

What do you do when the sky is blue
But your heart is too
And you haven't got a clue
Who and what to listen to

When arguments fill your head
And everyone is mad and you start to dread
Hearing two of your favorite people clash
And seeing all of your efforts discard into ash

When a brother is close but says he might leave
But then doesn't because he has too much here to relieve
Of frustration and pettiness and poking of all
Too much here left for him to unthaw

When you seem stuck in the middle with no place to go
Watching forward with eyes that seem to know
Outcomes in the future that can come to be
But you shut away because you refuse to see

When you're up in your room, alone at night
Wondering how you can make it right
If you would ever take the first chance to flee
Or if you would stay even after you got your degree

When walking downstairs seems like a chore
And everything you do feels like a bore
Nothing can ever fill up your heart
Broken and discarded and falling apart

Not of romance, not of school,
But of a family and tension's duel
When you don't know if what you said was really that cruel
Or if the receiver was just taking you for a fool

And that receiver is someone very close
Who has lost more than you could ever know
Barely floating onto the coast
Of hope and comfort that we should have diagnosed

But we didn't and now you think you're too late
Apologies and faults hang in the state
Of borderline feelings and emotions at risk
That you are not sure if you can whisk

Away to the night and demons in sleep

That they confront every night, moments to weep
You feel you are right but then you feel you are wrong
But you look at their face and you question it all

Because if they are the victim, and I am the foe
Then why does it feel like we both have so much to woe
Years of regret buried in deep
Lost in years of their disappeared sleep

When you look at the muddled words of the two
And you question if it was all because of you
And your thoughtless motions and moves
That did more than you thought to choose

When others say, the most similar and closest of all,
Your brother, always eventually there when you call,
Might leave and go on his earthly ways
While you are left behind, here forever to stay

If everyone is to find their own
Then how come the receiver seems so alone
Wrapped in a house full of an additional three
While I know I could never even get someone free

This may be the present, that may be later,
But combined, they scare you more than ever,
But all in the end the only thing that is true
Is that every each day, I never know what to do

Sometimes I question the meaning of life
When everything is over, will what I have done suffice?
Will everything be alright?
Will my family look at me proud, and say I have done right?

I'm not sure what to do most of the time
If I should strive to do better and better and better
--But if staying steady is not such a crime,
Then can I sit still and enjoy the weather?

Should I not be afraid to die having done nothing
And should I be proud that I lived being happy
No matter what life I was living?
No matter if I was rich or shabby?

What if I do not accomplish great things in this world?
Then what is my worth, when nothing of me is preserved?
Should I be content with the fact I was happy,
Or should I mourn over the loss of the things I could be?

Thunderous heartbeat in the night
Looking left and right
Nowhere to see, nowhere to roam
I wake, desolate and worn
Shaking, desperate, but I am soothed
Staring at the sight of what is you
You are gone, always there
Sound asleep without a care

If I was more like you, could my thirst be quenched?
If I was more like you, could I mend
All of my broken failings and flaws
Which you overlooked without a thought

I am lucky, I surmise
You are stupid, you advise
I say nothing, but do pretend
That I agree and move on like we will never end

You place more faith than I ever could
In eyes broken more than they should
What if my sight fails me again
And I trust in rumors and deceit that were spread
When a person with so much time I spend
Looks at me and tells me something so plain
That I just have to believe in vain
It has to be true, they seem so sincere!
But they are not and I was just a mere
Other, trapped in foolish tears.

Surely you are not like that,
And because I believe
I go back into the night, into my sleep
And my breath sighs in relief.

You are my brother
Like no other
Build me up when I am down
Support me when I am wound

What will I do when you leave
Our house
What will I do when you leave
Our town
What will I do when you leave.

For now I walk 2 seconds
To bother you at home
In the future I'll need directions
To visit you alone

Can I lay next to you and tell you of my woes?
Can you lay next to me and tell me yours?
Can our parents join and ask why we're fighting
When we were just talking about something exciting?

Or what if they leave too
And then it will just be me and you
Alone, where no one else
Will sustain a love for us as intense

Then you have to promise me
That you won't leave too.
Weave it in the stars, and visit me every time
I need you too.

Why do you think so much?
Why do you think so much when we will all be fine?
Why do you think so much when we all will die?

Look up at the sky, realize we are a speck
Amongst a vastness you can never observe
However much you crane your neck

What happens now will be forgotten
No need to dwell on what will be untrodden

13 billion years have passed as we know
100 trillion more years to go
We live in suspense, but surety
I know what will occur, but do I really?

My life is still a mystery,
And the universe will take its journey
To its sure and slow but painful end
While I will perish long before it's spent

I feel relief, but also wonder in awe
I wish I was born later to see
Another time and world that could come to be

But I was born in 2004
Late enough to see the start of a century
Early enough to see nothing more

My emotions are heightened

When I'm sad I feel it in my bones
A knife plunged in my heart
Thrumming in different tones
Sending signals sharp, thick, and tart

Down to my gut, up to my head
My brain aches, pangs,
And then every sane thought goes dead

I feel it in that middle part of my chest
Anxiety is when something is sitting on me
Unbothered, an unwelcome guest
But unlike me, it will never confess

That sometimes I await the feeling
Of a familiar friend amongst the unknown
it seems so appealing, path sealing,
Leading me into the only one I've ever flown

It masks my eyes, makes me blind
I act on crafted instructions
Inclined to put me in a bind
It gets me causing all of these disruptions

When I wake, I'm in an abandoned street
Where there is no one left but me,
Staring down at my own feet against wet concrete
Damp from tears that fell from a melody
I cried that night in whispered traces
Through so many slight disgraces

I am sorry.
To myself, yes
But more to those who have put up with me
Through all these moments
And all these memories

Some art is crafted
Painstakingly pieced to create meaning
Packing the artist's innermost feelings

I choose from many
To convey one something I thought
Magically it is different from the plenty
Of others who had the same similar thought

They didn't just come to be
But were thought through emotionally
The artist looks in and taps into you
Placing emotions you yourself never knew

I feel enriched, feel the hum in my chest
Dormant emotions waking up from their rest
I feel inspired, to go write or draw some more
And look towards my figures for the inspiration they store

Because some art is crafted
Some painstakingly pieced to create feeling
Packing the artist's innermost meaning

I sought for the same craft in my work
Like a smith, I engineer, rust, and rework
I read as a reader, see as a viewer
And then I craft like both

You're a magician from the deepest of depths
Cleverly deluding yourself from your naughtiest acts
Think only gracious good acts to your name
While disregarding all of what you lack

But in the end the fire that you so carefully tend
Is extinguished by that one little bend,
The fact that we all. bleed. red.

No matter how much you fight to breath, fight to see,
Prove you're better than me, we all bleed red.
Because what's the good in all that, when we all bleed red.
Because does it really matter, when we all bleed red?

Your clothes are softer, primmer, proper
While I've worn this shirt so much it's already rotten
You speak and everyone has already fallen
While what I spoke, everyone has already forgotten

But at the end of the day, we all bleed red.
So no matter what you say, we all bleed red.

Can I be the foe, or do I have to dress as a doe
With a smile, friendly, as I garner the approval of many
When instead I can be quite the contrary
Ugly, never the subject of someone's envy.

But I am never sad, because we all bleed red.
I pity your acts, because we all bleed red.
And so we are damned, because we all bleed red.
And so we withstand, because we all bleed red.

So much weight and importance placed
In the one thing we can't control
All our values and thoughts erased
After one look at our face

After a while, the stares took a toll
After a while, insecurity took a hold
It was my body, but I struggled to take control

To this day, I don't think I can embrace
The parts of me that are bare to the world
Maybe one day my fear will be rightfully displaced
And rightfully replaced
But alas,
It will not be today.

My parents woke me up, tapped on my brow
They sat me up and asked me what I would like now
I sit and ponder, and never find out what it is
While they age and grow, and I stay as a kid

I still am one, I suppose
I'm nineteen, and feel as if I haven't lived
In a life where if I scroll, the only things to be shared
Are pretty smiles, laughs, dresses and hair
That's not me, and I don't know if I want it to be
Even if I did, it's not like I'll take the dare
To take the journey to get there

Instead, I go along with the flow
But this flow is not free, not alike to the wind
But instead a narrow alley I find myself in
One straight path, one exit down the line
Sadly it seems to be the only one I can find

It was constructed strong but small for me
When I was born into this neat little family
Where if I step out of line, do one thing wrong
It will be like I had never belonged

So I follow the only path for me
My eyes peeled away from the screen
Where others seem to break out, break free
While I stay here, saying "How lucky is she!"

So what else could I be?
Where there was no other option for me?
How can I be anything but a kid?
When the only path laid out for me is one so sheltered,
That one can only look at me and feel as if they have to "protect her."
I've only ever been protected, carefully directed
And I've only ever tried to live up to the expected

I am stuck, hands clutching, head banging, eyes seeing,
Locked in as I gaze into imaginary doors,
Seeing things I can never reach for
For if I do, they will disappear
Just like I have always feared

So when they ask me what I would like, why do I think?
Do I ponder because I'm lost amidst the enormous brink
Of possibilities, wants, and ideas up for auction?
Or do I ponder because what I want is not a listed option?

"I hope you will always stay the same," they pray
While I desperately don't, but will never convey
So by the time I grow up, will I remain the same way still?
I hope time won't be the reason such a wish is killed.

Oh victimizer, oh victimizer
How do you feel knowing you can never be her
Oh victimizer, oh victimizer
After you do it, how can you ever face her?

You betray her, portray her, and then replace her
You say you made her, and then you blame her
For all your flaws and tainted flavors
When you said you were the one who raised her

The hand of a supreme dictator
Shifting the high seas so skillfully they quaver
Waves of blame bellow and rise
Missing the real one in disguise
And crash into fakes now left littered in the tide.

Oh victimizer, oh victimizer
How are you so shameless in your claims?
How did you get so good in shifting the blame?
Do you truly believe you are right
When every fact proves you despite?

But no, you don't listen to those
Those pesky things aren't for you
You only believe what you think to choose
While you hide the truth behind your endless ruse

Now there's light on the sides of these caves
We sit on these long lost graves, faces brave
Backs against the walls, waiting for the bomb to fall
We spill our truths, smiling tooth to tooth

While our hands tremble and seek
Laughs in pasts that can never come to be
Comfort is gone, our faces are drawn
The new day dawns,
Dissipating pride from what we've undergone
And we wait in the face of war
We dream of the past from before
While we now sit on a hesitant shore

You didn't think I could do it, but now I am here
Amidst my unknown, and the past I once feared

I live on edge, of a spillage so great,
That every second I teeter and tot,
On this ship that holds my watery state.

I want to be happy and do what I like
But sometimes, that enough will not suffice
What about money? What about power?
I say what are those, and can they be devoured?

And I stare at the moving cinema that is my life.

Doom days approach and I proceed with no caution.

I feel trapped but it is a dungeon of my own creation.
So, I have no right to complain!
I live in here with pleasure and a lack of organized operation.

And it is all a result of me, me, me, and a waning determination.

Sometimes I am on top of the world!
The air smells sweeter, the grass is brighter, the sun warmer.
I sit on this warmth and think it reasonably deserved.
And think that hopefully my happiness will remain undisturbed.

But then I feel that loose metallic pull of gravity as I halt.
Because when you are on top, it is just that much easier to fall.
Gravity does not care where I used to be, it is unconcerned.
It only remembers where I need to be returned.

In the end, I return to my depths of despair
I mope and sit in remorse, cross legged once more
Why does no one seem to care?
Unnoticed by those at who I peer and peek,
Noticed by those I don't know.

There are some friends you laugh with,
There are some you actually talk with,
There are some you connect with,
And there are some who you do all three with.

Finding friends for all three is rare.
Not many rejoice for you when you succeed,
Not many understand on the same level that you need.
Not many lean on you and laugh so genuinely.
For that warmth, for that fire, I crave.

My mom would call them time pass friends.
You will laugh with them, throw some words around
But the day you wake up distraughtly needing them,
They will be nowhere to be found.

Time pass friends. Oh, what a sad three words.
And tears plucked at my eyes when my mother said so!
I did not understand then, but maybe I do now,

Among whom these sad feelings of mine are allowed.

But...

If you can lean on me, I will lean on you.

Vulnerability is so beautiful, so rightfully true.

I've got game!
Stick to the road,
Stick to my name
Up on that frame

Try 20?
Try *me!*
Back when he
Back when *she?*
Ate yo mom's spaghetti!

A sunny spot?
Nah I think I'm done
...Squint to the sun
Sense an impending run!

Ignore, turn, forget!
Convenience
You get it!
Grievance reset

Cause
I've got game!
Down a domino
What now though...

Stay nervous
Not on purpose
...*now this is just an observance*
Common occurrence!

Unfamiliarity.
Still fails to change
Unknown clarity
That

I've got game!

Hahahahaha

I want to be the muse
To be written to permanence
Strokes of a pen painting a portrait,
One of slim you deem important

I want to be the muse
To be painted to perfection
From the sight of you,
The person of my affection

An image, scenery, pretty thing
A laugh, the pretty things I think,
All to my silhouette do you cling
For we are now two souls in sync

Not skin to skin, not just a ring
But something truly therein
With the happiness it brings
Please paint me with your ink

Truth says I must confess,
A loving view you must express
All in the eyes of the one and you
Quench my need to be the muse.
Just as I have done for you.