

## Bookshelf

Soft skin.  
The imprint tells a story.  
One single touch and I understood.  
All the places your tired feet had traveled  
The air you breathed and the odor that has lingered in your mind  
Dismantling more pleasant possibilities and moments that  
Could be categorized as an *almost* good time

As you study our history  
Cover to cover  
Delete the evidence  
Burn the story of us  
If you must

As you tear apart threads  
You simply  
Cannot get rid of it all

You act like I am dust  
You can blow me away as if I never left a mark  
You present yourself as if you are over it  
As if the good and bad  
Was simply a dream  
In truth, maybe it was somewhere in between

A classic story  
Boy meets girl  
But you find yourself unable to tell your former favorite story  
Instead of a bedtime story  
This one haunts you  
Awakens your core and causes you to lose sleep

They say for knowledge, one can find it in the books  
So I reread the Story of Us, speculating whether or not I ever meant anything  
Reality knows...  
It creeps  
And turns  
Making you restless at night  
In this moment you've never felt more alone

*But you avoid **this***  
*Avoid the former intensity*  
I, on the other hand,  
Swam in the seas of my loneliness  
And despite my fear, I didn't drown

I felt every drip of your absence and I let myself  
Until I wanted to swim in warmer waters

I embraced the distant memory of our fire burning  
I rubbed my finger in the ash  
And I healed  
I mourned the loss of a real love

I pack the books away  
My index finger went in swift circles across the wooden frame  
And I thought about the “could’ve beens”  
But I shake it off  
Make sure I don’t waste too much time,  
Or my head will spin  
The heart can never be tamed

But I get it  
And I understand  
And I put it all on the shelf.

I realized the story could never continue on as it used to  
I realized our story was simply a short story  
An end of a love story doesn’t always mean the end of the love itself  
Starting over and writing a new book starring someone else  
But our love story will always be a favorite--- a classic on my shelf

One single touch and I had understood  
All of the adventures that you had created into stories  
The pureness of a single touch

My index finger went in swift circles  
And I thought about the could have beens  
But I shake it off  
Make sure I don’t waste too much time,  
Or my head will spin

But I get it  
And I understand  
And I put it all on the shelf.

## Dark Skies Speak

Dark skies speak,  
My heart makes a beat  
I mustn't be weak

As life's fiddle plays,  
My heart obeys  
I mustn't daze

The melody's charm  
Bewitches me so,  
Minute to hour,  
Away from harm

## Empty Space

Closet.  
Dark Closet.  
Dust falls upon my hair  
A flickering wish of you being there.

Dark Closet.  
With a floor-plan  
Of a deep crevasse  
And a ceiling beyond sight.  
Rise and fall.  
With the will to be alright.

A broken lock  
And a light flickering with a twitch  
Closet.  
Dark Closet.  
Streaming with the presence of blunder  
The shame of past mistakes screaming louder  
Than thunder

Dark Closet.  
Your memory hanging in place of a brightly colored dress  
Lacking serendipity  
Left a mess.  
And your echo instigates a creaking sound in between the broken shelves.

No room.  
Tidy and snug  
I organized the worst of memories  
Chronological Order  
Like you taught me.  
Keep them all in?  
Even as your mind goes for a wild spin.

Your pain transcended into my own.  
Not a bad thing  
Yet indeed if left alone.

No worries  
Your secrets I shall keep  
Alone in this dark  
Closet  
With me.

A soul-- a kind soul.

That's what I saw.

Now?

Closet.

Dark closet.

I take a stand

Blow the dust away

Turn on the light.

Walk away from the dark closet

Find an opened space to call home

A safer place for a heart to roam.

Perhaps this empty space

No longer a home for darkness to linger

Shining bright

With the strength to flip a switch with my tiniest finger

And with time

This empty space

Was no longer meant to haunt

But a former place to love and leave

Healing—the true victory.

Perhaps this empty space

Taught a lesson

Not left a waste.

## Black Bird

He cut his skin  
But what he did not intend  
Was years later for the one  
Who loved him to hurt at the other end

Also, the addiction hurt more  
Than one  
Pain grew each day and night  
With the rising sun

Oh how I wish I knew  
I hope this love  
Is still oh so true

Voice on the phone  
A stranger  
Whom made me feel alone

His tone was low  
The glass shattered  
The black bird flew  
I wondered what had mattered

## Moments of Impact

I never knew that one night  
Would make me sleep with lights on for a year  
I never knew that it would happen to me  
And that my own home would never feel safe  
I never knew a mere amount of seconds could install a great amount of fear

I never knew you'd claim my body  
As if it was yours  
And the next day  
I'd shake in my own skin  
Wondering where to start over  
How to begin

But see that's the thing  
A matter of seconds hold more value than one can ever predict  
I never knew that the moment it takes to count to ten  
Would be the same amount of time  
To change my life  
Ruin it

Your lips crashed against mine  
Like a wreck  
Although it was no accident  
And in a matter of seconds you twisted my **"NO"**  
To your *"yes"*

The amount of terror,  
Panic attacks,  
A heart of broken glass  
An immeasurable amount of pain  
you'd never be able to count  
The amount of change  
I'd try to change clothes  
And scrub the pain away  
But I can never change my skin  
A moment of Impact  
The moments my former life  
Came to an end