

Of Age.

I would say this is coming to age but I'm 23.

I've been here far too long for it to be warped into a cliché. Eventually, the profuse apologies and social ineptness will catch up to me.

I'll enjoy driving in my car with the music way too loud, talking to strangers, and drunkenly reminding my friends how much I love them. I'll fill in the potholes of my heart with men who are too old for me.

There's a time and place for all this to end.

I don't think I'm there quite yet.

Mine.

One thing that's always stayed the same ...

My rage

hits like a wave of radiation.

The stumbling of feet after taking a shot one too many.

It's bitter, twisted up inside, and resentful.

But it's mine.

Rage.

Now what can I do with all this anger?

There are not enough drawers or shelves for me to hide this. I keep shoving it under my bed but it's overwhelming and devouring everything in sight.

Eventually, the rage will be the only thing I have.

Bite down.

I'll fill my pockets with backhanded compliments and walk into the sea, feeling myself slip into the currents.

How many times can you watch me kill myself? We were terrible at making conversation; I sat across from you searching for a pulse, always begging for a response; You'd shrug me off and stare at the floor. Throw me overboard and watch me sink, tell me again how hazardous you find my empathy.

Let's not talk. Just stay quiet. Bite down on your tongue, Let's not talk about it.

Motherly love.

Weaved into a web of disdain.

Taste of fevered bitter nights. I've been plucked roots and all, screaming and kicking like a child on the floor. Promised mercy to a fanatic. I can't stop the screaming frustrations I'm crawling out of my skin, peeling away like poorly pasted wallpaper. This home is suffocating me, they love me, and they mean well but I'm scraping at the door like a dog.

Let me out. Let me out. Let me out.

I want to leave so badly I want to shed my childhood woes but I'm afraid of what's out there, trust the devils you know fear the ones around the corner. I fear the men looming over me, I fear forever living in my mother's home. I fear forever staying in place.

Let me out. Let me out. Let me out.