

0.89 - train of thought

It's a game of chess
On a board that's one misstep away from breaking
Sending pawns and bishops to their downfall
Crushing the life beneath
Changing anything or everything or nothing
It's intellect
When we need emotion
I'm tired of staring at perfect porcelain skin
Cursing that contract I signed
Taking away my ability to make myself bleed
I know it's good for me
I don't care
Because screaming lyrics in the shower
Isn't cutting it anymore
One wrong note
And I'll be lying dead on the floor
Wishing I had just spoken up
Put my cowardice to rest
By finally getting the poison out of my chest
It rots in me
And sometimes I wish
That it would rot in you too
But for it to do that
You would have to feel something
And we both know
That's not something you can do

0.01 - damned

The ink at the tip of my pen sings freely.
If only I could find the words
To make that river flow.

I can't. My mind is dammed.

0.49 - white picket fence my ass

Getting lost in fantasy
And having to return to reality
Hurting more than I have to
Because I know I have more self control than this
I know better than to imagine your kiss
I'm better than forcing a made-up you to love a made-up me
Because you deserve so much better than me
You deserve the people you love
Even if they don't deserve you
Your love makes them worthy
Worthy of loving someone like you
I'm jealous and that makes me a piece of shit
Because I have no right to my jealousy
You've given me far more than I deserve
In friendship and love
But I'm selfish
So fucking selfish
I can't help but want to want you
I'm helpless
Thinking about making you a wife
Thinking about our form of domestic bliss
I could make you so happy
I know I could
But I don't deserve to
Not like this

0.87 - good grief

I will not offer you my condolences.
You're getting plenty from everyone else.
I don't want to be the reason
For a steep decline in your mental health.

I will not give you the constant reminders of death -
The constant reminders of
The gone-wrongs,
The goodbyes,
The "which was their final breath?"

Unless you ask me to mourn with you,
In which case we will together remember
The "we'll have to get coffee soon" lost to the winds of time,
The absence of fear, of laughter, of trust,
All the best moments they'll never see,
All the good memories now shrouded in grief.

If this is the case
I will look to your face
And see the similarities,
All the things that remind me
Of who they used to be.

But if you do not desire this
Joint-effort,
'Bound at the yoke' kind of grief,
I will do my best to offer you an escape
Where everything is almost the same
In the ways that they will never be the same.

I will not offer you my condolences
Because our souls have already made room for them.

0.48 - completion, perfection

Laying in my decadent sick bed
In my decadent sick room
(Decorated with color so I don't get so stuck in my head
Or feel like I've already been placed in my tomb)
My mind flows down the hypothetical stream of thought,
"What if I woke up tomorrow, suddenly better?"
If my health were returned to me,
If I had a different lot,
What would have happened to the Ultimate Go-Getter?

If I had paced myself, not worked myself into an early grave,
I think I'd have been able to move out by now.
I would have gotten a job, would've had money to save
So I could live how my father wouldn't allow.

I could love openly
Speak freely,
Even though I know life wouldn't be perfect.

My downstairs neighbors would hate me, really
Because I'd dance while making my Eggs Benedict.
My landlord would be difficult, because they all are,
But the older couple down the hall would treat me like their own
And my next-door neighbor would teach me how to play the guitar.

I'd be sitting in the laundromat
Rereading my Vonnegut paperbacks
When I'd get the message from a friend
Telling me the cancer that was eating her mother alive
Finally finished its meal.
"So it goes," my mind would supply.

And at the same time,
I'd get a message from Her.
My reactions to Her often vary
From joy to sadness to apathy.
I wouldn't be able to pinpoint
One specific emotion
In reaction to this message.

“He finally popped the question,” it would read.
They’re to be married,
And my mind, ever harried by Hope,
Would bitterly remind me,
“Never fall for the straight girl.”

Then, looking at my phone,
I’d notice the date.
It would be my father’s birthday.
And then it would hit me -
Because in liminal spaces Things always do -
He’d go to Her wedding.
It’s a good thing She never found out about me,
That we were never a possibility,
If only for the sake of my father.
He’d refuse to walk me down the aisle.
If my mother were to die,
I wouldn’t be welcome at the funeral.
Maybe I would be, the end of a life inspiring
A sense of wanting to hold on to the lives you have left.

“Weddings and funerals,”
I would mutter aloud,
To the dust bunnies and mice chewing on lost socks in the wall,
To the ghosts wandering down the hall.
“There’s a poem in there somewhere.”

There’s a beep, I switch the loads
Worried that I won’t have enough for another.
Anxieties aside, I pay the fine
To wash my clothes with soap and machines that aren’t mine
In this fabricated reality
Of different pain, different suffering,
Sub-par fabric care;
I’m left with
One nickel, two pennies
Seven cents spare.