

turned soil is evidence of earthworms; the air smells of rain

There are a few things you must try to remember:

I.

to be loved is to be known, to be laid bare

pieces removed, sterilized and set aside, flesh flayed until sinew is stripped away from bone,

until the cavity in your chest is carved open, the shell of a crab split to reveal a gooey, soft yellow

a savory fat that melts on the tongue

where innards are strewn across the polished countertops

pulsating organ tissue spills over the edges of the examination table.

(there is soil in between your teeth and earth underneath your tongue, dirt in the spaces between nail and nailbed)

II.

love is felt acutely in absence, to be subjected to daily reminders,

to love and to hold a piece of someone in your heart, and grief—

like growing pains, your heart is full

you love and love, but with a space too small, it bursts

your blood paints the insides of your chest, it aches and it doesn't stop

loneliness is emptiness, but to mourn is to be packed so full of love with nowhere else to go,

that your bones creak and you are a glimpse of a memory away from bursting at the seams

(until the act of loving is more than can be contained under your skin alone)

III.

to be loved is to be known. to be known is to be seen...

your faults are laid bare to this world, and

you avert your eyes because to look is condemnation, and guilt is an old friend your heart knows intimately.

you are cradled like something precious anyway

(you are rotting from the moment you are born.)

IV.

a thousand cuts lead to skin welts and weeping crimson, a million transgressions that will never be soothed.

you have been wronged, are wronged, and will be wronged.

catharsis is in knowing the apology will never come

(your life comes to a close when the speed in which you are reborn can no longer catch up to the speed in which you die.)

you rejoin the earth you were born from, for people have always known their origin stemmed from solid ground.

Eden's garden enshrined Man with a fleeting affectionate embrace, and mother Gaia breathed life into the falling sky so she would not have to endure an eternity alone.

V.

worry and fear is grief felt in advance,

for a loss not yet suffered.

when it finally comes, the pain will have been felt twice.

(this is good, because it means it was real, that it was there.)

VI.

your heart is a muscle that cramps from excessive strain.

unlike other muscles, all it knows to do is endure.