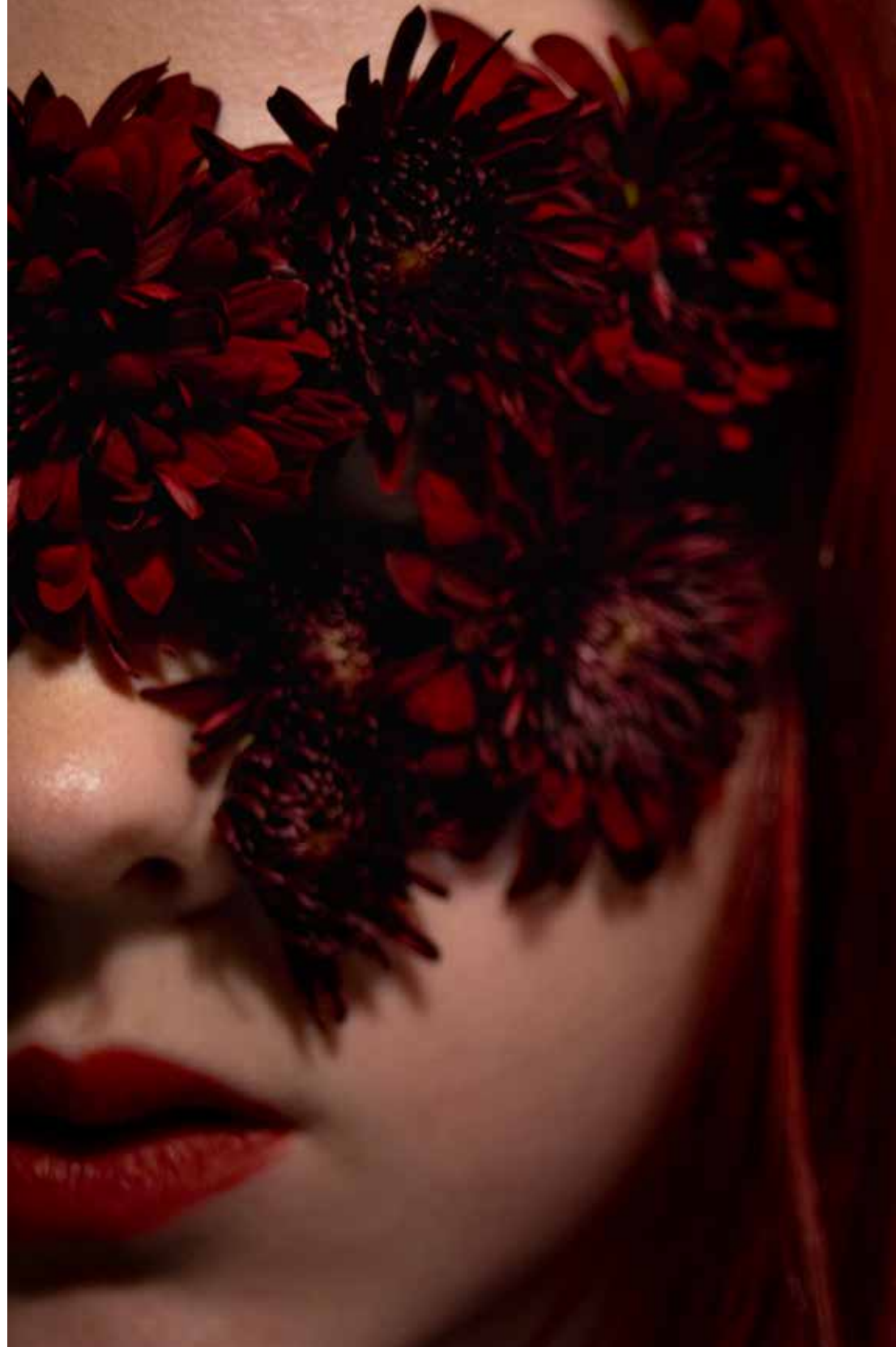


IPSEITY



here lies
the raw,
unpolished,
& mostly
disjointed
pieces of
my soul





for you to see beauty here
does not mean
there is beauty in me
it means there is beauty rooted
so deep within you
you can't help but
see it everywhere









you were tempingly beautiful
but stung when I got close





If you are in love and withering,
then this is not love,
because when in love,
a rose should bloom.





this is me,
palms open, face up
asking for saving
this is me,
blue lips, bare skin
screaming in silence
this is me,
no brick in hand
no more wars left to fight
this is me,
hand on hand
this is me,
i am here
i am all that's left
this is me,
missing you





your roots will always show you
the importance of holding on
to what grounds you
but don't ignore the lessons
the leaves are trying to teach you



i am bursting at
my seams with joy
do you hear that?
it is the sound of
happiness
seeping out of me
but the ghosts around here
cast shadows of sadness
loneliness
i just want someone
to be happy with





loneliness is a sign
you are in desperate need
of yourself

fall
in love
with your solitude





to be soft
is to be
powerful



if you were born with
the weakness to fall
you were born with
the strength to rise









repeat after me:
you owe
no one your
forgiveness.

- *except maybe yourself*



you deserve to be
completely found
in your surroundings
not lost within them



Lovelace, A. (2016) *the princess saves herself in this one*. Second Edition. Andrews McMeel Publishing.

Angemeer, M. (2019) *you'll come back to yourself*. Great Britain: Self published.

Peppernell, C. (2017) *Pillow Thoughts*. Andrews McMeel Publishing.

