

Derail(ed)

Verb

past tense: **derailed**; past participle: **derailed**

obstruct (a process) by diverting it from its intended course.





Derailed

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Photography by Lyric C. Laplante



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I can't believe that loving you only amounted in me
hating myself...



Air

I hate needing you when you aren't here

Now that you're gone

To chase stars and ideas

Things that will survive longer than the heart in my chest that I would

kindly remove

And hand to you

Wrapped in insecurities and confetti paper

Scented with lavender and mint

Still beating

Warm

And singing you the sounds of the ocean if you lay it next to your ear...

but you want something that will still be here

Long after the two of us are dust and afterthoughts
And I can only offer you forever so long as there is air in my lungs
Which if you said you wanted
You could have too



Relative

“I can’t believe you.”

“How could you cheat and lie?”

“I would never!”

They always say...

Well, have you ever had someone give you something

That you ended up just throwing away?

Have you ever spent some money, that you found lying on the ground?

Or lied about a sick relative

To retake a test that you had failed.

“But hey, those things are not the same.”

“Yeah they don’t even amount.”

Well if the answer to any of those things were “Yes”

Were you honest before you were found out?

Did you try to correct them right away?

Take responsibility?

Because if not, then you know exactly what it’s like

To lie after you cheat



Awake

I need to stop falling in love with people

Who don't know who they are

Who don't know where they are

Or what they want to do

Because how they've treated me will always be a surprise to them

and with me may not be where they want to be

and they may wake up realizing that I have nothing to offer them

while I am there

dedicated to a person that will change

in a half-built home

floating in a dream with no end



...it's me.

Of course you left

What else could you do?

Was I supposed to think you'd love me

The same way that I loved you?

That you were capable of warmth

When the world was ice cold?

From a distance so far

Yet not so far at all...

Did I think you would keep me?

In your heart and your mind?

Did you send me one letter?

Did you call me one time?

Maybe I should have written?

Maybe I should have called?

Or maybe I should have let go

Or not loved you at all...



I am neither shocked nor surprised

I am however disappointed and very tired



Tone

Our love story was traced over thin paper

From the bold print of our past

From different fonts

From different genres

From different eras in time

Your sci-fi and my nursery rhyme were never going to blend

No matter how much love we shared

Or how much passion spent

But I really wish I could turn back time

And ask you what you meant

When you said, "I'll call you later."

Because I haven't heard from you since...



Assholes and Elbows

“I can’t be alone.”

Said more lovers than I could heal from

Who had no idea

That those words had the power to kill someone

Feeling deserted and abandoned

Unable to deal with what they had done

They just found someone else

And let the excuse be that I left them

What cowards and liars

They all were at those times

But I still cry in the darkness

Thinking the fault was all mine



Boogie

Our secrets are dark and hidden
In the bones beneath our checks
Under the flesh that makes us feel
As if we are human underneath

But we're monsters you and I

Always were

And so, shall be

You steal children in the dark

As they come pouring out of me

And I make love to others still

Who dream of love while they're awake

As I search hard inside myself

For feelings I don't have to fake



Perspective

Here's some perspective for you

You're an asshole

Just because you didn't say it with your words

Doesn't mean you never told me

Just because you say you're sorry

That you feel guilty

Doesn't mean you've made any amends

Doesn't matter if you wouldn't do things any differently either...

Even a "flirtationship" is something new you should have left me for

Forcing me to decide because you were too chickenshit

Because you didn't want to hurt me

Because whatever you tell yourself

Tell your friends

Tell your new, your current, your old

Your whatever, whoever isn't me

You just couldn't deal with being the asshole anymore

Well guess what?

Leaving me with this
Makes you an asshole



I don't care if you're being honest if you just have something
awful to say.

I don't want you to lie to me either.

You should just go.



Better

I'm better than this

Is a cop out

You are this

It's what you did

Like you didn't have a choice so chose

To hurt the one you're with

If you were better than this

You'd be better than this

Heartbreak is never by mistake

Maybe by inexperience

But never by accident

You can choose to kiss

You can choose to try

You can choose to love or hide
But to say you didn't have a choice
It'd be better to just to lie



Goodbye

Seeing that you are okay
With no regard to how your absence has left me broken and barren
Walking wounded
Like a corpse in preparation
Marinating between breaths
The deepest ones cauterizing bone
As I spilled my heart, and lungs, and soul to you
In the lame jokes and awkward silences, I told
On our last long car ride home...
“I’m happy for you.”
But I don’t want to ever have to say it
To you

Your friends

Or anyone

Because I don't want to ever have to lie



Closed

Sometimes I think of other people when we make love

Not anyone in particular

Definitely nobody that I know

Just people that could be something else

Someone else in fact

A person that could appreciate the softness of my palms

And the electricity that sometimes passes through my fingertips

And the poetry I say casually in my passionate moments

And the love that I sing with my eyes

And appreciate that I am not perfect

And that I am most times morally grey

And that will cradle me despite my strength

And never lie to me

And I cum inside of them with my eyes closed

And when I open them I see you

And I always get upset, but smile

And say that I love you



Identity

It's a selfish thought

But an honest want

For you to be dependent on me

To inspire me to be my best self

Based solely on what you need

But self-love and security

Self-respect and identity

All the things important to you

And therefor, to me too

Mean that you have to be your own person

Reliant on no one but yourself

Which may mean you will never be mine



Silence kills
But your lies erase me completely.
Even the ones you never tell.



Static

Your first kisses were delicate
Ferocity somehow tamed
Now you gasps between touches like you're chasing a flame
Like some part of you died
And you're just using me
To capture some semblance of how things used to be
But my lips are still soft
From the faint memory
Of the love we once shared when it was just you and me
And what no one else knows
Can't hurt you or hurt me
Until you go back to them, and all that we'll never be



Glass Heart

I cut to breath

I smoke to think

And when I cannot fuck

I drink

I can't seem to do anything

Without something else helping me

I feel enabled and disabled

Somehow all at once

While holding your fickle, brittle heart

In an act that you call love

But sometimes when I blink it's gone

And sometimes it just breaks

The only times I ever feel

Intense anxiety

But trembling

I stand there still

Sweaty palms and shaky hands

Until you place your heart of glass

Back in my bleeding hands



Clouds

I've never

In my life

Felt more betrayed

Then when you decided you wanted to live

Instead of die with me

I could not fathom

My heart breaking anymore

Because what we had was pure

Honest

Sullen and sad

But the truth

The whole of who we were

The kisses and the love

The singing and the blood

My songs were your favorite

And your smile was my heaven

But without you by my side to die
I'd have to live in hell, forever
Until or unless you changed your mind, again



Blood

You called me baby maybe once

But I was always yours

In the arms of others

Their juices dry in my beard

Their whispers in my hair

The soles of their feet caressing my spine

I was just making pit stops on the way back to you

And no Christian boy that would ask you to cover your tattoos

Take off your pentacle

Or go to church with him would ever have you

Because you were also mine

But you're gone now

Not because anyone ever came between us
But because the love that we had couldn't be put into a box



You should have swiped left

Gotten lost

Fucked someone else

Or just lied



Hub

I saw a porn, with you in it

And I don't think you know
Or I'm not sure
Maybe you do
But I don't know what to do...
Like you really fucking hurt me
I blocked and deleted you
At the same time
If the shoe was reversed
I would want to hear from you
But you told me you always used condoms
And your toes had to be done
But I recognize those stretchmarks
And I recognize those moans
And I recognize your whimpers
And your amaretto skin tone
But still that's not enough
To make me pick up the damn phone...



Condensation

I waited for you in the rain
And the cold on my skin brought more comfort than your bleeding heart
“Hearts don’t break, they bleed.” You would say.
Yet like broken glass, or anything that breaks, and can hurt
Your heart cut mine whenever we were chest to chest
And gouged in deeper with your 12 a.m. text messages on the long car ride
home
“I just can’t get my shit together.” You would say
As a poor excuse for your bad behavior
As some justification for not rinsing the smell of him from your mouth
before we kissed
As if you had more than orgasms and chicken alfredo
Or diabetic coffee to offer me for comfort
As if the apology you handed me like a period to finish your simple
sentences
Would somehow apply enough pressure to the wounds you left me with
Take it and leave me

Keep my heart, and let the hole in my chest fill with the cold pouring rain

So that I may know a warmth greater than the love you gave me



Drink

Maybe

I think

The reason I don't miss you anymore

The reason I can't miss you

Is that I can't forgive you for leaving us behind

Leaving me alone

With our half-built home

Taking the dog

and leaving the empty bottles

That seem like they were always here

'because it seems as though they never leave

And when I drink to forget

I don't have to forgive you

Because I'm pretty sure I never knew who you really were

And I know that I don't know who you are



Crystal

I want to be in love
Or maybe just remember how it feels
Because there was a warmth and safety
I think
That enveloped me
That stayed with me
that made the blankets sharp compared to your softness
and the wind sing with your voice
and the tears stop in the ducts when loneliness would creep
then sink back to the shadows from which it crawled
is something that I'm not sure that I know how to live without
but I don't think that I've been in love for a very long



“If she did it to him, she’ll do it to you.”

“If he did it to him, he’ll do it to you.”

“If they did it to them, they’ll do it to you.”

...Please start listening.

You’re not special.

They don’t know what love is.



Her Apartment

Sleeping next to her

I fell in love again

My flaccidness against her thighs

Her breath against my skin

The moonlight in the room

Her words were in my head

“I’ve always loved you

Oh, so much.”

But that’s what she always said...

The morning came with kisses

And coffee from a tin

And words that amounted to shit

Because I never saw her again...



Bruise

I finally saw in you the confidence

You always should have had

You stood posed in front of a mirror

Bare

For all the perverts, daddies, and fetishist

To fantasize and exercise their desires to with their free hands

And while I loved you dearly

And treated you with care

You wanted me to call you whore and bruise you

To look down at your breast during your fifteen

And smile at what looked like burnt porcelain

You wanted me to move in

And claim you

But you had my whole heart

No one else

And I loved you

And you never felt pretty in my arms



Title

Baby, Sweetheart, Hunny...

Just call me by my name

Not words belonging to people lost

So I don't feel the same

So I don't feel replaceable

So I don't feel the stress

Of constant guessing and wondering

If I'll be replaced next

Your status updates give you cause

To feel security

Some title you can hang on me

For all your friends to see

I'd rather have your heart and soul

Some sense of loyalty

Because I'm shaken every time you ask me

What you mean to me



Bubbles

I think about kissing you a lot
Between verses and chords and synth
Usually around 12 or 1 am
When I'm alone and want to be anything, but...
I think of kissing you...
Over the headrest in my passenger seat
Stretching into each other until its uncomfortable
Our loose fabrics causing friction and fires
Cauterizing our scars and past transgressions...
I bleed and cry in my shower
In the dead of night called 3 am
With liquor in my veins and weed on my breath
I cry until my vision blurs
And I can barely find my phone by the light of the candles I lit
But when I do, the message is from you...
And I think about kissing you



I'm tired of getting my feelings hurt by ghost that won't even
haunt me.

D.L. Holmes



D.L. Holmes is an author residing in Northwest Louisiana. Having achieved his Master's in Creative Writing from Full Sail University and published several books from 2015-2019 with other authors, poets, visual artists, and photographers, he decided to make a playlist and put together "Derailed", his sixth published work. In his spare time he watches horror movies, reads

books of poetry from his fellow self-published authors, tries out new
crockpot recipes, and attempts to ollie in his driveway.

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Other Works Include...

Seemingly Strange and Unusual Tales

More Seemingly Strange and Unusual Tales

Stranded

Sight Through Smell and Other Painful Reminders

Even More Seemingly Strange and Unusual Tales

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**Through the Years: A Collection of Written Works from the
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Instagram



Thank You



To the girl who made lasagna without boiling the noodles...

The boy who wouldn't take me home until I gave him a kiss...

The girl who almost drank my blood...

The ex's that want to be photographers...

The ex's who sent me snail mail last year to say they still love me...

The ex's who said they were sorry when I'd already packed up my heart...

Fuck you.

But thank you for the inspiration. I hope it helps others in pain.

Thank you to my friends, my family, my little Halloween glowstick, the A.I. to my intergalactic spaceship. The Midnight. Gunship. Capital One Savings. Pale Waves. The person who thought to juice an apple, Kanye, and Martin Gore (Didn't forget this time.)





Where I am and where I'm going...
Now that's something to think about...
...Maybe when I have the time...
Maybe, just next time.

D.L. Holmes

