

how can writing be my escape?

when it forces and requires me to get in touch  
with the innermost corners of my ill mind,  
confront my demons in their terrifying faces,  
move around the strings of my poor heart that sting,  
provoke my deepest feelings to put them in ink,  
travel back in time to the scenes that caused my trauma,  
and push my body to acknowledge the pain.

an escape should drive me away from this world  
like music, weed, and he does  
yet how is writing the most liberating act  
to my confined soul?

despite how much writing demands of me  
the more words i jot down,  
the more i desire to indulge in this holy act  
it's not masochism, but a process that  
presents many challenges to me, but i thank myself for it  
so i come to realize that numbness just adds to the pain  
maybe it's not an escape that i need,  
but some real healing, and that is writing for me.

i feared for my mother's life each night  
before going to sleep  
only that i would not even be able to sleep  
or be able to dream of better circumstances  
each night, my mother's secret would be unleashed through his screams  
from the next room, his cursing & growling kept me up every night  
and each time i froze, unable to utter a single whisper to save her  
from that hellish home he built for her, only to drown her in it  
hours would go by as i tried to focus on the clock's ticking  
as it went on through the late winter night  
in the dark, my dreams collected dust as i listened  
to the shrieks & pleas of my dear mother  
with only the snowflakes stuck to the window to comfort me.

how to be human

stretch & let muscles expand until tiny shrieks are released from  
the deep bottom of my lungs, placed like wings on my chest  
corner to corner, evolving into (another) star in the universe  
no matter how hard i try, exhaustion.

wash face & soak in an oasis of serenity  
cleanse all impurities and dead energy away  
take all these bad things away from me  
cast them away, away, away.

brush teeth & stare into the abyss of your own reflection  
who will jump out first?  
am i her reflection instead? does she feel what i feel?  
say something to me.

meditate & let your soul breathe deeply  
free yourself from the pains of yesterday, today, tomorrow  
levitate into your highest state of consciousness.

get dressed & transform into any personality you're in the mood for  
feel beautiful, feel loved, feel confident.

eat breakfast & stuff your face with nutrients because more is better  
read your phone like the morning paper; lonerism.

strange night in the rose fields

through the veins of the rose fields, i lose myself  
in order to save myself  
honesty cuts through my brain like the thorns absent  
from these gorgeous, perfect creatures  
my favourite companions share my love of silence  
they ask for nothing, yet give me everything  
breathing life into my being  
i feel a connection so deep, as if we grew from the same roots  
show me what i must do to achieve  
this level of grace so untouchable that others dare to embody  
the closest i've gotten is by adorning myself in your deep red,  
bathing in your water, my rosy cheeks born out of natural blush  
but i wish i could live in the fields amongst all you angels  
praying i will, in my next lifetime.

you enchanting me is how i wish to spend my energy  
heal my soul, cleanse my body, purify my mind  
i, so desperately, am aching for this.

protecting my impenetrable fortress  
surrounded by an infinite number of bullet-proof barriers  
topped with tall, metal ceilings thousands of feet above me  
you'll notice there's a forgotten door somewhere  
you'll wonder why there's even a door in the first place  
knowing i'll never allow entrance anyway  
that single door was built on the basis of hope  
that someday, someone will be worth opening the door to  
and be trusted enough to stay with me  
which needless to say, was completely in vain  
it was a waste of my time & energy to even think  
that day or that being would ever arrive  
so now that door is shut with 100 different locks  
nailed down from top to bottom with thick wood  
so no one even dares to try to come in  
and so i never even consider letting anyone in.

i am the sole guard of my lonesome castle  
located in the faraway land of an unknown country  
overlooking a beach with waves that don't roar  
standing alone under the shade of palm trees.