

Dewy Morning Sunshine

Lay in the dewy grass during the morning light
And let the moss grow around your rotting bones.
Let your fingers curl around the fallen flower petals
And let the bees hum you a lullaby while you sleep.

Allow yourself to feel your chest sink into the earth
And breathe as every wind blows across your luscious lips.
Allow yourself to feel the earth spin
And let the soft clouds hover over your closed eyelids.

Remember all the moments you overlooked a quiet soul
And let that regret give you the courage to speak to the next one you meet.
Remember all the fights you've had with your mother
And let the guilt make you want to run back into her arms.

Think of all the things you want to do in your immortal life
And let the cluttered thoughts bump around your mind.
Think of all the things you want to create in your mortal life
And let all those inventions light a fire under your passion.

Lay in the dewy grass during the morning light
And tell yourself "*I'm home*".

Bone Breakers

Those crushing waves were made to rip apart flesh.
They will crash upon the beach despite your shivering lips.
You weren't meant to be caught in the sultry sands.
Your mother has told you to stay away one too many times.
Salt will stick to your tongue after you eat that bag of fresh red cherries.
You will hold your grudge as long as the waves try to touch your bare toes.
You turn to me with tired eyes and fish hooks in your mouth.
You have taken this bait one too many times.
Those crushing waves were made to break bones,
But I will exile the dangerous sea from every corner of this earth
If it means I can taste that cherry tongue of yours.
The ocean will grow shallow.
I will swallow rivers whole.

Loose Roots

We will rendezvous when I miss you most.
Her chest will heave like rising dough.
We have been exiled from the secret garden.
Our love has always been hidden.
The marshlands have swallowed our footprints.
I cannot find my way back to you.
They will keep our secrets now.
Her hum will echo in the fog.
We are sinners.
The roses will drown in the mud.
No roots can grow in the marshes.
We have nowhere to sleep.
The garden has betrayed us.

Rising Rage

The sunlight will burn the glass city.
It will burn you alive.
Rage is rising from the pit of your belly.
The sunlight will burn with a golden light.
It will set us all ablaze.

Strong Winds

I tell myself I will be angry this time.
I will be heard.
The trees will not surrender to the heavy winds.
The leaves may fall but the tree will still be there.
It's okay to be angry.
I'm sick of playing the same game.
As if I hadn't read the rulebook.
You scream each sentence at me.
How could I not have memorized
Every crack in your voice.
We will start over.
The sinking rock will fall
And sit at the bottom of the lake.
I will wait.
I will wait.
I can be patient with you just wait.
We will see who will win this time.
I know all the rules now.
I will not sway.
I will not sway in the heavy winds.