

Asteria Hears My Prayers

Every single door is flung wide open. A semi circle of slamming
close and open, close and open, close and open.

I'm surrounded.

Wind is screaming possibilities so loud my eyes are useless. I can't keep them open
in the barrage of what ifs. The ceiling keeps lowering every time I inhale, I swear it.

It's suffocating. Any step, any movement at all,
and the ground beneath me starts to crumble.

Nothing is calm here.

*I am a falling star, drifting star is probably more appropriate,
flitting from one constellation to the next, always trying, never settling.*

I've tried on many lives, the fit never feeling right.

I am a dreamer

always wanting,

but never becoming.

There's an edge to my light, a bit of darkness

that threatens to hide me away, nestled in the safety of sameness.

God, please let me make it

to one of these doors before the hinges disintegrate and the paths ahead disappear
entirely. I can't go back.

God? Am I really speaking to someone I'm not sure exists, again?

I can count how many times I've fallen to my knees and here I am
getting well acquainted with the dirt that keeps clinging to my skin. I try

to brush it away, but the wind seems to want to remind me nothing is ever clean.

"Clean breaks don't exist. Clean choices aren't real. Clean success isn't a possibility.

There will always be balance, the dirt won't wash away. The choice you make
will never be the right one. There isn't a right decision or path.

There is only the choice.

The before is already gone

and the after is the now."

Someone must have heard my plea, these words fell softly

to the floor around me mingling with the dirt that had already settled

on my skin. The words sunk

deeper than dirt. Bone deep.

I am a fallen star.

My light is flickering, transforming, wanting.

Risking.

Here I am
without the sky,
without the moon,
alone to become. Edged in darkness,
I am shining brighter. I am choosing.
The doors stop slamming. The ground gives way in the path meant for me.
The wind is a breeze nudging me forward and dirt falls away as
I rise.

One door peeks open,
a question I am ready to answer.

Lost & Found

I curl into a book.
Nestled into it's pages,
I lose myself entirely.
Gone is uncertainty, instability.
I have no control and yet, have it completely.
When a pen finds my hand, you can be assured it finds me.
I do not go searching for a way
to have myself be heard.
bits of my soul reveal themselves in ink. Permanent.
I have no control and yet, have it completely.
I read to get lost
And I write to be found.

This is New

I don't have to drag my smile out for you,
it races to my lips whenever you cross my mind,
I'm scared.
It's never danced so quickly, or maybe,
I'm just stuck in the past,
used to feeling unwanted, not needed.

When you take my hand,
it feels like your changing something,
altering a pattern worn into my DNA.
My heart is peaking open wondering
if it's safe to hang off my sleeve again.
Out there exposed, you could take it or leave it. And maybe,
I'm used to being left.

I think it'll stay tucked away for now,
but that smile, my smile,
the real one with the curves and teeth,

that's yours to keep.

Learn to Trust Your Melody

I have all these choices before me
and I am letting them sit untouched,
gathering dust.

I stare and stare and stare
hoping one will flinch,
praying one will give me a sign.
They never do.

I am the one who must give them life.
Different versions of me,
still yet to breathe,
stare back at me
patiently waiting for me to see
I don't have to choose all or none.

These versions,
every me there could be,
are interwoven, learned their steps long ago,
Patiently, they have been waiting for me
to finally let them move together
in a dance my very bones already know.

I'm Begging You

I want you to be the artist.
Color me differently
than what I see.
Use your fingers tips
to find all the places my confidence hides.
Draw it out of me.
Bring what you see in me to life.