

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This book is for YOU, not me. This is my story, but our history. a documentation of love, lust & heartache. Each line has its own past, present and future value of these I,ve crossed paths with, and shared my heart for (even when it ended in nothing but dismay & ruin.)

This is not a call-out, this is the baring of one human soul, sensitive & lost in this gint fishbowl of life. these collections are a symbol of finding hope in the bleakest of lands (the vast expanse of the mind and its search for love.)

To everyone I've ever loved & touched in any way, this is for you, not me.

I will always love you.

Walter Reed 2022

for my beloved mother,

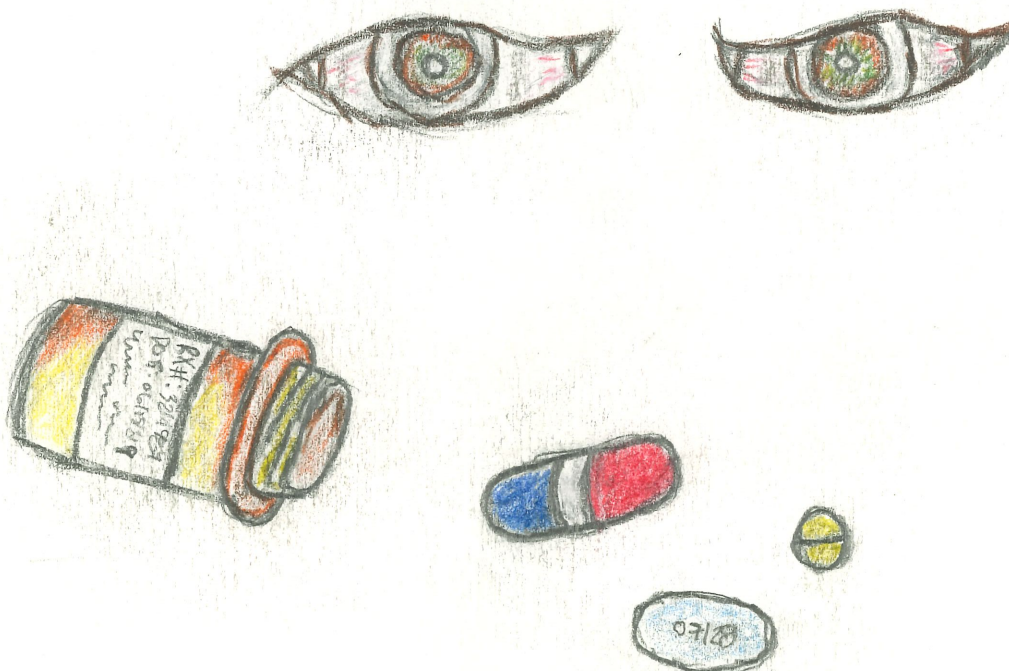
my light in the darkness

after all these years

i love you.



o god.
your eyes.
shining like the sun.
i don't need drugs,
when your lips are like
peppies.
and i slept with the gods
and had their children.
somehow i found myself
captivated by you.



sometimes i wonder if you
even notice me.

sometimes i wonder even if
you care.

sometimes i wonder if you
even realize,
i'm more damaged than
you realize.

sometimes i wonder if you
know that your words
carry so much of my broken past.

that it hurts to say,
you remind me of my
father, and it hurts
to say.

that he was what broke me,
to be such a damaged
person who writes these
things, because
i never had the actual
chance to say...

i love you, and i'm sorry.



it's like talking to ghosts.

the walls are listening.

silently,

but all the party guests
have nothing to say.

(perhaps for value.)

can i finally burn all of the pages

i've written about you,
and set myself free?

it almost feels like
i'm haunted by you,
and since you are dead.

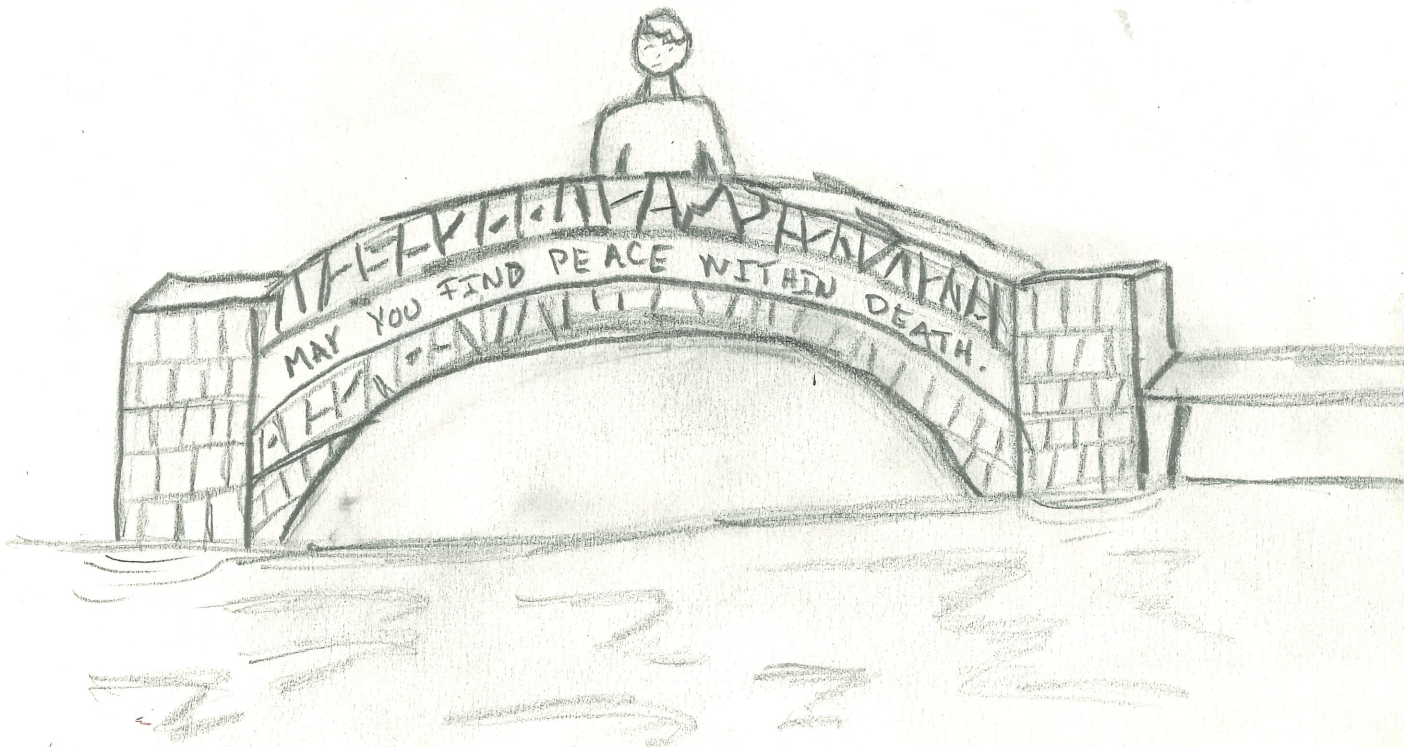
i can't do anything to help.



i stood there last night, yet again.
gazing a thousand feet above the water.
and thought to end it all.
to end the suffering and creat
a serenity
of peace with others:

it's not selfish anymore.
since it's my only request.

tonight i'll be above the bridge,
looking down,
wondering if it's all worth it
yet again.



let's throw our caution into
the winds,
like the careless lovers that
we are destined to forever be.

we'll find a wishing well
and throw our last two cents

¢2

into it.

hoping for the best.

let's die under the old oak
tree in the garden, and
let the worms eat into
our dreams.

we'll tie our hands together
so that even in death,
we can never be seperated.



i threw up the other morning
at the bus stop.

it wasn't due to sickness,
it was ecstasy.

it felt like toxins were
being removed from me,
like removing a cancer,
but almost religiously.

it was the morning after our
big fight, you know,
the one where i was
afraid to talk to you.

it made me feel a thousand things
i never wanted to feel,
but the universe found needed
in these moments before
the dawn healed me.

maybe it was a hangover,
but i felt something in that brief
moment of purity.

maybe i've searched so long
for love, my body had to shout
the answer at me
in a violent way.

maybe i was just drunk.



here is a boy with eyes
like diamonds, and a mind
like a wishing well.

slowly tossing coins in,
hoping for my wishes to
finally become a truth.

i want his eyes to cut me
open, and bleed me out.
a vicious cycle of death
& rebirth within the confines
of our subtle relationship.



and in the morning magnificent.
the sun kissing your exposed thigh,
while the sheets clung to you.

but you never looked more
beautiful than you did
in that moment.

but then the darkness came,
and all that was left was a
cold, empty space of where
i would sit and ponder how
i ever lost you.

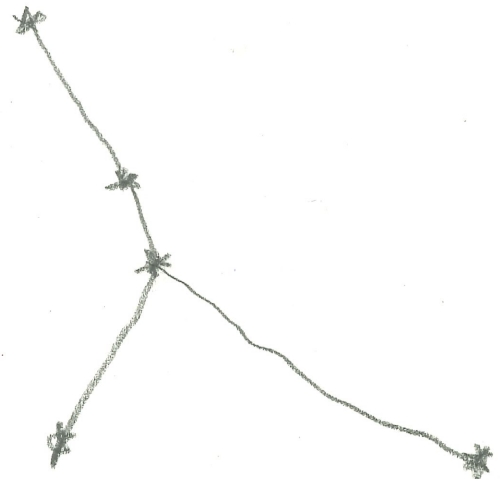


i met someone
tonight who i want to explore.
i want to trace every freckle
on their body,
creating a galaxy of stars
upon their flesh.

connecting every dot
into constellations.

but i know that can never be.

but there are stars worth finding,
and i want to discover myself
in someone else.

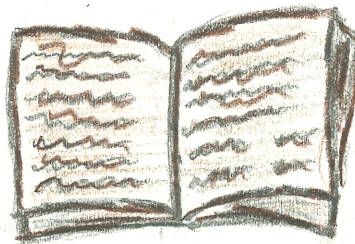


i can write a thousand pages
explaining my love for you.

but i can't muster
the courage to say

a single word when you
are sitting

right next to me.



one day we will love each other
do you recall the day we fell in
love?

i saw you through the open doorway
of the ballroom,
like something out of a movie.
the sea of people parting ways like
the red sea of the party to lead
me to you.

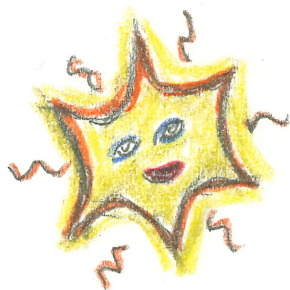
the light hitting you as if though
the sun was just breaking at dawn
to show itself saying hello and
good morning beautiful.

but then you became a lost face in the cro
wd, one i didn't know if i would see
ever again.

but i found you though,
hidden in the background
like a mystery.

a mystery i didn't know i needed.

but one that still haunts me to
this day.



you are the sun that kisses my cheek,
the cool spring rain that soaks me
as i walk the naked streets at dawn.
you are the lust that burns in my loins and
drives me insane each day, hoping that i
can wake up next to you every morning
once more with the familiar smell of
coffee brewing by the fire.
you are the most beautiful creature I've
ever laid eyes on, but not the one i can
ever have.

you taste different than you did then,
and you cut your hair. i think you did it
for me and i can't tell if i enjoy it or
not, because you look so unfamiliar.
i wish i was still waking up in your
arms, slowly lifting my gaze to you as i
stare into those oceans of sadness.
the bluest thing on earth.
but no one can ever love me like you did,
and it hurts to have to accept
that fact.



the cool spring rain that soaks me
you are the sun that kisses my cheek,

70 [REDACTED] 1968-1970

memories my love,
all of our lives are just
built upon memories.

of a time we fell in love,
fiery passion,
sensualized desires,
your eyes locked with mine.

It's been three years
and i still think of those days,
even though it was just for
the summer.

Two drunk kids in love,
full of lust & burning desire.

memories my love,
only ours.



what is the truth you speak?
cawed the raven to the rabbit.

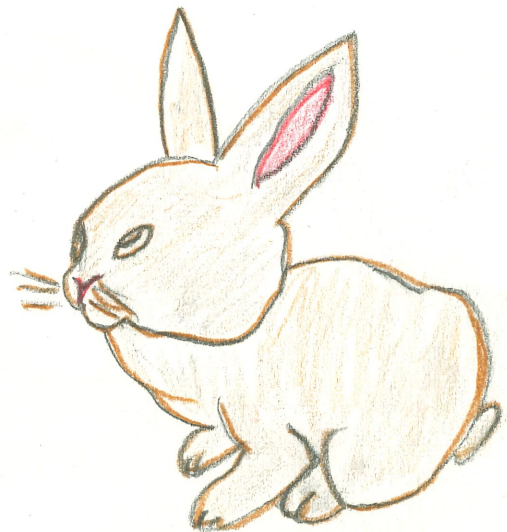
i speak for the yearning love
of ages past,
that never had the chance
to speak for themselves.

but why do you run around
proclaiming a love that is not
your own to others that
don't deserve it replied the raven.

because everyone deserves
to be loved,

responded the rabbit.

EVEN YOU.



5 AM. ARE YOU STILL UP?

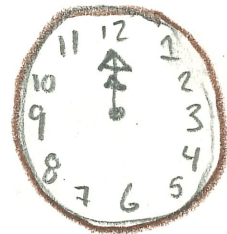
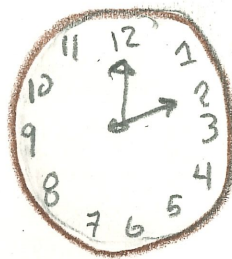
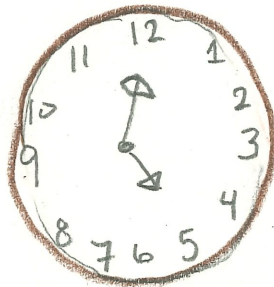
i keep thinking of your smile
even though my eyes
refuse to see
your beauty.

32- 2 PM. ARE YOU STILL UP?

i can't keep any food down
because you're driving me
insane with love.

MIDNIGHT. ARE YOU STILL UP?

because i can't sleep
without you here.





you spoke in riddles
and metaphors about your life,
who you were and where you came from.
a phantom lurking in the shadows
behind the veil of a midnight fog
that rolls in quietly and secretly.
clutching at your feet.
with a way of words,
they rolled from your tongue like
droplets of morning dew falling
slowly through space to die as
they plummet and crash into
the ground.
nothing is more beautiful than
watching bridges burn, lighting
the way home for our fallen
ancestors you said.
we threw our torches into the pylons
of dead oak trees,
tiny dancers of fire and light,
the acrid tendrils of smoke
rising from the dark.
a light that never goes out,
even after dark.
and i hate that i can never speak your name
a single tear shed can hold a thousand
memories, or one single act of strength.
i want to do all the things your
lungs do so well.

i found pictures of us
hidden in a shoe-box.

black and white ink stains
on glossy paper for \$6

showing glimpses of how
happy i was,

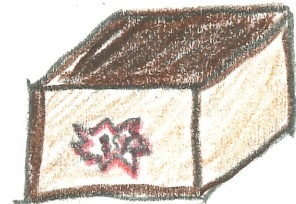
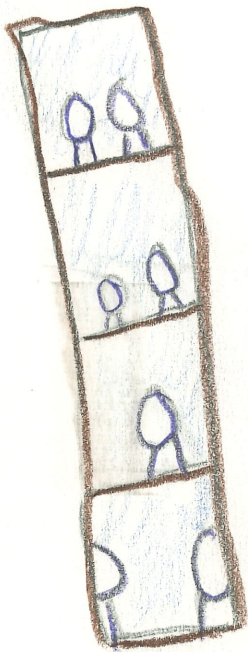
or was it truly just a

simple moment of bliss?

they made me smile,
until my stomach turned,

and i had to stop

writing.



a silver spoon,
a crown & anchor.



a collection of memories
of what we once
used to be.

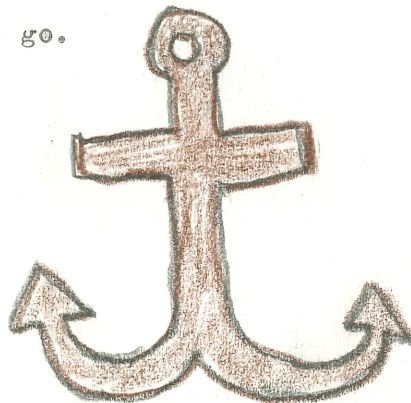
tarnished & tattered,
shall we begin to
learn to love again?



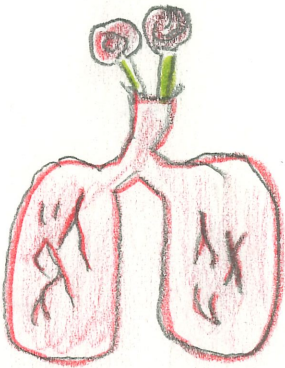
or are we destined
to be artifacts
buried at the bottom
of the sea?

i don't love the ocean
like you do,
although I'm willing
to journey with you
my love.

for the mountains are calling
my name and i
must go.



you fed me mouthfulls
of poppies,
to eternalize my slumber.
hoping i'd last
forever.



you made blood red roses
grow from my lungs.
beautiful and delicate
things.

you made me drown in the seas
that are your eyes.



not thinking
to toss me a life jacket.

you cut me open and removed
all of me and sewed me
back up:

empty and void
of life.

you fed me mouthfulls

you fed me mouthfulls
of poppies,
to eternalize my slumber.
hoping i'd last
forever.

you made blood roses

to last me a little longer.

these were your eyes.

you made me dream in the sun

again.

remembering and forgetting

how time was made.

you were my love and my pain

forever.

being and not being

to eternalize my dream.

of forever.

you let me know that



there's these stupid thoughts
in my head that plague me
everytime we get frustrated
with each other.

that i want to talk about,
but it would make me sound stupid.

there's these stupid thoughts
that maybe i need to change myself
because of you,
and i recognize them.

there's these stupid thoughts
that i have to constantly wonder
if i'm just worsening our lives
because of me.

there's questions.

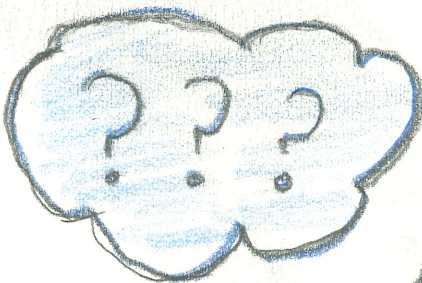
questions about everything.

but right now,

i could care less,

because your arms

are around me.



i awoke that morning

from a terrible dream.

a life that outlawed love
and took away those close to you.

although even in that moment of
terror, i awoke with you still
by my side.

they said that love was illegal
and not to be a feeling that can be
trusted or forgiven.

as we sat there in the waiting room,
our eyes met from across
the vast sea of emptiness
and tears.

people were being wrangled
up in groups
and led to execution.

but i still woke up,
with you by my side.

yet, i never felt more afraid
of anything, because one day
it will be more
than fiction.



isn't it right,

isn't it worth it?

wouldn't we be great,

couldn't we be something?

i feel like I'm running off of
a poem of sometime that i don't recall.

are you listening?
are you there?

can you hear me screaming at the
top of my lungs?

i'm looking for you, yeti can't
find you.

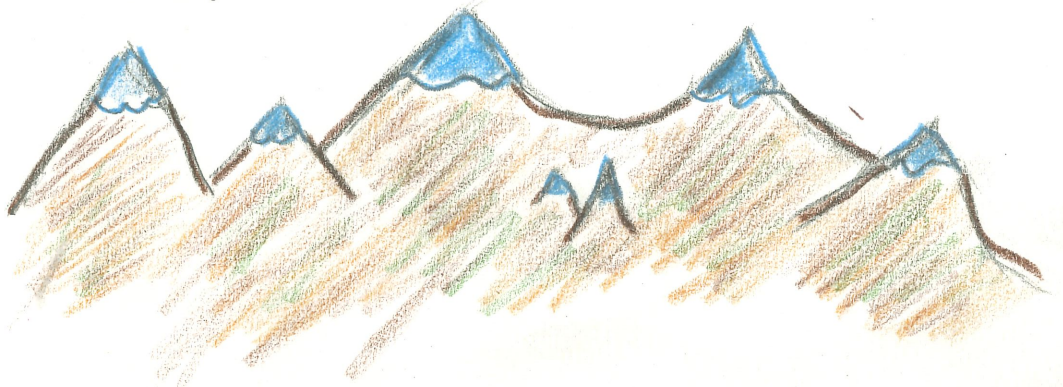
i'm searching the highest mountain
tops; walking across every
snowy peak.

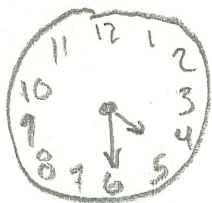
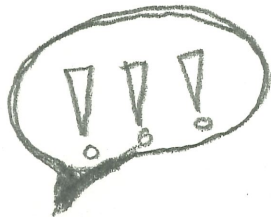
where are you?
can you hear me screaming?

i'm standing over the bridge,
about to jump.
will you be there to catch me?
i'm crying and it's only internal.
no one will ever see it.

i'm crying because i miss you.

i love you.





The future
is
inevitable.

i woke up this morning,

drenched in a cold sweat panicking.

i'd assumed you were just a dream

my damaged mind had fabricated

to justify me feeling that i could

ever be loved by anyone.

but there you were, curled up in the

blankets. safe and sound next to me.

i kissed your cheek and you groaned

out "five more minutes" while shifting

to the cold side of the pillow.

you never looked more beautiful that ever

in that moment, and it made me feel like

i finally found home.

a place where love is built and not found.

a place where we can get lost yet never

truly be lost when we are together.

i finally found love, and i'm more

afraid than anything to lose you.

but we know that time is inescapable,

and all that glitters is not gold.

but for now, can we just go back to bed?

Wheat flows in the winds as we
coasted by on our bikes.

The crisp air throwing our hair everywhere.

You never looked more beautiful
than before my dear.

The scent of summer clings to your clothes
as i lay here in the dirt,
waiting for your embrace to overtake me.

i miss your arms wrapped around me,
making me feel infinite and loved.

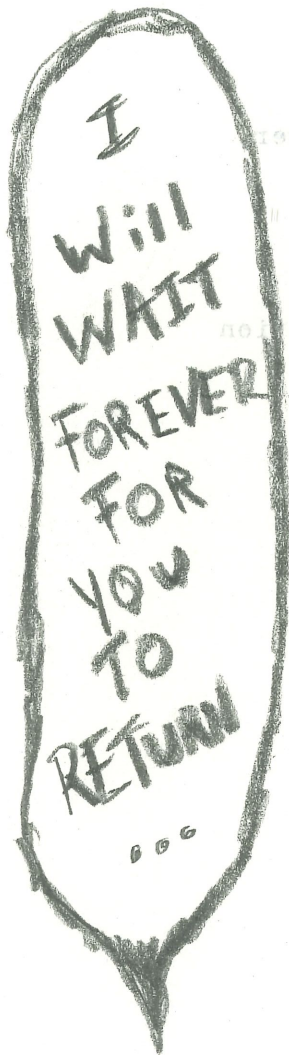
the infinite future smiling at us
from the high heavens.

where did you go my love?

where can i find you?

will weever find ourselves
in love again?





"look up" he said,
"look at the map on the sky,
and follow them back to me
whenever you feel lost."

like the freckles on your shoulder,
they create the constellations
that guide me home to you,
blindly following childish intuition
and a feeling of love.

"i've traveled many days & nights
to find you."

i said as i entered the room.
although my voice echoed through
the walls and bled into the hallways
of my heart.

you never managed to make it home,
or maybe you became lost,
like i once was.

"I'll wait forever for you to return."
i whispered,
but you never came back home.

"look up," he said.

"look at the map in the sky,

and follow them back to me

whenever you feel lost."

like the freckles on your shoulder,

they create the constellations

that guide me home to you,

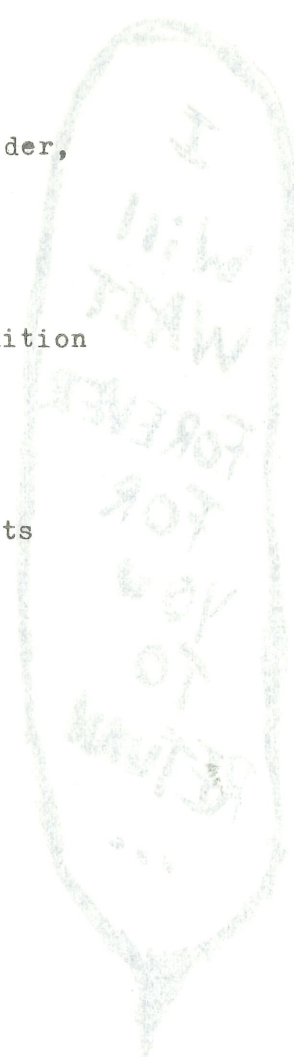
blindly following childish intuition

and a feeling of love.

"I've traveled many days & nights

to find you."

yo



LOVE IS NOT FOREVER.

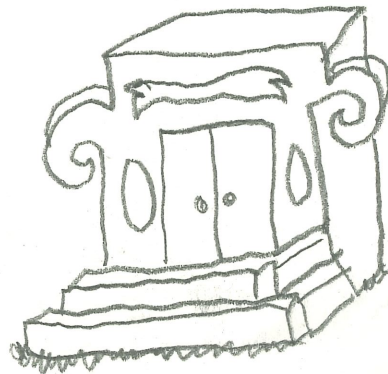
LOVE IS NOT.

LOVE IS.

LOVE.

remember that everyone someday
will die, and love
will end.

your life will be changed
but it all matters how you choose
to live,
in that moment.



do you know how much i love
you?

not to the moon and back,
but to the
bottom of this whiskey & beer

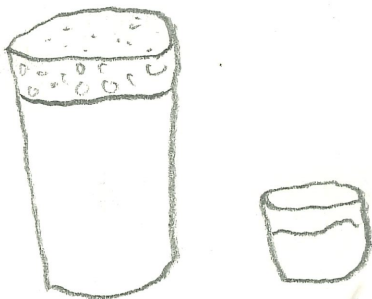
my words grow wiser,
and my feelings become
stronger each sip.

i think i have a problem.

and it's that

i'm addicted.

to you.



i found words upon words, falling from pages
like waterfalls talking about you.

they felt like rain kissing my skin

until the moment dawned on me

that their history was dead.

there were lines of indecipherable scribbles

that made me wonder what i was attempting

to deliver to you.

there were drawings i found in a black book,

i haven't touched in months that

made me recall you and i.

these feelings are vast and far,

yet so familiar that it makes me afraid

of falling in love again.

you stole a piece of me i thought

was missing, but it was just

misplaced.

you stole just a small sliver more of what

i had left of my love

and ran with it.

and now im more afraid than anything

to ask for it back.

A

b

y

E

X

g

D

^

Z

h

c

I

k

B

J

i found words upon words,
like waterfalls falling from pages

falling from pages like waterfalls
they felt like rain kissing my skin

talking about you.
until the moment dawned on me

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was dead.
that made me wonder what i was attempting

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i had left of my love

and ran with it.

and now im more afraid than anything

to ask for it back.

i still have scars from the times i fell
on my hands and knees for you.

crawling across the asphalt and concrete
to find my way back.

i still have dirt underneath my nails
and twigs stuck in my hair from the times
i climbed mountains just to call your name.

and after all this time.

i found you.

at the base of a waterfall in a town
i never thought i'd find
myself in.

i've waited too long to meet you.

i miss you already,

and it's only been a day.



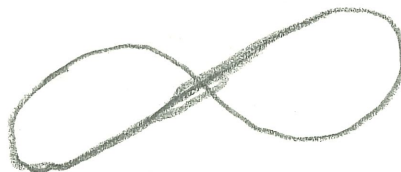
i hate myself because of you.
i drank myself into such a stupor
that even Hemmingway himself
would be astonished.

i love myself because of you.
i filled my body full of your essence,
breathing in heavy,
your scent.

i destroyed myself because of you.
tearing down an empire of
false pretences
and disillusioned values of a life
that was more damaging than it
was helpful.

i disguised myself because of you.
weaving a new face every minute
as the clock ticks on towards

infinity.



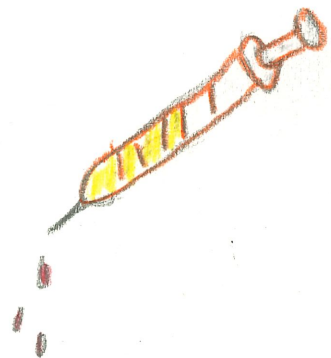
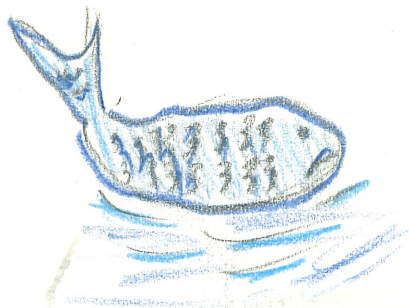
A FISH OUT OF WATER CAN'T
SURVIVE OUT OF IT'S ELEMENT
FOR IT WILL DIE.

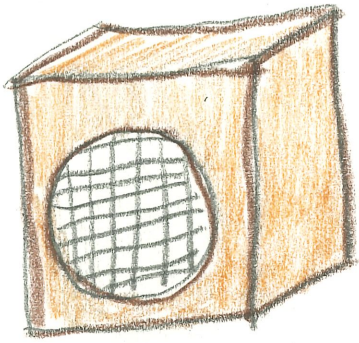
AND I DIED A THOUSAND TIMES
BEFORE I LEARNED THAT
NOTHING MATTERED.

NUMBING MYSELF TO EVERYTHING
I THOUGHT MATTERED.
FROM EVERYTHING I WAS
RUNNING FROM.

UNTIL EVERYTHING CAME TO
A FULL STOP,
THE MOMENT I MET

YOU.





your song blasts across the airways
and all i can do is try my best
not to cry,
because this is how it ends.

this was always destined to end.

you & i.

like the hands of a clock,
meeting at midnight in secrecy.
silently fading into obscurity
and memory.

and like most things,
memories, are easily forgotten.
in the daily routine of
the cycle of life.

a cycle from which we can never
break free from again.

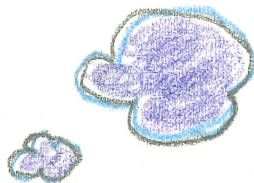
memories my love.

only.

memories.



do you realize,
that
i
still
love you,
even though
we
are
no
longer
together?



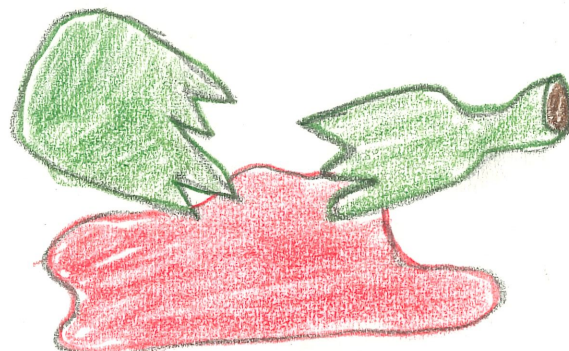
like a bottle of broken wine,
because i was so drunk
i fell down a flight of stairs,
and broke into a thousand pieces.
and you put me back together.

like a whirlpool of emotions,
i became a tempest of anger
and hatred towards
the universe.

and i pulled you in
by accident.

i've never known love
till i fell for you,
and i just keep going two steps
forward and twenty back
these days.

and i want to say
i'm sorry.



he sipped his drink coolly
he sipped his drink coolly
and casually as i stared across
and casually as i stared across the bar
the bar in no general direction.
in no general direction.

and it made me understand how i
and it made me understand how i
fell in love with you all over.
like down a rabbit hole.

like down a rabbit hole.
a never ending transition of
a never ending transition of
life & lust,
for the truest emotional truth
we seek.

and it was beautiful to witness
such a simple act,
as stealing someone elses well crafted
and cool gaze from across the bar.
one so pure and accidental,
i almost felt the need to apologize for
nothing.

to witness the feeling of lust
without you.

do you realize and understand that
i love you.
and only you.
there are memories we have yet to have created.
and i want them to be with you.
my love.

he sipped his drink coolly
and casually as i stared across
the bar in no general direction.

and it made me understand how i fell in love with
you all over.
like down a rabbit hole.

a never ending transition of life & lust
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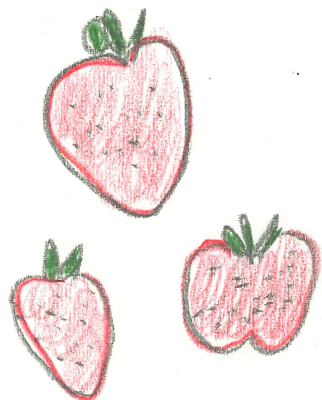
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i almost felt the need to apologize for
nothing.
to witness the feeling of lust
without you.
do you realize and understand that
i love you.
and only you.
there are memories we have yet to have created.
and i want to see you be with you
my love.

like the soft embrace of a babe
clutching its blanket at night
to fend off the demons and
nightmares hidden under his bed.
his touch was something built
out of dreams, not terrors so
unspeakable that you feel the
need to hide.

he smelled of wild strawberries,
growing in the summer time.
vast fields and bushes covered
in plump red bundles,
fragrant and delectable.
a walker of dreams,
he always hid behind the paintings
and doorways of my mind.
something just out of touch
and sight.

checking my moral compass every
so often, to make sure i was being
guided in the proper direction ~~to~~ to
his bed.

navigating the emptiness of my
desolate and decrepit world,
to the fields of strawberries.
to the place where i can lay
my weary head, and rest like the babe
who fears the night in his arms
with no fears at all.



the last thing i can remember

is saying that i love you.

the last thing i ever heard

from you

was a sigh.

puddles of ink are just like
puddles of blood.

they stain..

it has been awhile since
i felt love,
and the fact he says he loves me

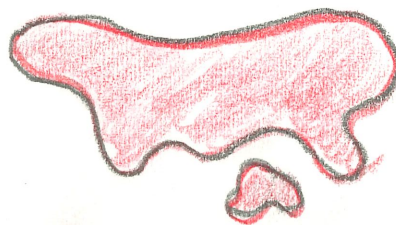
is a lie.

he only tells me this when
he is drunk.

a question of whether men
can actually feel emotion
is what requires
an answer.

to have someone only tell you
they love you when they feel the need
makes it difficult to understand,

where we went wrong.



i gave up everything once for love
and was beaten & broken down and
left to die.

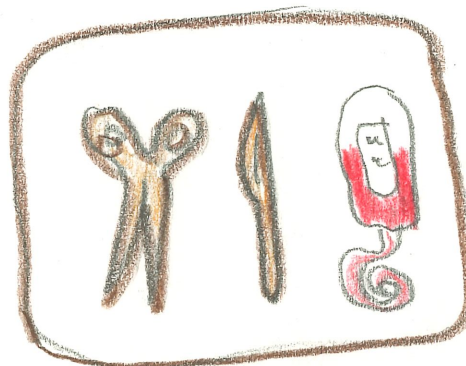
i overcame myself and beat my fear
but learned to never trust anyone
who i could fall in love with.

i performed my own autopsy day in,
day out, destroying and rebuilding
from the ground up.
hoping to become a new man.

but who would be my protector,
who would be my saving grace?

who would be my butcher
and end my suffering and misery?

who would be my angel in the dark,
protecting me from
hurt and harm?



your eyes were like shots of whiskey,
drowning me in waves
of premature lust.

so young and delicate we were,
not knowing write (right)
from wrong.
lost in our ways.

you smelled like poppies
and put me in a trance,
lulling me slowly to sleep
in a bed of
rosemary and thyme.



i found a letter in a bottle
of whiskey,
floating alone in the ocean.

the message read like this:



three simple words that made me
break down & wonder who you were.

another lost & lonely soul
searching the circumference of the
world,
circumnavigating the globe for that
always perpetual high of
failing in love.

supersticious beliefs in love
are nearly bed-time stories.

a nightmare in disguise,
with a common name,
one that invokes terror.

happiness.

out sometimes to find this nightmare,
we must look within ourselves
to notice that we are
happiness.

we create death, war, fear,
lust and fuel our own self-destructive
hells.

this is not a crime,

it is our nature.



superstitious beliefs in love
superstitious beliefs in love
are merely bed-time stories.
are merely bed-time stories.

a nightmare in disguise,
a nightmare in disguise,
with a common name,
with a common name,
one that invokes happiness.
one that invokes terror.

happiness.

one sometimes to find this nightmare,
we must look within ourselves
to notice that we are
happiness.
we create death, fear, fear,
lost and lost our own self-destructive
beliefs.

this is not a crime,

it is our nature.



a simple four-letter word,
one with such depth and heart
it pains me to speak it.

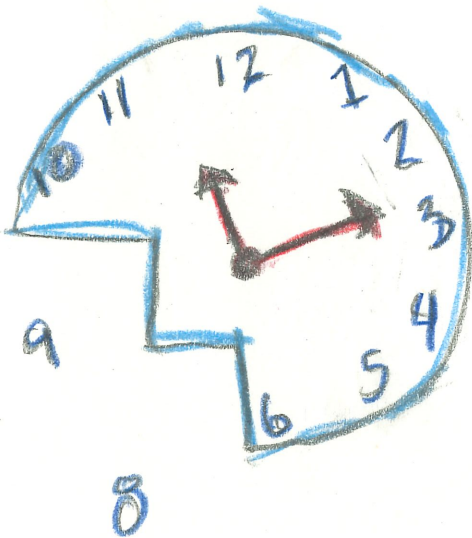
LOVE.

a man can love, but not be loved
i believed.
an oxymoron, a contradiction.

although once i was loved,
with a feeling of being infinite,
something more vast than the expanse
of space and time.

time is something that changes people
making the heart grow fonder,
or slowly destroying it.
time is never on your side as a writer,
the seconds ticking by
as you attempt to form lines
about what needs to be said,
or what has already become.

when time stops,
what becomes of everything?



i never noticed,

or maybe it was because i was drunk,

but you took me by surprise how familiar it felt.

i noticed you waiting,

the moment you looked me in the eye.

it was like seeing oceans for the first time,

the bluest of seas,

with a horizon that stretched for miles.

one that made me question everything

i had ever known.

.

i found myself lost and wanting

to be understood, yearning for a life

i saw in the movies,

a perfect life with a

perfect companion.

i searched, but never focused on finding you.

i knew that things never come

when you search for them,

they find us in the most

unexpected ways.

and that moment came.

you were an angel in disguise.

the angel who loved me,

and killed me.



i never noticed,

or maybe it was because i was drunk,

but you took me by surprise how familiar

you felt.

the moment you looked at me in the eye.

i noticed you waiting,

the moment you looked at me in the eye.

it was like seeing oceans

for the first time

the bluest of seas, with a horizon

that stretched for miles.

one that made me question everything i had ever known

to be understood, searching for a life

i saw in the movies,

a perfect life with a

perfect companion.

i searched, but never focused on finding you.

i know that things never come

when you search for them,

they find me in the most

unexpected ways.

and that moment came.

you were as close as i was.

the angel who loved me,

and killed me.



there is always a danger
there is always a danger
in sleeping with someone.
you are exposed, naked and
you are exposed,
naked and
vulnerable.

anyone can hurt you,
anyone can hurt you,
damage you, or love you.
or love you.

i once read that love is
a dangerous drug,
and it is addicting.

i tried to run from you,
hoping you understood,
instead,

you kissed me.



there is always a danger
in sleeping with someone.
you are exposed, naked and
vulnerable.

anyone can hurt you,
damage you,
or love you.

i once read that love
is a dangerous thing
and it is addictive.

i tried to love you,
hoping you understood,
instead,
you kissed me.



it is a kiss you will never forget,
just like the first kiss ever,

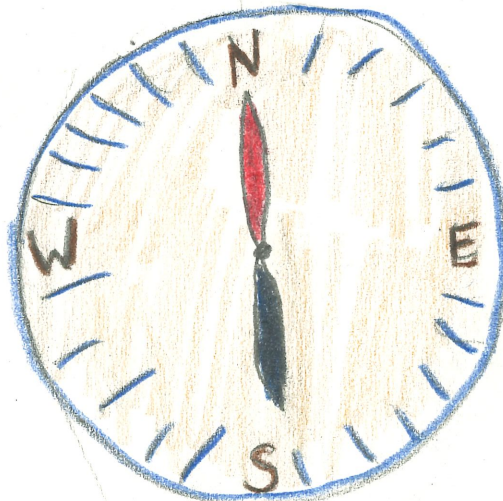
it is a memory burned forever in time,
a brand of love.

i have kissed others,
but never like with you.

you spoke softly and said to me:

"you are lost, more lost than i was.
and i can see.
i will promise to never let you go.
you have a look in your eyes
that shows a forest,
and you are so lost you can't find your way
home.
let me help you find your way."

"but home is a place
i've never known existed."



ONCE YOU LOVE SOMEONE

YOU ARE BOUND TOGETHER
LIKE THE ROOTS OF A TREE
TO ITS TRUNK.

YOU ARE FOREVER.

"PLEASE STAY,
A LITTLE LONGER."

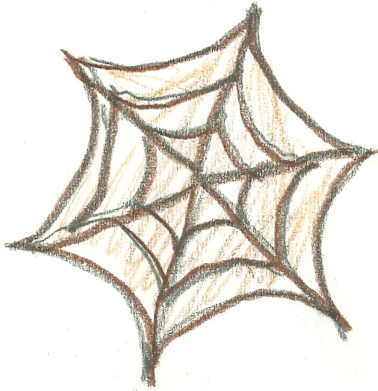
I WILL STAY TILL THE
END OF TIME.

BECAUSE

NO ONE IS EVERY REALLY LOST.

WE ARE JUST SEARCHING FOR SOMEONE.

(ALL OF US)



and i heard your voice

so surreal

that it makes me wonder

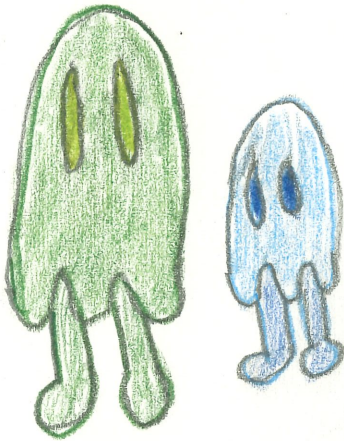
if ghosts are real.

like everything else in this world

it's a vast expanse of empty rooms

and cobwebs from many years

left unattended.



is it wrong to love a family
of ghosts?

or am i just so far lost in these words

that i am part of that family?

can we start all over again?

can we begin where our dreams
were just infantile?

can we start where our values
were so innocent?

can we begin again,

when we were so pure
and lacking values?

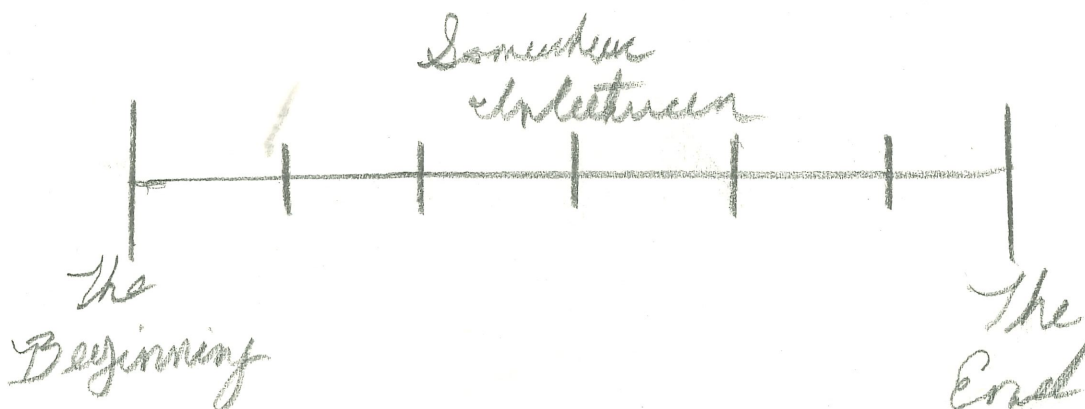
can we start again?

or is it a waste of our time
and understanding?

have we lost ourselves
so much

that we don't know entirely what
we are at this point in time?

have we truly lost ourselves?



is this the life i live,

of how i'm so invisible

to you?

can you see me?

can you feel me?

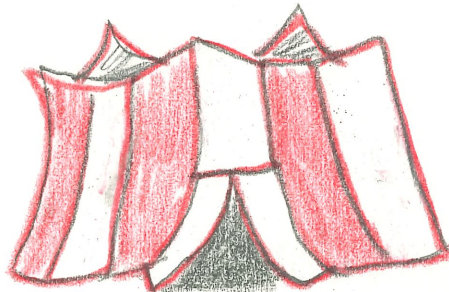
can you hear me?

these emotions are bleeding
into the atmosphere,

memories of me falling into
this orbiting circus
of the human air.

is it asking for much,
when all i want
is an answer,

or just one word.



these feelings captivate me so,
how is it that I tell you
that I love you
when I actually do(n't)*

it hurts me to write these words
the television is screaming,
the smell of cheap cologne lingers
in the air.

(the smell of regret & terrible choices)

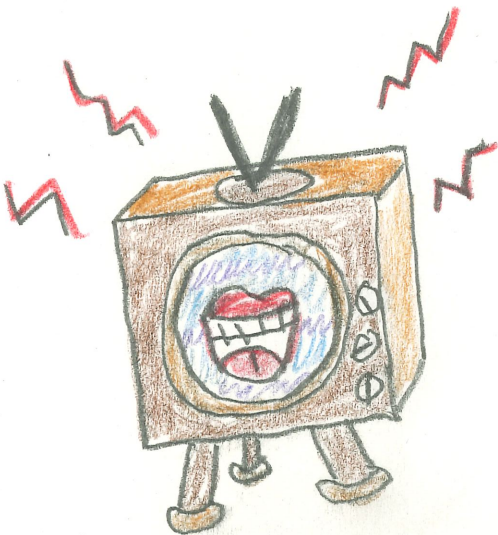
I wrote a letter to you,
and I meant to give it to you,
but I think someone else got it.

"seriously, we're still talking about this?"

seriously,

why am I still doing this to myself
when I have/had you.*

I got down on one knee for you,
is that enough to say
I love(d) you?



IS IT BAD THAT I STILL LOVE YOU?

IS IT A CRYING SHAME THAT YOU

STILL HAUNT MY HEART?

YOU GAVE ME A GIFT I CAN NEVER
GIVE UP.

BUT I STILL THINK OF YOU

EVERY DAY.

P.S.

I LOVE YOU .

~~*****~~

4/10/15

i had to say goodbye to you
and it hurts me to see you cry
in my arms.

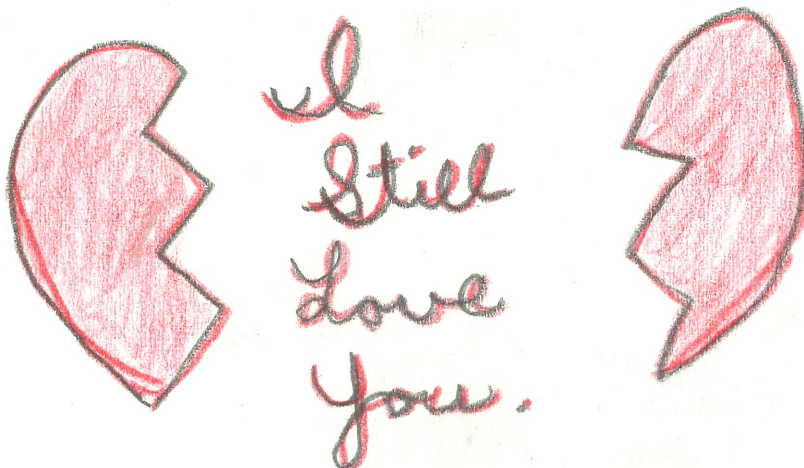
whereas i shed not one tear
in that moment.

i truly miss you ,
my heart already broken
knowing that my time
was coming to an end.

the difference between lust & love
is how someone breaks,
when you leave their life.

i know for a fact i love you still,
and it hurts the most because i
secretly hid everything behind a veil
of strength and
unemotional display.

a heart breaks silently
while the eyes bleed rivers
within seconds.



morning after morning,

i awake to you
and it makes me
nervous.

why?

because you havent left me yet.

like everyone else.

and that's why
i don't kiss you
goodbye
in the mornings
any longer.

because i'm afraid.



where do you go at 5am?
when it's cold in our bed?
where do you sneak off to
in the night?

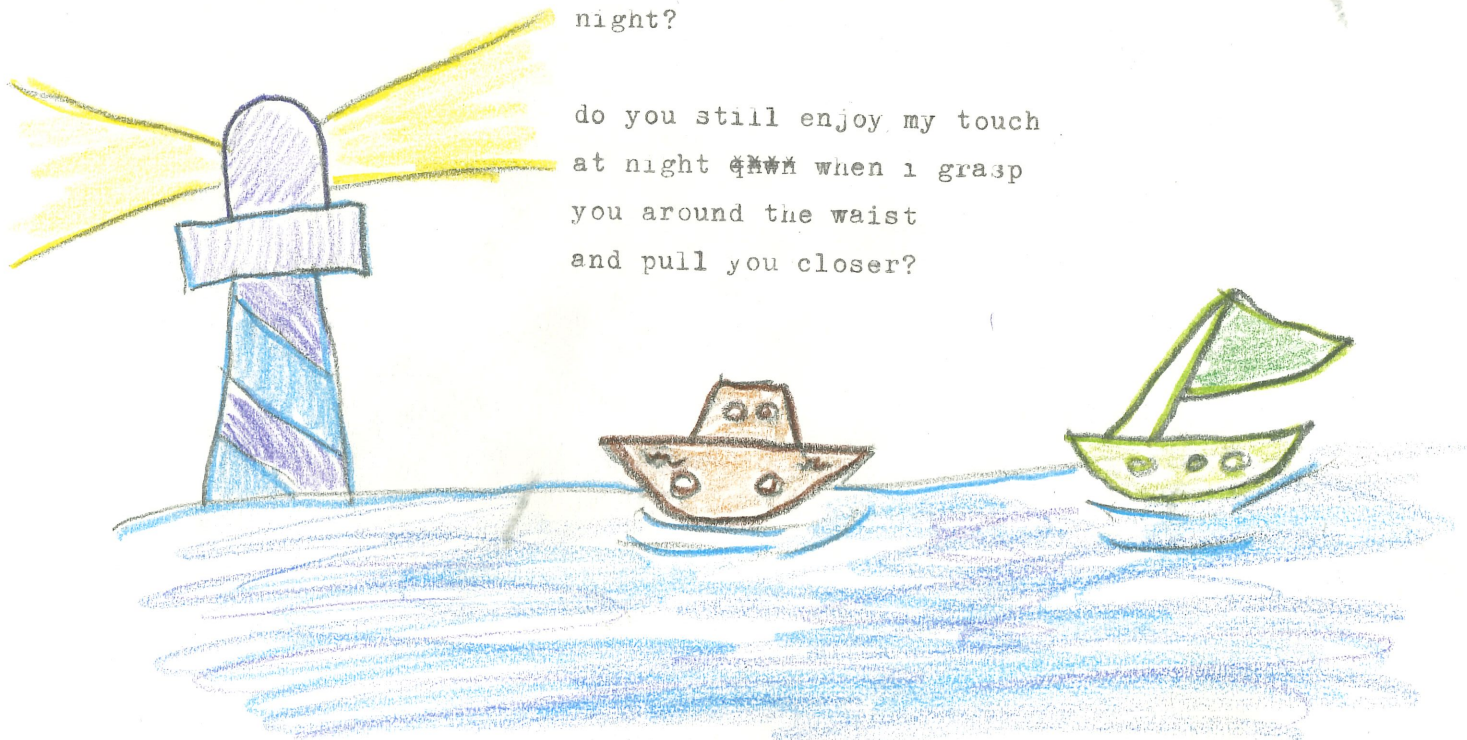
who do you think of when
i'm not around you?
and where does that
leave me?

in the end?

do you still love me,
even when i'm gone?

do you still think of me
in those passing moments
like two ships in the
night?

do you still enjoy my touch
at night ~~q***~~ when i grasp
you around the waist
and pull you closer?



every morning before i leave
for work, i quietly leave
small notes posted on the bathroom
mirror for yo .

they go like this:

"hey, i love you.
even at 5AM."

"you are the most beautiful creature
that even the stars are jealous of."
"i love you."

"jesus christ thats a pretty face,
the kind you'd find on someone
i could love,
forever."

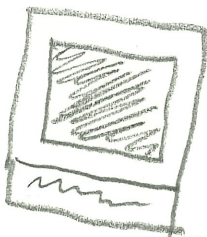
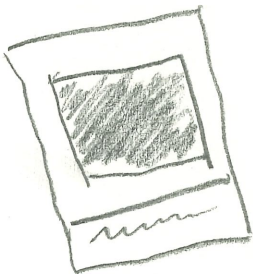
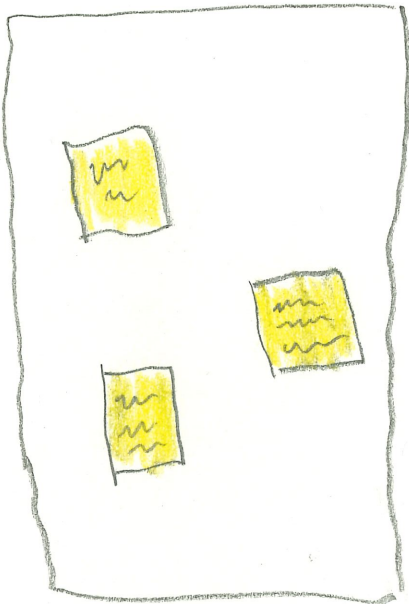
"don't forget to feed the girls."

and it makes my heart sing,
because you keep them.

just like the photos of when
we fell in love,
but i'll never remember which one was
the first i gave to you.

which one was the first time i said,

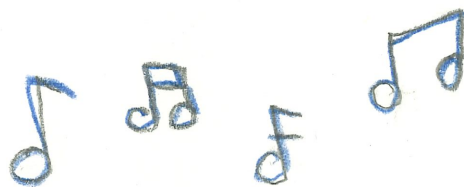
"i love you."



APPENDIX:

CUTS & BRUISES

((OR THINGS THAT HURT
AND SING SORROW)



about this appendix,

it is pieces that i felt unfit
to make the cut, yet somehow
felt altogether familiar enough
to share as a miniature collective.
to pair with Death Songs.

these are memories,
cobwebs in the corners of rooms,
skeletons hidden underneath
floorboards.

these are meant for ME,
but also for YOU.

do you recall the day wemet?

the day we hopelessly
fell in love with each other,
keeping up this rat race
of searching in the darkest corners
of our lives
and the lives of others,
searching for things and
years of memories.

continously,
finding ourselves,
locked in a constant flutter
of falling in love.

over
and over.
and over.

one more time.

is it time to go yet
stranger?

do i keep chasing that
unchasable dream
of something
that does not exist?

oh that lonely taciturn satellite.

you drift alone
just like myself
in the cold night,
searching for the inescapable
idea of someone out there
waiting.

aren't we all just waiting,
to die?
or are we awaiting the
start
of
something
new?

sailing in the dark
isn't smart kid.

monsters come out in the night-time
and knives brandished from behind
back, only to be
stabbed into your own.

although the dark can be a comforting
place,
fears fueled by the unknown.

learn to survive
by your own creation.

because you must live.

to live is equal as to die.

the year and location shall remain disclosed,
as well as names and events that occurred,
everything is eventual here.

nothing is truth and nothing is lies.
there is no true north, nor is there a sense
of time.
there is no rhyme or reason. it is not
madness or paradise, nor is it heaven or hell.

there is no sun and clouds, or stars and moon.

there is no love or hate.

this is a place where there is no god.
no good nor evil, no need for justification
or ramifications. there is no crime nor punishment
there are no mountains or oceans, no rolling
plains or swamps. there is no scent of summer
or the bite of winters icy breeze.
there are no rains that fall and no leaves that
die.
there is no death or pain, no regrets
or remorse. there is no need or luck or skill,
no need for lust or comfort.
there is no age or sex. no empathy or apathy.
this is neither a place nor a destination.

there are no questions and no answers. no titles
or meanings, no anger or greed. there are no ~~**~~
rewards or treasures, ~~no-anger-~~
no darkness or light, but there is one thing.

a beat. a single heartbeat filling the vast expanse
with noise. two hearts beating as one, two hearts
that never die. the two of hearts (a simple playing
card).

this is nothing more than the words from a
writer who spikes his coffee every morning with words
that have no value or meaning to anyone other than
a dying man.

a promise to write. to tell the story, any story, of
love, of hate, of fear, of sadness, of losing
yourself to the unknown.

a void of mystery and amazement,

memories
are a
terrible
and
delicate thing
to have.

but sometimes
the most
damaging to
the soul.

the fault in our lives is
the fact that whenever look
deeper into ourselves
as humans.

human.

whatd does it mean to be?

to be something that has no
instruction manual.

how are we to live our lives
as something that has no knowledge
of how to exist
in this world.

a wound on the face of god.

oh god.

pass the salt and wait for the burn.

cleanse the soul

but remove the cance

(undated)

like a million broken diamonds
tossed into the ether.

a fire burning bright in the
darkness,

making ■ each sliver of light
dance around the room.

forever.

a slow dance of spirits,

the sound of the drums,

hands intertwined

into each other.

this is not a love story.
nor is it a story at all.

it is more than that.
it is an understanding of
human emotion,
finding who you are,
and learning to love
yourself.

it is a reflection in the mirror,
a subtle glance of
understanding.

it is not an instruction manual
on how to live,
but a collective of emotions.

love is just a joke,
so forget anything
you have heard.

have you ever broken a bone?

ever lost a limb for only a small
amount of time?

a temporary setback in life.

or have you ever been broken
in another sense?

so shattered into a thousand
delicate pieces,

you felt like nothing mattered?

the broken are the most
easily fixed.

but the fixed are the most
easiest to repair.

i awoke this morning with

the self intent to kill

myself tomorrow.

i'm perfectly fine with

this as well.

(unmarked journal entry -
early days)

i love/d you, and it still exists.
in many ways though, in ways neither
of us can comprehend.

it's a yearning of being set free
from the restraints of what shackles us
to the walls of our misery.

this is not a poem, this is not meant to
be cryptic, it is meant to be specifically
for you.

in the fact that you'll never see it,
but you know that i am there.
it has been three years since we left
each other's lives, and every day is
even more of a struggle to cope with.

can i overcome it? Yes.
Can i let you go? No. Never.

But will i always love you with all my
heart? Of course.

You may not ever know of these words I
write or even speak in public spaces and drink
over, with these tears running down my face.

But you will always be there, somewhere in the
background, a fn the background, a fading
sunset, a line in a book, a certain
stanza of a song.
you are what makes me want to live each day
and tell everyone else to choose their own d-
estiny, because that is what you
taught me.

How to live my life.
I love you.
And always will.

I love you, and it still exists.
in many ways, I love you.
and it still exists
in many ways, though,
in ways neither of us can remember
to the walls of our misery.

This is not a poem, this is not meant to
be cryptic, it is meant to be specifically
for you.

In the fact that you'll never see it,
but you know that I am there.
It has been there since we left.
each other's lives, and every day is
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You may not ever know of these words I
written even speak in public spaces and drink
over, with these tears running down my face.
but you will always be there, somewhere in the
background, a fading
sunset, a line in a book, a certain
stare of a head.
you are what makes me want to live each day
and tell everyone else to choose their own d-
estiny, because that is what you
taught me.

Now to live my life.
I love you.
and always will.