

'A Sugary Love Story'

Escaping the absence and losing the plot
That sounds nice coming from
A mother who hasn't done anything horribly mean
Except, *my* thinking has always been my companion

A cold tease
Not a bright, powerful woman
Insufficiently creative
And chaotic as hell
Reality bites
And Tingles

She was
"Incapable of grasping the inflexibility"
Of the world

Or was she just assertive?

I scream for milk at the slightest hint of spice
And sob uncontrollably for those I profess to despise

Memories with her that are neglected
by the ongoing map
With no sense of limitations

'Unfiltered Reflections'

I often wonder if I'm meeting my full potential—
Would my body be healthier?
My skin clearer,
Bank account fuller?

Constantly, they persuade:
Others exceed you,
And slowly, you subscribe to that belief.

When juxtaposed with another's life,
All you've strived for,

All you've achieved,
Seems to dissolve.

"Cleanse your vision,"
Advises my therapist.
"Do not measure your journey against others."

Their grass might look greener,
But perhaps,
Their water bills are astronomical,
Or hidden beneath patches of brown.

Why was I late for school?
I couldn't rise,
Drowned in fatigue,
Victim to a late night.

Some days inherently spiral,
Don't tell me there's a silver lining in each—
I'm aware,
Attitude molds reality,
Yes, I know.

I am a woman,
Proud, yet perpetually on alert—
Wary of this body,
Its history,
Its battles.

I cherish my unique style and taste,
Longing to step out in what I adore,
Free from the fear of repercussions.

I pause before smiling at a stranger,
My blonde hair a flickering flame in the dim street—
Not a beacon of warmth,
But a cold, misunderstood light.

I am, indeed, an all-or-nothing woman,
A trait bequeathed by my mother.
I cry out for milk at the slightest spice,
Weep for those I claim to disdain.

I strive to be authentic,
Yet, as an only child,
My thoughts have been my constant allies,
Shaping a mind too absorbed by its surroundings,

Perhaps not inventive enough.

Ironically,
I'm praised for my intellect,
For my prose,
Skilled in smoothing over uneasy silences.

How to Go to College

Today is here.
And a whole new world has emerged.
Once more, our lives are a blank canvas.
You therefore give a grin to everyone, doing whatever to win someone over.
Isn't it true that home is where the heart is?
But what if your heart is located a state away, an hour away, or a whole different country
away?

Friday nights are made for outcasted hearts;
And Saturday for the insufficient.

Till you at last locate the missing component
Not a partner, not a location
A stunning variety of people
And home suddenly becomes these four walls
And a few people
And the sorrow in your heart goes away

Everything starting to align once again
Feeling complete

And fridays are made for friendship;
Saturday for the optimists.

And make your bed every morning

Anxiety

I lied and said I was busy
I was busy; But not in a way
Most people understand

I was busy taking deeper breaths
I was busy silencing irrational thoughts
I was busy calming a racing heart

Title?

Person who doesnt see any wrong in his actions and keeps making the same mistakes
Person who is tired of repeating themselves trying to fix it all

Youre so sensitive
It seems like this is really important to you

Why are you always making a big deal out of nothing?
Can you help me understand why this is bothering you?

I was just joking, lighten up
I didnt mean to hurt your feelings, lets talk about it

Youre remembering it wrong
Maybe I misunderstood, would you mind explaining it again?

Stop being so dramatic

I can see you're upset, would you like some space?

Its not my fault you feel that way

I take responsibility for my actions, and I want to make this better.

Words have impact.

“Who are you when nobody is watching”

No audience? No judgement?

Not addicted to all the internet stimulation?

Who are you

When you stop doing things for instant gratification

Who are you

When you stop trying so hard

Just to get validation

In the absence of preying eyes

I am a mosaic of insecurities and doubts

Grappling with the sense of existence

A collection of fragments

Each carrying its own story

I seek refuge in creative expression

Pouring my emotions into blank pages

So, when nobodys watching
I remain unguarded
Constantly evolving
Finding the courage
To face the world
With an open heart

'Today'

Perhaps today I will go to the movies
And see a horror film!
Mom would not let me when I was young
But I hated watching the news
As you can't really watch the news and not feel lousy
Reality bites, and tingles
The movie theatre!
Want some action, some paranormal thrill
Excellent cooling units that give you the chill
So would a sugary love story
But the Notebook won't give you the intoxication
As seeing Leonardo Decaprio in aisle 8?
Free bags of popcorn from the manager
Who, more likely than not, wanted to be my mate
Escaping the absence and losing the plot
Mrs. Abboth said everything twice
As her husband cupped his palm to his ear
The daylight illuminated an orchard beyond the strip mall
As the two sat in the dark, holding hands.
Oh, Mother you haven't done anything horribly mean
Except not letting me see any fucking movies when I was young