

We move on
By Isaac VanCuren

How am I supposed to feel
When I wasn't planning on making it past 16
With a future full of fear
And a past full of shame
Creating demons in my mind
My body playing tricks
My brain wired to fry.
Is the problem me?
Or the people I'm surrounded by?
Do I seem distant to them?
Do I appear cold?
Does the air frost around me?
(Be reflective/Not constructive)

You live your life
by what you accept to be true
And now I live in a sea of colors, mostly blue
A splash of yellow and a hint of red
All wash over me slowly till I'm dead

A lover that will never come

If I'm dating myself mentally
There's no room for another
An inconsistent soul with no self control
Hoping for a moment of silence
Trying to overcome the first step
A break away from liminality
A hope for an immortal life
Just get over it
Death happens
We move on
Things end
Another door opens
Another spring blooms
Another cliché happens
We move on.

A lover that will leave.

Two can come together
Two can separate
Two can be divided
Two can be added
The math is simple
The action is not
One can fall apart
Hoping for saving
But not everyone is a hero
And you have to open the door
Let the baggage fall
Collapse on the floor
And deal with it.
The shame | the fear | the chaos
the possibilities | the imagination
the pain | the illusion | the truth
We move on.

A lover will come.

Another.
You hope.
You think.
If not oh well
Lavish in singleness
Explode
Put the pieces together
Construct a new you
Adapt. Survive. Move on.

Into an unknown future go
Rise up from the low
Trap the demons
Face the fear
Defrost the air
Learn to breath
Then breath again

The first lover is you.