

Haloed Are For Heroes

Your halo looks faded in my memory.
Frayed in the corners, now it's merely a dream.
Its glow looks worn like morning streetlights
competing with a self-reliant sunrise.
Tired and dim like a flashlight draining
the last of a D battery's fortune.
There's still some shine, but it seems uncertain
knowing the reach of its luster will soon shrink until gone.

Your words fall flat when I play them back now.
Hollow with no backing, just sounds you used to make.
A few sharp notes still catch in my mind but
they sound muted like I've unplugged your microphone.
The value that comes from time spent pondering
amplifies your flaws and rescues me from the ones you made mine.
Both the sweet words and harsh voice
now with no weight to carry fade like your halo.

Your reach comes up short now that we're grown.
I see you're not the strongest like I once thought.
As your radiance wavers, I kick a leg from your throne
unbalanced, you wobble and need me after all.
Crowned now with my own halo that I fasten tight with hairpins
we see the truth, all this time

I was my hero.

Keepsakes

Let's collect things in boxes,
save them long after they're gone.
Hold tangible things tight
so our minds won't let go.

Let's watch films of our past lives,
replay the loop in our minds.
Blend delicate details
into one thought of you.

Let's remember the good times,
toast them long after they're gone.
In luminous limelight
captured by old photos.

Let's polish our memories,
bury them six feet down deep.
Sing our honestly hummed hymns
in remembrance of you.

Let's collect bones in boxes,
save them long after they're gone.
With righteous red roses
so our minds will let go.

Survival

No, it doesn't hurt less to break your own heart.
In fact, it's a fucked-up mess.
To pour salt in your own wound,
'Cause you know it will save you, rips your mind apart.

You reach back behind to dig deep with a knife,
give full payment upfront, in-kind.
Since all those dark cards aligned,
opposed souls combine to trade a death for a life.

So you rig your own wires to self-destruct.
It's treason to sweet desires.
A takedown from the inside
builds up defenses to hide the maze you construct.

To you, hurt is love, and the pain feels too good
when sabotage fits like a glove.
You wear the torture so well
but don't have a choice, there stands a ghost where you should.

Insomnia

3:58 looms bright from the nightstand while
the moonlight creeps in from tomorrow.
Its neon glow disturbs the counted sheep huddled in my mind.

Dancing light chases them to scatter
only to reappear as a looping to-do list.
Overpriced necessities and laundry piles make their usual appearance.

Soft sounds of early morning float to me,
snide, from the hazy side street below
as a reminder the new day has started before mine has stopped.

Dangerous Face

I hold space for your danger
and sometimes let you win.
You look past all my anger
and still, find a way in.

We have trust like no other,
across time and all space.
I could not want another
when I look at that face.