

chicken

love is like the game
of arrow
where you fire it into
the sky
and decide if you're brave enough
to stay put
and see if you wind up
impaled.

false comfort

pull me away
out of the shadows
from the depths of the dark
to the shallows.
expose me in the sun
no longer feeling numb
the emptiness replaced by warmth.

no longer simple minded.

there were days before
when I was happily on a leash
because I hadn't exhausted the length
you could pull away.
now I've grown
and it is no longer appealing
to stay
to live from a viewing window.
there is so much more
outside of a bubble.

hammers and strings

the music was raging inside her,
so much so that when you closed your eyes to it,
you could feel the theft of your breath,
and the flame in her heart.

lovely pulse

dear all women,

men,

girls and boys of this world:

you are beautiful.

don't let the painted image of a sunny day

steal your thunder.