

Reality was my dream

I followed the tall man down the street of dread
Some would say he's the perception of my mind
Wandering as he carries my body bag of sins
It was raining,
one could assume those were my tears falling and not the sky
I was told to stop,
Turn back and run for my life
Told that he would be the embodiment of my shame
What was he dropping off in that body bag?
Realization dawns upon me
I deliberate upon the fact that it was me
The fatality to my intelligence is now my curtain call
I told myself to run
To hopefully fix those seams
Looking back-- I didn't run
I should've rummaged through ruminations
This has happened before
For now rigid regret ruins not only my heart
But the weapon of rejection
For now I have to write pages upon pages of paradoxes
About you and I

Thank you letter to the one that never cared

Thank you to the boy who pretended to not notice
Who turned a blind eye instead of try
To tell his friends to stop--
or ask if I was safe--

Since the shame of that question would've broken me
I wasn't safe, nor was I shameless about my sin
For everyone's eyes eerily stared
Right into mine
I don't know if he was proud of his friend or disgusted
Shame of him knowing what happened is all I need to know
I thank him for not telling others like the other did,
That was the most a boy has ever respected me
He looked away at the sin another man committed
Rather than congratulate.

Too human

I worry I'm too human for a man to ever love me
I have interests,
Expressing them as though they're an extension of my soul
I'm too deep to be shallow
I'm awkward and adore the little things
I snifle, cough, and laugh loud
I can't just be me for a man to love me
I'm either too flat, fat, large, or small
The happy medium doesn't exist unless I suck in my stomach
If I love too much, I'm a sucker for sentimentality
If I love too little, I'm like every other female
I try too hard for people that don't even love me
For the me they see isn't human
Dog, dishwasher, or whatever name they come up with,
It's never Eliana.
I feel sick when I see the way some men think

“If my ego is big, I need to be humbled”

“If my ego is too small, I’m insecure and pitiful”

“If I don’t have good looks, I better know how to cook”

“If I’m too passionate, I’m weird”

But I can’t be boring because boredom bores into a man’s soul

The consent they don’t ask about is what bores into mine

They complain about consent,

I complain about crying

Tears every single time they treat consent like an option

I’m too human--

So human that I cry every time this happens

But not human enough to be treated like one.