

Nothing Good Lasts Forever
A Poetry Collection
By Mimi van Dyke

December 2024

Contents

Introduction.....	1
Limerence.....	2
Seasonal Affection.....	3
Shadows.....	4
I've Lived Enough Lifetimes for the both of us.....	5
Little Miss Sunshine.....	6

Introduction

This collection draws inspiration from my own life, the lives of those around me, and the worlds of fiction and film. At its core, these pieces revolve around relationships—a topic I once tried to avoid in my work. It took me far too long to realize why relationships are central to so much prose and poetry. The countless emotions we experience in relationships can never be fully articulated or understood, though writing offers a chance to capture a fragment of their complexity. The poems in this collection explore love, lust, and grief. From all-consuming desire in “Limerence” to the bittersweet realization that nothing good lasts forever in “Seasonal Affection”, each piece reflects a different facet of connection and loss. “Shadows” delves into the quiet grief and lingering curiosity that follow the end of a relationship, while the final two pieces, “I’ve Lived Enough Lifetimes for the both of us” and “Little Miss Sunshine”, shift focus inward, examining the internalized difficulties one experiences when they’ve escaped abusive and controlling environments, and now find themselves unable to let people in, begging the question “can you love someone if you don’t love yourself?”

Limerence

I want to carve a heart shaped hole into your head, in the hopes it will get your attention. In the hopes I can reach you enough to prompt the answer to the question I dare not ask. If I don't then I can spend the rest of my days in a lovesick haze heavy as fog. You consume me. Yet whenever I see you my tongue ties itself in sailors' knots and forces me into a spell of silence. My eyes can only do so much talking before you'll think I'm insane or just a bit strange and by that point, I'll be as viable an option as a cookie in the hand of a sticky toddler. Cute, but nothing you'd want to actually touch. The offer is nice, though. Fuck, that isn't what I want. I want you. I want to hold your hand when you walk me home and kiss you on the cheek before saying goodbye. I want to spend weekends at your place. I'll make us coffee in the mornings and use the stars on your ceiling to map our future at night. Our lives could align at the click of your fingers and everything would finally fall into place. World peace would be found and mouths would be fed. It would stop being depressing to turn on the news. The polar bears are safe! Sea levels are lowering! Look at what we can do, just you and I...if you answer the question I dare not ask. Until then, I'll tell myself it's just a crush. It'll pass.

Right?

Seasonal Affection

Kiss away the blue from under my eyes,
i'll pull you up into my coat
sleeves warm and open wide.

My lips press against your forehead desperately
willing you to warm,
while your hands brush the goosebumps off of my skin.

And so it begins...

I never want summer to ever fucking come.

Shadows

I have now been without you longer than I had you.
Endless nights of masked charades and glass easter eggs
That slipped freely through my fingertips
Shattering ever so peacefully.

Yet my mind still is full—
I am cast adrift
By the remnants of you
left with me.

The way I move
Mimicking your footsteps
Where I'm going; merely following your shadow

The way you wrote your name,
Is now how I write mine
Crossing the T right to left,
Slanted ever so slightly upwards.

We cannot be redeemed—
I know that now.
Though the parts of you I still carry,
Beg me to wonder and silently hope:
Did I cast a shadow on you?

I've Lived Enough Lifetimes for the both of us

Unfortunately, I'll remember everything.
What should have faded with time
crawls across my spine with your touch
soft skin puncturing the core
calling forth old ghosts that should've been buried with the dead.
I've lived enough lifetimes for the both of us
Let me be laid to rest.

Little Miss Sunshine

I paint my nails a bright red
to match the colour once in my cheeks
when I would run until I saw stars
and laugh until my lungs stung.

Now my cheeks sink into themselves
as I twist and turn and suck and pinch
my flesh in front of the mirror,
examining every inch of my body.

I blast music whenever I feel good
and immediately shut it off when I feel
the sadness arise
because it's easier to shut it out and pretend that you're fine
then it is to dwell in the sound of drums.

I sleep in to skip breakfast
and down a coffee at midday
to assign a cause to the shakiness of my hands.

I say that I'm happy
because most of the time,
I'm happy enough.

But there's an undercurrent of something sinister
that rises closer to the surface
each time I look in the mirror
and every time I eat
and whenever I think about those fleeting moments of happiness too hard.

Because it just takes a moment for the light to be snuffed out
and for the monster creep out and up from under my bed
though he doesn't bite,
rather, pities me and strokes my hair.

I'm not sure which is worse.