

## **Like a Shot**

I want to swallow my insecurities like a shot of tequila

And let it burn down my throat.

I want to tell you that you are not the reason I had stress hives

On my face, it's because my dog died the same day we broke up.

I want to tell you that my little toes are working very hard to

Lead me somewhere great, without you by my side.

I want to move on from the poison that you have spit at me and

Buy you a pretty little present.

I want to melt the glue that is holding me together,

because sometimes

I just don't want to "keep it together."

I want to spend an entire day in my pajamas, in my bed alone and think

"that was a great day!" instead of wondering what is wrong with me.

I want to have a conversation about beauty and bodies without being reminded of the concerns that men might think we are fat.

I want to tell you if you are kind and brave there might literally be nothing else that you need in this world and

I want to know that at the end of the day someone, somewhere will hold onto the hope that you just might be okay.

Because we are all going to be okay.