

Entry #13

Story in Verse: The Ghost and the Sun

How It Feels to be Seen

Venus

I am not a planet.

I am no Goddess.

I am not beautiful.

And I do not know what love is.

Maybe it's the way my parents gaze at each other's eyes.

Maybe it's the way sunlight floods in,
reminding me why I dread my wake.

Instead,

I am a ghost.

A shadow walking by.

Called slurs and insults

that stabbed harder than a knife to the leg,

that burned harsher than cold air on naked skin,

that echoed for infinity like a scream in a cave.

On the stage,

my sanctuary,

there is a figure.

With long locks of golden threads

that shine from the hallway lights.

June

I thought your name to be romantic,

Venus,

"Goddess of Love and Beauty,"

and yet I am the furthest thing you could consider beautiful.

I thought you matched them all.

Maybe it's the way they fight.

About me,
about the costs and the fees.

I don't try to be sick.

But with every cough,

every sneeze,

they come running.

Dancing on that sparkling stage,
my parents smiling in the audience--
when everything was okay.

But I'm not okay.

On the stage,
I see your shadow.

With jet black hair that blotches like ink,
dissolving into the background,
I see you.

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I am a ghost.

But even ghosts can be seen by the right people.

“Hey.”

“Hey.”

“Venus, right?”

*I am not okay.
But it feels good to be seen.*

What is Life Without the Sun?

My 40's television life bled with color,
a vividness that lit up like lanterns over a lake,
floating up to the sky like butterflies.

I began to appreciate the simple things.
The sweet nectarine that hangs in the sky
surrounded by blushing cotton candy,
juicy as your lips that taste like pomegranates.

The way sunlight pokes through your reeds of hair,
pulsing over your shoulders in the morning
has me agape.
My heart beats faster and faster each day.

Time dashes around us yet all I hear is your laugh.
All I see is your eyes,
deep as honey that I hunger for in the night.

I am high on you, your aphrodisiac perfume--
healed by your touch, drunk on your taste.

Darling,
I was in love

and yet...

on the twentieth of july,
your soul departed from this world.

you joined the heavens and left me here

alone.

stuck with the wisp of a presence,

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the absent touch of your familiar hand,
tracing up and down my spine.

but no longer.
a heart disease.

funny,
how much love you could give with such a small heart.

and now,
my heart is splintered.
drained.
empty.

i am alone. i am alone. i am alone. i am alone.
i am alone. i am alone. i am alone. i am alone.
i am alone. i am alone. i am alone. i am alone.
i am alone. i am alone. i am alone. i am alone.
i am alone. i am alone. i am alone. i am alone.
i am alone. alone until the end of time. i am alone.
i am alone. i am alone. i am alone.
i am alone. i am alone. i am alone.
i am alone. i am alone. i am alone.
i am alone. i am alone. i am alone.
i am alone. i am alone. i am alone.
i am alone. i am alone. i am alone.

- *i never got to say goodbye*

Days Pass Like Foggy Dreams I Can't Quite Remember

They say give it time,
and it will heal.

I thought this selfish.

I could never forget you,
let alone move on.

I shall always be burdened with an anchored heart.

But each morning, my heavy heart lightened,
if only a little.

I opened the windows
and the sun didn't remind me of your face.

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Instead,

I heard the echo of your laugh.

The pictures of you don't paralyze me,
like they've done too many times before.

They just throb in my brain,
a pain I've grown accustomed to.

I can't forget about you.

But I can live without you.

I can meet someone

new.

On a train station,

with carriages flying past,

I noticed a young girl writing in a journal.

She was not you.

But that was okay.

I followed her off the train,

to catch her wrist

as the snow fell silently.

To puff out a cloud of smoke,

the ghost of long forgotten conversations

with words

directed at you.

But the past is behind.

I am not a ghost.

I am a Goddess.

I am beautiful.

And I know what love is.

I'm stepping into the light you taught me to flourish in.

I'm growing from the seed you planted,

the water you fed me.

With all your tender love and care,

I'll grow from my shell.

I am the woman you fell in love with,

and you are the woman I will always love.

But now,

I am reaching into the future,

"Hey."