

The Aftermath

Neck deep into a bottle and I still can't erase you.

No matter how numb I force myself to get, it's as if you're permanently etched in my foolish mind.

I wish I would have known, "I love you" didn't mean infinity,

Or that your absence would make me ache in every fiber of my being.

They say time heals all wounds, yet I lose another piece of who I am every day.

I drown myself in all ways I know how,

Just to hope you'll hear me gasping for air.

Insecurities swarm my mind like bees to honey,

How could I be so ignorant in thinking I was special?

The words you spoke were nothing but fake and feeble strategies for keeping me within your grasp.

You thought releasing me would set me free,

yet my mind has me trapped like a prisoner, allowing no bail or mercy.

So, here I am, staring at a bottle as empty as you left me,

Wondering how the hell I will ever survive this confinement.

Solitude

Sitting on your favorite chair sipping warm tea;

you're in complete solitude.

The sun has made its debut after taking a lengthy hiatus.

Today seems...different.

The birds are anything but bashful about their songs.

You catch yourself humming along.

The air you breathe feels lighter today,

refreshing.

As you gaze out the window with all of the beauty that surrounds you,

you wonder how you've ever felt sadness.

Promise. Promise me, promise yourself,

promise the sun, you won't let the clouds steal you away again.

Newness

He said the music I listened to was unlike anything he'd ever heard
An introduction to lyrics that held meaning
The incense that roamed my apartment awakened senses within him he didn't even know
existed
The prints that smothered my clothing were different than the typical miniskirts he'd lay down
with after a long night of consumption
The words that flowed from my mouth made his brain work overtime,
Trying to decipher the meaning and emotions that stood behind them
I was different. I was new.
I was a woman who wasn't afraid to express herself in the only ways she knew how.
But, that newness became normalcy.
The lyrics became depressing
The scents grew stale.
The clothing wasn't revealing enough.
The words were just words.
She didn't change,
His excitement did.