

Wallflowers Burn Wild

M.M.M

Copyright © 2021 by Montana Mae Murphy
All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means without the prior written permission of the author, except in the case of brief quotations used for review or scholarly purposes.

Published online at montanamaemurphy.com

Wallflowers Burn Wild © 2021 by Montana Mae Murphy is licensed under Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivatives 4.0 International. To view a copy of this license, visit creativecommons.org

These poems are dedicated to you,
the reader.

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

i.

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?

vii.

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.

how dare you ignore me.

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.

dwelled 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.

FOOL!

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 wield
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,
snugged 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.

xliv.

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,
naïve 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.

xlvi.

we are captured on film,
we exist in footage,
our time together has never felt
so alienated.

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.

e m b a r r a s s m e n t .

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.

| reality |
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.

how dare you fuck me the night before.

“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
“fuck you.”

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.

lii.

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 a m s o s o r r y
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?