

oh to be a baby

oh to be a baby they say:
oh to sleep all day they say;
oh to eat all day they say;
oh to cry all day they say;
oh to live without worry they say.

oh to be perfect presenting they say:
oh to hate to wake all day they say;
oh to cry to food all day they say;
oh to restrict to feel all day they say;
oh to be a prisoner in your own mind they say.

oh to be fake and break yourself in millions of microscopic pieces they say.
oh to be nagged, lagged and dragged out of the supportive bed all day they say.
oh to be shamed and blamed by the mirror's miserable twin all day they say.
oh to be trapped, slapped, and kidnapped by your thoughts all day they say.
oh to be confined and blind during the destructive process they say.

oh when living feels like dying.

stress and anxiety

fidgeting uncontrollably
everywhere you walk and talk.
shaking uncontrollably
everywhere you sit and stare.
the reassociation has begun.

breathing heavily
to the point where you might puke.
standing over the toilet gagging
up an empty stomach.
the clean toilet mocks you.

every food
you look at is repulsing,
so you decide that eating
isn't for you. a few bites of this
a few bites of that. should be enough?

to run on an empty stomach,
a feeling you've felt before. the
memories of anorexia flow back
as you jog the curves, sprint the straights.
the lightheaded feeling and the temporary pain.

support

i support her when she feels dismissed by him.
i support him when he feels ignored by her.
i support them both when i try to hold
the denial marriage together.

only to have it,
fall apart even more.

denial

from time to time he makes her laugh,
but on other days, she hides in her bath.
an argument once or twice a day,
“we’re just talking,” is what they say.

no hitting, no marks,
but their screaming sounds like broken barks.
together for almost all of their life, they reply.
then why do your disagreements make my sister cry?

but, almost twenty years; they’re in denial.
it’s like walking an interminable mile.
when the clock strikes twelve on new years day,
something is wrong, and they have nothing good to say.

i didn't want to

when i woke, i choked on the thought of it.
i cried and died internally as i consumed the idea;
i doubted and shouted that it couldn't be true;
i did not want to love you

i tried to hide and ride on the tide away from hell.
though my parents would support and not report me,
i shamed and blamed my incorrect and selfish mind;
part of me wanted to remain blind

i sat like an oblivious rat on the couch as i pictured us;
how we'd kiss and reminisce about the fear we once felt,
and how i would dry your tears created by *him*;
i hoped this thought was made on a whim

but the key and ugly word was *would*.
you didn't want me, and i never understood.

your fellow partial insomniac

taken capture by the ropes of our thoughts
strangled and tangled until it all feels like knots;
tiredly thinking throughout the timeless night.

to bear the harsh words is all we can do,
this destructive process is nothing new;
silently staring at something so small.

our repeated anxieties all through the night.
our heads that sting. it feels like a bite;
helplessly hoping our hateful head will hush.

taking away our ability to sleep,
this pain is something i do not want to keep;
always awake, an awful feeling.

the road i took for others

she enters the door with open arms,
and all i can do is shake and stare.
as she approaches me, i slowly step back.
she senses that i am scarred and sared.

she embraces me in a hug, but i remain still.
my arms are stiff as hers wrap around my body.
i cannot speak; i'm simply frozen in time.
she starts to scream tears as mine shed out of my eyes.

it feels like a storm; never knowing what to expect.
she begs me to talk as her sorries fill up my mind.
my emotions uncontrollable; my cries like waves.
i tremble as i sit. i beg myself to say something.

i can't speak to anyone; my sister starts to sob.
i look into her eyes and tell her that i'm okay.
"talk to her," she says, and i do. i step outside and wipe my tears,
suddenly i'm someone new.

drowning

with every breaking breath
the plausible pain grows.
tyranny trapped.

alone.

freakishly fearful.
holding my battered breath
until i cannot bear it anymore.

all i can hear is my heartbeat slow.
the world around me is silenced.
i am trapped.

surrounded in a pool of unforgiving darkness.
“help,” i scream as i suffer.
i kick my legs in hopes to move the hateful water.
but no one can hear me.

trapped beneath
the weighted waves.
this is it i cry

i am begging for air.
no one hears,
no one helps.

i silently sink slowly
i am alone,
surrounded by naive nothingness.

this is it...

the lonesome wheelbarrow

the scintillating sun skips the solitary wheelbarrow.
as the wishful white chickens watch and walk,
the wheelbarrow's emotions begin to narrow.
he sits upon the grudging grass, yearning for him to talk.

the grass denies and the wheelbarrow meets the chickens' eyes.
to his surprise, no one replies and some even pretend to hide.
the wheelbarrow cries and relies on the skies in disguise.

they too hate this great creation; in hopes to protect their reputation.
their separation from him enrages and disengages the wheelbarrow.
alas, the wheelbarrow fantasizes and romanticizes a permanent intervention;

away from here and away from all; no one will shed a tear as he begins to fall.

dry cereal

the desolation and isolation of each
i n d i v i d u a l
piece

the domination creation of the bowl over its
p u n y
subjects

the utter urge to scream and dream of a
b e t t e r
life

a life where you don't
feel so

alone.