

## Bad Myth

I put a warm glow around your edges,  
ignored the cracks when everyone said

*watch your step.*

I knew you'd bloom, break free,  
something fierce and wild—  
but your seed's gone soft  
in the dark.

a good friend.  
a let down.  
a distorted mirror.

You wrote me into your mythology,  
scripted me as savior,  
then raged when I forgot my lines.

And now I'm the monster.

And here you are,  
spitting out words  
that could have grown  
something green.

Instead,  
we're each  
a little lonelier.

## Cutting Corners

You've folded my story  
like a secret note, slicing  
through the edges, pulling  
out an accordion of shapes  
I didn't choose.

Each cut you made fit  
your new version of me,  
creasing, tearing, bending  
until I'm a series of sharp  
angles in your hands.

I push to press it flat,  
but your fingers still dig  
in the folds, turning  
truth into something  
else.

When you hold it up for proof,  
like I'm a sawtooth smile,  
I see only fragments—  
the pieces of me you use  
to fuel your heartache.

## **Collateral Damage**

This is how you attack—  
by scattering bones, turning  
the pain of others into your proof.  
You hurl insults, daggers  
that miss their mark,  
striking those who stand still.  
I can taste the iron in your words,  
the tang of betrayal.  
But we both know  
you've only stabbed your own reflection.

The sky turns darker,  
the crows call louder,  
and I can't stand to hear  
your righteousness slurping  
the entrails of the wounded.

## **Instinctive Drowning Response**

Your limbs flail like a fish caught in the net.  
I reach out, my fingers grazing yours,  
but you grab with iron, dragging me down,  
the weight of your rage, a stone on my chest.  
You wrap seaweed around my neck,  
tightening a noose of misplaced pain.  
I thought I could save you, thought I could  
breathe life back into your sinking soul,  
but I choke on the salt of your anger,  
swept in the torrent where every current  
pulls me deeper, until I'm gone,  
washed in your tide, lost in the waves  
of your drowning.

## Sandbags

Wow, all that hate spills over,  
after the levy has been built.  
If it weren't there, would you be  
flinging rotten things across  
the boundary like a child  
in a tantrum?

Your anger wants to be a hurricane,  
but I see through the debris—  
your love was just a mask,  
a yoke slipped over my shoulders,  
expecting me to drag it like I didn't already  
have my own. And now, in this calm  
I've claimed, I stand unbothered,  
breathing in the freedom of not being swept  
into your storm.

## Leech

Your vitriol spills—  
a burning  
in my veins.  
I understand it's poison,  
and I'm the leech you chose  
to suck your bitterness,  
demanding  
I be grateful for the taste.

But I'm not  
a vessel for your rage—  
I'm not here to soak up  
your hate.

Your words—  
a fever dream,  
each syllable  
a blister that bursts,  
and I'm swelling  
with your meaning,  
the leech, the sinner,  
caught in the crossfire  
of your self-made hell.

But I will move on  
from this—  
a creature born  
of mud and grit,  
and leave behind  
your poison  
like a husk  
on the floor.

## **Wanderflight**

Lies cast wide  
in wishful strands—  
like sycophantic whispers,  
twisting tales—  
you spin enough  
to weave a world.

Those trapped  
get tangle-wrapped  
for your sustenance.

But I am  
not the hollow you dug,  
not the shadow you hope  
to fill.

Words won't bind,  
stories can't still,  
when every rumor is threadbare,  
and I've snapped the line, flown up—  
in the end, you're left,  
a one-woman show, starring  
as the monster you conjured.

## Aftertaste

I understand— it's easier to hate,  
to let go of something rotten  
than to cling to love-ripe moments,  
sweet memories gone sour,  
bruising like fruit left too long.

Easier to cast them off, to say  
we never meant that much,  
to grind the good days down the disposal,  
flip the switch, and risk no bitterness.

But I remember the sunlit hours,  
how they bled into bonfires, how laughter  
filled our lungs like honey.  
I remember, even as I turn away,

how love ferments into ache—  
how much easier it is to leave it behind  
than to admit it was ever whole.



## Signal Flow

You altered the frequency of memory's static,  
turned it into a feedback loop. I hate  
you're gone—not just from me,  
but from yourself, lost in that dark place  
where no one holds a light for you.

We're out of phase now, and I'm here,  
watching you layer yourself in noise  
like you're trying to drown out the world.

It's the sadness of helplessness,  
knowing madness has no logic, no pattern—  
the heart of tragedy, written in spirals,  
as if Shakespeare made this just for us.

## Wellspring

When you tell me you're crying  
because everything is beautiful  
I will say, yes, keep crying—  
let the tears come like a flood,  
let them spill into your hands,  
let them cascade like waterfalls  
over your fingers,  
let them pool into oceans,  
swallowing your shoes whole.  
Become a buoy adrift  
on the tides of your catharsis.

Crying is a happy thing.  
The body finally giving in,  
letting go of its tight little fists.  
It's rain after weeks of drought,  
muddy and necessary,  
softening everything inside,  
so maybe something good  
can grow.