The following collection is compiled of some of my favorite poems, old and new, published and unpublished. I hope this serves as a portfolio for all of my 2020 and prior work.

Let me know if you have a favorite. ☺

--E. M. Otten.

Then

Then, I met you.
The beginning of it all.
The start of a
Tremendous
Rise and fall.

Ophelia

The water that drowns me,
The shimmering snake’s lethal venom,
The piercing thorns of a fragrant rose.
Your beauty, your gaze, your touch,
Cuts me, heals me,
Tears me open again.
I gladly take you into
My lungs, my veins, my body and soul.
Beaming, I wilt.
Contented, I expire.
Every inch of me,
Poisoned,
Teeming with our tainted,
Unrequited
Love.

At First Sight

Oh, she thought.
The earth shuddered around her and
The sky exploded in lights.
The heavens opened up and
Poured down cold showers with
Waves of intense heat.
Her skin prickled with
A flourish of goosebumps and
Her heart stopped
And started again,
Much faster than before.
She lost all feeling in her legs as
They wobbled at
The knees.
Oh. So, this is it.
A single, silent moment passed.
The blink of an eye.
So, this is love at first sight.

The Wolf

You're the wolf, not of snowy white, soft behind the ears, but the dark wolf, black and graying, tattered coat worn by difficult years, unable to use the slowly crumbling heart within your well-dressed chest, unable to shed a single tear.

You're the wolf, but with your nose tucked into a thick book, sniffing pages discreetly as you glance over the binding to glimpse, so sweetly, the little red jacket with the little red hood, folded on the floor near the foot of the bed, ever so neatly.

Smoke swirls about your head and the figure next to you is not so very dead, but rather more than alive, simply because she is lying at your side.

You're the wolf, invited happily to please come in, and though you wore a coat of thorns, she gladly took you in and wrapped her arms around you anyway. And as the blood poured from her wounds, she asked if you would like to stay – it's lonely without you; you're warm and safe.

You're the wolf, starving, feasting on your own fear as the memories of the past wrap around you like vines, which grow tighter and tighter with passing time. But you won't let her cut you free; it's comfortable this way, you say, and she can't help but agree.

You're a wolf without clothing as you kiss her head and fill her with simple pleasures and lead her straight to bed.

You're the wolf in the darkness and she is the light; you put her out and say goodnight.

Gone

I’m lost now.
I have drifted from reality and
I can’t seem to swim against the current of
Thoughts and
Fantasies that
Crash against the shore of my mind.
I feel small and insignificant,
Like the smallest star in the galaxy.
In my heart
I am still there,
Sitting beside him in the sand,
Waves pounding the rocks,
The vastness of space swirling brightly
Above us.
I don’t know how long I will remain there,
Or if I will ever return at all.

Will

Your face haunts my dreams;
Warm eyes,
Kind smile.
Your voice rings in my ears;
The memory of your laughter.
My heart turns to ice;
To think that you
Do not feel
The same way
About me
As I do
About you
Terrifies me.
I cannot see you again.
I do not want to.
I cannot sit
Across from you,
Stare into the depth of your dark eyes,
And pretend that I am not
Drowning in them.
But I will.

About Love

What a strange feeling *Love* is,
When you haven't felt it for a while.
There are different kinds of *Love*,
Of course,
But what we all want is that
Rapturous,
Sickening *Love.*
That *Love* which turns us into
Monsters,
Savages,
Hungry for flesh and
Warmth and
Safety.
How rare that sort of *Love* is.
And how odd to feel it for the first time.
But even stranger to feel it only once.
And the worst;
Never at all.

Our Story

I cannot divine
The meaning behind
What you've done to me
Simply by existing;
by flitting into and
out of my life like a firefly
I touched briefly but
could not catch.
I cannot express the pain
of seeing the cheerful
yellow glow of happiness
and reaching for it through the
balmy darkness
only to fall short.
You flutter just out of my reach.
My fingertips ache as they
tremble in the waxing
desolate space between us—

UGH

I’m heartsick and
Lonely and
Pissed off about it,
‘Cause for so many years,
I’ve lived fine without it—
The feelings,
The passion,
The stirs of emotion.
And now I’m here drowning
In this lonesome ocean.

The Letter F

I had forgotten
what freedom
felt like
until the fabric
fell to the
floor and
I had found
I lacked
affection
as the freckles
of my skin
were touched
no more.
as my fire
faded
vanquished
by failure
and fear
you fanned
the flames
and infected
me with a
fervor I had
never felt
before

Combined

We were one
For a moment in time.
Not just together, but
Combined.

Daydream

I am floating on a sea of euphoric satisfaction, gently drifting across the water, ushered forward by a wind made of memories; memories of you.
The breeze, soft like the skin below your navel, tousles my hair, tickling my neck in all the places your lips have been.

Inhale

I inhale the scent of you whenever you walk by.
You make me want you desperately and you don’t even try.
I catch your smiling eyes on me and I can’t help but sigh.
You say you don’t feel anything but I think that’s a lie.

A Love Letter I Never Sent

My Darling,

I have been falling for you since our eyes met and created a spark. You didn't feel it, did you? But I did, and it's a sensation I'll never forget.

In that instant, at which the corners of your mouth, the upper lip a most prominent and true Cupid's bow, quirked into a smile, I was yours.

I was expressly finished with whatever life I'd been living before that moment—I remember nothing of it aside from sadness and lonesome suffering—and found my mind alight, my heart bursting, and my pen scratching wildly against a fresh sheet of paper for the first time in a long time.

We were strangers in that moment but, since then, your mere existence in my life has changed me as though you are Midas and I, a tarnished bauble cast aside and forgotten, have at long last been turned to brilliant gold.

Heavier with the weight of my desire, I fall faster every day, every moment, and with every thought of you. Each new day that dawns marks a night less than I must wait to see you; to sit close to you and hear your voice; to laugh with you and learn about you and make memories with you; memories which I will spin into silk and stitch into every fabric of my mind so as to never forget them, to never forget you and the way you make me feel.

My stomach has proceeded to twist itself into knots as the sand runs low in the hourglass. I fear that I will not be able to hide the way I truly feel, how profoundly you move me, and how intensely I will to wane the proximity between us.

The flush of my cheeks whenever someone speaks your name is difficult to hide, and the sound of blood rushing through my veins, pumping my heart like the pounding of a drum, is deafening. There is no doubt in my mind that my calm façade will wither and fall away, and that you will see right through all of my meager illusions.

I cannot—and not for lack of trying—see anything which may follow that. I cannot imagine anything beyond the moment when you realize the truth about what I truly feel toward you. I haven't a whisper of an inkling as to how you will react, and the mystery of it all is nearly enough to drown me.

More than anything I fear that, when next we meet, I will be unable to control myself; not only my blushing cheeks and wavering voice, but my unsteady, nervous hands that long to crash against your skin; my quivering fingers that itch to run through your hair; my ardent lips, trembling and glistening, bitten red—the fruit of a scarcely quelled craving to press them firmly against yours and pour myself over you like honey.

Flower

Petals fall
Two at a time.

He loves me and
He loves me not

Arching stems
Reach for sunshine.

A wilting flower
Love forgot.

The Woodpecker

I woke up to
The sound of
the woodpecker
intermittent and
incessant
like a phone
ringing
ringing
with no one
to say hi
like the sound
of my heart
shattering
rattling
in time
as I wait
for your hands
your lips
your eyes
thinking
thinking
what if’s
if only’s
and why’s

Wonderland

Like Alice
I’m falling
Down the rabbit hole
Into your arms
Eat me
Drink me
Give me a lifetime
Of adventures

Pain in Beauty

In everything beautiful,
there is pain.
Even the rose is riddled
with thorns.

Understand

--and the castles we build with these grains of sand
will all be washed away or torn down by hand
when our flesh is no longer warm and tanned
and though we can’t explain it we must understand

Your Love, A Rose

Your love was a rose
beautiful, fragrant,
natural, pure.

But the thorns were much
Sharper than they appeared.

Soft petals withered
to dry bits, decay,
and it crumbled,
disintegrated in my hands,
which, perhaps, had held
too tightly.

Blood dripped from my palms
where the thorns dug in
but still I would not
let go.

Your love is stuck
under my skin
and the thorns burrow deeper
as the rose shrivels,
shrinking toward death.

Your love was a rose.
A gift you had given,
now taken away.

The thorns,
however,
they stay.

Rainbows

the rain bows to me
arches away as i walk
pushing clouds from my path
make way
the sun shines
bathes me in beams
warmth saturates my skin
and the gray
slips away

the storm clears
and the day breaks
and the rainbow
encircles my head
as I lie in the grass
hold my breath
pretend I'm dead

stare up at the shapes in the sky
they dance for me
and smile
the green blades press lines
into my flesh
cut and healed by
nature's soft fingers of air
as they swirl in my hair

the searing light
red through closed eyelids
like the blood in my veins
the dry blood stains
and I hold the day
tight in my hands
but still it slips away

a line through another box
another number on the clock
another day
onto life tacked
another handful of hours
I can never get back

and at the end of it all

I lie in bed
and the memories
abandon my head
and in the morning
I will wake
to start again
and the rain may not bend
and the clouds may stay
but I have to go on anyway

Love You Less

I know the deep lines of your hands
And the values
that they hold.
I know the mistakes you've made
And your scars,
both new and old.
I know the things
you fear
And the things you long to possess.
I know your secrets, dear,
And they don't
make me
love you less.

Seven Days

I have to wait these
Seven days
To show I love you
Seven ways.
With kisses,
Soft as baby's breath,
With tender touch
And gentleness,
With nibbles
On your salty skin,
With longing looks
And sheepish grins,
With laughter and
With honest truth,
These are the ways
That I'll love you.
Seven more days
Pass, and then,
I'll have to say
Goodbye again.
So take a piece
Of me with you,
And leave a piece
Of yourself, too,
So we can recall
All the ways
We loved each other
Those seven days.

Icarus

You were a celestial gift
that gave me life;
you burned as bright
and hot
as the sun,
but my wings were
made of wax
and I loved
too closely.

The First Man

He must have been the first man—
created fire in his hands,
which transformed
my broken passion
like water washing over sand.

Doomed

You went somewhere
I couldn’t follow,
you left me far behind.
And somewhere,
hidden, deep inside,
tucked in the darkest
corner of my mind,
I knew we were doomed,
this entire time.

Coming Through

I’m coming through with dynamite, with jack-hammers and chains. I’m coming through to tear your walls down, plant happiness in your pain. I’m coming through with hope and fear, with scars and past mistakes. I’m coming through with honesty, persistence, and high stakes. I’m coming through with love for you, just reach out and take it. I’m coming through with my still-beating heart and I don’t care if you break it.

What We Aren’t

You’re ice cold, honey,
Wish I could thaw you out.
There are so many stories
I could tell you, about
The person that I am and
Who I used to be.
But it would be a
Waste of breath—
You don’t want to know me.
You want to play
With my body,
Dash my head and my heart.
And it was fine at first,
But I have to start
Reminding myself of
Who you are and
What we aren’t.

Sadness

Sadness doesn’t leave you at the airport,
Doesn’t bid you farewell at the gate.
Sadness follows you on your journey
And lies in wait,
For things to calm down and
For you to relax,
So it can jump in and
Dredge up the past
And make you feel lonely,
Even in a crowded place,
And force your feelings
To show on your face.
Sadness doesn’t wait
For you to be ready.
No, it waits until you’re
Cool and steady,
Then sneaks up to slap you
With sorrow and tears and
Unwanted thoughts and
Lost hopes and
Deep fears.
Sadness gives way to nothing,
Not sunshine or rainbows
Or beach vibes or booze,
It lingers over every moment
Waiting for you to lose.
Sadness reigns over the
Good times and bad
And it’s there in every single
Moment I’ve had.

Another Morning

The coffee is hot and the streets are cold, wet and glistening with spring rain. Rose-scented smoke twirls through the air from a burning stick on the sill. It is calm and quiet, yet I can't seem to relax. My body suddenly aches to have yours near. It happens on mornings like these, when I am alone and the world outside is just as dark and cold as my heart.
The coffee is bitter and the clock seems to tick louder as the seconds pass, a stern reminder that time moves forward at a steady pace, whether I like it or not. Days will continue to pass with mornings like this one, similar in loneliness. The puddles will quiver as the rain continues to fall, and I will go on wanting you.

All You Left

Marks not unlike scars
Where you used to touch me.
Tear stains like trails of rain left on glass.
Fading bruises on my neck.
Half-moons in my palms.
Another pound of weight
Settled on my shoulders and
Pulling down the corners of my mouth.
That is all you left on me.

Between Summers

Between summers,
Between sheets,
Kicked-off covers,
Wrapped in heat,
Sweat dripping,
Naked feet,
Water splashing,
Hot white beach,
Smoke and fire,
Lakes and trees,
Laughs, chill shudders,
Birds and bees,
Rocks and stars and salt and sand,
Tan, wet skin,
Warm, strong hands.

Between summers,
Aching with lust,
Waiting for sunshine,
Waiting for us.

Your & You’re

Your silence
Speaks volumes
Against your own will
Your wishes
Turn backward
And you’re standing still
Your vision
Whiskey blurred
Took away the thrill
You’re a drug
And I’m addicted
To swallowing your pill

Hard

I’m finding it hard to
Stare at your mouth
Watch your lips move
Unable to press mine
Against them.

I’m finding it hard to
Look at your hands
Watch them work
Unable to feel them
On my skin.

A-P-P-L-E

An apple’s core
Is nothing more
Than what it’s worth
To the one
Who ate its flesh.

Fruit of Aging

Take a bite if you wish but beware the core
Ah, the core, it’s made of gold,
Solid gold, but what may hurt even more
Is not the pain of the tooth
But the face in the mirror growing old
So, the young may taste the fruit of life
Where the juice drips down the chin
And the ever-aging, dying slow in strife
Lay themselves to rest
On beds of discarded pits and skins.

Pills

There are pills in the closet,
I can see them in my mind.
I can see the orange bottle
Every time I close my eyes.
I know that they can hear me
And they call me when I cry,
And they tell me just to take them,
And they tell me just to die.
I plug my ears and
Squeeze shut my eyes
But I am so damned tired
Of fighting this fight.

Stormy Love

The ocean churned and
Spat out all the fish
Except for one.

The tides turned and
Pulled me out to sea.

The ship rocked as
I cast out my line
And reeled you in.

The storm passed as
You held onto me.

The breeze blew,
Carrying us home where
We could be together.

We lived where we
Could always touch the sea.

The struggles came and
Went just like familiar
Stormy weather.

But you and I could
Handle anything.

Your Robot

Unplug me
Only when you need me
Until then
I'll be here waiting
Charging
Changing
On the inside
While the outside
Stays the same
Unmoving
Silent
Un-needing
Un-wanting
Just how you like me
Just the same
Just when you need me
For anything

Discarded

I wonder,
When my batteries run dry,
Will you replace them?
Or will you simply
Toss me to the side
To be forgotten?

I feel like
I am running on empty
And you are tired
Of carrying
The weight of loving me,
And you've retired.

Gone Bad

A cavern lies
Between
Sex and affection
A thin line
Divides
Love and addiction
Where warmth is
Compensation
And lust is
An affliction
And every kiss
Is tainted with
Superstition

Condemned

My heart is a home
With few locked doors
And many
Winding hallways

The paint has peeled
The roof caved in
And it is empty
Always

Abandoned
Full of cobwebs and
The windows
All are broken

The ceiling cracked
The basement flooded
With words gone
Unspoken

Beauty

Beauty
Deeper than
The skin
And very
Hard to find
Unfortunately
Is one of the
Things we
Leave behind

Damned

Dear departed lover,
when you die,
come to me as a specter,
just once, to let me know
how the flames of Hell
feel against your skin.

The Torture

The moon is at 85% illumination.

I can feel it growing... like a balloon beneath my skin, inflating and pulling until it is full and it splits me apart. My flesh will tear and fall to the floor in shreds to leave behind a crumbling cage of bone.

From within this trap, the beast will emerge. The thing that is always confined deep inside me will be set free. The monster will prowl and maim, as monsters do and, in the morning, I will be the one to face the consequences.

I wish I could stop the moon from growing, or simply pause it at full. The torture is not the change, but the realization that I will always transform back into this lesser creature after all the damage is done.

Stones

There along the shore
Lie the broken dreams
Of long before,
All shattered and jagged
From the battering
Of waves
As warm turns to cold
And blue skies
Turn gray.
Beyond the water's edge
Hopes are buried beneath
The pier's ledge,
Tossed in haphazardly
By various,
Careless hands.
All too soon, the beach
Will be frozen
And bare.
Once adorned in
Aspirations
Now barren of
Ambition
Petrified with the
Frustration of
Destruction.
Collect all the pieces,
But you will never
Fit them back
Together
The same way
Again.

Ghost

And now
Here I am again
Drowning in unrequited
Wanting and
Fear of rejection.
Heartbreak
Killed me and
I’m beginning to think
That I am just a
Ghost of myself,
Cursed to wallow in
This loneliness
For eternity.

Nothing

A bitter taste
That lasts
Forever,
An icy heart
Gone still,
Dissevered.
Empty hands,
Un-held and
Tethered.
Feeling
Nothing
Whatsoever.

Only

I only want a
Warm body to lie next to and
Soft skin to trail with my fingers and
Hair to run them through.
I only want your hands,
Your lips, your eyes—
I only want you.

I Know

I know that you buried your face in my hair.
And I know you inhaled through your nose.
And I would bet my life that when you did so,
Your eyes were closed.

Chomping

Chew my cheeks
Waiting for the day to end
Race home
Just to be alone again

Beautifully Broken

His eyes were shadowed by the pain, loss, and betrayal he'd experienced throughout his life. Although he appeared to be darkness incarnate, there was a softness there, an innocence masked by the image he projected. There was something refreshingly childish that dwelled within this man which she longed to set free, to study, to observe and record. There was something mysterious locked inside this body, armored in etchings on the skin, a visual *fuck you* to anyone who may look at him sideways, for he was, ultimately, afraid. Afraid to let anyone too close, afraid to open up too much, afraid of what else he might lose in this tragic life. There was something beautifully broken inside him, a cracked porcelain bowl which she longed to put together, all suppressed emotion and artistry stirred together with passion and strength. If the moment should ever present itself, it would be easy, she knew, to look into those bright eyes and peer past the shadows of fear and shame, to see through to the soul beneath. It would be easy, she knew, to reach out and touch a gentle hand to the side of his sullen face and bestow upon him the healing magic of a kiss.

Sometimes

Sometimes I am shade and shadows,
Sometimes the setting sun.
Sometimes I am grains of sand, and
Sometimes, only one.
Sometimes I am water,
Crashing waves against the shore.
Sometimes I’m a gentle, whispered breeze
And nothing more.

Time Passes, Wounds Heal

There are cobwebs on the ceiling
Beautifully glistening
Heavy with dust
The moon is listening
Glowing with lust
Lips are whispering
Praying for trust
There are tear stains on the pillow
Quickly drying
The fabric is worn
The past is lying
The future, torn
But I’m not crying
Anymore

He is Heaven

Heaven, he is made of glass,
Right through him
I can see.
Heaven, he is broken,
Shattered shards
That cut me deep.

Weather, or Not

I am just
A gentle breeze
And you're a hurricane.
I am summer's
Warm sunshine and you're
Spring's cold, dark rain.

His Love Kills Me

He is toxic
He is poison
He is evil in my veins
He is darkness
He is needles
He is ice cold pouring rain
He is acid
He is nightmares
He is heartbreak
He is pain

Water

The water is my muse,
The lake's my inspiration.
Doesn't matter which body,
All the water in the nation.
It flows and it freezes,
It makes the Earth clean,
It washes away thoughts of you
From my dreams.
If I fill up with water and
Make ice of my heart,
Maybe I will stop
Falling apart.

The Maiden

A Maiden there came dancing
Into the Faerie Ring.
Her eyes squeezed tight
Against the light,
She had not seen the thing.

The Maiden there went prancing
Around the Faerie Ring.
Her hair blew round
And came unbound
And she began to sing.

The Maiden began chanting
Across the Faerie Ring.
The song was old,
A tale it told
About the Death of Spring.

The Maiden could do nothing
Within the Faerie Ring.
An icy breeze
And the Maiden was seized
By the savage Faerie King.

Ashes & Desire

Inhale me, deep and slowly,
Like your last cigarette;
With bittersweet enjoyment
And a pinch of sour regret.

Lost Hope

When all the clouds grow heavy
And the tide turns harsh and gray;
When everything is dark
And the birds all fly away;
When thunder shakes the earth
And lightning splits the skies;
When the wind whips ‘round in circles
And the skies begin to cry;
When all the world is stormy
And you search for something safe,
I’ll be there, broken-hearted,
Lying hopefully in wait.

Drinking Alone in Public

Carved your initials
Into the bar;
Drowned them in the
Condensation
From my fourth
Glass of beer.

Making Choices

A nun went by on a bicycle and I almost followed her. She had the warmest smile and I thought, “Maybe it works—silence and seclusion and doing the Lord’s work—not having to deal with this cruel world and all of its selfish jerks.” But then I thought that maybe her smile was a smirk, and she was running from a world that still didn’t satisfy her. Maybe she missed the life of freedom, of dance and play and flirt. Maybe her God had whispered that she didn’t need to hide in all that skirt. Maybe she finally decided to put herself first.

For the Birds

I sometimes wish I were a bird,
But not so I could fly—
So I could weather any storm
And always remain dry.

A Single Grain

Sand on my toes and
In my heart.
No matter how hard I try,
It never will come clean.
Always there will be
One tiny grain of sand
That won’t leave.

Where Smiling Waits

I search for contentment,
Up above and down below.
I look for happiness in
Things I know and things I don’t.
I comb the seas,
The sand, the trees,
For something to make me smile.
I look all around,
The air, the ground,
I search and search for miles.
I swear there must be
Something out there,
Somewhere, I don’t know.
I hope and wish for anything
To make the empty feeling go.
I think someday I’ll find it,
I just don’t know when,
And it’s hard to not give up,
To have the patience,
Until then.

He Didn’t

He said, “You were crying in your sleep.”
I said, “I don’t want you to leave.”
He said, “I will always come back to you.”
And that’s the one thing he didn’t do.

Burning for You

I am made of paper,
Inked with words
No one will read.

You are made of fire,
A hungry flame
I want to feed.

Hurt Me Again

Tear apart my armor,
Peel back my skin,
Look under the muscle and
Bone and see what is within.
Beneath my exterior,
You'll find emptiness and pain,
And the willingness to let you
Hurt me all over again.

On the Path to Faerie

Through Earth, Fire, Wind, and Sea,
The Dark Path twists and turns.
Through Nightmare Terrors, come to me,
When all Courts have adjourned.

By Moonlight, ‘tween the Willow Trees,
A weighty fare be paid.
And the gift, you’ll bring to me,
Mercurius Retrograde.

If you make it through alive,
You may ask one thing of me.
Though ‘tis unlikely you’ll survive
Once you are free to leave.

Come to me only if you must,
No lies, tricks, or deceit.
Come to me in perfect trust,
And bow before your Queen.

Care I not what’s in your veins
But rather in your dreams.
I will claw into your brain,
See all you keep unseen.

And if you fail the Faerie Queen
With disrespect and lies,
I may pull out all of your teeth,
I may pluck out your eyes.

The price for treachery is steep,
In Faerie, flesh and bone.
Wake the Satyr from his sleep
Or walk the path alone.

If you pay your Freedom Price,
Do not look back again.
For if you come to Faerie twice,
Forever you’ll remain.

Bleeding Hearts

Your heart is black and cold
But it still beats and
That’s what matters.

My heart is full and pounding
And when you look at me,
It shatters.

Spun My Own Grave

In the spider's web,
I lied in wait,
I feared the very worst.
He hurt me
Time and time again,
And yet, I longed
For him like thirst.
He wound me up and
Tied me down and
I didn't try to run.
Though he drained
My heart of blood,
I was convinced
It was for fun.

Granted Wishes

I wished for you to love me
But all you did was tease.
I wished for you to stay
But you would only leave.
I wished for the stars in the sky
And got the demons in the sea.
I wished for blooming roses
But there were only fallen trees.
I wished for you to destroy me
And you did so, with ease.

Out of the Forest

This twisted path I walk alone
Bends toward much darker skies.
Moss covers the cobblestone,
Earthy green, just like your eyes.
My tired feet worn down to bone,
From escaping all your lies.

Over You, Under You

Getting over you
Is like riding a wave
To the top and being cast down
Underwater to grasp at
The surface above and drown,
My chest slowly caving in until
I finally break the surface and
Gasp for breath, feeling ill
Swimming toward shore
Relief washing over me like
Warm sunrays until
Once more
The waves roll over me and
I’m under you
Again

Burned You

I burnt your memory in a box,
All that’s left of you is ashes.
Our moments, gone in soot and smoke
And flaming blue-green flashes.

Breathe

Drowning in your absence
Like a deep and lonely ocean.
Fighting just to breathe
The oxygen of your emotion.

Smoke

I need a cigarette,
Come let me smoke you
Down to the filter.

Got What I Didn’t Want

I didn’t want this in the first place,
But I got it, all the same
And now that it’s taken away from me,
I’ve only myself to blame.

I didn’t want you to begin with,
But you had me all the same
And now that you’ve pulled away from me,
I’m left choking on shame.

Don’t Love Me

Don’t tell me you love me,
You don’t know what it means.
Don’t show me your love,
It’s nothing I haven’t seen.
Don’t whisper in my ear,
I won’t hear a word.
Don’t put me first,
Even second or third.
Don’t make me love you,
We’ll both fall apart.
Love isn’t a feeling,
It’s a strange, dying art.

Take Heed

Take my word—
I'll hurt you.
Listen close—
You'll cry.
I'm not a liar,
My love;
What's between us
Will die.

Mending What Was Broken

You think that I will break your heart and
I think you'll break mine.
But maybe they're already broken and
They'll heal each other, given time.
Maybe all we need is to believe that
We'll be fine.
That always and forever,
I'll be yours and
You'll be mine.

I Truly Do

Lie here with me
In the leaves,
Fulfill my every
Fantasy.

Take my hand,
Hold it tight,
Make the wrongs
Feel alright.

Kiss my cheek,
My forehead, too.
Love me
Just as I love you.

Mantis

Wake up and touch me,
You can sleep when you're dead.
It won't be long
Before I tear off your head.

Icarus, No. 2

I cannot bear your smile.
As the sun, it shines too brightly.
I am Icarus, I fly too high,
I hold on much too tightly.
The closer I get to you,
The more I feel myself.
But, like the wax-winged God,
If I get too close,
I'll melt.

Dripping

This heat will drive me crazy.
My skin glistens with sweat.
The moment I cool down,
I think of you, and I’m still wet.

Before You

I was empty
Before you.
I was broken,
I was bruised.
I'd been battered,
Tortured, tricked,
Taken advantage of
And used.
Now you're here
And I'm afraid
That you will
Hurt me, too.
Even though
You swear that
It's the one thing
You won't do.
I only know
For certain
What I have
Already
Been through.

Didn’t Know I Needed You

I can’t believe how good I feel
Just lying in your arms.
I can’t believe that this is real,
I’m captivated by your charms.
I didn’t see it coming,
Didn’t plan for it or wish.
In fact, I was content with
Just the opposite of this.
The indifference, the unfeeling,
I was fine with being alone.
But now my heart is quaking
Because you feel just like home.

Keep Your Eyes on Me

Those eyes—
As blue as oceans churning,
Bright as cloudless summer skies.
I could stare at them forever,
Never blinking, smiling wide.
Those eyes—
Don’t take them off of me,
Don’t ever let them lie.
Don’t turn away and break my heart,
I can’t bear one more goodbye.

After All This Time

Nights went by and all I did
Was cry and feel alone.
Weeks passed like an endless night,
Dark and hopeless to the bone.
Months dragged on and time felt
Like a twisting, driven knife.
Years fell off the calendar,
Wasted in tears, wasted life.
Then suddenly, a light crept in
Illuminating a new path ahead.
And you were standing, waiting,
Arms outstretched there near the end.
My feet, once planted in the ground,
Rooted deep like a tree,
Were torn up from the mossy earth,
And toward you they did flee.
Apprehensive at first touch, but
Sparks like fireflies did surround,
And the more I let the light in,
The more happiness I found.
A new road lies before me now and
I won't let myself refuse
To take your hand and walk with you
Until my feet wear through my shoes.

Sweetness

I’m wide awake now
And everything is sweet.
Even the clouds are
Cotton candy.

You’re Everything

You’re the one,
The only one.
The rising moon,
The setting sun.

Dead Roses

These flowers have withered
Like the spark between us.
Even after they die,
I will keep them
In a vase
Next to my bed.

Waning

The waning moon
Like salt on a wound-
Like lying in a garden of
Nightshade in bloom-
Darkens the skies,
Wipes tears from my eyes,
And covers me in petals
Of comforting lies.

Then Again, No

Sometimes I miss
Looking up into your eyes
Until I remember
There were always
Tears in mine

Un-Empty

Full to the
Brim with
Nothing

In the Land of Faerie

In the Land of Faerie,
You should not eat the food.
You must not speak ill of the queen.
Concept of time is skewed.

In the Land of Faerie,
The price of blood you pay.
Years pass in the blink of an eye.
Life is eternal day.

In the Land of Faerie,
You will grow claws and fangs.
You will get wings and shiny things
From the trees to hang.

In the Land of Faerie,
There is but one way out.
You're here until your final breath,
Doomed without a doubt.

In the Land of Faerie,
The dead are left alone
To rot and sink into the Earth,
A floor of teeth and bone.

Our Story, Pt. 2

There are no words in any of the world's languages which can properly express the things I feel for you or the ineffable phenomenon that is the fact that you feel the same for me.

There is no phrase I could utter that would fully encompass the miracle of whatever marvelous spectacle is manifesting between us.

The firefly stays on its own free will, not trapped in a jar, but floating about my head as it pleases. The warm light surrounds me, casting joy across my face.

The space between us is filled with memories and hopes, no longer dark with ominous wondering.