

Trying so hard to fit in and failing miserably.
We get high off of so much stuff that it kills us.
We drink ourselves to sleep
And cut through all the pain.
Now happy meals make us cry
because we all think we're fat.
And yet we still eat them,
because maybe, just maybe, they'll take us back
and help us remember the time when we were kids.

My Ghost

I see you and yet you only speak a few words to me.
Our relationship is half-full.
No, it's half-empty.
It seems like you don't care,
but deep down I know that you do.
If only you weren't so afraid to show me who you are.
How strong.
How intelligent.
How powerful.
But most of all how loving.
Don't be afraid.
I'm still here.
But not for long.