

Jenelle Foster

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parachute

I jumped

I jumped just like you told me to

You said that you would be there

To catch me at the end

Please remind me

Was it you that told me to

Leave the parachute behind

Or did I already have it on

And it was them who warned me

To pull the handle

Before it was too late

Either way, I jumped with

Nothing to lift me back up and

No one there to catch me at the end

not even you

messing around

I don't want anything serious

But these feelings that
You got me feeling are real

Your eyes speak for you and
They have been telling me
The same thing

I've been thinking about your touch
And how I have been missing
Something I have yet to experience

I've been craving a whole lot of you
And I don't know how to tell you

But then again,
It's nothing serious
right?

in loving memory

I'm the one moving
Yet it feels like
You're the one leaving

You begged me not to move
Fearing that we would lose touch
Yet you're the one who has
Been real quiet lately
You disregarded
All the plans I had in store
I'm now just your
Third-person supporting character
Knowing that I would put up with it
Because I don't want to leave
But I am ready to let go
I am ready to move on
And as much as it hurts to say
I hope that you cry
I hope you grieve
This is my funeral and you
Lost your chance to speak
I have and always will do anything for you
Even though you were the one
Holding the shovel
burying me in the ground

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They say opposites attract but
If you add us together it cancels out
So there never really was
Anything there to being with
It was all a made-up number
That was forced to be substituted
Time and time again
But you can't replace something
That never existed
It was fun playing make-believe but at
Some point we realized the
Pool was a lot more shallow than we thought
I'm not looking to float with my
Nose five feet above the surface
I'm looking to drown in oceans
While you're still
Inflating the kiddie pools
I'm off to a different coast
You were fine with the wild wild west
But I'm looking for some peace
hopefully I'll find it in the east

february 12, 1969

This whole time I thought that

You were the paint

That laid me out a path

To where I am today

But this whole time

You were the canvas

And I was painting you

You allowed me the

Freedom to express myself

And create my own path

As I looked to you for inspiration

And with each error only

Created a blissful accessory

You gave a piece of yourself away

In order for me to

Learn and create

thank you for being my canvas