

Growing Pains.

I've been meaning to tell you
That I am ready to play house again
We can live in the weeping willows on the lakeside
I promise I am ready now
We can lose our goggles in the deep end
& I'll burn my feet on the poolside pavement
I'm ready to be young now
So on newborn hands I'll spin off the moon
& *fly out of this place*

I am ready now, to see the city on fathers shoulders
I am heavy now
& I am no longer his little girl, but I am ready to be young now
Not here though, not with them
Not this place

I felt better as a baby on your back
I wrap in my own arms tonight
But I am ready to be held now
Not here though, not in their arms
Not in this place

I've got growing pains from never growing up
I'm getting older yet I was never young
We are getting taller but I stayed down there
I'm ready to grow old now
But not here, not in this way
Not this place

I've been meaning to tell you that I have found the voice
To tell the wise girl; to grab her by the shoulders and shake out her wisdom
Said

"Stop with your wise words and go be so unbearably childish. You must teeth on their ignorance little girl, you deserve to be young. Wipe that stern look off your face, you are allowed to be soft."

In this day; I am still young and the small girl is still here, as is the little woman
So I need not to be a wise girl today
I think I'll be young today.

- **Sienna Zephyr**

Speech is a bellowing
So words, they eat at my voice
They dance on my skin
Suture my jaw
Sew me up
My truth is *ugly*
So I am a liar

I'm a liar on my bitten tongue
It is a bluff when I bore you
I am deceitful in my yearning
A deluder in my bias
I am a fool when I indulge
& a liar in love

I am a lout in the way I hang on words
An imposter in the stories I tell; *that I never told*
I am a liar when I fail to give voice to my sentiments

I am a liar in the veneers I've wrapped you in
& in the blood stains that say *I love you*

I am a cheat in the vintage papers
A liar in my calligraphy
& In the letters you'll never get wind of

I am a liar for the chance they'll burn
on the warmth of my literature
I'm trying to *protect you*
I'm not sure I am digestible
Everything I'd like to say, it is awfully delicate
Yet a blade to swallow

When you see me in raw form
Please do not wince at my disfigure

I am trying to be *brave*

So let me be a liar
Let me be a pretty liar
& May you never know of the very things that matter
Because I am afraid
I am afraid of being *ugly*
& I'd be a liar to deny the certainty
In that it has taken everything inside of me
To not tell you the *truth*.

**-Sienna Zephyr
A Pretty Liar**

When autumn is a breeze away,
air is a goosebump & we don't nest where we used to. When fall is fleeting & colors pass quietly.
When the sun runs dry, bathe by the fire.
Char in the garnished coverlet & throw in summer's quilt.
Listen to the lull behind our tree.
You cut out my seasons.
& *and we were born in the backwoods.*
But when a snowfall is suffocating
& safety is not to wander
I'd stand by your door in particles of our blizzard
& when you harden in the cold
I'd rise the sun for you.

**-Sienna Zephyr
Seasons In the Backwoods**

I'm afraid we are running out of time... *isn't this the hysteria of the human condition?*
Yesterday the moon disappeared for a while & she ripped the ground from beneath us.
Air held her breath, so we'd treasure her exhale.
The clocks; a grieving timepiece; a mention of the time elapsed.
& Just as we've recognized the significance of words, speech began to crumble.
This is the anxiety that swallows us whole.
& we are at war with time; when all it ever does is pass; when all we ever do is remember.

Look at us, in hysterics over mortality.

This is the paradox of it all: *We are paralyzed by a fear that mortality will sweep us before we can exist, so they will never hear us live.*

-Sienna Zephyr
When Time Bursts

What ludicrous thoughts you live in

& it has always been you.

I'm afraid silence will steal me before you can.

what a shameful prisoner i am

Your affection is so brave, it paints me so cowardly.

Listen, this is limerence as it swallows me whole. Before you can know it all, watch it spill out my eyes. This growl in my lungs.

This loathsome name, a maggot in my mind. It harasses my sleep. I won't tell you; you have no idea what you do to me; you have no idea I love you. What a sorry line that is.

What a sorry thing I am for you.

-Sienna Zephyr
Voiceless Limerence