

If only fish could die

Sometimes I lose words
I mourn the thought that my feelings are not expressed the way they are meant to
two tongues and some words are just out of my reach
nobody tells you how pretty descriptions are harder to tell than to read
I mourn the emotions unexpressed
the connections that fled away
the touch that is now a 'could have'
and I mourn my soul
because I think in language, but I can't name it
I can't paint it
I can't share it
rest in peace, all the 'could have been's that are lost in translation
I am also lost in translation
with the unholy intention
to let my pain flee out of my veins
and into ink on paper
overflowing the rivers until fish die
so I can mourn them instead of myself

Price at your discretion

A score is pending on my value
cutting edge research of devotion
due date won't do it
will I do it?

I want my feelings graded
maybe that way I can finally fall asleep knowing
what you know

the objectively simple digit by a critic's wonderland
If I can be slightly honest I am just a fool that wants to know the grade on my emotions
two hands on my throat that choke me and make me unable to speak
Not a sound other than the rising volume of my thoughts, judging my existence that will not
cease
until I know

give me pain and I'll give you back nonsense in prose
they say that interest is high when the heartbeat is low
my pulse is nearly dead and I'm not succeeding at this yet
and so I make a loop and share a dare,
at last, am I at sale?

Tears and dimples rising clouded with shame
did I speak out of turn?
I just don't know
but if you tell me
grade me
price me
I will be certain next time

911

opening: hello
next phrase, next wound
close up
operation done and my heart is still laying wide on the table
visions of future heartbreaks my ancestors laugh over
my children wonder if they ever existed
and time collapses through the maze of romantic hallways
in hospitals that unite and create me
and my sanity is questioned not more than my belief in you
my love is so surreal I am writing this right now
I have never even met you
and still sweetness Monday to Sunday
because of the constant thought of you in my mind
the place where you have never looked more precious
shut me up future me
by proving I was not silly enough to believe in fantasy
and delight me with something other than fake memories
I beg you, I urge you
don't make me just an illusion of how things unfolded
when I was young and stupid and in love with maybes

6:00 AM

If I fall asleep in my living-room no one is going to wake me
I'll wake up with a backache and clothes' marks on my skin
untouched, and unseen
by no one but the electricity bill
counting every second for leaving the lights on
maybe a fruit mosquito in the absence of doing the dishes
and when my confusion arises in the morning
I will wake up in my living room
no one is going to wake me

Dawn self-love

If someone were to ask me how much I love myself
I would say enough to clean up my face and apply moisturizer before I go to bed
even if I am somewhere that's not where I usually put my head

I would say enough to not want pimples in the morning
perhaps it's my vanity using me as a puppet
enough to take off my bra and put a sweater on
perhaps it's comfort speaking
I would say enough to put five alarms for the next day
and still, oversleep

Anyhow, what is love if it's not all of those things?

2:47 AM

It happened again.

The outside gaze of the spider on the window
wondering why am I crashing on the couch
maybe I had a tough breakup
maybe I was unemployed
or even just a travelling friend

As I resurrect unexpectedly and turn off the lights to go to my bedroom
the spider would fall and die
the rain outside was not meant for either of us
but I got a room and a couch, and a couch that feels like a room

when I eventually carry myself to the better back comforter
the freezing beauty in loneliness will welcome my stay
in my new room in my brand new world
where no one
not even the spider
is going to wake me