

Crescent Moon

Stories penned into skin

Living, screaming invitation

To go a little deeper

Discover what is under

All the beauty and madness

It doesn't outweigh the sadness

Right and wrong named by a finger

That tells you to just be stronger

Sunsets bleed red while the denim blue

Takes over my mind with its' crescent moon

Tiny Sunsets

I used to know a girl who was never in same place twice

Claimed to like boys but with the girls she played extra nice

With her narrow hips, curly hair and full pink lips

She wore bracelets to cover the scars on each of her wrists

Took shots of vodka with coke but it was love she was chasing after

Sat on rooftops because not even the drugs could take her higher

Sometimes I'd stare at the moonlight shining on her hair and wonder

How someone could have tiny sunsets in their eyes but black bags under

I'd known her mouth and the places her body curved just right

I fell in love but didn't know that the last time I'd ever see her was that night

6:42 PM

It was six forty-two when the pale blue light lit up my room

Two separate words spelled out a hasty thank you

Disappointment intoxicated me like I drank straight from a flask

And then this whole thing flipped quick like a car crash

Standing in the wreckage, I had only one question

When did we both build up such high expectations?

I remember yours were always too high for me

I'd try but I'd fall short and scrape my knees

But this time it was you who let me down

And it hurts because I couldn't have put the bar closer to the ground

Head on collision, aimed straight for displeasure

Souls torn apart, heart ready for departure

Leaving hurts but staying would be pure agony

How can I hang on when it's clear you don't want me?

Our last words can be 'thank you', sums up the times we've had

No matter what, I'm grateful for the good and the bad

Train Tracks

When we stopped looking at each other

And finally started listening to one another

That's when we started to come undone

Faster than my hair when you wanted a bit of fun

Because my body couldn't give what you wanted to steal

And your brain couldn't understand what it was to feel

Two fast trains stuck on a parallel track

Meeting only once and zooming right past.

Not Just Under Your Bed

I really want to believe

That pretty isn't the most

Important thing a person can be

But what does that mean to me

When I don't recognize my reflection

And there's only a monster staring back

With my eyes in its face above the bathroom sink