

Time

*Time reveals all things.
The good and the bad.
The dark and the light.
The truth and the lies.
What time has revealed
to me is that
things happen the way
they are meant to.
When they are meant to.
There is nothing I can do stop
stop it
nor make it happen faster.
It will
or it won't.
I've learned to accept
the passage of time
and my suspicions
of it are slowly fading.
I can no longer worry
about when or how.
I can only exist in this moment.
I can only exist in what is present.
I have no control
over what will be left behind
or what will be given.
I can only control
what is in front of me.*

No More Mirrors

*my reflection seems to have mood swings.
some days the person
looking back at me
is generous with his compliments.
other days he's venomous and hateful.
I'm never able to tell what kind of day
it will be until he's standing before me.
sometimes telling me how perfectly brown my skin is.
that the work I've been doing on my body is paying off.
sometimes he's judging me.
searching for the flaws in my skin
or the lack of definition in my jaw
or even at my torso.
he's cutthroat.
he holds no punches.
I hate those days
and how they sneak up on me.
they bring out the worst in me.
I wish I could remove the need
to see what kind of day it will be.
I wish I could forget the validation
that I so desperately crave from myself*

Bricks

*I feel bricks
in the space
where my heart should be.
my body feels so heavy
and it's getting harder to breathe.
being alive is a task
that I'd never thought be difficult to complete.
and people keep on telling me
that all I need to do is think positively
and breathe.
if only it was that easy
if only my mind wasn't constantly playing tricks on me
for reasons I can't explain.
I feel trapped in my own mind
I feel trapped in my own life
and I want to escape
to another dimension
where things are better
and there isn't a storm brewing
in my head
and my heart is just my heart
and it's beating just fine
and I'm breathing just fine.
a place where there are no bricks.
but I don't know if that place exists.*

Body Language

*I want to read your body
like the finest form of literature
use my hands to discover more
and more
like turning the pages
in a book you can't seem to put down
the kind in which
you find yourself enthralled in for hours
awaiting the climax
but taking your time to get there
because even though you anticipate it
you don't want it to end.*

Poster Boy

Your poster boy is problematic.

He is toxic.

*He is a penny painted gold
yet you don't care.*

*You are wrapped up in his
blue-eyed gaze
and all the false promises
that live behind it.*

*His jaw as sharp as a dagger
so sharp it could cut through your heart
almost as quickly as he'll cut you off.*

*He'll dispose of you once he's tasted the carnal nectar that rests between your
thighs.*

So, I advise you to look twice before giving him a chance.

Once for the eyes and twice for the soul.

*If at second glance you see all his intentions, there's no need to second guess
it.*

Just let your poster boy go.

