't very helpful at all)

As the child got older, it had less pillow fights.  
And the day when the grown child left, and didn't come back,  
Both pillows were extremely relieved to see their tormenter go.

# ECOsystems or ECONomies?

At least in the beginning,  
We took care of the environment.  
No.  
That's not true.  
We just didn't have the tools to destroy it.

Then we made those tools,  
And got addicted to the power they gave us.  
It was like a drug.  
That clouded our judgement, and destroyed our respect for the earth.

We make what we call  
Cutting edge technology.  
But the only edges it cuts,  
Are the earth's crust,  
And the line between  
Respecting the earth and its inhabitants,  
And destroying it completely.

The thing is, we can't stop.  
Because along the way,  
We created this thing called money.  
And from the very day we are born,  
Whether we are rich or poor,  
We are taught  
Money equals power.

Do you know how to get money?  
You own a big company  
That ruins the ECOsystem  
They say that's what needs to happen  
For our ECONomies to function.

But are our ECONomics more important than our ECOsystems?  
If we ruin our ECOsystems just for our ECONomies,  
There will be no ECOsystems left to ruin  
To help run our ECONomies.

So in the end, it's a big waste.  
I'm here to tell you now,  
So you don't have to learn the hard way later.

Stop.  
Stop destroying the earth.  
The ECOsystems.  
The rivers, forests, the lakes  
Planes, tundras, ice caps, and oceans.  
Stop.  
Stop destroying our home.