

What About Me?

And I spent months,
hating myself,
skipping my meals,
fighting a scale
for you.

And I went to the gym,
and cried in the bathroom
because I hated it,
for you.

And I lost weight,
and I dyed my hair,
for you.

And I changed my style,
and got a brand-new brain,
for you.

For you,
for you,
for you?

And what about me?

And the battles I lost,
and the weight I can't keep.

What about me,
and the mirror I hate,
whenever you're next to me.

What about me,
and the blood on my knees,
from begging God
that He'd send me to sleep.

What about me,
and the love that I had
for someone, I cannot keep?

What about me?

Love you, stranger

I once told you I'd love you,
"Today, tomorrow, forever."
and now I fear what those words
might have done to me.
To me, and my future,
and the past I can't get rid of.
Because I'm haunted by the promise
I have forced myself to keep.
So, promises are just for keeping,
but I can't love someone who doesn't want me.
And promises are not for breaking,
except when it was you who made them to me.
And sometimes it seems like the conversations
were just to fill an empty present,
but never considered to be kept
when the time to do so reached.
So, I did the only thing
I could do in my position.
I traded the love I felt,
for the one I get to feel.
I traded a love that for certain,
would have traveled empty deserts,
for a love that kindly greens
when you're reaching for success.
And you downgraded from first love
to that guy that I once dated.
You downgraded from twin flame
to "yeah, he's my ex-best friend."
And the love I feel for you,
would never call you for your birthday,
but it for sure is truly happy,
you get to eat your favorite cake.
So, I will like all of your messages,
but I will never answer.
'Cause I'm safer on this side
of the boundaries we set.
And I will not break a promise,
so, I will love you forever,
as you love a subway stranger,
that you'll never see again.

One And Only

Tight rope walking with your eyes closed,
skydiving with a broken parachute,
midnight surfing on a wild ocean,
and kneeling prayers to comfort you.
I know it's crazy. I might seem mad,
but wouldn't you trust who knows it all?
Because the rope was not that high,
but now your feet know how to walk.
And it's like learning to ride a bike,
shaky hands, a beating heart,
wanting to
let those trainers go.
But not trusting
who holds you.
Do you really think He'd put you there
to let you fall?
Do you really think
His love will not suffice?
Do you just not know
what He has done before?
Is it hard to think
He cares way more?
Please take a break and turn your head.
Read His word, speak His name.
There's no way you wouldn't try
if you knew who was by your side.
So, keep on going silly heart,
take a breath, push so hard.
Don't give up on what He built,
don't close doors He opened here.
I'm never promising it won't be hard,
but I can promise you'll make it far.
And oh, how wonderful it will all be
when we can say: All glory to Him.