

Poems 2, by Heather Romayo

GHOST

You look right through me
A ghost of sorts
Breathing and being
But still not there
Wasting away on a shelf
A piece in time
Waiting to be possessed
And kept for ones self
Haunting with your presence
Refusing to let go
Closing your grip around me
And swallowing me whole

CHANGE

Is it too late to change
The unchangeable
Break free of the mold
That we all have conformed to
Turn the page to a different life
Rewind to a time
Where smiles are prevalent
And hands let go
Of desperate dreams
And allow them to surface
To destruction

MEMORY

I wear your memory like a glove
Easily misplaced and ill fitting
Bits and pieces of being
Ripping through my seams
Stretched to its limit
and rubbed bare
Eroding down to nothing
As if nonexistent
Wound up tightly in a ball of lies
That fall with each fading breath
Trying to hold hands with something
As they all fall away