

## The Truth Lay Only in Quiet

There's a type of emptiness that falls.  
Bounces and hangs,  
Lonely and damp,  
Like a swing-set after the child's leapt out.

The beating seems to echo through a much larger space.  
That stillness which was once filled apologies and excuses  
Now stands clear,  
And a single dog's bark can be heard two blocks away.

I folded up my calendar pages and sealed them in an  
envelope  
To be mailed away,  
But what now, when the chest finds weight  
And the legs regain sight?

Oh, whose palms I did fix rivers in my hands for,  
And whose life splattered paint  
And white  
And red  
And yet, in bitter conscious sleeping  
I find nails chewed to the bone,  
Eyes cracked with veins  
From becoming sea-sick in the riptide.

Are you happy?  
The beats are synchronized only for three  
And now I'm left, air and I,  
My hand still clutching your last breath to my ear,  
As a single dog barks two blocks away.

## The First Step

I saw the stands  
And I felt ready.  
I had found my group the week before,  
The people.  
So I had my crutches to lean on.

I stepped onto the grass,  
My heels sinking in,  
And I sank in.  
The people.  
Everyone in their favorite outfit.

I felt suddenly visible.  
Everyone was putting on a show,  
And also acting as an audience.  
The people,  
Making fast small talk and faster assumptions.

No one wanted to be here and everyone wanted to be here.  
Fighting for love.  
Fighting to be seen by-  
The people.  
Everyone pulling out their best cards.

I was taking sandpaper to my mind to round out all those  
edges,  
I was sculpting my face to forever be smiling,  
But I guess everyone was.  
The people,  
Like a herd of magazine covers, sealed shut.

I saw my concrete judgments of others  
And realized everyone else had opinions of me too.  
But how could they know me so well, when I hardly knew  
myself.  
Me.  
And so I pulled my heels out of the grass and took another  
step.

## Taking Shots

Smoke fills my nose.  
I am burning.  
My fingers poke holes in the ceiling  
And the paint drips out.  
Paint that refused to dry.

I will eat the pictures from my wall  
So that maybe I can be that little girl again  
Or feel what I felt with her and him again.  
What were my thoughts then?  
I never remember what I was thinking when the moment  
Was frozen of me.  
And yet those times are stolen for later.

We played hot potato with my heart  
Because it is hot coals now.  
And the charcoal stains us  
And we wipe it on each other's faces  
And we run through the night.

The light hit those leaves.  
It turned them gold.  
And I saw them instead of you.  
Why?  
They reflected off of me.

I sit on my records,  
Stay on the edges.  
I can only hear one note.  
If I cut all my Polaroids and filled a cup with the ink  
I could overdose on the past.