

# **PEACHY KEEN**

The life of a peach can often be compared to our own lives, as both have times of rotting and bruising as well as growing and flourishing.

Devour these words of the soft and sweet along with the stiff and sour. After all, life is about the delicate balance of both.

## R I P E.

love is patient  
and kind  
it does not envy  
or boast  
it is not self-seeking  
nor easily angered  
it always protects  
trusts  
hopes  
and perseveres

when i heard this passage as a child  
i always thought love  
was a thing  
or an entity  
only now did i realize  
it could be a person

you make me  
feel safe  
not necessarily in  
the physical way  
and it is a feeling  
i have never felt  
with anyone before  
and it scares me  
to wonder  
what it will  
feel like after  
you  
after this safety  
is gone

i have loved roller coasters  
ever since i was a kid  
the thrill of the down  
always  
justifying the terrifying ups  
and you were like that  
roller coaster  
but i am no longer a kid  
and it's funny  
how things change

maybe  
i want you  
or maybe  
i just want someone  
to want  
me

they always say  
absence makes  
the heart grow fonder  
but they never mention  
how it makes the heart  
ache  
*-long distance*

when our hands touch  
it's like a forest fire  
that burns my heart  
or a hurricane  
that churns my stomach  
it feels like a tornado  
tearing through my mind  
with all the chaos  
and destruction  
i know it would never work out  
but just for a moment  
when we are palm to palm  
i would like to marvel  
in the beauty of  
our natural disaster

maybe we thought  
a love hate relationship  
was better than no love at all  
the bliss of the ups  
always justifying the cruelty  
of the downs  
just to feel something, anything  
rather than nothing at all

## R O T T E N.

it was right before summer  
and you were like  
the ripest peach  
i could sink my teeth into  
juice dripping down my fingers  
making everything sticky and sweet  
but the leaves have changed  
their colors  
like you changed yours  
and this time when i took a bite  
it was sour  
and i had realized  
we were no longer in season

it's you, only you  
*it's always been you* he says  
except she'd heard that before  
and who knew being the only one  
was so crowded

i say  
i'm fine  
but  
i'm fine  
is a lie  
i'm fine  
is a cry for help  
i'm fine  
is a mantra  
we bullshit  
ourselves  
to cover up  
the fact we  
are anything  
but fine

my depression was like  
watching everyone around me  
swimming  
while i was  
drowning

*-a fatal activity*

your actions speak  
so loud  
i can barely hear  
a word you say

i have done nothing but  
support and love you  
but you take my gifts  
and throw them away  
for something shiny and new  
something convenient  
and easy  
but only i know  
that in time it will  
fade  
and vanish  
and you will be left looking  
through the trash  
knowing your mistake  
panicking and regretful  
only to realize that the  
garbage got taken out  
quite a while ago

in moments  
i catch myself  
missing you  
i dive head first  
into my subconscious  
and slowly drown in  
the thoughts of  
'ifs' and  
'could have beens'  
and it  
kills me

*-another fatal activity*

## R O O T E D.

i am secretly unhappy  
or maybe it's  
not so much of  
a secret  
and i sit here  
and wonder if this  
is it  
if this is all  
i'll ever feel  
and  
it makes me sad

*-negative reality*

timing  
it is not something  
we can really  
control  
but it is something  
that controls us  
and how utterly  
unfair

not until  
i shed the pounds  
did i realize  
that being skinny  
doesn't solve  
the world's problems

numbers can carry so much meaning  
pain, joy, measurement, success, guilt, progress, failure  
scales, checks, scores  
all seeming so big and important  
these numbers dictate how we feel  
about ourselves  
but how big are they, really  
something you can crumble up or  
throw away  
only has as much power  
as you give it

i know, today was a bad day  
but it's been a bad week  
okay maybe a month  
but i've been here before  
feeling like the bad  
has overstayed its welcome  
and i've made it out alive  
proving you can turn a bad month  
into just a week  
before it becomes a day  
and then the bad leaves  
like a distant relative

i don't know  
if i want to scream  
or cry  
to fight these feelings  
or curl up and  
let them consume me  
to be slowly destroyed  
by pushing away  
or quickly engulfed  
by letting go

i felt like i needed you  
like a flower  
needs the sun  
but i realize  
i only wanted you  
like a child  
wants candy  
and you are neither  
a light i can see  
nor a sweet i can have

## R E G R O W T H .

if someone  
does not want me  
it is not the end of the world  
but if i do not want me  
the world is over  
completely

when you discover  
how to find home  
in a person  
and wealth  
in love  
and when  
you can find fullness  
in a feeling  
only then  
will you know  
what it is to  
be truly rich

never be dependent  
she said to herself  
constantly because she saw  
her mother become trapped  
in a sea of dependence  
losing pieces of herself  
like pieces from a shipwreck  
unable to float on them  
unable to breath

the moment you give  
up your education  
and desire to learn  
is the moment  
you relinquish your power

and i will always  
think the best  
advice given to me  
was to be okay  
with not  
being okay