

A collection of poems

I look

I look for myself in books
I look for myself in other people
I look for myself in nature and in mirrors
And I find myself alone.

That crushing feeling

Falling to fast
Falling to soon
Girl you kill me
then bring me back
with your charms
I trip over my words
but you pick me up with your wit
Deep breaths it is just a crush

How to fly

The Blue Jays perched. How high are we? One asked I'm scared she said.
He bobbed his head, we were born to fly.
She stretched her wings her feathers ruffled. What if I can't?
He looks at her. If it's hard to understand. Don't think about it as flying.
Just fall, fall with me.