

~Cat's space box~

constellations

what?

Lumi's space c:

II. [i]suffering game no. 1[/i]

if you walk away i'll do the same,
though in the dark we must remain;
your footfalls make the stuff of nightmares
as again, once more, again you walk away.

i am a mess when it comes to home--
dark-figured strangers consume my body;

Wait what?

(ur rhythm is a+++)

sound can barely type on mobile but somehow ended up here in the pad so here i go

the absence of feeling:
a fullness in my stomach, when i gorge myself on food
i forgot what limits tasted like - what portion sizes looked like

a heaviness in my chest, when i cannot catch my breath
a limply postured body, that doesn't want to move itself

a head full of blank space, when i have no words to say
because everything falls empty, on deaf ears anyway

the feeling of absence?

is what i feel
when i'm no longer with you

i'm far away, beyond the walls
i set for myself
and i'm far away, beyond the sea
where emptiness resides

—

to say you are no longer with us does no right to when you were
you were an old man, with an old heart, and an old love
and no one could convince you to lie to us; that we were not your favorite
because we were
and you were mine

i still love you, though we are separate by the sting of death

and i still miss you, though i know your joy is fuller than its ever been

wist's corner

There is an attic box
Brimming with pink paper shreds

A box in the attic
Filled with shredded pink paper
Empty of things that matter.
Shadows of weight have left indents,

Mass indented paper into shadows
But now it does not matter:
I cannot read - I never knew what it held.

I never read what it held
I never held what I read
It was red, I was held
I was held, I was held once
And now I am pink, shredded paper
I am the attic. I am a box.