

“For Sanya”

Her black hair shrouded her face like a curtain.
Desperate hands tried to claw at it to comb
with rusted forks.
Convinced that it was the best for her,
shouting to her
as they really made it worse.

The rust sprinkled down into her beaten eyes
igniting them, hurting her.
Her eyes now burn with the flakes of past and pain,
glowing underneath her darkened hair
turned black by the lies fed through her veins,
the same ones that lie open and crave to
be healed.
Exposed too easily to the world.

And now,
she drapes herself in her black hair
convinced that her opened arms are better
at hugging herself,
then letting anyone else try and heal them
for her.
It's easier, yes,
until her hair clings to her mouth
and claws down her throat
forbidding her
to even let out
a
croak.

“A Dream”

If I could hold onto one thing, forever
It would be this breath.
The same one we shared,
when our foreheads were pressed together
and our eyes were wide,
as if speaking to the others soul.
I would hold my breath in this wordless conversation
where nothing seems to move,
and things are stuck
in a breathless moment
with you.

“The Bird”

A bird sits perched atop a pillar, gazing down onto the crowd below, blocked by a glass dome.

They stare up in awe at the creature,
mesmerized by intrusive wings stretched out to the tips of the glass,
A crown fanned above it's head drenched in indisposed reds and yellows.
It's massive wings were doused in a bittersweet orange,
Stains of violet streaked down from it is eyes.

A peculiar bird,
fit for a spectator's amusement.

Constant murmurs ran through the crowd, flashes against the glass reflected back into the dull mechanical looks of the viewers.

The bird was silent.

“This creature, still unnamed, is the only documented of its kind,” The announcer spoke into the microphone, exaggeration to the ideas he knew were shocking. Rumbles rolled around the crowd in awe.

“As you can see, it makes no effort to speak. If you look closely you can see it's beak open and close, yet no sound has been witnessed to come out,” His smirk showing through his words at the amusement of their faces.

I, myself, couldn't help but be fascinated

It was scary, with eyes closed and spread out wings.

But why?

It's silence is intimidating, like if it wanted to speak our ears would bleed. I don't want to understand it.

It's scary.

Why should anyone bother to try and know it, it is intelligence can't possibly be high, it is stuck in a glass box with no ability of expression.

It's only beauty is in it's wings, and it can't even use those.

I laugh, and I raise my hand towards the glass. The flashes mirror in my eyes. I touch against it, and what I feel surprises me,
and my smile vanishes.

It was staring at me, eyes wide open, and I realized I was right up against the wall, right in line with its face. It looked at me with chasms for eyes and I struggled to breathe. Not because of its face, but because close up I realized the violet expressions underneath its eyes,
were really tears.

Oozing out of a black abyss, hollow and lifeless.

And it let out a croak,

Uncongealed black liquid seeping from it's beak.

“Sunken Perspectives”

Ragged and torn apart, the clouds quivered above the sea.
Trudging within itself, over and over in a torturous cycle of worthlessness. It called out to me more than once, the curl of hand like waves throwing themselves at me.
Sacrificing the pain of an overstepped shore to get to me.
But all the times standing unsteady against the wind, I wonder if it's truly calling out to me, or just looking for someone to sink.
I tremble in the sand, I swelter in the humidity, I'm lost in an ocean of knowledge with no answers. There's no help here, the sea only causes more questions, an excuse to lose myself again, the only difference is where.
Yes, the shore is easier, there's no risk here. Everyone has left, the sand has built up around me. It's only me and the sea.
It churns: its mouth open and deformed.
Moving like a monster in expectance, its been through this before.
I can't see the hands anymore. There is no reaching out. The sand begins to sink and the sky darkens to consume me.
I cry out, there is no safe place, I cannot hide from growing darkness.
but I'm scared,
I'm so scared. Of the water, of its pressure, of the weight in my heart, no matter if its good or bad.
Either way is a struggle. Who for? I'm not sure anymore.
But the sea still calls me, almost in mockery, still more inviting then the sinking shore.
I step closer, the softer the sand, the harder it is to move.
Maybe I should stop, dig my way through the sand, try and reach out.
maybe something will reach back.
I just dont think there's enough time.
The tears have already begun to fall down my face and into the churning depths beneath me.
even if I change my mind, it's too late to turn back.
The sea opens up, is there a hand to hold?

I reach to it, desperate
Silent sobs echo only in my body, salty tears in my eyes streaming now
The wind gently closes them shut, not wanting me to see.
My hands still outstretched. I'm too afraid to move.
Water delicately curls around my fingertips
gentle in this final comfort
until it yanks

A girl stands on the shore of a windy beach. Knees barely brushing the shaky waves in a stormy sea. The water hides the weights on her chest and on her feet.
She covers the pain in her heart with a desperate smile.
A smile now far gone from this beach.
The wind whips around her, an isolator,
any life already gone from this weathered state.
If you had looked closely enough you could've see the tears streaming down her face as she walked farther into the sea, until it grabbed her and swallowed her whole.
No crying with pain or relief,
there is only silence.
The mouth of the monster closing over the ends of her hair. The only witness the clouds and the fish below, watching her sink, farther and farther down, helpless into darkness.

“Unwanted Answers”

i wish it was easy enough,
to drive a stick into someone's eyes.
to prod their brain, in attempt to watch something better.
to try and understand,
maybe grasp,
the meanings behind ruthless actions.
because I already clawed out my eyes,
let my brains drain from my sockets,
and I'm still left lost with unanswered pleas,
now empty.