

"i want that to be enough"

POETRY BY STEVEN HURWITT



photo by erik phillips

ghosts

do you believe in ghosts?

i've never seen one, but i know they're real.

sometimes i'm haunted by the ghosts

of all the people i'll never talk to again.

untitled

even in my dreams i see
the same things happening (all the time)
over and over and over and over and over.
as if life is a vicious cycle
we can never escape.
the voices in my head will never let me forget who i am
and who i will be.

sky

i hope the sky opens up and pulls me back into it.
the bones of the earth breaking
as she strains to hold the evil trapped on her surface.

it takes a long time to realize how evil you really
are.
and even longer to start to change it.

but the rain still comes down
and washes everything clean.

it's come long before we existed
and will come long after we're gone.

just like the sun rises and sets
everyday
for at least an eternity
or more.

tarot cards

i was thinking about my past

how i wanted to die

but of death as rebirth,

instead of the literal thing.

my first tarot card was

the death card.

brenton's story

"damn it's the middle of the night.
i can't sleep.

i just remembered the time thomas wouldn't
give lauren dope so she stole his knife and meth pipe,
and he chased us to a neighborhood,
and i broke his window with a hammer.

then i slashed his tires in the middle of an
intersection
with a knife.
we were legitimately gonna kill him in the middle of
the desert.
wtf.
holy shit."

one year later

i can barely remember
the way you tasted,
the way you smelled,
the way you felt,
when we were all alone at night.
and i don't care anymore.

(most of the time)

nothing makes you feel as small
as remembering the world doesn't care about you.
and when they do, it's not a good thing,
it only distorts you.

i feel like i'm about to become unstuck in time,
even though it'll keep progressing on the way it always
has.

i don't like to think about where i'll be in 10, 20, 50
years.

the worst part is i can't even explain why i feel this
way.

staring up at the
bright, blue, sky.
nothingness,
extended forever.

note to self

i need to be better at keeping my shit in perspective.
people are facing prison time, and life sentences,
while i'm just depressed
and trying to be sober.
a few months of my life is nothing.
not going back to school isn't
the end of the world.

you'll be fine, kid.

little things

i just want to fall asleep near you
on a sunday afternoon.
while you read the paper,
or watch tv,
or read a book on existentialism.
and i want that to be enough.