

The Gradual Development of an Uncertain Ending

A letter to the fatally loved

I look up to the moon and wonder
if you're there looking, too.
But what about the airplanes
mistaken for shooting stars -
do you wish on them like I do?
Are you able to accept things out of your control?
Do you wish your life was different?
Do you put it all into words
and share it
with the goddess
of the night?
What do you think
of the stars in the sky?
Would you swear on them?
Do you believe
we were once up there?
We come from those stars.
We are made of constellations.
We are complex systems,
coming together
to make colorful and bright webs
of masterpieces.
We can search hard enough
in the vastness and width
of the night sky and
find ourselves.
And if you are still lonely
after that,
do you dare to ask me
what I see?
I see that you and I
are made of stars
and I promise you
that the constellations in me

want nothing
but the constellations in you
(to together create
something bigger and
even more beautiful
than the Milky Way).
And when we look
at each other,
we will be left breathless,
as if space was
of desolate nature -
empty and unoccupied
by anything to breathe in.

We Both Have Demons, And We Can Fight Them Together

Will you still love me on the nights I get jealous and yell at you for loving your best friend? because the shitty jealous person I am hates how you are the greatest person in the world sometimes.

Will you still love me on the nights I go to sleep before bedtime snacks and nighttime kisses? because sometimes I just shut off at 6:53pm when I wake up before the sun is awake and I spend the day chasing the earth.

Will you still love me when I open up my skin because I don't know how to open up my heart? because my doctor scribbled a too-strong dose of happy pills on his prescription pad again last week and they've already hit and all I ever feel is numb.

Will you still love me when I stumble in alone, high on god-knows-what, in the middle of the night, smelling of fireball and menthol, hair windblown and knotty? because "til death do us part" is in our vows, but when death is by my own hand, no one should have to stick around to watch a show like that.

When I Am Ready, The World Will Know

Before we were lovers, we were friends.

When we were friends, you asked me,

“if I kill myself, will you hate me?”

It was a blunt question,

but not in the way a small child's innocence leads him to hurt someone's feelings
by calling them fat,

but rather in the way room-temperature butter cuts eloquently,
yet direct from the knife.

It was an honest question; an honest question deserves an honest answer.

An absurdity-sprinkled "yes" echoes out of my empty brain and
slithers off my tongue, without explanation.

Jump forward three years and I spend night after night convincing you not to kill yourself.

Finally, I am too exhausted to journey another six hours to see the sun rise and I tell you,

“I am not ready to hate you yet.”

You are gone, and still, I am not ready to hate you yet.

I Am Ready To Hate You With All My Goddamn Might

I was once told that four walls don't make a home, but two eyes and a heart do.

I believed that until you decided that home was a handful of pills washed down by a fifth of whiskey.

Now I know not to believe every word people say.