

Because of 2AM

Because of 2AM I am lost
In a black-hole that resembles
Your heart that closed me off
When the clock struck 1:54.
Because I guess loving me
Comes with operating hours.
And did I forget to mention,
You didn't hand me your business card
Upon telling me you loved me, too.
Because of 2AM I realized
I have become less of myself
And more of you in some sick
Twisted way that I never wanted to accomplish.
You carried me through a lit-up world
Filled with boxes of what I thought
Would become our most intimate memories.
I still have your letter
Where you said we cannot stay mad at one another
For whatever reason
Because we are drawn to each other.
And at some point in some world
Written by some lonely person
It was said that opposites attract.
But, I am so fucking done being your magnet
For when you need a close connection to someone.
Because at 2AM you can rip us apart
Because your force is stronger

Than the one keeping us together.

2AM is a bitch and yet

I am grateful for the clock rounding over

Even if it meant losing you.

Because of 2AM I found myself

Instead of looking around the corner

In the pocket you kept me in

While you found someone else.

Because of 2AM

I am free of you

And your fucked-up way of showing you love someone.

Panic

I can't stand this ringing in my ear.

It won't stop.

But it is non-existent.

The pressure begins building from the pit of my stomach

Up to the crater in my chest.

Everyone is staring through looking-glass eyes.

Their piercing gaze shoots through my body

Like a bullet, and soon I see I am alone.

I grab my right hand with my left

To stop the shaking and the tingling on my fingertips

Like static on an old television.

It's too late.

It grows and spreads throughout me.

I am scared.

I hear people telling me,

"Stop that."

"Get over it."

"It's all in your head."

I laugh, because mental disorders are not so easy to control.

I mumble,

"If I could stop,

I would."

All of a sudden, I am in a room with no doors

Or windows

Or light.

But I can hear the muttering

Of my peers

Of my family

Of my best friends.

I can't escape this prison.

I try running towards the sound, but it stays far away.

"Help me,

I am here!"

I scream.

Nobody is listening.

Nobody ever will.

Because nobody ever does.

The walls crash down around me, my words are stuttering:

I . . .

I can't. . .

I can't breathe.

I run into a field of grass, tripping over my own two feet.

I dig into the ground, leaving my hands wet and sticky.

I begin to realize:

This is my brain.

This is what I have become:

A disorder.

I slowly fall into a sleep; a sleep I wish I won't wake-up from.

But, I cannot let this define me.

My eyes open and soon I am on a cold hard ground in a strange world

That resembles the Chamber of Secrets and I must escape it.

My own Sword of Gryffindor appears beside me

And I slice through myself, breaking free

Of what was attempting to harm me.

It's gone now.

I survived.

I lace up my combat boots to keep them from grasping the floor
Instead of my feet.

I walk towards the crowd and tell them of my story.

They stare

And nod

And realize

I was telling the truth the entire time.

I was not pretending.

But, I am now alive, for once I was not.

Back when dark rooms became monsters, and then I realized

The only monster was me.

I have changed myself, now if only I could change the mind of all

Who don't believe wicked creatures can live inside one's head.

Changing

If I were to come face-to-face with a boggart,
It would not resemble a spider
Or a death eater
Or even a professor I am afraid of.
It would transfigure into
Something much more terrifying.
I would come into contact with myself.
Because what is more frightening than the image
Of your own dissatisfaction
Or failure.
You could have become a straight-A student,
Or someone worth loving.
You could have made someone a proud parent,
Or a laughter-filled companion.
All we see is our flaws during everyday life.
I don't need a boggart to tell me that I am afraid of myself
And what I may or may not accomplish.
I already know.
But I can conquer those fears.
We all can.
Because who is to say we are unable to change our most hated features
And choices.
Life is for the living, not for the scared and worried
Who are unwilling to do something for themselves
In fear of being wrong.
My boggart won't become me any longer.
For if it does, I would humbly cast a spell

To rid of the monster that is myself and make sure I am happy with who I am.

As should us all.

I am going to start now.

My past choices of which I regret cannot affect who I am any longer.

Riddikulus.

Goodnight Theory

As I collect
Songs that remind me of you
To fit into some measly playlist
You may never even listen to
At almost two in the morning,
I come to the realization
That maybe it really is over.
Maybe I was just some girl
In Virginia
That could make you laugh
When no one else was around.
I was just someone you could call yours
Until you found someone better.
I never think this way until it hits about midnight
And everyone is asleep
And the only person I want to awake
From their slumber
Is you.
Even if you may be three hours behind
Because that is how the states align.
I am over here,
And you are over there,
And there just does not seem to realize
How truly lucky it is.
But once 4AM creeps up behind me
And I am trapped in my own dreams
That usually consist of seeing you

Face-to-face
Or the nightmares
That have me losing you once more,
I know I will wake-up and
Know I don't need you.
Because between approximately
Ten in the morning
And eleven at night
I am completely
Utterly
Okay without you.
So I guess this is my
Goodnight Theory.
The days are the best.
Maybe not all of them
But for the most part
I can handle the
Same day-to-day routine,
Because something or someone may keep me
Distracted from the pain
Of losing you.
But after that time window
is closed for the night,
I am lost,
And I crave your warmth
Around my body.
I am fine without you
Until I have no one.

And I guess that makes me hypocritical,

For you did the same,

And I judged you for it.

But at least I

Didn't make you think I loved you

When I really didn't.

Which was what you accomplished:

Making a girl fall in love with you

Just so you could watch her fall

And not even bother to catch her.