

Looking for Love in a Hollowed Out Heart

I'm in love with love, but it's not for me.
And let me elaborate:
I love what it does to people

I love when two become one,
When you see their smiles brighter than sun.
And people looking at their significant other
As if they are the best thing in the world.

I love when you pass by
And see a couple holding hands
As if they were to let go the other would disappear
With out the other
Cherishing each moment, hand in hand.

Love is wonderful.
Seeing a couple gazing into
Each other's eyes, like they are looking at a starry night.

If love had colors
It would be deep reds and bright pinks
Whiter than white
Lavender lights
Baby blue sky

Let me tell you though. My favorite part about love
Is the tragedy that comes after it.
Even before it.
The unrequited love,
Seeing how someone can be so brave to love another person
Knowing they won't be loved back.

When two hearts break in small shattering pieces
Because they no longer love each other
My heart soars.

When you lose love for someone for the same reason you fell in love with them,
I love that.
Even better,
I love the confusion of love being a feeling or choice.
Do you really love them?

If love had colors
It would be deep blues and shimmering gold
Blacker than black
Low yellow lights
Grey skies

I'm in love with love
But I'm more in love with the idea how it leaves people.
Broken and defeated.

Nightmare Sequence

I used to live in a house of secrets.
The rooms were dark
The floor shuddered it's age when I slowly walked over them.
My body, my image of this house, was growing weeds from being untouched.
Most of all, the people inside were ghosts of who they used to be.

A barren wasteland full of mysteries
There were never any lies, rather unkept promises.
Words that were never said, they were kept here.

I desperately wanted to disappear into its deepest, darkest shadow.
I wanted to show this house that I, too, can be a ghost of who I used to be.
I wanted to show my ghost the person I wanted to be.
Instead it showed me another way.
There was a small light showing me the way to the exit.

The more I ran, further down the hall, the brighter the light shown.
Darker and darker grew my shadow behind me, and these ghosts began to be restless.
Holding me back. Wheedling me to stay.
Instead of escaping them, they became apart of me.
I haven't seen any day darker than this one.

Confession

When you love someone as hard as I did -
You lose yourself.
No, you don't lose yourself in love -
You lose pieces of yourself.
Suddenly, the food they like, you like
The movies they like, you like

You switch positions in bed because you know how they sleep
You idly wait and lose time because it now belongs to them

I love and loved hard
And this is where I confess that I lost myself.
I desperately tried to find myself
I desperately tried to find those pieces
To no avail

I had to create a new version of myself
A me that only I am allowed to love and lose
A me that only belongs to me and no one else

I had to cure myself of him
When he was on the brink of leaving
I left first.
Leaving is a funny, small thing to the other person
But to me, it was the world.
It means I'm not sick and tired and in love.
It means I get to see this new version of myself that I had cocooned for so long
Waiting to burst out

A Star Full of Blood

I dream of constellations spilled out like blood on my starry body
A clean slice across my throat, the blood transforming into a nebula
My insides look like planets
My heart is cold, awe inspiring, and like Saturn, it is harmful
My skin is dark like space, uninhabited, no light can truly touch me
My bones are exposed like blackholes - a mystery
Can you see the other side?

I dream of my body becoming one with moon.
Bright enough to be seen in the dark, but dim enough to pass by.
I am a ghost full of cruel intentions, and my hands are my own killing floor.

Rehearsal, Return, Redundancy

Late at night I try to carve out my heart
The process is painful
I pick and pluck out the veins and arteries
Anything to pull out, just so I wouldn't feel all at once.
I try to find some sort of satisfaction in this process
But there is none.
The process is disgusting, and I know it deep down

But I continue on anyway

Early in the morning I try to undo what I did the night before
The process is tiring
I sew the veins and arteries back in its place
Anything to put back in, so I would feel everything all at once
I try to find some sort of satisfaction in the process
There is some.
The process is clean, and I know it deep down

But I continue on anyway