

### **Apologies For The One That Was**

Whiskey dribbles down the lips of the desperate state of me.

Memories cling, shadows, sticking to my toes, similar to the sinister nature that is me.

I drink more, drowning further in the disgusting name of me.

Word to word, fighting through the grime-stained emotions that once broke me.

As I sip, sip, sip, memories echo. Cascading whiskey, screaming for the one that was.

The one that is, no longer listens.

Embracing the joyful nature that was once always me.

Refreshing life into the parched husk of me.

Glass empty, I hold from reaching.

Pen still, but capable of more.

## **Pieces Of Me**

Pick me up.

Crumble.

Rip.

Toss me aside.

It's okay, I'm meant to drift away and be picked up by another. I only remain in memory.

Hold me for as long as you can, but,

**Please.**

Repeat.

The.

Process.

**Don't**, and I'll tear myself from your grasp, returning to the wind.

You're only allowed to keep me for so long.

You're only allowed one piece at a time, one fraction of a frame.

Please don't try to piece me back together.

I'm not ready

for you to not be ready

to see the whole picture.

**Dwelling In Memories Forgotten, But Emotions Scarred:**

Where was I when,  
When you and I were one?

Was I lost in each intoxication pressed to my lips,  
In your embrace,  
In the whispers that shouted in silence.  
Was I lost in my self indulgent nature, plucking the leaves away from you and I?

Or do I now only reflect, thinking myself better at the start?  
Delusions of : Present, joyous, sensual, loving.

We reached out together,  
Now you're a phantom limb,  
Gripping, strangling my heart,  
Holding onto each beat.

Is this how you felt?  
When you and I were one,  
And I was the phantom for your heart.

**Here.**

*Here I am,*

Enchained by memories, locked within a makeshift, mausoleum,

Handmade. Unbreakable,

So, I sharpen my teeth with my tongue,

And gnaw through chains that force me to taste significant, insignificant moments lost from years of warm abuse,

Savoring self-inflicted joys that seemed so close.

The taste lures me further from myself,

I spit them out and move on,

*Finding myself,*

Wandering aimlessly,

But with purpose,

Using my scarred map of memories to guide myself,

*Finally at peace,*

Building a home alongside my abyss,

Gently holding my locket of memories,

Careful to not forget the memories that made me.

**Walking Is Best Done Alone**

*One,*

*Two,*

*Three,*

The same steps I've taken my whole life creating a

*click, clack,*

*tip, tap,*

heartbeat tune of familiarity.

A mumbling melody hummed from my cautious lips,

*One,*

*Two,*

*Three,*

Inside, a tiny Scatman in a raspy fervor, belts into the mic of my mind,

Yearning to sing something new,

*Fou—*

My tune falters. Tongue quivers. Steps stop,

The tune has changed.

But it's a feeling I've hummed before,

One the tiny Scatman wrote into my heart as desire.

Written as a melody to be confidently sung,

I didn't know the words then,

I know them now—

*Four.*

## Ring Of Desire

Quietly wrapping my knuckles, faced with a sober swollen reflection,

Beaten.

Bruised.

Black and Blue.

Courtesy from a knockout artist whose dreams are mine,

Who I share a ring with every night.

Reopening wounds on my knuckles from pounding my chest,

Screaming!

*Look at me,*

*Look at me,*

Begging...

For the blood of recognition.

I'll only get to taste its sweet dissatisfaction after these twelve rounds of punishment.

Each *Jaw-Shattering* blow is,

Punishment.

Painted in one another's blood and sweat.

Each *Bone-Breaking* blow is,

Intoxication.

Trading cheers for one more round,

One more scar,

One more second lost in blood.

**Moments Remain:**

Outward consumption taking away from my internal priority

Of which has lost value,

Value that only one can realize on their own.

Taking away outward plagues which have dwindled my very being

My being no longer takes precedence

My precedence taking last place.

Placing nothing before myself.

Therefore I'm forced to change my life address

I've become a vagabond living day to day, check to check, person to persons,

A lonely existence

A lonely existence of which I've only led.

Of which I wish others could travel alongside me,

But I know.

I know that it is one traveled alone.

## **Echoes Of Eden**

Amidst the dust of a lonely dirt road, she sends her melody into the waiting breeze. Whistling a lullaby for a distant life, an Eden she's yet to touch, but dreams of at the end of this unending journey of ache and weary.

As raindrops fall, her parched throat finds ease, refreshing her song. The road softens, nursing her aching feet.

But the quiet raindrops morph into deafening thunder, her lullaby fading. Each downpour weakens the road into mud, drowning her dance.

She gazes at the path before and forward to the one ahead.

With determination she whistles once more.

**Baptism Of:**

Drown me.

Fill my lungs with your

misery,

delight,

sorrow,

ecstasy.

I want all of it and more. To view the depths of your fountain, finding the reflection where desire resides.

Please allow my cracked lips a sip.

But beware my touch.

For I'm filthy,

Emanating a stench that yearns for cleanliness,

Yet I still bathe in self-destruction. Denying myself the relief of one wishing to be relieved.

I've tried to scrub away years of regret,

flay layers of who I am,

to the bones of who I was.

Though in your fountain our reflections bear resemblance.

Mine remains parched.

### **Concealed Window:**

Whispers from a silent prisoner echo within my mind. With sharpened nails, he carves his desires into the dilapidated walls; each engraving concealing an unfamiliar feeling turned concealed thought. This prisoner gazes through a window, observing strands of a life not his own. I cast him into the dark years ago, and since then the walls have weakened, and no bars bind him from freedom. Yet, he chooses not to break free, seeking asylum in silent observation

And though he is the prisoner in my mind, I am not his jailer. I accompany him in a cell on the outside.

### **Distorted Reflections**

A treat, a sweet, a tantalizing piece of flesh for the eyes,

Which is mine to grasp,

To hold,

Caress,

Love,

To do with as I please ...

Once full.

Until then,

I continue to beat down the unsightly,

Unshapely edges that dare protrude,

To cut out delicious needs that satiate my joys,

Because ...

the reflection is all mine.

The reflection I face in their eyes,

Unlike those looking, I see it all.

Starved attempts,

To not be a captive,

To their eyes— my own... to the reflection.

To shatter my need,

But I'm conditioned to need nothing else.

**Strings:**

Breathing in my petrified permanence,  
Grabbing hold of my lungs, tightening, holding it all in,  
Just about to burst.

Breathing out the insecurities through one jagged breath,  
Strangled movement of one intertwined too deeply with themselves,  
Myself.

Untangling the strings that hold me,  
  
right side up,  
upside down,

With nowhere to be,  
But nowhere to go,  
I cut the strings.

Falling from heights I didn't know I had reached,  
Attempting to stop the inevitable impact,  
One that will puncture through the indulgence of myself,  
Its wound will always remain.  
But it's one I no longer mind.  
Breathing in direction,  
Freely.

### **Embracing The Venom:**

Countless nights I've awoken from a dream finding a viper swaying in the shadows at my beds edge. Yellow eyes, watchful, pierce through darkness. Each night slithering up my body, flicking its tongue and injecting venom into my veins.

My body melts, infusing with the mattress as it coils, familiarizing itself with every part of me. Although it attempts to conceal its predatory nature, those yellow eyes always chill my blood.

I wish otherwise, but paralysis doesn't hold me.

Even while baring fangs,

Wrapping around my throat,

Slowly tightening and stealing slivers of my breath,

I'll always trust the viper.