

title here.

emily allison

“be kind to yourself,
the way you would be to
someone you love.”

- *courtney peppernell*

listen to music.
it brings out a whole new side
of you that you
never knew was present.

dedicated to them -

i bleed the blood of
the two of you combined.
without you, my words would
run dry, my skin wouldn't
be my own, the
accomplishments i complete
would be someone else's.

so thank you, truthfully, for
deciding once upon a time to
let me be who i am, but for also letting me be
led by you. you created the
crevasses into the road
that i follow until i'm
old enough to carry the
family legacy on my
own.

mom and dad,
thank you for everything.
i don't say it enough, but i
love you - you are my heroes -
and i wouldn't be here without you.

this book's playlist -

- ♪ anyone else - joshua bassett
- ♪ please - chelsea cutler & jeremy zucker
- ♪ lost in the clouds - benjamin taylor
- ♪ hollywood - modern monet
- ♪ robin hood - anson seabra
- ♪ i'm yours - jason mraz
- ♪ amnesia - 5 seconds of summer
- ♪ from the dining table - harry styles
- ♪ i lost a friend - finneas
- ♪ drive by - train
- ♪ liability - lorde
- ♪ love someone - lukas graham
- ♪ lego house - ed sheeran
- ♪ places we won't walk - bruno mars

for my lone wolves

when i'm
by myself,

extraordinary
things can
happen.

pretty girls -

when i open my lips
and nothing comes out, i
spin circles on my
wrists and press my
tongue to the top
of my mouth.

i can't help but
smile, quench the thirst to
hear my thoughts
outside of my own
head.

she seems to
only find the abilities to
tear the bricks from my
heart, to chunk them

through my eyes and
shatter my means of
self-worth. the
pieces pierce the
fingerprints that she
left, drawing blood that
dries in an instant,
because pretty girls
don't bleed. they don't
bruise or give into the
bags under their eyes

pretty girls strum the
melody of someone
else, their piano tuned to
someone else's song.

the ukulele i pluck on stays
hidden behind clothes that
aren't really mine, alongside
all the words i

ever wanted to say,
written on books i've
wanted to read and
foods i've wanted to eat.

the blood disappears.
right with my
dandelion seeds,
plucked eyelashes, and
the burnt remains of
wishes that are asked
at midnight, when only
God Himself can hear the
whispers that i hold in

all day, waiting for the
moments alone when i
can finally let
everything explode.

it's because of you -

ask me
why i
spend my
evenings in
my room,
door closed,
searching for
satisfaction from
words on
a page.

i bet
you won't
like the
answer.

i want to love him.
i really do.
but the beating in my
chest and the common
sense in my head
stops me from
pushing myself over the
edge until i can learn to
stand on the cliff by
myself.

insanity -

the moment i said

yes

after you

chewed your way

through my ribcage and

into my heart.

every text
from you
sends you
three feet
further away
from actually
coming up and
talking to me .

how can we be
so connected and
disconnected at the
same time?

i spun
wisps of
cobweb memories
around my fingers.

there are
special days
when i
kiss my
own lips and

tell myself that
it's okay to
be alone.

when i
take a second and
draw my
j's and my b's,

my fingers
tingle and my
heart flutters
just a little bit.

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