

Title: life lessons

Thank you for the life lessons, Peter Pan, but I can no longer run away with you to Neverland.

I am needed here,
and I choose to stay—
I think it's better this way.

Oh, how I love you
and the memories we made.
I hope you think of me on rainy days.
I hope I've touched your heart
the way you've touched mine—
though that's something only time will define.

But this was not love.
It was more like a drug—
gagged and bound to you without fail, balancing myself, learning to exhale.
In the times you left me alone,
my thoughts became clearer:
we weren't meant to be,
I just wanted you nearer.

I wish I could tell you in a song,
but I can't play any instruments

My heart feels broken
And I know you can't fix it
I will miss you—
even after all of these years.

The tears I shed for you
will no longer be seen.
I owe it to myself
to leave when you're mean.

This happens often,
but this time is different.

I ask myself quietly:
do I trust myself entirely?
Probably not—
but it's worth a shot.

I have to save
the little self-respect I've got.
So I walk away from you
one more time,
and hope this time
it's the last.

How could I let go
when we have so much of a past?
Your love is ingrained in me,
deeply imprinted.
The veil from my eyes
has finally been lifted.
Our sharp edges
don't fit together.
I wish it were different—
I walk away.I run.
Far from you,
where your love
can no longer reach me.
You have nothing left
to teach me.
Goodbye—
for now,
and forever.
I just wish
you could have loved me better.

Poem by Vanessa

low-key existential terror

it's a flat tire in the parking lot outside.
potholes in the lot haven't been fixed since
before you were born
you're lucky the wheel's not bent.

one drip til overflow and
everything feels like calamity.
such is the stress of living these days,
haven't ya heard?

it's your sister in the ICU, it's rent day too
they should've put a fucking railing on those stairs
before they moved in
you're lucky everyone's still alive

your heart is still beating
and while you've taken quite a beating
dust yourself off, there's work left to do,
haven't ya heard?

take solace in the little things.
crispy air in the early morning
wet with the night before's rain.
the laughter of your children as
they fill their house with wolves in minecraft.
her arms around you through the ether
though she's far and you want to be near.

you're still here, ya know.
you're doing the right things
even though it feels difficult.
haven't ya heard?

more than ever it's tough to get out of bed
to find the gumption to carry it through
when everything in the world's gone mad
don't forget to breathe

Chris