

Addicted

THE MUSIC PLAYS ON

And someone once asked how I could love someone I barely knew
I know they were referring to you.

But.

I can hear you singing in the car like we are still driving around aimlessly at 2 P.M on a Monday
I can hear you laughing at my high note
I can see your smile in the dark

And.

They said that only the good die young but I wish you were bad
So maybe you'd still be here with me
I can feel the sting of salty tears swell in my eyes at 2 A.M looking back through our texts for
clues.

They said you're looking down smiling but I'd rather have you here next to me

Now

I wish I would of listened to you when you said "you have nothing to be insecure about"
I regret not taking any pictures at the beach
I wish I would of listened to you when you said "you only live once"
I regret not kissing you longer that Friday night last summer

You said don't give up on what you love.

I am trying for you.

You said give everything your all.

I am all in for you.

THE END

The first time it happened you swore
up and down
that it would be the last
I wanted to believe you- your lies were beautiful and hidden behind the most beautiful blue eyes
I have ever seen
My tears are like a slow motion waterfall- non-existent, imaginary
I was too bewildered
Thinking of how I knew I wouldn't leave you
but I swore I was going to
I told you I knew you weren't sorry
prove it
"I love you"
Icing on a cake that you told me not to eat
All I wanted was for you to love me
I accepted all of your I'm sorry's and guilt soaked flowers
Happily
Wrapped around your finger is an understatement
Trapped beneath the weight of my biggest fears, being alone- unlovable
The last time it happened plays back in my mind like a tragic last scene of a romance film
Shrieking so loud everyone in the house woke up
I could hear them moving around
I could feel the tension as I lay in a ball on the floor
But nobody came running
Nobody answered my cries for help
I thought I might just die right there when I could have been saved
And that hurt just as bad as any fist or elbow
If I close my eyes I can feel the life slowly fade out of me
I can feel where the bruises will form on my frail body
I can taste the blood and the tears in my mouth
I can see your pinned eyes widen as you step back and look at what you have done, again
For the 100th time

But its different this time
No sorry
No I love you
You step back, then out of the door

Where are you going?
I prayed you'd come back but you let me rot in a ball on the floor and I remember feeling warm
and red
I wondered why god was ignoring me
I needed you to breath
Days felt like the passed when you finally came back, or was it hours?
No flowers

No guilt
You asked for water and I wanted to scream
I wanted to fight
I saw the pill bottle laying there
I wonder if that was god answering my prayers
A fluorescent lightbulb went off in my head
You were sleeping when I drove away
I remember thinking
It was over
It was the end

WE ARE EMPTY

Empty is screaming and crying and obsessing at 3 a.m
Jogging in place so maybe my thoughts will quiet down because I just can't take it anymore
Weight is just a number
Gravitational pull
A number from one to how unworthy I am of living today
zero
Beautiful
Happy
Smaller
Empty
Screaming, crying, obsessing
my reflection grows bigger, scarier, inhuman
I can't even look at myself anymore.
I can feel the pain in my heart and the voice in my mind
I would rather die than be anything but empty so here I stand with my eyes burning with salty
tears and my hand down my throat hoping something will fucking end this
Then
Enters you
True love that kept me empty
My new crying, screaming, obsession at 3 a.m
Take away all my pain with magical pills and magical words
But the trade off is high
High like you and me and pain like hidden bruises and sweet lies
You ripped out my heart and soul and forever I'll be empty and I can't thank you enough
Because that's all I have ever wanted
Empty is magic
It is my heart and soul when you ripped it out only to try to sew it back inside me with a broken
needle and no thread
Empty is the feeling I chased for years even if it only meant one moment
Even if it meant dying of thirst
Dying to be empty only so you can fill me back up

LITTLE SEEDS & FIRST LOVE

My heart feels like a thousand pounds in my chest-sinking- beating.

I can see your big doe eyes when I close mine.

I can feel it in my ribcage being bushed against my bones and skin so hard that it hurts, and I don't know how I mistook this feeling for butterflies.

I want to remember the feeling of your hand softly being placed on my cheek when you looked me into the eyes and told me you loved me, but instead I'm cursed with feeling of your hands around my throat and my life flashing before my eyes and thoughts like "is this what love really is?" And it kind of gives me those same butterflies.

Cause you told me you loved me and maybe it is my fault because how can I be so stupid. It was never butterflies it was my stomach slowly sinking and my life slowly fading to black.

Love is not black and blue butterflies, its not black flowers and blue pills like "I'm so sorry, it will happen again but I'm so sorry"

And I guess that was just an easier pill to swallow then the thought of me really meaning nothing to you.

You planted seeds in my chest and grew flowers around my heart and when you picked them for me I am sure your intentions were good but it killed them kind of like how you were killing me
You planted seeds in my chest and grew flowers around my heart and the stems are made of cracked glass and the flowers are all dying in my mind so I take another hit hoping the garden will catch on fire and so will I.

The dark fields became our home.

I remember making a deal with the devil hoping and begging for him to unleash me from you.

And you told me you would fight for us but that didn't mean fight for me and I remember when you said you read somewhere once that all is fair and love and war except I had my white flag up and you kept shooting.

You uprooted me

Hid me from the sun

Deprived me of water.

And then there were no more butterflies.

HOOK

You cast your reel into the sea and I feel like I am so fucking lucky that you picked me
But nobody told me that all it meant was slowly suffocating in the air you breath and being gutted

Only to be thrown away for lack of substance- or whatever.

You cast the reel and its all just beautiful lies but for some reason I knowingly latch on and let you pull me in, only to be thrown back into the ocean in search of someone better

Pull me in, throw me back, pull me in, throw me back, pull me in throw me back.

Now there is a permanent hole in my tongue from your hook and you'd think I would have learned my lesson but your bait looks too good to swim in the other direction so I just repeat the cycle hoping maybe you'll change your mind.

And these are all sweet little metaphors but if you haven't realized by now this is me putting it bluntly- I am the little fish and you are slowly killing me.

And I'd rather be physically gutted then emotionally and maybe its cause I'm used to the abuse or maybe its because at least I know all I need are the stitches and band aids

Because emotionally its like hopeless fantasies of what could have been if I was better.

Better at being anyone but me.

And mascara soaked sheets and cheeks and my friends telling me its not you, its him- but I won't believe them because you said this and I heard that and I like to think if I'm being honest, then so are you but I guess thats not even how the world works which is kind of unfair.

Just rip out my guts and my heart and take them, throw me back, I don't care.

Just please, please leave my mind alone.

Because I have never been that good at playing games

You see, I am not that coordinated.

SUNDAY MOURNING'S

Looking back at those Sunday mornings
Undercovers
Giggling like kids- oh god take me back
to days before the nightmares
to days before the wicked and evil
to lighter days, before my heart was heavy
before my legs were weighted down with what felt like a thousand bricks when I tried to get up
to walk away
before my voice felt small and cracked as I shook and told you how sorry I was
It's the unknown future, the Sunday mornings we won't get to see
Mourning's with mascara running down my cheeks and screeching into my wet pillow words
like "it was too soon, why? we could have had a good life, why? you were a beautiful soul and
I'm so sorry you didn't see that and why, why, why?"
I don't really know, if I'll ever be okay- as I am without you
I know I was too much
I hear your voice in my head and I want to scream and rip out my fucking ears
Too much love and laughter and screaming over nothing
Too much pay attention to me and awkward silences and crying over everything
Too much mood swings
Like those swings we played on in the park at midnight when we talked and tried to fix our
broken bones with bandaids
It was overwhelming
I wish I could go back in time before it all and mold myself into someone you could have loved
Because maybe if I could of just shrunk-
there would be no Sunday morning without you
Maybe if I could have been just enough we could have stayed in love and sailed around the
Mediterranean and backpacked through Europe and done all the beautiful things we said we
would do
Maybe I wouldn't be sitting here

QUITTING YOU

Its crazy because I'm sitting
Trying to quit
Trying to live
Trying to understand
I love dope but I loved you more
And really it doesn't seem so hard to put that down in comparison to us
To you
The person that I love the most
The person I said I do, I really do, to
Future plans in a white dress, white picket fence, a puppy, a smile
This has to be the hardest thing I've ever done, quit you
Its pain
It's what if's and could haves
It's mental torment on what I could of done better- everything
It's doggy paddling my way out of a rough sea
I can't swim
No land in sight
It's being stabbed in the chest a million times
Smiling
Do it again
It's emotional isolation in a house full of people
Oh my god
I want you by my side
I love you- but I'm sorry- I can't
You kicked me when I was down and now I'm here on my knees praying for a happier ending
Pain, guilt, shame, anger, turned into a grin and a tan
A glow
And now your just like every other poison I put into my body
In the past
It may of been real but it never was true
A page of a chapter of a bigger book with a tragic beginning and beautiful end
One fish in a world covered by undiscovered ocean
So goodbye to the drug that was killing me quickest- you

I quit you, I quit us

HOUSE ON FIRE

My house is on fire slowly burning into a million pieces, ashes like snowflakes-
but not the beautiful kind
not the Merry Christmas, white puffy ground beneath my boots, stick out your tongue and swirl
around like a kid kind.
Dirty snowflakes like brown powder
or some dark tar like residue
falling from the sky
remind me of the life I've been living, lies I've been telling everyone
two sides to every story
maybe three

Dirty lies I can't live
The lies that have now been thrown into my bedroom window like a grenade that went off
Spit out truth that I couldn't stand and fire I didn't want to feel
Wondering what the fuck has got to give
To get me to put an end to this madness and life of anger and hate and junk.
How can I put out the fire in my house- dull look in my eyes
brittle bones about to break
pain in my heart
mess in my brain
that I created on a selfish journey
running through this sick forest that I thought had answers to a happier life
And all it did was teach me how to sell everything I own for another hit
And all it did was teach me how to lie to everyone I know for another hit
And all it did was teach me how to kill the things I love so I don't have to feel
And all it did was teach me how to try to kill myself so I don't have to suffer the consequences of
my own actions
Now here I am, half dead, all consequences, trying to extinguish a fire I didn't even fucking start
I am on fire and I think you are too but if only one of us gets out alive I'm sorry- you didn't have
to chase after me into the house anyway.

FEAR

Fear

of

flying

fear of dying

fear of you knowing I'm lying

fear of you leaving when I'm crying

I'm out of rhymes but I'm not out of fears.

Scared of everything from big stray dogs, to keeping food logs, to ending up alone or with a needle in my arm. Scared of my dad's drunk wrath, you seeing the cuts I blame on my non-existent cats and not turning down the right path- life really freaks me out.

Okay I really can't rhyme anymore- I hope people don't think I'm stupid- I'm scared.

Scared of vulnerability.

Fear

of

failure

fear of the past repeating itself one more time or ten more times

fear of Alzheimer's

fear of standardized tests

fear of graduating and never doing shit with my life besides being some prick guy's wife

fear of people who say they don't like puppies or sweets

fear of carbs

fear of bikinis

fear of nosy people who ask a lot of questions because I think they are private investigators my parents hired to spy on me

fear of people in general and their motives

I don't really know, the list goes on and on, I can't think of them all right now cause I'm too busy sitting here thinking about how everyone knows I'm a pussy

NIGHTMARES & MATH SOLUTIONS

They say if you analyze your nightmares and you'll understand your thoughts and fears.

They say spend one second on the problem and an hour in the solution.

My life is a nightmare and I can't wake up and I'm not very good at anything analytical, rational or any other math word- like algebraic- so I know nothing about solutions. I live in the problem.

I am the problem, right?

Analyzing.

Rationalizing.

Thinking way too much.

Wake up in the morning praying that something is different. Anything is different. I am different.

No amount of prayers or please save me's can help so instead I just sit here watching it all on repeat- the repercussions of poor choices made in a day dreamers dark paradise.

No solution.

Wake up in the morning wondering who I'll be today-bipolar- how do I feel: angry like red, sad like blue, confused like gray- colors on my palette to paint some pretty picture of bright nightmares and dark days.

I guess if I could do math I'd analyze why one plus one equals seven deadly sins and two bad choices that brought out a monster and how multiplying the solutions equals me as I am- if that makes any sense.

I'd analyze me like an equation.

Rationalize every moment.

$y=mx$ plus b

Solutions like save yourself or nobody will.

Solutions like what if I don't really care.

CRASHING

I think I'm driving myself crazy
80 miles per hour
flying down a fucking highway into a chaotic, familiar abyss
and for some God forsaken reason I handed off the wheel to a stranger, again
I was just so tired
Maybe I thought you'd be a better driver
or maybe
just maybe
I was looking to crash and burn with someone like you
And oh my god, I did, I am, crashing and burning
In the only way I really know how to
Dramatically, unbeautifully, screaming and crying like the maniac I see myself as
We blew up into little, jagged, unrecognizable pieces
Laying out in the middle of a fork in the road about to burst into flames
Flames like the look in my eyes when I think of you
Or
The look in your eyes when you think of her
Everything is so messed up
I could blame you for being reckless
But surely you would rebuttal with "you're the one who gave me the fucking wheel"
And you'd be right
You're always right.
This was just always my fate
Smoldering in chaos with blue and white flames
Our fate
I couldn't do it myself though, I couldn't crash the car- I'm not as fearless as I pretend to be
The pain- the crash- the end- the scars
Scares me
Like how horror films, commitments, and vulnerability always scared you.
I think I did us a favor in letting you drive
Wildly into chaos and fake smiles
It was worth every tear and shriek for help.

HATE AND LOVE RANT

Hate is such a strong word but I want to tell you I hate you because you drive me fucking insane without trying.

I know the right thing to do is to say its not you, its me and my insecurities.

But not today- just for today I am not an adult- I am an irrational little girl and you took away my toys and won't give them back.

So here is my temper tantrum.

I hate the way your nice and then ignore me and leave me wondering whats wrong with me because I did that once or twice and I didn't know it felt like this- empty.

I hate the way you change like a chameleon and expect me to believe that your not like everyone else who walks in and out of my life and leaves me nothing but bruises and lessons that I refuse to learn from.

I hate that I don't know the real you but for some reason I'm holding onto your every word because I can't hold onto my own words because my thoughts drive me fucking mad.

I hate how I want to rant with hate in my heart and anger in my words about your existence aggravating me but instead I bring it back to my existence aggravating me because even though I want to be a kid I am not that irrational little girl anymore and I know its about me...

Even when it feels like its about you.

Enough of this hate because it is killing me, lets rant about love and how you don't want me to believe in it if it's not with you but I still do.

Love is such a strong word but I want you to know its so beautiful.

It is shining white purity and smiles for no reason on a cool summer afternoon with church bells and happy tears.

Even if its not you and me.

I can rant about us forever.

And spill to the world how I hate you because you make me feel like this and hate that I loved you or wanted to love you or could have loved you if you just fucking let me.

But I need you to know I don't hate you, hate is such a strong word.

But I need you to know I'll never love you.

Because thats a strong word too and you don't deserve either really.

You don't deserve to have me ranting about the two strongest emotions known to man kind but here I am pen and paper freaking out at one in the morning wondering where I went wrong.

I'm not sure if I did.

WALLS

You say I am beautiful as I am
and it seems so silly
but it gave me butterflies
and I've been chasing them in a field of dying flowers ever since
and it reminds me
of chasing dope through the backstreets of Jersey to hotels in New York
"I promise I'm not like everyone else"
you say
I laugh
because that's what everyone else says and I can already see where this is going
A tear filled end
Self sabotage
And I'll blame it all on you
Because I'm crazy, because I'm angry
My walls are high and a little cracked and I can see you searching for a hammer
Don't break them down, I'm begging you
Unless you are planning to stick around in the aftermath
Of my natural disaster
I am a category five hurricane
Look at the real me and tell me if I am still beautiful
Keep me chasing butterflies
Chasing some imaginary feeling
Words I want to hear
Just do me a favor and let the walls be-
Don't leave me in shambles-
Don't fucking be like everyone else.
Because I can't take it.
Broken bones
Broken hearts
Broken walls
Leave them be.

“LET WHAT YOU LOVE KILL YOU”

I don't really remember the beginning of our love affair.

You crept up on me like the seasons in New Jersey, slow then all at once.

But I don't like to say who found who because its not important to the story- whats important is that we found each other in dark alleys of Patterson and the streets of Hempstead and we laughed all night in a dimly lit room about feeling alone up until now. Young fools in love.

But.

You were a storm at sea and I was new at sailing.

I trusted your warm touch and got high off your cool breeze- safety was in your arms even when you were slowly drowning me.

I happily sunk in the depths of an ocean so dark, drown me with the fish, drown me with a love- a love that I had for you- that I thought, hoped, wished and prayed to be reciprocated.

Even though it was clear you were a storm and I was just another casualty. I loved you and so I wanted to let you take me down, tragically and beautifully, like the Titanic.

But maybe I didn't love you.

I just loved the feeling- out of my head, out of my mind, out of my body.

Get me high like the Appalachians and leave me low like motel six.

I wanted to die so I held on to the lies and the lust and mistook it for the purest gold.

So now I ride my ghost ship through the rough sea hoping to find the love like I rode my car through the dark streets with you hoping to find the love-

Like the seasons.

CHANGE MY LIFE

If I could change my life, I would go back in time and save us all from the destruction my twisted tales

If I could change my life, I would change the way it feels for me when someone says your name

If I could change my life, I would fix everything the alcohol you basked in slowly killed

If I could change my life, I would tell the worried guidance counselor that no, no everything is not okay at home

If I could change my life, I would tell my sister its not cool to be like you, me or anyone else

If I could change my life, I would not let you live in your fantasy world of a perfect life

If I could change my life, I would not of smoked that first cigarette to look cool and make new friends

If I could change my life, I would never of let things get so out of hand but then they did and I can't fix it now but I would like to

If I could change my life, I would of made different choices in high school so I wouldn't have to go back in time and fix everything that happened in high school

If I could change my life, I would go back to the time and tell you how I really feel instead of holding it and self destructing

If I could change my life, I would go back to the day I decided that doing heroin was a lot like smoking a pill and explain that neither was a normal way to deal with pain and feelings and everything else your so damn afraid of

If I could change my life, I would go back to the day of my funeral and scream out that nobody gave a fuck when she was alive and that it's not fair

If I could change my life, I would probably be too scared to do anything I want to so why even write it down now. All it's doing is incriminating me in a short ran life of lies and self hate

If I could change my life, I would not lie to your mom or that therapist from IOP because maybe if you got in trouble sooner you would of learned your lesson and maybe just maybe we would of had a fairy tale ending but probably not because you were never that nice

If I could change my life, I would of liked to have a little bit of a better upbringing? Maybe a dad that cared and taught me a thing or two about honesty and life would have changed the way I am. Maybe I wouldn't be such an angry, untrusting, bitch. Or maybe it would have made me worse. God only knows.

If I could change my life, I would of been there when you asked me to come home for the weekend, I wasn't too busy, I was really just too scared to see you again.

If I could change my life, I would If I could change my life, I would

If I could change my life, I would change it all.

If I could change my life, I would.

If I could change my life, I would save me.

But really I don't care that much about myself I was long gone and you were just a kid so I think it's most important that I help you.

And really, I promise,

If I could change my life, I would have saved you, I really would have.

LOVE LOST

My body aches and yearns for you
The warmth of your touch
The way you'd have me shaking
screaming
The way you'd have me drenched in sweat
praying
Please come back
For all the sleepless nights spent alone
with you
Hiding our love
Romeo and Juliet
For the way you'd make me feel
beautiful
invincible
self loathing
alone
Focused only on you
I was withdrawn from life
Withdrawing without you
in my life
People say eyes blue
Like the ocean
Explaining beauty
and romance
I think eyes blue like
Oxy pills in my hand
is the blue I find
most breathtaking
In love with a high
with a little blue pill
Gives me a high
Life can't
People can't
The only love I've ever felt
So magical
Why did you have to hurt me?
Change me
Emotionally, damaged
Physically, weakened
But they say its me.
It's me, who's fucked up.
I abused you
But you made me,
You wanted it.

I wish you and I could have been
together forever
I wish you didn't make me feel so
understood
Misunderstood, criminalized, addict
I wish you didn't help me
feel anything and feel nothing
Then maybe it would be easier without you now
I wish we never met
I wish it was you with the blank stare
dull eyes
nervous laugh
I wish you were the one who was broken

DUSK TO DAWN

Part 1

I was pretty sure that half of the rain dripping down what Jay called my “chubby cheeks” was actually tears and that my shivering was actually just my body trembling in fear for my life. I took a deep breath in and felt my body do this weird shaky thing. It’s like it was saying “thank god you can breath, you are okay, we will make it through this.” I took another breath and looked over at him. He didn’t look fucked up. He didn’t look like a narcissistic, piece of shit, asshole. I can guarantee you he is though, I mean I’ve spent almost two years with the prick. Why? Because I love him more than anything and I know he will eventually change.

“Tasha...” The silence is broken and my thoughts scurry up and out of the air and back into my brain as I regain focus and look at Jay. “Do you want anything from 7-eleven?” Is he serious? I can feel my entire body warming up and turning bright red with frustration. I want to scream at him. Instead I shake my head. “No, I’m fine.” I know he is going to get mad at me for saying fine. He hates the word fine. I don’t blame him, I hate the word fine too, I just always end up saying it for some reason. Maybe because that really is how I am, just fine. “You know I fucking hate it when you say your fine, like I know that means your not fine. So what do you want? A green tea, a Snapple, a rice krispy maybe? C’mon.” He’s trying so hard to be sweet right now but I don’t want to give in. I am too upset. I just want to cry. “Please baby, stop being so upset, whats there to be upset about? We are both breathing and together isn’t that what matters?” God I hate him. I hate him so much.

I whip my head around and stare directly into his eyes with fury beaming out of them like sun beams into the window of a dark bedroom on Sunday mornings. “We almost weren’t breathing and together Jay! You were almost dead an hour ago! I don- you can- I wish you’d just-,” I was getting more and more worked up throughout my sentence, I couldn’t even finish a thought or explain how scared I felt when I saw him laying face down next to the quarry in the mud and rain like one of the towns drunken homeless people. When I flipped him over and saw that his bright blue eyes were dull and black, skin lifeless and pale, I thought he was dead. I will never forget the way he looked when I found him there. His small opened mouth looked like it was asking for help before and the twisted way his body looked as it slowly sunk into the earth as he quietly nodded out into an ocean of a deadly opiate induced bliss.