

# LOVE, YOURSELF



Shady Afro Lama

Dear Adam

Where are you? You seem lost, not knowing what to do, seeking understanding from people who speak a different language, using the stars of your life as a compass but they don't connect, charging head-on in whichever direction they choose, never sure if this is the right move, "what if I can't come back from this? what if this is the end?" those thoughts keep haunting me, taunting me, strangling me, pinning me down, and choking me out, the sun's

about to be out any moment,  
unveiling the truth, while the other  
stars are fading...

Where have you been? I miss  
those times we were having fun  
together, you used to smile and  
laugh all the time, do you know  
how many times that I've cried for  
you, prayed for you to come  
back, sitting on my bed writing  
dead poems to my grim reaper, a  
faint smile helps me stay alive  
and keeps me going through the  
day, dead eyes looking around  
but not seeing anything, lifting my

arms slowly, feeling my  
surroundings trying to guard  
myself against the unknown,  
fighting against the  
consequences of my life choices,  
those same thoughts are back, I  
can see your thoughts circling my  
head, whispering in my ears  
words that have lost meaning to  
me, rhymes with no rhythm, a  
song with no feeling, a heart that  
doesn't beat...

How are you doing? you look  
sick, you look around for answers  
that don't exist, you look up your

symptoms online, stuck in the web, looking through other people's threads, self-esteem hanging by a strand, I keep walking a tight rope, tied around my arm, as I take another shot, I found the medicine that I needed, a virtual window between me and the outside world, a piece of glass protecting me from my biggest fears...

what are you doing? Bending down collecting the shattered glass, you go to open up your closet and let everything out, it

feels great to take all that load off  
of your chest and put it to this  
gun, so you put the cold steel to  
your exhausted head, writing your  
own eulogy, the end of your  
autobiography, you smile as you  
realize that this is the last shot  
you'll ever take, it's ironic how this  
is the first time you felt alive while  
having your name written on this  
grave, the one that I keep coming  
back to everyday...

I should probably move on, but I'm  
still hoping to see you back pretty  
soon ...

Love, yourself.