

More green

Suddenly,
My colors
Are hardly beautiful enough
To grace
Your canvas.

Suddenly,
You've decided
To leave me
Empty-handed
And run off
With the loot.
My treasure chest
Consisted of nothing more
Than hopes
Of our dreams coming true.

Truth be told,
I always suspected
That something was off.

But,
I just knew
That my love for you
Would be the victor
In the battle
Being fought

But,
You've surely proved me wrong.
How could I have possibly
Influenced the man
That you were all along?

Why would you
Have me cooking and cleaning
If you knew
You desired
A woman?

Why would you spend the night
And save dates

If you knew
You desired

A woman?
I could have sworn
That you loved me
Beyond my anatomy
But,
I guess
I was never on the right side
Of the fence
That you were straddling.
Hope she never discovers
The grass stains on your jeans
That came
Before you claimed
Her yard
To be more green.

In the Dark

I chose to
Put you first.
I was careful
With my words.
Kept weed in my purse.
I wanted to be prepared
For the moments
That my embrace alone
Wasn't enough
Of a high.
I didn't care
What cloud you needed to be on...
...as long as
I could point you out
In the sky.
Little Dipper,
You were the trigger.
And I couldn't keep you

Loaded enough.
Your silhouette burned brightly
But,
You were
Cold to the touch;
Too good to be in love.
And I was far too stupid
To put up
A fuss,
And stand up to your ego.
All I could find the strength to do
Was peep
Through the keyhole
And silently curse the man
Standing on the other side.
Even when we were
Naked in each other's presence,
You would always find
Something
To hide behind.
And I never grew tired
Of searching,
Never grew tired
Of piecing together
Your parts.
And to this day,
I would have still been
Digging for your particles
If you hadn't discovered
Someone else
To keep in the dark.

Beautiful Woman

The woman in the mirror

Is sometimes a bit too honest
For me.
But,
She brings peace.
She doesn't sugarcoat circumstances
Or beat around the bush.
She's not ashamed
Of the rough drafts
That brought her
To the open book
That she has become.
She's made her peace
With the moon
And the Sun.
And she's no longer
Planning her life
Around shooting stars.
She's clipping the strings
That tug at her heart
From all the wrong directions.
She's no longer
Making room
For the hero
Who has yet to prove himself
To be anything more
Than a legend.
She's so much stronger
Than what she used to be
And I'm so glad
That she decided not to
Get used to me
Being the fragile creature
Who would rather hide behind
Her own silhouette
Than challenge sky.
The sight of her in the mirror
Is truly
The most beautiful thing
I've ever seen in my life.