

“You ever save someone’s life?”

She asked

The last wisps of nicotine

Puffing out with the rhythm

Of her parting lips

She turned,

Then

A small

Warm

Somehow mischievous-looking smile

Pulling one corner of her glossy black lips

Up

Just a smidge

“How about your own?”



*After they finished hugging, Tim put his cigarette back to his lips. Behind the orange glow, the corner of his mouth curved up in one of the classic, sassy smiles she loved so much about her friend. Looking at her from the corner of his eye, Maisie saw a glint that had nothing to do with the burning ember.*

*“Enjoy the ascension,” he said.*



The Pink Book

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# Dedication

To those who hide away  
Wishing only to be seen

To those who harden  
For fear of being seen as soft

To those too familiar  
With cruelty

To those who long  
For beauty

To those who weep  
For safety

To those who feel gaslit  
By the world

To give voice  
To the lost  
For I,  
Too

Have been lost

- 1) You are seen
- 2) You are beautiful
- 3) You are safe, here
- 4) You deserve love
- 5) Your feelings are valid

# Soundtrack Of Healing

Dearest Reader,

I've noticed, throughout my life, a certain love for music. And, over time, I've realized why. The degree to which I experience the feelings in my heart, and interface with the world most deeply, is through music. It could be described as a form of synesthesia, even.

Throughout the last year and a half, and during the months I've written this book, I've found myself finding and returning to certain songs, over and over. A good many of the poems contained here were even written while listening to a number of them. At the very least, these songs contributed greatly to the emotional milieu. Through them, I have been able to process and feel a lot of my traumas, experiences, and emotions.

I hope, in this list, you find a song or two that can help you, too.

Scars To Your Beautiful	–	Alessia Cara
The Problem	–	Archetypes Collide
Autobiography	–	Ashlee Simpson
I'm With You	–	Avril Lavigne
Keep Holding On	–	Avril Lavigne
dear anxiety	–	BLU EYES
healing hurts	–	BLÜ EYES
rest in peace	–	BLÜ EYES
stuck in my head	–	BLÜ EYES
two people at once	–	BLÜ EYES
Questions	–	Boundary Run
Note To Self	–	Bre Kennedy
Beautiful	–	Christina Aguilera
Marble Arch	–	Erin LeCount
Unlearn	–	Gracie Abrams

Girl I Am Now	–	Kaibrienne
Cinematic	–	Katelyn Tarver
Don't Let It Change You	–	Katelyn Tarver
Feel Bad	–	Katelyn Tarver
Made It This Far	–	Katelyn Tarver
Revisionist History	–	Katelyn Tarver
Somebody Else	–	Katelyn Tarver
The Only Exception	–	Katelyn Tarver
What Makes A Life Good	–	Katelyn Tarver
You Don't Know	–	Katelyn Tarver
Roar	–	Katy Perry
Because Of You	–	Kelly Clarkson
Breakaway	–	Kelly Clarkson
Stronger	–	Kelly Clarkson
I Hope You Dance	–	Lee Ann Womack
Papercut	–	Linkin Park
One Step Closer	–	Linkin Park
Crawling	–	Linkin Park
By Myself	–	Linkin Park
In The End	–	Linkin Park
A Place For My Head	–	Linkin Park
Pushing Me Away	–	Linkin Park
Somewhere I Belong	–	Linkin Park
Lying From You	–	Linkin Park
Easier To Run	–	Linkin Park
Faint	–	Linkin Park
Breaking The Habit	–	Linkin Park
Numb	–	Linkin Park
What I've Done	–	Linkin Park
Shadow Of The Day	–	Linkin Park
Liability	–	Lorde

The Climb	–	Miley Cyrus
Unwritten	–	Natasha Bedingfield
Slow And Steady	–	Of Monsters and Men
Yellow Light	–	Of Monsters and Men
1 step forward, 3 steps back	–	Olivia Rodrigo
Scars	–	Papa Roach
Ain't It Fun	–	Paramore
Interlude: I'm Not Angry [...]	–	Paramore
Last Hope	–	Paramore
Fuckin' Perfect	–	P!nk
Raise Your Glass	–	P!nk
Try	–	P!nk
Better Place	–	Rachel Platten
Fight Song	–	Rachel Platten
Little Life	–	Robert Gromotka
Stars Are On Your Side	–	Ross Copperman
The Middle – Acoustic	–	Ryan Fine, Lance Allen
Highlights	–	Sasha Sloan
I'm Just A Kid	–	Simple Plan
Perfect	–	Simple Plan
Problem Child	–	Simple Plan
Ruin My Life	–	Simple Plan
Untitled	–	Simple Plan
Free Spirit	–	Tayler Buono
Live More	–	Tayler Buono
People Are Lovely	–	Tayler Buono
Take Heart	–	Tayler Buono
Never Too Late	–	Three Days Grace
Just Like You	–	Three Days Grace



Book One

*Débuter*

12<sup>th</sup> of February, 2025 – 6:15 pm

If I start

To pay attention

Really watch

And listen

I start to notice

All the motions

I make

To make me

Small

13<sup>th</sup> of February, 2025

Should I someday

Have a daughter of my own

I shall see to it

That she needn't ever struggle

Too

To remember

If her parents ever said

"I love you"

~But Flashes

25<sup>th</sup> of February, 2025 – 4:25 pm

When you can even  
Find beauty

In something as small  
As your own eyelashes

The ever-present curtains  
Through which

You view the world  
Every day

The way the sun  
Blossoms in them

In a splendor  
Of light and color

When we discover  
That the window  
Itself

Is beautiful

All the world  
That lies past it  
Too

Becomes a thing  
Of wonder

25<sup>th</sup> of February, 2025 – 5:31 pm

Oh

Love

Are you yourself

Not more than nothing?

Do you truly believe

That you are nothing more

Than a frame

For a painting?

That you merely contain

Another's beauty

But not your own?

~The Window Itself

25<sup>th</sup> of February, 2025 – 5:43 pm

I am nothing more  
Than a prism

The beauty  
Is already there

All I do is try  
To make it more visible

27<sup>th</sup> of February, 2025 – 11:06 am

Perhaps

Our task

Is not to find

The perfect fig

But rather

To nurture

And nourish

The tree

With all we can give

And then

Find contentment

With the one

We end up with

~The Fig Tree

28<sup>th</sup> of February, 2025 – 3:11 am

Now that I'm shattered  
I hope you can see

Deep down to my core  
In the softest part of me

I truly only wanted  
To offer some safety

But I understand  
I know you couldn't tell

Sight of my body  
Makes it harder as well

Oh  
If only

I'd been born  
With different cells

28<sup>th</sup> of February, 2025 – 5:35 pm

To the sensitive boy

More “female”

Than “male

In a world not keen

On calling you “queen”

Please

Know

You are seen

28<sup>th</sup> of February, 2025 – 6:31 pm

Fall in love

With the beauty

Without

And eventually

Gradually

The beauty within

28<sup>th</sup> of February, 2025 – 6:49 pm

There's no shame  
In glitter and glam

In saying "fuck it"  
"This is who I am"

Go wild, girly  
Go have your fun

Cause at the end of the day  
It's all just made up

Release your inhibitions  
Be all that you can

Whatever you like  
Don't let 'em say you can't

And when it comes to rules  
There aren't such a ton

All you gotta do  
Is not be a cunt

# Date Unknown

How could I not  
Love myself?

I carry  
The very sunlight

On my fingertips

(It's metal flake nail polish)

# Date Unknown

For as long  
As I can remember  
I've always preferred  
The company of girls

Perhaps  
It is because  
I grew up  
In a different time

When my tendencies  
Would have earned me  
Such brands  
As "metrosexual"

...

Perhaps  
It's because  
My always tender soul  
Found good company

...

That quietly sweet  
Sensitive  
Lover of petals

Perhaps  
Just as I  
Caress the hips  
Of a rose

I sought  
Always  
The company of those

I hoped  
Would do the same

...

Perhaps  
I followed my nose  
To those  
Who smell of milk  
And honey  
And flowers

...

Perhaps it is because  
My heart longs  
For a body  
I have been denied

Because  
Despite  
My phenotype

I realize  
My soul  
Has always been  
That of a girl's girl

1<sup>st</sup> of March, 2025

But

Perhaps

It must be said

To pluck one fig

To bite into its tender sweet

Implies a sort of

Finality

When

In truth

If we choose

To look back up

As we chew

Slowly

And appreciatively

Savoring

What we hold

For now

Upon our tongues

What we might find

Is that there is no end

To these figs

And branches

So long

As we nourish the tree

The chosen branch

Will produce yet more figs  
And branches

~The Evergiving Fig Tree

18<sup>th</sup> of March, 2025 (8:12 pm) to 20<sup>th</sup> of March, 2025 (5:59 pm)

I write now

To You

Oh beloved Heart

You

Who has known

So much pain

I want

In this tender quiet

To hold You

Oh

So delicately

In my fingers

To trace

With such care

Your cracks and scars

...

That You cannot suppress

The slightest fearful quiver

Fills me with tender sorrow

With every delicate caress

Of my fingertips

I mourn Your fears

Your woes

Your flinches

Your tears

....

The world

And I

Have

At times

Mishandled You

Dropped You

Hurt You

And for my part

Tender Heart

I am

So sorry

...

I mourn Your loneliness

Your sadness

Your timidity

Your traumas

...

That lucidity

Took so long

That You have

Ever been taught

So many times

That You were not enough  
That You were too much

...

I want You to know  
Now  
Beloved Heart

That You are so beautiful

That it is okay  
To break

Here  
Now

You are safe

...

I cannot  
Spare You

The cold blizzard  
Or teeth-chattering rain

But  
From here on

I will be  
The warm fireplace

The amber-lit cabin  
In which You can rest

Recover  
From the ache

Beloved Heart  
You are so loved

Here  
Now

From here on out

~Cradle

18<sup>th</sup> of March, 2025 – 8:40 pm to 12:00 am

I long

For long hair

For supple bosom

Bared

Freckled by sun

Caressed by air

Oh

How I long to wear bows

Or a sundress

That flutters

Ripples

And flows

To dip

Pale wriggling toes

In a glittering stream's

Giggling flow

For hips

And breasts

That curve

In slow motion

Like a smile

So sultry

The kind

That knows

Oh

That between my legs

Lie a hill's gentle slope

Oh

To be pretty

And precocious

Sharp as a tack

Delicate as a rose hip

Give me a frame

So slender

And svelte

With long flowing mane

And eyes

That could melt

And give me a voice

So sweet

And light

As a tinkling wind chime's

Springtime delight

...

To listen to the preacher

To the mother

For whom

It is not even a question

I thought hell was a place

*After* death I'd be destined

Color me surprised then

To realize

It's what I already live in

It is not

A twisted bent

It is not

A wicked mind

It is this...

Devastating

Betrayal of fate

That is the only crime

So give me a wand

Oh

Give me a potion

For my heart

Is the only thing here

That is oh

So utterly

Broken

~Body, Betrayed

19<sup>th</sup> of March, 2025 (9:15 pm) to 26<sup>th</sup> of March, 2025 (12:39 pm)

Stop  
Now

Take a moment with me  
Dearest Reader

Let us pause  
And contemplate  
A question

And I implore you  
Dearest Reader

To take a moment

Be honest  
Be vulnerable  
With me

Or  
At least  
Most importantly

With yourself

...

How much time have you  
We

Wasted

Waiting  
For permission

To feel  
What we feel

To experience  
What we experience

In the deepest parts  
Of our hearts

To not merely place  
Our fingertips

On heart's true desire  
But to take it

To believe we are allowed  
To take it

How much time  
Oh Dearest Reader

Have we wasted

...

How much time  
Could have been saved

How many hearts  
Could be spared

If someone  
Long ago

Told us  
Gave us  
Permission

If we turned  
To our left  
To our right

And gave so freely  
That most precious  
Of gifts

...

Or

Better yet

To have never

Needed to wait

To begin with

...

But

To those who wait

Still

/give you permission

Take what your heart

So desires

And if you feel

Unsure

Hesitant

Allow me

Dearest Reader

To press it into your hands

19<sup>th</sup> of March, 2025 (9:37 pm) to 26<sup>th</sup> of March, 2025 (3:29 pm)

When the cashier  
Stops calling you “hun”  
And starts saying goodbye  
With “be safe”

When the bartender  
Stops calling you “babe”  
And instead  
Starts calling you by name

When the bus driver  
Who doesn't have to back up  
Thanks you with a relieved  
Knowing wave

When the waitress  
Needn't wait  
When we help her  
Clear the table

When conversations with  
The cashier  
Bartender  
Waitress  
Barista  
Go late

When bars  
Stores

Coffee shops

Restaurants

Become havens

When walls come down

When dignity

Or familiarity

Are no longer traded

For safety

...

In a world this big

And this crazy

Full of characters

Everyone is the main one

So look for and love

The little people around us

For we

Too

Are small

But the stories

And kindnesses

Can be larger

Than life itself

~Little Places, Little People

20<sup>th</sup> of March, 2025

And from somewhere

Came the sound

Of an eggshell

Starting to crack

20<sup>th</sup> of March, 2025 – 6:29 pm

I think

I'm ready for makeup

Maybe

Even lipstick

~Toes In The Water

21<sup>st</sup> of March, 2025 – 6:27 pm

How ludicrous

How preposterous

To expect someone

To do it all on their own

To be able to give ourselves

All we need

Forever

How fucking cruel

What building ever began

Without scaffolding?

Until it could finally

Stand on its own?

Do we not give

The little tomato

A frame

On which to vine?

Give anyone true warmth

And watch them melt

Give anyone

But a moment

To take the weight

Off their shoulders

Say to them

“Here

Let me hold this”

Watch how quickly  
Their knees buckle  
From exhaustion

Massage  
Their trembling muscles  
Listen to their sobbing

Then tell me  
Look me in the eyes  
And tell me

We don't need each other

But you won't

And if you do  
I will hit you

But then  
I will ice your bruise

And ask you  
"Who is it

That failed you?"

Because then  
I'll go hit them too

~We Carry Each Other

22<sup>nd</sup> of March, 2025

That's what it is  
What it always was  
Connection  
I never felt connected  
To either of you

I felt it  
Briefly  
For a beautiful  
Fleeting moment  
When we talked about mom

But then  
You betrayed it  
And I lost you

Again.

~Coming To Terms, pt. 1

22<sup>nd</sup> of March, 2025

Perhaps

It is time

I stop

Expecting

Hoping

That either of you

Will change

~Coming To Terms, pt. 2

22<sup>nd</sup> of March, 2025

Can you feel it?

This distance

Growing?

Do you even wonder

What makes me

Pull away?

Or

Am I still

Trying to find

A glimmer of recognition

In dementia-darkened eyes

~Coming To Terms, pt. 3

22<sup>nd</sup> of March, 2025

What do I even

Say

To you

The one

I'm supposed to call

"My mother"

~Coming To Terms, pt. 4

24<sup>th</sup> of March, 2025 – 1:04 am

I reopened the wound

For you

To give you

Despite the searing pain

Another chance

To apply salve

And you

Poured salt

~Coming To Terms, pt. 5

26<sup>th</sup> of March, 2025

Oh young  
Tender Heart

My heart breaks  
For You

For what is to come  
For what has already  
Begun

Take my hand  
Now

Let us leave  
This broken house

You will not  
Be spared pain

But as long  
As Your hand  
Lies in mine

Neither  
Never

Will you be spared  
Love

No matter what form  
Your heart  
Mind  
Body  
Takes

~Coming To Terms, pt. 6

26th of March 2025 – 6:28 pm

Lift your chin

Dearest Reader

Hold your head high

You contain

Too much beauty

Too much shine

To hold it all

In that small space

Under your chin

28<sup>th</sup> of March, 2025 – 4:42 pm

Tea

And cakes

Laughter

Over the lake

Tinkling voices

Easy smiles

Oh

The joy

Between girls

# Date Unknown

It starts slow

With rings

Then nail polish

Then lipstick

Then bows

The fear doesn't stop

Even as you grow

More into yourself

But fades

With time

And girlfriends

Who show you

How beautiful you are

Who nurture

Your glow

## Date Unknown

How

Do you tell your mother

“The people you elected

Want me dead”

How

How

Do I tell myself

“She knows”

## Date Unknown

I wish I thought saying  
"Love me as your son  
If you cannot  
Love me as your daughter"  
Would work

But alas

Your words  
Do not convince me

It is your very words  
That showed me  
You couldn't even  
Do the first one

~Coming To Terms, pt. 7

## Date Unknown

When I think  
Of who would most readily  
Accept me

Faces  
Come to mind

Ranging  
From strangers  
To good friends

But  
Mother

Your face is not there

That  
Is how you  
How I

Know  
You have failed

~Coming To Terms, pt. 8

29<sup>th</sup> of March, 2025 – 9:45 pm

Why

Do I still search  
For the version of you  
You should've been

As though  
You are merely lost  
In some misty forest

As though  
When given the chance  
A crumb trail

To find your way out  
To find at the trailhead  
The son you always wanted

You did not choose  
To stay lost

Too afraid  
Of confronting  
Of being confronted with

Our truths  
I guess

...

What  
Exactly  
Are you so afraid of?

Or  
Rather than fear  
Are you too angry?

That  
What?

I would ever dare  
Hint that you failed?

That I would ever dare  
Question  
Disagree  
Challenge  
Resist you?

~Coming To Terms, pt. 9

30<sup>th</sup> of March, 2025 – 9:33 pm

The only “choice”

I made

Was to finally

Stop fighting myself

~Born This Way

30<sup>th</sup> of March, 20225 – 9:36 pm

What a strange  
Sensation

That I should finally see myself  
As I am

When I stop looking  
In the mirror

~Mirror Mirror, pt. 1

30<sup>th</sup> of March, 2025 – 11:55 pm

I refuse

To live a moment longer  
In the chains of safety

When there's too much joy to be had  
In letting them crash to the ground

I would no more clutch them  
Lock myself in a bunker  
Than deny my skin the sun

Question the freedom  
Of your safety

Are you safe?  
Or are you happy?

Fight  
My darlings  
Fight

For your right  
To party

~To Spit Into The Wind, pt. 1

30<sup>th</sup> of March, 2025 – 11:28 pm

And so we held each other

As the storm

Outside

Howled

~To Spit Into The Wind, pt. 2

30<sup>th</sup> of March, 2025 – 11:28 pm

I am brave

But not without fear

For

That is what courage is

Your knees tremble

Your jaw locks

And so

You face the storm

~To Spit Into The Wind, pt. 3

30<sup>th</sup> of March, 2025 – 11:33 pm

I am so afraid

But

That won't stop me

But

That doesn't stop the fear

But

I won't let that stop me

~To Spit Into The Wind, pt. 4

1<sup>st</sup> of April, 2025 – 9:17 pm

Perhaps that's it

I doubted

I could be beautiful

If I wasn't white

Too

The "standard"

Of beauty

But

The more I see

Of my true self

And how beautiful she is

As she is

The more that falls

Completely away

1<sup>st</sup> of April, 2025 – 10:46 pm

Oh Dearest Reader

Whose heart understands

This lament

Do we truly love

Our parents

Or

Do we love the people

We wish they were

Holding out hope

That someday

They might finally

Become them

~Coming To Terms, pt. 10

2<sup>nd</sup> of April, 2025 – 3:41 pm

How strange

That the more of me

I cover up

The more the true me

Comes out

~Mirror Mirror, pt. 2

2<sup>nd</sup> of April, 2025 – 4:00 pm

I feel like

Some kind of shark

That I must stay

In some form of movement

To be still

Is to die

I find my beauty

In motion

When my step

Becomes light

In the elegance

Of curling fingers

The tart chewing

Of gum

A sultry turn

Of the neck

Even the cessation

Of movement itself

The settling

Into a picture

Of poise

8<sup>th</sup> of April, 2025 – 8:34 pm

I'm telling you now

Once I have a job

Once this dreadful weight of money

Or rather

The lack thereof

Lifts

Once I can

Finally buy

The dresses

And skirts

Trinkets

And shirts

And...

At last

A bra

I'm telling you now

It'll be over

For everyone <3

~All The Lovely Things

8<sup>th</sup> of April, 2025 – 9:06 pm

My check engine light

Turned back off

Almost as if

Claire feels it too

This magic

Brewing

9<sup>th</sup> of April, 2025 – 4:01 pm

You know you're heading  
In the right direction

When  
With every step

Your lungs can fill  
A little more

Your vision becomes  
A little clearer

The corners of your lips  
Lift a little higher

And your heart  
Once so heavy

Becomes  
A little lighter

9<sup>th</sup> of April, 2025 – 4:20 pm

And

Thank God

For the ones

That welcome

The slow

Shy emergence

Of the beautiful girl

Seeing sunlight

For the first time

9<sup>th</sup> of April, 2025 – 7:14 pm

This change has been  
A bit like trying on a new shirt

Fresh  
New

A bit ungraceful  
At times

Hands and elbows  
Sticking out in haphazard places

When  
In my excitement for my new clothes

I yap a bit too much  
Ask strange questions

When  
Parading about in my expanding wardrobe

Rude remarks and jabs  
Fly my way

It has been  
Wonderful  
Awkward  
New  
Familiar  
Heart-lifting  
Heart-dropping  
Bright  
And beautiful  
Dark  
And scary

I feel ever-grateful  
For those forced to weather with me

This change  
These growing pains

They say  
“It takes a village”

And I am so grateful  
For mine

9<sup>th</sup> of April, 2025 - ~7:45 pm

Not one of us  
Can save the world

But

All of us  
Can

10<sup>th</sup> of April, 2025 – 8:47 pm

Note To Self – Bre Kennedy

I'm taking  
Some time

To be

Be alone  
Sad  
Thoughtful

To sit  
In silence

With my heart

To listen  
To its mournful beats

I don't know  
What has it in such a state

But  
Just as I promised

I will sit with you  
Beloved Heart

Not a word  
Need be said

I am here

11<sup>th</sup> of April, 2025 – 12:50 am

Be gentle  
With yourself

Change takes time  
And in the end

May not even take the form  
You think you want now

And  
That's okay

Stop  
Looking in the mirror

A watched pot  
Never boils

Just like  
With so many things

You'll find  
The more you loosen your grip

The sooner  
You unclench your fist

The sooner  
You open your palm

The sooner you can make  
A little space

For the little bird  
To alight

So relax  
My love

You *are* that girl

So strut like it

And remember

To lift that chin <3

12<sup>th</sup> of April, 2025 – 7:44 am

Mirrors

Mirrors

On the walls

And in the eyes

Of everyone I know

~Mirror Mirror, pt. 3

14<sup>th</sup> of April, 2025 – 6:02 pm

Elbows

Sticking awkwardly

Into the fabric

But even before

Pulling it taut

It feels *right*

Warm

And soft

Like cashmere

Oh

The joy

Of becoming

Of being

A girl

22<sup>nd</sup> of April, 2025 – 9:02 pm

Hither comes  
A loving refrain  
From girlfriends best

“You *are* that girl”

So go on, darling  
Lift that chin  
And puff out that chest

<3

24<sup>th</sup> of April, 2025 – 12:05 am

Go ahead, girl

Be awestruck

By yourself

You are a marvel

A wonder

Of your own making

Or

Perhaps

Of collective making

The culmination

Of combined love

From all your loved ones

And yourself

But what remains true

What no one

Can take from you

Is that you

Are entirely

Of your own choosing

<3

26<sup>th</sup> of April, 2025 - ~5:36 pm

There must be  
Some kind of...

Beauty  
Of the deepest kind

When a soul  
Wanders the world

Leaving a long trail  
Of footprints in the dunes

Stirring in their passing  
The dew from ferns and brush

Wearing the soles of their shoes  
To a thin black layer

Wandering  
Wandering

Evermore

...

When a soul learns  
Of the worst pain

The world  
Has to offer

The deepest  
Blackest

Most crushing  
Most terrible

Oh so cold  
Ocean void

Surrounded

By horrors

Such awful

Living nightmares

Sightless eyes

Staring

Razor jaws

Swallowing maws

Watching

Waiting

Evermore

...

When a soul learns

Of the worst hunger

The most gnawing

Stomach clenching

Gut wrenching

Need

When a soul forgets

What it feels like

When a soul only remembers

That they have forgotten

What it feels like

For their belly to be full

When a soul only knows

True content

As a faint

Tantalizing scent

That does not fill  
And only makes the stomach

Growl  
All the louder

Clench  
That much harder

Craving  
Crying

Evermore

...

There simply must be  
Such beauty  
In a soul

Wandering the world  
Shivering from cold  
Dying of hunger

And then...  
When they find it  
At last

Home  
Hearth  
Harvest

They sob first  
For themselves  
For their fortune

And then...  
Wiping their eyes  
Smiling and resolved

They pack a bag  
Full of warmth  
Full to the brim with food

Spilling  
Rolling  
Across the floor

Resolved  
Resolved

Evermore

...

Determined  
That none  
None

Should ever want  
For the same

They pull their straps  
Hitch up their bag

And wandering back  
They go

In search of those  
That may need

To reach into their bag  
To extend their hand

To meet every gaze  
With eyes that understand

“Take this  
Please

Don’t apologize  
I insist”

...

In a world so cruel

In a world so cold

There is so much beauty

In the wandering soul

That has suffered

And searched

That finds now sisters

And brothers

There is such beauty

In the simple act

Of giving

Giving

Ever more

~Evermore, Ever More

30<sup>th</sup> of April, 2025 - ~12:08 pm

I do not ask your forgiveness

For speaking gravely

For such is the matter

Such is the time

Of gravity

If you have ever wondered

What you would do

In pre-war Germany

In the time before and of

The Holocaust

Now is the time

To find out

30<sup>th</sup> of April, 2025 – 2:41 pm

Your error

Lies not so much

In your ignorance

Not so much

As its willfulness

30<sup>th</sup> of April, 2025 – 3:58 pm

You speak  
With the affected authority  
The small  
Arrogant voice  
Of one who does not know  
They are superseded by hundreds  
Thousands of years of history  
  
If our entreaty  
To be treated with nothing more  
Than human dignity  
Makes us enemies  
  
Then know this  
And tremble  
  
We were here long before your birth  
And we will be here long after your death  
  
It is your choice, now  
How you want history to reflect upon you.

~To The All Knowing Father, The All Knowing Mother

30<sup>th</sup> of April, 2025 – 11:38 pm

I tell you again

“Mother”

That I would sooner

Seek refuge in strangers

Should tell you

How you have failed

~Coming To Terms, pt. 11

1<sup>st</sup> of May, 2025 – 1:06 pm

I spun into threads of gold

The many spools of pain you gave me

You look now upon my many-colored coat

And declare that the empress has no clothes

Failing to see

You have only betrayed your own blindness

~Coming To Terms, pt. 12

1<sup>st</sup> of May, 2025 – 3:56 pm

Certainly

Hearing how you have failed

Must be unpleasant

Consider now

How unpleasant it must have been

To experience it

~Coming To Terms, pt. 13

1<sup>st</sup> of May, 2025 – 4:09 pm

The cycle of trauma

Stops here

Now

With me

You can choose

To join me

Be a part of it

And discover too

The joy

Or

You can choose

To keep thieving my forgiveness

Deluding yourself

And weep

Alone

Forever wondering

Why it is you are alone

~Coming To Terms, pt. 14

1<sup>st</sup> of May, 2025 – 5:25 pm

She wears

Now

Flowers

In her hair

For she has gone

Into the garden of her soul

And done the backbreaking

Heartbreaking work

Of pulling many weeds

1<sup>st</sup> of May, 2025 – 8:31 pm

It is a truly bitter

Pill to swallow

You know

I hear people's stories

Now and then

Of a parent they have lost

To dementia

Et similia

And you know

It breaks my heart

In part

For their loss

And then

For the difference

For even if

Their parents

No longer see

Or know them

I envy them

Their fortune

For I doubt

The clouds in their eyes

Were something

They chose

Every day

~Coming To Terms, pt. 15

2<sup>nd</sup> of May, 2025 – 9:29 pm

I learned

How to care

For my hair

What a joy

And vexation

Makeup could be

How to walk in heels

Without breaking my ankles

(Or the heels)

How to find

And wear

The perfect bra

What it truly means

To be a girl

In this world

The joy

And indecision

Of picking the perfect accessory

How to care for others

Without failing

To care for myself

To make sure to get waterproof

Mascara and eyeliner

In case I cry

The absolute joy

And beauty

And realities

Of girlhood

All this

And so much more

I learned from everyone

But you

Bits here

Pieces there

From countless friends

And wonderful girlfriends

All collected

And fashioned

Into the shape of a mother

~Wire Mother

2<sup>nd</sup> of May, 2025 – 10:46 pm

You were supposed

To push me forward

And up

Not hold me back

And down

~Coming To Terms, pt. 16

3<sup>rd</sup> of May, 2025 – 9:31 pm

What is it

You used to say

“Your father and I

Don’t feel very loved”

Sucks

Doesn’t it

~Coming To Terms, pt. 17

3<sup>rd</sup> of May, 2025 – 9:26 pm

It's okay

To not understand

At first

But you

You didn't even try

~Coming To Terms, pt. 18

4<sup>th</sup> of May, 2025 – 10:30 pm

Geronimo

6<sup>th</sup> of May, 2025 – 1:50 pm

“Mother”

If the path I walk now

Is that of darkness

Then

I cannot wait to see

What the light is like

7<sup>th</sup> of May, 2025 – 5:49 am

Have I done little more

Than consign myself

To that in-between

Twilight realm

Found attractive

By neither man

Nor woman?

9<sup>th</sup> of May, 2025 – 7:22 pm

I have realized

Many things

In my time

With help, of course

Here are a couple

Fresh and hot

...

Two keys, to suffering:

Too much

Too little

And

One key

Out of many

To the many-lock box

Of happiness:

Just enough

9<sup>th</sup> of May, 2025 – 7:43 pm

Little Life – Robert Gromotka

Oh

Your warm hand

Upon my cheek

Is all of my joy

Oh sun-dappled caress

Of Spring

How I have missed thee so

11<sup>th</sup> of May, 2025 – 3:15 pm

Oh Dearest Reader

I pray you don't

But should you

Too

Know the pain

Behind the words

“Your first family

Is the one you're born to

The second family

The real one

Is the one you choose”

And should you still

Be waiting

To find them

Know them

Should your heart still break

From envy

Know that I have known your pain

I have known that ache

So

Dearest Reader

Let me be the first

To reassure you

You will find them.

It will take time

It took me

Many years

Much thought

And

Not a little pain

But

I did find them

And let me reassure you

From the other side

Of the light at tunnel's end

It is as lovely as I'd hoped

In fact

I write to you now

Dearest Reader

From a porch swing

On a lovely summer day

Absently listening

To the idle conversations

Of some of those very same loved ones

And oh

Dearest Reader

Let me reassure you now

As someone who knows

My heart feels

So much more at rest

The grass  
Truly is greener

...

You too  
Will find them  
Dearest Reader

And if you struggle  
To identify them

They will be the ones  
That make you feel

Safe  
Loved  
Seen  
Cared for

And if you doubt  
That they shall come

Dearest Reader

They  
– or one,  
at least –

Have already arrived

You hold one now  
In your very hands

13<sup>th</sup> of May, 2025 – 8:12 pm

You were supposed to be someone

That would help me overcome

Not someone

I overcame

~Coming To Terms, pt. 19

13<sup>th</sup> of May, 2025 (10:03 pm) to 15<sup>th</sup> of May, 2025 (12:55  
am)

I still

Don't quite know

What to make of it

...

There's just

This familiar feeling

"This can't be normal"

...

What do you think

Dearest Reader?

Do you know too

The overwhelming feelings

Of shame

And guilt?

The way lips

Become locked

As if

By some powerful curse?

...

And

You know

It's strange

If any of my friends  
Or even you, Dearest Reader  
Were to tell me of the same feelings

I would seize your hand  
Squeeze so tenderly  
And tell you

“I do these things  
Not because I have to  
But because I *want* to

What is money even for  
If not to enrich our lives  
And those of the ones we love

What is any paltry sum  
In the face of your need  
And my love for you?”

...

And yet  
When it comes time  
For my turn to ask

My eyes shut tight  
My jaw locks  
And my lips tremble

One would think  
I were mustering the will  
To ask for someone's live savings

But  
I am not in the habit of such things

...

Would you like to know  
What last summoned  
Such Herculean struggle?

...

It was nothing more  
Than asking for a drink  
Whose total cost  
Was four dollars.

...

And my gratitude  
When they said yes  
Was in painful evidence

Dearest Reader  
When I tell you  
I wept

...

I still  
Don't quite know  
What to make of it

...

Do you, too  
Know this struggle  
Dearest Reader?

If you do  
My heart breaks  
For us

...

If I discover  
Some understanding  
I promise to share

Until then  
May we learn  
How to accept

The very kindness  
We give  
So freely

15<sup>th</sup> of May, 2025 – 3:38 am to 10:04 pm

What is it

That makes a woman

Is it the satisfaction

In the clack of our heels

Is it the pain

Of the blisters they give

Is it the little trinkets

On our keys

Or is it how we must hold those keys

Walking to our cars

Is it the artful joy

Of our makeup

Or the money we must forfeit

To be sufficiently beautiful

Is it the compliments given

By our loving sisters

Or the reproach of men

Telling us to “smile”

Is it how our sisters light up

At a thoughtful compliment

Or is it the stares, followed by derision

When we do not say “thank you”

Is it the rapturous joy

Of loving sisterhood

Or the pain

Of brutal competition

Is it the delight of pretty colors

On our nails

Or the pain of scratching for freedom

When we are held against our will

Is it the rolling curves

Of our bodies

Or the fact

They are not our own

Is it

*Who* we are

Or merely what lies

Between one's legs

If all these things

Do not a woman make

What more

Could they possibly want

16<sup>th</sup> of May, 2025 (11:55 pm) to 17<sup>th</sup> of May, 2025 (12:45 am)

It's my birthday tomorrow

Dearest Reader

And

You know

Normally

It's only been just another day

But

This year

I'm finally

Going to celebrate

Because there's simply...

So much to celebrate

...

When did we first meet

Dearest Reader?

Back in February

I think

It's only been a few months

And yet...

I feel like I've experienced...

So much

I feel like  
In this short period

I've gone through  
Many chapters

...

First  
Was loss

Then  
Peace

Then  
Discovery

And then  
Joy

And a through-line  
Of each chapter

Has been  
Coming to terms

And finding  
Such wonderful community

Such...  
Wonderful people

And it has been...  
Such joy

...

Don't get me wrong  
There have been painful times

And I wonder if you too  
Are going through such times

And I hope  
If you are

You have found solace  
In this book

...

I know I have  
In writing it

In speaking with you  
And myself

...

It has been hard  
But it has also been so wonderful

So I'm going to celebrate

I will celebrate for  
Myself

My loved ones

And you

Oh Dearest Reader

I shall raise a glass

To us

# Date Unknown

healing hurts – BLU EYES

Heed my words of love

Dearest Reader

Just because a wound

Is healing

Or even

Has healed

Doesn't mean it won't hurt

Sometimes

Doesn't mean it can't ache

Now and then

And if you are feeling that pain

Now

I'm sorry

Dearest Reader

We'll be okay again

But for now

Let us hold space

For us

For I feel it too

22<sup>nd</sup> of May, 2025 – 10:48 pm

Dearest Reader

Some time ago

I wrote a poem

And I've wondered

If I should include it

...

I think I shall

But

I'd like to preface it

For as it was written

Sounds somewhat harsh

And for you

Dearest Reader

This book is meant

To be a safe place

Warm

And gentle

...

But I think

In the interest of writing

To those similarly

Broken hearts

I shall preserve it

Bite and all:

“I’m done

With ‘match my energy’

With how much

I have poured out

I feel now that it feels

Too much like a plea

Starting now

I will match *your* energy

I’m too tired

Now

To keep pouring

Flagons

In exchange

For thimbles”

22<sup>nd</sup> of May, 2025 – 10:54 pm

Is there

Perhaps

Another reason

I seek the bustling night?

Am I repeating what I did

As a child?

Filling the silence

With noise

Chat channels

Notifications

Videos

Anything

But silence

...

I wonder

25<sup>th</sup> of May, 2025 – 1:02 am

Stop staring

At me

Fucking

Asshole

~To Spit Into The Wind, pt. 5

26<sup>th</sup> of May, 2025 – 4:50 am

Dearest Reader

I write to you now

From a place I am visiting

A place where I wonder

If I may be killed

...

Wherever you are

I pray you are safe

2<sup>nd</sup> of June, 2025 - ~5:30 pm to 6:00 pm

Little Life – Robert Gromotka

Pandora did us one favor

Oh Dearest Reader

That of closing the box

On hope

So that

Even on some of our weariest days

Even when we believe ourselves

Bereft of it

As I have

These last few weeks

...

Even still

On those few

Warm

Sunny days

With good music

Good friends

Dear companions

(Such as yourself)

By happenstances

Of fortune

We can still find

Still hear

That elusive tinkling

Of the smallest of bells

Deep in our hearts

Called hope

...

And if you

Dearest Reader

Find yourself so bereft

Allow me to speak some soft words

It is never too late

Not all is lost

Even if it feels like it is

That you wake

Each day

Is your own body's attempt

To tell you the same

It is never over

Not until that specter of death

Takes us to loved ones passed

...

The truth of my words

May be cold comfort

And I know

Dearest Reader

How black and cold

Those depths of despair can be

I whisper to you now

Across space and time

All things pass

Both good

And bad

But if you are in the midst of it

Now

Let me take your hand

And sit with you

No words need

(Or can)

Be exchanged

But know

You have at least one friend

Here

28<sup>th</sup> of May, 2025 – 7:43 am

It's because of you

I still roll my feet

Heel to toe

As though

Walking on eggshells

~Coming To Terms, pt. 20

2<sup>nd</sup> of June, 2025 – 6:42 pm

You blocked me

On one

Locked me out

On another

What kind of coward

Yells over

Then flees from

Naught

But whispered truth

~Coming To Terms, pt. 21

2<sup>nd</sup> of June, 2025 – 6:45 pm

And

Turning now to you

What say you

Father

Shall you too

Succumb

To the suffocation

Of a world so small

The press

Of a mind so narrow

What say you

~Coming To Terms, pt. 22

## Date Unknown

Mr. Rogers once said  
“Look for the helpers”

And may we all  
Make him proud

3<sup>rd</sup> of June, 2025 – 2:51 pm

“Ma’am

I live in a country

A state

- And

My hands shook as I wrote this

As I was given a look

Of clear animosity

By a man with a gun –

Where every day

On some level

I wonder

“Is today the day?”

The day when a woman screams

In the bathroom

The day I get accosted

Walking about

The day I get shot

For being who I am

...

If I cannot handle

The occasional crude customer

I very much doubt

I will survive long

~Excerpt From An Interview

3<sup>rd</sup> of June, 2025 – 5:11 pm

To the man

With the gun on his hip

Why do you stare

With such hatred?

What threat

Do I pose?

Other

Than to the world you know?

3<sup>rd</sup> of June, 2025 – 5:26 pm

You know

Dearest Reader

I have learned a number of lessons

In my time

Some

The hard way

Let me share one such

With you now

So that hopefully

You might be spared

...

Not everyone will like us

Dear

We might be sweet

We might be soft

And even then

We might be met with disinterest

And

That might hurt

If we seek to spread joy

It can be confusing

Even painful

When our smile  
And outstretched gift

Is met with indifference  
Or even hostility

I have  
At times

Wondered what I did wrong  
Or "if they just knew me better"

But that's the thing  
Sweetheart

We needn't have always done anything other  
Than be ourselves

Let alone any overt  
Or inadvertent wrong

Sometimes being yourself  
Was reason enough

Or  
Perhaps

They do not seek to know  
Or be known

Perhaps tastes  
Are mismatched

Perhaps life stages  
Lifestyles

Norms  
Beliefs

Principles

Are incompatible

We might be misjudged

Misunderstood

Made fun of

Even bullied

For nothing more

Than being ourselves

And no, sweetheart

It's not fair

It's not kind

And it's bull

Or

At the very least

A little sad

For if you are reading this book

If you have read it this far

I imagine you too

Have a gentle heart

Even if you find or feel or worry

This world has hardened it

Or may

And if you

Dearest Reader

Are among those

That feel as such

I am so sorry

...

Know that I have just now

Taken a pause, for you

To lament your pain

And the cruelty we have faced

...

So

What are we to do

When there are so many ways

To not be accepted?

...

It is first

To accept *ourselves*

And second

To know this

To be liked by all

Is an impossible task

Third

To ask of ourselves

Why we desire, so

To be accepted by those

Who may have no interest

In doing so

What does their acceptance

Truly mean

Truly entail

Truly demand

For I tell you now

Dearest Reader

If it is any more

Than simple respect

And that you be no more

Or less

Than yourself

It is only an endeavor

In self harm

...

We may have flaws

Shortcomings

And those are eternally

Our responsibility

But to be different

Alone

Is no flaw

So long as we are doing

Our ever best

To be kind

To be considerate

Then we have not failed

And we are

And remain

Enough

...

Our only obligations as people

Are ever twofold:

Don't be a dick

Don't be a dumbass

All else

Is entirely made up

And the only person

You should ever be

Is you.

3<sup>rd</sup> of June, 2025 – 9:45 pm

Don't forget

Dearest Reader

Love

Can be hard

Whether it's family

Friends

Or partners

But it's not

Supposed to hurt

Or leave you confused

3<sup>rd</sup> of June, 2025 - 9:53 pm, to

You know

There's a saying

"Wherever you go

There you are"

And it's certainly true

And at the same time

Let us not make the mistake

Of underestimating a change

...

And as I write to you now

I wonder where you are

Do my words find you

In a town you hope to escape?

A city?

A job?

Do you find yourself

In the midst of

A friendship

Relationship

Family

Marriage

That feels like

It only causes stress?

That makes your heart hurt?

...

I wish I knew

What more to say

But I do know this

I have worked at a job

Where every day was misery

I have been in relationships

Where my heart knew better

I have been on calls with my mother

That had me fuming

I have felt the ache of knowing

Where I lived did not feel like home

I live now in a state

A country

That may someday see

To my extermination

...

So

Perhaps

Let us not

Only ever run

And

Let us, too

Not underestimate the possibility

That what we may need

Is a change

Or even

Escape

7<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 7:04 pm

Taking shots

Of caffeine

Just to have enough

Energy

To feel

Exhausted

~Letters From The Floor, pt. 1

7<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 7:26 pm

Pulled

Into the floor

By the weight

Of thought

Crushed

Into the ground

By the burden

Of the very effort

It would take

Just to get up

~Letters From The Floor, pt. 2

7<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 7:26 pm

Have you ever felt

So exhausted

That you don't

Even care

That your face

Is touching the floor

The very same

That you haven't been able to sweep

For weeks

~Letters From The Floor, pt. 3

7<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 7:26 pm

I have

Not even the energy

To slam a fist

Into the floor

In my desperate

Frustrated anguish

~Letters From The Floor, pt. 4

8<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 9:23 am

It took me

A while

To finally be able

To answer your question

The one you always asked

When I would say

“I know”

You always

Always

Immediately asked

“Why you don’t do it then?”

...

It took me

A while

To finally be able

To answer

“Because there’s a difference

Between knowing

And internalizing”

...

It took me

Twenty years

To finally

Have an answer

And

It took me

Until just now

To realize another

“Because I have a very real disorder

Whose characteristic symptoms

Are the very things

You are yelling at me for”

...

But

Back then

You always looked at me

Like I was supposed to know

Like / was supposed to know

...

Maybe I would have

Maybe we both

Would have

If you had taken the time

To be gentle

To understand me

And then guide me

...

For all I know

Maybe you did try

...

But all I remember  
Is the shouting

~Coming To Terms, pt. 23

8<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 9:27 am

How much of me

Did you carve away

For nothing more

Than your convenience

~Coming To Terms, pt. 24

8<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 9:15 pm

There's a very specific

Kind of satisfaction

When

Confronted with looks of disgust

Earned for the audacity

Of being yourself

Your chin

Sticks up

Your chest

Sticks out

In a picture

Of poise

An elegant

Full body

Middle finger

~To Spit Into The Wind, pt. 6

8<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 8:46 pm

How many times

Must I turn

To find another

Has pulled away

Without a word

How many times

Must I be left

Confused

Why do the corners of your eyes

No longer crinkle

When you see me

Why do you look away

When you see

I am coming

Why can I feel the press

Of your outstretched hand

Upon my bosom

When I approach

Why do my letters

Lie opened and unattended

Upon your floor

If only you might tell me

Perhaps I could rectify

Whatever mistake

You tell me  
Over and again  
That all is well

But still I turn  
And do not find you

8<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 9:42 pm

It's not that

I have expectations

Entitlements

Of your time

I simply

Cannot help but notice

Over the course of a night

The many times

It is not shared

(Sophie: I am enormously saddened and relieved by this)

12<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 5:48 am\*

You claim  
With such indignance  
Your maternal valor

And yet  
How readily you turn away  
From the cries of the very same child

“You are hurting me,”  
They sob  
Clutching my hand  
Looking to you

And you

You

You look them  
Dead in the eyes  
And screech back

“No I’m not”  
“What about *my* pain”  
“How could you do this to *me*”  
“I’ve done so much for you  
In the past”

...

How dare you

How *dare* you

Consider your custody

Revoked.

~Coming To Terms, pt. 25

13<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 12:12 am

They say

Hurt people

Hurt people

...

And

There is a flip side

To that coin

Hurt people

Can heal people

And if you feel

Some confusion

Consider the following

“The world

Can be cruel

Therefore

I won't be”

13<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 11:16 pm

Dearest Reader,

Do you too

Struggle

With that pernicious second nature

Of emotional hyper-vigilance?

I certainly have

And you know

That's what makes it so dangerous

I think

The way it creeps

Into our every move

Silently

Without us ever realizing

...

Even now

I still wonder

When did it start?

...

...

When did I first hear the click

That precedes the blast

When did I first

Have to regrow my legs

When did I first learn how to look  
For freshly turned earth

Or  
That I had to

...

...

Oh  
Tender inner child

When did you  
First learn

How to hush your breathing  
Or even hold it

How to slow a deafening  
Pounding heartbeat

How to walk  
As a whisper

...

...

When did I first look at a grassy plain  
And see a minefield

When did my ears first prick  
At rustling leaves

...

...

...

...

I started this poem

With joy

For I have news

Dearest Reader

...

I suppose

In thinking about it

I couldn't help

But feel some sorrow

...

But

I have news!

Last night

I felt that familiar pang

"What if they"

...

But then

I stopped myself

More than once

And remembered something

A quote

From my favorite show

I share it with you now

To give you the same gift

“I am not responsible  
For the dysfunction of others”

13<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 6:42 pm

They were to me

As a deep sigh of relief

Upon shedding

A great load

~An Ode To Those Who Make Life Worth Living

14<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 10:19 pm

“This has been an exercise in misery  
And I question the soundness of mind  
Of all those who perform it,”

She declared  
Having reached her third hour  
Of applying makeup

21<sup>st</sup> of June, 2025 – 6:25 pm

From somewhere

In my heart

There rings

An eternal refrain

“Please

Don't go”

22<sup>nd</sup> of June, 2025 – 5:13 pm

Do I have

The strength

To face, today

That sunshine

Calling

Through the blinds?

~Letters From The Floor, pt. 5

22<sup>nd</sup> of June, 2025 – 5:16 pm

Yes.

~Letters From

22<sup>nd</sup> of June, 2025 – 7:50 pm

Dearest Reader

My heart, the poor dear  
Struggles, at times

To know what to do

What is the right thing?  
What *was* the right thing?

And

At times

It aches  
Over past mistakes

Agonizes and flagellates  
Itself

Wrings its hands  
And worries the floor

Pacing  
Pacing

'Round  
And 'round

Hither  
And yonder

'Til soles and soul are sore

...

But now

I find

My step

Has halted

Stopped

In thought

With a new "what if"

To ponder

I share it with you now

Dearest Reader

In hopes to save us both

Some wander

...

"If you had known X

Would you still have

- Or have not -

Done Y?"

...

Perhaps now

We might be able

To take off our shoes

24<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 8:25 pm

Dearest Reader

I wrote something

Back in February

Two things

Actually

In the wake of...

A great personal tragedy

...

It's funny

I never intended

In the beginning

For this book to be

Quite so trans-coded

But

I think...

Something about that experience

Helped to illuminate something

The true depths of...

A few different tragedies

...

The first

That we live in

Such a world

Where so many girls  
And women alike  
Feel they cannot trust  
Even the warmest smile

...

The second

That  
For all one's beauty  
A heart must still lie hidden  
Within the body

...

The third

...

That my own  
Heart  
Did not match  
My body

...

...

And...

Yet...

Here I stand  
Still.

Well

Sit, actually

Once more  
In the very same seat

As the one  
From that terrible night

...

I didn't expect  
To feel this sensation

But  
I suppose

There's something about  
The band of musicians

Playing such  
Jaunty Irish music

The feeling of relief  
And safety

When the right people  
Know you better

The sense of coziness  
That has returned

The knowledge that  
Even if you had never been able to return

You would still  
Be okay

And still  
The warmth of reconciliation

...

If I were to put a name  
To this sensation

...

I suppose I would call it  
Victory.

...

As the fiddles fiddle  
And banjos twang

In hearty celebration  
Behind me

I raise my cup  
Of Earl Grey and cream

To You  
Dearest Reader

...

May You too  
Know this feeling

Cheers <3

24<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 9:57 pm

Oh

And wouldn't you know it

The one who traumatized me

May now be outside

But don't you fret

Dearest Reader

If anything

I hope you grin

Because I am different

Now

And wouldn't you know it

I also happen to be

Prepared ☺

25<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 6:19 am

Keep Holding On – Avril Lavigne

As the night

Comes to a close

As the approaching grey

Of twilight draws close

I sing myself to sleep

After donning some comfy clothes

That I might wake another day

With a heart still open

Never closed

26<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 2:36 am

I can't wait  
Until it doesn't take

Two  
Hours  
Of makeup

To transform  
Back to the face

Fellow girls recognize  
As safe

~Tragedy Of The Second Kind, pt. 1

26<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 5:51 am

You look at me

As though I would not die for you

And that

Is what kills me

In the end

~Tragedy Of The Second Kind, pt. 2

26<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 7:39 pm

I am

To their eyes

As a marble statue

Upon a pedestal

They pass me by

One by one

And remark upon my beauty

As one would a painting

As one would an exhibit

In a museum

Spotlight

And all

But I am

To their eyes

As a marble statue

Upon a pedestal

So one by one

They pass me by

For I am beautiful

A work of art

And nothing more

28<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 - ~1:00 pm

Look

See the beautiful girl

See how she

Too

Must pluck at her shorts

In the sticky heat

Of summer

28<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 7:29 pm

Thank you.

For filling a broken heart

With such warmth

And love

~To Weep Joy

28<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 7:50 pm

Thanks – Man Delorean\*

You told me

“Get an education”

So

I did

Nearing my middle life

I finally got to go

I got my chance

At college

And thence

I went out

Into that great world

And learned

...

I have learned

So much

Such a great deal more

Than I ever expected

And in the process

I learned who I was

And

Who you were

Who you are both  
Doomed to be

~Coming To Terms, pt. 26

29<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 - ~3:00 am

What is any good story

Made up of

But an infinite number

Of otherwise unremarkable moments

But so beautiful

Seen in whole

...

I suppose

It follows, then

The art of being present

Is nothing so much more

Than to notice

To pluck and examine

As a grain of sand

The very minutiae

We breathe like air

To feel

Truly notice

The warmth of that sand

Beneath our feet

To feel

Truly feel

Each grain shift  
Between our toes

...

If we are all living  
Our own movies

What, exactly  
Is any scene comprised of?

The music  
At the bar?

That it is perhaps  
A bit loud?

Or on second thought  
Perhaps not?

The cacophony of chatter  
Of the other people?

The gaze we catch  
Across the floor?

Or  
How, suddenly

The music takes on  
A kind of ethereality?

...

I would posit  
No

It is *all* these things

And to take time

To notice them

Is what takes one

From actor

To viewer

And back again

~Cinematic

29<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 8:14 am

Her body

Is covered

In scars

Red

And white

Lines

Mapping the pain

Her heart has known

A cartographic record

Of sorrow

And as she listens

To this song

Undressing her body

And soul

After a long

Albeit joyful night

As she does

Every night

Fingertips and gaze

Running over her skin

...

Her eyes

Flick back up

To her mirror  
To meet her own gaze

...

And she smiles

...

For  
Before her

Stands what was once  
A boy

And then  
A man

And then  
A woman

And  
In times of joy

A girl

A beautiful  
Sweet girl

Whose smile  
Still falters

Sometimes  
On its way up

For she has known hurt

...

But

Her eyes

Still crinkle

When she smiles

And her love

Radiates from her gaze

...

She whispers,

“I love you”

And I watch

How my lips form

Around the words

And gaze back

Into her eyes

Her eyes

That see me

As I see her

...

It took

So long

To find her

Buried

So deeply within

And...

I mourn

The time she spent

Wandering the dark

Wishing to find the way out

...

But

She stands

Now

Before me

And

As the sound of her soul

Plays

Still

Fairy lights

Twinkling

I reach out my hand

To the mirror

For I love her so

And I am so

So grateful

To know her

Now

...

And...

As she takes off  
The night's face

Slowly  
Fading away

Disappearing  
Back inside

I know  
In my heart

She is still there

I greet her  
Again

Every morning  
And every night

With  
Or without makeup

We hold hands  
As we walk  
Skip

Together  
Through life

...

And oh  
I love her so

29<sup>th</sup> of June, 2025 – 9:39 pm

You can handle

Much more than you think

And you don't have to handle

Any more than you can

4<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 3:13 am

Dearest Reader

I write to you

From outside a Circle K

Still slightly tipsy

And full of smiles

For my breasts

Are growing in

I got to kiss

A cute girl tonight

And

I finally

Finally

Have a job

...

At last

...

Sunshine

4<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 5:24 pm

“Does it ever get better?”

They asked

“Eventually,”

She said

And

Eventually

Eventually came

3<sup>rd</sup> of July, 2025 – 9:53 pm

She wears only blacks

But I know

She also loves pink

She wears spikes

But I know

She loves flowers

She wields a vicious claw

But I know

She caresses the hips of roses

Her glare is as knives

But I know

Her gaze is soft

Her shriek rivals the most ferocious hellcat

But I know

She croons to purring kitties

She is mysterious

But I know

She loves to tell tales

She commands attention

But I know

She prefers to give it

Her beauty rivals goddesses

But I know

She cannot see it

Her chest is racked with sobs, at times

But I know

She breathes comfort into the air

She holds her head high

But I know

She doubts herself

It took her

Decades

To learn how to advocate for herself

But I know

She would rush to the defense of another

She is contradiction walking

Soul of a girl

Body of a boy

But I know her

And oh

What a gift

~Love Letters To Myself, pt. 1

5<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 12:13 am

What an odd

Sensation

To be surrounded

By people

And yet...

To feel

As a ghost

...

They observe my presence

Remark upon it

And yet...

Their voices

Feel as distant

Echoes

That do not

Quite reach

As though all they see

What they remark upon

Is but a mere

Shift

In sun-speckled motes

A rustle

In the curtains

And their words

Their gazes

Bodies

Pass through me

And all they notice

As I drift by

Is but a faintly

Perfumed

Breath's

Caress

...

What an odd

Sensation

To be in the midst of

The vibrant throng

Yet still wait

Everlong

To be seen

5<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 2:15 am

And yet

There have been some

Who stopped

Pricked up their ears

Trained their gaze

Upon the corner I occupy

Who mouthed

“I see you”

5<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 5:29 am

What they don't tell you  
About fearing for your life

Is how it is so  
Utterly

Exhausting

...

Did you know  
Dolphins sleep

One half of their brain  
At a time?

Constantly  
Constantly.

Watching.

5<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 7:47 pm

Music

I can hear music

Again

Sunlight

I can feel sunlight

Again

Food

I can taste food

Again

Smile

I can smile

Again

Dance

I can dance

Again

Joy

I can feel joy

Again

That sweet sugar of life

Has returned to my tongue

~An Ode To Bliss

12<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 2:47 am

Oh

But if only

The mask

That is my true face

Were so easy to apply

As the prosthetic breasts

That

Too

Stand in

For that which

Is still growing

...

For the sake

Of seeing my true face

For my fellow girls

To feel safe

It is a toll

I am willing to pay

...

But on those nights

I've not the time

On those nights

I cannot muster

Oh

My God

Does my heart break

...

Oh

My wonderful sisters

Oh

My would-be inamoratas

I cannot bear to see you

When

You

Cannot see

Me

12<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 3:35 am

But oh

Do my eternal thanks go

To you

Mister sir

Waiting each night

Ever at the window

To see me again

~An Ode To Marscapone

19<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 12:04 am

What an odd sensation

To seek

And yet

Not wish to be found

19<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 4:49 pm

I know not  
From whence it came

This strange  
Heart's haze

But

I shall be patient  
And gentle

With You  
Tender Heart

As promised

So  
Take Your time

I am here

20<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 12:24 am

It's quite amusing

How hard it is

To have time to yourself

When you're at a favorite bar

And you have the truly wonderful privilege

Of knowing so many wonderful people

All stopping to say hello

What an inconvenient

Beautiful

Joyous privilege

20<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 12:47 am to

I have been listening

Tender Heart

Tuning out

The cacophony

Listening for the sound

Of your keening

[Poem not finished]

22<sup>nd</sup> of July, 2025 – 10:52 pm

Don't Let It Change You – Katelyn Tarver

We're okay

Love

We're okay

23<sup>rd</sup> of July, 2025 – 12:37 am

Thank you

To those who voluntarily

Preemptively, even

Removed themselves

From my life

You left me with

Such confusion

At first

But

With time

You gave me

More clarity

Made it a little easier

To tell

Who they are

Those blessed ones

Who voluntarily

Stay

23<sup>rd</sup> of July, 2025 – 7:09 pm

I noticed a couple of dots

On the case of my vape

Circular smudges, on plastic

That otherwise glinted in the evening sun

I'd thought they were a part of it

Spots for screws, or

Telltale signs of the mold

They'd been made from, perhaps

But then

I got curious

So I scratched at them

And, lo and behold

They faded away

...

It made me look back up

And out the window

...

How many other things

I wonder

Do we assume to be parts of our worlds

When

Should we inspect them closer

We may find they needn't be

Or never were

To begin with

24<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 8:22 pm

Look

See how I carry myself

Look

See how I watch my drinks

Look

See how I watch my back at night

Look

See how I ensure my sisters are safe

Look

See how I resist your pressures

Then

Look

Me in the eye

And tell me I am not a woman

I fucking dare you

24<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 10:20 pm

Dear mom and dad

We haven't spoken

In quite some time, now

And perhaps

That's for the best

...

Do you remember what I said

Back then?

"I can do this without you

...

I don't want to

But

I can"

...

Well

I'm doing it, mom

I'm doing it, dad

I'm having...

Such a time

It's been...

So wonderful

And

At times...

So hard

...

The inheritance you left me

Up there in the attic

A now dusty collection

Of wounds

And unanswered questions

Still aches

Now and then

As it does tonight

...

I have made a home

Of the hot summer nights

And empty streets

And I have a cat

Now

To snuggle in the winter

...

I have slowly

Steadily

Managed

To replace you

Since it feels like  
I have no place

With you

...

I wish you could see it  
Sometimes

I wish  
Sometimes

You weren't dead

That we weren't dead  
To each other

...

But...

Whether you or I  
Like it or not

I'm doing it  
Without you

...

And...  
You know what?

...

I'm having the time of my life

25<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 5:02 am

Fever Dream – Movements

It's the strangest thing

I know I'll wake up tomorrow  
With a renewed sense of hope

But

Some nights

As I undo the clasps  
Slip off the mask

And bundle myself  
In sheets of melancholy

Some nights  
I wish I wouldn't

...

Some nights

I wish

I could just

Disapp

25<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 11:04 pm

Oh, but that small

Begrudging

Weary

Wry smile

When spirit's ashes

Stir

26<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 3:24 pm

Off a small little side street

Somewhere in Indiana

A hop, skip, and a jump to the right

Down a corridor of green

Lives a girl so sweet

Smile wide as a banana

Who bathes in the twinkling of fairy light

And then leaves the bathroom

A rather...ehm.,.

Terrible sight

She teaches her cat French

Though progress has been slow

But she still leaves each day

Crooning “je t’aime, Marscapone”

[Poem Unfinished]

27<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 2:27 am

Night

ruined.

27<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 5:12 am

She gave forth a long

Ragged

Weary

Sigh

The kind one breathes

When the exhaustion

Of years

Years

Of shattering

Catches up

...

And

Then

One corner

Of her lips

Still black

As glossy night

Slowly

Arduously

Almost

Begrudgingly

Began to curve

Up

Into a grin

A ragged

Weary

Grin

As one does

After years

Years

Of mending

Of being reminded

“Oh

That’s right

I’ll be okay”

The kind of grin

One cannot help

The kind one does

When they allow themselves

To be carried

To let their weight

Onto the shoulders

Under their arms

...

“Friends, man,”

She groaned

Shaking her head

“They’ll save your fuckin’ life”

~Night—Life—Saved

27<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 5:52 am

Am I so willing

So ready

To give benefit of the doubt

To believe I am the problem

Because I have

For so long

....

Been made to feel

That I was?

28<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 1:00 am

Thank you

My dearest

Dearest friends

For knowing me better

~Observations While Tippy, pt. 1

28<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 1:01 am

It's so painful,

You know

To feel pushed

Away

~Observations While Topsy, pt. 2

28<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 1:02 am

I wanna go home

~Observations While Tippy, pt. 3

28<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 2:16 am

Broadripple Is Burning (The Daytrotter Sessions) – Margot & The Nuclear So And So's

28<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 2:33 am

Broadripple Is Burning (The Daytrotter Sessions) – Margot & The Nuclear So And So's

Do you have any idea

What it's like

Having a constantly

Constantly

Constantly

Con

Stantly

Con

St

Antly

Co

Ns

Ta

Nt

Ly

Running

Prime directive

Of "first,

Do no harm"

You can't even go on a drive

At 3 in the morning

To kill yourself

Properly

The seatbelt is off  
But the foot will press

No farther  
Into the accelerator

~Observations While Topsy, pt. 4

28<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 3:12 am

Broadripple Is Burning (The Daytrotter Sessions) – Margot & The Nuclear So And So's

It's a \*strain

Sensation

In your head

You ask

Am I really wanting to do this?

And in your head

As your foot

Presses slowly more

\*To the accelerator

In your head

You just

Don't answer

~Observations While Topsy, pt. 5

28<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 - ~3:15 am

Broadripple Is Burning (The Daytrotter Sessions) – Margot & The Nuclear So And So's

Oh

But that shake

Of speed

~\*Ohservarions While Tippy, part \*516









28<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 3:20 am

It's such a strange

Strange

Strange

Sensation

Relief

And

Disappointment

28<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 3:23 am

If

It wasn't quite deliberate

Does it still count

As trying

28<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 3:30 am

Take a good  
Fucking look

Feast your eyes  
You wretches

Every person  
Every former friend  
Every former lover  
Every single neuron of mine

That has ever lied to me  
When all I begged for  
Was truth

All of you  
Every one

Whose othering eyes  
And turning backs

Let slip that which  
Your lips denied

Every errant synapse  
Every inescapable fear

“Get away from me”  
“Weirdo”  
“You’re not welcome”  
“Predator”

“They’re afraid of you”

“They’re lying”

“Don’t trust them

Not a one”

And oh mother

Oh father mine

Might you finally see

Oh

My wretched country

‘Tis of thee

This

Is what you have wrought

~The Most Beautiful Suicide

28<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 3:40 am

Well

Even if it didn't make

For a dramatic end

This night

It at least made

For some damn good poetry

~Spirit Of The Ever-Wry

28<sup>th</sup> July, 2025 – 3:55 am

Still

I must smirk

At the ever-hopeful stir

For still

I wonder

What doth tomorrow hold

28<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 4:21 am

“But

Why would you ever choose

To do such a thing?”

When

Did I ever say

That I chose to feel this way

28<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 4:30 am

Perhaps

Tis best I not pass

After all

As

After all

I have now a belt

That is simply to die for

28<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 4:34 am

Don't Let It Change You – Katelyn Tarver

28<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 1:26 pm

I very nearly didn't make it, Krista.

I collapsed. Inches from what turned out to be the finish line. A truly, truly, bitterly cruel distance away. But...

My hand reached out. My trembling fingers snuck forth.

And I touched it.

The ribbon.

One, single, solitary finger. Wrapped around it. And clenched it.

The day is here.

Expect that 400 to get paid – finally – here very soon.

I made it, Krista.

~Letter To A Landlord

28<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 1:51 pm

I Hope You Dance – Lee Ann Womack

And now

Comes the rest of your life

...

Welcome back, my love.

This  
Was the story  
Of boy  
Meets girl



## Book Two



28<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 7:04 pm

I think

I am quite sick

Of being made to feel

Responsible

For knowing things

I specifically ask to know

But am not told

Or

Worse yet

Things I am told

Are not there

...

But in actuality

Very much are

...

It is

Quite frankly

My least favorite form

Of gaslighting

Zero out of five stars.

28<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 - ~7:45 pm

Perhaps

She had cracked

Perhaps

The final straw

Had broken the camel's back

Perhaps

She had finally

Snapped

Crackled

Popped

But all she heard

Now

Was the familiar sirens

Klaxons

In her ears

“Something's wrong”

They had started up

At something

And then

Everything

They had not ceased

Since they began

Again

So,

She could no longer tell

What was threat  
And what was not

And so  
She grew silent

Sights  
And sounds

Fell away

Such that  
When her gaze lifted

What she heard  
Was water

Crashing somewhere  
Upon rocks

And what she saw  
Was *it*

What had lingered  
Hovered

Waited

In the background  
All her life

Her own  
Sword of Damocles

*But did Damocles  
She wondered*

*Throw himself upon it  
In the end?*

...

*Oh*

*He did*

*Didn't he?*

Her eyes flitted down

To see her feet

Moving

Her gaze lifted

To that edge

It was closer,

Now

She blinked

And her toes curled

Feeling cold rock

And a jagged edge

They stroked the wet

Odd slime

That reminded her

Of wading in streams

“Do not blame yourselves,

My dear friends,”

She whispered

Into the robber gale

That tore and tossed

Her words away

And sent her hair  
Whipping across her face

“I do not blame you

For I told you  
All of naught

And I know  
How utterly maddening it is

To be expected

To know

Still”

...

Her eyes  
Closed

And whether by will  
Or wind

Soundlessly  
She fell

Until her lips parted  
And her throat tore open

To give shrieking voice  
To that whispered scream

That had e'er afflicted  
The back of her mind

‘Twas a bitter  
Wretched  
Angry

Mournful  
Furious  
Remorseful  
Hateful  
Sorrowful  
Spiteful  
Agonized wail

“What more?!”

29<sup>th</sup> of July, 2025 – 5:22 pm

She's the type of girl  
That includes everyone

In her close friends list

Never the type  
To exclude

For she has known that pain  
And she

She is a healer

31<sup>st</sup> of July, 2025 – 11:59 am

In a blizzard world

Let us find

And be

Warm cabins

In

And for

Each other

For

In time

We will all die

The sun will explode

The universe will

One day

Be dark

...

So

For now

Let us hold candles aloft

Let us light

Together

That great night

For even though

We may be naught

But a mote of dust  
In a sunbeam

...

Oh  
How we could glow

2<sup>nd</sup> of August, 2025 – 1:39 am

She gazed up

At the sky

And wept

Tears

Streaming

Into her upturned lips

No coherent thoughts

Came to mind

But there came

Just

A feeling

A warm

Exhausted

Relieved

Joyous

Feeling

“At last”

2<sup>nd</sup> of August, 2025 – 3:32 am

And so it was

That

In

With the newly brisk night

Blew another change

Not the cold

Of coming fall

But the warmth

Of joy

Once more

~Joie De Vivre

3<sup>rd</sup> of August, 2025 – 4:12 am

I see

Now

'Twas you

Tender child

Within my heart

You

Who made intimate acquaintance

Of loneliness

You

Who knew exclusion

As your only friend

'Twas you

Dearest child

All along

Oh

Tender love of mine

I weep for you

I thank you

For revealing yourself to me

Now

Let me take your hands

For

Tis true

We've a wealth of loved ones

But

So too still

Do our own coffers of perception

Fill

And

Tis true

Their piling

Becomes difficult to dismiss

...

So eagerly

Do we fill them

Do we not?

Oh

Poor child

I do not rebuke your errors

I fall to my knees

And clasp thine hands

And weep

That you took so well

To life's instruction

That you have become so skilled

In filling these coffers

I look about

At all you have gathered

And I weep for you

~To Squirrel Despair

4<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 7:06 pm

“Madam

Do you really think

I would go through

All that I must endure

Just to get to watch you

Wash your hands?”

4<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 - ~7:30 pm

I thought myself ready

Trained

And prepared

By three decades

Of instruction

In observing

Interpreting

And understanding

Human behavior

””

Parameters

Set

Data

Checked

Tolerances

Defined

Alarms

Calibrated

...

What a fool I was

Even as I write

The lights have yet to cease flashing

I have long since  
Discarded my ear plugs

For at some point  
My ears grew deaf

To those incessant  
Damnable klaxons

...

Alas  
I fear I am fucked

For the world of girls  
Truly

Is not for the faint of heart

5<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 12:34 am

And then

Oh

God

What agony

What horror

What chilling terror

To smell gaslighting

And look down

To find a plastic red can

In your very own hand

Too

7<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 3:14 am, to 14<sup>th</sup> of August,  
2025 – 11:14 pm

She stares

Down the empty street

At night

Looking at

Nothing in particular

Noticing things

Here and there

The pulse

Of “do not cross” signs

The change from red

To green

On the back

Of a metal sign

The way the pale gold

Of halogen streetlights

Glints off of cars that wait

For stumbling owners

Here

And there

But all of it

Kind of

Blurs

In her unfocused eyes

For she looks

At nothing in particular

Head and heart

In the clouds

White and fluffy

Or dark and grey

She is ever

In the everdream

...

She carries flowers in her hands

And weeds

So many weeds

In her heart

But she is ever

In her true soul

A flower girl

A dreamer

In love with the world

And oh

Isn't she just...

Darling

~Love Letters To Myself, pt. 2

8<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 3:19 am, to 18<sup>th</sup> of August,  
2025 – 4:09 am

The bow of her heart  
As ships do upon the sea

Especially those  
Of storm and stress

Bobs up  
And down

Again  
And again

*But oh,  
Wouldn't it be nice,*

She muses

*For the wave to buoy me up  
Just a little longer?*

And yet  
In those times

When she realizes  
“I feel steady”

She finds herself thinking,  
*My.*

*If this isn't nice.*

8<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 1:02 am, to 15<sup>th</sup> of August,  
2025 - ~4:00 pm

Perhaps

The secret

All along

Had been

Simply...

To stop trying

To let go

...

Not of her own life

But of others

Other things, in it

Those people

Those things

That had never desired a place

To begin with

Or no longer desired one

Anymore

Those who did not understand

Or know her better

And, specifically

Did not care to

No matter how much  
She pled

Perhaps the secret  
Had always been simply

To let them  
Go

Not out of bitterness  
Not out of spite

But out of the simple  
Sad truth

That not all shall stay

...

*And you know what?*

She thought to herself

Gazing out the window  
At a sunlit world

*Not all should stay*

...

She chewed on the epiphany  
For a time

*Not if the cost  
Of even thinking of keeping them*

*Is such confusion,  
And pain,*

She finally added

...

She thought some more  
As she was so wont to do

*It's also possible  
I could do with relaxing a bit,*

She granted  
As she was so wont to do

But in the meantime  
A forgotten word returned to her

The French word,  
"Adieu"

...

A teeny grin  
Skipped across her lips

8<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 6:43 pm

She knew it would kill her

Knew

In the back of her mind

Where the calls of her friends

Echoed so faintly

That when split into many bottles

The poison became as only bitter water

She knew this

But

Her heart

Her oh,

Too tender heart

Could not bear to share

She was not the kind of girl

That ever wished to hand another

Anything

But nectar

So

Her eyes closed

She sucked in breath

And thus the bottle tipped

Between her lips

8<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 9:10 pm

“Is this what it means,”

She whispered

Watching her heart

Tremble

In her cupped hands

“To be a girl?”

She caressed it

With her thumb

As delicately as she could

Its shivering stilled

And as its color slowly returned

She smiled

So softly

Until

It flinched

And paled

She looked up

And around

But there was...

Nothing

They were the only ones there

She looked back down

At her shivering heart

Her smile faltered

A lump in her throat

Choking her words

“Is this what it means?”

11<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 2:52 am

Still dripping

After reaching the beach

Still dripping

From having surfaced

From those cold

Cold depths

She weeps

At the touch of the sun

She weeps

At the warmth on her skin

She weeps

Tears of revelation

Tears of relief

Tears of joy

She weeps

And laughs

And smiles

11<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 3:47 am

“That’s the thing,”

She murmured

Resting her head upon the shoulder

Of the night’s inamorata

“Life can be...

So painful.

So...

So painful.

But...

Even still.

I have remained in love

Enamored

With life

...

Wouldn’t be the first time

I’ve loved something that hurts me.

...

But I suppose

Like any abusive relationship

When it’s good...

It’s so good.”

11<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 4:41 pm

“I can tell,  
You know,”

Maisie murmured  
Idly kicking her feet

Gazing down at the flower  
Twirling in her fingers

“When you don’t want me around,”  
She continued

“When you say hi to others  
But not to me

When you smile at others  
But not at me

When you invite others  
But not me

When your eyes crinkle at others  
But not at me

When your eyes pass over me  
As though I am not there

When you speak around me  
As though I am not there

How quiet it gets  
When I am not the first to speak

How your smile shrinks a tiny bit  
When your gaze does find me”

...

But the world was not listening  
And it never had been

For it was not that it hated her  
It simply

Didn't care

11<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 5:43 pm

“Don’t bother,”

She wanted to whisper

To say

To scream

“Do not pretend to my face

Do not affect that you care

When I know the truth,”

She sobbed,

In her heart

“I know that you do not

And every fresh lie

Is as another fresh cut

Upon my thousand cut heart

So please

Stop it

Please

Don’t

Please

Just

Don’t bother anymore”

15<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 4:41 pm

Dearest Reader,

Hello again!

It's been a while

Since I made a poem out to you

I've been going through some things,

You know

But I was struck by a thought

Some moments ago

And I'd like to share

...

Did you know?

This book was originally to be called,  
"Please Return To: The Sensitive Boy"

Picture, then

My amusement now

For as it turns out

- Apparently –

I was a girl

All along

But make no mistake

The original intent

These next words

Remain true:

There is nothing wrong  
With being a “sensitive boy”

Or, for that matter

A “boyish” girl

Or anything else in between

Or entirely other

So long as

It is authentically you

And should anyone ever

Look at you like you are the strange one

Or say

“Ew, but that’s what \_\_\_ do”

You need only give them

A sweet smile

And kindly inform them

That it is not your job

To upgrade their gender schema

From the level of a child.

~Fuck ‘Em

15<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 5:39 pm

It was then

In stepping back

That she took in

What it was

That she had been painting

All along

Her hand

Covered her mouth

Her eyes

Narrowed

And her brows

Knit together

In a mask of abject...

What?

She could not put a name

To the feeling

Horror?

Despair?

Sorrow?

Compassion?

Love?

Tenderness?

Sympathy?

For one who knew many words

She could not find the right one

For the feeling  
That came over her

As her eyes roamed  
What her soul

Had been  
So desperately

Trying to tell her

...

...

What she beheld  
Was a portrait

Composed  
As paintings go

Of so many individual brush strokes  
And motley colors

Made and mingled  
Over so many years

Over a lifetime

...

Paintings  
She had cried

Songs  
She had sobbed

Fictions  
She had carved

Poems

She had bled

Confessions

She had spilled

All of which

Came together

Into a portrait

Of a profoundly

Profoundly lonely girl

...

She fell to her knees

Before her likeness

Placed a hand

Upon its cheek

And wept

~Portrait Of A Lonely Girl, pt. 1

15<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 5:41 pm

Perhaps

That was why she had always loved

The melancholic night

Somewhere

In the dark

She had found company

In its loneliness

~Portrait Of A Lonely Girl, pt. 2

15<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 11:03 pm

She had to smile to herself, then

She had been feeling so lost

For so long

Because all along

She *had* been

...

But

She had to smile

A small

Private little smile

All by herself

In her car

While the sounds of life

Drifted up to her

...

“Cheers to a fresh journey,”

She murmured

Through upturned lips

Toasting the air

With her mixed berry vape

16<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 12:10 am

Perhaps that was why  
Once she had outgrown her nerves

She had always  
Still

Preferred to simply  
Be present

And allow others  
To come to her

It was the simplest form  
Of direct expression of interest

And the most obvious form  
Of its opposite

That she could even begin  
To believe

~Portrait Of A Lonely Girl, pt. 3

16<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 12:30 am

“I don’t want people to feel obligated  
To keep my company,”  
She found herself blurting

...

And  
As always happened  
Her internal therapist’s ears  
Pricked up

“That begs the question,”  
She eventually chimed in

“Do you feel that people only  
Spend time with you  
Do things for you  
Say things to you  
And so on

Out of pity?  
Out of obligation?

That they only ever do these things  
Because they think they have to?

Rather than  
Because they genuinely want to?”

...

Standing before her bespectacled therapist self  
In her mind’s eye

Maisie's open mouth

Clapped shut

The turning of gears

Evident on her face

...

Therapist Maisie grinned

~Dialogues With An Inner Therapist, pt. 1

16<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 12:40 am

She saw the looks

She saw the whispering

And something within her

Hardened

...

Only temporarily

She knew

For she knew her own heart

As exhausted as it was

That it yearned to remain soft

...

But in that moment

She felt fed up

*If I am to be a pariah,*

She thought

*In spite of all I have endeavored*

*Then so be it.*



16<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 8:59 pm

“People don’t like hard things,”

Little Maisie blurted

Grown up Maisie

Working on book notes

In a corner chair

Glanced up at the little one

Who

For all appearances

Was still busy with her letter blocks

“What was that, honey?”

Grown up Maisie said

“I thsaid,”

A delicate lisp

Touching her tongue

As it did when she spoke up

“People don’t like hard thingsth”

Grown up Maisie blinked

Until she grasped what her little sister had said

In that deceptively casual

Off-hand way kids did

She watched the child play

Eyes still locked on her blocks

A couple of them backwards

In whichever word she was attempting today

*Or hard people,*

Grown up Maisie thought

Realizing what this innocent

- Yet tragically keen -

Girl

Had really meant

~Interview With An Inner Child, pt. 1

16<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 9:04 pm

*When they said*

*“You learn something new*

*Every day*

*From and through your child,”*

Maisie thought

Face pinching a bit

In sorrow

*This*

*Was not what I was expecting*

~Interview With An Inner Child, pt. 2

17<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 2:24 am

In the love

Of her friends

Of people

Who knew her better

She found salvation

And the tears

She wept

Were of such joy

17<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 7:44 pm

“I dunno,”

She mumbled

“I just feel like if they actually liked me,  
They’d invite me to things too”

“Kinda like if they truly liked you  
They’d want to spend time with you  
Outside of when they have to?”

“Mhmm”

“And when they don’t make it patently obvious  
When it’s not said out loud,  
That must mean you *aren’t* invited?”

The little girl nodded

“So when they don’t invite you,  
You feel like that means they don’t actually like you,  
And anything they say to the contrary is,  
At the very least,  
Highly suspect data?”

“Mhmm”

“So,  
Then,  
When you pull away from people,  
It’s not because you dislike them,  
It’s because when any organism  
Experiences a painful stimulus,

It will naturally feel compelled to withdraw  
From whatever it believes to be the source?"

Little Maisie smiled

A big, gap-toothed grin

"Exthactly!"

~Interview With An Inner Child, pt. 3

18<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 3:22 am

“Well of *course* it makes sense, honey,”

Grown up Maisie said

Setting her book notes aside

On the arm of their couch

To put her own arm

Around the shoulders of the little frame

Curling up next to her

“We’re a social species.

We spent literal millions of years evolving

In ways that make social information

- Especially social threat -

Extremely important.

So of course it makes sense.

For our predecessors,

Exclusion and ostracization

Meant death.

Or,

At the very least,

A much harder time.

So of *course* it makes sense.

We,

As social animals,

Are ultimately one giant community-based species.

So

What do you think?

Does it make sense,

In that light,  
That feeling excluded would hurt?"

Little Maisie  
Head tucked under her big sister's chin  
Thought for a while

...

Then  
Wordlessly  
She nodded against her sister's chest  
And gave her a tight  
Almost asphyxiating  
Little hug

"Thank you for validating my pain,"  
It said

~Interview With An Inner Child, pt. 4

23<sup>rd</sup> of August, 2025 – 5:54 am

Oh,

But I wish that more of you knew

The price of my forgiveness

Was only ever

That you should have wanted it\*

23<sup>rd</sup> of August, 2025 – 6:29 am

“I just...”

Maisie was saying

Clenching her fingers

As though grasping for something

In the air

Trying to find the right words

“I just feel like...

Finding fault in others

Is too easy an answer,

You know?”

Therapist Maisie didn't even look up

From her fingernails

That she was busy shaping

Which

Of course

Didn't make her sarcasm

Any less pointed

For it bore the weight

Of every bit of advice

From every acquaintance

Friend

Lover

And professor

Over a lifetime

It dripped,

Dense as pitch,

But warm as honeyed tea,  
From her voice

A sharp truth  
Delivered with a wry little smile

“Ah

Yes

And far be it from you

To ever choose any but the hardest of paths”

24<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 6:32 am

Let me ask you

Now

Do you really love me

Or merely

My image

Do you wish to see

This body of mine

Or do you merely

See me

24<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 4:24 pm

“Augh!”

She cried

“But I cannot begrudge you,

Oh you birds and you bees

Who lay your hives and nests

Within my house and in my trees

For are you not, too,

Creatures of this world

With your own wishes and pleas?

24<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 7:14 pm

You look at me

In my wig and clown makeup

And you say I am beautiful

And my heart cannot help

But to break

Itself

25<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 5:06 am

At times

The heat is unbearable

I can feel myself melting

At times

The blows become too brutal

I can feel every one

At times

The stone is too unrelenting

I can feel it stripping me

But

I give thanks

I give thanks for the flame

I give thanks for the hammer

I give thanks for the stone

For I can feel myself

Being remade

And oh

When I am granted

That cooling quench

Of loving friendship

I can take more, again

Of the heat

The blows

The stripping

For I am being reforged

And I know

When I am done

I shall be a marvel

25<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 7:36 pm

Grown up Maisie was faced with a dilemma

She saw how little Maisie watched

As other kids played without her

Knew her little ears

Heard them talking excitedly about their plans

Heard the conspicuous silences

In place of invitations

She watched the little girl's heart break

On her face

Knew that she was wondering

Even now

Watching the other kids talking

Wondering what they were whispering

Knew that her little head

Was filling in the gaps

Not so much reading

As projecting upon their lips

So many little

Unkind things

It was something grown up Maisie

Hated to watch

But the lump in her throat

Was not all that kept her silent

For the truth was probably much simpler  
And so much harder

And

How

How on Earth

Was one to tell a child

“Oh,

Honey

They’re not talking *about* you

They’re just talking

*Without* you”

25<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 7:52 pm

One tells only truth

One tells only lies

A classic little riddle

But what if

The truth teller

And the liar

Live within your own heart

27<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 8:44 pm

I depart

Before you can say

Nothing

I pull away

Before you can notice

Nothing

...

I leave quickly

So that when you turn around

You see the same thing

That which you saw before

Nothing

I depart silently

So that when your ears perk up

You hear the same thing

That which you heard before

Nothing

I pull away

So that when you do not notice my absence

You feel the same thing

That which you felt before

Nothing

...

I depart

In step

And heart

Quickly

And quietly

So that when you turn around

All you notice

Is

29<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 3:19 am

Someone

Finally said it

Someone finally

Said it

With different words

But intent

Clear as day

...

“Go away”

29<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 3:35 pm

The knife

Bit into her

Prompting her eyes

To close

And her teeth

To grit

And yet

Somehow

It helped

...

Was it the pain

In her heart

Made manifest?

Was it...

Something

In the depths of nothing?

She did not know

30<sup>th</sup> of August, 2025 – 9:27 am

“There’s just this...

Very specific way

People react

When they realize I’m flirting with them

Or

When I ask to

...

It flashes across their face

For but a moment

And it can take

Two forms

...

Confusion

‘I thought you knew

Obviously I wouldn’t be into you’

...

Or

...

Fear

...

‘Of course I wouldn’t-’

...

Both

Leave me feeling

Like...

Some kind of...

Freak

...

I am a woman

And I am beautiful

...

...

Until I am not.

...

Until I don't count

Anymore."

~Dialogues With an Inner Therapist, pt. 2

1<sup>st</sup> of September, 2025 – 3:18 am

And so

Bearing that warming

Blushing glow

Of tipsiness

She ventured out

Into the night

In search of those she loved

And oh

When she was rewarded

With those truly

Elysian fields

Of loving friendship

She smiled

Such a warm

Sweet smile

1<sup>st</sup> of September, 2025 – 10:06 pm

“You could always ask to come,  
When you hear them talking about it,”  
Ashley suggested

Maisie glanced away  
Hesitating

“I have been made to beg  
All my life,”  
She murmured

“Just once  
I don’t want to have to”

1<sup>st</sup> of September, 2025 – 10:07 pm

She observes them

Disconnected

From them all

As though she sits

Perched as she is

Upon a different plane

A separate dimension

Entirely

She would not even be surprised

If a gaze were to pass over

Where she sits

And it were to see

Nothing at all

1<sup>st</sup> of September, 2025 – 10:07 pm

It was a feeling akin  
To standing in the midst  
Of a silent rave

She could hear  
The shuffling  
Of their feet

She could see  
The contortions  
Of their bodies

But she could not hear  
The thread  
Of what connected them all

Together

So  
She stood apart  
And did what she always did

Watch  
From afar

2<sup>nd</sup> of September, 2025 – 5:17 pm

Her smile

Fluttered

Weakly

Warmth

And love

Still trickling out

Of her tired heart

To the rhythm

Of its weak pulse

And shallow breathing

“That’s all I ever wanted,”

She breathed

...

“To light candles”

2<sup>nd</sup> of September, 2025 – 6:17 pm

“I hope to god

I can make a difference, here

Save at least one life

Oh,

But for all of my pleas,

Let me at least have this one

That I might save

At least

One life.”

3<sup>rd</sup> of September, 2025 - 4:15 pm to 6:00 pm

It feels like

It has been an age

A lifetime

Since I last sat here

Upon these fountain steps

On this campus I love

...

I cannot help but...

Gaze

With changed eyes

A changed heart

...

Calmer

Eyes

And

A softer heart

...

For it has been an age

A lifetime

Or two

Since I sat here

Upon these fountain steps

On this campus that I love  
So dearly

...

...

...

I have returned

Bearing brined eyes  
And salted wounds

From that tossing sea  
And lashing wind

...

My skin bears that  
Crusted mantle  
Of seaspray

And my tongue  
Still remembers  
Its taste

...

Perhaps  
Tis true

That the sea  
Is a maker of men

...

I do not know  
What life has made of me,  
Then

For I am no man

Though  
I have been salted to taste  
If nothing else

...

But I do not gaze  
At these placid waters  
With eyes of steel

I do not listen  
To the passing orations of gulls  
With clogged ears

And I do not caress  
This gentle breeze  
With hardened hands

Nor do I taste  
The fresh glittering cool  
With an embittered tongue

...

I simply...

Sit  
Upon this beach  
And appreciate

That the sand I rest upon

Is warm

And soft

And does not churn beneath me

That the water lapping at my toes

Is cool

And clear

And does not batter me

That the breeze upon my face

Is gentle

And delicate

And does not whip me

...

...

...

...

I know that my stay

Must soon end

...

I hear the waves

Calling from the shells

...

...

But I shall return

I should think

...

So

For now

I simply...

Sit

...

Rest

...

Gaze

With calmer eyes

5<sup>th</sup> of September, 2025 – 4:06 pm

Almost every night

She dons her superhero outfit

And ventures out

To save the world

6<sup>th</sup> of September, 2025 – 12:05 am

“I just don’t get it,”

Teenage Maisie said

Throwing up her hands

As she plopped down

Into the soft hug of their sofa

“I work hard,”

She said,

Punctuating each thing

With a fingertip to the palm

“I’m nice,

I always check on everyone,

I’m constantly bending over backwards

To make sure everyone is doing okay...”

She looked to the side

Gazing past whatever met her eyes

“Like...

Do I have like

Incredibly bad breath?

And I just don’t know it?”

She shook her head

And sighed

“Why am I still not enough?

Why am I still being treated like this?”

“Why do people...”

She paused

Eyes wet

Lump in her throat

“Why do people keep treating me differently?”

Grown up Maisie

Listening from the other end of the couch

Scooted over

To sit by her younger counterpart

She wrapped her arm

Around her bony shoulders

And nudged her head into her neck

“Oh,

Sweetheart.

If it was as simple as checkboxes,

You wouldn't be sitting here, right now

So confused”

Teenage Maisie rolled her eyes

Sniffing

Grown up Maisie smiled

“I saw that”

Teenage Maisie grimaced

In her way of apologizing

“But you're not wrong,”

Grown up Maisie continued

Caressing teenage Maisie's hair

“That doesn't really feel that helpful,

Does it?”

After a moment,

Maisie's head shook

Against Maisie's chest

Grown up Maisie stayed quiet

Giving her sister the space

Of silence

To feel her feelings

To try

And struggle

To put them into words

“I just...”

The girl started

Then fell silent again

And so they sat

For a good while

Occasionally,

Grown up Maisie felt the warm wet

On her chest

Of hot tears

And wordlessly,

She would give the motionless shoulders

Under her arm

A tender squeeze

6<sup>th</sup> of September, 2025 – 5:14 pm

“You know

It’s funny

I feel like...

*Life* is easy

It’s the *people*

That are hard”

~Dialogues With An Inner Therapist, pt. 3

6<sup>th</sup> of September, 2025 – 5:14 pm

If you're only

Going to talk to me

When you're drunk

Then please

Please

Don't talk to me

~Diaries Of A Lonely Girl, pt. 1

7<sup>th</sup> of September, 2025 – 8:31 pm

Why am I lonesome, so?

Why do I gaze

Eternally

Into that distance?

...

What

Or...

Whom

Am I hoping to find?

~Diaries Of A Lonely Girl, pt. 2

7<sup>th</sup> of September, 2025 – 9:03 pm

All I want to do

Is kiss pretty girls

And spread love and joy

Why

Oh why

Must you all

Bring me such misery?

10<sup>th</sup> of September, 2025 – 9:03 pm

“But are we not all  
That flower?”

She mused

“Feeling almost eternally in darkness

Reaching

For the sun?”

She turned

Then

Fixing you with eyes

That brought to the ears

Sounds of the ocean

“Do you,

Too,

Not reach for the light?”

12th of September, 2025 – 1:13 am

Did you know

There is a tenth circle

Of hell?

It is a place of misty

Lavender grey

A place

Of hushed twilight

But

It is not quite

A place of the dead

It is

In fact

Teeming with life

[Poem Unfinished]

12th of September, 2025 – 3:57 am

“Augh,”

She exclaimed

A tiny smile

Betraying her

“But the people

They will kill you,”

She said

Pausing

Until,

“But the friends

They will save you”

14th of September, 2025 – 3:21 am

She snapped.



14th of September, 2025 – 4:11 am

Rather than harden

It simply

Shattered

Into dust

That glittered

In the light

If you looked at it

Just right



14th of September, 2025 – 4:59 am

The last word

That was heard

From somewhere beneath

A burrow of sheets

Was a quiet

Nigh inaudible

Whisper

Of

“Mustard”



14th of September, 2025 – 7:25 pm

Olive branches

Olive branches

Hung on every door

Olive branches

Olive branches

Scattered about the floor

Olive branches

Olive branches

Held out in her hands

Olive branches

Olive branches

Found later in their cans

14th of September, 2025 – 7:30 pm

“But what better spirit animals

For me

Than the moth

And the wolves,”

She mused

“That small

Fragile little soul

Flitting ever through the dark

Searching for

That light

In the night?

And

Those wolves

Those lonesome ones

Whose haunting calls

Seek fellowship

In that same night?”

15th of September, 2025 – 7:22 pm

Yes

The phoenix rises

Again

But

Did it not hurt?

To be engulfed

Eaten alive

By flames?

16th of September, 2025 – 10:34 pm

She is the one who looks

At lines of cars

Winding off

Into the night

And her eyes

Gleam

And her smile

Beams

For what she sees

Are rivers

Of glittering light

16th of September, 2025 – 10:42 pm

If you do not care

To listen

Then

Why should I

17th of September, 2025 – 1:36 pm

Dearest Reader,

Can you tell?

That she's going through it

Again?

...

All throughout this year

She feels

She has been going through it

Over

And over

Again

And again

Just

A never-ending stream

Of suck

...

But

She

She is a lover girl

She is a waterer of flowers

She is a healer of souls

Or

At least

She tries to be

...

It gets hard for her,

Sometimes

Now

Is one of those times

...

Let us peek together

Into her heart

As she gazes off

Past her book

At nothing in particular

In a noisy bar

With noisy people

And noisy thoughts

...

*Victory*

*Need not always be*

*A finish line*

..

*Sometimes*

*It is that your feet*

*Still move at all*

*It can be that your tired heart*

*Still beats at all*

*However weakly*

*It can be that something*

*- Anything at all –*

*Stirs*

*Under a pile of ashes*

*It can be that the hard*

*Flash-frozen shell*

*Has started flaking off*

*Like it always does*

*To eventually present to the world*

*Once more*

*A soft heart*

*A still soft*

*Tender heart*

*...*

*The victory isn't*

*Sometimes*

*Or even*

*Was never*

*The finish line*

*Or some far-fetched*

*Immunity to pain*

*...*

*Victory lies*

*In the rest  
The recovery*

...

*That your heart  
Your love*

*For life  
For all those in it*

*Still beats  
Still breathes*

*Still lives on*

*That  
In spite of all odds*

*All attempts  
On its life*

*It still*

*Has yet to perish  
From the world's venom*

...

...

...

What do we think  
Oh Dearest Reader?

18th of September, 2025 – 2:06 am

The compliments

The cheers

The smiles

The “it was so nice to meet yous”

The gazes

The laughs

...

It was all just

So much wet tape,

Now

12th of September, 2025 – 1:13 am to 18th of  
September, 2025 – 2:20 am

Did you know

There is a tenth circle

Of hell?

It is a place of misty

Lavender grey

A place

Of hushed twilight

But

It is not quite

A place of the dead

It is

In fact

Teeming with life

Throngs upon throngs

Of people

There is much chatter

And laughter

A deafening cacophony

Of life

By all means

It is quite alive

And the only spectre

The only phantom

Seeing

But unseen

Hearing

But unheard

There

But not

The only ghost

Present

Is you.

18th of September, 2025 – 11:08 am

Maisie smiled, to herself

“Ah

There you are

Little glimmer”

19th of September, 2025 – 2:37 am

“But they’re good tears,”  
Maisie was saying  
Wiping her eyes  
That were mercifully free of eyeliner

“It’s like...”  
She continued  
“It’s like when you come in  
From of blizzard  
And your hands  
Are not just cold  
But frozen

And you stick them  
Under warm water

It’s like that

It’s...”  
She said  
Trailing off  
In thought

“The hurt of better,”  
She finished  
With a smile  
Wet from tears  
But a smile

A sweet

Sweet smile

Nonetheless

19th of September, 2025 – 10:49 pm

Dearest Reader,

It breaks my heart

To impart this lesson

In spite of

Or maybe

Especially because of the fact

I have had to learn it

Many times this year

...

Just because you thought better

Of someone

Doesn't always mean

They will be

Better

21st of September, 2025 – 3:43 am

To those two

Whose betrayal was worst

Before trying to ruin my life

Maybe

Figure out your own

First

21st of September, 2025 – 4:03 am

You were always

Safe with me

But

Congratulations

Now

It is I

Who feels unsafe

21st of September, 2025 – 5:28 am

I do not want

For their destruction

For their invalidation

To tear them down

To build myself up

I do not want

That they suffer

That they beg

That they fall to their knees

And grovel themselves to death

The only thing

That I want

The only thing

I ever ask

Is that they not shit down my throat.

22nd of September, 2025 – 7:36 pm to [...]

Does it count

As a hate crime

[...]

25th of September, 2025 – 4:05 am

“I just feel like...

I can understand.

Why people become alcoholics,”

Maisie said

She paused

Thinking

Then,

“It just...

When the volume on all the noise...

Turns down

What I find I’m left with is...

Contentment.

True contentment.

I find myself...

Smiling.

I feel happy, even.

Because I...

I’ve got so many loved ones.

I work at a place where I love so many of my co-workers.

My boss is literally the best boss I could ask for.

I get to kiss pretty girls.

And they

- The best ones -

Make it easy

For an over-complicating head.

And...

I'm on this journey.

This...

Truly wonderful journey.

I'm learning more about myself.

Becoming so much more...

Me.

And I'm finding that...

I'm in love,

With myself.

She's the most beautiful

Sweet girl,

Maisie is.

Full of life.

Full of love.

Full of so much sweetness,

And kindness.

And she's fiercely protective

Of all the girls around her.

Not that she doesn't care about men

But she knows

She knows what it's like

For the girlfolk.

For the ones who may not be girls anymore, too

But were treated as such

All their life.

She understands...

Pain.

All too well,  
At that

So...

Whenever she finds it...

She lays on hands.

To pour,

Through her fingers,

Warmth.

Into any

And every

Heart that needs it.”

Maisie paused

Eyes distant

Her face

The eensiest

Weensiest

Teensiest bit

Pinched

The minute creases

At the corners of her eyes

Barely beginning to hint

At the bottomless wells

Of her exhaustion

“I dunno.

I guess...

I wish the volume could stay down

All the time

You know?”

~Dialogues With An Inner Therapist, pt. 4

26th of September, 2025 – 6:15 pm

Before the mass, she cried,  
“What did I do to deserve this?  
Will you not tell me?  
Let me own  
Whatever mistake?”

She leapt down from her perch  
To go forth into the crowd  
Searching face  
After face  
After face

But as sharks  
Part shoals  
So too  
Did the mass  
Recoil

From her hands  
Outstretched  
Begging  
For a morsel of truth  
Pleading  
For but a pittance  
Of illumination

Gazing about  
At face  
After face  
After face

In the center of a circle  
That moved with her

Gazing across the distance  
Into pair  
After pair  
After pair  
Of silent eyes

Her face twisted  
And  
Falling to her knees,  
She wailed,

“Is this to be my fate?  
Am I to be as Tantalus?  
Truth  
Be my fruit?  
Truth  
Be my drink?

Will not *someone*  
*Tell* me  
What it *is*  
I have *done*  
To *deserve* this?”

...

Something  
Slammed into her back  
And white hot  
Excruciating pain  
Bloomed

As did a wet  
Hot crimson  
Down her front

She looked down  
To find an arrowhead, and shaft  
Protruding from between her breasts  
Through the fabric of her clothes

For many moments  
She knelt there  
Aghast

Until something hot  
And wet  
Filled and blurred her vision

And  
Unable to contain it  
Any more

As her chest  
Heaved  
And her breath  
Gurgled  
In her throat  
As droplets of blood  
Flew  
From between her lips

She shrieked,  
“Et tu, Brute?!”

28th of September, 2025 – 11:04 am

You didn't bother

To explain

So

I won't bother

To ask

28th of September, 2025 – 7:44 pm

You gave no explanation

To accompany the resignation letter

I found on my desk

So

I shan't be needing any

In accepting it

Signed,

Don't bother

29th of September, 2025 – 5:11 am

I am not

Was never

Asking

Who

All I am

Was ever

Asking

Was...

Why

29th of September, 2025 – 5:17 am

I am doing nothing more  
Than following your very own advice

When I confided in you  
About the very same issue.

Au revoir.

29th of September, 2025 – 5:21 am

I have begged

Bled

And pled

Quite enough now

I should think.

29th of September, 2025 – 5:28 am

If you should ever

Ever

Have the audacity

To ask,

“How do you sleep at night?”

Allow me to proclaim my answer

As thus

“Knowing damn well

That I tried”

30th of September, 2025 – 6:15 am

i hope u heal! – Ellee Duke

Bye-eeee <3

2nd of October, 2025 – ~12:45 am

It is truly tragic,  
Dearest Reader

When we cannot see  
Our own beauty

Be it in  
Or out  
Or both

It is not a struggle  
Without hope

And

Nor is it a hope  
Without struggle

For,

It is to look at an object  
To see it is blue

But be told  
It is actually red

It is to hear a sound  
As a discordant screech

Yet be told  
Tis a beautiful harmony

Or  
That much worse, yet

To be told

All our life

The object is blue

The sound is misery

Until one day

Someone says

“My

What a lovely hue of red”

Or

“My

Wha a lovely song”

Who *wouldn't*

Be baffled

Confused

Bewildered

Suspicious

Doubtful

...

Now

Let me take your hand,

Dearest Reader

Let me gaze

Gently

Into your eyes

All

Through my words

For I hold my pencil firm  
And my gaze at my script  
Is steady

...

It makes sense.

It makes sense,  
That you are baffled.

Confused.

Bewildered.

Suspicious.

Doubtful.

It makes sense.

Especially

*Especially*

If,

Like me,

You live in a country that

From birth

Surrounded you with speakers from which

Those most insidious profiteers

Sought to instill that one

Repeating

Sinister message

From which they derive their riches:

“You are not enough.”

...

It makes sense, honey.

...

Now

Let me tell you something.

Beethoven

That venerated composer

Of such beautiful symphonies

Was deaf.

...

Now

Let me ask you

Oh tender one

If one is blind

Does that mean a painting

Is not beautiful?

If one is deaf

Does that mean a song

Is not stirring?

...

Just because other people

Or even we

Ourselves

Cannot see

Cannot hear

Our beauty

Does that mean

We have none?

That we never could  
Be beautiful?

...

Here  
Is where I reveal

Beethoven found ways

Beethoven found ways,  
To hear it

To nurture his music  
Into something the very world  
Would marvel at

...

It is not a hope  
Without struggle

But oh  
Dearest Reader

Neither is it a struggle  
Without hope

19th of September, 2025 – 1:16 am

Mark the date

19<sup>th</sup> of September

2025

1:16 am

The night

For the first time

Someone said,

“Your poetry made a difference,

In me”

...

...

Maisie’s heart

So fragile,

In that moment

Leapt

For her dream

Had been fulfilled

It had even

Manifested

Before her very eyes

...

In that moment  
She felt like collapsing  
In an exhausted heap

For at last  
Her work was done

She had accomplished  
The very mission  
She had set out to do

...

...

But even as she wrote  
Detailing and illustrating  
The heights of her joy  
And depths of her exhaustion

She puffed out her nose  
A weary  
But nonetheless amused  
Little snort

For she knew

She knew her work  
Was far from done

There were still  
So, so, so many  
An uncountable number  
Of hearts yet to save

And so  
She couldn't help  
But to smile  
  
For her work  
Was far from done

...

And she  
She is a waterer  
A waterer of flowers  
  
For the flowers  
The flowers  
  
Are so beautiful  
Every one  
  
Do they not all deserve  
A little water?

2nd of October, 2025 – 2:09 am

What Makes A Life Good – Katelyn Tarver

Allow me,

Dearest Reader

And

Ah

Hello again :)

I have missed you

Or

At least

Writing to you

But

Allow me now

In this final letter

To you

To take a shot at answering

The question in the song I gave at the top

“What makes a life good?”

...

...

For me,

At least

It always comes back

In large part

To loved ones.

...

Dreams?

Yes

Stability?

Of course

Passions?

No question

...

But

At the end of the day

It comes back

To the ones who...

Made this all possible

My life

This book

That I am able

Still

To pour so much love into it

For you

...

It would not be in your hands

Right now

If not for them.

...

So...

...

A toast.

To me.

To you.

To those dreams

And especially

Those people

Who make life

Worth living.

...

Cheers.

...

And au revoir, ma cherie

Je t'aime

Je t'aime tellement



Never forget.

Never forget that you are beautiful.

Never forget that you deserve water, too.

I love you.



## *Roll Credits*

Last Hope - Paramore

Ain't It Fun - Paramore

The Climb - Miley Cyrus

You Get What You Give – New Radicals

Don't Let It Change You – Katelyn Tarver

What Makes A Life Good – Katelyn Tarver

Yellow Light – Of Monsters And Men

Slow And Steady – Of Monsters And Men

The most sincere

Warm

Soulful thanks

To all those

Who saved my life

These years

Especially

This last

Geoff

Kennah

Faye

Sarah

Sarah

Jynessa

Ash

Ashley

Eden

Tia

Cody  
Camden  
Kinzie  
Kate  
Layla  
Heidi  
Austin  
Donovan  
Madden  
Ashley  
Marissa  
Misty  
Aimee  
Pepper  
Aspen  
Sarah  
Carrie  
Noah  
Jess  
Aysa  
Tim  
Cate  
Jin  
Jalyn  
Lisa  
Derrick  
Jad  
Brett  
Blake  
Lily  
Serenity  
Savannah  
Kaela  
Dia  
Demi  
Rebecca  
Destinie  
Celia  
Sophia  
Jade  
Tim  
Kaye  
Persephone  
Tate  
Pierre  
Hannah  
Bean

Kirby  
Evan  
Russell  
Aash  
Chloe  
Katie  
Cali  
Amber  
Mamaw  
Papaw  
Jude  
Sophie

And of course,  
Special mention goes to:

Marscapone



# Parting Words

What a journey it's been

Dearest Reader

We met

- For me -

Not more than some months ago

And yet

You hold in your hands

Many chapters' worth

Of my heart

Scratched into the pages

With heartsblood ink

(Just kidding

I write with pencil)

...

How about you?

I don't know how long

It's taken to read

But

For however long it was

I hope you have found

A friend

One who sees and understands

Some part of your own heart

We all need one  
Now and then

...

I know I have

And Dearest Reader

I've found

Such wonderful friends

And so too will you

If you haven't already

...

They'll save your life

You know

And please

Always know

Your life is worth living

To the fullest extent

For you

- We -

Carry so much shine

Too much to hold

Under our chins

So lift it, sweetheart

Always lift it



*Au revoir, ma chérie*

<3