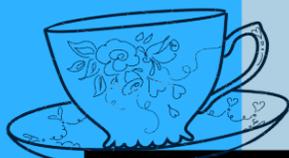


Poetry  
compilation



# THE SAPPHO LINES



Written by  
Lala Barnard

Not that you asked but allow me to explain my Sapio. The word comes from the Latin verb 'sepere' meaning 'to be wise' or 'to have sense'. To me, Sapio, is my safe space where I process through my thoughts, feelings, experiences, confessions & empathetic notions towards others. It's what carries my depth that I best express in writing.

In this compilation, know that every detail was intentional, and every word deliberate. In no way am I a professional in literature but, then again, I was not trying to be. Welcome to my safe space of worded expressions & raw passion. It's raw, darker than most, emotive & layered.

Feel. Deeply.

MESSAGE FROM THE AUTHOR

## Content

### **Interpersonal**

First Impression

Bestseller

Lunar Love

Once a night

Corny

Handwritten

Words

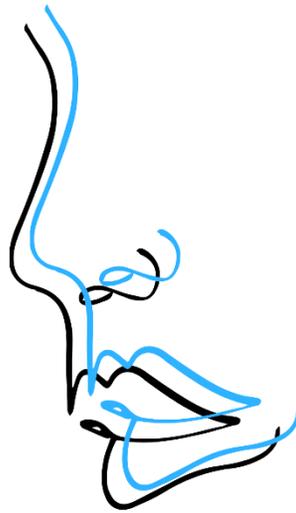
Apology

Informercial

Recognition

Flawed but Unbroken

Thaw



### **Intrapersonal**

Fool for Thought

Memory Aches

The Countdown

Burnt Blind

Unquenchable

A Happy Being

Streetlight Ponder

Defeat

Enough

Heroine

A Good Girl's Rant

Crooked Canvas

Garment Glory

Me, Myself & Why

The Walls in their Ears



*Interpersonal*

*/ɪntəˈpɜːs(ə)n(ə)l/*

*adjective*

*relating to relationships or  
communication between people.*

## First Impression.

“So tell me about yourself”

What do you want to know?

“Anything you want to tell me”

Alright.

I’m a walking constellation of heavenly secrets  
I use my fantasies as an outlet  
These fantasies that breed in the waves of my mind  
I generate desires to feel some sort of something,  
Out of the nothingness I am surrounded by  
From the little time I’ve lived, I can confidently say that I have given  
Not for my own benefit but for the greater good I’m able to play a role in

Unfortunately, I don’t have much to show for it  
But in becoming an enabler to the selfish  
I’m not respected or even appreciated  
Taken for granted, neglected  
But my heart of gold beats through it all  
After it bleeds into healing  
Daring to outlive all the hatred hereditary to their kind  
But foreign to mine

I’m made out of the structure that guards man’s heart and breath  
I have persuaded kingdoms to fall with a gentle kiss  
And have raised kings and princes with the same lips  
Born with an expression of glory they tried to suppress  
With straightened hair and bleached ambition  
I won’t let them  
Loving me ends wars  
Own me and you’ll never know

Was that enough for you?

“Tell me more. Please”

## Bestseller

You would think I'd want to be loved like a bestseller;  
That I would want to be wanted desperately,  
Taken and tucked under his arm,  
Held close underneath, his biggest secret as he passes the gates  
Eager to have me no matter the cost  
To read my every page like I had the cure to his pain.

Or that I would want to be on the shelves of a large library;  
That he would ask where to find me  
In the section *Recommended*  
Once found, he would ignore my folded corners  
And pen marks left by anti-Picassos  
He'd notice the missing page or two, torn from my spine  
And search for it  
And highlight worded strengths,  
Studying me

But no.

No thank you, Thieving Lover  
Your insatiable palms will always itch for more  
Once you're through with me,  
I'd be nothing more than a door stopper  
While you use what you got from me to find better.

No thank you, Learned Lover  
You may know me better than most  
But your quest has not taught you how to love  
Once you're done with me,  
You'll return me to my place on the shelf  
Only to be used again.

Neither would love me long enough for my love to mature.  
Both lack tenacity,  
Of which I'd only blame myself for.

No.

I'd rather be the book on the shelves of your mother's house;  
And feel at home on your fingertips  
Even if I'd only be found on Spring Day,  
When your attention is off the vixens on the screen  
You'd sit under the late afternoon sun,  
Drinking your second glass into adulthood  
Flipping through my pages written in pink sunset ink  
And fall in love with the warrior-crowned-queen

For taming the dragon that held her hostage  
Through her own reflection.

Read me and understand  
Love me and love me more  
Add pages of yourself into me;  
Giving birth to a new story  
That we'll leave on the shelves of our home  
Until the day your son can reach it  
Until the day your daughter asks about it  
The day they find out how to love.

## Lunar Love

I tried to love like my love could change a person,  
The way sunshine makes even the most stubborn of petals  
Bloom with the rest

But all that did was tire me.  
My heat and light constantly consumed  
For their survival  
To give life and be needed to sustain it

Around me planets rotate  
But I'd burn whatever comes close  
To suffer from my imperfections.  
It hurt,  
To be needed but hated.

Instead...  
I light up like the moon  
As darkness sets in  
When even the most vicious of wolves  
Call out to me

In admiration of my existence  
Expecting nothing in return  
In the quiet, still hours  
When nightmares and dreams roam and rise  
Entrusted to me 'til dusk returns

...And once a cycle of waning  
I am missed  
I am called New  
Leaving behind burning points of constellations  
Traced by wandering sailors  
Always in search for more  
Than what daylight allows them to perceive

I'm closer to what I love  
But I disappear  
Into my hiding place  
Until I am filled,  
Rounded with amazement

My love is lunar  
To love me is an act of insanity  
Are you?  
My lunatic.

## Once a Night

And once a night  
I'm a mirror  
Reflecting all his fantasies  
Before him  
Soaking up his sole conversations  
In my heavy, sleepy heaves

Once a night  
I'm marveled at  
Like a dream come true  
Silent and unaware  
That even my imperfections have fallen away

Once a night  
I'm held in prayer  
I turn to gold  
In his arms  
Warmed with blanket aid  
At home.

Once a night,  
All night.

## **Corny**

Let's be corny  
And pretend my voice  
Can travel through the wind  
And find its way to you

How would that help my love?  
How would that satisfy you?  
How would that fill the outline,  
Of what I expect to see when I wake?

To miss you is a sport I'm terribly unfit for  
My arms were not designed to hold an image of you

My kisses must feel the surface of your lips  
To seal the love I've declared  
I may be clingy, I may be needy  
But how else will you know I love you?

If there was any other way to love,  
Would you even believe it?

Neither would I.

## Handwritten

I hope you love n cursive  
That each syllable of expression is wovenly connected with eloquence  
That it decorates the pages of your identity  
Like an invitation to your life  
Like a confession of hope  
Like it was taught to you by an experienced lover  
Who joined souls a lifetime ago  
And has the scars to teach you to avoid them  
And scabs to teach you how to heal  
And when you master each slant and loop  
Understand the value of its permanence  
That breeds in your ink pen  
Write like your words could catch falling stars  
Or cause the sun to rise  
And live forever to warm even the coldest heart

I hope you love in song  
And compose a melody to mend a stuttering beat  
In a tempo that draws air into a dormant spirit  
And when you gain the courage to wave the baton  
Over the deaf ears of the majority  
Let it be as a beam from a lighthouse  
Leading the seeker to you  
I hope you never stop finding new ways  
To say the infamous three-word phrase  
I hope you keep it honest  
And find someone worthy of saying it all to

In your own time. In your own words. In your own handwriting.

## Words

I told him  
About the real me  
The ugly. The unpretty  
The dark sadness that  
Sleeps beneath my skin  
Freezing my core  
That no cup of coffee could cure

He asked if I talk to myself  
I do  
He asked what words I use  
I sighed and said...

I'm kept warm by the rage that burns in curse words  
They express my anger perfectly  
They sting, they cut, they protect

Then came the cleansing  
He kissed the pulse in my neck  
And filled my throat with tingling kindness  
He tired my tongue with his vigor  
And bit my lip to suck the bitter poison of lies life had shown me  
He drained my mouth of angered air  
Almost suffocating me of all I knew  
Til he replaced it with his own  
And let me know I was worth every breath he took

And I learned  
I owed no one words of pain  
As much as no one owed me joy  
And that should words bring life  
Then suicide starts  
In the hurtful words you tell yourself when no one is looking  
And the rude words you say when everyone is.

I wonder if he saw it  
How a layer of hurt  
Slid past the bridge of my nose  
Falling into gravity's grip.  
How it made room  
For more of his words  
In my awakened need for love  
And knowing Myself  
And finding Peace.

## Apology

I apologize,  
For leaving you broke.

You got too used to the wealth  
Of my attention

You swam in the richness  
Of my care

The aroma of my love  
You sucked from the air I breathe

Through your gates of greed  
You miss me...

Like a capitalist parasite  
Craving golden flesh.

I bet you wish I cleared your balance  
That I consumed your credit

With materialism taste.  
That I left you in enough debt

To see the lesser gain  
In losing me.

But you won't.  
Time never guarantees permanence

Time channels change  
In itself, it moves

This time, I moved along with it  
And left you empty

But even so, no amount of emptiness  
Will equal the pain I'm yet to shed

Of being a gem stored in a paper bag  
You wrote your name on

For lunch on any given day  
Again, I apologize

Not because I pity you  
But to share one last lesson:

That none of your apologies healed me either.

## Informercial

Sometimes... I watch him  
I watch him like an informercial  
The kind that plays early in the morning  
Or late at night  
With the man with perfect hair  
Whose voice turns ice to honey  
And could sell fire to the devil himself  
If he wanted to

I watch as he markets myself back to me  
Casting a ludicrous light  
Exposing gold where I saw coal  
Enthusiastically  
Softening my rough edges  
With his manicured words  
Describing how perfect I am  
Having astonishing value to him

And slowly I believe him  
As he profits from my attention  
My mind hypnotized  
Walls breaking down  
Buying into his dream

Such a paradox;  
To dream his dream  
And to be his dream  
Thus, to dream of myself  
And wish for me...to come true.

## Recognition

I'd recognize your scent in a crowd of named strangers  
You'd grab my attention like flower to sun  
I'd bloom in your gaze  
The charge your presence brings  
Like a current on ancient grounds  
You inspire a secret cascade, a plethora of emotions  
No cell could enclose from freedom  
I'm drawn to you like a sailor at sea  
Guided by the North star twinkling in your eyes  
I breathe in heaps of air  
Anything to take in as much of this moment as possible  
I yearn to stand in your shadow  
The closest in seeing your shine

And yet...

You don't even know my name  
I'm but a passing familiar on your contact list  
With no emoji in standing with you  
The one you never think to call in good times or bad  
But 'know of' when questioned

Good.

Perhaps when I lie in this pool of red, filled with the poisoned love I could never offer you  
For your lack of attention on the boxes of preference I could tick for you  
You'll call me beautiful in reply to the sergeant  
As everyone would on the weekend of black attire  
Remember me that way that my memory will never age past my prime along with you  
Though that would be my preferred choice  
...if you had recognized me.

## **Flawed but Unbroken**

We were flawed  
But unbroken  
We made sense  
To ourselves

Impossible to society  
We thrived on that  
A toxic flame  
That reeked of lust

Connected through intellect  
But we loved like fools  
And no one knows as much  
As a fool in love

Attraction...  
And obsession we were too scared to live without  
An addiction that worsened with distance

But we lived  
We were happy

We were.

## Thaw

So dear Seeker  
As you watch her from a distance  
Molding your love  
To be the kind that could heal her  
As you work your courage  
To re-introduce yourself as a friend and then savior  
And daydream of how her heart will thaw at your kindness

Halt.

You're expecting the iciness of a toxic relationship to thaw  
At the presence of pure love  
That broken hearts would melt back together  
At the warm embrace of acceptance  
But that's too logical for a damaged heart to do

It charges at war, calling an innocent lover guilty  
For a predicted crime  
It builds walls of distrust  
It kills itself  
After feeding off the pain it leaves in its wake

Don't hurt yourself. Don't hurt her.  
Love and leave the love behind  
If the love isn't enough to make her happy or you satisfied  
You had your tries  
But it's time you learn that this is no branch of feline  
With eight chances of correction to render the perfect ninth  
Seek further away for someone better to find her

If you love her,  
If you know she deserves better

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

