

My dead dog is dead (shocking, I know)!

My dead dog died once
by car,

Dead dogs make my heart hurt
I can't think about it

Dead dogs
and screams that sound like nails on a chalkboard.
it drives me crazy,

Dead dogs
and nails on chalkboard screams
and getting shots who's pinches hurt just a tad
and remind me that I'm alive a little too much.
but it still crosses my mind

Dead dogs
and nails on chalkboard screams
and shots that hurt just a tad
and days where it turns into night so soon
and it feels like the sun only got to play with us for an hour.
and it's almost like its my fault

Dead dogs
and nails on chalkboard screams
and shots that hurt just a tad
and days when the sun leaves too soon
and seeing someone cry
or feeling like I need to cry but I'm somewhere and I can't.
and it kills me

My days are drying out like peaches.
I can feel each writhing away from my skin.
one day I'll be the dead dog
that makes someone's heart hurt,
which crushes me like a dog by car.
to not be in total control.

I sleep to chaos and wake up to it

Fires burn the forest around me.
The hot orange flames slowly
eat away at what was once plush
and green and
full of life.

Little creatures
With green and scaly skin
grow from the soil
to bite at the feet of those who tread
earth's floor.
Leaving scabs and bruises
and aching pains on those who crave
to spend each day wandering.

Bugs with wings the size of
my need to scream
gnaw at our existence.
Until we only exist
as a carcass of ourselves.

Mountains that spew purple
lava that's cold to the touch
erect like spurs until
we are
trapped.

And the sun, who was once a friend,
wears our skin down
to its last layer
and turns what's left of us to ash.

Soon movement feels like bondage
my body narrowly resembles myself
life feels like explosive death
everything is a blaze.

and maybe nothing happens after we die
Because the universe is tired.

Your parents are superheros when you're five

and you're in love with the world
the way that there are always People
around

laughter comes like fruit flies-
like the ones on the Bananas
in the kitchen
which keep you from ever knowing
hunger
because they're always there

the Sun is the magic that flows through your veins
and beats in your heart
to make you so alive

Ladybugs feel like your best friends
who surprise you on days
that feel particularly warm
and taste like sweet Lemonade
and smells like wet Grass

you spend every waking moment
outside
trying to discover everything you've
seen in class
or on TV
because you just have to Know

or reading a book
and having so much Faith that
there's an entire world
beyond your own

and swallowing everything whole
because you have an urgency to
Suck the life
out of
life

when your five it still tastes sweet
no salt, no poison,

nothing to make you hurt, distrust
or Cry enough tears to fill
Oceans

some days I wake up with
the feeling of twenty crawling over me
and maybe I'm too Young to feel so
closed shut

so I remember five
and the shiny shrink wrap around
love
hope
and God

and I pretend like things can still be Perfect
to keep me going

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