

Poets and the Moon

Poets are meant to defend the moon,
Make pain beautiful,
Justify feeling nothing and making it everything,


Great poets write about the cure,
What makes the pain beautiful,
Love and its journey,

I want to become a great poet,
I would write about ripping myself apart to heal,
That silence was my best friend,
What a waste of life,
I became bankrupt of real joy,
I was far from great,

That's not to say I am now,
But I'm closer to being great than I've ever been,
You gifted me rose colored glasses,
The world is now bright and happy,
My laugh has become more childlike,
My face is tired of smiling,
My eyes have grown a bad habit of staring,
And I write about it all,

I may not be great,
But you made me better.

Natural Eyeliner




I blush my cheeks,
I line my lips,
I grab my coat and heels,
I check my hair for the third time,
and look for a purse that matches,

then he honks,
I see him,
and race out the door,
locking it behind me,
leaving insecurity on my bedroom floor,
wondering why I was even leaving the house,
why one date turned into three,

in his car I fidget,
abusing my skirt made of lace,
I hated this,
I hated being here,
I hated pretending I was having fun,
I hated him and the fact I always say yes,

"You look really pretty tonight."
he said not even looking up from his plate of pasta,
"Get whatever you like."
as if he cared about my preference,
he spent the night criticizing my skirt and my supposed "huge"
appetite,

"I need to powder my nose" I say,
drop my napkin on my plate,
and barricade the bathroom door with the trash, I lean on the sink.
I turn on the water,
Start to mumble to myself,



"Crap, pick yourself up now" I said,
"You can do this, it's just one dinner,"
I lifted head to see my concealer began to vanish,
with a closer peak I saw my natural eyeliner,

and that sent me into a panic,
the tears formed,
my stomach hurt,
and my clothes no longer fit,
my hair was a mess,
my lips no longer lined,
and my heels began to itch,
I needed to get out of that place,
I needed this date to end,

I moved the trash,
I searched for my phone,
and walked right up to him,
"This date is over," I said,
"Honestly, you're kind of a bitch,"

he finally looked up, but it was too late I was halfway out the
door,
he tried to call after me,
But I wasn't going to make three dates turn into four,

"I think I'm done with men" I thought,
as I changed out of my skirt,
"I'm done with tears and anger",
"No amount of free eyeliner is worth this hurt."



Make



faded makeup

burns and scars surround my eyes,
though I have forgotten my hurt,
they stain my face,
they remember,

good thing is they fade with time,
the old scars go away as I heal,
every laugh reverses the effects of a burn,
every smile wipes away a tear,
but with every new hurt comes new damage,

I don't need to buy eyeliner,
the shadows surround my face,
and with every new night my pain grows deeper,
new scars take the old one's place,

my mind may forget how those dark spots came to be,
but my eyes never will,
forever framing my pain,
and my memories remain in my mind frozen and ever so still.

Up

