

Blood Red Abyss

Nails digging into flesh
Teeth biting on lip
Nerves on edge
Awaiting death
To a society who says to be in love
Or at least in a relationship
Is required.
Nerves on edge
Teeth on lip
Nails in flesh
The butterflies in your stomach,
The needles in your heart
And pounding in your brain
Are enough to drive you crazy
They make you go
Down, down, down
You fall into the
Blood red abyss
Below.
You'll try to climb out
But your body will ache from
Muscles restraining your
Beating heart
While your head
Pulls it apart.
Your heartstrings
Start to shred
And the pounding
In your head
Is enough to drive you
Over the edge
And wish
That you couldn't feel this
That your heart would grow
Cold again.
You wish that your
writhing soul,
Your bubbling emotions
Your pulsing
Mind
And your ticking
Heart would slow if just for a moment
So that you could try and pull together the pieces of You
Swirling around
Disappearing
Disintegrating
Like sand, burning,

Just long enough for you
To realize
To accept
The storm
The chaos
The fact that there is nothing left except
The agony.
All that's left is to
Hopelessly hopefully
Watch from the sidelines
As the only clear thought in your head has eyes for everyone but you.
You start to wonder if
Your mother's words were lies,
And all you want is to
Die inside.
And the voices in my head hurt Less than thoughts you
Never had.
You learn to accept
The abyss
The agony
That you endure
This torment
Alone.
Watching others when the person who
Unknowingly pushed you into the abyss
Joins them.
They float away and you are left alone
To accept
To writhe
To try
And breathe
To try
And survive
In this landscape
Called
Love

The Walls Are Crying

The walls are crying
From standing far too long
From holding in too much
They're crying because they want to fall
But instead are rebuilt daily due to the persistent tsunami
But it isn't a tsunami
It's a single drop of water
Trying to gently wear away
The walls are crying
They want to let someone in
Anyone
But that's why they exist
To keep everyone out
They want to crumble
But if they do everyone will see
The raw, vulnerable dark parts will be exposed
Things that have never seen the sun out in full view
Everyone will run, I tell myself
Knowing full well those who truly care will stay
The walls are crying
From being alone in constant repair
In constant darkness
With glimpses of light
Of hope
With each fleeting thought of tearing them down
Of letting them crumble
Sometimes I let them for a little bit
But then someone cuts me
They rub salt in the already gaping wound
The walls are crying
They've seen so much pain
Maybe I should tear them down
Maybe I should let them crumble
Maybe I should let that raindrop win
And those who will run, run
And those who care stay
The walls are crying
And so am I
But I'm taking it day by day

The Game

Silently crying
Silently dying
While you were too busy playing
Playing with my heart
But I didn't want to play
I was tired of playing of being played with
And you knew,
You knew this wasn't my game
And this wasn't what I wanted
That I didn't want to play
But you played anyway
The stakes were much higher for me
I told you that I wasn't going to be a part of your score
I didn't want to be just another piece in this game
Another point
Just a number
My heart was worth more than a number
I am worth more than a number
I am not a game piece below you for you to use
This is not a game to me
My heart is not a toy
It is tough, but fragile
Strong, but delicate
I refuse to be a pawn
I will show you what I am
If you run then you are just like the people you claim to hate
I am not a pawn
I am not like the others
I am a queen
Unique
Powerful
I will destroy those who try to get in my way
I am not a match
Some temporary light used to help light something else
I am a campfire
Untamable
Transforming into a forest fire
If you ignore me
Be careful playing with fire
You might be burned

Enough

Enough

What a terrifying,

Liquefying word.

Those six letters can be read a thousand ways

Each way more emotional than the last.

The only word more terrifying is

love.

It shakes us,

Breaks us,

Lifts us,

Rebuilds us

Only to be broken again

The cycle goes on for as long as we let it.

We can break the cycle.

Change the rules.

But we are caught in a trap that persuaded us

To believe that love is something beyond our control.

An invisible,

Immovable,

Uncontrollable force.

That love finds us,

But the truth is

We must make it for ourselves.

Its colors are different,

Unique to the individual

The Actress

I feel it building
Slowly at first
Then faster
It swells
Rising and falling
My mind falling farther away
Forcing it to become
To be numb again
I would rather not feel anything
Than feel everything at once
I can't move
I can't breathe
Inside
Outside I am fine
I let the flow of people whisk me away
No one sees
No one can see
No one will see
The pain
Because I am an actress
Putting on a mask
Pretending to be something I'm not
Is my specialty
I used to wear them well
Now I fear I am slipping
Some people can read me
Most cannot
I like it that way
I preferred when no one could read my thoughts
Because the lies became real
They were truth
Maybe if they believed it
Then I could too
After all, I was the actress
I could make anyone believe what I wanted them to believe about me
That was who I was
A known unknown
Now, people know
Now they care,
Or perhaps they are only pretending
That is what I tell myself
They are pretending
If they really knew
They would run for the hills
That's what others did
Why should they be different?
Maybe these will last longer

Who knows
Maybe they will almost have me fooled
Unlikely
Fool me once
Fool me twice...
never happens
They never see
The burning
The boiling
The suppression
It's still growing
Still creeping up my spine
Trying to escape
Trying to be seen
Another pill
Another shot
Another puff
Anything to keep it away
Only a few can know
Only a few are allowed to see
Sometimes it is my choice
Other times they chose to
There's safety in silence
Comfort in isolation
No one can see
No one will know
Only the white walls
And pillowcases know
My story
Sometimes even the strong stuff
Is too weak
Sometimes I need more
I need to feel alive
Truly alive
Not this false life
Maybe the only way
For me to feel alive
Is to walk the line