

lines between us

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These are poems for those
who feel too deeply,
love too hard,
and refuse to live half-alive.

Our shadows

You do not need to tell me
the names of your shadows.
I know the weight of mine.
Sometimes
it is enough
just to sit together in the dark.

Compass line

If it comes softly,

let it come.

If it grows slowly,

let it grow.

Not every truth

needs a name.

Some hearts

just need time

to catch up

to what they already know.

Silent departures

Not all goodbyes bleed.
Some bow quietly,
leave flowers on the table,
and slip into the night
without slamming the door.

Better broken than numb

I'll take the ache.

I'll take the mess.

Let me bruise,

let me sob in the stairwell,

let me want something so bad

it shatters me.

Because when I feel nothing,

I disappear.

And I refuse

to live half-alive.