

they build our worlds like castles of cards

- Literature

Every word that slips out of me,
Between the cracks
No-one else can see.
Every little thing
That I am
Is something I can't stand:
Cliché.

I don't want to be the girl
Who shuts out the world,
Who huddles in a corner
Like a wuss. I'm not her.

I don't want to be that child,
One who's barely run the mile
And can hardly stand on their feet.
Because that-that isn't me.

If you help me find the beauty
Somewhere deep within this world.
I can help you find the ugly
In the stars.

And if you help me find the magic
In this groggy, spoilt town,
I will keep you together, and somehow
You
Won't fall apart
(At least for the night).

Tell me of the colors
In the spaces of your dreams.
The ones that remain empty,
Only to be filled with me
(Not yet).

Tell me all the questions
Bits of darkness in your soul.
Caught between your teeth-
Darling, tell me
Something sweet.

Finally- the claw marks on the ceiling (the day you tried so hard
To escape) finally the day has come
For skies to scream and cry at your demise.
Tell me, while you're sober, of the bittersweet, crappy
Fantasies, the ones you whipped up in your bed when you weren't
Thinking about me.

Tell me, old soul,
Did you cry yourself to sleep?

Because I'm tired of all the fables that were strung
During tub-time and during dinner. I'm sick of all the
Lies about Santa Claus. I guess
Nobody's a winner
Anymore.

And the clichés were made so early-
We were built watching the window and counting our lucky stars
And wondering about who we were to be,
Always dreaming (only without the sleep).

Save me
From the ellipses and the drama. Save me, save me, please from
All the tears shed by my to-be children, hearts taped to their sleeves.
Because when their prince charming didn't come
To save them from their dragons, I know they'll
Run straight to me.
Then what shall I do?

But still, they still fall from my lips.
Smack-dap between the cracks
Little lies (everything that I am)
Is something I can't stand.

My castle of cards,
Something that we are,
Together in the stars
(It's still written on your heart)-

Cliché.