

Snowfall

I'm drowning. I can't breathe.

Sometimes when you dream you're underwater, you find breath.

This is not that. That is not now.

I'm under the water. It's on me, all around me, and drowning me.

It's cold.

Glaciers have more depth below the surface than they do above it.

Frost-like mist on the ground.

If it were anywhere else it would look like dead trees,

Branching off like roots, like veins; bare with no protection, misted in snow like powdered sugar.

Snow dances on the lifeless branches.

It falls on the softest dirt.

It blankets the once lively grass. It's killing with its bite, its chill.

But it's beautiful.

Ethereal and dressed in white angelic flurries.

The ocean looks like that too.

From afar.

It's quiet on the surface;

Nothing but ice in floating patches that serve as islands and the sound of lapping waters.

It's beautiful.

It's idyllic on the surface. On the surface. But I'm under the surface.

Under the water is deathly.

It's not beautiful under the water, under the water is where breath is exiled.

It's freezing.

I'm frozen.

My arms and legs, wrapped in ice, incapable of moving.

My lungs, cracked like sheets of ice, preventing me from breathing.

I can't move. I'm paralyzed under the surface as it moves over me.

It shadows me from the light of day.

The last bit of light I have left until darkness overtakes me and I can no longer see.

I'm drowning. I can't breathe. And the worst part is...I've been here before.

Sunshine In The Sand

I made my mark on the sand.

I traced my self-image in the grounded rock and debris that flooded the beach.

I did all this to show my journey...to show my growth to the sea.

The sea is where I find comfort— but now the sea is gone and the waves grow intense.

They destroy the loving sea to create an endless abyss of sorrow in its wake.

The waves wash away my drawings in the sand—

And just like that, my spot on the beach is gone.

My grandma's walls were sand-colored.

She told us grandkids to draw on her walls, to mark on her sand.

I drew my heart on the wall; every artery, vessel, and pump of my being.

I drew it all.

I left more markings as years went on— more splatters of beats upon the wall.

Books and butterflies and flowers.

That's what covered the sand.

I wrote my goodbye in the sand.

I wrote that I loved her, that I'll miss her, that I can't wait to see her again.

But the waves washed it away.
The waves painted over my sand.
And just like that...it's gone.

Disingenuous

On this earth, it was like she vanished.
Vanished out of thin air like mist—
Like smoke.
I never saw the shell.
Maybe that was for the best—
Someone tricking me with a bag of sand.

I just couldn't look at them and go against my mind—
My conscience, that what I was looking at was final.
So I settle for the misbelief that she vanished into thin air.
She was there one day,
Gone the next with nothing but dust to prove her walk on this planet.
And I await—

I wait for three
Two
One minutes to pass until I hear it.
Hear the sound of her voice
I can't wait to be there cheering you on all the way.
And I've determined: She's not gone. She's not.

I refuse to believe it.
I refuse to believe that my misbelief is a mirage for something
I simply can't wrap my brain around.
I'll keep believing this is nothing—
Nothing but a nightmare
Until I'm shaken awake.

Until I'm shaken awake
And told
To move on.
If someone—
Anyone—
Dares to do so.

Coffee Shop

I see it in the honey brown.
I see it in the steamed froth that floats at the top.
I see it in the haze that rises in front of my eyes.
I watch it—
Carefully, so carefully.
I blow gently, clearing the image.

The irises, calla lilies, and orchids all bundled up with twine.
It's handed out to me with a steady hand.
A hand I don't yet recognize—
But some part of me feels safe with the uncertainty of this hand.
This hand doesn't recoil when I take the bunch of flowers.
The hand that takes mine and rubs protective circles over my knuckles.

I blink once—
Twice.
The hand is pulling me down a place full of gold and rose and sunshine.
I can feel the cushion under my feet
Can feel the sand in between my toes.
Can see a knee hit the ground.

I look deeper and deeper to catch a glimpse—
To see what I've always wanted to see.
To watch as someone I know but yet don't know
Gets on one knee—
Before me—
And vows something to me.

I feel the answer in my stomach.
I feel the flutter of the butterflies that patter against my insides.
Does he have them too?
I wonder if they make him warm like they do me.
I wonder when I'll meet him.
Until then I'll sit and sip and read and dream.

Mirrors

I know why I did it–
Then again no I don't.
I see why–
but I see what I don't.
I act like I do
but I act like I don't.

I watch as I swing
The words
The tears the pain
The fear–
All wrapped into something unrecognizable
But yet recognizable.

It's ice in my veins,
It's fire in my soul.
It's the giving and taking
And giving and taken
With yearning
With succumbing.

I try to fight and I fail.
I try to cry and I fail.
I try to hold on and I fail.
I take and take and take and take
But to no prevail.
I don't know why she does what she does.

I look into their eyes.
I see their crimes and wonder why–
I wonder why
As I look deeper and
Deeper into
My eyes.