

False Endings

I have burned every bridge connecting you and I
time and time again

Creating miles between us.

Only to find my way across,
jumping into your arms again.

Rebuilding the path that unites us;

Only to watch it go down in flames
one more time.

Still Here

Do you remember the first time you thought about killing yourself?

The actual thought of leaving
leaving everyone, and everything
behind.

The idea gunned through your chest and ripped the breath straight out.

Every wall in the room closed in on you

"Something's wrong
something's wrong"

because I don't want to die
but I don't want to live.

There is pain all over-
but it's coming from nowhere

The source of the pain
is no physical body part you can name

You dig your nails into your arm
to remind yourself you're still here
in this vessel

you daydream about what it would be like to leave it
what it would be like to expand into star dust
and for a moment,
you feel like that's where you'll find peace..

Do you remember the first time you chose to stay?

Your best friend's laugh soared through your eardrum

Your mother's voice, on the other end of the phone

Sounds like the most beautiful song you've ever heard

Oxygen fills your chest and you watch it go

up

and

down

You have not loved enough,

lost enough,

lived enough,

to go out like this.
so keep choosing to stay
even when it seems so much easier
not to.

A typical Saturday night for a high school girl
get all dressed up, sneak cheap liquor into my room
to get a little buzz before heading out to a party
hoping the boy with the big brown eyes is there
and maybe we share a drunken kiss
a night turned into one too many drinks
and passing out in the bed upstairs
in the house of someone I don't even know.
Only to be woken up by my friend crying
buttoning my pants back on
because someone I do not know
decided my sleeping body
was his to play with
a night turned into the next week at school
thinking everybody knew
how it was my fault
I was too drunk
it was my fault
a night turned into months of recovery
replaying the memory over and over
feeling more disgusting every time
a night turned into a lifetime of acceptance
that I am a victim
a survivor of betrayal
from hands I did not recognize

Daytona

The smell of the beach reminds me of you
breathing in the warm air
it fills me up with salty dreams and a feeling of forever
The sounds of the beach remind me of you
Teenagers laughing and splashing around in the water
reckless and naïve
Nights on the beach remind me of you
Cold wind icing my teeth and sending shivers down my spine.
The sunrise; just like you
Slowly crawling into my line of vision
pouring its light onto my face
giving me the feeling I'll never see darkness again.
Until dusk, when it sets and disappears;
leaving me alone with nothing
but the sound of crashing waves.

Last Ride Home

Nights we took the long way home

Just for a few more minutes

No amount of time together
was ever enough.

You'd walk me to the door

kiss me so slowly

seconds dragged across our lips

turning into minutes

prolonging our goodbye.

I'll never forget the feeling in my gut,

the night you took the fastest route home

and barely turned your head

when you said

"goodbye"

from the driver's seat.