

## **Frosting**

I've always been soft like frosting

Sweet

Malleable

Strong enough to hold up walls

But not before falling apart a few times first

Praised for versatility

And the ability to hide mistakes

Often giving parts of myself

To fill the cracks in others

But sometimes spreading myself too thin

Capable of being part of something beautiful

But still learning to be whole on my own

## Lucid Dreams

Sometimes  
I look at my hands  
Have you ever heard of lucid dreaming?  
I tried for months  
To have the ability to control my dreams  
To fall asleep and visit Paris, Mars  
And remember it all when I awoke  
But it begged the question  
How would I know which was which?  
Real life or dream state  
Maybe it doesn't matter which is real

But I heard  
The dream mind has trouble forming hands  
One way to prepare to lucid dream  
Is to make a habit of looking at your hands  
At random times throughout the day  
And once in a dream  
When you look down and see six fingers  
Or feathers  
Or no hands at all  
You can begin to fly

I was never able to lucid dream  
But sometimes  
When you kiss me on the cheek  
Or tell me you love me  
I look down at my hands  
Just in case

## Growing Pains

I used to dream of being tiny  
Small enough to sleep on a flower petal  
And use a bottle cap as a frisbee  
Small enough to drink from a thimble  
And use a smart watch as my TV

Small enough to go unnoticed  
Standing in plain sight but nobody can see me  
Small enough to not exist  
Now I can't even find me

But I've grown since then  
And the world has shrunk around me  
Now that I'm not hiding within the petals  
I know a raindrop will not drown me

## Quiet

They always ask  
"Why are you so quiet?"  
As if it's a bad thing  
As if it makes me weak  
I hand pick and string together words  
Before I ever speak  
But I've always preferred to listen  
To Watch  
To Learn  
To offer a hand to hold when your words begin to burn  
It's not a lack of voice  
Or ideas  
I certainly have those  
But sometimes words are too much

Or not enough

"Why are you so quiet"  
I smile to myself  
And shrug