

*Wallflowers Burn Wild*

**M.M.M**

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These poems are dedicated to you,  
the reader.

May you find peace and healing  
for your beautiful, blossoming soul.

ि.

*the sun*

i.

you are really weird.

*i like that.*

you crept up on me like a pleasant breeze in the peak of a summer's night  
washing over me.

the thrill of drowning in your love is intoxicating.

*i love that.*

getting drunk on your smiles and winks,  
withdrawing from the silks of your skin,  
how i get lost in the golds of your eyes,

and drained by the poison that seeps through every sensual fiber of your lips.

*i love you.*

have i ever told you  
you give the best hugs?

**i meant that.**

because i find myself always entrapped by you,  
wanting to be entangled in the shining, silver threads you weave.  
even if they overtake me,  
*suffocatingly,*  
not by words because you never speak  
but in every step you take  
steals my oxygen away.

*promise me,*

kid,

you'll watch me always.

because *i only see you.*

ii.

*my eyes*  
contain the colors  
of galaxies

*my smile*  
captures the glances  
of curious souls

*my she-wolf*  
entrances any room  
i let her roam in

*you see me*  
in my strengths  
when i let them loose  
and question  
how I don't notice

*everyone watching,*

**waiting,**

to witness my next move.

but the big reveal to a wondrous act  
is that i never noticed  
because i only ever had my sights  
dead set

*on you.*

iii.

*i am the ocean.*

sparkling,  
flowing,  
keeper of wonder  
and secrets,  
shallow and deep,  
farther than the eye can see.

*you are the moon.*

luminescent and humble.  
you invoke *vision*  
different than the sun,  
swallowed by haunting clouds.

you are surrounded by  
stars that compliment you,  
*admire you.*  
jewels of infinite sky,  
its greatest treasures.

and yet  
**it is i**  
that occupies your eyes.

you glow your hands  
over me,  
*bathing me pale blue,*  
leaving glittered footsteps  
on my waves  
to show everyone  
*i am yours.*

you give me  
*moods*  
i did not know  
i could *feel*.

you pull me in  
and push me out,  
peacefully,  
rocking me to a slumber.

it is if  
we have known each other  
*like this*  
since the beginning  
of time itself.

iv.

i dream of you  
in-between beech sheets.

where the passion is **fire**,  
the love is *pure*.

true to ourselves,  
*our desires*.

stealing parts of each other  
no one else gets to touch,  
see,  
*enjoy*.

borrowing moments in time  
to share only with each other,  
*the truly divine*.

special you are to me,  
the only one who makes me feel  
completely undone,

but stitches me whole once again.

*you are my little windmill.*

V.

when i feel you tug at my mind,  
i disappear with you into memories.

intertwined with fires and sunshine,  
the warmest places i know you'll be.

waiting for me by calm waters,  
taking my hand and guiding us  
to the future we always imagined,  
a thousand times in ecstatic electricity.

safe places where we let our love shine brightest,  
unashamed,  
*unafraid.*

laughing louder between inside jokes and secrets,  
these are the places i go.

the ones designed by you and i  
for when we need to run far, *far* away.

you as the lock,  
i as the key,  
together we unlock *endless possibilities.*

will you wait for me there  
**like you always used to?**

vi.

i loved your strengths.

they were things i wish i could be.

wanting to be part of the world  
you always left me for,

*i joined you.*

in between paper  
and cardboard cuts,  
pet hair and dust-mites,  
pad folds and truck loads.

*blood&sweat&tears,*  
**love couldn't grow here.**

**foolish** of me to believe so.

you were nicer  
as a lover.  
being a boss  
doesn't entitle you  
to hateful words  
and hurtful tones.

i was doing this  
***for you***  
so we could be  
a loving, supportive  
team.

*but your ego had to win.*

come first,  
**as it always did.**

i still admire your strengths  
but not at the cost you charge.

i will build to be a similar leader  
but as a shepherd,  
not a dictator.

how do my words feel cutting through you  
**as yours did mine?**

i cried in your t-shirt today.

i found it where you felt *betrayed*.

hunter-green,  
my favorite shade.  
conjuring the magic in your eyes  
and pinching your complexion to life,  
accenting all the lovable, *huggable*, parts of you.

you were the original stuffed scooby,  
withholding all the life-giving squeezes,  
a secret superpower you overlooked.

why did i cry in your t-shirt today?

because when i embraced it,

you weren't in it,

but

i desperately wanted you to be,

holding me on the other side

*like i always wanted you to.*

viii.

*i'm going to let you go.*

as much as i don't want to,  
as painful as it will be,

i have to  
**walk away.**

from the memories,  
the good and the bad,  
the laughs and smiles,  
love and frustration,  
adventures and journey,  
growing and learning.

i have to set it down now  
and maybe  
come back to it later.

for you and i  
are puzzles pieces  
who can't figure out  
how to fit right now.

someday though,  
  
we might  
fit just right  
and be a beautiful masterpiece.

*i love you enough to let you go.*

ii.

*the flood*

ix.

you didn't give me enough time to grow,  
flourish,  
*where i was birthed.*

you uprooted me from my native soil  
and re-planted me  
on your grounds.

**“grow, you stupid flower, grow!”**

your words flooded  
and drowned me,  
**i had to start over.**

i reached days of sunlight  
when you floated away,  
worrying when you would rage back.

your goal for me  
to meet your height  
was intimidating.  
hard as I tried,  
i could only grow a day at a time.

some stormy days,  
lightning struck my pedals,  
frying me to the roots.

damage is hard to rise from  
**but you expected nothing less.**

i became pathetic,  
worthless of your expectations.

before you left me to dry into forgotten debris,  
you stomped on me  
so i couldn't grow without you.

*i died.*

into a million  
shredded pieces i became.

*i lost my colors.*

but you'll see  
i do better on my own.

*i was reborn.*

slivering through the cools of my soil  
once more,  
blossoming into the beautiful flower  
i always was.  
growing at my own pace,  
thriving in my garden,  
frolicking in the warm rays,  
dancing in the rain  
at my own breeze.

how at peace i feel,  
transforming into myself,  
for myself.

without judgement&shame,  
in love&grace,  
and proud  
to  
just  
**be.**

X.

my love is untamable,  
*wild,*  
*free,*  
and yet  
you always tried to tie it down.

**why?**

do you not embracingly fall  
into the depths of my passionate love  
for you?

the fiery fury of my kisses  
and warmth of my hugs,

**why?**

do you leave me questioning you,  
of your thoughts,  
feelings,

**why?**

do you shove me into an infinite dark pit  
and starve me  
when i did nothing to you?  
nothing to deserve  
what feels like punishment,

**w h y?**

do you treat the one who cares most of you  
like shit on your shoe.  
when i am the moon,

sun,  
and stars.

not only hair-thin  
from breaking the nature of my spirit,  
you nearly crushed it.

the first and last of my kind,  
nearly extinct,  
you lead me to drought water, parched.

i am no longer.

for you think of yourself as butter on my back,

*so easily you forget,*

i bucked you off.

for you can never tame or beat  
obedience and control into this mustang.

i will find a different rider  
who will appreciate my speed,  
always.

xi.

how does it feel  
to be relieved i'm not there  
in your bed,

while i cry myself to sleep  
in mine?

to not think of me  
before you close your eyes  
when thoughts of you and i  
keep me up all night?

not longing for me  
in your deepest dreams  
**when you parade around in mine?**

nightmares they become.  
a ghost you form to,  
sewn to my side.

how it feels so awful  
to turn from flesh to energy.

the terror,  
that i can no longer feel you  
like how i was always meant to.

may you always remember me,  
now,  
as your beautiful  
ghost.

xii.

i bit the hand that fed me.  
i bit it so hard so it could never *beat me* again.

it drained me of my genuine soul.  
it drank up every last drop,  
**unsavory.**  
then tossed me away  
when i was too weak to produce more.

hate&anger,  
anger&tone,  
manipulation&selfishness.

***shame on it***  
for not expecting the dog  
to eventually fight back.

the dog does not aim to please you  
any longer.

the dog wanted a home,  
not an owner.

the dog runs to the wag of its tail.  
the dog is empowered  
by the wind blowing in its face,  
generated by its own speed.

*the dog is free.*

she is her own wolf pack  
and she wears those scars  
loud & proud.

xiii.

*seal your lips.  
bite your striking tongue.*

you *will* hear me.  
understand my words  
this time around.

bend the knee.

*kneel*  
before your goddess  
or vanish from my face.  
banished to my memory  
where you exist  
*only*  
for my amusement.

you unbalanced my aura,  
rusted my gold.  
sought to destroy me,  
to leave me  
in ancient ruins  
and steal my crown.

if it is a war you want  
*then it is what you will get.*

underneath this darling face,  
beneath the peace,  
underestimating the kindness  
effortlessly pulsing  
through my veins,  
**rages injustice.**  
fueled by revenge,

determination of annihilation,  
ridding of waste.  
the heart of lions,  
the strength of hurricanes,  
a mind of legendary visionaries,

***stand before me***  
in the wake  
of my tsunami.

you made me wait

***years***  
for your love.

***and still***  
i have not received.

now,  
i must collect  
what i have earned.

raging toward you,  
*snapping,*  
*snarling,*  
to retrieve what i have came for.

repay me  
in the form  
of your love.

*i laugh.*

we both know  
that part of you  
*does not exist.*

xiv.

do not suppress my words,  
written or spoken,  
english or foreign.

do not tell me how to feel,  
or how to heal.

do not assume you know me,  
my story,  
what i go through,  
just because we're close.

or judgment  
of my bare or hand-painted face.

i am more complex  
than you believe to know.  
you underestimate my power,  
my process.

do not undercut me  
of my success.

*one day,*

i'll be standing over you,  
and you'll see  
just how intimidating  
*i can be.*

XV.

do you think  
it brings me joy  
to ignore your existence?

do you think i dance  
upon the ruins  
of our memories  
and that i would do the same  
on your grave?

do you feel  
i love **spitting you up**  
to rid you from my body?

that i enjoy  
not letting you in,  
to let you go?

*all these things*  
i never wanted to do  
in the first place.

*but you forced my hand.*

you turned the other cheek  
when things got hard  
*for you.*

do not apologize  
so you can feel better.

i don't need your excuses  
or your empty words.

if you want me,

take action,

*fight,*

make efforts,

show you care.

otherwise,

*stay off my path*

and

watch

me

*go.*

i have given all i can  
without shattering into  
micro-pieces.

iii.

*the rage*

xvi.

you pretend to be  
*the wolf.*

alpha you may feel,  
but really you are  
*the sheep,*  
darker than a black hole.

a scared little boy in men's clothes,  
trying to prove his masculinity  
when all he really wants is love.

*beautiful*  
you could've become.

if only he  
sprinkled you  
with sunshine and grace,  
brushing your cheeks  
with kindness and kisses,  
to let you  
spread your wings and fly above,  
inspiring all to bloom.

what a pitting shame  
*indeed.*  
you could have had it all,  
and maybe,  
you would have a true shot  
at happiness.

*in love.*

xvii.

i will not wait  
any longer.

to lose sleep over what you're doing,  
thinking.

wishing the words you speak,  
the promises you make,  
come true.

that your actions carry them  
in pride and strife.

I once thought you saw me,  
***you only saw me naked.***

thank you,  
for making this easy  
for me.

because in the end,  
you're just like all the people  
you said you never wanted to be.

*the people you hate.*

and sadder yet,  
***you know it.***

and ***still***  
you won't do anything  
to save yourself.

i can no longer stand by

to always be your lifeline.  
not only because you never did the same for me,  
but because you continuously,  
greedily,  
feasted on it until there was nothing left.  
*then you left.*

**my taste will never leave you.**

even when you cut off your tongue  
to spite me,  
you'll beg on your knees  
to not crave me  
*for eternity.*

xviii.

i may have been  
*the girl*  
who used to  
apologize for  
everything,

however,  
you're still  
*the asshole*  
who apologizes  
for nothing.

i'd rather stop apologizing  
for things i shouldn't've had,

than never apologizing at all  
for everything i should have.

## xix.

i'd rather be in chains  
than live by your standards,  
your expectations.

who i should be,  
how i should act,  
*react*,  
what i should do,  
what i must say.

reflecting in your eyes,  
**striving for this image**  
you painted of me in your dreams.

we never claim  
to be perfect,  
of course,  
and  
it is of no excuse  
to remain  
in our weaknesses.

*remember*,  
we do not grow at the speed of flowers  
but rather of centuries-wise oaks,  
who stretch to reach beyond the atmosphere.

proud, listening, giving.  
sharing oxygen  
so others may  
*breathe*.

we should always strive to be  
*the trees*.

xx.

**you suck.**

you know that?

*the absolute worst.*

how could i have been

so foolish

to trust you with my heart?

to think you would look after it

with care,

attentiveness,

respect,

*humility,*

when you barely did that for yourself.

**h o w d a r e y o u i g n o r e m e.**

the only girl who cares.

the best thing

that is ever going to happen to you

in your godforsaken life.

i pray someone does to you

what you've done to me.

that you give all you have to be everything she wants,

needs,

only for it to be pissed on

*and it's cackled about.*

i pray you give more than you get.

i hope you fall so hard that you can't rise up.

and when you lie there in broken misery,

**only**

***then***

can you think of me.

xxi.

i am not a sex toy.  
a play thing,  
a trophy girl,  
a side hustle,  
a second-hand,  
used goods,  
or  
last place.

i am  
a lady  
***who has grown the fuck up***  
and knows  
what i want,  
what i need,  
what i like,  
and what i will *not*  
tolerate.

and at this point,  
that is you  
and your excuses.  
backed up  
with no apologies  
and no shame.

how do you like my words,  
now that I've sharpened them?

xxii.

*men*

know how to swallow  
big pills.

*boys*

cross their arms,  
stick out their tongues,  
and refuse a giant dose  
of reality  
to cure their toxic egos.

“NO!”

they scream in agony,  
out of pride,  
because they believe  
this is what makes them men.

*no.*

you are acting as a child  
with a terrible-two tantrum.

i can't count  
on all the hands i've touched,  
plus my own,  
the number of pills  
*the size of the universe*  
i choked down for you.

for love that,  
in the end,  
wasn't even worth it.

I guess that makes me  
*the man.*

xxiii.

i favor a rose.  
i rejuvenate in the rain  
and speak fluently.

**but i am not as i appear.**

the outlook of a sunflower,  
the soul of a wallflower.

*i am many magnoliophyta.*  
i stand as my own species.

you cannot define me  
**nor**  
will i allow you.

*i learned from you.*  
no one will ever, truly know my heart.

you,  
**a wildflower,**  
with the spirit of one,  
have a rosy heart.

**you hide it;**  
afraid,  
ashamed.

yet *curious*  
of the wallflower  
who grows her heart  
through her leaves.

so easily how we observe things differently than the rest.

*from you.*

is this why you picked me?

if i had blossomed into a rose,  
at least i'd have thorns.  
to prick the madness out of people  
just like you.

to admire me in all that i am  
is to love me for what i am,  
*not as i appear to you.*

xxiv.

making you my first priority  
was my biggest mistake.

for i was never yours from the gecko.  
not second,  
not even third.

dwelld at the bottom of your ocean floor,  
i did.

i held my breath  
for what seemed like my whole life.

you *always* forgot about me  
down there,  
***drowning.***

all for your love,  
affection,  
attention,  
***care.***

all i wanted for you was to be happy.  
that i could shine light in your deep abyss  
and that you would be the same for me.

the sun  
came for me  
through the darkest, most forgotten corners  
of your soul  
where i waited for you.

dimming on the edge of survival;  
*sink or swim?*

your love wasn't worth dying for.

XXV.

you didn't appreciate  
the sacrifices  
i slashed across my throat.

nor the burdens i bore  
like a stillborn.

the cares i loaded,  
blanks in a gun.

i spent all my gold,  
the most exceptional currency,  
at the places i felt  
invested.  
where i would reap  
the *handsomest* of rewards.

**F O O L!**

in fact,  
you appreciated nothing at all.

putting a dagger right through my heart  
from behind  
as you held me tenderly,  
deceiving me with that loving gaze  
into my eyes.

for the very first time,  
in the name of victory,  
***you strike.***  
watching the light go out from my eyes,  
the color drain from my porcelain face,  
the tears trickle for the final time

from the causings of you.

and you bury me  
at the fountain of youth.

there,  
*i can live*  
in the years you stole  
from my vintage soul.

xxvi.

1,819 days,  
43,430 hours,  
2,605,800 minutes,  
156,348,000 seconds.

time  
is a humorous thing.

it means  
**nothing**  
when it really comes to it.

it is expended  
like you and i.

as euros,  
dollars,  
yen,  
francs,  
pounds  
i gained  
from the finger-licked toxins  
of you.

in all that time together,  
how did i become  
unworthy?

now i work twice as hard  
every day  
just to grind back that time  
spent unwell.

xxvii.

*never,*  
i believed.

could i hate,  
*resent,*  
the same person  
i used to love  
more than my own existence.

someone  
i thought  
to be my confidant.

who'd never treat me  
as if i tasted of something  
*vile.*

gritting your teeth,  
setting you on edge.  
you are not a man,  
you are a coward  
shivering in your own  
cold, dark, damned  
runt corner.

stay there for the rest of the  
very-little-care-i-have-left-of-yours life.  
confined to your own mind.

a hell you live everyday,  
just being you.

i am,  
however,  
singing on hills.

something you'll never have.

you've come out of your cage for me  
for the *very*  
*last*  
*time.*

xxviii.

if all you really cared about  
were *your* friends,

**you should've told me.**

if all you cared about  
was *your* family,

**you should've told me.**

if you didn't have the time  
to care about *me*,  
*my* life,  
*my* world,

**you should've told me.**

if all you cared about  
**was getting your dick wet**  
in someone new,  
in someone "not crazy"  
and not a "bitch"  
that i somehow  
*apparently*  
became in the end,

**YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME.**

so i would've had the chance  
to spin my head  
all the way around my body  
and scare the interest in me  
right out of your horrid,

giant,  
egotistical head.

**YOU SHOULD HAVE HAD**

more respect for the girl way out of your ballpark  
that you never even made a home-run in.

*a strike to my fancy every goddamn night.*

xxix.

*i can swallow now.*  
the mass in my throat has passed.

but the indentation remains,  
accustomed to the soreness.

i don't know how to be  
without the pain you left me with.

you tell me  
not to let the grief  
get in the way of my writing.

as if your few words  
*of niceties*  
would taste sweet in my mouth  
after years of bitterness poisoned my tongue.  
you brought to my table  
**NOTHING**  
fruitful.

i was too good to you  
and you know it.  
i was too good for you  
and you knew it.

i was a doe in your aim  
and you shot confidently  
for the game.

the trophy to adorn your bare walls,  
saturated with dingy lighting.

you realize,  
i am a game  
you could never win.

XXX.

*i was a vision.*

*a view  
with a place  
to put your  
baggage in.*

*i was sold  
the moment  
you stepped in.*

*only to find  
i was a rental to you.*

*not a forever home.*

*you trashed the place.  
leaving holes,  
dents,  
marks,  
and stains  
on anything you could;  
cat-piss to my walls.*

xxxi.

people believe  
they have the right to judge you  
before they know you.

critiquing you  
before you can even  
speak,  
act,  
express,  
feel,  
anything.

**fuck those people.**

*sprint.*

do not get consumed,  
by these soul-suckers.

not even  
by a pinky  
*toe.*

for you may be lost to them.

scavenging for a tiny part of you  
they can latch onto  
and grow inside of you  
like a virus.

xxxii.

*even if*

you are clipped of your claws,  
your wings.  
choked out of your voice.  
stripped of your crown.

you are ***still***  
a lioness,  
an eagle,  
a fighter,  
a survivor,

and

you never  
really cared  
for titles  
or disguises  
anyway.

he did you a favor  
because you found  
*yourself.*

xxxiii.

*you*  
were not healthy  
for my body,  
my soul.

but you were delicious  
on my tongue.  
pleasured me  
with a surge through my veins,  
buzzing on an incredible high  
just like a kid  
who knows nothing but love for a rush.

absurdity,  
all the same.

i always forget  
how you made me crash  
*miserably*  
in my head.

an allergic reaction,  
swelling to my eyes.

**hives to my skin**

that i cannot resist to itch.

sloshing my moods,  
trying to flip my sail  
over and under.

no,  
you are not healthy for me.  
but i cannot deny every bit of love i had  
for the chaos you jerked me through.

that's when i knew the time had come to flush you out.

xxxiv.

you left a gash  
too deep to heal from

**in a matter of months.**

a gouge,  
precisely created,  
to seal our memories into me for a lifetime

so I never forget  
*you.*

the scars  
on my fragile flesh  
from your crooked teeth,  
so ugly,  
to maim me.

a sinister plot  
to diminish my beauty  
from other curious creatures  
craving,  
hunting,  
to taste this rare fruit.

marking me yours.  
immortal on my timeline.  
even when you don't want me,  
**just so no one else would.**

an evil  
i had no idea  
could exist.

XXXV.

I AM HUMAN,

*a human different from you.*

you slashed my wrists for every behavior  
you didn't condone  
and left me to lick the wounds.

I AM HUMAN,

*a human different from you.*

when my wounds scabbed,  
you ripped them off  
and laughed at my screams.

I AM HUMAN,

*a human different from you.*

when my tears begged for mercy  
because my lips couldn't,  
you repulsed my weaknesses showing.

I AM HUMAN,

*a human different from you.*

chugging from the costly fountain of your peers  
mattered more than a drop of priceless love  
seeping from my veins.

I AM HUMAN,

*a human different from you.*

when i was parched in your chains,  
you soaked my tongue with scorching water.

**I AM HUMAN,**

*a human different from you.*

i longed for your embrace,  
but you shoved me to the ground  
and spat on me.

**I AM HUMAN,**

*a human different from you.*

i was *shiny*,  
i was *new*,  
i was different than them,  
i was different from *you*.

so you dressed in a silk suit,  
a sequined smile,  
a faux version of you,  
conjured up.

a jewel to a rock,  
you stole my heart  
just to harden it like yours.

and when i was just like you,  
you couldn't handle the reflection  
staring soullessly back at you.

**I AM HUMAN,**

*a human better than you.*

xxxvi.

she's tired of the extra miles  
just to be where you are.

*to remember that she exists.*

a girl who admires you  
with every being  
of her absolute self.

but you reject her,  
cut her worth.

**she's a trophy to you.**

oh, how you snarled  
at her vulnerability,  
insecurities.

being there for you  
whenever you imploded.  
shattering yourself,  
picking up the pieces for you,  
even if her fingers bled.

she could find you  
when no one else could.

she stood up for you.  
she understood you.  
she listened to you  
when no one else wanted to,  
and somehow  
she was still never enough  
*for you.*

xxxvii.

you never knew,  
maybe never understood,  
the absolute power you weld  
in your touch.

*i longed for it.*

in my back pocket,  
around my waist,  
resting fondly on my shoulder,  
brushing against my face,  
my body embraced against yours.  
the way you gently graced every inch of me  
with your mouth,  
your fingers,  
your moonlit eyes,  
as if i were etched in pure gold.

you could've kept this fire  
passionately burning  
but ashes swiftly blow to dust.

**your intentions drastically reversed tides.**

grasping me  
in the name of *power*,  
of *dominance*,  
of *lust*,  
for the sake of *owning*  
just because you knew you could.

*never*  
did I anticipate that one day,  
i would repulse your hands on my flesh.

i cried  
not because of the agonizing pain  
it was to scrape you off my skin,  
but because you left me  
***no choice.***

xxxviii.

*tell me things*  
you never would.

*tell me everything*  
you were scared to.

**how much you needed me.**

that my light  
held a way out  
from the shadows  
you were birthed into.

that you knew  
*my smile*  
is the one of queens.

the days you broke my spirit,  
little by little,  
with each slick promise,  
colossal words,  
naught actions.  
the day  
you shut me out,  
the hawk-eyes upon us,  
waiting for the kill.

the day you released me  
back into the wild,  
***a tiger gone rogue,***  
after all the years  
of plotting vengeance.

*tell me*  
that your life  
has never been the same  
since.

i will never be able to return  
to my childhood home.  
it only holds the pure,  
the virgins,  
the naive.  
your lessons have banned me  
from the bright picket fences.

xxxix.

i am cracked  
**everywhere.**

you erupted  
*earthquakes*  
in my body.

i cave,  
i boil,  
to melt  
*everything*  
down this course  
i create to hell.

just to harden  
and suppress.  
smothering  
what makes me human  
underneath.

i may never be the same again,  
**but i have to try.**

only because  
i have not completely  
*crumbled*  
into millions of pieces  
**yet.**

may the canyons  
you burrowed into my skin  
grow into edens,

or so help me god  
i'll cave into a shell.

xl.

i was a *wallflower*,  
never ashamed of that.

and you said to me,

*“i’ve never seen  
colors like yours.”*

we aren’t seen,  
that’s on *purpose*.

we have ways  
of growing through walls,  
a day at a time,  
blooming when needed.

*where there’s enough sunlight.*

but you snatched my blooms,  
set me on fire,  
and called me

**wild.**

in agonizing hell,  
i couldn’t help but  
*burn wild myself.*

**ashed**  
before my eyes  
and i let it happen.  
you wanted me to char  
just like you.

well,  
here i blaze  
in absolute rage,  
incinerating all.

**is this what you wanted?**

are you joyous like mardi gras?

‘cause i will torch  
everything  
to make you happy,

*but write  
this  
down.*

once i’m finished  
scorching this earth,  
my flames  
will eventually  
*catch*  
to your kerosine.

we will both smolder,  
but i know  
i’ll survive this one.

xli.

sink me into the depths of your despair.

swallow me so i can wallow  
and see you inside out.

take me by the hand  
and guide me destination-less  
so i can wander and  
breathe you in like  
a fresh fall of snow.

**kiss me in your tundra.**  
let me heal what hurts most.  
what prevents you from blossoming,  
being light as a feather,  
shining bright like a full moon  
over moody waters.

i can make it better,  
if you'd let me.

i could show you the way  
to your heart  
one you'd never traveled down  
before.

i could be the cure  
from your generational curse.

i could be  
*the one*  
that makes home here,  
for always.

all you have to do  
**is say the word.**

## xlii.

memories tainted,  
my skin blemished.  
i've been corrupted,  
contaminated,  
by the smear  
of your thin blood.  
from your delicate bones.

disgrace  
showered upon me,  
stains  
i will not be able to remove.

*dishonor*  
on you and your family.

a cowardice soldier  
fleeting the bloodshed  
of combat created by hunger.

*this is what war is.*  
fighting for our lives  
to be spared.

### **this is what our love is.**

black and blue,  
that's what your ego  
made my heart into.

throbbing,  
**screaming,**  
each time it beats.

it is painful  
to even live,  
thanks to you.

you never stood by me  
whether i won or lost,  
that is the cold war's truth.

xliii.

i am bitter.  
sour even.

it does not bring me joy  
to think of you  
anymore.

you're just a stamp  
in my passport.

an eternal damnation  
to a part of hell  
i settled into,  
for god knows  
what stupid,  
fucked up reason.

maybe i felt i deserved it.  
your love was a form of  
*punishment*  
for my wrong doings.  
my naiveness,  
my yellow-streak,  
my pride,  
all for what?

the crisp truth is  
the heartbreak  
rearranged me.  
for the better?  
i'd like to think so.

gaze up at where i am.  
this is where i ended up.

the views are magnificent up here.  
i am no longer ensnared in your cage.  
maybe that's what i deserved then,  
    but now,  
i've been redeemed.

    to be better.  
    i can do better  
        than you,  
        us,  
    and all the dimensions  
        we'll cross paths in.

xliv.

**the rawest hurt.**

the deepest,  
nastiest,  
gash  
is rejection.

not from strangers.

not even  
acquaintances.

it is from  
people  
you have let in.

allowing them  
to nestle inside you  
like home.

letting them see  
the hoarding  
under beds,  
in crevices.

the skeletons,  
in closets,  
in attics,  
in the graves  
of your land.

the stories  
amounted  
generation to generation,  
snuggled on your shelves.

this is why  
    the persons  
    that know how  
    to cause the most damage,  
    knows the ins and outs  
    of your house.

    brittle the walls  
    as if bones,

    dusty the surfaces  
    as if forgotten,

    hollow the soul  
    as if abandoned  
    once too many times  
    before,

    fried to the roots  
    as if there were no survivors.  
    they try to disguise  
    the nature of their intentions,  
    as if they are the sun  
    that can provide you warmth.

    but the sun is a star  
    *on fire*  
    that catches flame  
    *to any*  
    that get too close,

    and  
    you  
    let them  
    come close enough

to be scorched  
by them.

now you are ashes  
that cannot grow back  
from this grief.

xlvi.

i devoted myself to you.

my time,  
my energy,  
my love,  
my heart,  
my soul,  
my spirit,  
my happiness,  
my goals,  
my dreams,  
my sanity,  
my trust,  
my loyalty.

everything i was,  
it was on the table,  
served on a gold platter  
with the glistening dressings,  
a feast fit for kings.

an offering  
that came to you this way  
through a conscious slaughtering.

*my blood*  
never tasted so good  
in between  
your jagged teeth,  
ripping into me  
savagely.

did i really deserve that?

was my fear that delicious?

licking your chops,  
your fingers  
after the meal.

**your appetite was never satisfied.**

i am but an empty vessel now.

no one could survive  
the brutal kill  
i sacrificed myself to.

as if praying for all the love  
in the world  
*from satan himself.*

**damn yourself a fool.**

no one  
would ever do that for you  
in this selfish, rigid world.

xlvi.

you are not rude,  
you are tired.

tired of the populace  
roughing its hands  
up your strained back.

you are hurting.  
for you give your fragile heart up  
for the inevitable beating.

an easy target  
for the narrow arrow.

so vulnerably  
the muscle beats.

so effortlessly the tissue tears  
at the mercy of dull claws  
dragging along the heartstrings,  
as if they've done it  
too many times before.

you assume you deserve it  
because nothing else  
has proven to be different otherwise.

“men” will be boys,  
“women” will be girls.  
the world keeps spinning,  
the rivers still flow,  
and yet  
the universe is still heavy  
on your neck.

nothing is to be understood  
in this life.  
not in the previous  
and not in the next.

the biggest burden  
is not knowing all the answers,  
clutching blank cards.

all the whys and what ifs,  
you'll never have closure to.  
grasping for leverage you know  
you wouldn't know what to do  
with.

*all this grief,  
one day,  
shall pass.*

this'll be just another poem  
paying an ode to the past.  
reaping what is sowed  
and setting fire to it  
once more.

let the rain pour,  
*i shall learn to dance in it.*

## xlvii.

“I wonder if I’m making a mistake.”

funny,  
if you have to ask.  
because then you are.

a virgin at love,  
naive and wide-eyed.

another at true love,  
skeptical and shrewd,  
a soul so bruised  
it’s unrecognizable.

one pours too much  
as the source dries up,  
rejuvenation at wits end.

the other consumes too fast,  
*parched*,  
stranded from a thousand-year drought.

it was not fate  
that brought us together.  
a mirage,  
a desperation,  
to seek a way out  
of the unfortunate events  
we were birthed into.

i cannot lie and say i miss you.

but the hunt bears on my soul  
out here

its animals  
stalking in the twilight-zone.

you hear them feasting,  
like your worst nightmares  
***come to life.***  
trembling,  
terrified,  
you will be next.

sometimes,  
i just miss being somebody's.

belonging to someone.  
laughing at inside jokes,  
holding each other close  
on calm nights.  
enjoying the company of someone  
who might truly admire  
the scars and stars  
you carry.

who will tote your baggage  
*proudly*  
because they know  
they are the only one  
**who can**  
and love you more for it.

no,  
you were a hard lesson  
i'm still learning from.

you exposed my deepest fears,  
and now,

i feel everyone can see it.

*i see it in everyone.*

who could praise and pine  
over these universally unsought,  
vintage marks?

**yet,**  
who couldn't eye and admire  
the treasures that spark  
the imagination  
and all the breathtaking  
adventures ventured?

the adventures you didn't cherish.

## xlviii.

we are captured on film,  
we exist in footage,  
our time together has never felt  
**s o a l i e n a t e d.**

how did we get it so wrong?  
how were the marks so easy to make?

exceptional change has  
haunted my past in recent years.  
yet things in the mirror  
are closer than they appear,  
staring infinitely like that,  
day by day.

it's not that i miss you,  
it is the strain  
of filtering faces,  
the revolving door.  
spin and spin,  
over and over,  
again, again.  
bonfires burning from twigs.

you knew me  
as if you had skimmed my story before.  
sitcom reruns,  
white noise in the background.

i knew you  
like the back of my hand.  
every crack on your surface,  
every corner in the depth of your oceans.  
every quirk,

dream,  
tear,  
fear,  
dip in your smile,  
yellow-streak,  
self-destruct ready to erupt.

*“you are my rock.”*  
the final, sincere words you said to me,  
turned on me like a dime.

words like those... never served sober.  
my worth never realized until you simmered alone.  
skimming the bottom of the bottle,  
riding in on the high-end,  
of a burnt-out bud.

who am i kidding,  
*you did both.*

you could not handle all that i was  
unsedated.

yet you wanted all of me  
through a maroon haze.  
as if the shame of vulnerability,  
in admission to admiration,  
in a composed state.

you elevated my love  
just to crush their bones.

**how could you shit on it?**

something so pure,  
so innocent,

so delicately restructured  
*to your fragile ego.*

### **embarrassment.**

hearts silently tearing.  
sharpening fights.  
scrapbook tears.

what was the weight in our shallow pockets?

to what purpose  
did we starve and sacrifice to?

the treachery?  
the fury?  
the fog and despair?  
raking me apart,  
distortion is your work of art.  
i rise from my death,  
but whose reflection is that?

this fear  
paralyzes every microscopic inch  
of love right out of me.

to stretch so thin, i break  
to never be attached again.  
i don't rip at the same seams  
already mending.

i can't blame you  
for how we left  
the puzzle pieces misplaced.  
for quitting  
when we couldn't make the remains fit.

i gave you my all  
because i thought we were worth it.  
you didn't at all  
because i wasn't worth it all.

i keep writing about it.  
i cannot wrap my head around it  
*still.*

how? why?

**i was trying.**  
i wanted all of you,  
darker than my shadows.  
my light flickered  
*only for you.*  
dimming over time  
with each night,  
you didn't come.

**it blew out**  
from when you finally did roll in  
with your turbulent winds.  
it was always then  
when you would decide  
i wasn't strong enough  
for you.

but when were you  
**ever**  
strong enough for me?

xlix.

a monstrous,  
dark figure  
with con-caved teeth.

a moron with sinister eyes,  
dealing all the cards  
with your calloused hands  
because you knew  
i craved it the most.

to witness  
another assistant  
taming the lions in your cages  
set an internal inferno  
to my golden three-piece.

a blaze that burned agonizingly slow,  
bleeding that gold dry  
short of five years.

don't you think i deserve a crown  
for ruling your kingdom  
when they declared you insanely inane?

but of course,  
it is always about fornication.

a raged-embodied mission  
to smash every mirror in this castle  
until they all reflect  
my burning light.

fragmented? possibly.  
however, my edges still glisten

like fresh-cut diamonds.

*i heard the sirens.*

i am a fugitive in a royal gown.  
how fitting.

tears amongst the rain is the only suitable coping.  
as the sun bleaks through,  
cheeks streaked in black rain  
won't be so taboo.

to break free from composure,  
corsets and posture.

*dare i*  
pull the cord for the grand exposure?

*a scarlet starlet,*  
the scandal as it unravels.  
full authenticity we cannot handle;  
complimentary animosity.

scratches on a vintage gem  
upholds in value,  
*however,*  
beauty is in the eye of beholders,  
naturally priceless.

i have no need for a beau on my arm.

i am on my own now,  
and i couldn't be more excited  
about the elusive adventure.

1.

i know  
i am over you  
completely.

*never*  
in a million,  
trillion years  
would i take you back.

but i carry you still.

this grief,  
this bitterness,  
this sour taste  
tingling my tongue,  
sets my teeth on edge.

i am a half-lit candle,  
constantly fighting  
the winds of change.

**to snuff out this inner rage.**

to put out this old flame  
so i can light up anew.

i would rather  
burn his wilderness to the ground  
than simmer peacefully out.  
i am the volcano  
they assumed was dormant.

tall,  
fierce,

a great force  
*not to be reckoned with.*

li.

my first *kiss*,  
my first *love*.

i forced myself  
to believe it was  
*magical.*

honestly,  
claws around my throat.  
as it begins  
how all my first encounters  
with predators  
**do.**

a violation of my trust,  
my space.  
a boundary crossed,  
as if drawn in windswept sand  
then drowned  
by the ocean,  
besieged from my profound  
fears,  
shame,  
wrapped  
in glistening holy paper.

a hand snakes down,  
tracking the hunt,  
cornering it.  
continuously striking,  
through your shrieks  
and acid rain.  
fangs and veins,  
pain and death,

in the same breath.  
soiled laundry  
line-drying  
in the wailing storm.

no amount of water  
is capable  
of cleansing the filth  
they have ingrained in me.

noah's arc  
could not save this body  
from a scarlet flood.

|r e a l i t y|  
*i am not incapable of love.*

my rank,  
loyal to my mind,  
my armor,  
guards the little light left of mine  
daring to fucking shine.  
my sword  
dutifully fights  
to the death  
for my heart.

i am petrified of the path  
of destructive  
and horrendous behavior.

absent are the avengers,  
buried with the rest  
of the abandoned.  
i will be dragged  
bloody fingertips to the hardwood floor

kicking, screaming  
to the centerfold of blame.  
criticism,  
slut-shame, slut-praise.

strip me  
of my clothes,  
my dignity.  
a tiny sliver  
hanging by a thread,  
i am yours to play with,  
***blackhead.***

why did i not speak up?

“stop,  
***no,***  
*i do not want this.*  
please, *stop.*  
please,  
please,  
please,  
***no.***”

i ask myself,  
*would it have mattered?*

if i had said it,  
*would i even be listened to?*

if so,  
*how will this be turned back on me?*  
*will i be of accusation?*  
i came here  
so i must have wanted this,

o r

you sought me as a muse,  
therefore,  
i am a tease,

o r

would i be harmed  
and no one would be able to stop it?  
*i should not have to speak,  
to be a respected human being.*

if i was born from a man's rib  
why would i not be viewed  
as his equal?  
for without each other  
what is any of it for?

my name  
sensored and stomped on,  
an ant with a rock to asphalt.

| c r u n c h |

my reputation,  
my identity,  
my friends,  
my life,  
my trust,  
my spirit,  
my sanity.

many the men  
think they are God  
to a woman.

they have broadway-perfected  
the nice guy lines,  
and on to master the fine arts  
of manipulation,  
fine-tuning the right serenades  
as the siren's song.

they know  
of the ensnarements they plant.  
snagging the hopes and dreams  
of girls that would do anything  
for their love,  
attention,  
affection.

*young the curation starts  
for them to become our core.*

don't fret our beautiful littles heads  
nothing is beyond that victorian iron fence  
they gatekeep us in.

the pedestal they display us on,  
so we may fall to our death  
if we *dare* flee.  
a prize to be won,  
as they train  
to profess in bull-shittery  
and finesse.

of every single detail to anguish about,  
being taken advantage of  
emotionally,  
sexually.  
groomed finely  
as a greasy '50s hairdo.

combing us into position,  
not a strand out of place.

*dare not*  
to crack these precious  
porcelain faces.  
my color diminishes,  
stranded under fluorescent lighting  
for so many years,  
sinking fast like grains  
through narrow glass.

when will the green flags  
reveal their *devilish* color  
then rotten to black?  
so i may witness it  
for the first time.

*just run  
the  
other  
way.*

how many times must i break  
until i completely shatter  
and never become whole  
again?

lii.

our paper swords cut deep.

i light a flame

and stand to watch them

**incinerate.**

*i am alive and well.*

i have never won before,

***and it feels fucking glorious***

no longer the wedge underneath the door.

dim lights,

stumbling and staggering,

you hide with your dagger,

for your comfort,

your control.

but when the final pin dropped,

i cut off the lights

and smashed the switch

with a sledgehammer.

*i have no regrets about this.*

**h o w d a r e y o u f u c k m e t h e n i g h t b e f o r e.**

*“everything’s finally going to be okay now.”*

your mood switched faster than the morning came,

i am the barren land of your hurricane.

*how dare you*

dumpster-fire me

in my brother’s dwelling gateway,

then tow me home

more than two hands could hold.

stopping to drag

when you knew i would hate it.  
maybe you thought i wouldn't know,  
maybe you thought i couldn't see,  
maybe you did it to spite me.

but who cares, right?  
because *it is* about you.

even when it's about me,  
really,

*it is all about you.*

irony claims the last chuckle,  
the last drop of bloodshed  
over menial purpose.  
i daydreamed you a king,  
tossing my cares to the high winds  
as if they were cascading curls.  
though sharp nails  
had to burst my bubble.

suddenly my cares  
were the only survival tactics  
i possessed.

our last christmas eve,  
i bared the burdens on my chest  
it felt better than your sex.

**i have no regrets about that.**

*“well maybe if you weren’t too busy shopping for yourself  
you would have thought of someone else.”*

honesty i deliver well.  
i wanted to punch you into the  
***B L A C K.***  
to ***break*** you  
underneath my fist.  
to caress my knuckles  
that inflicted such incredible pain  
and irreversible damage.

however so badly,  
i am a lady,  
so i settled for  
***“f u c k y o u.”***

***i have no regrets about that.***

the expression on your face,  
*the value*  
mouth-watering at the aroma,  
tickled at the amusement  
as if it were a stand-up special.  
the unease in your rise from your throne  
to flee into the wilderness  
of trees that cannot hide you,  
the winds cannot lie to you.  
time reaped this  
as you sowed my devotion.  
this was the first time  
you opened your eyes  
but only through distorted glass.  
i would no longer be crushed under your thumb.

however it must be,  
it shall end by your  
***wrath.***

i am not your princess,  
i am not your birthing-wench,  
nor your beheaded ex.  
i am not everything to you,  
i am not nothing to you,  
but what you are to me,  
now,  
is indifferent.

*i am* the shadows feeding in the night.  
*i am* the eerie feeling breathing down your neck.  
*i was* every bit the light in your existence  
as *i am* every speck in your darkness.

you turned into a nocturnal predator,  
visible in the cracks of my moonlight.

***but read this.***

i am not the light that reflects off your skin,  
you are the skin that only glows when  
*i*  
 *fucking*  
*shine.*

*i have no regrets about that.*

liii.

i received your package  
full of my personal things  
from three-ish years ago.

you could have thrown them out,  
sold them off,  
burned them in the flames  
of your anguish and deviled tongue.

*yet* you did not.

you may have stumbled across them  
after all these years  
without one word mentioned to one another.  
maybe you wanted to be nice  
*for once*  
and do the right thing.

whatever the intent is,  
*know this...*

i loved you,  
**o n c e.**

handing over all the love i had  
blindly, naively, irresponsibly,  
pure admiration and devotion  
meant for one person.

*the* person.

birthed from neurotic approval,  
there was at one point,  
for some godforsaken reason,

where i thought you were it.  
my one way ticket  
to ultimate human happiness.

*i finally found my person.*

what an era it was.  
the *person* i was  
with light in those hopeful eyes.

**i am not that person anymore.**

there are things you just cannot get back,  
cannot recover from.

things  
i will tolerate  
no longer.

you may not have been him,  
however, you are a very clear lesson.

you must understand,  
above it all,  
you will never be  
all the things  
i want you to be.  
i *need* you to be.  
even when your potential  
was so profound,  
you could outstretch your arms  
and grasp right onto it.

you were suppose to be  
my gentleman,  
my protector,

my best friend,  
my safe haven,  
the thumbs to brush away my tears,  
whispering to me,

*“not everything will always be perfect  
but everything will always be okay.”*

if you could playback your memories,  
observe them as an outsider  
from your own mind.  
would you still be  
on the right side  
of that black picket fence?  
would you see me?

*ride or die, always on your side*  
until you forced me into a corner.

*a soldier in the ‘40s trenches  
performing under the rain of fire,  
sparking little wildfires everywhere.*

*swarming me,  
swallowing my soul whole,  
hollowing out my quirky character.*

*dig after sea-salty dig,  
I am the she wolf  
that must bite back*

**h a r d e r.**

“*Oh, fuck you!*”

i meant that,

just as much as i do now.  
i will never apologize for it.

no more  
apologizing  
for everything.

**there were two of us in this.**

playing games,  
cashing in the rewards  
for that ultimate prize,  
just like the rest of them.

*did you forget that  
basic term of agreement  
of our relationship?*

the closure,  
*relief*  
i feel.  
how thankful i am  
to God  
to finally get you  
off my chest.

just in case  
your paw's poking in  
from the space underneath  
my locked door.

liv.

*i am so sorry*  
for straying us down  
a dark,  
dense  
path.

for ignorance  
to destructive fate.  
for blinding us  
from the burning crimson flags.  
for silencing our intelligence and intuition  
to pursue our naive hearts.

for choosing  
to believe in  
the absolute best  
in the most broken,  
lost people.

for witnessing the potential,  
the absolute higher-self  
in those who are  
unstoppable  
in demolishing everything  
and anyone  
in their avenue.

i promise,  
from this moment and on,  
everything is for *us*,  
*and only* us.  
just as i promised  
before

him.

lv.

tomorrow  
is just another nightmare  
you never seem  
to wake up from.

you dig,  
dirt beneath  
your bloody nails,  
trying to claw your way out  
of the ditch you are left in.  
only to break free on the other side  
of a monster's pit.

try as you might,  
you will never escape.

fate is sealed  
through loose lips.  
you cannot take back  
effortless bodies.

shame you cannot scour  
from your skin.  
damned, raw emotions  
you will never recover from.

you will sit in the darkest corner  
of this deepest pit  
and weep,  
*plead*  
for the sun to rise again.

and just when all hope  
seems evaporated,

*you look up.*

lo and behold,  
***here comes the sun.***

lvi.

as the last petal falls  
and the last kiss is stolen,  
the last tear ricochets  
as the last “i love you” is spoken,  
daggers fall from the heavens  
like gleaming icicles  
setting fire to the rain.  
traumatic,  
theatric,  
that’s what you love.  
a flare  
for the psychotic,  
though you deny it.

do you love  
every word  
i have bled for you?

the mounds of truth  
i have spilled about you?

every single thought  
consumed by you  
night and day?

a double-edged sword  
drips my blood  
from either end.

darkness trickles into the daylight,  
*it is all the same to you.*

there is a reputation for you:

*it doesn't matter  
which side of the coin it lands on,  
so long as you are the currency  
to be spent.*

as if a trope,  
***i have read you before.***  
a tale as old as time,  
told all too well,  
and i will remember it  
evermore.  
twisting like thorny vines  
into nevermore.

iv.

*you are the sun*

lvii.

it is fairly easy  
to fester  
in balls of fire.

rolling down fast,  
deep into vast hills,  
catching flames  
to all in your war-path.

chard memories  
scatter behind.

no matter how  
you try to slow  
your roll,  
to pass over  
rivers and storms,

you are restless.

an eternal,  
roaming  
ball of destruction,  
searching to find  
a place  
to call home.

*(home is within you.)*

lviii.

to know  
where i am  
is where  
i am meant to be.

to glance back  
from time to time,  
only to be grateful  
of how far i have come.

the memories  
i have cherished  
with people  
i love

or

the opportunity  
to have learned  
valuable lessons  
with an open heart.

a sound mind,  
an inner peace  
within my spirit.

*don't look back in anger.*

lix.

i drove  
with my head in the clouds.

a bright, sherbert sorbet of a sunset in my eyes  
with the windows down.

my hair airborne  
in the wind's comforting warmth.

i blared bittersweet symphony  
at the top of volume.

i sung a concert  
at the top of my lungs,

*and i remembered*

this was the first song we listened to  
in clouds together.

our first drive,  
our first laughs,  
our first time feeling complete  
with one another's company.

i smiled.  
it made me chuckle.

for the first time,  
no pessimism enters my mind.  
no spiteful thoughts or poison-forward moments  
to remember the seasons we shared.

to remember you

*in that light.*

we shine brightest  
when we are new to people,  
and after the slow burn,  
some flames dim faster than others.

after time,  
i have accepted it  
for what it was  
and is.

a chaotic,  
sometimes beautiful,  
spicy disaster of two people  
who were right for each other  
at the right moment,  
at that time.

i no longer blame you or resent you.  
i have fully let go.

*i am finally clean.*

## lx.

as i turn to the last page  
on the final chapter,  
sitting and savoring the last moments,  
reading the last line  
and closing the book,

*i smile.*

because what many  
would perceive  
as a tragic ending,  
is in fact  
not one at all.

but perhaps,  
the start of an exhilarating beginning.

who's ready for an exhilarating rebirth?