

The Invisible Enemy

I thrive on entropy
Find inner peace in the outer chaos
The first people had an innate sense of alertness
Constant surveillance of their surroundings
But what is there to be so anxious about
When there are no predators?

- e.l.f.

What Resides In the Middle

When I was a child
I quickly learned the meaning
Of the pointer finger
“She’s so quiet.”
They said, using that first finger

When I first explored
Using my body and brain to accomplish something
I discovered the thumb
Not only its usability
But it’s message when pointed alone
“Good job.”
It was a finger I did not see often

Then I met him

I used to think
My insecurities from the first finger
Sabotaged my relationship with him
Or maybe it was my fingers all together
My inexperience
My third finger is for him

And while those around me
Discover the meaning of the fourth finger
A ring to remind them of the light they love in each other
I realize that I only want a love story I’d be proud to tell
Which I cannot do
When my third finger is for you

Relax

And for a while I had you
You were my shot of whiskey,
You were my NyQuil,
You were my novel to dream about,
You were the person to press against until sweet sleep washed over me.
And now I just have myself to beckon the sandman.
Yet if I was able to beguile him before, I know I can tonight.
But you weren't just my remedy for insomnia

- e.l.f.

Refresh

I come in at night
Watching everything your brain oddly stitches together
From the encloses of your scattered auditory and visual consumption throughout your entire
lifetime - even
I often don't know what to believe in
Nothing is in a linear fashion, no time splices or geographical distinction between any of the
knowledge blocks or memories your mind has pieced together from its base of information
stored
It is like a thousand of Picasso paintings smashed together to make one moving picture
It's vertigo
I prefer the dreams
That mimic time and space
With a purpose and a desire
A dream with a telos
A story
Logic
Within the bounds of reason
But past a certain hour
Everything becomes a whirling basin as your mind flushes all the paints down the sink
Ready to start anew
The next morning

- e.l.f.

Repeat

The strings of my heart are plucked
By certain stimuli

There is a strand that is strummed
When I hear this one song

My heart echos along to the melody
My cardiac fibers create the notes

Pulling hard on one chord
I feel the tension deep within

That one note
Struct over
And over
Again

That beat
The rhythm I played internally for you

It fueled me
Pumped blood throughout my body and mind

And when you left I kept that song
My soul still likes to dance to it

I don't mind
It's quite catchy

- e.l.f.