

There Is Nothing Below This

Sydney King



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

To everyone who feels like they are nothing more than a walking disaster

Acknowledgement

Thank you:

To Jim Carroll, Stephen King, and Stephen Chobsky for giving me my favorite books.

To my cat, Herman, for keeping me company on the bad days..and the good ones.. and the neutral ones.

To my educators, my inspirations, my readers.

Lastly, thank you to my family, along with the people who positively influence my life everyday (you know who you are)

About the author

I'm Sydney King, also called Syd for short. I'm a lover of words, and I have been my entire life. I'm a writer of several stories I have published online and a reader of nearly everything. I strive to inspire and empower those around me.

summary

9/21/17

Like A Moth To A Flame

Me VS. What You Deserve

The Same Person

It Won't Be Long

Humidity

What My Teacher Really Taught me

I Can No Longer Feel The Sun

Forgiveness Is Not What I Deserve

To The Sun

Shorelines

Hot and Cold

Construction

I've known

Reflection of youth; the snow

2/16/18

Enveloped

Unhealthy

9/21/17

Did you know that it is possible for all of the limbs of a tree
to be burnt off,
and even as all of the limbs are charred, the trunk of the tree continues to live?

Do you ever wonder what it would be like
to have so many parts of you die,
but your core still alive?

I wonder if I already know how that feels.

Because sometimes I swear I can feel
the sky bend,
I can feel every muscle in my body ache
on days where I beg myself to just stay in bed.

To just be okay, for once.

Would my limbs grow back?
Would I be reborn if I rid myself of
all of my dead parts?

Like A Moth To A Flame

It was like a moth to a flame
I, the moth
You, the flame

I gravitated towards the flame
admiring the warmth it made me feel,
basking in the light
savoring the sense of belonging

A mistake;
the fire grew too hot
emitting burning rage instead of the warmth
it once shared with me

We all know what happens to
the moth
when it gets too close to
the flame

Me VS. What You Deserve

You;
an exploding sunset
a blessing to the world
if only I were truly who you needed me to be
if only I was constructed of rose petals instead of hurricanes

I am not the one you deserve

I wish I was as fresh
as the morning air casting dew onto sprigs of grass
I wish I was as beautiful
as the sun peaking over the mountains after
a night as long as infinity

I am not what you should be blessed with
I am returning you with none of what you've given me

I am a hurricane, an earthquake, a tornado
and you are light

The Same Person

Kind words

seep from your lips in the form of
angelic smoke
they drift to my ears,
fill my stomach with butterflies
and leave me with a smile
I cannot rid

Cruel words

exit your mouth, falling like a
ton of bricks
they demand my attention
smack me with conformation
and leave me with tears
with pain
I cannot forget

How are you the same person?

It Won't Be Long

A teacher once told me
we are made of star dust
each of us have our own galaxy
rushing through our body
each of us, a solar system

Maybe that is why
I feel so close to the stars
maybe that is why
I look into the night sky
and for the first time since the last time,
I feel understood

They know what I feel without a single word,
they twinkle down at me in unison
as I lay back on dew touched grass

They wait for me to join them
and I promise them
it won't be long

Humidity

Loving you
is like loving the humid July air
just before a storm

With each passing day
the air grows heavier
and hotter

It builds up until the moment
I don't think you can take anymore
I want to go inside
hide from the humidity,
and cool down

Then,
the rain begins to fall
and it is more refreshing
than the light after the dark
it is more beautiful
than the way the sky spits stars
on a perfect night

I thought the
air might get heavy enough
to make the sky fall

Instead, it rains
it pours down from heaven
in the most beautiful way
I want nothing more than to dance in it

Before it stops
and the cycle of humidity

that comes before a summer storm
starts again

What My Teacher Really Taught me

All we are;
machines

blindfolded
and
muzzled

spoon-fed lies,
submissive to society

when I say "open your eyes"
I do not mean it literally

Take the box from your head
and become *human*

I Can No Longer Feel The Sun

With every beat of my heart
I grow increasingly tired

I cannot keep my food down
nor do I care to

Tell me,
what is this I'm feeling?

When my arms
convert to weights
and my legs
to anchors

When the sun shines
but I can no longer feel it
on my skin

When tired has an
entirely new definition
If tired is for needing to sleep,
then what do you call it
when being tired becomes so much more than that?

How do you keep going
when you spend all of your time
waiting for the sun
and it never comes?

Forgiveness Is Not What I Deserve

I'm so sorry,
my friend
for all I've done

The mistakes I've made
are weights
tied to each of our feet
drowning us both in an ocean
of disaster
that I caused

I'm so sorry,
I haven't been myself
I've been a shadow of someone else
I'm lost
and it scares me, too

What I want
is not forgiveness

What I want
is for you to give yourself
what you deserve

I will never forgive myself
for smothering you, too

I will never forgive myself
and I don't want you to either
because that is not
what I deserve

To The Sun

Sun,
please stop coming through my window
you aren't welcome any longer

You make me think about him,
and the way his lips felt
when they grazed my skin

You make me remember that
he is no longer mine
and he is the only reason I ever had to believe
that you were beautiful
when you forced your way into my room
and exterminated the darkness

You fill my room with annoying light
that wakes me up
and forces me to realize that I am alive

You force me
to remember my own existence,
and I beg of you to just
get out

Let me sleep awhile longer.
I am tired

Shorelines

Land.

Beautiful eyes to match
a breathtaking smile,
and a starry night to illuminate
every part of you- the dark and the light
both parts loved, regardless

Sea.

Uncertain, disastrous at times
rolling and crashing
into myself,
into others
enveloping everything into my path

I feared that I would drown you too
and you promised me
that though we are different
we share the same sky
from both sides

Hot and Cold

He was colder
than my nightly mid-winter walks
snapping, and yelling, and hurting

A boy made of rage
being with him was like
tying myself to a bomb
and accepting my fate because I didn't
want to admit that bombs do
what bombs do

You were warmer
than the feeling of walking back inside
to a warm home
loving, and caring, and calming

A boy made of light
being with you is like
having someone there to untie me
and save me, and show me.
you made me realize that
I really do know what bombs do

Being with you
is like being gifted with rain
after melting in the desert

its like
giving my love to something
that won't rob me of everything else too

loving you
is the best thing I've done

loving you
is not a bomb,
its the diffusion of one

Construction

You are not only constructed of pain

You are constructed of beauty
and of love

You are constructed of light
and the way the moon glows down
on a sleeping world
full of childhood dreams
and memories
insomniacs,
and lovers awake for each others company

You are constructed of everything
beautiful in this world

You are a shining light
though you are so careful not to burn me

You are not constructed of pain,
or fear, or anger, or sadness

You are constructed of so much more

I've known

I've known
the way your eyes twist into stars
and I swear there is nothing
I'd rather know

I've known
that my favorite shape
happens to be your smile
and the way your lips curl
makes my chest feel less hollow

I cannot wait
until I can see your face up close to mine
illuminated by the vermilion
glow of the sun

My heart beats
the same as yours

And I swear to God,
I will never let this go
because this is the best thing
I've known

Reflection of youth; the snow

Clouds release dust
like childhood sprinkling
sugar over the trees,
my heart burns in contrast
to the frozen specks

To go back, I would
to breathe again, I would
to forget, I would

But those things are gone now
just as childhood
though the memories will remain
pure and innocent
as I relive them
in the form of a mid-December storm

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Anchored to my bed
there's a pain in my head

Every muscle aches
my chest seems to quake

The sun burns my skin
and I'm ridden with sin

What is this I'm feeling?
Am I ill?

it's numbness
or
sadness

Why is there no happiness in between?

Enveloped

The winter sky
enveloped in a white sheet

The way I feel when
everything
becomes a burden

the way I feel when
nothing
feels like home anymore

Unhealthy

Reach into my body
take anything you'd like
my heart, yours
my organs,
my soul,
and all of my guts
all yours

you could take anything from me
and I will love you all the same.