

i indulge in loneliness in a way
that only a true connoisseur could.
i wrap myself in blankets but still shiver,
i sing off-key to an audience of none.
i fall in love with the empty chairs in my room
and analyze poetry with the ghosts of those who mistook pity for kindness
and obligation for love.

i see the world through rose colored glasses.
i waltz in circles and wait for something magical to happen,
but never do i wish on stars.
i fold my problems into neat little boxes
and stuff them underneath my bed.
i remind myself that slow progress is still progress.

i sift through buckets of snow
trying to find something to keep me warm,
and i’m disappointed when i don’t find even a lump of coal
to toss into the fire that is my heart.
i imagine what i would do if the flame were to burn out
but i never make plan b's
or hesitate before splashing through a puddle.
my recklessness is either beautiful or dangerous
but never both.

i huddled over the last bit of warmth
that was the idea of you.
as my blood turned to sleet and ice,

i realized that you had written my name on your heart in pencil
and i'd gotten a goddamn tattoo.