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.
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
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
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