

# Anthology of Being

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Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## summary

11.15.23

intentions

weak

let's be still

cigarette burns

questions to a week long bender

broken lies

## 11.15.23

did I speak too softly?  
did I laugh too deeply?  
breathe too loudly?

were you too cold - the way that I was too cold? were you searching for warmth in my ribcage? I'm covered in frostbite.

I can't stop shivering.

is my hair too long? did you wrap it around your fingers too tightly? It must've hurt. my shirt is tinged in red, the stains won't wash out.

I can't look at myself.

were my hands too soft pushing you away? I must've forgot to tell you that I'm not very strong. I guess you wanted to figure it out for yourself.

I can't stop ripping the skin off my bones.

did you look too far into my eyes and drown? were you suffocating enough to forget who I was? is my fear that forgettable? could you not breathe after extinguishing the fire i built to warm myself? smoke inhalation can be deadly. -

while you survived, I'm still in a coma.

I want to disappear.

"I fell in love with you while you were terrified"

## intentions

I am a vessel of veins and bones, a tumor of love that'll destroy any worth you give to me.

Teeth like knives that'll cut through any truth that you may believe.

Call me baby - choke the life out of me until I feel alive.

The heart that you hold is full of thorns, covered in paper mache so you can't see how ugly it really is.

It's pretty, isn't it?

I am a mountain that'll tumble rocks down on your hands so you're unable to pick me apart. Just like my broken morals, it'll be so uneven that you wonder why you ever believed that something so dangerous could be so beautiful.

They say that beauty is in the eye of the beholder and my eyes are as blue as the sky, deeper than the ocean ever will be. They'll pull you down until you can't breathe, inhaling water that feels just like love.

My hands carving -

"I love you"

into your back every night like it's a holy grail. Blood on the bed spring hiding all my good intentions like I had any to begin with.

It feels good, doesn't it?

The agony, the pleasure I'm screaming into your ears.

It sounds lovely, doesn't it?

Almost believable, isn't it?

## weak

"hurt me like the world hurts god"

if you're not a believer, turn on your favorite song then hurt me to the melody that's causing your heart strings to snap;

hurt me like roaring tornados disintegrating everything in its path.

hurt me by severing an artery, let's portray the fear we hide inside by painting with my blood. It'd make such a pretty picture but we're all too busy tricking our minds into believing that

fear is weakness and weakness is ugly

## let?s be still

the angels are screaming in my ears. They're warning me that there's a forest fire roaring inside of me; the sweet alyssum that bloomed from the decaying memories I buried deep in my bones have burned into ash, revealing a fragile foundation that was created by scarred flesh and empty promises. I'm a pyre wrapped in a fiery rage that's devouring my heart, igniting my lungs; inhaling the stench of smoldering melancholy, exhaling pain that resembles smoke from my cigarettes. I'm choking on my own corruption. My blood has turned into embers, keeping this fire growing louder.. a reminder that my misery will never be heard. my feet have become roots, digging into the earth that's swallowing me like a decomposing animal; yet i will never be home, ill always be lost

## cigarette burns

you're magnificent and I'm a piece of shit with no understanding of how this world works ? I'll smoke a cigarette, maybe the smoke will make my lungs feel the way you once made my heart feel and this emptiness will drift out with what I've filled myself up with, maybe I'll blow it in your face the way the world blew up in mine. hopefully it'll take your breathe away till you suffocate.

suffocating doesn't seem too bad when you've been dead your whole life but you don't know how that feels, do you? lucky little boy with a lucky little life filled with everything you could ask for but nothing is ever good enough for a narcissist with a mind that fights you till you fight someone else. How foolish of me, I called that love. The bruises looked so beautiful to me, it made the suffocation feel like home ?

My therapist said that I find home in every depreciating joke, every boy that hurts me, every drug that makes me fly. He told me that I've lost myself because my love isn't alive. It's buried in between my thighs.

## questions to a week long bender

do you think about dying? not the "I'm so tired of living" thoughts but the intrusive thoughts you get after a bender or while dozing off into sleep; unwelcome scenarios of how life would be without you. flashing images of your son growing up without you; images of all the things you cherish not lying around your room because the room you're in now doesn't exist anymore.

do you see yourself hovering above the ones you love or would you rather not see the world go on without you?

is it regret?

is it sadness?

jealousy?

do you forget for a moment that you're still breathing?



## broken lies

I think we started on lies, lies that made our love grow inch by inch - lies that grew with every kiss; every touch was wasted on empty bodies, stacking each of our downfalls on top of each other like building blocks, eventually they fell just like we did -

I think we started on lies, the kind of lies we force ourselves to believe so maybe, just maybe we belong. every glance seemed like a fairytale, a dream come true knowing that someone would listen to the lies that was being told - how could someone that cares so deeply, lie so much?

I think we started on lies. They stained my hands but for some reason, I don't hold it against you. Poor broken man, you can't see yourself the way others do.

We started on lies that scarred my skin and I'll forever stare at them. Loving you was my downfall but every second was more beautiful than the last