

I should have gotten glasses.

When I met you, I believed we were the picture of friendship.
I believed it could not get better than what we had,
when in reality, what we had was not much.
My idea of friendship has evolved with my growing age.
What I once thought it was is only a fraction
of the meaning I give to it now,
and I hope it only grows fonder.

A vast amount has changed within me since I last saw you.
I wear glasses now.
When we were friends, you always complained about my
unspectacular vision.
You would point out the flaw of the nearest person;
their hair, their clothes, their face.

"They're too far away, I can't see,"
I dismissed you.
"You're so blind,"
you would whine.

I lived through our friendship as such for six years;
walking around with my impaired vision,
unable to see the bigger picture.

I should have gotten glasses.

I should have seen the signs.
I should have understood that what we had was only surface-level.
I should have trusted my gut.
I should have listened to my body
when it felt drained after being around you for too long.

I should have saved my energy for the battle
I was fighting internally.

But I was too “blind” to see the bigger picture.
I couldn’t see the remnants of your words,
because I believed I had brushed them off so easily.
I was blind to the portion of your comments
that had remained and crawled under my skin, hiding.
Years of unwanted words about my weight, my family,
my insecurity of my inability to process my emotions fully.
The residue of words seeped into my pores,
clogging them until I had become infested.

You sent me a letter,
and I never sent one back.
I never even acknowledged that I received it.
This is my letter to you,
lost in the wind of the world,
praying it gets to you.
I loved you to the best of my ability;
the only way I knew how.

Young love is comical.

*First, I want you to know how much I love you.
There will always be a place in my heart that loves you.
You're the first boy I fell in love with and that will never change,
no matter how much time passes.
Second, I wish I could've done this in person.
I truly miss you so much.
I know the longer I waited to do this,
the more it would hurt me.
I couldn't imagine seeing you every day,
knowing we would have to break up in the near future
due to my parents.
I know it might be hard to understand,
but now just isn't the right time.
I really did want this to last.
But I hope you can understand why I'm doing what I'm doing.
My parents were making me choose between people I love,
which caused the most pain I've ever felt in my entire life.
Third, thank you so much!
You are the best boyfriend a girl could ask for.
You made me feel so special,
and I had the best time with you.
I can't even say it without crying.
I think we need to break up.
I'll never be able to give you 100% in this relationship,
and that's what you deserve.
I love you soooooooooo much.*

Now I have to decide
whether or not I should send this.
I don't even think I have the guts.

♥ 1 month and 1 week later ♥

We lasted 165 days,
or 23 weeks and 4 days,
or 5 months and 12 days.
Yes, I know I wrote a breakup letter.
And yes, I've noticed space has been gaining between us.
But my heart was still shattered when I got the text.

*"I'm sorry but I'm not feeling this anymore
we barely get to hang or even see each other."*

I wonder how long that took to write.

I feel like a complete idiot.
He really seemed different.
Like he cared about our relationship.
But when the going gets tough,
this is how he responds.
We talked today after school.
We had a laugh, and he walked me to the door.
Then at 4:24, he sends this text.
I responded at 4:41,
and he read it at 4:47.
I sent a picture to Georgia, but she hasn't opened it yet.

I posted,
*"i am at a point in my life where if u do me wrong
i don't even put in the effort to hate u.
i just no longer worry about ur existence,"*
on my private story.

I don't really know how I feel.
I have running thoughts of so many mixed emotions.
When I read it,
I felt relief,
depression,
anger,
so much that I can't really even explain it.
I'm not really mad at the fact that he called it off,
just more of the reason why.
He really is one of those guys.
How do you say "*I love you*",
and then break up with me for a stupid reason?
If you really did love me,
you would try your best to make time.
That's what gets me angry.
I feel stupid all over again.

♥ *4 years later* ♥

Young love is comical.

Sex.

It's so beautiful,
yet so tricky to navigate.

My whole life I viewed it as something sacred,
only to be touched by a man who loves me.
Yet I've never done it with a man who has,
and maybe that's where the fault lies.
The second I leave,
my brain points out all the ways I was used that day
and taken advantage of.
It's self-manipulation.
Here's how I explained it to Rose:

*"i don't feel loved by him for sure.
there are moments when i feel cared for,
but not loved.
but i don't know if that's a bad thing,
because at what point do you draw the line between a relationship
and whatever we're doing?
everything about him not wanting to be in a relationship
is solely his own reasons.
before we started anything,
he said he couldn't support anyone emotionally right now,
and i told him something vague along those lines too,
but i've never gotten into my home life with him.
in a perfect world, rose,
i wouldn't be where i am at all.
i have this false independence.
i have this "secure" job, but at the end of the day
if i leave the house, all of that disappears
because it all stems from my dad,
so the minute i leave,*

my income is gone.
i feel so trapped and it gets so overwhelming.
so when i temporarily leave and i go see him,
it's like this breath of fresh air.
and that's why i feel like i hold so much weight in what we have.
but then i'll leave
and i'll feel emotional because
1. i'm going back to this environment that is triggering,
and 2. i feel how much easier it is for him to say goodbye.
so then my brain starts telling me,
he holds no value in us and all this is for him is sex.
and now i think i'm being used.
he's not a shitty person,
but knowing that i'm incapable of loving him the way i want to
makes me feel shitty.
but i love being around him because he makes me feel comfortable
and i rarely feel that.
i don't know if i'm settling
because, at the end of the day,
i believe this is the most i can get out of anyone right now.
but it's like that temporary high is so good
i can't leave even though the low gets as bad as it does.
does that all make sense?
i just feel like it shouldn't be this hard."

Fresh wounds.

I went to see my friend Lily this week,
but the whole time I was itching to come home.
I knew going back there would make me feel a certain way,
but I think it was more than that honestly.

When she and I met,
we bonded instantly because we were in such a similar headspace
and our home life was similar in certain ways.
Obviously, there is still so much work
that I need to do within myself,
but since I've left there,
I feel like I've made a lot of progress.
But Lily is still there,
and I'm not saying her leaving will solve anything for her,
but it's very obvious she's still in that headspace.
She's still stuck in that depressive loop of
sleeping,
not eating,
crying.
It almost felt like I was being sucked into exactly a year ago,
when I couldn't get out of that endless cycle.

The whole week I was just telling myself,
"I need to go home,"
and I ended up leaving a day early.
I've finally found the door to exit that loop,
but the door is still cracked open
and I feel like anything can send me back through,
and I don't know how to be there for her
when I'm in this fragile state.
I don't want to be a bad friend

by not letting her talk to me about her struggles.
I want her to be able to lean on me,
but at the same time,
it's hard hearing about something that I used to struggle with.

I can't be constantly reminded of that time in my life
when everything is still fresh in my mind.

dear rose.

i wrote a letter to myself to read december 31, 2023, and i started thinking about our friendship. i say it a lot, but i never feel like enough. you've changed me so much. you've helped me so much. you've helped me grow and prosper, and slowly become the person i'm working every day to be.

you met lily on the phone the other day. i 100% know and believe my friendship with her has become what it is because of you. you've taught me so much, rose. she constantly tells me how grateful she is she met me and how close we have become. i can't wait till the day when i sit down with her and tell her all about you. all about us. to tell her how if she had met me just a couple of years earlier, we probably would not have gotten as close as we have become. she got to meet the more open me, the more comfortable me. the me who's able to tell someone how i feel more easily. the me who doesn't overthink as much in my relationships. i'm so grateful to be able to meet someone and jump into a friendship confidently. and i'm so proud to thank you for that.

thank you for listening to my struggles this year and not judging me for any of them. thank you for teaching me all that you have this year, all the years before, and so many years to come.

i love you so much.

-yannaspoeetry

happy birthday to my beloved.

i don't know how to describe the amount of love i have for you in words. thank you for loving me. thank you for accepting me. thank you for teaching me the value of friendship. thank you for creating a safe space for me. thank you for confiding in me. thank you for being you.

today is such a blessing. i'm so lucky God decided to put you on this earth, and even luckier He then decided to put you in my life. you make me want to be a better woman; a better human. you are the epitome of a friend. i can count on the thoughts of our friendship to pull me out of dark spaces and hard times. there's a space in my heart reserved just for you.

i love you so much.

-yannaspoe

rose.

roses are my favorite flower,
my favorite flower is you.

-yannaspoe

where the fault lies.

the fault lies in me because i let you think it's okay.
the fault lies in me when i paint on a face that says i'm brave.
the fault lies in me because i'm too coward to move away.
the fault lies in me because i'm choosing to stay.

the fault lies in him when he steals what i refuse to give.
the fault lies in him because he controls the narrative.
the fault lies in him as i lose my will to live.
the fault lies in him when i feel forced to forgive.

the fault lies in her as she watches me shrink.
the fault lies in her as i cry over my sink.
the fault lies in her as i pour my agony into a drink.
the fault lies in her as i step towards the brink.

-yannaspoeetry

jealousy is a disease.

it's a rapidly-fatal,
makes you highly unstable,
kind of disease.

it hits you slowly,
then spreads fast.

one picture.
an arm around her.

one thought.
him inside her.

now i'm ill.

-yannaspoeetry

chronically wounded.

i think i'm chronically wounded
because i can't seem to get rid of this pain.
it is braided into my DNA
stamped on my heart
and etched into the making of my flesh.
it stings underwater
and burns when exposed.
i have changed bandage
after bandage
after bandage
after bandage
but nothing will subside this bleeding.

i think i'm chronically wounded
although my wounds are visible to my eyes only.
i wear my mask superglued to my face
so convincing
i almost believe it
when i study my own reflection in the mirror.

i think i'm chronically wounded
and i don't think there is a cure.
i've tried pills and potions
friendships and sex
drugs and drinks
doctors and shrinks.

but the pain is still there.
and i don't think it has any plans to go.

-yannaspoeetry

Opposite Day.

i'm not regretful.
but on Opposite Day
i would regret the way i let you touch me.

i'm not dishonest.
but on Opposite Day
i'd lie and tell you i never loved you.

i'm not arrogant.
but on Opposite Day
you would realize what you let
slip through your clumsy little fingers.

i'm not materialistic.
but on Opposite Day
i'd steal back all of our memories
camped inside your brain.

i'm not foolish.
but on Opposite Day
i'd ask for one last kiss.

-yannaspoeetry

false memories.

did you know
i rode in a truck bed
when I was four?

i loved the feel
of the truck beneath my palms
all it ridges and bumps.

my back ached
from leaning against
the side of the car.

the wind made it hard to breathe
but it didn't falter my smile
it only buried my laughter.

*did you know
that memory isn't real?*

i didn't ride in a truck bed when I was four
i didn't feel the ridges and bumps
i didn't have an ache in my back
and there was no wind.

i have this false memory
that makes me wonder,

*how many of ours
did i imagine in my head?*

-yannaspoeetry

the secret.

“how did you lose so much weight?
tell me the secret.”

*i indulge in a strict diet
that's low in calories and high in
anxiety and depression.*

“i just try to stay active.”

-yannaspoe^{try}

confessions.

i skipped dinner today.
i tolerate what i see in the mirror.
my weight changes with the seasons.
if you ask me what my fear is
i'll tell you it's spiders
but the truth is i fear
men, marriage, and time.
i once believed love isn't love.
i used to have the word *Christian*
written on my forehead
but now i can't recall
the last time i sat down and talked to God.
i cry when i think i'm too dependent.
when the right person hugs me
i never let go,
when the wrong person hugs me
i wish i was six feet under.
i'm clingy when i'm sad
and sometimes just the feel of your skin on mine
is like replacing one of the burnt-out
lightbulbs in my pitch-black brain.
i rarely wear my glasses when i drive.
i wear my heart on my sleeve
and then cry when it breaks.
sometimes i think about calling him
other times i wish i never met him
in gym class, in sixth grade.
confessions can bring us closer,
other times, they can be the force
that pushes you away.

-yannaspoe^{try}

my shade of blue.

my shade of blue isn't beautiful
it tends to grow darker over the years
but i still think it's improvable

will you still love me on the days
i'm drowning in my blue tears?
in my blue bed?
in my blue room?
in my blue head?

will you throw me a lifesaver?
will you give me your hand?
is my blue too blue for you?
is this not part of your plan?

my blue may taint you
my blue may maim you
and when you give me your shoulder
my blue may stain you

but i promise
when i'm fixed and all better
i'll be the one to clean
my shade of blue
off your sweater

-yannaspoeetry

impersonal.

you make sure everything
about us is impersonal.

until the moment you kiss me

and i feel the heat of your hands
and the burn of your stare
your lips on my ear
as you whisper a swear
the drop in my stomach
when you tug on my hair
the slow of my movements
as i realize i could be anywhere

but i choose to be here
with a boy,
who makes sure everything about us
is impersonal.

-yannaspoeetry

i believed him.

“the sky is green.”

and i believed him.

“i’ll never hurt you.”

and i believed him.

*“you were already
broken when i got you.”*

and i believed him.

“i’ll never leave you.”

and i believed him.

-yannaspoe

losing sleep.

being around you feels better than sleep
so i come to your beck and call during ungodly hours
because the possibility of losing you
hurts more than being tired.

the moon and i have become acquainted
the stars and i have become friends
they judge me as i enter my destination
to the city of unrequited love.

nothing feels better than when i'm in your arms
no blissful dream compares
my consciousness can't dissolve
when you're the one who feeds me the sun.

-yannaspoe

my *more*.

if they ask me,
“*have you ever been in love before?*”
my automated response is,
“*no.*”

not because i despise my past,
but because there’s this gaping hole in my heart
that separates my former lovers
and the possibility
of *more*.

because this can’t be it.

this can’t be the love everybody maunders about.
this can’t be the love that makes me long for forever.
this can’t be the love that i’m supposed to treasure.

this can’t be it, however
i believe there’s *more*.

i believe there’s more to it than good morning texts.
i believe there’s more to it than scheduled sex.
i believe there’s more to it than picking up a check.

so when i meet a new lover
and they ask me, “*have you ever been in love before?*”
my answer will be, “*no.*”

because they could be
my *more*.

-yannaspoe^{try}

how do i tell him?

how do i tell him it's not that i don't want him around,
it's just sometimes i feel like the air around me is thinning?

how do i tell him i yearn for the feel of him,
it's just sometimes my brain tricks me into thinking i'm being used?

how do i tell him i heard him the first time,
it's just sometimes i only start to believe on the third?

how do i tell him he can have all of me,
it's just sometimes i prefer a hug?

-yannaspoe

rose's petals.

rose lends me her petals when i'm missing a few
rose patches me up and makes me feel brand-new
the warmth of her petals is tried and true
rose digs a hole for me right where she grew

-yannaspoeetry

right person, wrong time.

i'm convinced we were
right person, wrong time
right person, wrong location
right person, wrong mental state

because if i were happier
i would have convinced you that
you weren't unlovable
and if you were trusting
you'd have fixed all the ways
we were dysfunctional

but i'll find my happiness
before you find your trust
so i'll come and find you
and explain how we were just
right person, wrong time

-yannaspoe

just out of reach.

he held the possibility of our future
like a cookie above my head,
laughing at me as i stood in my tallest shoes,
and stretched my shortest fingers,
but we were still just out of reach.

-yannaspoe^{try}

winter reflections.

it's winter again
and old habits stick like glue

i still have bad eating patterns
and i still have new gym shoes.

-yannaspoeetry (drafts)

the remnants of your happiness.

my love, it's not normal the way they treat you
it's not normal, the way you never truly sleep
you've locked the remnants of your happiness in a safe
and save it for a rainy day, my love, it's not normal.

you didn't plan for the future because
you didn't see yourself having one
my love, it's not normal to feel her pain in your chest
she's your mother and she keeps you fed
but my love, please, it's not normal to feel this stressed.

give me your happiness and let me be your safe
i'll hold you when you cry about all the ways you're like her
she'll scream and shout the moment you walkout
but my love, it's not normal, and one day she'll figure it out.

-yannaspoeetry

pieces of my peace.

i find it funny how the minute i start to be kind to myself,
my circle becomes smaller,
and they say if you've lost something, the best way to find it is to go
back to the place you've lost it and i've lost my peace,
but i don't want to go back to you
i don't want to feel small again

i met a guy once
everything depended on what he did, or worse, what he didn't
i don't want to feel like my happiness lives in the palm of his hands
a bit of my peace was crushed in between his fingers,
and i think there are still some crumbs on the pillow i used to lie on,
i know if i look hard enough i can find it,
but i don't want to go back to you
i don't want to feel small again

i had this friend
we didn't have much between us but laughter and years,
i think that's where everything went wrong,
but i still think about you
i still have the letter you sent me and i read it every once in a while
i still ask about you because i know you're holding
a piece of my peace and sometimes i think maybe i can get it back
but i don't want to go back to you, you made me feel small,
and i don't want to feel small again

my circle is small, but i don't mind it,
i'm stingy with the pieces of my peace i have left because i know
what it feels like to have it stolen right from under you,
i know what it's like to watch the people who carry it from afar

and be too scared to get it back in fear they'll steal the little
remaining you have left, so i'm stingy with my peace but i keep my
hands open in case i come across old pieces,
the guy i met once, the friend i had
all the people who destroyed what i gave out so freely.

-yannaspoeetry (video/drafts)

empathic sponge.

i feel the weight of your words in my chest
i can't catch my breath when you're fighting your tears
i feel a heaviness in my eyes when you get no rest
there's a hole in my heart as you tell me your fears

i can tell what mood she's in just by the way her feet climb the stairs
the tone in their voices, their clipped replies
moments later followed by only one muffled cry

and i feel the weight of his words
and i can't catch my breath as she's fighting her tears
and i feel a heaviness in my eyes when i see she gets no rest
and there's an enormous hole in my heart as she tells me her fears

i absorb it all like a sponge at the young age i am
i find the dirty water in the boys i meet
in the books i read
in the passenger seat
as he holds my hand and tells me
he'll wring out all my dirty water

-yannaspoe

hours pass in minutes.

i miss the walks to her house after school
playing with the sprinkler on a scorching hot day
laughing until it turns to us coughing
smiling until our cheeks are sore
running inside with our wet feet slapping on the wood
making a mess as we search for dry clothes
hours passed in minutes and before i knew it,
i was going home.

after a day spent together with our big group of friends
of lingering stares and secret small smiles
you used to call me in the evening
you used to tell me the things
you would never say in front of them
i'd bring up your lingering stares and you'd say
you couldn't stop thinking about my secret small smiles
and you'd slip up and almost whisper those three words
hours passed in minutes and before i knew it,
i was growing up and we were growing apart.

i'd sit on her couch as she read my latest entries
the words that would tell her nothing has
changed since the last session
i'm still sad and i still don't want to go home
she refills the pills and tells me that from here
it's only uphill
i lie on my bed with my journal against my chest
and stare at the ceiling
hours pass in minutes and before i know it
the sun has set and come back up again.

-yannaspoeetry

the letter he'll never get.

maybe i should start from the beginning. there was not one point in this arrangement where i haven't questioned my worth. where i haven't questioned whether or not you actually care about me. and that's not normal. it's not normal for me to leave you and immediately feel sad about what we did. i want it to be beautiful and amazing, and something i can't stop thinking about for only good reasons. instead, it's just another stress factor i can add to the list. i love you. i can sit for hours inside my head trying to figure out if i've fallen *in* love with you, or if i'm just holding on to a temporary solution to the real problems in my life, but the one thing i can call true is i care for you very deeply. and i'm not sure if you should know how much or not, because there's a part of me that doesn't know what you'll do with that information. you're a very lovable person. in fact, it would be completely insane if someone spent as much time as we have together and didn't fall in love with you because you're so easy to love. you're so easy to make exceptions for. you're so easy to make excuses for. i should have long said goodbye to every unhealthy aspect of love we've created between us, but i can't because you make it so easy to stay. you make it so easy to feel as if this is what i deserve. i deserve not to be checked on. i deserve not to be sought out. i deserve to feel alone in your arms. and after all this recognition, i still won't send this to you, because i still am afraid to hurt you, because i know it'll hurt me. i'm an empathic sponge remember? i'll feel your pain when there's no reason to put myself in that position. you're amazing, you just chose to make this not-so-great. i want everything for you. i want every dream of yours to come true.

-yannaspoe

the “letter” he got.

i have to step back from this. the better part of me knows it's making me go back to a bad place i'm trying to heal. it's hindering my growth and i know you of all people can understand having to remove yourself from that kind of situation.

-yannaspoe

playback.

you're just in time for the show
you take a seat, you're front row
you have a bucket of popcorn and a large coke
you see yourself on the screen
this is your life you're watching
and you're not doing anything
you've given up, you're off track
you let them take over
and now you're in the audience
stuck watching the *playback*.

-yannaspoeury

reminder.

i want to hold her and tell her it's okay
that when life seems to be moving faster than you can run
when the sky is grey and you can't find your sun
when you can't find the right colors to finish your painting
when you're giving up so much more than you're gaining
when you think you can't feel any worse
and you start to say, *"well, maybe i'm just cursed"*

take a breath
and realize

life is not a race, sometimes it's okay to walk slow
i promise it's true, after every storm there is a rainbow
you can mix the colors you have to make something new
the quality of your gains will be worth anything you go through
you'll be sitting on the couch reading all these letters
and you'll start to say, *"well, maybe i am getting better"*
i want to hold her and tell her it's okay.

-yannaspoeetry

poetic sadness.

sticks and stones may break my bones
but words can kill me
they can shatter me into oblivion
lyrics can feel like gunshots aimed at the heart
and a book can feel like i'm drowning
i love it
it's the only pain i crave
i relish in the tears that fall when i hear a sad song
even on my happiest days, i crave the saddest words
there is something so poetic about being in control of your sadness
the transfer of emotions through the alphabet
poetic sadness and divine happiness all wrapped in one.

-yannaspoe

4-7-8.

four.

i think i'm dying
my body's hot to the touch
but i can't stop shaking
don't touch me, everything's aching.

seven.

there's a ringing in my ears
and my fingers feel numb
my body's gone still
but my heart is still a drum
don't touch me yet
i still need to land
i'm so sorry this got so out of hand.

eight.

i let it go slowly
i keep my eyes closed
i promise from now on
i'll try to stay composed
my shoulders feel heavy
from all this weight
so please understand
when i can't stand up straight.

-yannaspoeetry

the white box.

i'm in the white box
the one with the one-sided door
there are no windows
i sit here and look pretty
waiting for my cue to leave
waiting
waiting
waiting
the walls are made of knives
i sit in the middle
my back up straight
afraid to fall over
i smile
i sit here and look pretty
pondering
how can i escape?

-yannaspoeetry

i am a fragile tree.

in the midst of a storm
your words are the wind
that blows all my leaves away
baring me to the earth
your indifference is the rain
that stresses my roots
ceasing my growth
my branches are chipping away
one by one
i am crumbling down
away with the wind and the rain
i am a fragile tree.

-yannaspoeetry

growing pains.

are growing pains supposed to be this painful?
because it feels like my world is ending

it feels like my lungs are getting smaller
and my throat is closing up
i don't think it's supposed to feel like this

like i'm dying
i don't feel it in my shins and knees
i feel it in my heart and chest

and i know it's just growing pains
but why can i feel it in my brain?
when will every thought up there stop circling back to you?

when will you not be the first thing i think of in the morning
the last thing i think of before i shut my eyes
and the reason i open them in the middle of the night again?

when will you stop being *you*?
when will the sound of your name stop tugging on my heart
leaving it an aching and bruising mess?

when can i finally start to ease the pressure off the gauze
wrapped around my bleeding wound?

when will i finally be done growing so this pain can disappear?

-yannaspoe^{try}

dinner party for one.

why do i constantly show up to this dinner
at a table where my plate is always empty?

i'm hungry,
i'm starved.

yet,
i accept your invitation time and time again
and you never falter to bring nothing to the table.

why do i stay in an environment that can
inhabit these negative emotions?

i watch you as you inhale the plate i carefully crafted
giving you everything i have
and leaving only crumbs for myself.

you prepared nothing for me.

i'm hungry,
i'm starved
and you watch me
stare at my empty plate
at a table
at a dinner
you invited me to.

why do i always show up?

-yannaspoeetry

my second pair of eyes.

i can always count on you to be my pair of eyes that aren't blinded by the affection i receive. you're my pair of eyes that catch the red flags and throw me a lifesaver before i can manage to drown. so, thank you for all of the reality checks, the "*you deserve better*"s, and all the burning buildings you've pulled me out of. i know it's redundant at this point, but i love saying it— *i love you*.

-yannaspoe

deadline.

we became a deadline
no more than a brink of time
a clear warning sign
that what we were was temporary.

but we ignored it
until we couldn't fit
you refused to commit
and we became too much to carry.

-yannaspoe

conditions to my unconditional love.

my love is unconditional in the sense that
i will love you despite your faults.
i will forgive you for your flawed actions,
i will forgive you for the inevitable pain
you will cause me.
it is unconditional in the sense that
i will love you even when you despise me.

my love is conditional in the sense that
i will love myself more.
i will let you go when your faults
become the bane of my existence.
when i feel as if i have lost myself,
i will take any path to find her again
even if you are not on it.

i will hand you my love
like a cup of coffee every morning,
warm,
habitual,
free.

don't confuse my unconditional love
for weakness, my darling.
my desire to heal prevails
my desire to be loved by you.

-yannaspoeetry

temporarily forever.

everything is temporary;
life in itself is temporary.
but in this temporary life,
i want you to be my forever.
i want you to be my constant.
the last memory in my brain
before my temporary meets
it's finish line.

-yannaspoeetry

big shoes.

i'm addicted to dreaming because
that's the only time i get to see you.
i get to live every memory you refuse to create.
you've become a piece of perfection in my mind.
it's more than imagination; it's vivid and powerful.
the lines between real and fantasy have become a blur,
and now i have handed you an award you don't deserve.
i see it when you walk in the shoes i have given you.
you trip and fall over, unable to fill them alone.
i pick you up and stuff the empty space
in your shoes with my dreams,
and we continue to walk.

-yannaspoe

wet sand.

you've buried your emotions
under layers of dry sand
and handed me a shovel
the tide is high
my tears roll in waves
my sweat pours over you
it's harder to dig
it's too heavy and my arms are tired
you're wet sand is all over me
and i can't get it off
you're angry when i put the shovel down
and walk away, out of breath
you blame me
you hoped i would create a hole
but i've only created a dent
maybe after the sun comes out
when the temperatures rise
and your sand is all dry
the next one can finish my work.

-yannaspoeetry

things i find attractive.

when you hold my cold hands.

when you find your way to a fact
about me without my verbal directions.

morals.

when i trust you enough to close my eyes
and let you lead the way;
when i can turn off fight or flight
and turn on cruise control.

dreams. big, unrealistic, laughable ones.

effort.

kisses that whisper "*i love you.*"

unapologetic vulnerability.

unapologetic smiles.

unapologetic laughs.

you.

-yannaspoeetry

her.

there's nothing like a
woman who loves herself.
she's resolute with her hellos,
and ruthless with her goodbyes.
pitiless.
merciless.
i aspire to be *her*.

-yannaspoe

4 PM.

call me when it's raining
and it's 4 PM
when my dog's lying next to me
and i'm reading a fluffy book
listening to my favorite playlist
my laptop open on the poem i have yet to finish

because that's when my heart is most vulnerable

that's probably when i'll tell you yes:

yes,
i forgive you.
yes,
i'll take you back.
yes,
i'll come see you.

i know you think about me
when the stars are high
and the other side of your bed is cold
but i didn't know you think about me
when the sun's still out
and now i feel meaningful

-yannaspoeetry

a penny for your thoughts.

you're quiet,
and i try to read you
like my favorite novel.

a penny for your thoughts,
how have you seen me
in my thinnest layers
but i don't even know
your favorite color?

a penny for your thoughts,
did you see this coming
or did you tell yourself
i was overreacting?

a penny for your thoughts,
at what point did your
effort escape you?

take all my pennies,
and give me all your thoughts.
i'd go broke just to know
what you're thinking.

-yannaspoe

detective.

she's tired of playing detective
but she feels as if she has no choice
her trust runs thin
and so does his voice.

she picks up the phone
searches his name
goes through his following
and as soon as she see it
she's filled with shame

he still follows *her*.

she clicks on her profile.

she clicks on her post.

and there's his name,
just like a ghost.

hidden,
lurking,
a shadow in disguise.

it's not cheating,
but why does he feel
the need to lie?

-yannaspoeetry

birthday wishes.

a ladder. to reach my goals. to help me grow.

something more fulfilling than temporary happiness; contentment maybe, or peace.

change, even if it's uncomfortable. even if it seems like i'm giving up a lot. i need new air to breathe because this one is too toxic.

meaningful conversations. i've wasted so many words this year. i've given away so many thoughts to people who didn't cherish them.

more healthy love. less unhealthy love.

a broom. to clean my floor. no more scattered tissues and broken pieces.

an umbrella, a coat, and rain boots. no one can promise fair weather, but if i'm prepared, i can make it through the storm again.

more words. lyrics and literature. poetry. they're all like a weighted blanket. a lit fireplace with a mug of hot cocoa in your cold hands.

a blessed 20th year.

-yannaspoe

the grief of our surface-level love.

i'll read our empty texts
like *my favorite novel*
feel a pain in my chest
and pretend it isn't my fault
that i can't erase you.

i don't have much to hold on to
a few pictures, a shirt
it's the intangible articles
that linger like the smell
of an old cigarette.

and i'm a heavy smoker
i'll go through a pack of
our memories in one day
i lack the discipline it takes
to call it quits and save myself.

i can hold what we amounted to
in between my two fingers
but i'll grieve our surface-level love
the same way it's slowly killing me;
long and agonizing.

-yannaspoe

the part of me that believes.

guilt follows the boundaries i attempt to set
because there is a part of me that believes
your desire for an easy life is more important
than my desire for happiness
there is a part of me that believes
my duty in life is to complete the task
of accommodating my life to fit into yours
perfectly, smoothly, disturbingly.

-yannaspoe

my hero.

you cut me open
stitch me up
and call yourself *my hero*.

-yannaspoe

peace.

not everyone will do right by us. and we may go our whole life never receiving an apology from the people who have caused us pain. but that should never be the factor needed for forgiveness. forgiveness is the gateway to peace, and unspoken apologies are only the barriers that prevent us from ever getting there.

-yannaspoeetry

just the right amount.

i want to learn how to love *just the right amount*
and forget how to love in a way where
i'm actively searching for you in everything
holding onto the hope that i may
catch a glimpse of the way you feel about me
overanalyzing the lyrics in your favorite love song
or maybe i can learn more about your personality
by dissecting your favorite characters
i want to forget every bad habit
relearn everything if i have too
i want to love without having to choose parts of me
that are worth giving up for the process
i don't want it to be
love me

or

love you
i want it to be
love me

and

love you
i want to love
not too much
not too little
but *just the right amount.*

-yannaspoeetry

with ease.

i never want you to feel that any pain you experience isn't worth the time it needs to take to heal. if someone comes along and makes you feel as if your pain is too heavy to hold, then they're not someone who deserves the reward of your healed love at the end of that journey. understand that and let them go with ease.

-yannaspoe

strangers.

she tries to explain it to him—
we're a direct translation from one paper to another
you're sad because it's that time again
the seasons change, winter will come every year
it's personified verbatim

he packs her bags lest she give
him a reason to come back
her dreams are tainted
she'll close her eyes and think of her future
but only see him
the yellow wallpaper with the vine roses
the dusty golden wood
his whispers of forever
there is not an inch of her
body he has not touched
how can he learn another woman
when he has spent years
studying her to the very last hair?
they were once the first gasp of air
after holding their breath underwater
and now they'll be strangers drowning again.

-yannaspoeetry

our burden.

*i dare to wish to cause you a burden,
but can you hold my weight?*

when my insecurity of being a burden
has its hands around my neck
i think of you and the hold lets up

for what are we if i don't hold your burden?
i choose you every time,
i choose *all* of you
the good,
the bad

our little beads of burden are in
our bowl of love
we've tossed them around
and it would take years to sort them apart

you're the burden i choose to adore
you're the burden i choose to cherish
when you love someone
it no longer holds the weight of a burden,
it holds the weight of a gift.

-yannaspoe^{try}

unlearn.

my biggest fear was constructed
after realizing i may never unlearn you

you've set up camp in my brain

and now i'll never unlearn the tears
that fall in fear of angry words
i'll never unlearn the feeling of
broken eggshells under my feet
i'll never unlearn the pain
of hating my innocent flesh

i'll never unlearn the past
you're still in my present
i'm blind to my future

i want to be born again
so i can unlearn you.

-yannaspoeetry

broken record.

he stares up at the ceiling fan
maybe if he doesn't look at the mess on the ground
it'll disappear

knock knock

repeat

like a broken record

she's knocking
she's been knocking all-day

knock knock

repeat

like a broken record

she's the broken record

he's the broken home

knock knock

repeat

like a broken record

he'd get up, but he's stuck looking at the ceiling fan
waiting for the mess on the ground to disappear

he tells her she can't enter his home

until he gets his shit cleaned up

knock knock

repeat

like a broken record

she's the cleaner

he's the mess

knock knock

repeat

like a broken record

it'll disappear, he whispers to himself.

-yannaspoeetry

my armor.

your challenges are proportional
to your blessings
so when you manifest your gains,
build your strength in your arms
to knock down the forces
thrown your way.

i trust God in the sense that i believe
he will guide me to build my strength
in time to handle certain challenges,
not that he will dodge them for me.
he will hand them to me,
but not without allowing me
to grab *my armor* first.

-yannaspoe^{try}

happy heartbeat.

i sit in the rain
but this time it's different
the water isn't putting the fire out
the fire isn't even there anymore
i'm not looking up at gray clouds
i'm looking up at my bright bathroom lights
the music is loud
but not louder than my heartbeat
it's happy
and she smiles
and so does the girl in the mirror
the girl in the mirror
with her happy heartbeat
that's louder than her music
feeling the rain
under her bright bathroom lights
oh, how times have changed.

-yannaspoe

in the name of honesty.

i linger with your ghosts
when i close my eyes
your phantom hands
still touch me
you are false
but don't be fooled
you are still nothing short
of a cruel punishment.

-yannaspoeetry

introduction to falling in love.

two hands on
her virgin heart
a maiden's first
taste of love
he paints her
white heart red
she slips on blood
falls faster than
she can breathe
her lover trips
falls behind her
two birds with
broken wings
hands slip
soft whispers
swift promises
unspoken words
blue stains on
rosy cheeks
dreading tomorrow
longing for yesterday
two hands on
her tainted heart.

-yannaspoe

(winter death; summer bloom).

i crave unadorned comfort
a candle
the rain
the ocean
anything that fills the silence,
that prevents my mind from wandering
into self-inflicted pain.

there is comfort in nurture
the reviving of a flower
the beauty in progress
the bitter taste of a winter death,
makes a summer bloom sweeter.

-yannaspoeetry

i seek refuge in myself.

i'm redecorating my interiors
renovating my mind
tearing down walls you built
because i've learned how
to do it myself now

i'm getting older
time doesn't wait till
i'm ready to heal
i'll die with a bandage
on my bleeding wound

i feel the pain if
i sit the wrong way
or if i see you;
if i feel you

my mind was never
safe from you
so i'm rebuilding her
i seek refuge in myself.

-yannaspoeetry

(god is a sinner; god is a saint).

is god the sun that rose in the morning
or the bullet that killed her mother?

the air she gets to breathe
or the flatline on her mother's screen?

is she worthy or is she finally coming
face-to-face with the repercussions of her sins?

she tries to find god in the
dark alley behind the hospital

but she only sees him behind the burn
of her leaking eyelids, closing, on her knees

and god cries with her, and she feels
his tears on her face, and she hears the

thunder of his weeping, and she asks him
why must you cry over your choices?

and she grows angry, for why does god
feel remorse for his selfish need to touch a soul?

for why does god feel entitled to steal
her will to live? *he's a sinner*, she thinks

*i worship at a spirit's feet, feet
that get dirty just like mine*

and the faith her mother gifted her leaves her body
because, *god is a sinner, just like me.*

in the dead of winter, she sits in her
dreary garden, her body heavy despite

the weightloss of her faith, she has
not seen god since their parting

but in that moment, with the sun in
hiding, white lilies begin to bloom

and she is on her knees, crying and
god cries with her, his tears on her face

lilies are her mother's favorite flower, and
god is a saint, just like my mother.

untitled #1.

i write my words in pencil
because i fear i'll convey my
feelings to you falsely on my first attempt.
how can i confess my love for you
when you have failed to clean
the tears i've wept?

it's
trial and error
trial and pain
trial and pride

a show with no end
a lie with no reveal

i see the real you in the faded words
i have tried so hard to erase.

-yannaspoeetry

the temptress.

it's languid.
lingering.
deliberate.
every calculated
accidental brush;
just enough to make
his mind wander
into forbidden land.
he's apologetic,
she's decisive.
it's written all over
his face, how he
thinks about the
drag and burn of her fingers.
a want so desperate,
a need so consuming.
he's desperate,
she's consuming.
a desire in his throat
so thick, he cannot breathe
in her presence, unless he
possesses the air inside of her.

-yannaspoe

(i'm desperate.)

i tell her how pretty her face is
in hopes i can pull those three words from her again
and i know she just means it as a friend
but i'll take what i can get right now
in fear of the version of us that dies in the summer
the version of us that witnesses each other's bloom
the version of us that lives in separate gardens
i'll watch her thrive with her lover
while i polish and shine the shoulder she has dirtied
and scrub the stains off all of the t-shirts she has ruined
because i let her
because i'll take what i can get right now
even though she just means it as a friend
in hopes i can pull those three words from her again
i'll tell her how pretty her face is.

-yannaspoe

he.

a man in his truest form; raw and uncut, is a man in love.

a love so warm his pride melts; a love so heavy he must release the
insecurities that rid him of his sanity.

pain is a privilege; the telltale sign that the crevices of your once
desolate heart have been filled.

he wears his agony like a badge, for he could not feel his misery if
not for the love she has gifted.

his tasteful affection awakened by the sentiment of a stranger turned
enticement turned addiction.

-yannaspoe

it's not our one year anniversary.

on sunday, it would have been a year
sometimes i wish i held on just so i can say we made it
maybe if we passed that mark we wouldn't have faded
maybe we would have been more real with a year under our belt
more valuable
more tangible
maybe i would have meant more to you
i'm going to your city on sunday
and i'll feel you ghost while i try to avoid
our year old footprints
your handprints
your voice
your false hope
all the while, maybe you don't even know.

i talk to god at my weakest point
but i'll question his existence at my highest
i seek solace from a greater being
trying to find reason for my failure
in lieu of carrying the blame
but i'll own my success like it's my name
i hung the moon until it came crashing down
i made the sun until it went up in flames
(i loved you until it all went away).

-yannaspoeetry

i plead for a kiss with my eyes
you brush your lips on my forehead
on the tip of my nose
i find the good and cling on to it
the moon is my source of light
in the dark, in the rain
when you send me off
to find my way home

i keep a lamp on my bedside table
and turn it on before i sleep
i bask in the orange behind my eyelids
the light never leaves me
i find the good and cling on to it
i chase the darkness away
with a flashlight

your nonchalance is my agony
your causality the hand around my neck
the moon, my lamp, your heart
(i find the good and cling on to it).

-yannaspoeetry

grounding.

i can feel this; this joy, this pain
i carry this magnitude of emotion with my bare hands
i pray on my knees by my clock
i whisper with its ticking
i can feel this; the good, the bad

it's a deep breath
it's the heat in my chest
hot like the sun, warming the river of my blood
i meet my agony with gratitude,
for the signs and symptoms of life
it holds hands with are my thanks to god

a reminder that although it aches,
my heart is still beating
progress is a gift
and i hug my perfectly wrapped present
to my chest at the bottom of the steps.

-yannaspoeetry

tender skin.

sensitivity is beautiful on paper
but it stings on my flesh
i memorize the lines on your face
and sketch it on a torn-out page
but i don't sign my name

i frame it.

your beauty stays ingrained
forever in my existence
even after i rewrite our love

it is a warmth i would rather read
so i spell every emotion
it looks prettier in pencil
a remembrance; a memorial

but i cry just thinking about
how deeply i can feel
how these words may never exist
without my tender skin

i cannot have one without the other.

-yannaspoeetry

The Beginning of Love

is a thrill i cannot replicate
i wish i could grind this feeling into dust,
and turn it into the vice of my choice
i do not know addiction,
but i would be acquainted with her then
and she would envy you for being my weakest point,
because when you send me a text,
i scream into my pillow; i suffocate your spell,
my cheeks ache; my eyes are permanently wrinkled
your voice has become my lullaby
it is your breathing soothing me to peace
and your lyricism in writing my dreams
the Beginning is a painless version of love
you trade my hurt for shame
for how did i know Love, if you have begun to redefine it?
i begged time to run, but i would catch her with both
my hands and hold her still until i memorize this.

-yannaspoe

i fear i may be mistaking excitement for love
but i find myself only wanting to write about you
i think about the sun and somehow,
my pen starts writing your name ten-fold
it's new; it's shiny; it's different
i fear you may be good
you are undeserving of my old tricks
you approach me with a gentleness unfamiliar,
but i want to learn you
teach me your love while mine is still soft in my hands
i'll mold it to fit snug against yours
i want to see the world through your eyes
if we have proven love, i'll sing you these words;
(our favorite song).

-yannaspoe^{try}

cartographer.

i want to know you, inside and out
be able to map your beauty on a blank page
with my eyes closed
and for the risk that this is borrowed time
i must write about you
and the world that lives within your mind.

-yannaspoe

a moment.

i am uninspired;
i need a moment with you.

these feelings are my thoughts;
i think in these feelings.

i write it down to translate it into words;
the perfect articulation of this admiration.

i crave a moment with you;
the gunpowder and lead in my pen.

kiss me once;
i'll write it, and you'll read it.

about this phantom pain;
the lack of you i never had.

give me just one moment;
i'm saving this ink and a blank page.

-yannaspoeetry

the color of my fear.

we're just out of reach
you're blind to the color of my fear
so i wear it around you

you speak in silence
with just your gaze
and i wish you could feel how it makes me feel

the drop in my stomach
the heat in my chest
or the burn of your hand on my skin
that lingers even after i walk away

and it's still there
the shape of your hand on my waist
now colored in the fear
that i'll wear around you.

-yannaspoeetry

june 24th.

is it possible to fall in one night?
the only known is that i feel when you look at me
indecipherable, yet i want to drown in it

you get this look in your eyes
when you're thinking of love
it's the same look i get
when i'm thinking of you

“the burn of your hand on my skin
lingers even after i walk away”
i felt it once and now i yearn
to experience all of you

i'll go home and my words on paper
will turn into you
my brakes are broken
i'll hand you the scrambled pieces
of my life on a silver platter
and hope that it's good enough.

the ocean lies.

i lose sight of my feet,
and my worries disappear
for how can i coexist
with this vast beauty?
a wave holds an abysmal of ignorance
the sun is a blinding sense of time
the sand holds grains of gratitude
and i sift them through my fingers
a false sense of an endless supply
the ocean lies,
and i lay with her.

-yannaspoeetry

untitled #2.

you wait to see me bare
and you make my heart soar
high in the air you taught me how to breathe
but love and fear smell the same
while i hold the weight you bear
and now you make my heart sore.

(easy love).

“a gentleness unfamiliar”;
you’ve gifted me a comfort
and i bathe in it with ease.

it’ll pass;
i release this complex for the
betterment of my mind.

you’re wrapped in good,
and apprehension kills me.

we sit under trees
you catch my thoughts, while i catch leaves.
running time isn’t wasted with you;
i learn quietness is a luxury
and you’ve become my source of silence.

i welcome chance and luck
and all the unknown,
because i no longer fear
when my eyes are closed.

-yannaspotry

(i think of you).

i heard a song, and i thought of you
i saw your sweet smile in the melody
lost to your heartbeat in the drums
i fear i falsify, but
the sun rose, and i thought of you
i felt her awaken me with her beauty and warmth
and asked her if she learned that from you
i fear i falsify, but i feel you in everything

you have consumed me, yet
my words will not do you justice
which brings me pain
for the translation of your existence
deserves the prettiest of words;
deserves the same accuracy with which you see me

it terrifies me,
how you hold my heart in your hands
and it terrifies me,
my inability to satisfy the translation of your existence
and so i think of you, and i feel you in everything
and i let you consume me, all your real and unreal

because, if not my words then
you deserve to be consumed
you deserve to be desired
you deserve a love so passionate and obsessive

and because,
you make it easy to think of you
so, *i think of you.*

~yannaspoeetry

update for you

i found her.

i sit in wet sand as she comes rolling in,
in pieces, but there nonetheless.

i feel the wonders of time as she nears,
a sudden flood of lost emotion;
waves of tears and years of smiles,
purpose and hope and visceral devotion.

color pours from her and i envy it,
until i remember she's mine
i soak it up, and i want to write the world,
craft my happiness on paper.

yes, time is a wonder
but the world could stop
and i'd still feel this.

until i think of the end,
and she breaks again.

-yannaspotry

(pain is a liar).

it's a traitorous feeling,
wanting to detach yourself from your own skin.
and that's the thing about pain,
how does one begin to reason with it?
how does one begin to love oneself,
despite being the cause of it?

i look at the ocean long enough,
and i see the line where the blue of
the water and the sky meet.
i see the tangible and intangible touch;
i sit in the familiar feeling of fallacy.

i convince myself the ocean and sky touch,
because i see it, despite my knowing the truth.

and that's when i begin to reason with it.

-yannaspoeetry

untitled #3.

my camera cannot capture
the essence of this beauty;
the blue doesn't glisten and shine
with a barrier between our eyes
it cannot carry the fresh, salty scent
the breeze bouncing off my skin
the changing sky
every grain of sand
the laughter warmer than the sun
the fear and fascination of the water
the limitless wonder
the pit in my stomach
the warmth in my chest
the sensation of your touch
the soft press of your lips
the look in your eye,
the one that so accurately reads mine,
my words cannot capture
the essence of you.

-yannaspoeetry

i miss words.

but my flaws are deafening, and i don't want to write about them.

i wasn't dragged here, i walked; i carry the weight of the blame.

i miss words, and i miss breathing easily.

i can sit in silence, counting my breaths. sometimes i don't take in enough air. but i won't notice until i've spent the whole day with my chest tight, and i'm in bed at night, sitting in silence, counting my breaths.

i fear i live my life that way; always short of breath and oblivious to it. and i fear oblivion. i search every corner of my brain until i've memorized every bad habit.

and then i write it on paper until i can see my reflection on the page.

until i see her and i mixed as one.

until i can't read it without crying.

until i'm gasping for air, and my flaws are too loud again.

my chest hurts.

i miss when words were just words.

-yannaspoeetry

how did you do it?

make me love you, that is
my words belong to you
every thought
every inch of skin
it has your name on it

my heart beats in limbo
until it feels yours near
i think it's selfish
of me to love you
because i will forever
feel the need to heal
in order to amount to
anything worth loving

i suffer from a hollowness
carved out of empty promises
empty love, empty people
i sit next to fair-weather friends
and sleep with apathetic men
so, how did you do it?

how did you make me
crave your warmth
when i love the cold?

how did you grab hold of me
when i never stopped running?

how did you breathe life
to this desire?

i'd rather wash away my sorrow

in a river of pity than
come face-to-face with the truth

the truth is no easier to swallow
and the pain in my throat
is unbearable but has become
the only sign of your existence

so, why did you do it?
make me love you, that is.

~yannaspoeetry

sitting in the dark, he erased it.

i don't know when a chapter ends until i look behind me, and i see pieces of my shedding; i don't know when a poem ends until i no longer feel the dying need to explain how i feel.

i don't know when i'm in love until i'm sitting in the dark, and he sees me—*really sees me*, and he's erasing it.

my lack of discernment and the ghost of a heavy hand disappearing under his touch.

when his lips are on mine, i don't hear anything but the sweet rain and his soft words.

the betrayal has vanished;
as if my trust was never tarnished,
my skin was never stolen,
my hope was never shattered.

a veil against reality, yet the moon still shines outside the window, reminding me that everything must come to an end.

once i go back through that door, memories will evade me. i'll turn him into something he's not; i'll rewrite all of this in my head.

until i hate him. until i never want to relive him again. until he takes up space in the worst way possible. until he wears the shoes of a man who will never be him.

i build these obstacles. i know them by heart. i walk its path like i sing my favorite song.

so, i wish to sit here with him. in the dark. forever.

convincing myself that he's erased it.

~yannaspoe

part one.

i carry her trauma in my heart
it's seeped into my veins
leaked into my ovaries
and for that i cannot bear children
i cannot create the company to my misery

i hold myself accountable when i'm alone
what's the point in lying to yourself
when your actions know your thoughts,
and your thoughts know your heart

and everything she gave
and everything you promise to keep to yourself
like an oath of secrecy

the same one she took as young as me
before she created her company
before she felt her misery
before she was the woman
who let me carry her trauma in my heart.

part two.

childhood has a slow death.

suddenly, my sadness weighs more and lingers longer. my clothes not fitting makes me cry, and i have forgotten what it feels like to drink juice out of a box.

worry killed excitement. i worry so much about me not being happy, it has now become the reason i am unhappy. the reason i walk myself through the dust and glitter of nostalgia at any minor inconvenience.

i read about a girl who cared more to be loved and i thought, *maybe that's me*. until i realized i've never felt loved, so how could i care about something i don't understand?

rather i understand how it feels to love. i have loved our holly tree and its poisonous berries. i have loved my brown bear, teddy, even long after mom threw him away.

i have loved you.

you cannot pinpoint the moment it ended, you just wake up one day and realize it's gone.

at the heart of me is childhood.

my grief that reminds me it taught me the kind of love you can only be gifted after you have lost something you have felt so viscerally.

i have felt you so viscerally,
and then i lost you
now, you have gifted me a love

that allows me to grieve you.

at the heart of me is you.

in another universe,

where her voice isn't trapped in my head
and his hands haven't tainted me

and what's familiar to me,
isn't what's comfortable

where you speak my language
and i speak yours so fluently

where broken glass doesn't scare me

and where i have forgiven God,

i would let myself love you.

~yannaspoeetry

home.

i want to feel at home
drive me back
the way slipped my mind

suddenly,
i'm not a kid anymore

suddenly,
i wake up and i don't feel young forever

suddenly,
i'm still alive
because i gave myself a second chance

i'm in my twenties
because the world didn't stop spinning

it's over before i learned to enjoy it

drive me back
i'll enjoy it now.

~yannaspoeetry

my mind is wandering again, and it's putting you somewhere you
don't belong.

when the walls of my home are painted my shade of blue, it's hard
not to find comfort in it.

you're good, and it scares me;
disappoint me, i expect it.

you are the salvation of an unhealed mother's daughter who is
fearful of her brokenness.

leave me or kill me;
i won't know the difference.

hold me or use me;
it all feels the same.

i put you somewhere you do not belong.

a mantra.

i sit next to what's not mine.

in a room full of people,
you feel familiar.

i repeat the words in my head
like a mantra; *i love you.*

"how are you?"
i love you.

"did you eat?"
i love you.

"are you ready to leave?"
i love you.

i think i may just be
a moment to you,
while you have become
the source of gratitude
for my past.

the better me.

am i taking two steps back
or did i never change?

i saw it;
reading less and writing more
eating less and crying more.

the weather makes my skin itch,
so i pick at my scabs
and
the better me still bleeds
and
the better me still weeps
and
the better me still blames herself
for feeling anything other than
happy.

the light of your soul;

what i would give for you to take my eyes for a day.

i'd lose my sight in exchange for keeping the pieces of my heart that
chip away every time you undermine yourself.

the light you love in me is sourced from you; it was born the day
you brought yourself to me.

it is a curse of immunity; take my eyes and see *the light of your soul*.

gratitude; sadness.

to be unaware of time is a gift,
to wake up one day and realize
the year is more than halfway done
and fear you haven't had enough of it
is a gift.

cry more,
let the feelings flow back into the universe
instead of burying those roots
under the soil in your heart
and watering it with your unshed tears.

can gratitude and sadness coexist?

i live in a state of healing
even as the weather changes

*let go of the idea that
gratitude and sadness
cannot coexist.*

~yannaspotry

hidden places.

i'm finding my love
for you in *hidden places*;
it molds and shapes itself
into smaller spaces.

i found my love for you
in the sound of you falling asleep
my thoughts calmed to
the slow of your breathing
and my heart slowed to
the slur of your voice

you fought it, your tiredness,
and i found my love
in the song of your defeat.

~yannaspotry

fearful and miserable, love.

*and just when i think i cannot love you anymore, you hold my hand
and tell me i'm wrong. my love for you will stop growing once we
walk every inch of land and swim through every wave on this earth.
it will let me go once we touch every planet and dream upon every
star in this universe and the next. i cannot love you anymore, my
fearful and miserable love. i desperately explore every inch of you,
yet i'm still fearful and miserable, love. i'm still growing twice the
size, spinning in your orbit, while you hold my hand and tell me i'm
wrong.*

~yannaspoeury

time is the most intimidating of them all.

when it's dark, quiet
and i'm lying on the ground feeling the earth spin,
i still feel disconnected.

i still feel like i'll never have enough of it.

and time doesn't care that i'm tired
it leaves without me when i sleep at night,
and i wake up the next morning and run to catch up.

i chase it's shadow like it's my own,
until i'm tired and it leaves me again.

when my day is over, someone else's has begun;
i will forever be running to catch up.

i will never be satisfied.

~yannaspoeetry

(on the phone \with you).

i hope i love you in every universe.

*even in the one where we don't meet
till we're thirty-two, grocery shopping
at the same store.*

*or we're forty-four, walking our dogs
in the same park.*

*or we're sixty, pushing our grandkids
on the same swing set.*

*maybe one day i'll wake up
and love somebody who isn't you
but even then,*

i hope i have loved you in every universe.

-yannaspoeetry

it consumes me
on my deathbed
paralyzed at just the possibility of being hurt

i evade you
you would condemn my fortitude
convince me my avoidance is my healing

but healing should not feel like
struggling to breathe
it should not make me immobile
at the thought of happenstance and indecision

no,
i don't want to love you anymore
i don't want to spend my days
thinking about inevitable pain

untether your hands from my heart
you being the cause of its beating
may be worse than it not beating at all

i don't want you to love me anymore.

-yannaspoe^{try}

(i play it safe).

writing letters to you
i'll never deliver
until they bury me

or maybe i'll die with them

maybe you'll have to dig up my grave
and steal my words from me
if you want to understand how
i loved you to my death

i played it safe
and it still killed me.

-yannaspoeetry

(07.22.24 response).

i want to experience joy to its fullest;
for it to be as warm as the tears on my face,
for it to be as convulsing as my fear,
i want it to feel as long as a drawn-out goodbye,
and as consuming as my love for you.

i want to find this joy and share it with you
under a sky full of stars that start to fade,
when we feel a few drops start to fall on our face
and when we look at each other,
we finally see our futures clearly.

we're no more than a foot apart,
and i'll see the sprinkles of joy on your lips,
you'll slowly bring your hand to my face,
and i'll start to glisten under your gaze.

i'll see nothing but you,
set my doubt free and let it evaporate,
feel its remnants turn into hope and surround us.

and then you surround me,
with a kiss warmer than the ghost of any tear,
more convulsing than all my fear,
too long for a drawn-out goodbye so we call it hello.

and we say hello until the sky clears and the stars come back out,
we'll draw it out until the morning sun beats down on our new skin.

the skin that feels joy as consuming as my love for you,
that experiences joy to its highest degree,

because you made love to her in the rain.

every me.

empty graves
withered grass
and faded headstones

i'm searching for your soul everywhere
in the trees, in the ocean, in the birds
in the old woman sitting across from me,
reading a book on the subway

it's an insatiable void
my heart crawls to my sleeve
begging me for buoyancy

cross-legged on the grass
untangling weeds
i lift my heavy hands to the sky
and pieces i've pulled fall around me

i am one with this earth
i acknowledge every universe
i seek solace in the body that lives freely
and we trade what we have to spare

balance—
her strength is my weakness
her weakness is my strength

i burrow her serenity
and i lend her my empathy
how can i feel emptiness
in our ever-giving entity?

i wonder if we all suffer from this void
if the only thing different is how it makes us feel
if every me is missing parts of you
and grieving who you will never be

i found your soul in an empty grave
surrounded by withered grass
and faded headstones

i lay my flowers down
with my newfound serenity
and smile as i feel the warmth of
every me.

~yannaspoeetry

(never enough).

there are no more words;
no letters in the alphabet can spell this feeling.

in a matter of heartbeats, i'm back in your arms,
eyes closed, searching through my memories,
finding more ways to write about you.

a different way to say "*i love you,*"
because it doesn't feel like enough.

i can never get enough.
not enough words, not enough letters,
never enough you.

never enough time.

i'm still there;
your hands on my skin and my mind giving up,
realizing there are no more words
and my only hope is to show you.

through every breath, through every kiss.

but there is *never enough*.

~yannaspotry

creation & pain.

*“now nobody’s tending to the garden
all the flowers died.” (Tiny Habits/Lizzy McAlpine)*

things still exist even after you leave them,
every creation is still a creation.

we’re all predisposed to pain;
it’s the human experience: to create and to feel pain

we’re lucky to be pained,
and we’re all tending to the remnants of
something that was once beautiful

permanence;
the mind forgets, so it can never exist

what have we forgotten to tend to?

~yannaspoeetry

sunday morning.

“‘you...are a terribly real thing in a terribly false world, and that, i believe, is why you are in so much pain.’” ~Emilie Autumn

you are a sunday morning prayer
our yesterdays are the same
but our tomorrows will be different
i never make it through the weather in one piece

“the body keeps score”
i repeat it until the words lose their meaning
until it is no longer a warning
but an explanation,
“my body has kept score”

running from the person i wish i wasn't
and chasing the person i wish i was
i can't break the cycle running in circles
trying to mend a wound in the same house
that broke me

but you are the
sunday morning when i say my prayer,
let go of my pain and think,
this is the point of everything

sunday morning, i find my faith
i don't feel like i'm two halves of anybody
monday morning, it's raining and
i never make it through the weather
in one piece

monday morning's prayer is a plea

a cry for help that i won't look
for comfort in the wrong places
that i won't mistake anything warm for love
that my body won't count today as a loss
and think no more of yesterday as a win

i don't like this part of me because you never did
you saw too much of the person
you wish you weren't and grew angry
i saw too much of you and grew scared

changing myself is burying you six feet under
it's guilt for finding my tranquility
in a world where you don't exist,
finding it on the sunday morning
that never seems to come fast enough

you're rewriting me
you show me it's a privilege to love, not a burden
this is the point of everything.

the love you feel isn't enough.

being loved by you is the moment everything clicks;
it's a deep breath i take after a long cry,
every prayer i've spoken answered in one entity.

the love you feel isn't enough is the same love
that heals the heart that drowns in fear;
the heart i feel will never amount to anything.

until you hold her, and she feels like she can amount to everything;
the love you feel isn't enough is the very thing that breathes life into
her.

~yannaspoeetry

[12.30.24]

i find myself talking to myself less
i say these words to an empty audience, yes
but i find all of it being directed to you
once i say your name at the end;
you're with me when you're not even here
i am helpless in this love
writing until my vision clears
but it feels like i've been writing forever
"i don't know how many more ways i can say, 'i love you'"
i don't know how long until the timer runs out
how long until my paper and pen grow tired of me
how long until my mouth grows annoyed
with my heart and fills the empty space
with those three words despite her resistance.

[12.30.24 journal entry; part 2].

i want to be the person who lets life happen to her; the person who doesn't traditionalize despair in december.

but despair in december brings all the words i need to write to find my footing; the catalyst for all of my flying.

i want to stop swimming against the tide, and be the person who washes up on the shore with every smile from floating high and every scar from sinking low.

i want to make peace with change.

i want to make peace with fear.

i want to make peace with forgiveness.

i want to make peace with the person i still am, so i can give myself the time to grow into the person i want to be.

the person who lets life happen to her.

~yannaspoe

i think,

you have changed my heart
i love you more than i fear anything
it freezes time
i am stuck in this six-minute song
playing over and over again
watching the ceiling fan
waiting for it to magically stop
but it never does
and i never want it to
i want to spend my whole day like this
being frozen in the thickness of this love.

~yannaspoe

the fall.

you carry my soul
i wonder if there is ever a time
it's meaning will cease to exist
if it will feel like water in your hands
i'll drip back into the ocean
and cry to the moon
nothing could have prepared me for
the fall.

~yannaspoe^{try}

in between you and me.

i'm consumed by this nameless feeling
in between falling and floating
it shares the same border as pain
and the colors blend so effortlessly

loving you is a journey
i fall into step
like a dance i've known my whole life
and i don't want to stop moving

i never want to hit the ground
i want to stay here
in between crying and smiling
in between chaos and peace

in between you and me
in this space we're creating and shaping
to fit so perfectly around us

in here
i'm foreign to time
the thought of you never stops

i'm conscious of it
these are my fingers,
these are my hands,
and this is me falling in love with you

i'm aware of every letter in your name
as it rolls off my tongue
(every breath you take in my presence)

i'm aware of my comfort here
and how my tears taste familiar
how much of this is you
and how much of this is habit?

~yannaspoeetry

untitled #4.

saying the same thing, but it means something different now,

cut out my desperate silver linings and traded them in for
deep-rooted hope,

the moon holds all my secrets,

will we take the guilt and leave them in an empty house, or will it
keep them company?

searching for something that doesn't exist or searching for
something i already have,

our love got lost on a never-ending winding road; what a privilege it
is to walk away.

~yannaspoeetry

untitled #5.

i jumped into the ocean
and i don't even know how to swim
now my head is just above the surface
and i'm using almost everything in me to stay afloat
i'm saving that little bit of energy to use when i finally drown
because when i let this kill me,
i want to convince myself
i at least tried.

~yannaspoeetry

(thinking about you).

at some point
having too much became the least of my worries
and not having enough became my biggest fear.

i'd learn to split my life in half for you.

i think i would have made more memories
if i knew it would have ended so soon.

i'd learn the impossible for you;
i'd learn how to do everything if you wanted me to.

i'd split my love in half and give it to you
because i would still have enough.

all if you wanted me to.

when you fall out of love with me
i think you'll take the sun with you
when you leave
i'll be cold and limp,
looking for warmth in all the wrong places
i'll light a hundred candles
and hope it shines the same

but it doesn't
my eye are straining to see clearly again because
i think you fell out of love with me.

my heart's to-do list.

if you gave me a list
of all your heart's desires
that would be my to-do list
my life goal
my reason to wake up in the morning
you never ask anything of me
so i struggle to understand what to give

i would give you the sun
but i don't know if you want
the moon instead.