

I'd Like to Report a Missing Person

I can't figure out,
when did I stop saying hello to my parents.
And when I became embarrassed of the man who
used to hold me high on his shoulders,
where I felt on top of the world.
My little fingers grasping chunks of his dark hair,
holding on to the person who felt like home.

But now I come home, and we don't even talk.
Each person isolated, four strangers in a home,
where the word home used to mean everything
now is only synonymous to a broken foundation of a building.
I can't remember when I started making my mom drop me off around the corner,
the same mom who used to spend everyday showing me her world.

Fuck, when did I begin screaming at my brother,
the child whose first word was my name.
Who followed me around and gripped my pasty hand in his.
When did I stop grieving for the girl who spent hours digging in the dirt with her brother.
I'm losing my mind trying to piece together the puzzle of myself,
trying any which way to make the fragments fit.
Pushing and pulling my memories, screaming at the mirror
go back, go back, go back

I wonder, how I let myself spend countless hours worrying of what others thought of me,
god, when did I spend so much time thinking about others.
Plucking out my eyebrows, curling up my eyelashes, brushing on chemicals,
plastering myself with paint.
The girl I knew before beamed with beauty,
but that's gone now too.

When did being in love, and giving my whole self to someone,
leave me feeling so empty and so lonely.
When did I start giving days to people who only give me minutes.
When did I start giving my body to strangers
who never even knew my middle name.

When did I stop fighting for the little girl who wore red cowboy boots,
who never cried, who was always on an adventure.
The girl whose clumsiness only made her stronger.
When did I give up protecting the girl who loved to run around on summer nights,
who loved to stay up late listening to her father tell stories,
Who never fell asleep unless her head was resting on his chest.
Oh, God, when did I lose the girl who loved hearing her mother's voice.

I'm pleading for a higher power to help me recreate the timeline,
so I can go back change the past,
to stop myself from losing my innocence,
from losing my heart,
from losing my values,
from losing myself.

So please, if you get this message,
your parents miss you dearly,
your little brother wants his best friend back,
please come home.