

Loud and Bright

Reverberating	lemon yellow laugh
I'm not good enough	teasing and joking
Citrus-burning in my throat	talking all the space, my words fill every surface
I thought I saw them wince	All my opinions about everything
as i walked up	razor-sharp lace of sarcasm but it's a joke; I'll look up
relieved as I leave, they'll take a vote	Again, I rush to say a fact, leave no space for reply, just in case
she is mean rude over the top	I must be right
my armpits wet I'm out of place	to all my skills and talents I point
show prove yourself	loud and bright,
Offense is etched in every face	Be fearless, aloof
Fuck, I knew it [it's fine]	Bright and loud
I am unwanted	Everything is fine, everything's alright

Fatigue is like glue

It holds on to every crevice

And spreads

(still, you know, I work and sing while you watch

proudly

pointing out my wins)

Fatigue is like peanut butter

Sticking to fingers, and, hours later

Leaving smudges

Even after it's forgotten

(still, I remember to say I'm grateful,

giving you appropriate praise)

Fatigue is like mist

Sticking to bare skin

imperceptible, at first,

But, icy damp skin
Numbs all the same
(you don't notice that I hide
the truth because I sense what you want to find)

Fatigue is heavy bag
the bulk pressed down- between
The shoulders
when I should
be boldly standing tall
I find you like my torso curling in
At its edges
(you want to bear my burden, but,
Don't go on for ages
Because: negativity lets you down)

Fatigue is like half-truths
Steaming up above the pot, deadly,
in the thundering night
(those little lies devotion
of pressure to Please
Set a course through darkness
You could not foresee
The tempest
Waiting for ME
Because: you want assurance that you are the best)

Oh, so we'll all agree,
leaving out the lie

I

Am better for it

The struggle and the grief

(I can't)

don't embarrass me!

I didn't want to cause that clench of the spine

The Shame

I'm SO sorry. But. It. Didn't matter

(I) Made a

M I S T A K E

As big as the stretch of the heavens

my shame sits high and heavy (on my head, I watch you write "untrustworthy")

and you are right.

I (don't) know why. Apologies don't erase and they don't undo

Yet

(I) Blame Myself

For the sadness in which we sit, together in the dirty blue kiddie plastic pool

Vulner(ability)

What is this thing that sets us in steely, icy sweat?

be, be, be

transparency is -not- the same

on the sur(face) I face my problems

i know,

we try, try, and try again

to peel back the words like bark, but

the tongue won't chisel the tr-u-th like it should

and we sit, sit, sit in circles

FAT

tellings of -no**th**ing and- all the whil**e**, the truth sits

In the spaces between the nothings that we -don't- show

I DO NOT LIKE THIS

chafe:

the knowing that you know, you won't like what I -don't- show

Creative quench

Anxiety: tight-fisted with my thoughts

Dreaming sucks into waking, but waking is a dream

Trudge (all the way) to lunch

Keep from being out of sorts

Spiralling: slipping, down the seam

of anxious thoughts

Dark earth, immovable, impervious

The chipping at petrified patterns, deep

Deep down

In the

Labour of being full-grown

Keep

my heart, the pious

Oh, I do not know myself at all

Mine out the anxiety

Frantic, quick

With arms weakened and sick

Reflect and be good, for society

More. More, before I lose it all

Quench this all, creatively

It didn't matter to me (of-course, I saw it coming) and
We set it down to laughing
off, the disquiet

awkwardly, we lend a hand
and chuckling
just try it

Even so (even though) smiling at the wrong doesn't make it right

Like a leaf that flutters to the ground,

Like a spinning top, wooden and chipped

Like a hosepipe spurting and spewing; writhing under the water's pressure

Like a fish flailing on a hook...

Like flag flapping in the mighty wind

Like bubbles in a fizzy drink

Like the eddy in the sink, above the drain

There is a blur in the space around me. Faint to my knowing

I am aware, the edges of my vision catch on the edges of the world

The world

Is

Stationary.

Its only me who spins and flails, and flaps and bubbles, and eddies round

Round And Round

Round and Round and into my circles I go

I can't focus on the stable world- it is then

that I feel dizzy

Dizzy, and, my head pounds

My eyes can't see what doesn't move

What stays,

What is still,

struggling with shapes diffuse -

The river is slow and silent and the drink is flat and the flag hangs limp and the fish lies still and the wooden top has rolled in under the couch and the leaf is half crunched up and forgotten ...