

# Anthology of Iarosamarchitada

Presented by

*My poetic side* 



## summary

\*NO TITLE\*

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Aún tenemos amistad

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Tu Mujer (Your Woman)

Want, not need

Wishful Thinking

**\*NO TITLE\***

You couldn't see  
All you see are shadows over-casting what could and couldn't be

Making everything just so hard for me

Answer all my demons  
Fucking named them

Explanations ain't mean shit  
I know flirting when I see it

I feel "using" when I meet it

Unlovable is how I feel  
Too much-never enough

I don't like that every time we say No to Us  
I'm all chill but you provoke me  
Poke at everything I have to say  
Just to make me mad  
Just to win another thing

You speak verses in ambiguity  
Want me to be the one to make mistakes

Sit back relax  
Just ride the wave

I'm putting work  
I'm losing faith  
It's hard to fake

I see you and can't help but think you were sent by God to me

'Cuz when we talk- things flow  
"relax...  
ish will be ok"

We so alike

Them jokes have hints of feelings  
but all I hear is laughter

Repressed emotions show up as distant connections  
Everything is there but nothing's ever clear

You don't really know what you want  
Disappearing, "The Olmec"  
Know you existed but where you went is unclear

Ya ni se si estoy obsesionada o deprimida

Pero keeping busy es la remedy cuando confundes obsession with depression

Can't live without them?

Bitchhh, Put the focus on little things

We was smoking pipe

Waves of sound and smoke

Mixed the dose

Classical notes described the message we were given from Moses

I know people can change because I've changed-  
Ain't been the same since I stopped living in the past tense

Learned my lesson, Never looked back since

## A Flame en La Oscuridad

A flame appears in the darkness  
I stare too long  
Its enticing  
I turn away but in back of me  
I feel its warmth wrapped around me  
sight is blurring  
Tears submerging  
This familiar flame has caught me  
Making love I lose my breathe  
Pausing, gasping, take a step  
Como una rosa me esta marchitando  
Lo miro a el y me esta provocando  
I know not why this flame is here  
In my dreams things things seem so clear  
En mis sueños te beso y me quemo  
Te amo, no se yo...  
Que te digo lumbre mia ?  
Me prendes y me enciendes  
Al verte aqui me e perdido  
Eres la luz en mi oscuridad  
Y aún asi no veo el camino ya

## Aún tenemos amistad

A veces quisiera que me amarás como antes  
Esos días en los que yo sabía que, para ti, yo era todo

Es algo bonito tener alguien quien lo es

Que al despertar sonrío a pensar en ti  
Quien, al tiempo de dormir, no duerme sin tenerte a ti  
Que, en momentos de ansiedad, su voz calma cada tensión y nervio  
Alguien, que cuando lo necesitas te da toda su atención

Pero luego recuerdo que difícil fue querernos de esa manera  
La necesidad de tener el uno al otro cerca  
La tristeza que me daba que, aunque pasaban los años, seguía yo siendo un secreto  
La depresión que me daba por que no me sentía lo suficiente

Y pobre de ti cargando con mis penas secretas

Cada tristeza  
Las veces que perdía la fortaleza

Aún es algo lindo lo que tuvimos  
Y aunque sufrimos demasiado al dejar nuestro destino  
Cuando pienso en ti aún sonrío

Fue difícil cambiar de amantes a amigos  
Pero para ti, felicidad es lo único que pido

Y cada vez que cruzamos caminos veo que tan linda Dios ha mantenido nuestra amistad  
Y que tanto nuestros destinos, aunque fue difícil, se tenían que separar

Es triste si,  
Que, para sentirme suficiente,  
Tuviste que ser ausente

Y aunque aún tenemos bastante que rebasar,  
Me da gusto que todavía tenemos amistad



## Been walking through a desert, I'm thirsty, things are hazy

I want to paint, but depression has taken the blueprints from my mind.  
I pick up the brush, but the paint just dries.  
I want to paint but I'll paint with words instead.

In my mind, I feel this deep, deep sadness.  
I'm not sure 'xactly how to define it,  
but it's got blue and purple hues  
...and bits of pink for when life's at ease.

These fine line phases  
bring depth to my scars,  
they phase me.

Love haunts me  
\*Been walking through a desert, I'm thirsty, things are hazy.\*

Fuck this  
I remember things from my past and they fucking hurt me.  
I try and forget, for what we had is gone, but our minds are tricky as fuck.  
One moment you're fine and the next you remember what THAT certain hug felt like and I swear every time I get that feeling, or one like it...  
I think "Oh! I fucking want to kill myself!",  
because I know the thoughts that come soon after.  
About regret.  
About self-hate.

I hate myself for everything I did.  
I love myself, and love my life, but I remember and I want to die.  
I do.  
I really do.  
And I can't stop dreaming of you.  
And I can't stop thinking of you.

I hate myself so bad because I will never get that feeling again, Not with the person I want.

## From Seed to Rose

Impregnate my mind and soul with thoughts of growth  
Plant the foundation of our future with seeds of hope, strength, and trust  
Hydrate my roots with love, support, and patience  
Welcome my sprouts with the hugs of a million mothers  
Open my buds with the warmth of a thousand hugs  
Forgive the time lapse from seed to rose  
Accept my blossomed into thy glorious garden  
Enlighten my roses with scriptures of confidence, pride, and self-love  
Care for my body and soul, removing dead leaves of my past  
Free my subconscious, detaching my withered petals  
Cease wincing, endearing my thorns  
Nurture our love, flourish our garden of gods

## Her In My Dreams

You've slipped into my dreams one too many times  
Leaving me wondering if you'll ever become a reality  
I've dreamt your eyes  
Your thighs  
Your lips  
That smile  
Even conversations with your family  
Every dream feels so real but is so far from reality  
Like deja vu  
I'm questioning actuality  
Life's great but these dreams run on acid  
Vivid images  
Velvet kisses  
Passionate grasps n  
Too intense glances  
Between you and I  
Fire bursts like firewood n matches  
Breathing in and out I gasp for air  
But when I dream of you  
I can't even catch it

## How it feels to overeat

moments of weakness precede guilt  
one more slice  
one more bite  
one last kiss  
just the "tip"  
guilt shadows moments of weakness  
reflecting the darkness of your conscious

## **I don't wanna disappear forever, but right now I need to not be here**

High-functioning depression is like an invisibility cloak.

To the human non-observant eye, high-functioning depression goes unnoticed.

Depression just passes by because of it's skills and persistence in doing "what needs to be done."

Sad inside but keep the pace up.

Keepin this face up make faces light up.

High-functioning depression is all about the highs-and-lows.

It's always behind me

& when it hits,

"I don't wanna disappear forever  
but right now I need to not be here."

Trust in myself led me to believe I was stronger than the words "Help".

Relapsed and realized I had no control.

Just kept upping the dose.

Just one more to soothe the pain.

Just one to get past the rain.

Almost a month and it just seems to find me.

Knows when I'm weak.

Tap-Tap on my back

It's always behind me,

"I don't wanna disappear forever  
but right now I need to not be here"

## I try and...

I try and not focus on the feelings I get when I trust someone enough to let them in  
let them in

gave them a tour

I try and not focus on the feelings I get when they walk away without making an offer

I try and not think about the men I decided to trust

& just took advantage of me

I try and not think that I should have learned my lesson by now

but they say "don't have walls"

"just let things flow, lets vibe"

I should've known that's just another line, not really taking the time to enjoy waiting in line

fast pass me up

fuck me up and never look back

I'm so done

I'm so dumb

I try and not think that every time I feel something

I'm reminded that I cant afford to feel something

I gotta feel nothing if I wanna make it somewhere

'Cuz my grades drop like my panties

& I'm panting trying to make deadlines I procrastinated just to let you in

Just to let you get to know me

You got to know me

Now its yeah you "knew me"

## In Case You\!!!!\re Still Wondering...

In case you are still wondering,  
I did what I did for you.

In case you are still wondering,  
I did what I did for me.

In case you are still wondering,  
I did what I did for our dreams,  
both of our dreams.

I didn't leave because I didn't love you,  
I left because I didn't love me.

I left because it wasn't fair to you,  
& it wasn't your responsibility to help me love myself.

In every moment I felt depressed, sad, & unhappy  
you were there because I would rather love you, care for you, & put my all into you instead of  
myself.

I am not sure in which moment the thought of ending "us" came into my mind  
I have gone through it countless of times in my head  
& I can say that part of me felt you drifting apart,  
but I know deep down there was much more at heart.

Part of me wants to say that I left because of your repetitive lies,  
and your failure to admit to such obvious things, but  
none of that mattered, I knew you lied since the beginning and chose to love you regardless.  
In fact I thought it was cute that you felt the need to do so.

As if I wouldn't love you without them.

Aside from the minor things that came between us, there was something bigger  
bigger than you and I

It was never a matter of love.

I loved you irrevocably.

I loved you at your worst & best.

Even after all this time and pain, I still do.

This time lapse means nothing to my soul,

Mate, if I had you here in front of me I'd hug you like nothing has changed.

If you were in front of me, I'd look into your eyes and kiss you deeply.

If I were alone with you I'd make love to you even if my heart began to cry & my mind began to



fright.

In case you are still wondering, I didn't leave you from lack of love  
& what happened there after, happened because we are human.

As humans we tried everything we could possibly think of to help us cope  
& in that, we lost ourselves.

I wanted to be back in your arms more than you could ever imagine.

Setting pride aside, life wasn't, hasn't, & isn't the same without you.

& Although it angered me to think that you could fall in love again so quickly,

I'm glad you didn't take me back, because if you had, I wouldn't be me.

& you wouldn't be free.

Free to be all you could be with no restrictions.

If its love you need b, you have it.

I love you man, I'm your biggest fan.

I know its hard to understand why I couldn't keep us "we",

& if you could just see how much I have changed for the better,

not because I want you back,

but so that you can understand why I left.

I've changed so much, the change, it never stops.

I had to completely hit rock bottom.

I had to be in complete darkness to finally see.

Forgive me for stating the following but it is so important for you to understand,  
that when she left you, and you called me,

I knew you were mad at me

because she claimed to leave for the reasons you thought I left.

In case you're still wondering, she isn't me.

& I didn't leave for the same reasons as she.

Because that night, you told me you wanted to be "we",

and stupidly I believed that you and me could be such a thing

& That next day, I was so happy to be alone because I waited for an arrival from a man that never  
came.

& That was the second time I hit rock bottom,

the first was leaving you.

Situations aside, I found light in my sadness.

Poured myself in that promise I had made you.

In case you forgot,

in case you are still wondering why I left,

I left because I needed to find my passion.

I needed to find the path to my future and I needed to do it without you.

Why?

Because I knew, I loved you enough to be honest with myself that if I stayed, your future would be different.

I loved you enough to leave you,

I left so you could do you.

Yeah, you didn't understand.

Yeah you didn't wait,

and that's fine.

Because if we had gotten back together,

I would have done what I always did and put our relationship before my future.

It was then I experienced for the first time, educational success and personal health.

In case you are still wondering, I left because I needed to love myself enough to succeed for myself.

& if you don't believe me,

take a step back to understand that when we dated again,

remember?

We talked almost everyday.

I helped you drink less and you helped me focus.

You wanted me to be Lana and the perfect wife.

& when we finally met, after almost a year had gone by,

we made love like no time had passed by.

That painful sex, although orgasmic, felt emotionally tragic.

But if you still don't believe why we couldn't stay "We"

If you still don't see how I would always put my all into "We",

remember when I went to go see you?

Two times I travelled back into your arms.

Two weekends we stayed in each others arms, and although you promised...

although I was ready to make it work,

your fingers slipped through mine

& I hit rock bottom yet again.

It was then I saw myself again.

It was then life re-affirmed the reasons why I left.

Now, it has been another year,

& in case you're still wondering why I left,

I left so I could see how far you'd go,

& look how far you've come.

I'm so damn proud of you my love.  
In case you're still wondering why I left,  
I left so I could find me,  
and although I'm still learning to love me,  
look how far I've come.  
Never would I have imagined that I would find my passion.  
Never would I have imagined that I could be this confident,  
that I could have the potential to grow.  
A rose so dead.  
Re-planted in fertile soil.  
I've grown thorns.  
I've learned to say no.  
& more than that I learned to see a future.  
In case you're still wondering,  
I left because I loved you.  
I left so you could leave me in the past & form your future.  
& Although I still, and will always love you,  
I left to find me.  
& If in the future we find "We"  
I hope we are in the same time and place to accept that we are meant to be.  
Forever and Always  
I love you b.

## ISSA RAP

In love with drugs that make me feel

unapologetically abusin' my dose  
like I can't just kiss you once  
gotta eat the whole bag of chips

no self-control when I'm in my feels

got a band-aid on  
but I'll never heal

enjoy the "now"  
accept the "later"

self-regulatin' my patience

cigar in my mouth  
whiskey in my glass

let the smoke clear

been few years since we've been here

one too many things been clicking in your brain  
when all I hear is the clicking of my pen

its not a call for help  
I'm writing these thoughts for myself

cuh' when I needed you the most  
you were off in love

pawned me off to a notebook

"you can reach me through here"

time lapse

still writing

FOH

these rhymes are mine,

called you once

ain't picked up

been alone all these years

I don't see any fears

the "gayness" was scared out of us

said, "that's what you think

\*wink\*

silent period

but my thoughts on LOUD

crystal clear

why you think I say I fuck with myself?

sexiest lips I've ever had are my own

bite em down

touch myself

\*moan\*

## Poetry of The Past in The Present

I miss you when the night progresses  
and my thoughts are full of our past caresses  
Like when I'm studying real late  
and I'd call to wish you a good night's sleep  
I'd stay up for hours  
and wake to a million messages wishing me a good day  
like the feeling of receiving a bouquet of flowers  
I miss you when I have exciting news  
since it was you who I first turned to  
I miss those naps we'd take during the day  
where in each others' arms we'd lay  
and of course eventually we'd wake  
take each other to a sensual state  
the feeling of each others' skin  
something so perfect it could have been a dream  
I hate that our beautiful past seems so unreal  
like an ambiguous memory, simply Deja Vu or a real memory of you  
I hate that place that certain music takes me  
like I'm stuck reliving the past only to remember we'll never be  
its true time has passed  
yet our past is just so present  
forever wondering what it meant  
honest I lament it  
not enough to take it back though  
this time apart is full of growth  
and living in what-ifs is a path of false hope  
that only leaves one feeling morose  
in reality we won't ever know  
unless our time and place re-align  
and we allow ourselves to leave the past behind  
but I've stopped looking for these so called "signs"  
taking my time to find mine  
yet I miss you when I turn to dating

bc no one's ever good enough  
and I hate it when I think I've found the one  
bc you get in my head  
remind me I'm not good enough  
a million thanks to you for that  
and for your contribution in defining "making love"  
bc I never understood the concept until I looked into your eyes  
screaming in my head  
words left repressed in our lips  
as we loosened the grip on our hands and hips  
those words never slipped  
from you or me  
just trafficked thoughts  
of I love you  
it was then I learned how to "make-love"  
its more than sex  
its caring for someone  
its trusting that someone  
its intimacy  
its working together to build that feeling  
its staring beyond each others' eyes  
to hold their soul  
to hold them whole  
and when you've reached that point  
its having the courage to say the words you have in mind  
its solidified trust  
its not leaving those words un-said  
its letting go  
that's "making-love"  
but third time's the charm right?  
I have all the time to wait  
and if it feels right  
and I take a chance  
then I'll have no choice but to call it love  
with or without you  
bc I miss you when the time progresses

and the chances of our future lessen  
I miss you when we talk  
and I realize that your voice has changed  
and not for the better, now its bitter  
but I could never hate you  
I have a special place in my heart for just us  
I'm not holding my breathe  
no, I'm finally breathing  
but that place remains locked with no spare key  
so if its ever just you and me  
lets take a chance  
we'll test the seas  
we'll ride the waves  
and if we make it to the beach  
then I'll know  
we're both finally good enough



## Sex & Post-Sex

colors on a vulnerable night  
un-trusting benefit of the doubt  
caressing of faces, lacking of light  
no signs of red, only colorless glimpses  
self-control  
the shadow of blue  
shaking, earth-quaking, erupting the red  
hot vapors emerging  
sweaty hot rain  
confusion: what's wrong? what's right?  
physical rights  
moral wrongs  
blurring thoughts  
temptation  
temptation  
blue  
red  
blue  
red  
fire satisfied by waterfalls  
synchronized uppers followed by downers  
red  
red  
red  
blue  
blue  
white  
collapsing cleared thoughts  
emptiness  
emptiness  
production of wrongs  
stay  
stay

attachment to rights

full emptiness, comprised by touch

nervous shivers

hold me tight

hold me tight

heat: the cure for cold

baked colors

solidified trust

vulnerable blue

## Te sueño cada noche

¿Dime, por qué sueño de ti cada noche?

¿Dime, por qué despierto al agarrar fuerte?

Soné que te tenía cerca, en mis brazos y mis besos.

Me preguntabas que si ¿antes de ti, quien era?

Te bese, "Antes de ti, solo tú."

Soné que te besaba un millón de veces como te besaba.

Soné que nos vimos para cenar, y cuando me viste, viste tu cena.

## Tell me I'm not enough, make it coincide

tell me I'm not enough  
make it coincide

thoughts so brutal  
too much never enough  
repressing a version of me that's so hard to hide

tired of hearing doubt in your words  
tired of thinking, damn, I'm the worst  
one minute you say I'm the love of your life  
next minute I'm the cause of our fights

words are abuse too  
N' Im not used to this form of use  
heart like a punching bag  
you speak your mind and there's no going back

we make up, but my mind takes notes  
you speak, and speak, till you over spoke

feel so lost  
no drugs to blame it on  
feeling sober than sober  
being low feels lower when there's nothing to keep you holding on

cheat on myself  
replace self-love with a substance, a drug  
one-sided love



## Ten Paciencia Arbolito

Ten paciencia arbolito  
La paciencia va y viene  
Entre las ilusiones y desiluciones  
La paciencia es como los arboles en el viento  
Se mueve  
Pa' ya y pa'ca'  
Pierde algunas ojas y aveces tambien ramas  
El problema siendo que entre cada desilucion uno pierde la fe y la paciencia  
Y aunque uno intente mantener la paciencia  
Igual llegan las desiluciones como el viento  
Y te sacan de onda  
Prueban tu paciencia  
Y puede que pierdes tus ojas  
O hasta una rama  
Cuando llega el viento es dificil ubicarse  
Pierdes la razon  
Y entre tantas emociones y ruido  
Te pierdes al oir el chillido del viento  
Pierdes la firmeza en tus raíces  
Pierdes la fuerza en tus ramas  
Y empiezas a perder la paciencia  
Hasta que se caigan tus ojas  
Hasta que se quebren tus ramas  
Poco a poco destrozandote  
Ten paciencia arbolito  
El viento se ira y seras mas fuerte manteniendo tus raíces firmes  
Manteniendo tus ramas fuertes  
Y cuidando tus ojitas  
La desilucion llegara pero sigueras  
Llegara pero estaras firme  
Llegara pero entenderas  
el viento es temporal  
El viento igual que las desiluciones son temporal

No es eterno o fijo

Ten paciencia arbolito,

Manten tus raíces firmes

Manten tus ramas fuertes

Y podras crecer de nuevo las ojitas que quizas el viento logro disminuir

Ten paciencia arbolito

## That play fighting shit gets to me

That play fighting shit gets to me  
'Cuz I know you don't like me  
& I know we're not likely,  
but in the moment, it feels right  
In the moment, I hold tight  
& I don't know if I'm even your type  
You've never really been mine,  
but lately every time you type  
I find myself questioning  
Over-thinking the little things  
Like everything just gets to me  
When all it really was, was some joking  
I used to think it was because I was always smoking  
but I've been sober in more ways than one and things still seem real murky  
I find myself flirting  
& end up feeling dirty even though we keep it Pg-13  
But it's not just me  
No, you often work me  
Do little things, so "high school"  
But instead of taking you for a fool, all I can think is "damn, he's so cool."  
I could never even think of making a move  
I can barely move in your presence  
The way you present yourself is confusing  
So reserved  
But when you get close  
Boy, I stay frozen  
N' you feel the tension  
I know because we both count the seconds  
1, 2, 3- reposition ourselves  
& neglect to mention those awkward vibes  
All because of our awkward ties  
All because I could never be yours and you could never be mine  
But that's perfectly fine



We're not in love

I'm not yours and you're not mine

But then they ask & inquire because they too feel the vibe

& I'm stuck explaining, "nah, that's just how we spend time."

But deep down, that play fighting shit gets to me

## The Perfect Chocolate Cake

The men she has  
she does not want  
Like her search for the perfect chocolate cake  
she becomes fed up with every pursuit  
She doesn't bother with petty conversations  
She precludes possible conversations leading to sex  
She changes her style, her way of dress  
All to avoid their stares  
All to avoid the future let downs  
In her and these mens' lives  
No I wont have sex with you  
No I wont suck your ...  
No I don't want a kiss  
Or your hands  
Not even a hug  
The men she has  
She doesn't want  
Her perfect chocolate cake  
An unattainable goal  
Would she really eat an endless amount of cake before finding the right one?  
Will she date an endless amount of men before finding the right one?  
No.  
In eating the cake her body takes the pounding  
In dating these men  
Her heart mind and soul  
Begin drowning

## Thoughts on International Women's Day

I used to be punished for not being like other little girls.

I was too active, too boy-ish.

I did not sit with my legs closed, made obscene jokes, and could not be quiet for a second.

(Which led me to be a completely different person at home than at school.)

In grade school I was a "tom-boy", which resulted in me almost always being friend-zoned (it did not help that I was a very hairy child, unlike your "typical girl").

I used to not mind because I was "cool" with the guys, plus I had 5 brothers at home that taught me to fight.

Puberty didn't change much about me, only that hanging with the guys made me prone to sexual harassment.

Many boys touched me inappropriately without permission and I learned that "knowing how to fight" doesn't always guarantee you "actually will fight."

I also learned that hanging with the boys, was no longer a good choice (often still holding true today).

(I recently ran into one of my oppressors, he was taking his daughter to pre-school, I stared into his eyes wishing he could hear my thoughts, "I hope your daughter doesn't go through what you put me through.")

Growing up my sister advocated for me, raising me as a "feminist".

Initially I thought it meant we had to hate men.

However, I grew older and began to see the clear divide between men and women in society's eyes, and I finally understood.

It didn't help that I grew up in a traditional household where men could do WAY more than women and women were basically trained on "How to be a good wife" (skills included cooking, cleaning, not talking back, holding religion and basically waiting on your family's every need, oh and birthing many children).

I used to think the only way out was marriage until I discovered education (something I'm thankful my parents pushed me to excel in).

Education was my way-out, but it eventually stopped making sense.

I didn't see the point, all I wanted was to love and be loved.

Until I sought to get job experience and my father said, "You don't need a job, if I am not there to provide for you, your husband will."

Like a catalyst, I decided to break my own heart and took every painful step towards finding who I was, what I wanted, and who and where I wanted to be (it still hurts today).

NOTHING LASTS FOREVER, and unless I'm in some kind of freak accident, education is the one thing that can never be taken from me (Although it is ridiculously expensive).

Today I still get "the look" for being who I am, saying what I say, and believing what I believe.

Although I am thankful now for the skills forced onto me, I am thankful because they have come in

handy with keeping myself alive (not being a good wife).

Today I still struggle with self-love.

Men haven't changed much and women can too break your heart.

The path of education has only gotten longer.

Happiness is subjective.

& I'm still not anyone's first thought of what a "woman" should be.

"Change is slow, always has, always will be" -J Cole,

I'm thankful for the Women in my life who have inspired and pushed me to never conform, regardless of how impossible things may seem (i.e., Momma Rosa, My sister, My teachers, Close friends, and now My Nieces.)

Today my nieces look up to me and I often cry because I am not always happy with myself.

How do I explain to them that society's norm for beauty is unrealistic, when I myself second-guess myself?

How do I teach them to be themselves, when sometimes we need to "fake it to make it"?

How do I protect them from sexual harassment, when almost everything in this world revolves around sex?

How do I teach them to say "NO", when I'm still struggling to do so?

How do I push them towards education, when they see me stressed, tired, and often rain-checking play dates?

## Tu Mujer (Your Woman)

Me imagino la mujer quien podrías amar  
Quizás alguien con quien puedas conectar y tener conversaciones que hunden

Escribo montañas de lo que te atrae  
Cruzando caminos sin destino  
Solo veo las que pasan, siempre presumiendo

The women peruse you  
Reach "The End" too quick  
just abuse you

I make lists of what might lure you  
but everyone allured to you  
Is...  
A lot more cultured?  
More sculpted?

"Just perfect"

y tú, que lo mereces todo  
tendrás lo mejor  
todo respeto, amor,  
confianza, y buen sexo

aunque ella, no sea yo

## Want, not need

I want to talk to you  
but fear I'll fall for you  
fall back into  
what I want  
not really need

My wants  
My needs

In mind  
I keep  
You

Can't help but keep you  
In the deep blue sea of my heart  
In the depth of my mind

I crave you like the food of your people  
Spiciness spices  
I'll be Mrs. Nice if you'll just treat me right

I love you  
Can't have you  
The eyes of my heart  
My soul's  
Deictic gaze is on you  
The object of my wants  
Not needs

Please  
Oh please  
Be mine

Come back to me  
I'm done plea-ing  
Want to move on  
To pleasing you

Spend time  
Wasted  
Self-hating  
On love making

Flex your most important muscle  
Show me some love  
Show me some love  
Show me some love

The etiology of heart-break  
It started with love-making  
It started with self-hating

Fear of not being good enough  
Fear of not being yours my love

The etiology of heart-break  
It started with us  
Not staying us for long

## Wishful Thinking

I wish we could actually tell people how we really feel  
Like deep down I love you  
Like I love every imperfection  
Because to me they are perfections  
Like that awkward laugh you make  
Like when you look at me  
And if I had to choose between you and coffee  
Te elegiria a ti, porque el color de tus ojos es mi favorito cafe  
Like that caramel brown  
Like you always knew I loved your eyes  
Like I've never stared into someone else's  
Not the way I do with you....  
Like when we stare into each other's eyes and want to cry...  
Like something piercing into our souls  
Like when we last made love  
Like you're the only one...and always have been  
How do you tell someone that?...  
How do you tell them you love them?  
How do I tell you that my love for you is like wine?  
Like a fine wine.  
If anything, its gotten better with time  
Knowing I can't have you brings me pain  
Seeing you and knowing I can't have you brings me sadness  
I wish we could tell people how we really feel.  
Like it'd make a difference  
Because if I knew for sure it'd make a difference...  
You'd already know how I feel  
Rejection hurts.  
But what's really harder?  
Not talking to that one person who always made things better?  
Whose hugs could melt the ice in your soul?  
Or  
Taking that one chance?



Disregarding your fear of rejection

To tell that one person....

I LOVE YOU, LET'S DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?