

Falling

I fall into you, as deep as the ocean
and as shallow as the sky
The sea creatures looking at me with wide
and innocent eyes

As I sink, I watch the light trickle away like my memories
I reach for the surface
because I don't want to lose myself in this
but maybe I already have
The soothing silence as deafening as white noise
I think I could rest here

Ghosts of those taken from those dear to them
and by forces greater than them
Coming to say a friendly
"hello!"
because no one
ever leaves this place of nothing
and yet everything

This place some sort of purgatory from the
horrors of the world above that I used to be a part of
This place so dark and unexplored
Not unlike the human brain

I know I'll be the one to orchestrate my
downfall
into the deep blue
that never ends
After all, I am the one that jumped

It gets darker and darker
in this abyss
this creature devoid of any emotion
that is so desperately hungry for something new after laying here
for eons at a time
I guess I'm its sustenance for the next few

The sea creature blinks open its eyes
and opens its gaping maw
that seems to hold the entire universe in it
I take what I know is my last breath

In The Spaces, I Hide

In the spaces between the dark and the silence,
I hide
In the spaces between the sunsets and the sunrises,
that's where I hide
In the spaces between the twilight and the midnight,
that's my plight

I hide in the shadows of those larger than me
I hide in the moonlight that expands across oceans never ending
I hide in those murky waters, vicious and unrelenting and
willing to drown you
I hide in the windows of perception, always seeing but never seen, only seen through
Always watching, but never watched

I'm like the moon – everyone glances
But no one scrutinizes
Never seen in the day, only in the night when things grow dark
and cold
So bright yet so easily hidden by clouds covering the sky and shielding others from the true
horrors of the skies
So smooth and yet so riddled with craters, holes that can't be healed any more than a broken
heart can be
Disappearing in the black, the all-consuming void

I am caught in the fabric of the night, suffocating with the weight of too many celestial bodies
that are primed to explode
at any moment
and make this world cease to exist, once more
Stars are sprinkled generously on the frosting of the night,
slathered across the cake of the universe

People like me,
we can hide anywhere
Even in the spaces between seconds. And so,
in the spaces, I will hide
*(cause what else am I supposed to do?
it's not like I have anything to lose)*

Her

The starlight dancing in her eyes
A flame flickering so brightly
and sparks flying everywhere
So hot, they burn my flesh

I think of her as the sun
I'd like to think she thinks of me as her moon
The two always existing together
and they always need each other

The harmony of the moon,
never quite colliding with the sun's melody
Touching, gently caressing each other's faces
but never colliding (such a violent action)

But then again,
the two lovers are never together
because to collide is to love
To love so strongly that it feels
like you're being ripped apart
every time you look at them

They're a universe away
And you long
And you mourn
what was, but will never be again

I mourn what we used to have
That sweet summer season
when we'd talk every day
and you were the only thing that mattered
to me

I didn't quite realize what this...
feeling was
until I had to leave

At that very moment,
on that day,
I said the words that I'd regret forever

Nothing would ever be the same
But I guess I didn't want it to be the same
Not being around you hurt, but not as much
as being around you

So I let go of what I loved
and still do, I guess

They say that the first one hurts the most
and I agree
because you never quite find another like them
You never let go of the faint whispers
on the wind of their shadow
and the echo of voices and memories
in the dark cavern of your mind

You remember the starlight dancing around her
and the flame starts to go out
as the sun disappears over the horizon

Childhood

My childhood was a fleeting thing

of short memories and snippets
to keep forever
Of popsicles and running through sprinklers
of wanting to be a princess
of wanting to grow up quickly
of wanting this short phase of freedom to be over
quickly

I wish it had never ended
because,
truth is,
I'm scared
I'm scared of high school
I'm scared of growing up quickly
I'm scared of what's going to happen

I wish I could stay in that blissful,
ignorant phase
forever
That place that felt neverending

I wanted so badly to escape that world
I wanted something bigger
and I still do
but now it's different
because I miss what used to be

I miss the feeling of wonder that came
when I'd look at the world around me
and think about what everyone else around me was thinking about
and wonder what could possibly be going through their heads
at that very second

I'd look at the stars and I'd wonder
who they were
who they used to be
who they might be now
I'd look at a lightbulb and imagine the light fizzing
and swirling around in a sea of color

I miss the feeling of innocence
when I didn't know what the world was really like
what I was really like
I miss that careful protectiveness and caring and compassion and just...
everything that comes with being a child

I miss that feeling of knowing what would happen in the future
of being so
sure
of everything

I miss not caring about what people would think
of thinking that the tooth fairy exists
and that Santa would bring me presents every December
Because even though I always knew they weren't real,
it was fun to pretend

When you're a kid, it's ok to pretend
It's normal to let your imagination run wild
and never look
back behind you
But everyone has to grow up eventually

My childhood grew wings, slowly
and it flew away from me with a soft farewell
and a kiss on the cheek
It fluttered away like a butterfly
looking for more milkweed
Just like it does for everyone else

My childhood was ripped from me
The bloody mess in time's hands
that used to be in my chest
eventually disintegrated,
floating away
Just like it does for many of those

I used to walk on the edge of the road,
reading a book and balancing,
ducking under mailboxes,

spinning around,
hugging trees,
imagining,
searching,
finding,
picking.
But no.

Not anymore.

The Room of the Broken

I see the email
asking about what I would rather do
instead of Woodshop

And I'm so happy
because that place did something to me
but I'm so embarrassed because no one else
is so weak as to need to be somewhere else
except for me

And I can't wait because I chose such amazing courses
but it's the first day of the new quarter
but it feels like my first day ever

and I'm so embarrassed
because they're all going to see me
walking into that room
the room of the broken

The room that gives me the title of broken
I wasn't always like this
but they don't know that

They don't know how much time

it took to be able to hide this so well

They don't know how much time
I needed to make sure it wouldn't take over

and I tried so hard
to make sure it wouldn't take over
Yet, it still does

I feel it every time my chest tightens
and I can't breathe anymore
I'm gasping and my eyes are watering
but no one notices
as the feeling of impending doom
keeps advancing

I feel it every time I can't smile
and I just want to go to bed
and stay there forever

I feel it every time I make myself
not feel good enough
because my heart carries on
the legacy of their words
and those feelings stuck with me

I'm not sure they'll ever leave