## Introspective

## Eat my Ears

I watch them and wonder why they can't seem to understand the solution.

Logic holds no place in their mouth, and feelings are the only things that float in their eyes.

I don't get it.

I don't get it.

I don't get it.

I try.

I show them a path, weedless and paved. I offer my shoulder on a silver platter

Yet it gets sent back flayed. Followed with the message that it didn't suit their taste.

On a fundamental level, I know.

I know that they do not want solutions.
I know the holes in their hearts were self-made.
I know they will lay in the graves they made.

But why are they words they say so different from reality.

I don't get it.

## Consume my Soul

Eat the dirt from under my nails and tell me if you know what I have created.

Bite the flesh off my feet, my calves, my thighs and tell me if you know where I have been.

Lick the dandruff from between my hair and tell me if you know how I've grown.

Swallow the fluid from my eyes and tell me if you know what I've seen.

Tell me if you know me.

Tell me.

"I didn't have my phone on me"

Phone rings And goes unanswered

Ringing stops And relief settles

Phone rings And goes unanswered

Ringing stops
And relief settles

Over and Over Chimes fill the air

All I can do is stare

You leave a message Every time

Like my voicemail Will give you the answers

After 23 missed calls
The number didn't rise any higher

You asked when you saw me next What happened

I lied

And felt relief when
You accepted the answer

I left the phone there Laying in bed

Tucked it in And walked out the room

Not looking back I realized

I do not care

I do not care for your reasons

I do not care if your world has ended

Mine is fine

How do I make Friends

I came off to strong, and tried too hard. I wanted a friend, and you didn't.

Maybe that's my problem.

I always dive head first into every new affinity. Leaving social cues at the door.

Maybe that's my problem.

I try to pry into every nook and cranny your life hides in. Only to find no space for me.

Maybe that's my problem.

I can either push or say my goodbyes, But if I always find myself staying silent.

Maybe that's my problem.

Kip

Bone deep; carved into the marrow etched with conception.

Slithering under skin constricted around muscles like knotted electrical cords.

Ligaments are replaced with worn rubber bands and rotting blades of grass.

Organs feel like playdough squished between a child's fingers, and function like a rusted blade.

But my brain is fully and wholly human. Maybe that's why it makes so many mistakes.

Convinced that every issue could be solved with the closing of my eyes.