peaches &

liars

Monday came and shattered me

It wasn’t her fault

You can’t stay whole forever

But I never new it would hurt so much

Tuesday was all roses

And good morning kisses

Using superglue to repair the pieces of me left on the floor

But i was too fragile

Wednesday was short

More of mouth to mouth then

Mouth with words

I couldn’t stand affection

It came with too much heartache

Thursday lasted for a while

He was gentle

Washed my bruises

Taught me how love could be felt

But I fought patience with violence

And left him broken on the floor

Friday had too much kindness

For her size

And too little selfishness

That she fell into everyone’s oceans

And couldn’t stop dragging herself out of rips

I couldn’t live as an island in her world

Saturday called me a wildfire

I took it as a compliment

Until she claimed herself a forest

And I knew that being with her

Meant burning her to ashes

So out of love

I stayed away

**MONDAY**

baby

you asked me not to hurt you

\

but i managed to do it anyway

when you’ve got glass splinters in your skin

you seem to cut people easily

baby

you asked me not to hurt you

\

but I managed to do it anyway

when you’re made of flames and rope

you can’t help but set off fireworks

baby

you asked me not to hurt you

\

but I managed to do it anyway

when you used scissors to cut loose ends

you forgot I’m barely holding on

baby

you asked me not to hurt you

\

but I managed to do it anyway

when you pull the covers over your cold feet

you forget I’m always scared lying with you

baby

I asked you not to hurt me

/

but you managed to do it anyway

being with you is like running with scissors

 and tripping over live wires

i knew i loved you

when i started making excuses

for the way you’ loved’ me

you were wrapped in white sheets

and I was dressed as *frankenstein*

stealing candy from each other

two children entranced by the pleasure

sugar tongues

swirling

breathing

beating hearts

our own fantasy

monsters

small shadows in the dark

counting jellybeans down my thigh

dividing them apart

dilated eyes

our own candy carts

front doors

a game

sweet / sour

hands locked

fingers lit

tripping

hour by hour

over our own feet

minutes straying

praying

for honey to savour

your sheets

my sewn limbs

the real mischief - makers

I’m drowning here

and you’re describing the ~~fucking~~ water

you got so inside of me

i couldn’t tell

if the voices inside my head

were mine or yours

drowning in the shallows

is still drowning

destroy the idea

that there is beauty in pain

it only ends in bruised flowers

* *no one buys bruised flower*

how can I show you I am *yellow*

when you keep painting me *blue*

we were two matches

burning a city

but eventually all flames

burn to the ground

the words you spoke became the house you lived in

cold and empty

the ghosts of the walls

haunt you

because this house is your skin

and the dead call you home

stop pressing at my bruises

or they’ll never fade

stop showing me my scars

i feel their presence anyway

the sun could leave us tomorrow

we’re certain it won’t

but i was certain you wouldn’t

and you did

* *certain can never be truth*

you said my name

weeks after we stoped talking

i understood

because I cried it

the hurt wasn’t sudden

I felt I deserved a cyclone

but instead it was a slow rainfall

running over me

until one day I was hallowed out

* *the worst pain is when you can’t tell the difference, because it has been so long you can’t remember before*

the things I could throw out were the easiest problem

I have tried to move on

From my first love

But no breaking has hurt as much

As the initial shatter

* *for I was whole before we met*

get it off your chest

so you can finally breath again

**TUESDAY**

being whole means

you can’t leave parts of yourself with others

unless you learn to regrow them yourself

i’m sorry all the colours

were bleached out of your clothing

sometimes its better to feel numb

then destroyed

* *bad ‘roommates’*

Stay as you are

I whisper as I mould into you

we cannot help but become parts of each other

Shaping landscapes and my sight

maybe that’s why it’s so hard to go on alone

We leave behind fragments of ourselves

so stay in your skin

you will leave whole

but *blind*

and have you given love at all

or were you too cautious

too keep each other the same

* *sometimes we must first change and then shed to grow*

I’ve realised our bones

were build to hold one

and house two

* *but none If shattered*

**WEDNESDAY**

he’s in my hands

but shes on my mind

I’m tasting him

but really wanting

the touch of her

is emotional cheating

still cheating?

* *to me is it*

so many demanded I changed my voice

that I become fearful of it

its hard to enjoy speaking

when you’ve internalised the belief

that you always sound wrong

* *learning that there is no such thing as sounding ugly is hard to accept*

*do not date me*

unless you want to wear fur coats inside

and every museum to hold stuffed lungs

every park to be in a perpetual state of winter

*I will kiss you*

and you will feel it

with every goosebump on your body

until the air is knocked from you

and all you inhale is snowflakes

you will realise why *hurricanes*

are named after people

you can be intuitive with your body

if you have been starving yourself

*sex, alcohol, food*

I was cracked and ripped at the seams

you came and put sticky tape over my wounds

the ones I couldn’t reach

it wasn’t until I repaired myself with stitches and glue

that I realised you only prolonged my breaking

and I called it love

**THURSDAY**

I’m sorry you’re fragile and broken

but I have just finished putting my

pieces back together

this glue isn’t strong enough for the both of us

* *sometimes I prioritise myself*

you whispered

‘I love you’

and I didn’t say it back

not because I didn’t want to

but because

every time I’ve given a part of myself

It’s never been returned

* *I can’t keep fading like this*

you teach me to be tender and vulnerable

not because i am a woman

but because i am a child

of mother earth

who cares for our needs

yet who we can damage so easily

I used the bricks

from your broken walls

to build my own

- *trying to learn how to not abuse others vulnerability*

it’s not your fault i treat you like this

I just can’t remember what treating people right feels like

the last time I felt too hard

* *now I feel nothing at all*

*roses are red*

*violets are blue*

when i drank cough medicine

you became sick to

*roses are red*

*violets are blue*

now you’re in the hospital

and I’m home with the flu

I will not exist

merely for you

to live through me

* *you raised this skin, but I live in it*

I wanted to run my fingers across

every place you had been

memorise the parts of you

no one else had seen

understand why you believed

the puddles couldn’t mirror

who you were

diffuse into every memory

until i was part of them all

I wanted to jump

from what you heard me say

to where you comprehended it

just to know what you really thought

I wanted to sing

into your ear drums

watch them beat with your heart

I wanted to draw

across your irises

peering through your pupils into the dark

I demanded you show me every twist and turn

not noticing the danger signs

or path that I burned

I meddled with your mind

lost out of sight

I was crazily in love with you

but ruined you instead

some people are puddles

some people are rivers

some people are oceans

* *we are all 70% water*

the intricate nature of earth

makes me believe in a creator

and not believe in a creator

how could anything this magnificent

be created from imagination

nor exist on its very own

I am finding comfort in solitude

I am never lonely when I am alone

when you’ve been loved in all the colours

*black and white* feels so easy

**FRIDAY**

once you start trying again

the cure can almost seem worse

then no medicine

* *but when it’s right, you forget you were ever sick*

so I split myself open

knowing sewing myself up

would be so painful

It is those moments

when my laugh

feels like it could start an avalanche

that I realised real love

is enjoyable

I hope to one day

sing words

others could not have put together

it hurts me so much to see

a love that is only felt one way

* *maybe it’s better that I can’t see myself*

theres *hurt* in your eyes

in the lines in your hands

the way your shoulders hang

and your bones creak

it *hurts* me

that i *hurt* you

so you *hurt* yourself

which *hurts* me

that i *hurt* because i *hurt* you

because you *hurt* me

and now *hurt* sounds like shirts and suffocation

and headaches and heartaches

and smashed plates and blood

and sin and sin and so much sin

and how could there be a god

and now *hurt* sounds like learnt hate

children taught to tease

and firearms and gratified buildings

policemen with too much power and money and power and money

and pain and suffering

and silence

and you bless yourself

while i watch the news

and now it *hurts* me

that they *hurt*

and i don’t stop the *hurt*

because theres too much *hurt*

and we all *hurt*

but we sit in our armchairs

and complain about our hurting backs

and bank statements

and noisey neighbours

and broken phone chargers

and lost children

and forgotten vows

and broken homes

and bullet holes

and we *hurt*

and we all *hurt*

so we cover up the pain

with dollar bills

and cardboard houses

to keep out the rain

but eventually it’ll leak through

and we know this

because bandaids are temporary

but we’re force fed the lies

till our stomachs bleed

placing addicts in jail

when the real monsters still roam the streets

because for some reason suicide is rising

and its knocking on every door

enticing you with promises

and hope

professionals prescribing pills

but your headache

is from a tv screen

and mines

from whats on it

because there are wars down the west coast

and refugees on the east

and my cousin

thinks north is a person

and in the south there are nazis

parades of privilege and propaganda

and our politicians don’t listen

the economy is run

through telephone propositions

rainfalls decreasing

but we’re drowning in moving tides

see theres *hurt* on every corner

and *hurt* in your eyes

and *hurt* on the front page of every newspaper

I could find

I am part of the lucky ones

who don’t fear for our lives

but we know of the fear

and its eating our insides

It’s not love

if i want you

and you want someone else

it is only admiration

or worship

never love

never apologise for burning too brightly

or collapsing into yourself at night

thats how galaxies are made

your hands could move mountains

but you sit on them all day

inside each of us sits an unborn fire

and some light that fire

and some throw water on it

and some use it to burn us to the ground

I hold you so tight

i can’t see the blood

streaming down my fingers

until I’m surrounded by a sea of red

and you’re the only life raft to hang on to

but ever time i swim closer

you move just out of reach

and it hurts

and i realise

not all roses

are like me

**SATURDAY**

My body is being held hostage

In a cage of emotions

I am playing that game again

where you jump

and try not to get burned

* *if only it was a 5 year old game*

if i invest all my emotions in one person

am i in love

or crazy

probably both

so remain sane

save the heartache

buy a dishwasher

You were lightening

And I was thunder

Too bright

Too loud

And never quite in time with each other

* *the sad part is, we made a perfect storm*

but you could never love me

I was made of *spices*

and you preferred *honey*

you can’t fill up my glass

pretend you care for my taste

remind me you have so much to give

but leave me empty

when you need to give to someone else

I guess you could say we were a rainbow

no start

or finish

just brilliant colours

in full radiance

* *but all rainbows fade*

I asked my mother

‘why are we so wrapped up in ourselves

we ask others to tear us apart

in order to be tasted’

she replied,

‘we have an obesity epidemic,

sugar must come at a price’

* *am I so sweet, I’m sickening?*

who am i

without the pieces of everyone else

stitched under my skin

i am sewn together

through memories

and words

of others

* *i am now slowly learning to mend myself without you*

I wanted someone to paint me in all the colours

so i remained grey

* ***SUNDAY***

I have lost myself

trying to fill the holes of someone else

don’t blame me for being lose change

hiding my uselessness by trying to be valuable

My front door is locked,

by the gate is a guard dog

But once you convince it

You’re okay

The keys under the mat

* *The dog isn’t easy, it’s been called a bitch too often*

a few will be hard edged whisky

a couple will be sweet hot chocolate

but some will come for tea

and leave you poisoned on the floor

* *beware of what you drink*

you can’t demand safety

of anyone

even the earth

has no walls

only your own consciousness

there’s comfort and sadness in believing

this is exactly how your life

was suppose to turn out

I thought letting you go was the easy part

i expected to cry for longer

i mourned for the part of me that was left on your mountain

but I travelled on

the road barely existed

yet I found a new mountain

but when I looked back

i could still see you

* *do we ever move on?*

add

take as much

or as little

as you need

but please

don’t leave me empty

or not touch me at all

our lips tell the stories our spines don’t have the strength to carry