

When you were stolen from us

Poems about my sister Molly:

Am I her or me?

You don't see me
 You see her
The broken pieces of
 what I must be
In your eyes I can see
 your pity sinks to the
 bottom of my stomach
You don't know
 But you pretend to
say the words
 that I can't hear.

Without you

The space you left
 is silent
and all my stories
are left unsaid.
And I never got to
tell you, "how much
I loved you today."
Instead
the covers are
just over my head.
And I'm trying
to absorb the
hurt that is the
loss of you.

Loss

Screaming inside
but no words escaping.
Screaming to you.
Can you hear me?
The moans... can't breathe...
Aching
It's only raging inside.
Will it escape?
Will I survive without you?
Wake up.

Eat
Swim
Talk
Drive
Play
Do I seem okay?
Or
Do you see when I feel like I couldn't
possibly handle another demand?
How terrified I am of the dark...
noises...
being alone....
people....
The anger that sparks and holds me up and keeps me going?
The sorrow I can't bear to feel?

My Anxiety

Heart racing
Stomach burning
Mind doesn't stop
Can't breathe
It swells beneath my soul
It leaves without warning.
I want to roar.
Why do I feel this way sometimes?
Irritated
A whisper away from the edge
Wanting to drive away and be free
So alone
In my desperation
I can't form the words to say,
"I just need a break today."

Grieving & Surviving

Tumbling through time
the farther I get from you
If I reach back
to grasp
each moment
the pain remains.

The desperation never ends.
And new fears pass,
They carry me into the future.
And she keeps running around
 trying to fix it all
pretending she knew what
 to do.

She never backed down,
 and most people believed her,
 feared her.

She'd smile, and those eyes,
 those eyes
 Would endear you,
then she would leave you.