

Here I go again

I exhale, unclench my jaw, roll my shoulder blades away from burning ears

It is not in anger.

It is in acceptance of defeat.

Welcome of pain.

I have let down my defenses.

I'm ready to be hurt again. I want to feel something.

I'm ready to fall in love.

This is my way of telling you.

It won't be roses and sugar and wine drunk.

It will be scratches and bruises, ginger ale and jack.

But I want it, I want to feel things.

I want to bite your back and arms

and remind you how easy it is to pierce flesh

How quickly you can draw blood.

And that it's all a symbol of our own mortality

A mockery really, how much you can flirt with death and a lover at the same time

But if we do it together it's somehow rectified, absolved

Because there is safety in numbers,

Because we divide our deeds by two.

Underfoot

You take me underfoot, leave me

In the mud, downtrodden,

Imprinted with the pattern of the soles of your boots.

Dew collects like tears in the well left by your absence

I wish you might take the time to admire the way it pools for you

Because you made it do so,

But you do not.

There are more beautiful things to look at than mud.

The world is at your fingertips and I lay beneath your feet,

Grateful, pathetically,

Just to bear your weight

Broken Things

It is a game board, a flat world

It is small, singular

I was once told that I could, god willing, become something, succeed

But if cut short, would die soon, and amount to nothing

Yet from nothing we come, and from there become nothing

We choose to believe we are not the makers of our own fate

That the hands of someone greater determine success

And we find comfort in our hereditary lies

That satisfy questions, satiate our quest for singularity

Give purpose to an aimless spinning world

When to the world we mean nothing
When lies built my definition of success