

When I Forgot How To Breathe

The Weight Of Grief

Grief is a word too small to hold the weight,
A five-letter burden, too heavy, too late.
It's love with nowhere to rest, nowhere to stay,
A wound that won't heal, no matter the day.

They say it makes us stronger, but they don't know,
Grief doesn't build us; it makes us slow.
It drags us through life, numb and afraid,
Hoping for peace, but finding only the shade.

Time moves on, but we remain frozen,
Chasing something that was once chosen.
We walk through the hours with empty eyes,
Grief is the silence after the goodbyes.

It strikes without warning, a memory, a sound,
The scent of his shirt, his voice in the crowd.
And suddenly, we're drowning in tears,
Wishing we could forget all our years.

We brace for the blows, the ones still to come,
The ache in our chest, the weight of what's done.
Grief is the shadow that never lets go,
It clings to our hearts, and it pulls us low.

How do you live when the light feels so far,
When the person you loved is now a dead star?
How do you laugh, how do you breathe,
When grief is the thing you can't ever leave?

It's a thief in the night, it's a scream in the dark,
A flood of memories that leaves its mark.

Grief takes what it wants, and it takes all of you,
And leaves you with nothing, but sorrow to chew.

Every moment is heavy, the pain is so loud,
Like a storm that's always inside of the crowd.
We're hollow inside, a shell with no name,
Grief has erased us, we're never the same.

We want to stop fighting, we want to let go,
But we know we can't, though we're dying so slow.
We carry this burden, too heavy to bear,
A lifetime of sorrow, a life so unfair.

How do we move on when the world is too cold,
When the pieces of our hearts are broken and sold?
Grief is the scar that never quite heals,
The constant reminder of everything we feel.

So we carry on, half-living, half-dead,
With tears in our eyes and a heart full of dread.
We smile through the pain, but inside we fall,
Grief is the silence that says it all.

Standing Still

I watch the world spin, as friends move on,
Engagements, new homes, the dawn of their song.
While I stand still, alone in the crowd,
A quiet heart, longing, yet proud.

Their fingers entwined, a life they begin,
Yet I see the cracks, the doubts within.
Smiles that falter, laughter that strains,
As they settle for comfort, to numb the pain.

My standards, they say, are set too high,
"Lower your guard, or you'll let life pass by."
But what they call high, I call the start,
The basics of love, the roots of the heart.

Good words, true trust, a loyal embrace,
Shouldn't be dreams, but a commonplace.
Yet I see them choosing to settle, to stay,
For fear of the silence, the lonely gray.

I watch my friends, as they cradle new lives,
But behind closed doors, love barely survives.
No spark in their eyes, no warmth in their touch,
Just the ghost of a promise they wanted so much.

And I wonder, am I the fool standing apart,
Waiting for a love that mirrors my heart?
For me, it's not enough to just say "I do,"
I want a love that's whole, that's true.

I crave the hands that will hold me near,
Not out of duty, but because they're sincere.
A love that sees me, all my needs and desires,
And sets my soul alight with unquenchable fires.

So here I remain, as the years slip by,
Watching the world with a wistful sigh.
Alone, but with hope, my heart's resolve strong,
I won't settle for less, though the wait feels long.

For I'd rather stand here, in silence, alone,
Than share my life where love's never grown.
I'd rather wait for a love that's right,
Than lose myself in a hollow night.

And so I hold out, though it fills me with ache,
For a love that won't bend, won't splinter or break.
I wait for the one who sees all I am,
And loves me deeply, without a sham.

In the stillness, I find a sad, quiet peace,
Knowing I'd rather wait for a love that won't cease.
I may be alone, but my heart remains free,
Holding out for the love that's meant to be.

The Allure Of Elsewhere

The thought pulls at me like a distant tide,
A place unknown, where I could hide.
To shed this skin, this heavy disguise,
And find new light beneath foreign skies.

The dream of leaving it all behind,
The voices, the pressures, the ties that bind.
To cast off burdens, to break the chain,
To feel the sun without the rain.

I picture a land where I am new,
Where no one knows the things I've been through.
A chance to rewrite the story I bear,
To start again, unburdened, bare.

But the weight of reality presses down,
The fear of leaving, the ache of this town.
Financial chains that keep me bound,
And the love of those who keep me around.

Their faces flash in my restless mind,
The ones I'd hurt, the tears I'd find.
The fear of failing, the guilt that grows,
In the shadow of dreams, nobody knows.

Is it freedom I seek, a spark to ignite,
Or am I just fleeing the endless night?
I wrestle with doubts, the questions that sting,
Am I searching for growth, or running from everything?

The unknown calls with a siren's voice,
But the safety of now feels like the only choice.
I stand at the edge, too scared to leap,
Caught between the life I know and the dreams I keep.

Perhaps it's both, the wanting and the fear,
The hope for change and the love held dear.
I close my eyes, the tears start to fall,
Wondering if I'll ever leave it all.

So I stay in this place, half dream, half fight,
Longing for the day I'll find the light.
In the silence, I feel the ache and the burn,
The endless yearning for a place to return.

Maybe one day, I'll find the road,
That leads me away from this heavy load.
But for now, I'm here, a heart torn in two,
Lost between the known and the new.

Your Ghost In My Arms

I still wake up reaching for you,
My hand brushing the cold side of the bed,
It's been months, maybe years—
Time doesn't exist without you.

The world is a blur now,
A muted landscape without its brightest hue,
People talk, life goes on,
But their words sound like noise underwater.

I remember how you looked at me,
Like I was the only person in the room,
Like I was everything you ever needed,
And now I'm nothing, just a hollow shell.

I find pieces of you everywhere,
Your sweater, crumpled and forgotten on the chair,
A half-finished book on your nightstand,
The bookmark still holding the place you left.

I want to call your name into the wind,
To beg it to bring you back to me,
But I know there's no answer in the echoes,
Only the sound of my own voice breaking.

They say grief is love that has nowhere to go,
So I carry it like a stone in my chest,
Heavy and sharp,
A constant reminder of everything I've lost.

I replay our last conversation,
The things I should have said but didn't,
I thought there'd be more time,
But time betrayed me, and you slipped away.

I still feel your fingers entwined with mine,
Like a phantom touch that won't let go,
I try to pull away, but I can't,
I'm tied to you in a way no one understands.

The sky is darker now,
The stars don't shine as bright,
Even the moon looks different,
Like it's mourning with me tonight.

If I could have one more moment with you,
Just one more chance to hold your face,
I'd press my lips to your forehead,
And tell you every word I left unsaid.

But you're gone, truly gone,
And all I have are memories and tears,
All I have is the empty space you left behind,
And the weight of a thousand fears.

I wonder if you can see me now,
If you'd be proud of who I've become,
Or if you'd see through the façade,
To the broken person I really am.

I miss you like the earth misses rain,
Like the ocean craves the shore,
I loved you beyond life itself,
And now I love you even more.

I am forever yours,
Even if you're no longer mine,
I'll keep living in this half-life,
With the ghost of you,
And the love that never dies.

The House That Breathes Without You

I dusted your photograph again today,
As if clearing the glass might bring back your face.

But it stares back the same, a moment held tight—
You, frozen in joy, while I drown in the night.

Your shoes still rest by the door, side by side,
Their laces undone, like the day that you died.
I can't bear to move them; they whisper of you,
Each scuff on their leather, a life we once knew.

The bed is too wide, though I don't take your place.
I sleep on the edge, leaving room, just in case.
Your pillow is cold, but I never let go;
I bury my face in the scent of "before."

Do you recall that summer we swore
We'd never grow old, we'd need nothing more?
Your laughter was wine, your touch, a flame,
Now silence replies when I call out your name.

Yesterday, the sun hit the curtains just right,
And I swore I saw shadows that danced in your light.
But shadows don't stay; they vanish too soon,
Like the scent of your skin, like a grieving moon.

The house feels alive, though its heart doesn't beat—
It breathes through the walls, through the floorboards, the heat.
And every deep sigh is a voice I can hear:
The echo of love. The ache of you near.

I keep waiting for you, though I know it's not fair—
But grief is a guest who refuses to care.
I live in this space, where the living can't be:
A house that's still breathing. A grave made for me.

What If You Aren't There?

They tell me not to be afraid,
That death is a doorway,
That beyond it lies love,
Unbroken, eternal.
But what if the door opens
To a place where you aren't?

What if I step into forever
And find it is hollow?

I picture the moment—
The light drawing me in,
The angels' voices rising in welcome.
But I will not hear their songs.
I will only listen
For the echo of your name.
What if it never comes?

What if the eternity they promise
Is not ours to share?
What if heaven's rivers run clear,
But they do not carry your reflection?
What if the fields stretch endlessly,
But your footprints are nowhere?
What if they tell me
You are lost to me,
Forever?

Would I beg to turn back,
To return to the earth
Where at least your memory lingers?
Would I fall to my knees in a heaven
That feels colder
Than the grave we swore
We would never part from?

I am not afraid to die.
I am afraid of life without you,
And what is eternity
If it is not life?
What is peace,
If I must search for you through endless light
And find nothing?

They say love is stronger than death,
But I have seen death swallow it whole.
I have seen how it silences voices,

How it steals the scent of your skin,
How it leaves me clutching at shadows
That refuse to hold me back.

If heaven is real,
And you are not there,
I will wander its golden streets
Until my feet bleed,
Until the stars dim,
Until the angels themselves weep for me.

But if heaven has no place for us,
Then let me choose the darkness.
Let me choose the void.
For I would rather be nowhere,
Be nothing,
Than to exist in a paradise
That does not have you.