

Extended Play

notes on love: romance, familial, platonic and self
from 2021-2023

I'm laying in my bed reading over your words.

It makes me sick, how much I long to know you.

To have you reveal yourself to me because I can tell there's so much there but I know you don't care about me like that, don't care enough to share.

I can barely write (normally I'm better at this), my insides feel so messed up about it because it was beautiful.

I can tell you are beautiful. I am almost certain you are the thing I am searching for.

What I've wanted and tried not to want.

And then I get to the end and it's for someone else. There's someone else you want.

There's always someone else you'll want rather than me. I'll always be the consolation prize, the convenient option. Not the one you write to, not the one you yearn for.

You write so well, it makes me kind of mad.

This is supposed to be my thing. *Fuck you and your beauty.*

Happy valentines

I realized I was lonely in the Uber home on Saturday night

That I didn't have your body beside mine in the backseat

You weren't there to tease me

Weren't there to rest your head on my lap or look at each others hands

And I don't think you care about me at all

Even though I would do anything for you

I want to live inside your heart

I want to live within you and feel safe enough to tell you the truth

If you cared to get past it I would do anything for you

I said I really try to care and like I love you guys

but I don't know if I care about what you guys talk about

(and I thought this was true for everyone)

Why is no one falling in love with me

and my complicated relationship with myself

There's nothing like home my grandmother said

Yes I said, meaning it so so much

My throat gets tight just thinking about talking to you

I want you to hold me so badly
I want to be safe again
Serene, my fingers on your cheek

My hearts been broken a thousand times
I've only ever been in love with the world
It keeps lying and cheating

I'm addicted to the pain
I'm addicted to who I am when I'm tortured
When I feel pain I believe it
And I don't believe happiness, I distrust it
But I love and I'll continue to, despite how quiet I've become
I don't trust my own voice

with my sister
She's when I feel closest to knowing the meaning

I forget the truths of summer during winter

Some things I will keep with me for the rest of my life
This sweater I will have *forever*

I wish I could've met my ancestors when I was their age and mine
We'd be the same age but know we were related
Roy and Vera
Bill, an unstoppable, untamable teenager
I want to meet him
Want to know the people who knew him
an A frame cabin.

It's built into me, the grief
but I am also just a normal girl

The clouds, hauntingly purple

Are you in love with someone?
There's so much I don't know about you. Probably never will.
I think we're more alike than people would like to say... you always listen to one of my favorite songs
It's a sad song, makes sense for us right?
Jeff, the martyr, the sad pretentious persons calling card
But I *love* that song
Lover you should've come over
Who do you think about when you listen to your sad songs?
It can't be me, I know it's not me.

In the corner of a pool bar's second level,
our friends and we are drunk,
drinking beers and playing shitty pool
What are you doing for the rest of the night?
I think you know I'm a liar
I can't keep eye contact with you too long, it's too hard
You coax me like a small frightened woodland creature
You can sit, it's fine it's just us It's just us
Kissing goodbye seems oddly intimate
you said it was inevitable, I believe that

Listening to the same voice as my grandfather
His favorite musician, I wish for a personal Jesus like the song
To know him to touch him once more

Imagining my barkthins are a three course meal my first night in Paris
Watching the city fade into night
It doesn't feel quite real
The air cooling and the mutter of people beyond
Yellow lighted windows across the way
Clouds high in the sky
A city full of people, completely alone
Just me, my barkthins and the night

I wonder what might've happened if I had met you a day earlier than I did.
Would everything be different?

Being strange might be endearing

How'd you sleep
You know, Sleep like
What?
I'm still asleep I think (I am an idiot)

My heart jumped to my throat even though
all I know is disappointment
I'll wait at the door forever

I just can't stand the idea that you think
I would ever not want you
When all I do is waste time wanting you

Am I waiting for you?
Can I even be honest with myself
Is everything as dramatic as it feels
As big as I feel it
It's probably so small and insignificant
But it feels huge and it feels like every single other time
It's so so big to me and it's nothing to anyone else

I can't stand you and I can't stand to be without you

And it will kill me if it's because I didn't show enough interest
What is showing enough interest
What do you want me to do

Your hand looked like a skeleton last night
Grotesque and pale Long and sinewy
I wanted it to hold my throat
Cradle it until I couldn't breathe

Even though mine is coming to an end, Your story is all ahead of you, he told me

A whole night more of you

It's never as bright and shiny as I imagine but I have to remind myself
it's life
I have to remember to feel things
Remind myself it's real It's all happening all the time
Every second of life is happening
And no amount of reading that it is, thinking about it will wake you up to
that it's literally happening around us

Did your siblings ever open something for you
and then take a sip and say tax as explanation
Even after you were old enough to do it yourself
There's so much we don't know about each other
Things you'll never know

I like to watch you be you
The way you smile and laugh
The way you interact with people and
make them feel like your only interest
You don't really do that with me

I'm in a weird place in my life
I look at photographs of myself as a child and
have to remind myself that I am her
I put up art postcards on the walls of my Parisian apartment
I remind myself to please not get sad this fall
I smoke cigarettes on the walk home from the metro to look more French
so that men won't harass me after midnight
There's little lungs inside that little body that are now
the lungs I breathe dirty air into
I remind myself to please not get too sad this fall

I want to be vulnerable with you
But when I'm around you I forget how to speak

I'm completely surrounded by people yet I'm the only one breathing

I want to scream at you half the time I'm with you
and the other half I just want you

I like to read poetry aloud
Only when I am alone
I believe that is truly for me
As I've never told anyone this

But sometimes Sometimes
I think I'm waiting for someone
There's someone I'm planning to tell
To tell my everything to, to be my whole self with

The person I'll read poetry aloud to
Who I'll sing softly to

I don't understand you
But I kind of wish I did
I want to ask you about your siblings
About your dreams, the real ones
I want to walk around the cemetery with you and
share things I don't usually tell people
There's so much we never tell anyone as we grow older
There's too much, we could never tell it all
And we wouldn't want to, some of it's too hard too scary to think of
let alone to say

You come to me and want more from me
I tell you to fuck off but I can't leave you alone either
It's pathetic how I let you get to me
You're under my skin in the worst fucking way
When we get in an argument about who's manipulating who one moment
and then we're dancing together the next
You're staring deep in my eyes when I tell you

Don't look at me like that
You know what you're doing

I replay our conversation over and over
It's stuck in my head as I attempt to drown it out
With music and my book
But I still hear you
I still hear us fighting

I can never feel pretty in my childhood room

You tried some of my lip balm and
I was too nervous to ask you if you liked it

Do I even cross your mind half as much as my mind is
stuck on thoughts of you
I can't drown them out even if I tried
You just keep coming back
Your smile, your laugh, the stupid things you say to me
and how they warm my heart
How soft your hair looks and the way you tie it up
If I fixed you, would you hate me

I talk to you and it's great
I talk to you and it's like we're not even speaking
We're not even speaking
Our conversations are perfect in my head
I apologize every time
I don't know why
It's not me

I wish you were here, I'd let you caress every inch of me
I want you to, want you to hold my breath in your hands
I don't know why I get so quiet and you don't rush to fill it
I don't know what to say and you let me ramble on
I feel inept

I am so weak and so tender
I can't imagine life being harder than this and I know how bad that sounds
My chest hurts from throwing up the entire contents of my stomach with food poisoning the other night
My nose is still congested with a cold I've had for the majority of my time here
I'm sitting on grass that has given me mud stains on my jeans and I'm sweating from the sun
I don't know how people do it
I'm always scared and anxious
My feet fall asleep as I sit cross legged
But at least the sun is shining and the Eiffel Tower is straight ahead

They don't tell you the kiss isn't actually all that exciting
The most exhilarating part is the words exchanged between each touch of our lips

Sitting bundled up in the Dublin airport, slightly freezing,
nose icy for a plane that doesn't seem to be coming
with a luggage truck saying "escape to Miami"
I wish

The way you move is stilted
and strange
when you are hyper aware that an attractive person is watching you.
You notice them noticing you and then go on to notice every micro movement you make
and how you're sitting,
the way your hair is lying
and how your eyes might look as they move across
the page of the book you've just begun

I yo-yo between thoughts of never wanting to leave and to flee immediately.
I can't stand it here, I've liked few other places.
I've never been the person I am here, I'm unsure if I like who I am here.
I'm feeling low on the highway, there's no highway to hop on.
I want someone, I couldn't care less about him.
Im worried for myself

I need someone else to care for me,
it's too big of a job for just me and
I'm not very good at it anyway

Sidelines playing, The sun rising
We'll never be this young again
I'm worried about my dog getting old
Fog surrounds the train
There's still so much life

How quickly snow goes from being singular to a part of a whole,
falling fast alone and comforted by its brethren on the ground

I'm a great first date, I don't seem to really hold them over after the second

I wish you could hear my heartbeat when I looked at you

My soul aches the minute the plane touches down
like I was always meant to be here

Homesickness comes in waves,
it's the thought of roads driven down countless times,
the warmth of the sun and the windows down,
the familiarity of the random ice cream drive through and
the unconscious knowing of how the car drives and
how to get home without directions

what keeps coming back is my mothers youth, all her dreams.
How she wanted to move to New York,
how she had never seen Europe until she was 43, I was 5.
I remember her reading me charlottes web when I couldn't sleep
because I was jet lagged on the carpeted floor
of the Italian cottage we were staying at on the side of lake como.
I long to return there. The memories of it fade as I grow older,
a smaller portion of my existence it becomes.
I remember crying at the end of charlottes web,
that was one of the first times I must have felt sadness for something outside of myself.
My mother read it to all of my siblings

Sometimes I am a good human being,
I care for others, I am funny and sweet, I'm charming.
I'm exactly who I want to be.
I wink at my roommate goodnaturedly.
We're supposed to be heading to the Eiffel Tower at 3:30 to catch the sunset.
Life's never going to be the same as these four months.
We're never going to be as young as we are now again,
in this place, in these circumstances

Singing along to John Denver together
Reading to someone is an ultimate form of love
I know she has the same mind as me

You were almost most people
I was almost a person

Sharing is scary
Like with others
about ourselves
Like there's so much going on inside
and it's such a deep cavernous room
but people usually are only ever in the doorway

He said I like your glasses
I said thanks I wear them like
everyday, they're my glasses,
I just wasn't wearing them outside because I was talking to you
They suit you, he says, with a smile
and his deep brown eyes looking seriously into mine
I don't know really how to respond no one has ever really said they suit you
They've said, I love your glasses.
Then thanks, I wear them every day
and then they say oh they look good on you.
They. Look good. On you. Not They suit you.
The glasses suit ME I am the autonomous one
I went on to tell all my friends this story

But the sunlight dying on the peak of the roof on the house
next door was a radiant blue and gold
in an otherwise dirty boring off white piece of wood
for just a moment
And the chill prickles my skin the air molecules assaulting my own
transferring away my heat for their own delight
Shivering because I'm alive
Gloriously gloriously

I'd set myself on fire again and again for you
Just to keep you warm
Just so that you could see
Just so that you wouldn't feel afraid
Just so that you'd maybe notice me

The sky doesn't stay grey for as long as we might think
Yet the fact offers little reprieve when it's all you've got to stare at

to driving down one of my hometown roads overtaken with love,
compassion for two young boys, likely just 13, not even started high school yet.
They let me turn into my childhood neighborhood before they cross the street,
waving me on rather than crossing white lines themselves.
I wanted my own children then. Something I rarely ever want.
I want to raise boys who tell cars to go first because they're not in a rush.
Because they're okay with waiting,
because they're not afraid of time passing as I had been.

My skin does not grow withered,
there is no physical change,
yet I realize this now,
that I have entered into the twilight
of my own childhood.

if I was braver I would've asked you the scary questions
And I would've said the things
I'm really thinking about you
The thoughts die on my lips

I dreamt of you last night and you kissed my arm softly
and said
you're my kind of girl.
Everything else was strange but the two of us together
it felt so right

Now I just want someone who cares about oral hygiene,
the least sexy thing in the world perhaps

I didn't notice the light had changed back to green
because I was watching you smile
And I didn't look at how high I was swinging
because I was looking at you laugh

you're very interesting.
Go on
Absolutely not.