whiskey words & a shovel

III

r.h. Sin
other books by r.h. Sin

Whiskey Words and a Shovel
Whiskey Words & a Shovel II
whiskey words & a shovel III

r.h. Sin
beneath everything.
love me to the bone
beneath the nerves
beyond my mistakes
beneath my veins
and even as my heart breaks

love me entirely
or not at all
my own stranger.
broken mirrors
keepers of my reflection
shards of glass
on the bathroom floor

I don’t recognize
my own self
my own eyes
look like those of a stranger

as my confusion
stares back at me
trying to make sense of it all

I am a stranger to myself
nightfall.
the perfect distraction from the stars
she made the moon look dull
she kept the sky lit each night
laws in love.

despite it all
she’s brave enough
to love you
reward her with affection
reward her with your loyalty
and truth
in the dark.
I’m hiding behind this smile
and lately
chaos has found its way
into my heart
there’s a shade of gray
that covers my day to day
and fills me with the type
of sadness
difficult to define with words

the darkness hovers over me
like vultures awaiting supper
ever so patiently
as life takes a toll on my soul

nearly out of my mind
and out of control
searching for myself
in mirrors
yet all I see
is a face that I don’t know

who am I
and if I were to lose
this fight
where in the hell
would I go
wrong for trying.
just because you choose a person
doesn’t mean they’re right for you
just because you love a person
doesn’t mean they’re the one for you

so much of what we feel for someone
can be so one-sided and yet we think
that if we give that person
more than they deserve
that somehow it’ll change
the way they feel about us
affirmation.

you are good enough
you are worthy
you are strong
you are beautiful
it’s not your fault
good things are coming
you are so important
you can’t give up now
you just need to let him go
you have to stop beating yourself up
forgive yourself for staying longer
than you should have
you can’t blame yourself
yes, this is a sign
yes, I’m talking to you
life-aches.

the plan was to get better
but there are demons
at every level

the moment you feel like
you’ve won
you then realize that the more you advance
the more you have to lose
and nothing ever gets easier
you just learn better ways
to navigate a life that seemingly
becomes tougher

last year I had nothing
and the emptiness was expected
this year I have more
but the emptiness
continues to haunt me

life is a complex thing
that can’t be solved with things
and maybe I’m beginning to realize
the unimportance of material items

maybe the toughness of it all
is making me stronger
the only one.
genuine love, something real
something to cherish
something worth fighting for

in a world filled with women
I hope you find someone
who isn’t afraid to commit
to a relationship with just you
better.

you invested so much
of yourself into him
and the way
he should’ve felt for you
is the way he’s chosen
to feel for someone else
but you’ll be fine
and you’ll find something better

be strong
consilium I.

the love you deserve
can’t be found
while holding on to someone
who doesn’t deserve you
July 18th 2016.

there are so many firsts
that I’d like to experience
with you and only you

I often felt that I was
always wasting my time
but energy invested in you
in us, is time well spent
with someone who will always
be worth it
savage.

it’s not always pretty
and she’s not always
this picture-perfect bullshit
definition of what’s considered
to be beautiful
but that’s a woman
someone capable of becoming
whatever she needs to be
whenever she needs to be it

sometimes she’s a savage
but only when appropriate
an alpha among the wolves
and when shit gets tough
whenever her life becomes
a war zone
she straps up her fucking boots
and goes to war
she fights, she’s always been a fighter
found.

in silence, we discover ourselves
between the cracks.
she has twisted, dark,
and painful stories crammed
between the cracks in her heart
scattered across the surface of her own soul
stay with her and listen
she’s worth it
she’s always been worth it
Your past.
I shouldn’t be bothered
by the things that happened
before me, before us

and I know that your past
belongs only to you
but it’s your demons
that keep me awake at night

as I search for some sort
of emotional relief
under the moon in the darkness
after life.

I’ve been dying to stay alive
I’ve been dying to survive you
Gods.

good women are Godly
to Samantha.

I’m not perfect
I have many flaws
and you put up with me
regardless
in appreciation for all
that you do
and all that you represent in my life

I give you my truth and my loyalty
I give you my effort and my time

I love everything about you
the way you squint your eyes
and smile when you’re genuinely happy
the way you show concern
and care for those who are close to your heart
and your strength

there is nothing more beautiful than a woman
who continues to fight
despite the chaos and madness
that surrounds her

in more ways than one
I admire you, my love
our love.
she asks for nothing
and so I plan to give her everything
2011.

I woke up one night
in a cold sweat, a nightmare perhaps
I don’t really recall or maybe
I just didn’t remember
maybe I didn’t want to
there was still this sense of fear
surrounding me
I was in a dark place at the time
thinking that I was in love
when truly, I was in hell
regret for breakfast then dinner
starving for something real
holding on to someone who proved
to be fraudulent
most nights I felt empty
desperate to feel something other than pain
exchanging my moral code for pleasure
but as soon as I’d cum
I’d also come to my senses
I wanted more, not only did I need more
but I deserved it
see, I’d given all of myself
to someone who eventually gave me nothing
and I didn’t realize it until the end
of the fucked-up situation
that I regretfully called a relationship

I chose partners based on the way
I felt about myself
and I could only find and appreciate
something real after
loving myself more
the realization.
slowly it begins
you never really see it coming
and before you know it
everything you thought was real
turns out to be some majestic lie
some great big lie
that you believed
because within that lie
lived all the things you wanted to hear
all the fucking things you needed
to be told to you
by the lips of someone
who never really cared for you
in the first place
your heart confused
as your mind then takes on
the task of going to war
with the emotions you cultivated
based on the words
of someone who never meant
the things they said
separation.
broken down by solitude
separated by the silence
she was and still is everything.
she could replace the sun
if she wanted to
because nothing shined brighter
than when she smiled

she was love
and I was ready
for the light
that lived within her
one cold summer.
I was just thinking
or mentally screaming
scratching at the walls
of my own mind

yesterday
you claimed to love me
but today
feels more like hatred

I now find myself
searching for what we were
I’m currently avoiding
the truth in what we’ve become

so cold
so empty
so numb and detached

why does love
feel like death
a relationship
turned funeral
day to day,
one day it won’t hurt as much
as it does now
sometime in the near future
day to day
it’ll get easier
the nights won’t feel so lonely
the mornings won’t be so damn difficult
your heart may ache now
but there’s power in pain
and you’re just getting stronger
understand.
you must understand this
a man will never appreciate
your love
until he begins
to value his own

he will never love you entirely
until he begins to love himself
break us.
sometimes we give them too much credit
sometimes we overexaggerate their power
sometimes they don’t really break you
maybe you simply break yourself
by trying to hold on to them
garden.
her heart is a garden
filled with dead roses
and weeds
from seeds planted
by those who left
these lives matter I.
I’m hurting because
the color of my skin
makes me perfect
for their target practice

I’m hurting because
in killing them
they’re killing me
anger, then nothing.

my blood is boiling
my eyes have begun to water
as my voice begins to crack
my hands slowly shake
and so I place them to my sides

it’s overwhelming
this has been so overwhelming
and difficult

I am so quick to anger
I blacked out once
thank the heavens
for keeping me
in every moment I’ve lost myself

I’m searching for the words
but silence fills me
like air
but the air in my lungs
has begun to escape me
and I fear that in moments
there will be nothing left
false friendship.
friendship is a lost art
the very word
has lost its true meaning
two people
wasting each other’s energy
disguising hatred
with love
masking deceit with fun
and then it crumbles
time begins to test it
and it fails
vs.

she was trying to walk away
and hold on
at the same time
that’s the mind at war
with the heart
please keep fighting.

you couldn’t keep her down
in the midst of feeling broken
the victim
became the fighter
departed.
when silence is
the only answer
it’s over
I think what hurts the most
is knowing the moments of tomorrow
may never come

and so in the present
you find yourself making time
for someone who
can barely find the time for you

I think what hurts the most
is preserving your energy
for someone who would rather
invest their energy into something
other than the moments you’ve vacated
just to make room for them

time is something we find ourselves
taking for granted
time is something
we often think we have
until there is no time left to spend

I think what hurts the most
is the time we invest
in people who refuse to invest
that time back
only after,
you were never as important
to them
as you thought

and that’s what hurts
that’s what makes you
shut down
and shut others out
cultivate.

if what you love
causes you pain
let it go
and create your own peace
May 11th.

he doesn’t miss you
he only sent that text
because he was horny
or lonely
possibly bored

see, weak men
know what to say
to get a woman’s heart going
her mind racing
overthinking

he doesn’t miss you
maybe the woman
he left you for
has upset him
maybe he’s just bored
with something new
and in that moment
he’s ready to exchange it
for something familiar

remember how it was before
remember how he left you
in the middle of that emotional storm
the storm that nearly destroyed you

and now here you are
happiness on the horizon
hands scarred from picking up
the shreds of your own existence

you’re almost there
you whisper to your own heart
you’re nearly there
peace is within reach

your phone lights up
and it’s him

you have a choice . . .
choose yourself
some change.
and you’re so used
to being mistreated
that anything opposite
of what you’re used to
scares you
even if it’s what you deserve
dear Mr. King,

with the mind-set of a King
you raised the princess
that became my Queen
and I love you for that
cloaked.

she buried her own sadness
under the weight of her smile
she buried most of her pain
in a box cloaked by her silence

and she’s reading this now . . .
fed up.
more and more
you begin to value
all of what you have to offer
you become less likely
to share yourself with those
who don’t deserve your time

your tolerance for bullshit
is now at an all-time low
therapy by the books.

deep halls
with books on both ends
I’ve buried so much of what I felt
into the pages of my favorite book

sadness slowly fading
with each chapter I read
my screams silenced
by words that resonate with my soul

a resting place for the words of authors
who seem to understand me more
than my own family and friends

the library is therapy
for those with minds like mine
vitae.
made wiser with heartache
made stronger by pain
absence and peace II.
the chaos left with you
providing a space for peace . . .

it all begins the same
different people
in similar situations
dealing with a pain
that is identical

strangers attempting to survive
the same type of incidents

emotional anguish and stress
psychological pain
the aches of a heart
riddled with cracks
weighed down by betrayal

there's a type of emptiness
that fills the soul
with the departure
of anyone you thought you loved

weird isn’t it
that you can be filled
with the right type of emptiness

the type of emptiness
that leaves a space
or opportunity for something good
to take up residence

all in all
some of what you lose
gives you a chance
to gain something better

in order to discover peace
absence is needed
want, desire, lust.
being wanted is not enough
desire is mostly bullshit
lust is subpar
and oftentimes giving in
means giving up
the best parts of your existence
to those who will later treat you
as if you don’t exist

the same ones who want you
may also intend to hurt you
it’s never really apparent
until the end

friends become enemies
lovers start to feel like strangers
and there’s nothing strange about it

it’s not enough to be wanted
fuck desire, fuck temptation
preserve yourself for those
who deserve you
love and emptiness.

she saw love in empty hearts
classically feeling for someone
incapable of feeling for her

that’s the saddest part of love
being there alone
April 22nd.

she has passion
a reckless devotion
a loyalty that’s unbreakable
and a truth that’s unapologetic

she is love in the deepest form
so beautiful, extremely rare

she is everything she needs to be
in search of all that she deserves
she is you
rebuild.

the beauty in breaking
is that when you rebuild
you’ll be stronger than before
the absence.
even while married
she felt alone
he was there
but fully unavailable
midnight Colorado.
maybe we should have
left earlier
the darkness of the night
attacked the sky
with so much precision

fatigue could’ve been
my enemy
the way it crept up on me
without warning

I was tired
and so were you
those brown eyes
slightly covered
as your eyelids
gave way to the night

with a pit in my stomach
we drove off into the darkness
but I was brave
because you were next to me
the mornings were no longer good and so we stopped
greeting each other

silence became our language
tension was our communication

between the lack of dialogue and the arguments when we did speak

something broke we simply shattered

we were destined for the end left wondering why the fuck we even began in the first place
strange love.
I hope you find someone
who falls in love with the strange
that lives within you
a silent thought.

you’re always hurting me
and yet I’m always the one apologizing
under the veil.
the saddest souls
seem the happiest
I see your smile
I hear your laughter
and yet, I feel your pain
hell of a woman.
chariots could fly
upon your whispers
the ocean made calm
by the sound of your voice

chaos transformed into peace
because of your presence

one hell of a woman
with heaven in her smile
the woman I love.

the wind whispers
her name
and the sun rises
early enough
just to witness
the opening of her eyes

she is love
trapped in human skin
she is love
in the form of a woman
te amo.

I love you
and what that means
is that I promise
to be better than what you’ve had
I promise to give you something
that is completely different
than what you’ve known
a reason why.
nit’s true
isn’t it . . .
you hold on to a person
who creates chaos in your heart
because they weren’t always like that
and you figure that staying around long enough
gives them an opportunity to change

but here’s the fucking truth . . .
they won’t
today then tomorrow.
choosing myself is the most obvious choice
and yet it has become the hardest thing
I’ve ever had to do
going back and forth with my decision to leave
so hard on myself
based on that decision, my future unclear

it’s scary not knowing
what tomorrow will look like
but it’s terrifying
knowing that I’ll waste another day
trying to love the unlovable
the very predictable
the inconsiderate, you
sour nothings.
sleep, dear, he’s no longer worth it
722, in love with my best friend.

it’s so important to find someone
you always want to be around
and I always want to be with her

I can’t imagine a life
where my mornings
don’t begin with her waking eyes
that provide me with some sense
of hope that love is real

I don’t want to imagine a life
where my peace
isn’t dependent on her presence

I trust my ups and downs
in the palms of her hands
and I’m overjoyed
to experience a world
where we’ve found each other
the self-hate.
because that’s what it usually is
and that’s how it’ll always be

the way they treat you
represents their own truth
and mistreating others
is symbolic of self-hatred

with that being said
I forgive you
for not loving yourself
enough to appreciate me
wasting time, making time.
the painful truth
is that you’re constantly
trying to spend your life
with someone who won’t even
give you a fucking moment
of their day

you’ve been trying
to create a future
with someone who belongs
to your past
and you’ve been hurting yourself
by doing so
lost out here.
and here you are
a slave to your own sadness
subjecting yourself to disrespect
self-medicating with alcohol and sex

all based upon the mistreatment
of someone who failed to love you
putting yourself at risk
every time you let them touch you
conversations with good women.

and she told me he loved her
then proceeded to tell how often
he’d fuck other women
several times, more than once

I think it’s fucked up that she accepted
the type of shit
that would eventually
destroy her in the end

she stayed because of a love
that was never really there
good book.

a good book is something
you can reread over and over
yet it never loses its intrigue
that’s the type of love I want
that’s the type of love I deserve
used to it.
you’re so used to being hurt
that you don’t know how to
allow real love in

you’re so used to the heartache
that your heart anticipates being broken

you’re so damn used to the lies
that even the truth appears to be unbelievable
beautiful savage.
she was a beautiful savage
unapologetic but sweet
delicate but tough
brave enough
to walk through hell
in search of her own piece
of heaven
unafraid of the flames
determined to survive
through the things
meant to destroy her
she had the mental strength
of a warrior
as she continued to run wild
on those who attempted to cage
her ambition
she was whatever she wanted to be
she went wherever she wanted to go
in pursuit of freedom
in pursuit of love
in pursuit of herself
fuck those articles in female magazines.
maybe if you fuck him this way
he'll be faithful
maybe if you dress like this
he’ll pay more attention to you

maybe if you change yourself
you’ll change his mind
maybe if you try harder
he’ll make an effort

the truth is
you can’t keep a man
who doesn’t deserve to keep you

fuck any article that tells you
how to keep a man
by making it seem as if you’re the problem

you’re not . . .
beyond her surface.
compliment her thoughts
value a woman’s mind
see beyond your eyesight
feel beneath the surface
every day.

at the end of every day
a woman just wants to feel loved
by the man she loves

it’s as simple as that
it’s not being needy
it’s being deserving
the lie that is love.
most of what we know
about love
has been defined
by a lifetime of mistrust
and disappointment

most of what we know
about love
has been taught
by individuals
who only encouraged our pain

we paint the walls
of our mind
in white
to hide the dirt and the cracks

we suppress the pain of it all
with good memories
slightly exaggerated
to create this picture
too large for its frame

we want love
but we accept hate

we invest energy
into those
who rarely make an effort
we display emotional anguish
in the form of yelling
toward someone who doesn’t
even care to listen

most of what we know
about love is a lie
without permission.

eyes burning, heart sinking
innocence left in ruins
ruined by someone she trusted

what part of no
sounds like yes
blurred lines
and no consent

left aching
with the realization
that this will be something
she never forgets
something she wants to suppress

a nightmare, a living nightmare
wide awake, nowhere is safe
suffering in silence
always hurting but she won’t say
April 18th.

I hope you fall in love
with someone
who hates the same things
as you do

I hope you fall for someone
who understands
why you feel the way
you feel
about certain things
and people
into the night.
I collapse into the night
under the pressure
of my own unhappiness
overthinking
pushing myself further
into the darkest corners
of my own existence

I’ve been smiling
in an attempt to avoid their concern
while trying to learn
to navigate through the chaos
that plagues my life

though genuine laughter
is what I’ve been after
I’ve been unable to find it
and so I resort to a cheerfulness
that isn’t real
the type of joy
I only wish to feel

there is sadness all around us
it follows and swallows us up
us being the people like me

dreading tomorrow and the sorrows
that live within the minutes
of every passing moment
this has become my life
the life of someone who
in a room filled with others
still feels lonely
departure.
you were always the sadness
that I had to let go of
I lost you
and gained a necessary peace
freshman.
college destroyed
whatever innocence she had left
between the nights she couldn’t remember
and the things she wished to forget

she’d forever be changed
by the events
that stripped away the peace from her soul
girls like you I.
the girls
with the biggest smiles
have the saddest stories
hurt.
she did everything
he asked
she gave him everything
she had
and he gave what she deserved
to someone else
a struggle of mine.

it’s only human, you know
sometimes we don’t see things
for what they truly are
we see things for what
we want them to be
and this has been my struggle lately

when you want love
you see it in everything
even when it isn’t there
poetry.

she’s a badass

that makes her poetry
consilium II.

if he doesn’t want a relationship
don’t give him relationship benefits
scarlet love,
pics depicting nudity
in place of words
suggestive and subliminal

it’s late
the moon sits alone in darkness
like you
like us

we meet here
to fill each other’s void
though in different places
the feelings are mutual

staring into the viewfinder
the screen of my laptop
displays you like moving art
emotions in motion
as you curl then arch
I’m in awe of the artistry
your canvas, your figure

miles away but right in front of me
can’t touch but we feel each other
my eyes like heavy palms
resting on your waist
as I watch you

you watch me . . .
wish you were here
self-talk.

some of the most honest conversations
I’ve ever had
were in a room
occupied by just me and my own voice
name the moon after her.
in more ways than one
she’s like the moon
the light within her
shines in complete darkness

she’s a shade of beauty
among the stars
truth in motion.
ignore the excuses
their actions
are their truth
flow.

it came unexpectedly
a river of red beginning to flow
and he’s angry
because of the possibility of no sex

don’t feel bad
for what comes naturally
don’t apologize
for being a woman
August thoughts.

you don’t deserve a lukewarm love
days and nights.
we struggle
we fight
hopeless days
sleepless nights
who you are.
you’re one of those women
who thinks she’s too hard to love
your guard is up
your trust issues at an all-time high
because the pursuit of love
has brought you nothing but pain
you just want to feel nothing
and you numb yourself
by hiding your heart behind the wall
you’ve built out of mistrust
and disappointment
you’re the woman still trying
to piece herself back together
and even so
you’re still the type of woman
deserving of a love that helps
you grow
you still deserve a love that feels
like the love you’ve always
been capable of providing
simple complications.
simple things
will always be made
to appear complicated
by the people who are too lazy
to make an effort

love is a simple gesture
complicated only when
directed toward someone
too lazy to reciprocate it

remember this . . .
sadly lying to myself.
I lied
I never loved you
couldn’t trust you

you once helped me forget
but now you’re just a reminder
a lonely reminder of what happens
when energy is misplaced
and invested into the wrong person

I was in search of love
and you were just the lie
I told myself
to keep from feeling alone
but there’s been this void
in my heart
and I’m no longer using you
to fill it
core beliefs.
the belief that you
are not good enough
will force you
to entertain things
that are not worthy
of your time

the belief that you
are not good enough
will force you
to remain in an environment
that will destroy your ability
to thrive in any relationship
you attempt to create

the belief that you
are not good enough
will force you into situations
that will cause you
to compromise your standards

the belief that you
are not good enough
will keep you from
receiving the type of love
you deserve
new story.

you lost her
I love her
generational curse.

we’ve become a generation
so good at pretending to be happy
that we’ve lost the desire
to actually create true happiness
absence, you.
there’s someone else
where you used to be
your replacement
is fully equipped
with everything you were lacking
and everything you denied me of

the memory of you, of us
no longer hurts me
because I no longer have
the capacity to feel pain

now, overcrowded
and overflowing with peace
because I discovered
the missing piece to my puzzle
in your absence
valid questions.

you fight but who fights for you
you love but who’s loving you
your reflection.
I think she looked into the mirror and saw someone worthy of the love she wasted on others
torches.
burn bridges if you have to
don’t be afraid of the flames

use the fire as warmth
use the fire as a torch
to light the path toward
something better
with someone better
pain is silent.
the worst type of pain is silent
and it hides behind a smile
upon the face of the strongest people
the heart, the lessons.
the heart has to break several times
in order to find hands
strong enough to hold it

this is what life has taught me
and it’s been one of the hardest
lessons to learn

in order to find love
you must navigate successfully
through hate
lacrimae.
use your tears
to drown your demons
under the moon.
there were always those nights
when her mind went to war with her heart
the fight between what she knew
what she felt
and what she had to do
sometimes the hardest decisions
were made under the moon
unhappily happy.
we self-medicate using smiles and laughter
a similar battle.
different people
in different places
upon earth
feeling some of the same things
battling some of the same demons
unshakable.
give me a love
that isn’t shaken
by an argument
or disagreement
give me a love
that doesn’t die
because of time
July 9th 2014.

understand this
read these words
and let them sink into
the depths of your heart

when a man ignores you
that doesn’t mean try harder
it means do better
it means that your energy
is best served elsewhere
her guard.

you criticize her
for having a wall up
you persuaded her
to take her guard down
then you did exactly
what she feared you’d do
fuck you
for hurting the heart
of a woman
whom you never intended
to love
fuck you for making promises
you had no intention of keeping
fuck you
for lying about who you were
in order to get what you wanted
I want what you took for granted.

send her to me broken
and I’ll love every piece of her existence

send her to me broken . . .
I’ll help her forget about you
and all the fucking misfortunes you caused

the only thing wrong with a woman
whose heart is filled with pain
is the fact that she deserves the pleasure
and security that comes from loving
the right person

and I’d like that person to be me . . .
a chance.
be patient
be kind
be understanding
I am worth it
chasing midnight.
I’ve been so tired
from chasing sleep
while running away
from all of my problems
lost love in solitude.
I’m writing this
because it’s difficult
to speak to you

my words either go
unheard or misinterpreted

I keep blaming myself
for your inability to process
the things I’ve expressed

I keep hurting myself
listening to your lies
and pretending to be happy
with a smile on my face
and pain in my heart

I’m writing this
as my heart hardens
and my soul screams

there’s this eerie silence
surrounding me
as I let these words out
and I sit within these four walls
I’m beginning to feel free
I’m beginning to feel like me again

in losing you
I’ll discover me
she, the journey.
she hid so much of what lived
within her heart
behind a smile that at times
appeared to be failing

she built her expectations
on pillars of lies
that at first gave off
the appearance of truth

laughter became a way
of drowning out the silence
that would sometimes
remind her of the things
she’d struggle to forget

but even in her darkest moments
she provided her own light
she became whatever she needed to be
in order to get closer
to a love she deserved
April 30th.
	onight we won’t speak
ourd room filled with silence
only after the tension
that exploded into hurtful dialogue

I’m not listening
speaking over you
because you make me feel
as if my only place is beneath you

emotions bottled up
until the glass breaks

I spill my inner thoughts
across the walls
back and forth until
there’s nothing left

falling asleep
eager to see if tomorrow
we’ll be better
reached the bottom.

I’ll be honest with you
whatever I felt has faded
into the air
or possibly it has sunk
to the bottom of the sea

drowning, always drowning
until I lost the will to fight
no longer able to see the surface
or the purpose of continuing
to fight for us

I’m done, it’s over, the end
waiting for that text.
woke up
and the first thing I did
was check my phone
for a message
that wasn’t there

the afternoon approaches
and still nothing
it’s almost 4 p.m.
my fingers fumble
as I attempt to create a text
nothing profound
something simple
with much difficulty

erasing what I wrote
anxious, overthinking
putting my phone away
reluctantly

the moon is out now
as the darkness hides the sun
and still nothing
and now I feel like nothing
someone feeling something
for someone who feels nothing
or not enough
to be concerned with
whether or not we communicate
waiting for something that won’t happen
losing sleep over someone
who sleeps peacefully
and what hurts the most
is that tomorrow it’ll begin again
this feeling is never ending
this cycle is destructive
be still.
sweetheart, remain still
and be patient
you’ll never have to chase
someone who wants to stay
you’ll never need to compete
for the time
of someone who thinks
you’re important

if they want you
they’ll make an effort
if they love you
they’ll show you
the loyal, the honest.

loyal souls know betrayal
better than anyone

the most honest souls
have been victim
to the worst lies
and the prettiest of hearts
have been through the ugliest shit
all in the name of love
good mourning.

wake up
hurting
uncertainty
stressed
depressed
guarded
unhappy
unable to find peace
unable to find joy
unable to find yourself
or your reflection
in the mirror
wake up
feeling hurt
you’re uncertain
there’s stress within you
depression now lives
in your soul
your guard is up
as you naturally feel this need
to protect yourself from something
or someone, them
you’ve lost your smile
your peace of mind compromised
and the joy of what you knew
has left you
you’ve been losing yourself
you can barely recognize
your own eyes as you stare
into the mirror
that’s not love
you’re not in love
and they don’t love you

remember this
falling loving fighting.
falling for someone
doesn’t mean they’ll catch you
loving someone
doesn’t make them deserve you

fighting for someone
won’t make a difference
if that individual
doesn’t appreciate you

don’t waste yourself
on someone
who obviously wants someone else
a beautiful mess.
messy and imperfect but beautiful
your love
for the restless ones.

if you’re unable to sleep
because of the shit
they put you through
then they’re not worth it
pain by patience I,
just because she’s patient
doesn’t mean you should
make her wait
she is you IV.

and she was driven
by all the things
that caused her pain
as what failed to weaken her flames
became fuel
growing pains.
I spent my early 20s
searching for love
without knowing what
I was actually in search of

feeling things unexplainable
but never substantial
an emotion that seemed to escape me
whenever I thought my grip
was tight enough to keep it

but I didn’t
I could never really love
because as it turns out
I didn’t even know
how to love myself
what occurs.

one of two things
will occur when they’re gone
you’ll either realize
they were never there
or the fact that they’re gone
doesn’t even matter
because some people
are not a loss
ode to Samantha.

oh Samantha, my Samantha
my reason for hope
my definition of love
all I need, capable of providing
the love I deserve
your presence means so much to me
your touch places me on a cloud
higher than nine
and now I’m fine
mind lost in transition
as we move freely in our emotions
oh Samantha, my Samantha
I love you
halfway there.
though darkness
still fills the room
within my heart

I am less sad
when lying next to you
cleanse.

detach from what destroys you
evolving.
stop trying to save her
stop trying to change her
love a woman for who she is
and witness her evolve
into everything
she’s supposed to be
she was grand.

the flowers envied her
and so did the sun
so rare, so beautiful

a grand representation
of what a woman should always be
though some claimed she was damaged
she meant everything to me
self-punishing attitudes.
you can’t keep punishing yourself
for his inability
to live up to the promises
he made to your heart

it’s not your fault . . .
wish, pray, or hope.

I hope you find the strength
to walk away from your past
and run toward a future
where you’ll be treated
like the amazing soul that you are

I know life is short
and our moment here is limited
there’s not enough time
to find all the things you want
but I do hope that you reach
all the things your heart deserves
romanticizing abandonment.
	here is nothing romantic about someone
who takes all that you give them
and walks away as if
you meant nothing
only to return to you
to confess their love
after they’ve lost you

listen and understand
that you deserve someone
who enters your life
and stays

no matter how tough life gets
July 22nd reminds me.
you’re the missing lyrics
to the song that lives within my soul
714.

nervousness subdued
while holding you
anxiety dissipates
as you smile

who knew this child
would be the cure
your head against my chest
listening to the quiet storm
that is my heartbeat

my peace now lives
in our moments together
as your existence
continues to build bridges
toward joy

so small
but so great
a minor
but major

and even though
I’m holding you
you’re actually carrying me
love and its many ways to die.
the death of many relationships
lies in the hands of those
who would rather
hold on to mobile devices
than the hand of a lover
a sober realization.
I thought it was love
and so I allowed myself
to be deceived
by all the things
you helped me feel
fully fatigued.

so very tired of fighting, the end
October 25th 2015.

there’s a certain level of peace
that comes with loving the right person
you feel safe and secure in their presence
because you know that in a world filled
with uncertainty
you can always count on that certain someone
to just be there

I’ve learned so much about love from you
and I’m grateful for the opportunity
to grow more in love with all that you are

nothing is perfect
people aren’t perfect but the fact that you try
you always make an effort and continue to go out
of your way to show me love
is simply proof that you are perfect for me

be with someone who shows you that you deserve
better than what you’ve had
turned off.
I can love you with my entire heart
yet walk away and ignore
your entire existence if you betray me
in a way I deem unacceptable

that’s what happens
when you love yourself more
than the bullshit and lies
others attempt to feed you

after being hurt enough
your emotions become
something like a light switch
and once I’m turned off, that’s it
a garden for Gods.
orange ground
beneath my feet
hand in hand
with my lover

surrounded by rocks
covered by blue skies
holding hawks
by their wings

listening to nature
say things
that only the soul could understand

I’m more alive
than I’ve ever been
here in the garden
of the Gods
consilium III.

it’s simple
you have to stop
wasting your loyalty
on someone who neglects you
heartache and soul mate.

I felt like
you were the moment
and I missed it

you were my moment
and I missed you
a very short tale of sadness.
baby, you define sadness
the longer you stay with a man
who refuses to love you
in a way that makes your heart
feel safe
eligible.
single but worthy of love
and willing to wait for it
peace for the soul.

I thought about you last night
but instead of crying or feeling upset
there was this drizzle of peace
that began to hit the surface of my soul

I made it
without you . . .
I’m much happier
here without you . . .
day drinking.
hurt and hungover
crying Hennessy tears
kill this idea.

death to this idea
that strong women
must sacrifice
their independence
to make weak men
feel comfortable in a relationship
misplacing strength.
just think about it
if you’re strong enough
to tighten your grip
and hold on to a relationship
that hurts you . . .

you’ll one day
be strong enough
to walk away
toward your peace
and closer to someone better
digital relationships.

heart emojis
from someone
who just wants to use you
I miss your text messages
from the same person
who left you
to deal with your feelings alone
I love yous from someone
who made you hate yourself
for catching feelings

welcome to my generation . . .
when love is hate,
a man who waits
until he destroys your heart
to tell you how much you mean to him
doesn’t deserve you

a man who treats you
as if he hates you
only to express how much he loves you
is no longer worthy
of your emotional energy
all ways.

give your heart to a man
who loves you always
in all ways
another illusion.

you were just an illusion
of everything I thought I needed
you were just a lie
pretending to be the truth
December 2nd 2015,
we were strangers
but when I met you
I remembered who you were

I realized that we’ve always
been in search of each other
searching for a love that only
you and I could create together

I’m blessed to have found you
in this lifetime as well as any other

I love you
too late, despair.
fuck you
for arriving too late

what I felt
now lives in the past
behind the loads of shit
you promised

ill intentions
wrapped in beautiful linen
lies mistaken for truth
a love that felt more like despair
midnight bled into morning,
the more you ignore me
the more detached I feel
silence fills the room
as my heart becomes empty
and the sensation of love begins to leave my body
being constantly told how good I am
and yet feeling as if I’m not good enough
taken for granted, mistreated, and/or neglected
takes a toll on the human psyche
it’s draining for the soul
and I don’t have much left
I get quiet because I’m tired
I say nothing because my words
are too difficult for you to comprehend
one day I won’t be here
and you’ll no longer have my feelings to disregard
one night you’ll sleep without me
and the nightmare of my absence
will keep you up all night
one morning you’ll wake up alone
and realize that you lost an entire future
when I walked away
midday woes.
honestly
I just want the love
I’ve given you
icebox.

my heart made cold
by your icy insults
emotion no longer present
and so I give you my absence
what are we?
death to the idea
of being loyal
to someone
who refuses to define
the status
of the relationship

death to the idea
of giving your all
to someone
who refuses
to provide you with
what you deserve
observations.

we entertain chaos
in relationships
because we love that feeling
of resolving issues
making up
and being able to successfully
get back to a place of peace

and sometimes
while arguing, fighting each other
we’re essentially fighting
for each other
blindsided.

it’s almost as if
he encouraged you
to feel something
and as soon as you caught
what you felt was love

you were blindsided
with pain
facing the fact
that you allowed yourself
to feel for someone
who cared nothing for your heart
322 2016.

my heart belongs to you
I know it’s not easy loving someone
like me
I have a certain type of tint to my soul
which makes it more difficult for others
to see inside

I lived most of my life as a madman, perfectionist,
and/or tortured artist
obsessed with the details of the things
that I’m passionate about
and this may explain why I obsess over you

tomorrow makes 27 years on earth for me
and in all my life
I’ve never known something so beautiful
and precious
in all my life I’ve never seen such beauty in one person

in a world where many
have disappointed me
you are the one person who has never let me down

I’m grateful for our union as a couple
and our partnership in life
I love you . . .
go-between.

between the pain and the guard
she keeps in front of her heart
is a woman worth fighting for
winter blue.
sometimes sadness
is the only way out

painful is the path
that leads to something better
girls like you II.

the girls
with the most scars
have the greatest stories of strength
2 a.m.
declare victory
don’t let him break you
5 a.m.

love her

like you’re losing her
March 22nd 2012.
screaming in silence
crying within
while wearing a smile

the sun begins to set
the sky barely lit
caught between the fading light
and darkness

feels like a metaphor
for my life
or even yours
anticipating something better
as it would seem
the impossible is what you’re waiting for

I feel it too
life is a noose
with nothing new
different day
same emotions

false claims of love
filled my heart
all because I kept it open

so much for hoping
so much for trying
living on promises
but they were broken
your lies
my denial
your love
filled with hatred

my eyes
swelling over
crying rivers of deceit
and I hate it

feeling like life is over
but we’re alive
we always make it
the next time someone
offers you a love less than yours
you no longer have to take it

so as the sun sets
on my life once again
you and I are not alone
in this moment
we are friends
the free spirit.

you could never cage her
she ran wild in search of freedom
in search of everything she deserved
she belonged to no man
she belonged to herself
722, faith.

I saw an angel for the first time
the very moment
my eyes opened
and witnessed
this brown-eyed
soft-voiced woman
uttering a prayer
that included my name

I saw heaven
in the way her lips moved
I found religion
in the words she spoke

I found faith
in her tone
I know love
because of her
stopped believing.
I followed my heart
in my walk toward you
and somewhere along the way
I lost the most important thing I had

... that belief that I deserved more
that belief that maybe you were never the one
while she sleeps.
the moon whispers your name every night
my heart pulsates, aching for you each night
I’m watching you sleep and now I know what angels look like when they rest their wings
love unfolds itself during this hour and me myself, I am most vulnerable hours before the sun rises
I miss you but you’re here, silence fills the room, my desire for you . . . so loud
I love you
even during the worst terms, bad times, not just when things are good
for every bit of this life, I love you
for as long as I live,
I love you
and in the next life, the next time, my love will remain unchanged
so if my chance of tomorrow never comes
and my time ends before I awake, let this be a long-lasting testament of how much I love you
June 10th 2016.
I don’t think you understand
the impact of your ideas and thoughts
mostly negative
leaving your tongue
sitting on your lips
pushed toward my ears
finding their way to my heart
causing ripples in my soul
I can recall the day
or the way
the letters you used
to create words
that would somehow
change my entire life
though not in that
particular moment
it is now evident
as I type these words
it is evident as I sit here
under the moon
sitting on a past
filled with pain
and confusion
or this delusion
that the things you
creamed
or did unto me
passive aggressively
somehow were the truth
or that I deserved them

how wrong were you
and so wrong was I
untitled.
your ex will always try
to reappear
once he sees you wearing
the smile he often destroyed

especially when that smile
is because of someone new
flames in the distance.
there’s not enough paint
to cover these walls
where I carved our names

and so as I light this match
tossing it upon this gasoline-filled room
tonight, what we were
goes up in flames
our love in ashes
our love to dust
more of less.
metaphorically
we died
and everything we were
was just a cold fucked-up memory

you became an afterthought
and I was left to repair
the scars you left upon my existence

your love was a piece of shit
and simply less than I deserved
722 the cure.

in search for a cure
and the universe
prescribed her to me
and on her label it read
"take me . . . twice a day"
yet I often found myself
overdosing on her
fragments of pain.

the pulse of my heart
screams for some sort of change
or indication that things will get better

I hold on to hope
but I’m losing my patience
I’m losing my mind
I’m losing myself
wet lips and fingertips.
my cold hand
on her warm thigh
silence was our song
this woman
was something rare
the way she created waterfalls
on the tips of my fingers
me for you.
maybe I’m your one
we are one and the same
in search of the same thing
in search of one another
majesty.
she was King
a ruler on her own
not that easy.
so easily
he walked away
don’t make it easy for him
to return
mountain high.
and I believe
that she hid her heart
on a peak of the highest mountain
away from those
too weak to make it to the top
the right intent.
you can forgive
without taking them back
and just because you walk away
doesn’t mean you no longer care

sometimes love is one-sided
sometimes what you give
gets taken but never returned
and those situations
usually scar the human heart
for a lifetime

it’s okay to walk away
from a promise of love
that was broken

it’s okay to turn your back
on someone who pushes you away
without concern of what you feel

it’s not you
you’re not the problem
you had the right intentions
but your love was just given
to the wrong person
still learning love.

don’t build your forevers
on the foundation
of temporary people
undivided.

you’re not jealous
you’re not insecure
you deserve a man
that won’t force you
to feel like
you have to compete
with other women
722 days.

put your love
on top of any mountain
and I will climb it
drop your love
into the ocean
and I will find it

dthis is
my love
for you
February 2015.

while they only wanted

to observe her on her back

I wished to see her on her feet

and as they tore her down

I’d do anything to build her up
I am restless.
your own memories
betray you
becoming silent threats of pain
destroying that bridge
that often leads to peace

the more you remember
the deeper you dig your own
emotional grave
too many, too often.

how many women are told
that they’re different, special,
and beautiful yet continue
to get treated like shit
by men who compliment them
several dead ends.
we get together
based upon some fucked-up
shallow reasoning
exchange I love yous
like it’s just something to do

we fall into each other
instead of falling in love
in selfishness
we use each other physically
suppressing the urge to actually feel

and then it’s finished
it’s over before it truly began

how sad is it
that so many of us
are content
with dead-end relations
when he loves.

a man in love
will never pass up
an opportunity
to be in the presence
of the one he loves

a man in love
will never give
the one he loves
any reason to question
his commitment

a man in love
will always choose
the one he loves
without hesitation
or regret

does he love you . . .
poetic apology.
apologize in the form
of pleasure
every stroke
will whisper "I'm sorry"
death all around her.
dead relationships linger
all around her
in the form of gifts
given in hopes of receiving
something in return

love letters written
under the influence of lust
and nothing more

designer bags
as hush gifts
expensive apologies
for getting caught
and pictures
of people she cared for
now strangers
who only remember her
when they want something

death all around her
in the form of everything
she should forget
or throw away

it’s no wonder
her future suffers
buried by
the dirty demeaning men
of her past
pain by patience II.
a woman’s patience shouldn’t equate to pain and suffering
just because you know she’ll wait
doesn’t mean you should make her
journal entry.
this morning feels different
there’s a slight silence in the air
but my troubles are still here
weighing me down
like a kettlebell sitting on my chest

I went to sleep last night
with this thought
that everything would be okay
once the sun had reached its peak

I should’ve known
that my pain would grow
fed by late nights of overthinking
and falling asleep after drinking

my soul at war with my heart
my heart at odds with my mind

they tell me each day is filled with hope
but every day, I feel hopeless
trying to piece together
all the parts of me
that have been broken

sometimes life is hell
and I simply survive the flames
sometimes I feel uncertain
most of the time, I feel afraid
the unknown lurks
in circles
then hides in the darkest corners
in every place that I inhabit

I want to leave
I want to stay
I want to give up
but maybe I should try

most of the time
I’m fighting against myself
I’m fine
but that’s a lie

most of the time
we’re fighting
scratching and clawing
simply trying to survive
self-replenishing.
don’t forget about your magic, sweetheart
don’t forget about the many battles
you’ve survived
the many obstacles you’ve broken through
don’t forget about your ability
to see beyond your obstructed view
right now the only one who can provide
what you deserve
is you . . .
angry.

people will upset you
then label you with having
issues with anger
the hopelessness.

I’ve been suffocating beneath
this idea of a love
that you’ll never be able to provide
grave garden.

stop planting yourself
in dead gardens
brown liquor girl.
she was Hennessy
in a teacup
something wild
but safe
someone strong
and beautiful
roses in the summer.
bloodred petals
scattered across the floor
like beautiful fallen angels

roses in a glass vase
filled with murky water
stems drowning

in many ways
these roses represent
what we were
and where we are now

once beautiful
now dying
all of the people.
I think we’re all
just trying to survive
the impact
of falling for someone
incapable of catching us

I think we’re all
just trying to survive
the death of a relationship
filled with empty promises
and bad intentions

we’ve been faced
with the task of making sense
of a reality that was really a lie
I am, you are.
I am enough
just not for you

and that’s okay
the contradictions.

how can he be interested in you
when he rarely makes an effort
how is it that you call it love
when you always feel
as if he hates you
June 4th 2016.

I wake up to her asleep
lying beside me
I sit and wonder
about what dreams
she’s creating

TV playing
whatever movie
we fell asleep to

she’s beautiful
me, watching her lips
as she breathes through

I lean in closer
just to whisper
"I love you"
November 2013.

your lover can never
be taken away from you
and if for any reason
he walks away
for someone else
that person never deserved
to be claimed by your heart
ungrateful unworthy.

stop fighting for appreciation
leave the ungrateful
the best days of your life
are hidden behind
the worst moments
you’ll eventually
survive through

best days.
most importantly, quality over quantity, place more importance on who deserves you instead of who simply wants you to be desired is nice but to be loved is beautiful
a memory.

guard your memories
they last forever
consilium IV.

you shouldn’t have to use sex
to get him to pay more attention to you
a New York summer.
the weather in my heart
is changing
as the atmosphere in New York
inches closer to summer
I feel cold
I feel more like winter

an overwhelming silence
surrounds me
so heavy
weighing down on my soul
I’m running out of patience

frustration is the only thing
I’ve been able to feel lately
disappointment has become the new normal
as I sit in anticipation of all the things
that most likely won’t occur
mostly the things which
I desire the most

there’s this aching in my heart
as I sit here
typing this as a reflection
of what my emotions
would look like
if placed in front of a mirror

I looked into a mirror this morning
and barely recognized myself
as the smile that I so often
use as a mask
has all but melted away

I feel used, I feel overlooked
I feel more and more
like the worst version of myself

and now I know why people change
now I know why someone with the biggest heart
would rather close themselves off
from the world

now I know what it feels like
to give everything
and be shortchanged
by the person you’d do everything for

the weather in my heart
is changing
I feel cold
life force.
she is life
drink from her
taste her in ways
that make the hair
on the back of her neck stand
touch her as if
you’ve gone your entire life
without something or someone to hold
love her with the type of force
that causes her legs to tremble
as she willingly arches her back
welcoming you
she is life
drink from her
taste the future
as it drips down
her inner thighs
eulogy.
everything that I do
every memory that I create
is a detail in my eulogy
a proclamation of where I was
and who I became

in morbid humor
satire mostly
we’re all just living to die

writing the novel of
our own lives
a book best received
during our funeral
in a room filled with people
who more than likely care
about the story being told

and so I continue to write
until the final draft
until my deadline
leave and loss.

leave and they’ll search for you
in everyone else and fail

dthis is when they’ll understand
what they lost
some suggestions.
read more books
drink more water
ignore more texts
say no more often
and put yourself first
as the sun rises.
but haven’t you noticed
you’re more like the sunrise
not everyone will see value
in your presence
not everyone will wake up
early enough to appreciate
the sight of you
and that’s okay

your light
is not for everyone
January 17th.
she was a giver
she had the biggest heart
she was affectionate
she was often taken for granted
she was the one who felt as if she loved
too hard

she was the one picking up the pieces
of her own heart
in hopes of starting over
after you left her broken

she was the one
you should’ve married
now she’s the one
who will wear my ring
January 18th.

way too often
weak men waste
the energy of a strong woman
new bridges.
bridges will be burned
but stronger ones will be built
upon their ashes
24 hours.

one day your mind
will replace the thoughts
he consumed

one day your heart
will stop mentioning
his name

you have 24 hours
of each and every day
to get over the hurt he caused

take all the time you need . . .
currently you.

too many good women
stuck in unhealthy relationships
waiting patiently for something
that’ll never happen
these urges.
most nights
I crave the softness
of her inner thighs
against the sides
of my face
closer to more.

the moral of this story is
I was honest
you lied
and there was nothing left to say

I left you behind
in order to move forward
I walked away
to get closer to something better
portray 722.

paint me into your future, please
last night I dreamed about my own death
and so I count down to my own demise

things changed the night we met
conversations shared over text
social media flirtation
notifications telling me that you replied
I don’t think you realize
how much that night
changed my life

paint me into your future, please
your words like paint
your actions, the brush
your love the canvas
illustrate me there and help me live
a bit longer

paint me into your future, my love
let me spend whatever time I have left
with you, in your embrace
our faces touching, the points of our noses
colliding with ease
your eyes are closed but mine are open
I don’t want to shut them
in fear of missing something
that I should see

paint me into your future
until we’re old and gray
our skin wrinkled by time
the time I thought I’d lose
before you entered the picture

paint me
paint you
paint us, please
more rules.
love her
marry her
and never stop dating her
sometimes, the brave.
sometimes the bravest thing to do
is to finally give up on those
who continue to quit on you
ladylike.
she’s ladylike but likes to fuck
and enjoying the act
doesn’t make her a whore
she likes what she likes
the specifics are for her to know

loving sex doesn’t destroy
a woman’s standards
possibly.
maybe she built that wall
in front of her heart
in order to save herself
from the pain
that she’s grown familiar with
heightened flames.
there’s fire within her
don’t try and put it out
just add to it . . .
the right now.
at some point
in your life
you’re going to have to start
demanding what you deserve
and be willing to walk away
if what you require
can’t be provided
journey toward self.
I later learned
to appreciate the absence
of those who failed to
cherish my presence

alone, through self-discovery
I learned to love myself
even the parts of my soul
that were often overlooked
and taken for granted
as I listened,

conversation leads to old
the past resurfaces unexpectedly
and I’m reminded
of how much of your life I’ve missed
I’m reminded of how many moments
I wasn’t able to be a part of
most of which may never occur again

the girl I know
is someone else at times
different from who others know
and I’m trying to figure out what version of you
I’m actually getting
and why for some reason
you could only be wild or free, untamed
or slightly reckless
with so many people other than me
. . . the one you love . . . now

watching others almost forget
the happenings of certain events in your life
as you go back and forth
about a detail they weren’t aware of
at the time

"but you were with someone else"
they say
making admissions without any signs
of guilt or regret
as I’m forced to think to myself . . .
what if it were me
what will occur when certain people
from your past
suddenly believe that you were the one
after making you secondary for most
of their lives

those same people
who caused you to easily
shit on whatever relationship
or situation you were in at that
particular moment

then I drift into our past
remembering the fragments
of trust that have been broken
between you and me
the times you’ve either kept something
from me or went behind my back
to do something you knew would hurt me

some of the same names pop up
as I watch your eyes slowly stare off
into the distance
as you recount what happened
while keeping certain details to yourself
locked away in secret
just as you often do

talk of exes
the ones I was aware of
or the ones who were never made important
until that very moment

where you were
the things you did
and all I could do is sit there
in silence and smile
as if it didn’t bother me

but I’m human
and I’m in love
trying to figure where I fit
because in that very moment
there was no room for me . . .
7:36 p.m.
cheating is not a skill
it’s a handicap
incapable of loving.

you’ve been dating your self-esteem
when you’re incapable of loving yourself
you’ll place your heart in the hands of those
who are incapable of loving you
eye of the storm.
that’s the thing
in order for the heart
to conquer pain
it has to first confront
everything and everyone
who attempted to destroy it

and if your soul
was strong enough
to withstand the winds of betrayal
you’ll find peace and clarity
as you look into the eye of the storm
2009.

she’d complain about the mistreatment
and I’d ask her when it started

she stopped coming around
and I’d ask her where she’d been

phone conversations got shorter
the text messages barely came
and I began to think that I’d said
something wrong

I ran into her a few months ago
but I barely recognized her

she dropped something
and as she picked it up
I noticed all the bruises
by her waist and on her back

I wish I would have said something
I saw the hurt in her eyes
but I was always distracted
by her smile

I wish you would have told me
I wish I would have asked
I wish I would have tried harder
to be there
I wish you would have left
this is what I think
every time I visit the cemetery
to see her
all for self.
be good to yourself
you’re the only you
you’ll ever get
July 13th 2016.

peaks in the distance
rolling mountains for miles
I fell in love with the springs
of Colorado
beginning to end.

it wasn’t love
I was just comfortable
with being yours for the moment
and you were just content
with what we were and what we became

no longer lovers
falling asleep apart
living like roommates
and sometimes strangers

where did we go . . .
I barely noticed
what was happening
until it happened

I turned to look
and you weren’t there
you came home
but I had already left
these lives matter II.

every time this happens
I see my father
I see my brother
my friends
at times, I see my would-be son
and then I see myself

humanity is a lost art
a lost practice
an endangered idea

as I observe my brothers
my sisters
your mother or your father
being slaughtered
by those who should have kept them safe

left to be witnessed
by a community already hurting
left to be witnessed
by would-be victims
of inhumanity

disregarded, disrespected
killed, then reduced to a hashtag
because of the color of their skin

stop killing us
girls like you III.

you’re patient
and so your heart puts up
with so much shit

you’re strong
and so you’re able
to hold on
even when you should let go

you’re in love
but you’re in love
with a lie
filled with empty promises
and betrayal

girls like you
deserve the type of love
that makes you feel secure
and safe within your emotions

girls like you deserve
a love that fills you
to the point at which you overflow
with joy

girls like you
deserve a love
that reminds you
of how rare your existence is
midsummer retrospect.
not everyone you claim
to be close to
is an actual friend
and this becomes more apparent
as progression finds you

those friends become leaves
slowly falling to the ground
as you achieve success

the more your life improves
the less likely
those friendships last
Times Square.

standing in the middle of Times Square
on a Friday night
just me, my lover, in the middle of it all
witnessing lost souls in miniskirts
and creeps who only appeal
to any woman inebriated
by dark liquor and loneliness

time that used to be me
a child of the night
sending what’s-her-name
on a walk of shame

wasting away
in search of something
that turned out to be myself

and there I stood
in the middle of a light show
that seemed more like a shit show

she’s unable to walk
twisted filled with drinks
unable to make the right decision
becoming prey
to the hunters in fitted caps
fake jewelry and designer labels

the night bleeds into the morning
and I hope you’re drunk enough to forget
what he won’t remember
a night in.
I think I used going out as a distraction
from the loneliness I felt
but I’d be sitting dead center
in a dark room, drinks flowing
music blaring
feeling more alone than I’d ever been
surrounding myself
with lonely strangers just as lost as me

I don’t miss the nights
looking for some stranger to help me self-medicate
the trauma of having no one to go home to
or no one to share my life with
sometimes I lie here next to my lover
and think to myself
how good it feels to choose staying in over
any nightclub and how good it feels
to spend time with someone who actually
deserves mine
the solitude,
there’s something beautiful
about the solitude
that settles in your heart
after you’ve accepted
the imperfect ending
of something you thought
would last

master the task of being alone
take advantage of those silent moments
created by the realization
that the person you care for
is no longer deserving of your effort
consilium V.

save your energy
starve his ego
stop entertaining someone
who amplifies your pain
long distance made short.
I met a girl
who shared the same
sadness as I

glowing skin
a fragile smile
with a brown tint in her eye

we fell in love
before we should have
in love so deep
like ocean’s blue

we buried seeds
of what we wanted
something so small
and then it grew
great pain.

the greatest pain
produces
the strongest hearts
the infinite.
she needed nothing
from no one
basking in her own independence
comfortable within her strength

she was the type of woman
who made weak men uneasy
she was the type of woman
you couldn’t flatter
with a simple compliment

because she was more
than what met the eye
as her true value
was always infinite
to Frank,
more than a father
you are King
guardian of the woman
who later became my Queen

I am grateful
for your hands
because you held her

I am grateful for your mind
because you taught her

and I am grateful for your heart
because the love you gave
is the love she’s given unto me
a Sunday afternoon.

a relationship without loyalty
is like a body with no soul
July 2nd 2016.
a man who waits
until he hurts you
to tell you how much
you mean to him
doesn’t deserve
your emotional energy

change the locks
to your heart’s door
and move forward
with your life
rose garden.
the garden in her heart
is filled with dead roses
different versions of love stories
that seem more like nightmares

lessons in the form of heartache
lessons in the form of everything
that would otherwise destroy her

but even though it hurts
and even when it falls apart
there she stands
refusing to give in

a crown made of flowers
a smile filled with strength
he can’t love you.
   you can’t force a man
to see you
for who you truly are
when he’s blinded
by his own immaturity

   you can’t force a man
to provide the type of love
he’s incapable of giving

   you’ll never have to force
the type of love you require
with a man who deserves
to be a part of your life
travel with or without.
see the world
with someone
who is honest
loyal and considerate
in terms of your feelings

see the entire world
with someone
who truly loves you

and if you can’t find that
see the world by your damn self
the unfortunate truth.
what’s unfortunate
is that we place more value
on our feelings
than our bodies
when both are just as valuable

people would rather catch
something that can’t be cured
than catching feelings
and as much as I’d like to laugh
at this logic
it’s honestly just sad
building your own peace.
in order to find peace
you must begin to say no
to anything or anyone
who doesn’t deserve a yes

and you must do this always
without apology
and with confidence
the rules.
I was taught by a woman
to never allow my woman
to feel threatened by another woman

I was taught by a woman
to never allow a woman
that isn’t my woman
to feel more important
than the woman I love

these are the rules
unbreakable, these commandments
taught to me by a woman
value the teachings from a woman

consilium VI.
refuse to be someone’s hobby
you are not just something to do
heaven, whiskey, and her.
cranberry and whiskey
heaven in a tall glass
as I struggle to type these words
on the laptop she bought me

she’s just sitting there
phone in hand
Veronica Mars playing in the background
and all I can think about
is the way that green dress
hugs her thighs in a way
that really speaks to my fantasies

with clean hands
and a dirty mind
I struggle with sober thoughts
as my thinking sinks
into a pool of liquor

my first book is a bestseller
my second book finds life in June
and all I can think about is
what type of ring
I should buy her

she’s been working out more lately
and her fingers are slightly thinner
so the size that I have
may no longer be valid
all this while sipping 
cranberry and whiskey 
I’m in heaven 
with this glass, next to her 
I am one lucky man
the ending.
what if this is the last book I ever write
what if every passage or poem
printed on these pages
are simply my way of saying good-bye
without actually realizing it

this beautiful journey
reaching some sort of stop
which causes me to unpack
the heaviness that has often
filled my heart
weighing me down
causing me to sink
into an abyss

what if these what-ifs
become a reality
and my voice is silenced
fingers unable to type
mind no longer able
to think the things
that you relate to so much

if this is that
and that is this

thank you . . .
thank you for giving me
your undivided attention
thank you for allowing these words
to touch the innermost parts of your soul
	his is where we leave it all behind
this is where we bury the pain of our past
this is where it ends
	hank you and good-bye . . .

maybe next time I’ll . . .
index.

#.
2 a.m.
5 a.m.
7:36 p.m.
24 hours.
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722, in love with my best friend.
722 our love.
722 the cure.
2009.
2011.

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a beautiful mess.
absence and peace II.
absence, you.
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after life.
a garden for Gods.
all for self.
all of the people.
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another illusion.
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a similar battle.
a sober realization.
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a struggle of mine.
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August thoughts.
a very short tale of sadness.

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incapable of loving.
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in the dark.
into the night.
I want what you took for granted.

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\text{January 18th.}
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\text{journey toward self.}
\text{July 2nd 2016.}
\text{July 9th 2014.}
\text{July 13th 2016.}
\text{July 18th 2016.}
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\text{June 4th 2016.}
\text{June 10th 2016.}

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\text{ladylike.}
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\text{leave and loss.}
\text{life-aches.}
\text{life force.}
\text{long distance made short.}
\text{lost love in solitude.}
\text{lost out here.}
\text{love and emptiness.}
\text{love and its many ways to die.}

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\text{May 11th.}
\text{me for you.}
\text{midday woes.}
\text{midnight bled into morning.}
\text{midnight Colorado.}
\text{midsummer retrospect.}
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\text{mountain high.}
\text{my own stranger.}
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the lie that is love,
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the realization,
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under the veil,
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unhappily happy.
unshakable.
untitled.
used to it.

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\[\text{vitae.}\]
\[\text{vs.}\]

\[\text{waiting for that text,}\]
\[\text{want, desire, lust.}\]
\[\text{wasting time, making time.}\]
\[\text{wet lips and fingertips.}\]
\[\text{what are we?}\]
\[\text{what occurs.}\]
\[\text{when he loves.}\]
\[\text{when love is hate.}\]
\[\text{while she sleeps.}\]
\[\text{who you are.}\]
\[\text{winter blue.}\]
\[\text{wish, pray, or hope.}\]
\[\text{without permission.}\]
\[\text{wrong for trying.}\]

\[\text{your past}\]
\[\text{your reflection.}\]
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amanda lovelace

rest in the mourning

r.h. Sin

milk and honey

rupi kaur

#1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

i love my love