

The Glass Eyes You Have

When I looked into my eyes

From the reflection of the mirror,

Displaying my essence ever so slightly,

I then got a glimpse of the magical,

Cosmic aura of your existence.

It was then I knew: we were no good for each other.

I was this void,

This black hole in a universe full of galaxies and stars.

While you were everything... and nothing at all.

I then told myself,

I was too empty for the presence of you.

Too empty for the fusion of our spirits.

And you were too whole, too full,

For the presence of me.

I saw all of this-

With just a glimpse.

Just a peek.

Just a look.

Just a peek.

Just for a second.

But, with the second glimpse.

I saw you...

In me.

Dots

The grass looked greener than Mary's last name,

It made me trip and fall into a hole that was never ending.

I wondered how grass could create music by using chlorophyll...

I wondered if Mary could fill my veins and my brain with vapor,

I wondered if those leaves could leave me a message by using xanthophyll

To hypnotize me,

Like the yellow sunshine that eventually burned me.

I couldn't tell if I were dead or alive,

In heaven or in hell... it really didn't concern me.

I was flying with the WIND, the GUST that threw my soul around like a rag doll.

I was flying, but also falling in love with my staggered breathing,

Then I took a piece of the scattered clouds so the softness would please me.

Sleeping on the moon was something worth trying.

The craters reminded me of the dents my enemies put through me,

Making the life flash before my eyes while I was dying.

Crying was not an option,

But flying? All of my troubles were soon forgotten.

I came across a lightning bolt which eventually flew me back down to earth.

The wind kept my mouth open ,and my teeth got ahold of all the mushrooms in the dirt.

Surprisingly though, I was at peace being back,

Where society and reality hurt more than landing on the ground.

But I was also hoping that Mary remembered me...

I was hoping she would come back around,

Eventually.

When you walk all over me

I.

Can feel-

Everything..

The way pointy, solid, rough, and hard, like the ice in the chests of the people who wear those pointy

Heels and soles-

Pound deeper and deeper into me.

They break me... They split me in two. And if I had a heart, It would be broken.

And then I continue to break!

Every crack is filled up with goo, like I am worthless...

The sky cries for me.

I ask it to cry for me, because I can't.

I don't like feeling like trash.

I am not trash.

But sometimes, I feel like garbage... and it makes me feel gray.

And over time... I grow darker and darker. I then feel dark and dirty. Unloved...

I should feel loved, because I am needed...

Again, I ask the sky to cry for me, so it could wipe away all of my imperfections...

I always ask the sky to cry for me.

Nova

*When God, the source- the creator,
Created, and formed;
Extracted, and combined
The energies of the non-existing physical universe-
He had the presence of your wild nature inside of his being.
He breathed life into you,
Into himself,
and began to paint
The darkness, with the shade of the void
of his spirit.
He began to paint the darkness with the darkest of colors,
And the light, with the lightest of colors.
Before color was even a thing.
The twinkle of his empty thoughts, began to form the twinkle of
The once darkened universe.
It was now as bright as the wild, and unforgotten
Presence of you.
He, and you
Created each other, simultaneously.
Your energy exuded out of him,
And flowed through the rest of the darkest areas
Of the universe,
until it sparkled.*

*The darkness,
Sparkled.*

It Was Destiny

*I experienced a moment of truth,
When I looked into the colors of your iris.
They changed in shape.
They changed in form.
And slowly, but shortly-
They changed my vision for good.
And it was in that moment,
Where I knew that those eyes
Would be apart of my everyday life.
When I felt like they were now mine.
I did not need glasses to see anymore.
I just needed you to stand behind me
So that I can see the world through
40/40 vision.
I now saw everything.
I saw my life in full color, full brightness, full shadows.
And then the sudden manifestations of rainbows
that began to appear,
became a normal sight for me.*

*You filled my world with hues and color.
Now: I can finally see.*

