

# Bliss

athena



Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## Dedication

*To those that chase the stars,*

## About the author

Talented, God fearing girl who enjoys living life to the fullest

## summary

Blackout days

Bliss

## Blackout days

I have forgotten the taste. My mouth however has this empty space on my tongue where it once hovered. A mixture of longing and peace.

Peace that it no longer yearns for the taste. Bitterness for the memories that once in a while threaten to disrupt my peace.

On the days when I sit back and reminisce, look up at the ceiling with my eyes shut. My heart cages a lit flame of anger so small yet it ignites on those days.

My sweaty palms that clutch my head and try to shake myself from the tornado of my thoughts. My thoughts that pull me back to the past.

A past that's meant to be sealed away.

My sore eyes that flicker up and down , exhausted from searching in the depth of my mind.

My lungs that inhale the ghost of its scent.

Thinking of the flavor. You were my favourite flavor.

## Bliss

Contemplating counting the stars no matter how long it takes.  
Arms stretched out my fingers outline their curves and edges.  
Even so afar, they can't help but reach for them. Pocket the ghost of their presence as a trophy.  
Everyone chases the moon, and trample over the stars as they chase it.  
They forget that you can pocket the stars and keep them as a merit for your hard work.  
The stars are what you make them out to be.