

Does knowing me mean loving me less?

I hide behind words, guarded edges,
because the truth of me feels too sharp.

I am scared to open up,
to let anyone see the real me I keep inside.

Yet still,

I long to spend my time with those who will see me and not turn
away.

Who will hold me when my thoughts spill like rivers,
when my heart bursts with unspoken storms,
when the parts I try to hide rise to the surface in waves?

Because in the end, it's not about perfection,
it's about being seen in the tidal flood of who I truly am,
even when everything inside me overflows.

Soulmates

Who would have guessed I'd still break and cry,
months have passed, yet tears won't dry.
Who would have thought the ache would stay,
that I'd still whisper your name each day.

The hollow space you used to fill,
remains so wide, so quiet, so still.
You loved me fiercely, all your years,
and I'll miss you through a lifetime of tears.

We were soulmates, heart to heart,
so bound together, now torn apart.
It still feels like you're out, not gone,
like you'll come back, just wandering on.

But this time's different. This time's real.
And still, I hope. Still, I feel,
though I'm closer now to heaven's light,
you're still the star I miss each night.

Change is scary

Change is scary, but so is staying the same,
it makes me question my mind and wonder if I'm losing my aim.
Am I going crazy, or is it just the fear of the unknown igniting,
a storm inside me that grows, no matter how hard I try to stop
fighting.

I have wanted so badly to leave, to step out and find my own
place,
but the voices in my head are loud, echoing with endless chase.
I ask myself if everything will be okay, if I can keep up this pace,
because home is not just a house, it can be anywhere, any space.

I feel like I am running races I never signed up to attend,
life pushes me forward fast, I don't know where it will end.
And still, I hold onto hope, telling myself I can bend,
it will be okay in the end, and if it's not okay, then it's not the
end.