

"Not"

She is not pretty.

She is not worth it.

She is not loved.

She is not enough.

She is a knot of nots,

Being woven together,

By the thread of humanity,

Telling her everything that she is not.

She is not what this society expects her to be.

She is not cared for,

For she is just another no one who is not enough.

Well enough of the standards of a world

That knows not of the standards of a girl

Who is the oyster containing a pearl

That refuses to open because of the fear of

Who

She's

Not.

She is not to be held to your norm.

She is not to be devoured by your swarm

Of calmers before the storm

That will later drown her in her own self hate.

For she is pretty,

She is worth it,

She is loved,

And she is enough,

Because she has chosen to leave behind what she's not.

"They"

They say that it takes the length of a relationship to get over one.

I would personally like to meet said "they",
and punch them in the gut.

Perhaps then they might know the gut wrenching feeling

That still springs onto my diaphragm whenever the thought of him creeps up from my heart,

Into my brain and lingers,

until I can subdue the thought into a metaphorical box that will one day overflow,

I'm sure, and cause an explosion.

An explosion, like fireworks on the fourth of July.

An explosion, like a universe beginning.

Like a new day's sun, rising over the dark horizon;

Like a third grade volcano..is supposed to.

An explosion, like the first time you kissed me.

An explosion, like the feelings I bottled up did to you to make you leave me.

And now, one length of the relationship later,

Here I am still yet to get over it.

"There are many fish in the sea." They say,

Again imposing a false reality upon my naive little heart.

"There are many fish in the sea."

Well you were my sea.

And I was pearl trapped behind an oysterywall I had built around myself
To protect me from the harsh waves that I had once be exposed to.
Your tug would pull me between the independent tide I had implanted into my head was home,
And the embrace of your arms in which you had implanted into my heart was home.
With each gentle wave glazing over me,
You started to break layer after layer until all that was left was a pearl.
But now,
One length of the relationship later,
The pearl is sitting at the bottom of the sea,
A sea that isn't nearly as gentle as the first waves promised it to be.
You were the sea, but now you're a storm,
Casting me in every which direction,
Leading me away from your arms,
Away from the place you convinced me was home.

You have become a they,
And they often tell me things that simple aren't true.

Likke the misleading combination of I,
And Love,
And You.