

## I.

What is love? Is it inevitable that one day we will fall in love at some point? Does it happen in bits or does it hit a person all at once?

Shakespeare.

*“Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day? As an unperfect actor on the stage?”*

## II.

The room that was my nursery belonged to someone else before me, and someone else before them.

Makes me wonder what their lives were like while in the small square room with a closet so small that it was the perfect place to hide my pillowcase filled with halloween candy.

We would watch movies together, have sleepovers nightly, even school nights, where we would watch movies, read the Twilight series, talk about which boy we were into that week and talk about the haunted places we thought we lived in.

My first job consisted of working in a nursery with the little ones. Leading up to the day, I was never nervous to start my first day of work. I was excited actually. I was looking forward to the october night filled with veggie tale movies, toys, and lots of goldfish.

Rolling down the hills, cookies when coming home from school, the kickball and wiffle ball field my brother and the neighborhood kids played in, which was my front yard. The place I grew up is a place that I will never forget and always think about the memories that had happened before I had created new ones.

## III.

There was a silence between the two children that was brought on by an outside source. This silence continues throughout the years, though there had to be a breakthrough. To her, the sound of traffic became obsolete, though to those who talk, but not see her surroundings are led to believe she is surrounded by chaos. None of this chaos seems to phase her. I laid there as I watched the constellations disappear throughout the night and went to bed as I was waking. I would look out over the horizon when the moon was rising and the sun was setting. The vacant lot, colored with beautiful sayings behind my house left me to wonder what happened there when dark came upon us and it was only street lights while all the rest of the neighborhood was sleeping. I stayed up to see if anything changed after the sunset and to my disbelief there was a man, skeleton like and almost worn out, who would emerge from the woods with a sack over his shoulder like Santa Claus. I feel as though I am empty in a body that is fully nourished. I feel as though I am calm in my mind which is flooding with chaos. I do not feel as though I am defined by things that I have done short term or events that will fade away quickly. I am defined by the memories I make within my lifetime.

#### IV.

I feel as though I am empty in a body that is fully nourished. I feel as though I am calm in my mind which is flooding with chaos. My thoughts outlive the life of a goldfish because they are the only thing that plays on repeat other than my favorite song. I am not afraid of my thoughts, though I am skeptical of why. The anticipation I feel when a new thought enters my mind is if it will end up paying rent. I do not feel as though I am defined by things that I have done short term or events that will fade away quickly. I am defined by the memories I make within my lifetime. I am the coffee on a rooftop in Florence talking about what the day ahead brings. I am the historical structures within the realms of

Rome. I am the lights on the Eiffel Tower of Paris at dusk. I am the street chaos in the midst of London traffic and I am the pilot of the plane that takes me through all of these memories of my past.

V.

There was a silence between the two children that was brought on by an outside source. This silence continues throughout the years, though there had to be a breakthrough. He was black, the other white. The older woman said they can't play with each other anymore and still many years later this rule is broken with some and unspoken with others.



If we are all attached by a wire then the subject of differences should be a thing, correct? If we are all attached to each other through borders and oceans, then technically we all touch in some capacity. Then my stance is this, if we are all attached by wire the reason we aren't getting along is because somewhere along the wire there is trouble that needs to be fixed. A light bulb doesn't light, a stove doesn't run, a refrigerator doesn't keep things cold unless all the wires are working together.

VI.

I just ate after I brushed my teeth. I did it backwards.

*anxiety.*

I try to sleep, but I am crowdedly alone with my thoughts.

*intrusive thoughts*

Train horn. Pink lamp. Grandma's candies were always my favorite.

*Anxiety pauses, stays still.*

## VII.

I touch the softness of my fingertips and feel the rigid edges of the results of my anxiety. The hangnails that are still waiting for that sensation I feel when I pick during an anxiety attack hoping I am able to cope. Mental process running a million miles an hour along with the windy trees creating a static noise within my thoughts. Loose hair falling over the page and my curls flowing over the surface of my hands, legs, and the notebook page.

## VIII.

I remember the time of my life that I started to be engulfed by the writing before me. The love of a sentence or a word before my eyes. The fact that though the words seemed straightforward that was never the case. "Read between the lines" I always heard. When I started writing my own words I felt as though I was between the lines already peering out from the page as though the place where "between the lines" was in fact was my own imagination. Out of all the things in the world the one thing you decide to steal is the tiger eye from down below? I wonder how much of the world is in your possession. It's like you have the ability to protect you and anyone you choose. "The amount is 55 cents," he says. What do I do? Ask for protection among my battles or leave his name leaving him unprotected.

## IX.

When you figure out who you really are you realize that nothing else matters, but happiness. When you realize who you want to be with, who you make you want to be a better person, nothing else matters, but them. I close my eyes and see the smile that illuminates your face. I look at you and my life flashes before my eyes because I can't help but wonder where you've been all my life. I see you on not so good days, which instantly become good. I see you and I wanna tell the whole world that I'm falling for you. I want to take pictures with you, I want to wake up next to you, I want to kiss you, I want to

see you on your bad days and comfort you in ways no one else can because I'm falling and I don't know how to stop.

X.

With you I'm free

With you I'm comfortable

With you I'm happy

With you I feel secure

With you I feel on top of the world

With you I feel invincible

With you I don't have a care in the world

With you I don't have to be someone I'm not

With you I don't have to hide

With you I can fall hard and know you'll catch me

With you I can fall hard and know you'll be there through ups and downs

With you I can fall hard and not have to worry about being self conscious

With you I am redefining my definition of love

With you I am redefining my thoughts on relationships.

With you I am redefining my view on love, marriage, happiness, trust, and everything in between

because without you I'd still be lost in an ongoing circle of confusion on love, relationships and what real happiness looks like.

XI.

Yesterday was the first time I said your name and didn't replay the memories of us in my head like a movie I should have popcorn to watch.

Yesterday was the first time I said your name and didn't think about what it would be like if we were still together.

Yesterday was the first time I said your name and didn't want to reach out and ask how you were.

Yesterday was the first time I said your name and didn't think about what it would be like if we bumped into each other somewhere.

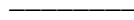
Yesterday was the first time I said your name and realized I have truly moved on.

XII.

Today has been one of those days where I've put a smile on for everyone to see and just went along with life. Outside of my mind I've been okay, I pushed through and to the human eye everything with me seemed to be okay. Everything about me seemed to be just perfect just like every other day. In reality though, I'm not okay. Sometimes i feel like I will be able to make it through the day without crying, without feeling bad about myself, without feeling like God has let me down in the smallest way. I tried today. I really did and it just didn't work out. I tried to be a good person and I feel like I've failed. I tried to be a good student and I feel like I've failed. I tried to be a good woman, a good friend, a good individual, and a good listener, but I wasn't. Today I feel like I've failed a lot of people along with myself.

### XIII.

You don't realize how much you love someone's friendship until it seems like they're slipping away from you. the bright yellow that used to be your favorite now becomes a dull yellow. the bright blue in the sky because the shade of blue in the sky before a storm. the plans you had with them suddenly seem to disappear before your eyes and all you care about is making it through.



Don't you wish that sometimes you could not overthink that small simple things like a conversation you had with someone you wish would have gone differently, an outfit you wore where you wish you had worn another one, or overthink a friendship that you think is stronger than it is?