

# Poetry

Alexandria Potter

Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## Dedication

*Dedicated to my wonderfully supportive family.*

## About the author

Alexandria is a highschool senior in Western PA. She has the wonderful uniqueness of being a triplet. Poetry was always an interest, but it took until her junior year for Alexandria to realize how meaningful it could really be. Most of her poems are based off of things happening around her and through her life, however a few are simply perfect just because of the beauty of the right words when put together the right way. Along with her poetry, Alexandria adds another form of art to her publications through photos. All photos shown with her poems were taken by Alexandria herself. Alexandria plans to attend college for design, and continue her passion for art and poetry.

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## **Vs. Nature**

The river runs longer than the road.  
Everything all living things used to know.  
The sound echoes in my head.  
I'll try to forget it you know I will, but I can't.  
The concrete suffocates the ground  
The lights outshine the stars.

I hate every bit of it.  
But I am the one who put it there.



## This is She

She's more to me than just a face;  
than just a body.  
She's the epitome of allure and balance.  
Whimsy and merriment.  
Humanity and simplicity.  
To me, She is every little thing.

## Oblivious

Your artificial darkness obviates my natural light.  
The moon shot a beam right at you but you shielded your eyes.  
The anger I feel now pales in comparison to the anger I felt.  
But it's there...  
glowing so vividly in this light.  
This artificial light that I've now created for myself.  
Complete opposition of what you see.  
As it's always been.

## A Space

Whether you're walking through walls or breaking down doors,  
You're getting into a space prescribed as mine.  
A promised space of safety and privacy.  
That is no longer mine alone.  
Everything I have now is yours too.  
Even my space.  
My safety.  
My privacy.

## 9 weeks

9 weeks,  
to get to know you.  
to open up to you.  
to love you.  
to lose you.

## Felo-de-se

My hypothetical felo-de-se.  
The epistle that accompanies it.  
Nothing gets me more than the pain I ache for.  
The anguish that elates me so.  
I yearn not for my unhappiness,  
but for the guilt it will burry deep into the chassis of your being.  
and to say I'm cruel for such criminal needs?  
I challenge you to wonder why.

## Life is Short So Be Swift to Love..

You make no sense.

"Life is short so be swift to love,"

yet you make me wait.

When will I know how you'll react

when I tell you what you mean to me...

back and forth all the time.

You love me, then I love you.

Never do we love eachother.

How long will it be until you need me

while I need you?

I could wait forever...

but I won't.

## Passengers

All the pilots afraid of heights  
turn off your engines  
and burn our fates.  
It's only for us that  
you're holding on so tightly  
to these imaginary bonds,  
which you're no longer fighting.

## Say Something Nice

Say something nice.  
Make me feel like I deserve to hear it, too.  
Give me one sentence, one phrase,  
that just makes my day.  
Please, for God's sake!  
Just say something nice...  
you always used to...  
but it's been years.  
All it is now is "do this," "do that,"  
and I think you're beautiful,  
especially when you  
say something nice.



## Golden Gray Silence

Silence is gray.

Silence is golden.

Shut your eyes to push away,  
or to *drift* away.

I love not to lose,  
but to remember.

## Falling Bodies

Our love is that second.

The one before falling bodies hit the ground.

It's the second before a 1999 turned to 2000.

The second that you remember something before you forget it again.

or that brief, brief, second

that the world stops spinning,

waves stop crashing,

but wind blows harder than ever before.

You and I can make that second last for years.

## Acid rain

Acid falls with her tears,  
I've always wondered why.  
Knowing her all these years,  
until now to see her cry.  
With acid burning through her face,  
she shows no sign of pain.  
She moves along with such grace  
among the acid rain.

## Up and Out

Fell up and out of the sea,  
into the sky.  
Pushed clouds out of the way as not to break them.  
Fell higher  
and higher still,  
passed the stars.  
so fast.  
Enough to reverse time  
or stop it all together.

## Phantom

When did we stop?  
Seeing spirits in the dark.  
You told me every time  
especially when you saw mine.  
To share this fortuitous vision  
able to see only the slightest apparitions.  
And somehow in complete irony  
You've become a faint ghost to me.

## Happenstance

You shove off the strange happenings.  
Blame them on your subconscious.  
Serendipity has no page in your book.  
Don't you realize that fate is reaching out for you  
you can't see that he's waving his hand right in front of your eyes.  
Omens on omens and signs on signs  
but you just stop for a second.  
Maybe this itself is a sign,  
however coincidences *do* happen.

## From Venus to Mars

I'd go from Venus to Mars if I could.  
I'd float through the darkness to stand where you stood.  
I'd go through a place without rain, wind, or weather,  
so that you and I may stand there together.  
On past Earth, filled with everyone else  
to look you in the eyes and feel how you've felt.  
"It's been too long," as my eyes fill with tears,  
"to me it's been weeks but for you it's been years."  
Around the sun in a perfect ellipse,  
never to meet until an eclipse.  
Our planets revolve around the same object,  
just not in sync and no one can stop it.

## Don?t Stop People in the Night

Don't stop people in the night.

-not because it's seedy-

but because emotion tides are high.

Something about the darkness opens our mouths  
to the things we keep away.

Don't stop people in the night

-not because it's pointless-

but because you may also let out the hidden.

The next sunrise only to regret having said anything.  
trying to forget.

Don't stop people in the night

-not because you're tired-

but because you're lonely.

your sense is hiding just behind your pain  
the longing longs still yet, into the morning.



## Nostalgic Lament

I'm living it now,  
but soon enough I won't be.  
Complete abhorrence.  
Later- nostalgic lament.  
It happened once already,  
nothing will stop it from repeating itself.  
over and over.  
Always wanting what I can't have.  
Never happy with what is now.

## Original Sin

You begged and you cried opposing rebirth,  
When handed rejection you must deal with it.

When heaven didn't want you, you were thrown down to earth,  
and for some reason, down here, that's a compliment.

How could they not want you, an ordinary man,  
you're useless up there but here needed.

A rigged system in your eyes, you did what one can,  
forgiveness for your sins you pleaded.

Your evil thoughts alone were not the cause,  
but the unforgivable deed of incompetence.

You ignored all the rules and disobeyed all the laws,  
and now you can enjoy the consequence.

## Hear Me

If I decide to give up,  
will you promise not to save me?  
If you've pushed me to that point,  
will you promise not to pull me away from it?  
Like a piece of aluminum,  
the more you bend me,  
the more susceptible to breaking I become.  
Each time getting closer and closer,  
until one day I snap.  
Any day now.  
Any hour. Minute. Second.  
So please, if I go one way don't bend me the other.  
Hear me.

## Marbles

Looking into marbles as if they're your eyes.  
seeing right past the little white lies.  
All you're doing is protecting a heart  
of one who didn't love you, not since the start.

but I've been here watching and waiting alone  
So that some day I might be handed the throne.  
right through the glass of marbles ahead  
You'll see me barely hanging on by a thread.

But the glass of those marbles seems to be blurry.  
still you signal to me to stay calm and not worry.  
How can you say that with confidence I lack  
I miss all the moments now looking back.

I had you right there in the palm of my hand  
But nothing had gone the way I had planned.  
Each thought sends a pain right to my chest  
you ignored all my words of feelings expressed.

Traveling hours from sand to snow  
Stopped with 3 gone and 7 to go  
You'll come to me, so I'll turn around.  
I'm throwing those marbles hard at the ground.

## Even if

We sit and we plan.

We make promises and we vow to keep them.

We tell each other of our profound thoughts and of our enlightened moments.

And even if our plans fall through,

And even if our promises aren't kept,

And even if we stop thinking profoundly and stop feeling enlightened,

theres no one I'd rather get lost with.

## Let it Sink

What you create is what you want it to be.  
It is yours entirely.  
It's not about what the world wants to see,  
It's about what ever keeps your boat above the water.  
And if for some reason you're seasick,  
let it sink.

## The Fear of the Unknown

You reached out to clench the chain,  
then the chain clenched back,  
pulled you deep and let you go.  
You fell and you fell.  
You finally land,  
and again you lean in for the cold metal links.  
you know what will happen.  
But you need the stability of knowing you'll fall,  
because you fear what might supervene if you don't.

## Raging Flames

The only thing separating us  
from the primitive animals of whom we fear,  
are the minds we are equipped with.  
They have the incentive and the intention  
of kindling the fire of our perceptions  
and igniting our thought,  
which burns so angrily into each day  
in order to maintain a harmony,  
and to strive toward a truce.  
However you use that flame for none of the aforementioned.  
You take the flame and you light a cigarette.  
Drugs of  
lust,  
contempt,  
greed,  
envy,  
pride,  
indolence,  
and gluttony,  
rolled neatly in a piece of paper.  
The same paper your signature used to reside.  
A contract.  
The contract.  
Broken.



## Silver Charcoal

Sometimes I feel like I can do anything  
Only to then consider that I haven't yet done anything.  
A Silver future  
With a charcoal past.  
Almost Up in the clouds of discovery  
And just crawling up from the dirt of lethargy.

## Yesterday

The beautiful golden glow of the room  
and the feeling of pure relief.  
A memory unlike many others.  
Staring into the glazed eyes of a confident  
I am demanding my mind to remember that very moment

In my so-called incontinence,  
I find no sin, as I'm told I'm supposed to.  
Strangely, guilt is replaced with something different,  
almost a sadness...

A sadness that a moment like that  
may not come together quite the same way.

## A Question

For whom is there beauty if not the beholder?  
Where can I sob, if not on your shoulder?  
What's there in that dazzling brown eye,  
more important to you than where I can cry?  
Your only way of knowing just how I feel  
is by creating a wound and watching it heal.  
By living through loss, and living through gain,  
is a far better way to know someone's pain.  
I had you once, but I didn't know,  
so you picked up and left, and I just let you go.

## Sea & Sky

I can't beleive this.  
Poor me. Poor you.  
I hate it all.  
I hate you. I hate me.  
I hate the sea and the sky  
and I especially hate  
the light I've seen you in all these years.  
A light that manipulates you to be  
the person you happened to have been for a brief time  
...when I met you.

## Disguised Rainbow

Mother sees only red.  
Father sees only green.  
Sister sees only blue.  
And brother can't see.

## Lovesick

Man if it weren't so contagious.  
You had it and then got too close to me.  
So now I have it.  
It's a shame you got better though,  
because I'm not,  
and I think it's terminal.

## Moon on the Ground

I couldn't stand the blinds being down.  
I opened them up and saw the moon on the ground.  
Moon on the snow, the trees, and the wall.  
Stars shone through the ice like a crystal ball.  
I pulled in my focus to something more real,  
the rosery that hangs from my windowsill.  
I ached that He helps me find my way out;  
I was silent, though, with not one yell or shout.  
I cried just enough to cool myself down,  
but if I cry anymore, I'm afraid I might drown.

## Windy

Staring out of a window  
into a green and orange world of half burnt trees  
from inside the striped walls of a temporary "home,"  
I would shake and worry.  
Who knows why,  
but something about even the slightest sway of the distant tree would frighten me.  
Now I beg to see the topiary dance in the wind from that window.  
Now I beg that those striped walls would surround me again,  
for temporary is something we always miss,  
once it's gone.



## Crystal Clarity

I wrote a song the other day.  
You heard it's melody,  
and tried so hard to make it about yourself.  
But the lyrics didn't fit.  
So you applied them to him instead, and suddenly  
crystal clarity.  
but what you didn't know...  
what even I didn't know...  
the song was about me.  
to me.  
from me.  
by me.  
for me.  
and it took you to make me see that.

## Seriously

No one takes me seriously.  
I'd wish to say I can't stand it,  
and that I'm sick of it,  
but that would make me incredibly hypocritical.  
I don't even take me seriously.

## I?m sorry

I love you so much right now,  
and nothing could ever change that,  
no matter how bad you hurt me.  
and I know for a fact, that you loved me too.  
I would just like to know what I did,  
that was cruel enough  
for you to stop.  
Because if you felt as I do now,  
it had to have been evil.

## Missing You

It's so cruel of you to be yourself.

I'm surrounded by such potent you-ness.

its all good but only in a lie.

The damn sea mixed with the damn sky and now I can't tell them apart.

I'm filled with rage but not for you.

Not everything I have, is for you.

## With Such Sight

Everything beautiful all at once.

Why me?

What can I do with such sight?

If no one is to know what I know,

why bother me with the pain of trying to force them?

Nothing is worse and nothing is better.

## An Oasis in a Desert.

You're at a party that's really getting dry  
you wish it was wet so they couldn't see you cry.  
you look out the window built into the door,  
you want it to rain, yeah you want it to pour.

But the rain won't come and your heart sinks more.  
It finds its way on down and it hits the floor.  
Sinks down and hits the dirt,  
puddles tried to save it from hurt

An oasis in a desert.

It's full of people with loud lungs  
that can't hold their breath because that's no fun.  
Everyone's so thirsty but they wont drink,  
there's even alcohol coming out of the sink.

So the water stays out and the room stays dry,  
you sink even more while every one's high.  
the tears start dripping  
you're heart starts ripping

An oasis in a desert.

In a room around you that seems to be full,  
but not of water no, its not a pool,  
there comes a face way back from behind the crowd  
you focus on a him and not the music that's loud.

Another person that looks just as drained  
his feet are soar, and his shirt is stained.

His eyes fill the ocean.  
With all your emotion.

An oasis in a desert.

## Fairly Criminal

Nothing illegal.  
Nothing immoral.  
Nothing painful,  
emotionally or physically.  
But there's something  
fairly criminal about it.  
Maybe the adrenaline rush.  
Maybe the freedom I feel.  
Maybe just knowing I shouldn't.  
Whatever it is,  
I love it.



## The Reaction of Relief

It usually takes a lifetime to build up enough tension for a reaction of relief.

For me It's been 217 months and 8 days, and I'm there.

This not meaning I will actively strive for this relief.

But if it shall actively strive for me, I'd do all but evade it.

I'm not afraid, and frankly, I crave it.

## Far too personal

You need to find a way to  
Love me like I'm already gone.  
Already far from here and farther from you.  
Distant from the distance.  
Because you're gone. And I  
Love you more than ever.  
so with high hopes and strong wishes  
I pray that my absence does a similar thing to you.  
The dreams that have indulged me with your presence  
are as close to you as I'll ever be again.  
but suddenly this poem is getting too personal.

## Clarinets and Clouds

It must have been the dogs barking faintly down the street,  
or the pavement with little white stones in it.  
It could have been the way the trees tangled in the power lines  
that hung above the garage.  
The flowers that lined the entire curving driveway.  
The airplane whizzing by far above our heads.  
The white satin clouds staying afloat in the indigo sky.  
Or were they floating away?  
It was the good world all in a moment I can't help but hold onto forever.  
Clarinets almost hum in my ears every time I live in the past.

## Opposites in a Sense

Which one were you? The sea or the sky? If you were the sea, I ask to be the shore. If you were the sky, let me be the sun! But I am neither the shore or the sun and you are both the sea and the sky. You're both and I'm neither, but I guess we are still opposites in a sense.

## Leave it to me

How many times do I have to say I love you before he says it back?

And then how many more before he means it?

How many times can I pour out my heart before he is numb to it?

Have I surpassed that?

It's too late. The answer doesn't matter anyhow.

He will never say it back.

he never means anything.

he was always numb,

so there's nothing to surpass.

Leave it to me to answer my own questions, after all, no one else will.

## Airplanes

Staring down from way up  
Do you get the desire to know  
what it's like to fall from such heights?

And when you look up from way below,  
Do you get the desire to know  
what it's like to fly away from these places?

How often do we stand and wonder for the other? How often? I'd rather imagine that we didn't, but  
imagination can go so far.

## Hotel Coffee

Dangling feet off of balcony railings,  
Tired eyes out of hotel windows.  
The cool white sheets and the cheap dim lighting.  
Waking up to pretty good hotel coffee.  
And going right back to bed.  
With the one who has the same music in his head.  
The same need to stare at the ceiling and absorb the time.

## Sisters

We can't do this through letters.

You think the only thing we could share is blood, but we both have feelings, and thoughts, and words. Can't we share *them*?

And through our speech-

not our pens, which drain the ache in our voices and hollow out the meaning.

Beleive me, I can try and we would be fine, but it's your turn. Your turn to fill the ache in our voices and take up space in the meaning.



## Drawing the Room

I have these long periods of absorption.

Where I sit and try to remember every last detail of a moment. The color of the wall paper.

The pitch and echo of our voices.

The smell of cheap street food and the sound of angry taxi drivers laying on their horns  
so far in the distance that it's just background sound to sleep to.

## Incredibly Naive

Why am I so naive.  
I listen to music not to hear it but to see what you listen to.  
Thinking you do the same.  
You listen to hear though. And probably to dance.  
with her.  
I Listen to every lyric sung,  
In songs that I expect are about me.  
They aren't though. To you, they don't even have lyrics.  
just sound.  
Not one reminds you of me?  
Not one?  
There is one song I know though. The only one without words.  
i know you hear me in it.  
So incredibly naive.

## Cold Room

Being lonely brings out the beauty in others.  
So much that I look at him and want to throw up the butterflies.  
They feel like entire birds.  
In the cold room where I sleep  
I see him there too.  
The devious tricks my eyes play.  
I do enjoy that moment of shock though.  
Do I ever...

## Dazed Blue

You have the sea and the sky  
But I offer the ocean and the atmosphere.  
A delicate royal and azure,  
Or a gentle cobalt and navy?  
Cool and refreshing from the warmth you know.  
What I mean is  
why  
not  
me?

## Give me more time

Each time I talk to you, I miss you more.  
And I realize each time  
That we are fleeting.  
Suddenly unconditional and continuous is deficiente.  
And now vacillation and fear build.  
I should have kissed you longer.  
I should have noticed your hand on my waist sooner.

## Just be Ink

Just be ink on paper.

Just be a shadow under a streetlight.

Just be a sound across the church.

Just be company in an empty diner.

Just be money in their pockets.

Just take up space in one way or another and no one will notice when you stop.

## True and False

Who is to decide the difference between reality and dreams.  
I mean who says which one is real?  
My dream about rabbits jumping from the ceiling ...  
felt more real  
than the kisses he planted on my lips last night.  
Was he a dream come true?  
Maybe.  
But there wasn't a whole lot of truth involved.  
He doesn't love  
but rabbits do jump,  
So I'm just asking who it is that gets to tell me  
what's real  
and what's not.

## 3rd Street

I'm just viewing from across the street through the windows.  
I can't hear the music they're dancing to  
but it's *all* they can hear.  
They dance like no one is watching.  
its almost as if hearing the music would ruin this for me.  
The girl with curly hair floats so gently,  
It's just pure dancing without anything else.  
No one is trying to flirt.  
No one is trying to socialize.  
They know they're in a room of windows,  
And yet they dance like I would if no one would see.  
They see each other and don't care.  
I think it's known they need it just the same.



## Click

It's crazy, I remember it like a snapshot.  
A whole moment in one frame.

But I also don't remember it at all.  
What was happening around him?  
What was happening around me?

I remember something was blue,  
his eyes were brown and weren't looking at me.  
But they may have been seconds before.  
Regardless ours didn't meet.

It was stupid and cheesy  
the way the light fell  
and the wind blew.

He leaned forward slightly  
pushing his palms into the handle bars.  
His eyes shifted from left to right  
in search of something  
or maybe just to seem uninterested?

His eyebrows tilted upward toward each other,  
but not out of concern,  
they just do that sometimes.

click.

Now I can't forget it.

Does this mean we are in love?

## Where?

Was it amidst the construction on Eton Drive?  
Or the house on Mango Street?  
It easily could have been the kitchen on Seabrook Island,  
Or maybe the couch in Lago De Vita,  
No, now I remember.  
It was the shower.  
It doesn't matter where. It could have been any and every shower.  
That's where the revelation took place.  
I'm alone. We all are.

## Error

I typed it once and it wouldn't send.  
The message failed so I tried it again.  
The second time the error occurred,  
I realized how my heart was insured.  
I knew too well in the back of my mind  
that every time I love, I become too blind.  
He doesn't really want to hear my voice  
He listens to my words but it's all just noise.  
The feelings can't reach from him to me,  
Can't pass through forests or over the sea.  
I'll hold his memory close, and not let it go  
That's all I'll have, and that's all I'll know.

## 379 Miles

A house built for 5 instead of 500.

The comforts of home.

I wasn't ready to just be thrown away from it.

Suddenly realizing things will never be the same.

I miss you Mom.

Dad.

The smell of cinnamon and dust in the fall.

The smell of salt and soap in the summer.

But no matter where I go now the smells are the same and so are the people.

Nothing's quite enough

And satisfaction is distant and impossible for now.

## An-Other

She likes *another* boy.

She likes an *other* boy.

Add him to the list.

Not me.

Never me.

## Thunder

I hear thunder when I cry  
You love until you hate someone.  
Until you hate them to their very core.  
That's how you can tell I loved you.  
But the thunder pounds inside my head  
because I never loved him,  
so why do I hate him so so much?

## Fourth Wall

All those stupid "unique" movies about how youth matters but it doesn't. Sick contradictions that all we do is nothing

but that everything we do is beautiful.

Beautiful and useless?

Pardon me if that's not what I want.

I want real and tacky and comfortable.

## Conversing with my Conscience

Between conversations with my conscience ,  
when my shadow moves from behind me to before  
me;  
away from the passing lights,  
all their names rush through my head.  
There are good ones and bad ones, but there's no "one"  
There's no one.  
I'm home and I'm still not at home,  
That's a shame.  
How far do you think you're going to drive me?  
I don't want to have to walk in the rain.  
I know He'll walk with me, dodging drops together,  
but *man* am I going to get lost the minute I jump out of the moving car.



## the days of not needing you

It's just me forgetting to hit send and not really caring that I did.

It's me returning the same apathy you hit me with a year ago.

And now all of a sudden you can't stand it.

You must miss the attention.

It's me laying alone at night and not swishing your name through my head.

In fact, I just get to sleep.

If I want to, I can see the yellow and pink haze on the shore line.

But I can paint you out of the scene if I so desire,

And I do.

A beautiful memory still, even without you in it.

This is called getting over it.

## TGIF

I loved the way the lights bounced from red to green and changed the color of our shirts as often as we bounced from one house to another.

I loved how you felt free even if it wasn't all you.

I loved the people we met who were just as free as you, too.

And best of all, I loved how free I was and it was all me.

How astounding.

I loved the way they hated us and we didn't care.

And the way that I typed random letters into the title and it spelled out TGIF.

That's no coincidence.

May Friday never die until we do.

## Something

How nice it would be to have something  
A something something like you  
Or with you.  
How nice it would be to be with you face to face  
Close. Face to face.  
How nice it would be to just do everything and anything with you.  
To be everything to you.  
To do anything for you.  
How nice it would be to have you.

## Rose Colored Heartbreak

I love stories  
like My love stories  
an unleashed hurricane of worries.  
Deeper pitch and farthest twitch,  
The verdict here from long out juries.

Rose colored,  
nose covered  
winter silhouettes discovered.

Cold inside, she'll abide  
It's not from chills that she had shuddered.

Her darkest blue  
Your heartless-you,  
a world she must create anew.  
Drowning red upon the bed,  
all for a careless colored hue.

## **i want it to be you**

I love the shape of your eyes

The way I could stare at you through the corner of mine and see you staring right at me, not trying to pretend that you weren't.

The sweet taste of citrus on your lips

and the yellow diamonds that warmed the room around us.

I don't remember falling asleep in your arms,

I guess it just felt so natural.

An invigorating glow that almost overwhelms me when you touch me prevailed.

And the same glow when I touch you.

When I trace your features with my finger tips to feel something I have only ever imagined feeling, and trying to remember you for the next eternity that I shall not see you.

Somehow the dark blue in the corner pushed us away and closer. Away from all else, that is, and closer to each other.

a part of me is gone and I feel so at fault.

I see the shape of your eyes in others and I fall in love.

No one looks at me like you do. Im tired of pretending

and I haven't tasted the citrus since.

The diamonds are far away. The glow has gone, and the dark blue has lightened.

And now all I have is the memorized map of you on my fingertips, and sometimes, you can catch me tracing your outline in the cold air.

## I?m Shit

I'm shit because I think I need you to love me.

I'm shit because once you do, I don't want you to.

I'm shit because I can't manage my life right.

I'm shit because even though it's not that bad, I need the attention of it being that bad.

I'm shit because I want more than anything to love myself but I'm too lazy to try.

I'm utter *shit* simply because I think I am.

## Home Is a Time

I didn't want to go home because I thought home meant somewhere else.

Hot sun cooled by blue pools.

The little children running on the patio

And the fear on your face watching them slip.

The distorted lines of your face reflected in that very same blue pool.

Oh but how they danced when you smiled.

And you really did smile a lot.

But now you cry I think because the children stopped running on your patio.

Vicki doesn't pick flowers in the front yard anymore and Christopher doesn't sing in the car. I don't sit in the secret staircase and watch you plant the tulips. You don't plant the tulips.

No one calls for lost pets down the street, and you haven't seen your neighbor since those very days.

Those kids who drew the sun with chalk on the little white pebbles, I think they want their lives back... but I don't know how.

home isn't a place. It was a time.

## Christmas Light Arrangement

Sitting in a brown leather chair, warmed by the setting sunlight that now warms my face,  
I imagine being thin and happy and beautiful for the first time in forever.  
And I imagine you the way you already are; perfect.  
I imagine thinking nothing will go wrong and vowing to keep it that way forever.

After all, I said it to you before anyone else  
...that they'll know we love each other unlike I did of my parents.  
I imagine asking you before this pictured day how you dream it,  
so to accommodate both of our mere daydreams.  
After years of thinking and coming just within reach of making it real,  
To be let down by myself.  
Just me.

But not in this perfect world I want to see.  
We drove around looking at Christmas lights,  
and at that moment I realized that's only something I do with the people I love,  
so there it was decided.  
But I'm just imagining,  
    call me crazy,  
        call me lovestruck,  
            call me every young girl that ever fell in love.  
I'll see you there. Even if only in my thoughts.



## Love and Her Ivory Tusks

Tearing through the walls I built in spite  
With my own two hands, I crawled away from the site.  
Her ivory tusks pulled me up from the ground  
to pick me up and throw me back down.  
Silk tongues of soft memories in my mind  
Only for cold teeth to be so unkind.  
The minute she's there when the moment is gone,  
she doesn't leave and it just feels wrong.  
Her good intentions  
with perceived preventions  
have brief detentions.  
The tusks of heartbreak and the eyes of compassion  
Build up the beast we all tend to imagine.

## Goodbye Our Lady

Something so chilling came over me  
when I watch the steeple fall from it's glory and into the ashes.  
Now it looks the same as every other pile of ashes...  
Her majesty soaring through the sky in massive piles of smoke.  
If this isn't a sign of the times  
Someone give me one.

## What holds us together

I want you to look at me and stare. And after minutes of understanding silence, I want you to say;  
"No. Stupid girl, the trees weren't blowing In the wind, they were waving at you.  
The little bandaid on your ankle isn't what holds you together,  
the amber in your eyes without any imperfections does that.  
You're not far from where you'll be, I promise this but what does any of it matter if you're with me,"  
so I can tell you I love you too.

## Im Worthless (and that?s on me)

I blame it on the boys I let into *MY* bed  
I blame it on the voices that I hear in *MY* head  
I blame it on the people I beg for validation  
I blame it on all of *MY* pent up frustration

The problems are *mine* and so are the faults So why is changing *myself* so difficult?

## If we each wrote a book before we died

Well you've made it!

In the sense that "you've made it" the way people say when you accomplish something.  
But also because you finally created the thing you wanted to. But you're not dead yet.

You wrote in vain about those who have scarred you  
considering none other than if they'll feel sorry  
For *you* when they read it.

(Even though you took their names, lives, and stories to enhance your own.)

You may have forgotten that it won't be sympathy.  
You need it too much. Too obviously and too badly.

How dare you use MY disorder to build your plot.

I've been used many times before.  
Both tangibly and in a capacity which you just can't grasp.

My book would have chapter on chapter,  
with the names of men.  
I want purpose in life,  
well you all certainly find a purpose for me in yours  
I get nothing but a say, but it's drowned out by the sound of your screams.

You're screaming?

Foolhardy.

You think your flavored pain makes you special. Different. More important and smarter.  
Thinking that actually just makes you stupid like everyone else.

See I can do it too. I can take a name and claim torment.  
We all can.

and would, too, if we each wrote a book before we died.

## My Eyes

She blinks up at me  
From down by my feet.  
She changed me.

Take a big breath in every time I speak  
So I don't hate me.

Well the secrets out,  
I let nothing in  
So she gets low.

She reminds me how  
I have been  
Cuz I don't know.

My eyes stay the same  
While the rest of me changes,

But you can see the strain  
By the way my face is.

I've kicked her out  
Time and time again,  
She has no master.

I run and run as fast as I can,  
But she runs faster.

She's every second of everyday  
Until I run out.

There's just too many numbers I have to say  
For me to count.

I swear I'd let her hurt me,  
I swear upon my life,  
I swear I'd let her kill me  
Or at least I'd let her try.

I swear her claws are in deep,  
Down to the bone.  
I swear if you go near her  
Your life won't be your own.

Your life won't be your own,  
And neither will your body,  
And neither will your soul.



## I'll Start

Dark wooden lines  
that I'm hiding behind  
are the ones that make up my door.

Go ahead laugh it off.  
I hear voices screaming stop.  
What really happened I'm not sure.

Blood turns my cheeks red  
from the things I did and dread...  
I don't cross the bridge in my head.

I cry when I don't need to,  
and I'm hungry when I feed you.  
It all makes me wish I was. Enough said.

So the explosion erupts and tears us all up,  
and I was the one who ignited the spark.  
I get bored and just wanna have fun  
If you ignite me I'll start.

I pick up my glass  
when I have time to pass,  
but I didn't know it would break and cut you.

The same injury from shards  
left me the same scars,  
but this time from my mirror they flew.

Even I will say  
we grow out of these things,  
and I'm trying my hardest,  
but I've forgotten where my heart is.

And I can't see a finish line,  
but this race is being timed.  
It grabbed my leg and I fell.

I'd guess by now you've won  
like you said you've done,  
but it's hard to say cuz I don't know you that well.

So the explosion erupts and tears us all up,  
and I was the one who ignited the spark.  
I get bored and just wanna have fun.  
If you ignite me I'll start...

a war.

## A Thorn in My Hand

A paranoid prism of my own device..  
You're the only one who gets me cuz you're too nice.

I tie myself in knots,  
So the rope won't get caught  
On something I can't steer.

I hold onto roses  
Cuz nothing feels better  
than a thorn in my hand.

You probably know this but  
You're a sorry excuse of a man.

Pour your blood into the Dead Sea,  
But you'll never fill an ocean quite that deep.

You'll never be as sorry as I am.

I fight turbulent rapids,  
And I'm much better at it than I ever imagined.

It's a good thing I know how to swim.

Crickets are quiet  
In the bright light but you deny it,

But when they're loud they sing my favorite hymns.

I'm sorry the windows were rained on.  
I'm sorry in the night lights remained on.  
It got dark I should have left my restraints on.

Left out in the cold and snow,  
I know something you'll never know,  
But together we put on quite the show.

I hold onto roses  
Cuz nothing feels better  
than a thorn in my hand.

You probably know this but  
You're a sorry excuse of a man.

Pour your blood into the Dead Sea,  
But you'll never fill an ocean quite that deep and

You'll never be as sorry as I am

That I met you.

## Love in The Poppies

Streets of dark even during the day,  
break our hearts as it takes you away.

Loss of words and loss of control,  
you're misunderstood trying to save your own soul.

Crying for help in the softest voice,  
no one can tell that it's not just noise.

You're no burden to carry or pity.  
What is it like in that poppy field city?

I could never know, I can only assume  
what it feels like when it takes ahold of you.

I just ache to give you peace  
so without its help you can finally sleep.

They ask why you do it. The only answer you think of:  
"When it came you all left , and the drug feels like love."

## I'm an Optimist

I'd say the old me died young,  
and the New Me grew up way too fast.  
Used bulbs flicker when they're almost done.  
Like a fire, their warm light is cast.

It's been on my mind my whole life,  
but I'd rather sit and worry than cry.  
To be an optimist or a narcissist...  
I guess I'll wait and see which feels right.

The water is burning,  
something like a table turning.  
And I'm tired, and alone,  
but I don't wanna call this home.  
Racetracks in my skull tonight,  
I'm weak from hanging on too tight.

It's been on my mind my whole life,  
but I'd rather sit and worry than cry.  
To be an optimist or a narcissist,  
I guess we'll wait and see which feels right.

Build a dam, it's who I am - our strengths are equivalent.  
I know you can tell when I'm feeling it.  
To be locked away, or here to stay...  
I guess we'll see if they're the same.

It's been on my mind my whole life,  
but I'd rather sit and worry than cry.  
To be an optimist or a narcissist,  
I'll wait and see which feels right.

## Triumph

The same chemical cocktail  
was never in my head.  
With the swaying of a fox tail,  
I'd bleed you if I bled.

Tears of sugar in my wine,  
and a hangover for days...  
I cry for you all the time,  
but trust me I'll be ok.

I'm the happiest I've ever been!  
Doesn't that speak volumes?  
Sometimes I forget how people live,  
cuz I'm killing time til I can call you.

One of the somethings to pray for,  
one week within a year.  
I'm lucky for something to ache for,  
but I still wish you were right here.

Chi esser lieto sia,  
I smile now by choice.  
Di doman non c'è certezza.  
But you only hear my voice.

I'm the happiest I've ever been!  
Doesn't that speak volumes?  
Sometimes I forget how people live,  
cuz I'm killing time til I can call you.

I'm filled with dangerous lightening.  
You're rubber on my soles.  
What once had been so frightening

is now safe for me two fold.

You're a triumph of my secrets

I seem to notice as I reflect.

No more stale or empty reasons,

and no more leaving or neglect.