# *May*

*No matter how hard you try, the change you wish to see may never arrive*

*You may never break out of your cocoon*

*The scars that decorate your skin may never fade never heal*

*The tears that cascade over your cheeks every night may never stop flowing*

*The stitches you used to sew up your heart may break loose*

*The shields you put up may not protect you*

*The pain from the knife they cut you with may not ebb away*

*You may take that knife and pull it out, letting the scarlet liquid fall out the wound until there is none left*

*You may take that knife and create your own wounds, your own scars*

*You may hide those scars from others, afraid of what they may say*

*You may find comfort in creating these scars, dragging the knife over your skin to create patterns*

*You like these patterns, you may think*

*You may create a pattern one day that engulfs your body, filling it with numbness until the very light in you fades away*

*Your lungs may contract one last time*

*You may close your eyes, thinking, where may I be if this weren’t happening?*

# Death

Death is the one thing that every living thing has in common

Death comes to us all eventually

Some of us wish desperately for the dark cloud that is death not to catch us

Others, it seems, cannot wait

They think it is their only escape from the darkness that lives in their mind

They try everything to get the very light inside them to get sucked up

That light's barely there - why not just kill it already?

But death does not take away that darkness; it thrives in it

It cackles because another has fallen into its trap

A smirk is permanently plastered on its face

*Thank you,* it says

Death is not your escape route; it's a trap designed just for you

And once you fall, you cannot get up.

# Autumn

Sweet chills wake me every morning

Crisp leaves descend from the very tips of the tallest trees

From shades of green to hues of orange and red

The winds that once ruled the skies in the summer die down to a gentle breeze

The bird's loud chatter turns to soft lullabies

Tank tops and flip-flops become hats and scarves

Ice-cold colas to steamy lattes

Smells of pumpkin and cinnamon waft through the air

Couples walk hand in hand, bodies pressed together for warmth

Autumn is here.

*“Taylor’s music continues to help me open up and recognize things in myself that I might have felt uncertain to claim. Her lyrics have helped me give names to parts of myself that I’m growing to love.”*