

Euphoria

*TO THE ONES WHO DO EVERYTHING OUT OF LOVE;
FOR THEIR FRIENDS, FAMILY, ROOMMATES, COWORKERS, ETC.
YOU ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT PERSON!
TREAT YOURSELF WITH JUST AS MUCH LOVE.*

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Product of Aphrodite

*Sometimes it feels like Aphrodite chose me
to carry love through everything I do.*

*Gave me pink heart-shaped blood cells,
sculpted my bones with cursive lettering
and poetry carved into my tongue;
So everything I say is in perfect metaphors.*

*My heart is but a garden of forget-me-nots.
My touch is oven-warm.
Candles, instead of light bulbs.*

*Floating through the dark
pastel purple clouds of time,
accepting that my time is done.
As I see the fairy garden of what is next.*

*I hear him.
An old grandfather clock,
Cronus.*

*So many people are scared of time.
“Time is moving too fast.”
“Time makes things come to an end.”
“Time is limited.”*

*But I see him.
He's but a tiny puppy.*

*Picture this,
The puppy and you are trying to cross the street,
knowing what he's capable of,
do you race him across the street
or do you carry him with you so you both make it
safe?*

*With his gratitude,
he gave me more*

of him.

My Last 7 minutes

*They say that when you die
your life will replay itself for 7 minutes.*

So I'll ask the universe to let me relive

one moment

and one moment only.

*Let me sit here and re-feel all the
fondness and glee we have shared.*

*The beautiful baby blue sky
where the birds play their symphony.
The sun shines bright between the orange leaves
of the large trees hovering above us.
Within the gorgeous green grass below our feet
where you see vast colonies of ants.
The sounds of the softest water falling
from the man-made waterfall behind us,
sounds of the light rails' horn
approaching its station across the way
and faint sounds of rubber rolling down the street.*

*The tiny thunts of children
running on the gray ground
brightened by the sun;
At first glance could be mistaken
for a cotton cloudy white
and laughing their powerful laughs
sounding like music itself.
I watch as the past me closes her eyes,
crossing her legs to feel
the cold silver stone
underneath her and breathing in
the most refreshing air.*

*You took my fingers, intertwined them with yours
as I look into your eyes.
It was where the sky vowed to meet the sea.
So much to learn but how could I ever know
everything?*

Feeling so lost, yet safe in your eyes

I look away.

Into the glass building across

where inside sits a glossy piano

reflecting from the window.

Looking towards the road, where the cars of all

shapes and sizes drive by

the brown metal of the light rail station

where people stand waiting.

I turn to look over your shoulder at the

multi-texture

'Bible Church of Christ',

with its magnificent rusty bell that

rings at the first of every hour.

And the trees giving the homeless man shade,

near the cute couple's usual picnic spot.

*With, once again, the gorgeous green grass
where more life than ever betrayed lives beneath.*

*Looking at anything and everything;
Making sure I know where I am.
Counting every tile on the floor that I can see.
217 tiles before I gave up.*

*Measuring the distance between every light post.
About 300ft, giving it my best guess.*

*I can still feel your eyes on me
but I refuse not knowing where I am.
Knowing if I look at the vow within your eyes
I'll get lost again.*

*Watching a few leaves drift into a puddle of water
to my right.*

*Trying to listen to the footsteps walking by,
running down the ramp and up the stairs.*

Stare.

*I still feel you stare and I finally look.
Still holding my hand so if I fall I know you'll
catch me
and then with the great power of euphoria shining
through my smile
with the scariest of butterflies swarming through
my tummy.*

*You looked me in the eyes and told me you loved
me.*

Now... Now I can die peacefully.

Or so I thought.

Tic Toc

*You see,
I would like to say the clashing and banging of
plates and pans
were the noises my brain made up
and that the music box in my mirror
playing its tiny tune
as I fell into the gray was real
but no.*

*The safest spot is sitting
in the corner of my room.
Diagonal from the door,
sitting on my hands.*

*Seeing every inch of the room.
Hearing every single "tic" from my clocks.
They're out of sync; of course.
It feels more sane to hear
four individual tics
than one tic for four different times.*

Tic Tic Toc Tic Toc Toc Tic Toc

*Every second,
of every hour,
of everyday
and it's warm.*

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