

I Swear, it's in my Heart:
Patterns of Evolution of Very Human Emotions,
Reflected Onto Me

I. The Freedom of Self

My life has revolved
around many suns
always the incandescent
glow being the trigger
for the hypnotic transformation
of each self.

Revolving, my body dizzies
into an oblivion.
Who am I today,
am I suddenly grim?
I am drifting, a new moon,
constantly bearing darkness, and

light again. My life revolves around
many suns, deepening the ability
to feel.

Who am I today,
who will I be,
among the infinite selves.

II. The Complacent Soul

I sit here, bare, in a lifeless room.
But there is movement all around me;
the monotone hum of a ceiling fan,
television commercials playing, full of hypocrisy,
the rustle of untouched lists on the dresser.

There is movement.

There is life.

But I sit here, bare, my body pale and weak;
I sit here, bare, emptying shallow breaths
into a room full of movement,
wishing my bare presence away.

III. The Shackled Heart

Will you stay sober enough to still
love me in the morning,
like this?

Or will I be left with only the lingering scents of
your skin, trapped between
these cotton sheets.

I hold your shirt near me as I sleep.
Loving you is unpredictable;
always too hard or too soft.

But I can't shake the feelings.
I should move the shirt off the bed.
I should love myself in the morning, like this.

I roll to my side, reflection in a mirror—
holding my shirt as I sleep,
empty bottle on my nightstand.

IV. The Lingering Innocent

Coffee shop souls differ from
all others;
we are the ones who
get our caffeine fix from
the delicate and creative
energies of beings
with their faces in newspapers,
ceramic mugs steaming with
sweet roast aromas, and from
those who are comforted behind
large rimmed glasses,
watching from secluded corners.

Coffee shop souls thrive off of
the untouchable madness
found by looking into the eyes
of the man at the bar

sipping his cappuccino,
surrounding us with something
so rich that five dollars for a coffee
somehow seems reasonable in
relation to the richness you cannot
pay for by
sitting inside this little
coffee shop.

V. The Virtue of Realism

When you find yourself,
take notes.
Beautiful being,
remember how this feels.

All knowing, openly inviting
your soul, you understand.
Remember this feeling.
Do not let it go.

Otherwise, you'll have to reach
the bottom of too many glasses
and be destroyed, in order to
find yourself again.

So, darling,
take notes
or join me in a cheers to
disillusioned thinking.