

*We understand so much, but the sky
behind those lights,
mostly void, partially stars,
that sky reminds us
we don't understand even more.*

*One day you will be face to face
with whatever saw fit to let you exist in the universe,
and you will have to justify the space
you have filled.*

*For a star to be born
A gaseous nebula must collapse
So collapse
Crumble
This is not your destruction
This is your birth*

*You don't get to die
and be reborn the same
You come back
but you come back wrong.
This is the price you pay
for resurrection*

*This is the house that built me
and I'm going to burn it down
This is the river I crawled from
and I refuse to drown here*

*You've got to bite the hand that starve you
What is a home if not the first place
you learn to run from?*

*You deserve to celebrate who you've become
But also who you could've become
and fought not to.*

*What part of yourself did you have to destroy
in order to survive in the world this year?
But most importantly:
what have you found to be unkillable?*

*When you're born in a burning house
You think the whole world is on fire
But it's not
It's not.*

*The stars would be
so proud
to know that their atoms
created somebody like you.*

*Parts of me died
in the house I grew up in
and I visit them in my dreams.*

*Cruel mothers are still mothers
They make us war*

*They make us revolution
They teach us the truth, early
Mothers are humans
who sometimes give birth to their pain
instead of children.*

*Thought my soul may set in darkness,
it will rise in perfect light:
I have loved the stars too fondly
to be fearful of the night.*

*Some days I am afraid to write
Because sometimes the honesty kills me.*

*Tell me father
Which to ask forgiveness for:
What I am, or what I'm not?
Tell me mother,
Which should I regret:
What I became, or what I didn't?*

*We have calcium in our bones, iron in our veins,
Carbon in our souls, and nitrogen in our brains,
93 percent stardust, with souls made of flames
We are all just stars
that have people names*

*I think you will set yourself aflame
before you realize*

that even you
cannot conquer the sun.
Rebellion sits well on you;
like a red coat
or the gilt gold of youth.
Oh, my love,
I do not believe we shall ever see
how old age looks on you.

“what is grief if not love persevering”
But what about when the grief and love
are happening at the same time?
how do you grieve
something that’s still alive?
how do you love
something that has always been dead?
and the answer is just:
intensely.

The terrible things that happened to you
didn’t make you you.
You always were.
It isn’t the storm
that makes the ocean dangerous.

we’re all killers.
we’ve all killed parts of ourselves
to survive. we’ve all got blood on our hands.
something somewhere had to die

so we could stay alive.

So you didn't have the love you needed.

Big deal.

Let me tell you

about all the love you will have.

*It will be bigger than the anger
and it will grow around the sadness.*

It will drown you.

You will become it.

*And in the end we are only atoms
drifting alone
desperate for something
to cling to.*

*I think I like my brain best in a bar fight with my heart
I think I like myself a little broken,
with rough edges,
a little harder to grasp
I like poetry better than therapy anyway
the poems never judge me for healing wrong.*

*I have this urge to be reckless
I am frightened of becoming old
and having no memories at all
I know that climbing forbidden fences is wrong,
but I still keep falling in love with the wrong people,
I keep falling out of metaphorical tree,*

*I'm dying to do something
worth remembering.
There's no logic, really
It's just that if I bleed now,
I have a lifetime to heal*

*There's a calculus to wishing.
It's all about angles of desire.
If you really want something,
don't you dare aim for it.
Don't ever speak its name.*

*I want to be a mystery
yet to be known
To be together, yet alone
Is it too much to ask,
to be famous yet unknown?
To be wanderer, yet have a home?*

*No word is strong
yet gentle enough
to convey what I feel for you.*

*Those eyes of you
could swallow stars, galaxies and universes.
What hope
did I ever have?*

I suppose I love my scars

*because they have stayed with me
longer than most people have.*

*There are all types of love in this world
but never
the same love twice.*

*I almost thanked you for teaching me
something about survival back there,
but then
I remembered:
the ocean never gave me the gift of swimming.
I gave it to myself.*

*Metaphors about death
are for the poets
who think ghost care about sound.
When I die, I promise to haunt you forever.*

*Freedom is what you do
with what has been
done to you.*

*you were not born of stardust, darling,
stardust was born from you,
it's why the stars feel your sorrow and aching heart,
they are the fragments of your lost soul,
scattered across an endless galaxy,
but don't be afraid, darling,
maybe life has broken you,*

but it can never destroy you.

*In those moments when you feel too afraid to trust love,
remember
that I have crossed a great ocean of loneliness to find you.
Mine is not a fair-weathered heart:
it was built to outlast storms.*

*This story has happened before
this story will always be happening
We're just footprints in the end, left
by hand-me-down boots.
Boots, blood, and a name
like an echo:
these are all the things your father left you.*

*Your inheritance is a knife's edge
your inheritance is a culling:
when the time comes, even your coffin
will be a family heirloom.
Why don't you come and make sure
the measurements are right?*

*Like the earth or the moon
I am covered with craters and scars.
This is not something
I need to be saved from.*

I sat with my anger long enough

*until she told me her real name
was grief.*

*you are a church of broken glass and hallelujahs.
you are haunted like every other holy thing.
what tried to destroy you didn't have the strength.
still you stand,
sturdy and smelling of smoke.*

*Show me the most damaged parts
of your soul,
and I will show you
how it still
shines like gold.*

*Let it go
let it leave
let it happen;
nothing in this world was promised
or belonged to you anyway.*

*When can I say your name
and have it mean
only your name
and not what you left behind?*

*Forgiveness
is a long walk
to a quiet room.*

*Nothing ever ends poetically,
it ends and we turn it into poetry
but all that blood was never once beautiful.
It was just red.*

*To whom do i own
the biggest apology?
Nobody has been crueler
than I've been to me.*

*War is a slippery slope
What would you do?
become
What will you do
become
My god, what have you done?*

*blood on your hands, they say.
as though it stops there,
at your wrist, like a glove.
as though you could do this
and there could be any part of you
that wasn't stained or dripping.*

*At one time in my childhood
there was a scream of sorrow
that never came out.*

The good thing is that I survived you.

The bad thing is that

you were something to survive.

I will not have you without the darkness

that hides within you;

and I will not let you have me

without the madness that makes me.

If our demons cannot dance,

neither can we.

I am homesick for a place

that I am not even sure exists.

One where my heart is full

and my body loved

and my soul understood.

Allow the frost to kill the things that must die.

Seasons pivot and shift

and yet you are alive.

Until we have seen someone's darkness,

we don't really know who they are.

Until we have forgiven someone's darkness,

we don't really know

what love is.

we're shadows

and cinders

*but we're also the sun;
and though we've been down
the hardest road yet traveled
at least we weren't traveling alone.*