

## Rage

i feel it raging inside of me  
this anger i cant help but feel  
you do this to me  
days of demeaning words  
and nights of naked helplessness  
i cannot heal  
from  
and no matter how hard i try  
im paralysed  
by the truth of it all  
of how you were  
the worst thing i had  
and the best thing i lost  
i seethe with rage  
everytime i see your face  
or hear your name  
you're terrible and pathetic and heartless  
and i could go on  
but i must confess  
i loved you  
before all this hatred  
i loved you  
red meant different  
i was blushing  
not bruising  
we were winning  
not losing  
and now you're gone  
it's a dry lawn  
of withered wisteria  
and quicksand  
come visit me  
why don't you come visit me  
sink into my depths  
so i can digest you  
in all your pathetic glory  
and i can spit out your carcass  
which by the way is no different  
from when you were alive  
you heartless fool  
i hate you  
and if i could go back in time  
id skin you alive  
and feed your remains to your ego  
and watch it starve  
because guess what  
you're never going to be enough  
especially for yourself.

## Two

i think i feel it happening again  
the warm golden ocean  
eating away at my pain  
ive loved really hard before  
but it was nothing  
compared to this  
to what you're making me feel  
could it be real?  
too soon to contemplate  
too soon to know  
but oh  
your voice makes  
my walls  
melt into a cascade  
of faith  
in you in your words  
and years later  
when they read the story  
of the hopeless romantic girl  
falling again  
they'll think of you  
of your unimaginably soft hair  
of your gaze so beautiful  
of the way your words caress  
my heart every part of me  
yearns for you  
and there's nothing your mind can't do  
but how  
do i stop myself  
from thinking of you  
isn't it too soon  
for me to be writing you  
these poems  
isn't it too soon  
for me to put it out into the world  
how do i stop myself  
from claiming my throne  
in your heart in your very bones  
how do i hold back  
the urge to put this out  
into the world  
hungry for gossip  
waiting to rip  
every wonderful thing i have  
apart  
waiting to sabotage anything  
that's close to my heart  
how do i keep you

a secret  
when i want to keep you  
loudly  
tell me my love  
can we rise above  
my libels and your ghosts  
their rumours and their roasts  
can you hold my hand  
better than it's ever been held before  
can you lock the door  
on all these destructive souls  
can you tell me  
it'll all be okay  
and i won't have to worry another day  
because falling in love is hard  
but doing it again  
that's no child's play

### **Asymmetry**

fuck the people that  
praise the symmetry  
of souls and call it love  
fuck no they're wrong  
i want asymmetry  
i want to see a single  
dimple on your left cheek  
and i want to see a smirk  
not a polished white smile  
that'll only sell me  
white lies  
i dont want your hair  
to frame your face  
the way a miser would  
count his money  
i don't want careful  
fuck careful  
i want to watch yesterday  
melt into today  
into tomorrow  
with no clear distinction  
no balance  
just pure messy  
i want to feel your right  
arm so much more built  
than your left arm for all  
the nights you thought of me  
and maybe even punched the wall  
i want to see one eye bigger than the other  
a balance of imbalances  
almost as if you wore a monocle

i like monocles  
they're solitary soldiers sitting strong  
on an old man's face  
perhaps on your face  
i want to see your eyebrows  
one-up each other  
who's got the higher arch  
who'd stoop the lowest  
not you never you  
i want to feel the bones  
on your left side  
jut out just a little more  
than those on your right  
tonight i want to see  
what's underneath  
your mismatched clothes  
i want to take you home  
and kiss the asymmetry  
taste the scars  
and feel the weird grooves  
on your tongue  
against my neck  
because none of it makes sense  
when it's supposed to make sense.

### **Growth**

today i was asked  
what younger me  
would feel  
about who i am today  
and all i have to say  
is she'd be surprised  
surprised i made it alive  
past the growing pains  
past the pitfalls and messes she'd made  
past the nights she held a sharpened blade  
to her wrist  
hoping she'd be missed  
past the days when eulogies and suicide notes  
were all her trembling hands wrote  
she wouldn't believe  
the fact that i still breathe  
but love,  
existence is my birthright.  
i was born to live  
to swallow the world whole  
and make it my art  
to play a part  
in this beautiful existence.  
you see,

rock bottom teaches you  
how to swim  
up and above  
to pull yourself out of quagmires  
to light your own fires  
and bask in your own sunshine,  
enjoying life sip away like a fine wine  
drunk on every drop of the unending cosmos  
for this world is worth experiencing  
and this life worth living.