

## **Rose Quartz Garden**

I like to play in the shallow waters  
of your fingers, hidden  
from the pits of your abyss.

I found a garden of rose quartz  
in the swampland of your ribs  
and ran my hands through them,  
as if playing a harp for the first time.

Like children,  
picking gems from each other's mouths.

And honestly,  
I didn't even know how to swim  
before I wanted to drown  
in your sapphire waters.  
I usually never stay long enough  
for the algae to grow  
on our jade crested skin,  
but just this time.

## **9 Million Different Ways**

You tore me  
Into a poet,  
So now I know 9 million different ways  
To say your blessed,  
Bloody name  
Without once calling you out.

So yes,  
I'm not going to stop writing,  
Even when you recognize your lineage  
Smearred on the stanzas,  
Your middle name tucked between the pauses,  
Your scent on the paper.

## **The Type of Author You Are Reveals the Type of Parent You Will Be**

Writing a book is like having a baby.

You have thought about it  
since you were a dreaming child,  
and many months to grow inside of you.  
You eat for it,  
You sleep for it,  
You nourish it,  
till it's time to share it with the world.

When those fingers wrap around your pinky,  
you swore the pain of labor  
could still never outweigh this labor of love.  
It has parts of you on its precious puffed face,  
and will live long after you pass.  
You willingly give up all your wishes  
for this dear child of yours  
to flourish,  
  
to fly.

## **Virus**

Love is a viral disease.

Which explains why  
once you get it in your bloodstream,  
you can't get rid of it.

You can only weaken it  
with a vaccine.

Which explains why  
I called you at 3AM last night.

It was time for another vaccination.

**Dear Melody,**

You would have been vibrant  
and so giving to the world  
your generosity met  
with angst  
and pollution  
of words that will be meant to dart you  
and it will hurt,  
but you won't bleed.  
You'll be confused  
why there is pain that you can not see  
but only feel,  
so you'll hide it beneath your skin  
your glowing smile,  
and bright eyes.

Dear Melody,  
mother knows best,  
which is why as I came up with your name.  
I figured that the song  
you are singing is a happy one  
your melodic tune always in tune  
with hues of our yellow, golden sun.  
Your song, the simplest whistle  
But you were lost,  
among the fear of  
harsh noises that would be waiting  
to disturb your peace

So there you lay  
like a forgotten dream  
in a society that can't puncture

your pure music.