

BOILED

Sometimes I find myself wishing I could be just like my tea

Boiled and made clean again

Pure, innocent, beautiful, real

It's in those moments that I begin to feel like I am drowning

Moments in which my soul is afloat

My breathing is normal

And my head isn't lacking any oxygen, but still; my heart has managed to plummet

A split second of heartbreak forecasting into eternity

Leaving you to question whether this lump in your throat will forever remain untreatable

Uncured

I find myself carrying this weight as the seasons pass

It's as if I am drowning in a world I will never be a part of

In a world that was supposed to be safe

Where I was taught I did not have the kind of magic that turned a beast into a man

Walking through life as a ghost with no face

You grow up being told that life doesn't have to be something that just happens to us

You're allowed to pick and choose

But I am cold and I am hungry

And I've never encountered such a duplicitous ruse

The sign up sheet was gone

The rainy day of the county fair

Sometimes I'm left to wonder

how much time I would've had

before the water filled my lungs

If

the

paper

would

have

been

there