

the fool
and
the devil

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foolish.

fools gold

Know your worth.
You are solid gold.
No fools have a claim on you.

caffeinated

She cried herself to sleep last night.
When she woke up, she went straight
to the coffee.

Funny how the thoughts of him
could be flooded out by strength.

night time came and took the children away

Foolish kids run around,
playing their foolish games.
They get hurt and they bleed
but those foolish souls never die,
as long as there is darkness
in every night.

flowers turn brown in the end

My love, my darling.
You make thorned roses bloom.
You make the sky shine,
shades of warm golden, moonsilver, star white.
You make soft music play.
You make lovers wish they stayed.
Why do you make me wither away?

you never fear that i'll disappear

What would happen if I ran away today?
Would your lines be drawn?
Your words written?
Your photos taken?
Your thoughts spoken?
You will never know, still I am here.

patchwork

She was made of patchwork promises.
Fraying at the edges.
Tied together with lies.
Growing older and dustier by the day.
Ready to be blown away by the smallest breeze.

party goers

I will always remember hiding
with my best friend.
We didn't want to talk to the others.
I don't think we understood the
meaning of the word 'party'.

funeral in the bookstore

Some days,
I want to read myself to death.

your parents named you after a saint

You tore people down when you were
supposed to build them up.
You made me feel small when I was
supposed to feel strong.
Oh how you stunted my growth.

You made people believe you
hate everyone and everything.

For that,
I feel sorry for you.

gift from god

'I'm always here for you.'
You are the only person I have
ever trusted to say these words.
Because after all this time,
you are still here.

don't open pandora's box

'Hey, how are you?'
I'm breaking,
I'm fading,
I'm tired,
I don't know,
I don't want to be here,
I don't know what to do anymore.
'I'm fine thanks, how are you?'

i don't hold on to anything anymore

It is truly painful
when you're sitting in the
middle of the bathroom floor
crying because you are so unsure.

a little girl's world

She walked down every street like she was the one
who paved the concrete,
who placed every stone,
who designed the earth beneath her feet.
Cracks in stone pathways,
were just webs that she weaved.

my memory of you frays at the edges

I wrote words about how you kindled my flames.
I wrote words about how you snuffed me out.
I wrote words about how my fire built again
and how I was strong enough to burn you down.

she, a little boy's world

'Create your own perfect world,' the girl said.
The boy looked at her. 'What kind of world?'
The girl shrugged. 'I don't care. As long as I'm there
sitting in the centre, on a throne of beautiful flowers.'

now i have stories with happy endings

To be foolish, to be in love,
oh, what beauty it is.
Foolish hearts call for promising starts.

i once wondered

I miss you.
But I will never tell you.
And I wonder,
do you miss me too?
And I wonder,
have you decided,
to never tell me too?

age fifteen

I feel
so utterly
and completely hopeless.

coffee grounds/tea leaves

I believe that you can find a way to live.
You can find a way to love.
You can find a way to smile.
At the bottom of your coffee mug.

trailing behind

Sometimes, I feel the world is beautiful.
Sometimes, I feel that there are people
walking around me, while I stand still,
trailing behind in their walking shadows.
I wonder how they move from one place to another.

self defense

She doesn't need a king.
She doesn't need a knight.
She needs her sword.
She needs her shield.
She needs her knives.

heaven isn't as pretty as they say

Peace of mind was a shell.
When I left it behind,
I left you as well.

Now,
I choose to walk out of hell,
like I've won a war with the Devil.

mellow insomnia

Have mercy on me.
I'm a day-dreamer and
a night-thinker.

i was your greatest fan

Welcome to my dreams.
Featuring all the boys
who could never love me back.

naivety

I guess I'm just that girl who
wants everything to be simple again.
Not perfect. But simple.
But even that seems too much to ask.

i never find my things in the lost and found

I didn't lose physical things.
I lost my sanity.
I lost my identity.
I lost my faith.
I lost my commitment to a life that
was always meant to be mine.

even if the picture isn't perfect

I wish you told me everything that went wrong.
So that maybe, just maybe,
I could search for the broken pieces
of this jigsaw puzzle.
Even if it's just to put myself back together.

some things are built to be ruins

Hand me the grenades,
and the words I kept at bay.
Hand me the matches,
and the tinder that lingers.
I wish it all burns away at my fingers.

the digger and the wanderer

Every time she tries to better herself,
every time she tries to do something
about her ache, nothing happens.
And she stays in the same place.

It doesn't go anywhere.
If anything, it goes down,
digging a deeper hole.
Until her mind is found at
the core of the earth.
And her body is still wandering
back on the surface.

the fairytale

She was such a fairytale,
a princess stuck in a tall tower.
And he was an evil dragon
keeping her in captivity.
Only when she burnt her tower down
and slay the dragon,
was she free to take her first breath.

everyone knows me as the girl who used to know you

She now walked through life with
a label on her forehead.
Big black words, permanent marker
stained words, that read:
'somebody else's broken property.'

plastic dolls

Perfectly pretty girls of plastic.
They stare at me from the tv,
from glossy pages in magazines
and from my little shining phone screen.
Their pearl teeth blinding me.

I think back to a time when I used to play with dolls.
And I can't seem to remember where I put them when I grew up.
Are they in a cardboard box under the stairs?
I can't find the time to care.

