

# A Peek Into A Messy Mind And A Healing Heart

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## When I grow up

The words are piling up in my chest and I can't  
breathe  
and I am hurting,  
and I wish it would all just stop.  
Just for a second,  
or a minute.  
I am done having so many  
words inside my mind.  
I feel I don't get to sit down  
and wait  
and rest.  
I feel they never  
stop flowing  
and piling  
and pressuring my senses until  
I am crying in my lunch break  
because writing makes me so happy  
it kills me  
when I can't do it.  
But I don't have time,  
to sit down and  
spit my feelings on an awfully designed keyboard.  
I don't have  
time  
to fantasize with the same three characters  
that are sick of being captive in my mind  
since I was fifteen.  
And I am sick of hiding my craft,  
like a skeleton on a basement closet,  
when creating is the one thing that  
allows me to not  
lose control.  
But to build a life around my biggest desire  
I need to work  
and work  
and work  
and work to  
make money, and pay  
for my classes, though,  
"Why would you pay when writers are always poor?" How do I justify to this  
third world mentality that it's worth it  
to go broke  
doing what I love the most?

## **Daddy's Girl**

I have resorted to calling my dad,  
and crying over the phone about the things I can't control.  
It sucks that I cannot control who I  
have left to call about my mess.  
But the mess is getting bigger,  
and I feel like I just swept my mental illness under  
an inexistent rug in the middle of my mind,  
and the dishes are never clean because I broke them all,  
and the clothes are always on the floor because none fit me.  
And I wish I had someone else to call,  
to askhelp from,  
other than the one person in the world  
who cannot stand to see me cry.  
Maybe that's why I call,  
and say "Hi",  
and mute my tears with the touch of a button.  
So, he can keep on telling me about his day,  
And I can keep crying about mine  
without feeling so alone.

## **Anxiolytics**

My heart was shaking too much this morning,  
and I couldn't calm it down.  
It jumped inside me with a rhythm  
I only hoped would stay inside.  
I had to knock for a couple of minutes  
before it let me come to talk.  
And once I sat down in my feelings  
it told me why it was freaking out.  
Turns out it misses writing poems  
and trying pens on writing blocks.  
It misses that peaceful momentum  
it only holds when words dance slow.  
I was so shocked that all it needed,  
was for me to let y'all know,  
even when it's holding me captive  
it never stops making metaphors.  
My heart was shaking too much this morning,  
and I couldn't calm it down.  
Turns out all it really needed,  
was to sit  
and write it down.

## Lovesickness

I always believed I could not be cursed,  
the absolute worse would have been some bad luck.  
But the day your hands stopped touching my body,  
I stayed longing for something  
I didn't know I had lost,  
like your fingers fixing all of my problems,  
by taking me out of this very sad world.  
Or the way that your hands touched all of my corners  
and left me so begging for a little more.  
And oh, how your lips made me feel like a princess,  
on a land far away living a dream;  
with the way that your breath aligned with my heartbeat,  
and my mind wanted nothing than you next tome.  
I hadn't just noticed the gift of your movements,  
until I ran across someone that wasn't you,  
and it did not matter how hard he attempted,  
I felt nothing but anger for what I was going through:  
a life fully cursed by the lack of your kisses,  
a bed and a dream that could never compete  
with the magic I felt when sleeping with eyes open  
with who will always be the guy of my dreams.