

on poetry and lying

that's it.

i'm done trying to write  
beautiful poems

i'm finding writing so intimidating  
now and i wonder  
*have i ever really changed?*  
even after all this time  
i still have too many  
cold thoughts  
and no warm words

and if my words are power  
then i don't want mine to  
hold grudges over me.  
because if i don't  
believe the things i say  
it makes them seem more true.

and yet truth be told  
there was this summer moment  
when i breathed in  
with the sky and that  
carbonated june breeze  
spilled down those blooming hills

and that rippling static of a storm  
finally sputtered to stillness,  
and now i'm realizing that  
it's just me and my words  
tonight, and it's january  
but i can still feel the breeze.