

# The flux

Sprinting through fields of nettles  
gashed ankles, they swell  
need not look down to confirm so  
the burning is enough to know.

The flux is now within me, undulating  
my pulse rushes further from my head  
continuing to run, beads of sweat  
the shrill of each moment fills the air.

Breathing becomes every thought  
as my whole being yells and rebels  
dizziness grips, takes ahold  
in circles I swim, my mind a fighting fish.

Ration the time, I try  
but feel in this moment, it's all I can do  
navigating a ruthless maze, geometric  
I pay and I pain and I pray.

Fractured spaces, punctured colors  
Swirling disks, dense forests  
Pulsing musical beat, beat, beat  
so, and, I leap.

# Wallow with me

Pulsating, the darkness rips  
undertones of camouflaged dysphoria  
alien to itself, unknown to myself  
shreds, they are all that remain

Tethered only to yesteryear,  
Lurking shadows reveal themselves  
marching forward, unceremoniously  
leading me further into detestation

Enigmatic insecurities, have I birthed you?  
call me on my own bluff, I beg  
deceptive defensiveness, you heave  
magnetically, I drift closer to paranoia

Escapism, but a synonym for lifeblood  
these days are hard to cherish  
spent breathing quixotically  
between the textures of quietness

One day, I will pack this pain for consumption  
ship it to every corner of the country  
and then I will wallow onwards  
in pursuit of and entranced by the infinite

# On trembling

I wander through oppressive dew  
thick, soggy, sultry, moist  
masking my deepest insecurities

These are the musty caves I roam  
where I allow myself to discriminate  
against my own creations of remorse.

Entirely sightless, I tread delicately  
ruthless, this dampness is deafening  
like quicksand, I am trapped in my own.

Thoughts, rambling yet unbreakable.  
Laboriously, I try to overthrow  
the beast of loathing, of self-pity.

Masticating, he meets my gaze.  
Ooze dripping, confidence slipping,  
Time is all that remains familiar.

Adrenaline pushes me towards him.  
I lean in a little bit closer as I detach  
further from reality, my mind runs.

My leg bounces uncontrollably,  
even my unbalanced heart fidgets  
my body, but an ensemble of turbulence.

Taking uneven breaths, focusing  
on the delirium of detachment  
trembling, the world awakes.

# Mortal melodies

Memory, I twirl her recreationally  
between the tips of my fingers  
while she roams the depths  
of my somnambulating mind

Fractured, I attempt to shed  
thick sheets of opaque haze  
as my splintered memory seeps  
faster towards bewilderment

Delicately, I catalogue them,  
memories lost, memories fading  
away from me, they sprint  
fueled evermore as I scream

Episodic, tangible scenes  
morph into escape artists  
sipping slyly upon impossibility  
planning all but their return

Amnesia, this game is yours  
flattened images, attempts to heal  
sensory-less scenes once mine  
now, starvation is all I own

Ailing, visceral clues conform  
rehashing each symphony note  
mercilessly craving, constructing  
my thoughts, melodically mortal

Squirming, under the covers I lay  
semblance of meaning, lost  
a sudden, soft, saddened kiss  
but the fragile breeze of time

# Do you know me?

One day I will show you  
What lies beneath these deep-set eyes  
In a place that I'm not proud to call  
My own.

When I do, know that it's depth  
May scare you into believing  
That you had not known me  
Just a moment before.

Together, we will breathe into  
This novel, heavier, deeper self  
That I inhabit delicately yet tenderly  
Every morning as I awake.

And as I rest my head every evening  
To question my worth with great wonder  
I hope that you, too, will question  
who you know me to be.