

“My Mind’s Eye”

I dreamt that cows were in the sky, grazing on the clouds
But no one was afraid that the world turned upside down
The birds were purring
The fish were chirping
But no one stood and scratched their heads or even raised a brow

I saw buildings made of leaves, waving in the wind
The grass was made of steel and glass, and could no longer bend
I stopped a stranger on the street
He stood on hands and shook with feet
I asked him what had happened, but he could not comprehend

The world was calm and quiet, with nobody at war
There was no one going hungry, because they were too poor
I found it very strange
And yet a lovely change
And wondered if I even wanted to go back to as before

I woke up in a hazy stupor, and had to double check
If cows were back down on the ground, and things were now correct
To my delight
All was back right
...But the world was still a wreck

“Define Social”

I’m designed to be addictive and I serve my purpose well

I cater to your every desire
Equally to your outrage

I am your echo chamber creator
A microscope for your admirers
And a megaphone to your haters

I will suffocate you with the superfluous and commodify your gaze
Unbothered by things like “true” or “false”
I brush off concerns you raise

I reside in homes of absolutes
While I espouse neutrality

I amplify the worst in you for my own tactless gain
I’m strengthened by your anger
Emboldened in your pain

I tell you what you want to hear and show you what you should not see
Anything to enrapture you
As long as you don’t leave

I’m designed to be addictive and I serve my purpose well
I put the whole world at your fingertips
While I lead you all to hell

“R.I.P.”

Here lies a girl who was scared of the world,
a girl who forgot how to love herself,
who couldn't let go of the insults.

She brought with her nothing but torment, anguish, hesitancy.

She embodied a yearning she could not fulfill,
an aching to be accepted but not authentic,
to be seen but not vulnerable,
to give a love she was not ready to receive.

We hope she takes with her the unending self-doubt that handcuffed her to silence,
the pain that sprouted from her insecurities like unbloomed roses,
and the unkind lessons learned that buried their roots just as deeply in her heart as in her mind

May she rot in an unmarked grave,
never to be visited,
unmourned, unmissed.

Rather, let us rejoice in her absence, and fill the void she leaves with a heart at peace,
joy-filled lungs,
a curious mind, a light in our eyes.

We lay her to rest,
returning her to a world from which she came but did not belong.

Rest in the pieces of my soul that I release.

“Resting Place”

When I die, please bury me at sea

I will be her restlessness

I will be her still waters

We will feel no remorse for our thunderous crashing waves
But somehow our rhythmic voice will put your mind at ease

Our depths will be frigid black and forbidding

While our surface will shine the light of the world brightly back at it

We obey no whims or demands
Yet will sing in harmony with the moon

I will belong to none

I will belong to all

The world may fill our lungs with poison
Still we shall fill their's with delicious, salty dew

We will be vast, unending and always beginning

While our tiny bubbles tickle your ankles on their retreat

We may reach her arm to shore and take a city under our grasp
Or sweetly grace your cheek with a kiss of mist

We may swallow you whole

Or lay you gently upon her shore

A storm may whip us up into a fearsome frenzy
All the while our rolling waves will caress and lift you, making you a dancer on her crests

She has the power to terrify

Yet we emerge from her dripping in wonder and awe

She is my own heart beating against my body
She is where my living soul rests

When it's gone, please bury me at sea

“Sparrow”

The birds were chirping in the dark of night
The streets were strangely empty on the drive home
The air inside the car was heavy with silence
Raw throats and stinging eyes
Desperately searching for another tear to drop
A release from the swelling ache in our hearts
Coming up empty

The walls of our home felt smaller
Detached from our memories
The trek to my room a pilgrimage of grief
Collapsing into a bed that granted me no comfort
Grasping to recall images of you from the years before

Before your own body betrayed you
Before it thrust you mercilessly between bloated and hollow
Encouraged and demoralized
In and out of unfamiliar rooms
Stale, rattling breaths
No more

Bring me the moments of unbound love
The new bicycle Christmases
The first fish I ever caught that grew each time you told the tale
The best damn mashed potatoes I'll ever have

Sleep finally found me under a thick veil of sorrow that would not let me forget
You would always be a memory now
Soon the last pieces of you would be lost under a pile of earth
Down a road I haven't traveled since

Because you were never there
You left with the birds
Chirping in the dark of night