

Those little moments where you're moved by the world around you.
I wish I could create those

When someone says something you never forget
That little sensation of being impressed watching someone do something you could never even think of
A small moment for pity when someone describes something they experience and it hurts a little because it's true for you too

I see it all the time, and it feels like I'm never a part of it
And maybe I am but it's just so hard to feel so
Exchanging a truth for a lie when I look in the mirror
When I see the veins in my hands and ask who I am

Perhaps this is what love is for
That we may be the most important thing that's ever existed for someone
To have someone who inspires you at every waking turn and brutal tumble
Someone to believe in and from that, believe in yourself
Look into their eyes and into the mirror and say the same "I love you"

Because we can't all be incredible, but we can be great to someone, and that makes this life okay
Eight billion people tripping through days trying to find the path their footprints are making
Some ascend to what might as well be godhood while the grand majority are left with cleft dreams
We can successfully fool ourselves and each other into the beauty that is letting someone so typical be our definition of special, our crown jewel, because it's something we can call our own, this mark upon the world to leave behind, this reason to have ever been.

The hugs tight enough to hear someone's breath shake
Sentences that need walls broken in order to be spoken
The dumb texts, the stupid friends, the numbing quiet, the sweaty hands
A head on the shoulder, a palm with just as many tiny creases in your hand

I fool myself into thinking it'll be the easiest thing I've ever done and don't concern myself with it at all
I've spent my whole life wanting to be a creator of intentionally unintentional moments, that how I express myself will end up just being the right way.
Even though it's never felt like it's been, but sometimes it is.

I can't be Christ and I can't be crucified, but someone can see Zach and love me as though I'm just as perfect, even if ironically it's in part because I'm not, and I can do the same for someone else.

I just hope it's with each other, not that I have anyone in mind for that, but when I do, I wish that it can line up alright.

When I think of myself as though I were my son, or my brother, or my nephew, or my friend, or even the boyfriend I've never been

I see someone far more courageous, lovable, accomplished, yet oblivious and negligent as I see me.

I once shat in diapers and after a little under 20 brief years I feel the need to tackle everything And that's kinda fucking stupid but it's also quite endearing

There goes my little hero

Bumbling, stumbling, finding it hard to breathe

Trudging forward as though it's the last thing he'll be

Shoes untied and thousands of stray hairs yet a look in his eyes like he's got a world to beat

Doesn't even know where he's going, never stops to look and see

Fire in his heart and loose screw in his mind

There goes my little hero

May one day he find his place

A bed's been made, now it's to be lied in

Experience a peaceful slumber.