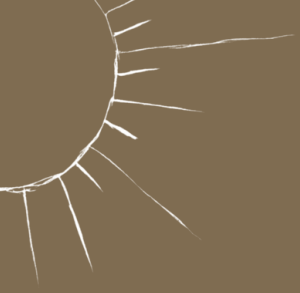




A Plant Reaching Toward a Dying Sun





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Mountain Flowers

You were the sun that rises over my mountains
The light that made my shadow
The hope that killed my pride
You burnt my skin and dried my flowers
But how could sunlight

How could happiness

Hurt me?

Your eyes are made of mountains I will never cross
Your soul is made of flowers I will never pick
I could never reach you
Even when you're inside of me
My feelings pouring out and staining your skin with soft
bruises made of love
Do you feel me now?

Brothers

Twin brothers
Leaving marks on bodies
Like the belt of the father
When they cross how can they not harm?
Twin brothers, conjoined at the arm

In a perfect circle
I am the sun
I always was

But then I looked

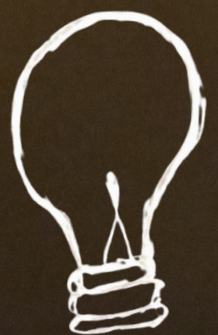
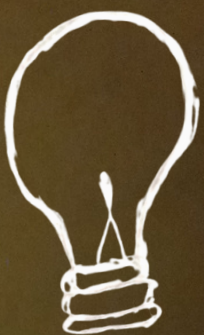
And saw the moon



There was sunlight in my chest
You shined so bright I forgot it was
there

Starlight

You aren't a star
You are all of them
Speckled on my skin
Constellations of handprints
Burning forever
Lost in books and written in journals
Timeless and
I can't clean your stardust out of my carpet



Rain

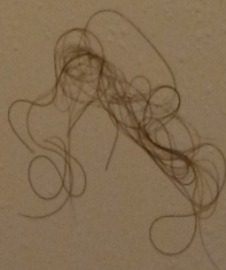
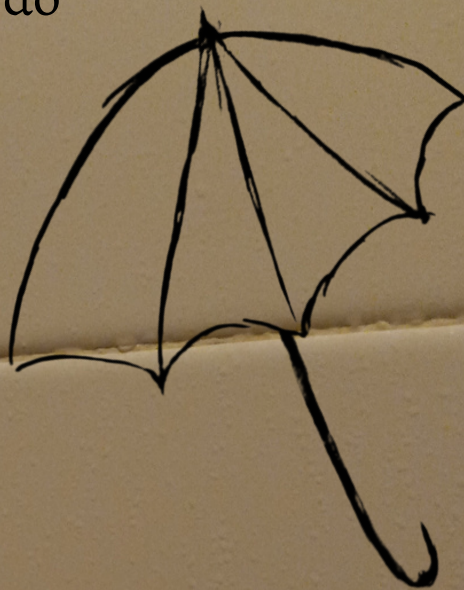
I cut myself on teeth

I broke when all you did was bruise me

You don't feel them like I do

I could never hurt you

Like I hurt myself



Stay in my body

Stay in my soul

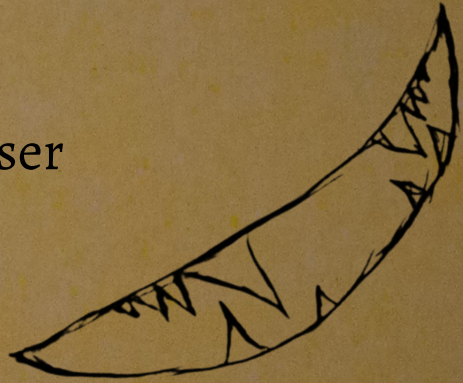
Stay in my secrets

I've got nothing to hold

Hidden



Outside there's a monster
Will you hold me a little closer
So I
Know I'm safe?



Camouflaged
Camomile

The garden where I become what I always wanted to be
In your arms

Do you think the lightning admires the sun?
And if it does
Do you think the thunder admires the earth?



The Lightning and the Sun

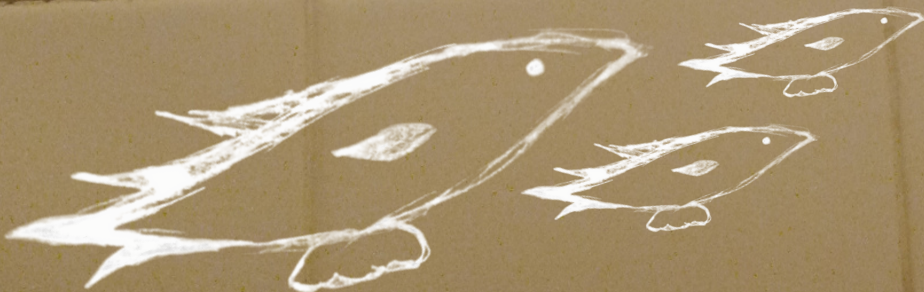
Sunshine behind the clouds
Bouncing
A small nudge at the back of my mind

I think the lightning admires the sun
In the same way I admire you
Faulty imitation
Kind intent

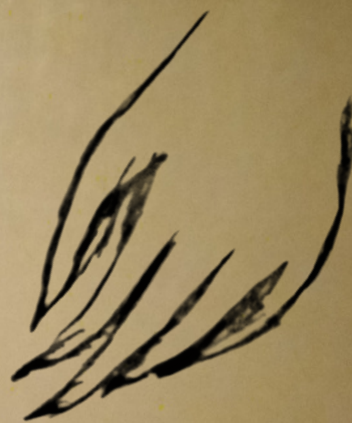
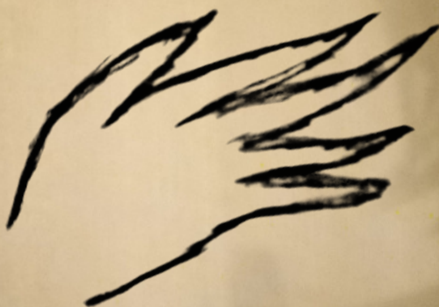


Drown

I'm looking down at the mess I made
I'm screaming all the words I'd say
I won't kill myself today
But tomorrow, what can happen?
Anything.



A Tiny Plant



In the plants
In the trees
Lost myself
Under the leaves

Like a tiny plant
Reaching toward a dying sun
My hands reach out to hold you
But you aren't the one I thought I loved