

Untitled:

Your lips, gentle and smooth, part with soft movement
And your eyes, though brown, are more than such,
Flickering with flakes of amber and gold.
The dark center holds the universe
And I fear that if I look too deep
I will fall into their grasps and never return.
I wonder if I will ever be able to escape from this black hole
I call a feeling.
Because each time your features enter my eyes
They change in the best of ways,
Showing in detail the way your hair moves
And the pigment of your skin.
The skin that I so desperately want to be close to
And if not I scratch in futile attempts to feel something.
Your arms wrap around anything but me
Each moment is a sizzling burn
And I can't bear to watch the spreading fire.
The warmth that radiates only makes me colder,
Freezing over my heart and breaking it from the inside out.
It is nothing but shards of glass, pasted together.
Pieces fall from the whole as the glue barely holds on,
Broken glass pierces my skin with every movement you make.
And I wonder what it feels like to not care about you.
If only we could pretend to be strangers,
Then maybe eventually it'll become true.
Watching it in movies, it looks easy,
But they don't know how hard it is to let go of someone
Who was meant to be yours since the beginning.

I could never forget the way your eyes squint a little when you laugh.
And when you smile, dimples form on each side.
How when you first touched my hand and looked into my eyes,
Time stopped and the world went blurry around me.
I could only see you.
Your lips, gentle and smooth, parted with soft movement
And your eyes, though brown, were more than such,
Flickering with flakes of amber and gold.
The dark center that held the universe
Sucked me into this black hole I call a feeling.
You pulled me into your grasps
And I wonder if I will ever escape.

Preludes:

Such a sad symphony that played before me.

Its minor chords filled my skull,

And poured out through my eyes,

Showing light in the most brilliant of ways.

Like a stained glass window.

I was the cathedral,

Echoing each note into the heavens,

And breaking the clouds with a sorrowful tune.

Forest:

My childhood flashes in my mind

As I look at a piece of sea glass.

Sun shines through it like a prism,

Casting beautiful colors around the room.

I remember a day when nothing mattered;

When life was carefree and calm.

Each day was like a song

And I'd sing a chorus without worry.

Hurricane:

Everything happens all at once,
The storm never seeming to cease.
Fire destroys everything in its path,
And nothing can put it out.
Each attempt is as empty as the field it sits in.
Where the roses had bloomed, ashes now sit,
And the beauty that once flourished is replaced with grey.
The sun releases a heat that no being can withstand,
Until nothing in this world remains but darkness.
The things that matter most no longer have meaning,
And reaching the boiling point has never been so easy.
Small pieces of hope cling to anything it can,
But nothing is as strong as the darkness.
In this moment no one is safe from the hurricane.
It will ravage anyone in its path,
And will take you down in a matter of seconds,
Consuming anything that so much as looks at it.
Breathing becomes difficult as the eye of the storm collapses in on the world,
Causing an entire universe to sink into itself,
And break into a million little pieces.

Garden Of My Mind:

It hurts without you.

As if my heart is a wilting flower.

Once blooming with life, it is now dry and shriveled

Surrounded by thorny weeds that wish to harm the garden.

Only your water can bring me back to life.

With a single drop the color begins to return

Brightening the world little by little.

Each day the soil grows weaker and the ground cracks

With thirst for your life-bringing touch.