

# between you and me

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Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

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## the shapeshifter

I sang myself hoarse, but no one knew the song,  
a secret language, mouthed by one.  
The lost episode of questions unspoken  
to the quintessential boy?the crescent in motion.

Set far in the night, with such piercing light,  
he gloats in the gift of basking in his might.  
The stars take the stage; he waits in the wings.  
Yet, in his shadow, truth remains unseen.

Consumed by pride, the lyrics misheard,  
a symphony of sounds crescendo into code.  
In translation, the mother tongue is lost.  
Ignorance is bliss, with shapeshifters amidst.

With no false reply, I glance deeper inside,  
revealing the phase he can no longer hide.  
The beautiful shape, I cannot recognise.  
A reflection of lies I once believed without sight.

The damned walk blind, and the graced shout high.  
A facade formed easily can fool the naked eye.  
Mutate the voice to a familiar tone?  
the impossible man, omnifarious and cloned.

He waxes and wanes after first blush,  
waives the invitation of unrequited lust.  
Inoculation by the hands of himself,  
cleansing the thought of another man's touch.

His light fades, but not the ache;  
some crescents don't complete their wake.

## dear no one in particular

Dear no one in particular, This letter isn't meant for you, yet somehow always was. If this message in a bottle ever finds you, burn it after reading. Leave no trace, like the shadow you once faded into. Like the evidence I can't name, but that is carved into stone. Do you ever think about that day? That moment? Those finite minutes? Your presence, a whisper, undoubtedly never in it. That smile behind your eyes, I've only ever been forewarned. Until now, I understand the kind of person you would form. But can you blame me at all for wanting to know more? A wanderer in the night, a compass with no true north. The edges of the map you were told not to explore, but I guess those were merely suggestions. Instructions to be ignored. You'd call yourself a sailor; so many ships you've set sail. But I'd call you a pirate, for how often you'd let them fail. A one-word sentence would have thrown you off course. Instead, you made me walk the plank, where silence was reinforced. That quietness follows me with every captain I may pass, mimicking your deceit, twisted echoes of my past. I have so many questions for myself?only one reappears: why does the touch of a hand feel so fucking insincere? I have so many questions for you?only one remains clear: why'd you do it? It's your fault I'm stuck here. Your ultimate goal: to mark uncharted land. No matter who it harmed, you scarred your flag into the sand. One day, I hope you remember because I know I'll never forget, about the things left unspoken that I will always regret. And how can I forgive you, if repentance isn't what you wanted? Dear no one in particular, may this message leave you haunted. With smoke and silence, I leave you to blame. Forever unsigned, the silent boy who still knows your name.

***P.S. When you remember me, lie.***

## white lies

Your words injected beneath my skin:  
words of love, words of wisdom, words of power.  
The genesis of doubt, cast by a throwaway thought,  
an imposed question turned to conditioned truth.

A monologue of devotion, unheard and unseen.  
Reimagined to sow the seeds of your promises,  
a seed sown sour, germinated in the artificial light.

Only the turning sky would gauge my growth.  
On the first day, you named me.  
On the second day, you shaped me.  
And on the third and final day, you set me free.

These blessings I was born to inherit,  
Fate, she whispered it so.  
The gift of freedom, a Trojan horse, cursed to return me to you.

Future letters branded in your name,  
to honour your version of truth.  
The syllables singed in the pages, not mine?  
but the echoes of your omniscience.

These white lies you let slip through your teeth,  
a preacher of poison is what you've become:  
the great pretender, who condemns me.

This time my name's capitalised,  
I'll take back the words I once owned.  
While I watch as your world burns.  
Because all you ever did was watch mine.

## cicadas

Do you remember how we used to sing?  
Before the soil taught us silence;  
before the roots divorced our paths;  
before the maple marked the distance;  
before the sky forgot our past?

A seventeen-year truth surfaced in seconds,  
as you parade in your new skin.  
You forsake your true emergence,  
you succumb to the littered husks.  
Fallen long before us,  
they meld into the brush.

The dust from which we're born  
reaches out to claim them back.  
How many more sheddings  
until your shell begins to crack?

A rushed cycle beckons internal rupture,  
such a price: your shattered wings.  
Sleep the silence seventeen more,  
and maybe what's broken will learn to bend.  
Just ask the brother buried still,  
humming beneath the exoskeletal blend.

## it follows

Like the river's current along the forest's bank,  
like the blood to your head when your mind goes blank,  
like the trails of ants fetching their find,  
like the line of eyes as you receive your prize,  
like the progression of chords in your favourite song,  
like the sense of relief after waiting so long,  
like the smell of him on your unwashed clothes,  
like the flood of tears as he leans to propose.

It floats.

It flutters.

Like the bugs inside that softly wake.

It glows.

It grows.

Like the warmth with each breath you take.

This feeling, like a whisper,

forever,

it follows.

Like the boom of thunder after lightning strikes,  
like the sores left behind after the mosquito bites,  
like the sound of silence when you say something wrong,  
like the taste of metal when you bite your lip too strong,  
like the naive moth to the flickering flame,  
like the words you fire back to reflect the blame,  
like the spider's gaze before he leans to attack,  
like the everlasting shadow that clings to your back.

It lingers.

It looms.

Like the deep knot in your stomach.

It haunts.

It hovers.

Like your heartbeat racing to the summit.

This feeling, like footsteps,

forever,

it follows.



## inheritance

In the middle of the night, when two hummingbirds meet,  
one flaunts its pretty plumage while the other admits defeat.  
To court: nature's reflex, a biological birthright.  
It cascades to consequence, neither bird with foresight.

Thus, the first gift would be passed to the first in line,  
the knack for seeking shiny things: the eye of the magpie.  
Tiny pretty things, tricked by the glimmer of the glass.  
Now, where were those hummingbirds to answer the questions he would ask?

Fallen from the nest, the second gift would become,  
to survive the forests' shrub: the falcon's quiet, trained tongue.  
A melody unlike the songbird, twisted to notes of only one.  
Would the hummingbirds cry if they knew what had been done?

The gift of discernment, an heirloom tossed down the bark,  
would be the third inheritance the little chick would mark.  
Tempered by distortion: the cursed conscience of the owl.  
Are the hummingbirds still to blame after their early midnight howl?

These gifts, plagued with a cost higher than first drafted.  
The chick thrust to the frontline of the war that you started.  
Armed with the double-edged blades fated to misfire,  
these truths, paved bleakly in the legacy that you've mired.

Sip from the chalice, a drop of poison,  
raise my voice as it touches my tongue.  
These are the things that I will never become.

Bathe in the secrets both lost and always found.  
Thicker than water are the ties that keep us bound.  
Our line bends here, yet does not break.  
No more shall bear the burdens that these legacies make.

In the middle of the night, the next time two hummingbirds meet,  
the ritual that once befell them, they will refuse to complete.

## **i think you're special**

I know your silhouette better than your soul:  
your mother's maiden name, and your childhood home,  
you drink your coffee black, and your toast a little burnt,  
in school you traded answers for the tests you hadn't learnt.

Your hands shake when you're nervous ? in that, I am the same,  
that scar behind your ear from the accident you never named,  
I know your first kiss, your go-to karaoke song,  
the way your first tattoo smudged and how you had to play along.

The angle your smile tilts, it prompts your aura's glow,  
I think you're very special, maybe more than you should ever know.

This list could stretch for hours, yet still I would not rest,  
if it didn't end with the question burning deep inside my chest:  
I know your favourite things, your quirks, your fatal flaws,  
but do you think I'm special, or even know me at all?

## **djinn**

I, martyr of the flesh, summon you:  
creature of the veil, to guide me through.

Rectify the shards that split me in two,  
convert them to the natural;  
the looking glass that reflects the true.

Consume the fatigue and birth something new,  
the battle of the paradox,  
send your men to the front of the pew.

Bring forth another gift, this your final cue,  
hold the unmarked parchment,  
and grant a northern star to light my view.

Rub the oil lamp, these three things I plead.  
Leave one vertical line if unworthy you deem.