

Leave me alone

Trashed bottled room
Smoked out barricade
Torn flesh tattoo picture book

I ran my eyes over you
I fear it true
In spite of you

I still care
But I'll kill that feeling
Highs dealings
You no longer stealing...all my thoughts

I hate to admit you made me feel anything
My weight of feelings overbearing
Leap forward I'm daring
To erase you

Then maybe you can carry the burden of us
Like Prometheus
Forever stuck in your own sin

My moody confessional page 1

Nothing's grace

Gray skies
Pour red rains
My eternal growing pains
Leave my soul stained

Envy of time and home
Nothing for me to hold there
I grew up nowhere

He said he loved me
He meant nothing
Soul to fake to mean anything

Just go kiss some other girl
Maybe she'll care
I know the truth
You're a liar and only for yourself

Now I see I'm all for me
Just as everyone else
Likes to be

My moody confessional page 2

Seashell picture boxes

I hold my memories like the last hit of my blunt or last drink of booze

Those were always in my memories too...
Drunk off stolen wine and sunsets
Colors melting into my adolescent highs
Spray paint weed and you

Now I'm grown and alone
Still stoned

You cashed out early always a day late a buck short
Im drunk off music now
Sweet melodies and drifting genres
Raw energy prime and all mine

Sweet sunsets pink and gold

Carrying my smoked out soul to clouds in my skies

Yes they are mine

You are no longer

I don't want you

My seas blue and deep

I drove to California again

Lost you before sea not lucky enough to lose you at sea

I swam to my horizon

I let my empty body float with the tide

Taking me as its own

My moody confessional page 3

You and I disillusioned

It was a house party, I saw and didn't remember you

But you trying to get my attention was cute

Your smile like diamonds, your look hypnotic saying you remembered my dimple piercings and
gold Mercedes

I still didn't recall you from then

Just my piercings and my benz

You saw me after years, worried I liked the other guy more

Yet it was you I started to adore

Wondered did you have those deep rustled feelings all along or is male jealousy genetic?

Wondering your feelings, always a headache

You said the way you looked at me was real, the passion in it made my spirit burn

Hours of sharing thoughts and weed, you told me my soul was beautiful

You kissed me sober on the day of your brothers funeral

Letting me be your comfort

I still hold your secrets out of respect

I left your apartment dead of winter painted against your darkness
Snow glowing around our black clothes and dark souls
Styled from our generations influences 90s alt and rap
You told me goodnight beautiful left my lips numb from your kiss and the cold

You kissed me under starless skies each time
Maybe that was my sign
You forgot every time we shared, apparently
And I threw your memory in the Bosque
Watched it drown with my feelings for you
Bubbles bubbles gone to muddy warmth below
Now I know...

What could be was never meant to be or it would have been
We could have ended friends at least
If you weren't such a vapid, self centered narcissist who bragged about me like an object
Now in my poetry you're just a subject

My moody confessional page 4

Glow

Fleeting sight
Fighting light
Gather my bearings

Crushed tobacco on tainted soil
I lay there too
Scattered and used

Stroking hesitation
Warm breeze on bruised skin

I dream there too

Torn cloth bashing against motion
Placid stillness involuntarily absorbing nature's touch
Air carrying our voices
Sun carrying our sense
I feel that too

The yearn for warmth
Wind twirling strands
texture of footsteps
When it's gone
Sun's gone out walking off with your goodbye note

My moody confessional page 5