

Butterflies and Bees

alissa.



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

For Katie, wholl's been my #1 fan always.

About the author

For my short existence, writing has been the only therapy that seems to work.

summary

121

Give it Time

Dead love

dear you

Draining.

My Little Bee

Once my artist had fled

Saved.

stars.

The Art of Living

The Bittersweet Moment of Letting Him Go.

The Snowstorms of the Heart

121

*Your mattress was set on the floor, older than I'd ever know.
lumpy and uncomfortable.
This is where we spent our time; all of our firsts.
Our first kiss, our first petty fight, the list goes on.
It took place on this mattress that stabbed me with its springs
and pained my back. Still, I wouldn't say a single complaint.
The awkward marks would stain my skin,
and yet that old mattress is exactly where I stayed.
You were worth it then. I tolerated it all for you.
and then you left.
By the time you had finally returned,
you'd upgraded to a real bed, large and soft.
Comfortable enough for me
to be able to actually sleep on it a time or two.
But it was never really the same.*

Give it Time

Met with a disappointing, tainted view on the life lived,
greeted by chaos and heartbreak around every corner.
Rubble and dust stand in the way of paved paths
so hurdles must be jumped and knees will be scraped.
Destined to fail and fail again. A vicious, repetitive cycle:
Try, fail. Try, fail. Try, fail. Until arms are shaking, foreheads sweating,
and legs go limp. Hands can't hold on anymore.
The falling has arrived. Endless hole, undiscovered by most.
A dark pit that after an eternity of falling teaches how to let go.
Eventually, a hand may grip a ladder or a foot might find the stairs.
The climbing takes forever but then the eyes can see the sun
for the first time in a long, long time. It hurts at first,
terrifyingly bright and blinding. But then it is warm.
Hearts thaw. Minds open. Darkness is broken. Letting go has become easy
but loving may still be hard as stone. Pillows still meet tears
as the moon is reunited with the stars. But, when the sun arises to
open eyes, the waves in them have long since dried.
As the days carry on, two pairs of eyes seem to catch each other.
Two hands teach themselves how to hold on. Two sets of lips
learn to speak their own language. The hearts are connected for
the rest of two entire lifetimes. Two fingers wear silver,
one featuring diamonds, as a symbol of an unbreakable bond.
The ocean still visits, dragging two lungs into the tide and
replacing the air with its water. But the hands have learned
to hold on the same way they were taught to let go.
The legs kick safely back to shore each and every time.
Two wages are earned and a house becomes a home.
A stomach begins to grow, forming a new life. Three souls become a family.
Though the darkness still lurks, the light has finally learned how to shelter.

~Give it time.

Dead love

Two in the morning;

"I miss you."

Can't you tell that I'm done mourning

this dead love that I've lost too?

dear you

Dear you, wherever you are,
It's been a long road that you and I have travelled on.
I had a lovely time next to you but it is time to part.
In all honesty, I thought we'd make it to the end, side by side.
Though while it is different without you on my beside me,
my breath seems to come more effortlessly, without hesitation.
I no longer have to stop my heartbeat, worrying I'll interrupt yours.
I no longer have to carry the weight of both of us on my back.
I no longer have to keep all the screams inside of myself.
All I have to do now is get through the memories,
the beautiful, damning memories. They are often too much to handle.
But though the paths we chose are different,
I hope yours leads you to beautiful things and self-discovery,
and everything else you've been searching for.
Just as mine has.
I needed you to get through, I truly did. So thank you.
However that is all over now. Over and done.
All we are now is dangerous for each other.
So please take this as an apology for the separation.
I couldn't hold onto both of us any longer.
So I had to let you go.

Draining.

You send me down an abyss, endlessly attempting to grasp a ledge.

Problems you cause for yourself push me further.

I do not know how to stop your self-destructive rampage.

Trying to talk some sense to you is arguing with a storm,

the only response being a strike of lightning

and an angry army of raindrops. *To fill yourself, you drain me.*

A mop bucket used to clean your personal messes.

A welcome mat in which you wipe all of your issues onto.

My Little Bee

My Little Bee,

I have watched you earn your wings.

Hours upon hours

turning to years and years,

you've worked without break,

even attempting once or twice

to break yourself down to fit

into the tight places

you believed were necessary

to fulfill the journey that's

led here, to this point.

Shortly, you will be given your crown

and be the queen of this

whole fucking colony that's

always overlooked you.

~I could not be more proud.

Once my artist had fled

Once my artist had fled my life,
seeking shelter from their storm elsewhere,
I had begun creating my own abstract masterpieces.
The only tears that had fallen were drawn onto
paper and filled with the brightest colors
known to mankind.
The only pain felt was turned into
pedals on blossoming flowers.
In the lines of this art, you could not find
"I miss you" jotted down anywhere,
no matter how hard you looked.
Once my artist had fled,
the invisible cap they had put
on my creative hands had vanished for good.

~I became my own artist

Saved.

The room went silent and for a second,
the screaming voices stopped, no more yelling,
only heavy breathing.

She took one last look at him and simply
whispered "why won't you let me save you?"

When his eyes refused to meet hers, she
walked out and never looked back.

*They never spoke again and she saved
herself instead.*

stars.

she was stars in the middle of the day;
beautiful,
but so terribly out of place.

The Art of Living

To who it may concern,

Life is temporary and death is necessary. However, you should not live just to die.

We need to live for the simplest things that make us feel so intensely.

Live for the way he says your name and live for the way her heartbeat

mimics all of your favorite songs. Live for the heartbreaks and for

the healing that follows, there will always be healing. Live for the

hate that you hold for those who have done you so dirty. And live

to learn to let it go, to find relief when you are able to forget it.

Hate does nothing but weigh you down. Live for the way tea tastes

early in the morning but also for the rush coffee gives in the middle

of an endless night. Live for the drunken talks at 3 a.m. with the boy

who may never love you back but do not forget about all of those who

you were incapable of returning love to; live for them too.

Create all of the memories that those on their deathbeds regret

not sculpting themselves. Live to love, not to create some

metaphorical "mark" on the world that will eventually fade

anyway. Live to make the world a little more beautiful. Do not

live to make yourself a little more beautiful to the world, that

with patience, will come on its own.

The Bittersweet Moment of Letting Him Go.

The sound of the rain hitting the window
mimics the sound of his heartbeat as you sit
and you try to not think about him.
How his black hair was soft to the touch
just like your soft heart that he had no problem pulling from you.
How his eyes were the brightest damn star you'd ever seen.
You just cannot forget him.
So you simply try to not think.
However, that is all you can do at this point.
Sit and wallow in your thoughts.
Break yourself open. Pull yourself back together.
Until you realize that is all you really have.
Yourself and your soft, soft heart.
Kind enough to let that broken stranger in
and to even try to put him back together for no benefit
but his.
He did not deserve you. You know this.
You always have.
And so you let go. Release the baggage
he has left you for several months.
Allow yourself to breathe using the lungs
he sucked the life out of.
He may look so angelic in your mind,
but my darling, the Devil is a master
of disguise.

The Snowstorms of the Heart

Eyes widen and the cold takes over.
You can't take back what you've said,
you can't take back what you've done.
You cannot take back the damage,
but you hope, you wish, you pray
that you could. Eyes widen, words grow
shorter, leaving a million miles between.
And it's colder now. An endless chill.
Snowstorm, blizzard flowing between
you two. Freezing, stiffness, quiet, end.
But the cold is left, freezing your bones
because your heart is already a stone,
touched by nothing but the angry
hands of the ice, consuming you
whole. Eventually, you're gone. From
them, from yourself, from all of it.
Over, done, frozen. Numbness,
melting, warmth. And then you do
one of two things: ***Find yourself
or find somebody else.***