

Stuck

All too often,
I take a walk through my memories.
It is increasingly hard to move-
my feet keep sinking,
as if they are trying to
hold on to something-
anything-
that reminds them of you.
The perplexity of my mind
causes the scenery to change,
and loses me
in a never ending maze
of uncertainty.
With the heaviness of each step,
I wade closer to the
likeness I see of you,
only to realize that you are, in fact,
a figment of my incessant
and overwhelming imagination.
No matter how hard I fight to move
or how loud I scream,
you don't budge.
You are steadfast in your position,
still haunting me
and making me believe that
one day I will be able to
reach out and touch you,
even though I know you are
not really there.
Empty promises-
Stolen kisses-
Lingering touches-
they are all that I have
to cling to the memory of.
The future of us
starts to fade like the sun,
and takes my soul with it.

My hands-
outstretched to receive the love
that you promised
but never delivered,
start to shake
with such vigorous intensity
that I collapse into the darkness.
The ground beneath me
starts to envelop my body...
and with a broken heart,
I succumb.

The Choice

Fall-

or fight.

The warm
sensation of sinking
far below the depths
of ever being able to resurface
is almost too much
to bear.

The frantic struggle
to breathe
begins the moment
you descended
upon the deepest part.

It is as if being able
to survive is inherently dependent on
someone else's preference
of whether or not you are
worthy
of one more breath.

Fall-

or fight.

The choice is overwhelming,
and almost pointless.

Others seem to be
pulling the strings,
and you almost wish
they would cut them.

The perpetual battle
rages on
inside your head.

Fall-

or fight.

Both simultaneously
are just too much-
and end up taking you

Nowhere.

Where is someone

who will save you?
Your muffled screams
of sheer terror
along with your
tears of rejection and fear
go unanswered.
Fall-
or fight.
You have to decide,
because no one
is coming for you.

Game Over

Congratulations.

This is what
kicking yourself
in the ass
feels like-
and you
didn't even get to
take any names.

The power
is not yours
anymore.

The love
is not yours
anymore.

The girl
is not yours
anymore.

So again-
bravo...

If your intention
was to
win some battles
but lose the war,
you were victorious.