

Bite down.

I'll fill my pockets with backhanded compliments and walk into the sea, feeling myself slip into the currents.

How many times can you watch me kill myself?

We were terrible at making conversation; I sat across from you searching for a pulse, always begging for a response; You'd shrug me off and stare at the floor.

Throw me overboard and watch me sink, tell me again how hazardous you find my empathy.

Let's not talk.

Just stay quiet.

Bite down on your tongue.

Let's not talk about it.

Reflections.

It's true my timing is always off.

I clutch onto my pains and waste my days away
dressing every word with malice and rage.

I've chewed off my tongue in an attempt to soften myself.

When I look in the mirror for too long, I see you staring back at me.

are you proud of me?

I have your eyes

your teeth

your ability to stick around unkind men.

All I've ever wanted was to be exactly like you

now that just feels so redundant and childish.

Every thought feels heavy.

The gluttonous guilt growing inside of me.

Can you understand the worries I've placed across my shoulders?

a self-made sacrificial lamb.

Mother, do you think it's true?

That daughters are bittersweet reminders of what could have been?

a reflection of an alternative ending

Or a fatal exception

An infinite loop doomed to repeat?

Motherly love.

Weaved into a web of disdain.

Taste of fevered bitter nights. I've been plucked roots and all, screaming and kicking like a child on the floor. Promised mercy to a fanatic. I can't stop the screaming frustrations I'm

crawling out of my skin, peeling away like poorly pasted wallpaper. This home is suffocating me, they love me, and they mean well but I'm scraping at the door like a dog.

Let me out. Let me out. Let me out.

I want to leave so badly I want to shed my childhood woes but I'm afraid of what's out there, trust the devils you know fear the ones around the corner. I fear the men looming over me, I fear forever living in my mother's home. I fear forever staying in place.

Let me out. Let me out. Let me out.

Matchstick.

Dozen red roses were left outside my front door.

No note.

Nothing.

I used them as kindling for my fire pit.

Why is it you suddenly love me when I'm finally over you? Help me understand.

Five years you grounded my bones down
you only liked me crumpled up on the floor.

The brittle shell of a once tenacious girl.

I can never untangle myself from your critics.

Truth is as subjective as reality

I'll never know how you feel,
you'll never know how much I've grown.

The smoke is growing thick and hangs on every word.
I refuse to be another excuse for you, a twisted reason for your abuse.
Do you find it riveting the fear you still hold over me?
I gave you the power to destroy me
and you did it with a smile.

I never knew if the flowers were actually from you.
It's the "maybes" that stoke my fears.
I watched as they burned and curled into ashes
a potpourri of lighter fluid *or maybe that's regret?*

I'll never know if you sent the flowers.
You'll never know I burned them.
Let's strike a match
I'm ready to move on.

Power.

In the end
You shrieked at me, the same way your mother did when you were a boy.
You'll spend forever mourning, drowning your troubles into the next tender hearted fool.
I'll spend my days picking out the hurt you left me with like splinters, until one day it won't
hurt anymore.

I'm not sure what else to say now. You loved the violence of it all, if it was up to you we would have spent forever hating each other.

It is what it is

There's nothing I can do for you now.