

Walking in grey

I took a walk one day,  
the atmosphere felt heavy  
like in a room where too many words  
are being left unsaid between two lovers,  
soon to become past.

The clouds were grey and filled with rain  
longing to fall back to the ocean,  
to go home.

Icy cold wind blew trying to find a way inside my clothing  
to touch more skin,  
raising goosebumps.

But it was the water that captivated my interest  
like a siren's call  
The sea was rolling, churning, heaving,  
going up only to show force,  
crashing back into itself,  
on and on,  
losing control.

Somehow I can compare it  
to a ballerina doing pirouettes.  
She keeps spinning and spinning,  
always a fraction of a second  
looking back at her focus point  
trying not to lose her balance.

Keep going, she thinks,  
just keep going,  
until you drop.

A spectator wonders why, in god's name, what is the point?

The same thing I asked the ocean on my stroll that day.  
Why?

To remember, it answered.

## Roots

I feel like I've always been waiting,  
to be transformed into something more,  
to become beautiful,  
to get smart,  
for opportunities to come my way,  
for someone to make me happy.

I would sit and watch time pass through my window  
as if something would magically appear.

But I was stuck in my bedroom  
while I should've been outside,  
creating my own path,  
reaching for as many experiences as I could,  
breathing in all the scents life had to offer.

Unnoticed my legs had grown roots  
and going somewhere other than home terrified me.

Books and my own imagination  
became my two sources of living  
a greater life than what I had.

When Youth had packed its bag,  
Regret moved in.

Space in context

I love you,  
three words that express a galaxy of feelings.

I love you,  
can mean bright stars in the dark  
night sky, twinkling merrily.

I love you,  
can mean the awe-inspiring light  
of the Aurora Borealis.

Before I gather up my soul to join  
the other stars, I would like to hear it once,  
said in a whisper  
but with such a vehemence  
that it stands for an all-consuming supernova,  
creating a black hole nothing else can fill.