

COLLECTION
OF
[NOT SUCH]
SIMPLICITY

LEXI.SPINO

Part one.

I wish words held the same meaning,
I wish people talked with only importance like the old days.

Nothing holds with sentences anymore,
speech means nothing, only action.

But action can only ever be a re-action
from a thought, which is words
though not always spoken.

Every action is a re-action,
and maybe if sentences held

if speeches...if words could mean something again.

If people took the English language back from the joke our society has made of it,
made something beautiful, real, and raw again.

Maybe we would all start to really listen.

Then maybe our actions would become stronger, more unified.

Maybe we could get back to having something profound to say
to backup a profound movement
so we can give this country
the revolution it deserves.

DEAR SOCIETY:

You are depressing but only in the beautiful ways...not the kind that leaves you crying until two a.m. on the floor lost and scared...but the kind you feel looking at a piece of art that turns the stomach and confuses you. The kind that makes you question reality and push boundaries. The kind of depression that raises true survivors...if you know how to look at things correctly.

you don't need to use your body

to sell your words

it's gross
and it pounds
against the skull
scratching in numbers
and slicing bits of the brain
on its way to the other side
leaking
sloshing around
the idea of self sacrifice
pushing and flattening the logic
until it has shaped the freedom perfectly
in a circle
with no exit

A true independent person needs not to believe in silly fairy tales
such as love.

For a magical notion like so is meant for the weak to have something to believe in
such as religion.

A strong person has faith only in theirself, only a lost soul has faith in happy ever afters
such as myself.

The difference between
not wanting to care
and actually not caring,
is the same difference between
loving someone
and being in love with someone.

I don't think it ever really stops hurting. I think we just start to get used to the sting, or find a different kind of pain to mask it. Some find a way to use it as motivation while others let it eat them from the inside out.

but it never ever stops

It's a disease, and humans are infected with it.

There is something to be said about the exhausted ones
who still wake up.

Something in the way they look through you when you speak to them about the trivial
how their brain has died around everyday normalcy and refuses to retain it.

Something in the way the permanent bags under their eyes
have become etched into their soul.

How they can black out behind the wheel yet still arrive in tact.

There is something to be said about the exhausted ones.

How the mention of death doesn't even make them blink an eye.

How they can drink all day long and still continue to function properly.

How things such as love
cannot break them.

There is something to be said about the exhausted ones
for they are the most dangerous.

-I'm Too Tired For This Bar

Part two.

I remember how you commanded
silence with a single glare...
but I was never someone
you could keep quiet.

I guess that is why you ended up
resenting me.

I became out of your control,
as most daughters eventually do.
Instead of letting me grow,
you tried to drown me.

You should have known that by this point
I had already taught myself how to swim
in your absence.

I spend a lot of time alone
wondering why I'm alone.

It's not that we always want
what we can't have
more so that we want
what we aren't

You love me in a way
bees love flowers.
They are so drawn to it
but they only use it for what they need,
taking bits of it with them
for personal gain.

I'll be waiting here through winter
for your return.

-Oh, Honey.

Sometimes I catch myself playing the "what if" game
And it breaks my heart to know that I have become
That weak towards a situation

For the man on the moon never asks
"What if the sun doesn't come up tomorrow?"
No, he just trusts in her glow and consistency

And she never fails him

I need a love like that
That kind that burns the eyes
And warms the soul

-I Wanted To Write Something Generic, I Almost Barfed.

You're the kind of guy who only shows up in nightmares.

You dress it all up delicately in reality, crossing the T's and dotting the I's in such a cursive confidence. You trick a mind into really wanting it, and then you let a thought linger with too much to question, bringing it back in all blue and black, yet without anger and depression.

No, fear is your best weapon.

And she's left shaking in the middle of the night, not knowing who she is without you by her side.

You call that empty feeling of guilt in the pit of your stomach as you walk away pride.

it was the same brand of coffee as the psych ward
I kept thinking on the irony of that
Passions
And parents
And hospital coffee

The furniture was nice enough
But the walls were bare
Left an empty undertone through the whole house
The idea that a well put together family
Resided in this fancy illusion
But it was definitely emptiness that sat at the core

And she was the heart
She was the life
She was the reason for all the senses
She was the glue that held the paper house together
And in her eyes was all the love everyone survived on

She was the heart

-Nora

Her: I just wish you felt what I felt,
that you understood.
That you could see how much
my heart bleeds for you.
If only you knew how often I cried over us.
How I would give anything to know that
I still weighed just as heavy in your soul.

Him: I wish you looked past my distance and
understood what I still feel.

Damaged hearts don't destroy relationships...
Pain-caused selfishness that makes us forget
who we fell in love with
does.

Scream.

Shake.

Throw.

Rage.

Clench.

I have seen it all already. Your act does not affect me.

(For the record, I've watched better.)

One day you will slip your tongue in my mouth
and I will bite it out.

For you owe me the words you never lived up to.

I'll wear your skin often
 though not with pride
but as a tombstone
 an ode to the part of you
 I killed.

Part three.

I have earthquakes in between my legs
and I know you starve for destruction.

Eating cardboard again like a kid

I'm balancing years on top of minutes
damn seconds keep taking the weight away
it all just hangs.

Hot wheels loop de loop around a board game.

There's a relevant metaphor in here somewhere.

With touches like static
in grey dreams
where teeth take away
each breath
with a tighter pinch
each second
till blood flows down the body
from the neck
like a spring shower
cleansing and warming
in a tainted comic book moonlight.

With touches like static
her hair stands at attention
slowly pulling her farther away
from reality.

-Panic Attack

I have found myself slamming my head against cement in my dreams this past week. I wake up with a headache that lasts for hours. What misery it is when you can't even enjoy sleep anymore. I find no inspiration in anything. My world has become dull. Like living in a terrible black and white T.V. show. Everyone around me is a poorly written character. Everything that happens is a half assed script. Idiots. Clowns. Children. Children idiots dressed up like clowns in black and white. I found Hell, and it's cold, as my own Hell would be.

Oh, how clumsy of me.
I dropped my willpower
tripping through your doorway again.

Sick. Mind body and soul.
Let's dance sweet moon.
Let me forget what humanity feels like,
just for tonight

Dimensions coiling
colors meshing
caught panicking

you sipped something
you don't know how to swallow

baby I warned you already
I'll fuck you up worse than whiskey

You wake up and
casually slink closer to me
bury your head in my hair
as your hand slides nonchalantly
to the top of my panties,
fingers slightly underneath them
causing goosebumps to fly all the way
up to my neck as
you let out a smile of a sigh
and fade back into timeless oblivion.

My body scrunches up into a
slightly smaller ball
against you as if to respond
“I concur.”

You were clever.
Inhabited a web of intricate detail and planning.
No sections crossed.
Each moment of your life,
 each person you encountered
 were all stored away in filing cabinets.
Randomly placed throughout your skull,
 with obstacles placed in between each one
 for protection.
You made a grey world black and white.
You were never alone, but lonely,
 which fueled your brilliance,
 but was your greatest weakness.
You did not speak one liners,
 nor use cheap tricks.
No you spoke paragraphs of poetic truth.
Laced each experience with intensity,
 the kind of thing that could not be a person,
 could not be embodied.
No, you were a being of purity, solace, wisdom, comfort, beauty;
 you were everything right in this fucked up world.
The only thing that upset me about it all,
 was that I never got a face to put to the memories of us.

If silence is loud
then screams are unbearable.
Must mean laughter can strike the gut
harder than a sarcastic comment
or a blunt heartbreaking statement.

Must mean a smile can kill
if placed correctly.

I love you
like hatred compliments jealousy
and slips around another's neck in a fantasy
love is lifeless
for to love
you must give up yourself
I love you
you're captivating
like a perfect rose
that you grab for and
end up pricking your hand
I love you
like God loves his children
how there's always some lesson
I love you
how a scientist
is fond of his first experiment
I love you
like a thief
like a liar
who floats away in the middle of the night
taking whatever they please with them
I loved you
in all the ways you never wanted

-I Heard She Regrets Me, Rightfully So.

You came into my life
as a paper weight
trying to hold me down
in stability
when what I needed
was a paint brush
to fill in my colors.

Nothing you did was wrong my dear,
but that didn't make us right.

We all sleep,
therefore we all have dreams.

It's just that we forget some of them
due to life

Part four.

I threw up every word I said to you last night.
I realize I am a hypocrite
self-centered miserable suicidal fuck
Just flesh slumped at your door pleading
for you to not lock me out after preaching
to you how horrible you are.

Is this how love works in our generation now?

I'm going to die here. What a surprisingly pleasant thought. Here, as this. Caught with the words at the back of your throat tangled around my neck. Did you feel me in that cough? Did you notice the vibrations of my cries flowing down your vocal chords? No, I think you just swallowed me away with everything else you have mixed into that Whiskey. You don't even feel me anymore...and I am going to die here. Don't you find surprising solace in that thought? Here, as nothing. Silence...at last.

You're so strange
but I kinda like it.
You got the aura of
someone I would love to corrupt.
So beautifully naive.
Do you still believe in sunflowers and
sparkly red slippers to click your heels,
travel to a green city.
These lights repel off of you like a terrible rave,
and you claim to hate the rain yet
you're always dancing in puddles hoping for a portal
off to wonderland, talking about anchoring yourself
onto cotton candy clouds.
Cut your hair darlin', and we'll run away.
I can show you that fairy tales don't exist
just garbage, dive bars, and sewer lanky alcoholics.
I'll teach you tricks, you'll learn how to steal
just to live off of another fix.
I'll leave you lying on a beach yet
you won't regret a damn thing.
Just praying for another taste of innocence.

-I Used To Be In The Business Of Destruction

Come a little closer
I want to lick your cornea
get a taste of your sorrows
that you have hidden behind that childish gleam
I am far more interested in what's at your core
than your witty one liners
they all envy you
the class act that lights up the room
but i feel sorry for you
because at some point
someone made you think
that fans were more important than friends

There are false memories
Stored in glass bottles
Thrown about haphazardly
Throughout this house

It's a science experiment
It's contemporary art
It's all just justifications

I'm sick of the mirror
You wear around your neck
I'm sick of you shooting
My image right back

I don't want to know
I don't want to understand
Who I truly am
I don't want to
make sense of it all

-Abrupt

I've left scraps of me
for you to devour
on your way out

I find solace in your teeth
scraping against my skeleton
I find reassurance
in the way my blood
drips off of your chin
your gulps are a soothing lullaby
the starving intentions in your eyes
as I let you eat me alive

you've taught me that
to love is to die

but to die is to find reason
to have ever been alive

-Thank You

Part five.

Shit stains
and I've got your mark
on half of my underwear.

Smells just as foul
as your unbrushed whiskey filled breath,
you plastered all over my cracked skin.

No matter how hard I scrub,
no matter how many loads
I watch spin apathetically,
I can't get you off of me.

I am tired
I am lazy
I am the collected trash
you've been hoarding.

I always said nothing was beneath me.
Well, if true, then that would mean
you are above nothing.

Scarlet. The color of your sins were scarlet.
Like the letter I should have showcased on my chest.

You are tired
you are lazy
you are nothing but collected trash
I have found myself hoarding.

Drink. Sleep. Wake. Repeat.
Nothing just goes away
in the morning.

God, when did your existence become so daunting.

-Scarlet

There are some words
that just cannot be formed
with a tongue and vocal chord vibrations.
There are the ones hidden inside certain looks.
There's one in the way they touch you,
not when it's lustful and raging,
but in the hesitant and shaky ones.
As if their hands are afraid you are too fragile
but their heart knows it must be done for moments are fleeting
and the brain has run numb in the midst of it all.
There are words there, in the first connection.
Once the fingers of the one hand become entangled in your hair
and the palm of the other has rested on the small of your back
and there is a pause within everything as you become silent animals
looking upon one another.
Not the predatory type, but the gentle young doe like.
There are words there only seen once,
and they are the most powerful.
When they appear, hold onto those hands
for as many years as you can.

-Body Language

You asked me to build you a snow globe but
you forgot that you hated Christmas
had a meltdown over Frosty
cracked the glass and
floated out on a snowflake.

I hear you're lost somewhere
out in the city, screaming at the elders,
"don't fucking find me!"
Wearing a scarf that doesn't keep you warm,
yet it saved your life, so you said once.

Swore when winter settled
you could view our cottage more accurately
you don't realize you perfected
the art of lying

so well you have yourself convinced.

-I Was Never The Safe Place You Wanted

Let's be naked about it.
With liquor on our words. Sobriety in our hands.
It will make the lie you sell me much easier to pinpoint
in the sun's regret.

If you must be backwards about it all,
then yes I insist on throwing a fit.
Only an immature temper tantrum is the correct response to
your fairy tale made-up-world ignorance.

If I must be selfish about it all,
then yes I insist on you walking away.
Only a hardened shell of a person is the correct response to
my unkept promises and foul pathetic cries for help.

A begging for forgiveness. A plea to understand the fight.
A shit pile of don't leaves and I can't stays.

Let's be naked. Backwards. Selfish. Ignorant. Immature. Foul. Hardened.
Flush your trash.
Eat your house.
Fuck off.

If I could rip all the skin off of my body without bleeding I would be nothing but this mushy
muscle I gave up building years ago
I have no strength
and this skin isn't as tough as you think it is
and there's no more room in this skeleton
for your mental incapacibilities
So I have to leave you under the table in the back of the bar where we first met
I'd say another well thought out apology, but you've never said it back
When does it become worth talking to the dead?

You are forgiven regardless, because my spine is too twisted to hold me up against it
anymore
And each day as I step farther away from that table
From that bar
From that block
From that "city"
I will forgive you more and more
Until my heart stops beating over it

-Boneless

He isn't weak, he's fragile. There's a difference. Weak is fueled by fear. Weak is losing your willpower to someone else's ego. Weak is surrendering before even fighting. Fragile...fragile is knowing your emotions and allowing them to happen. Fragile is giving up your willpower to yourself, not out of fear but out of comfort. Fragile is allowing someone to see you vulnerable but not allowing them to control it. He is fragile, because he knows himself and he is comfortable with it. He is fragile because he recognizes his flaws but do not let them define him. He isn't weak because he does not let your personal opinions sway his own, he does not let your insecure ego-ridden shit-stained comments affect his actions or reactions. YOU are weak...because his fragileness threatens you. You are weak because you can't handle your own flaws and therefore find reason to piss on everyone else's. That, is the difference between you two...that is why when death comes you will panic while he watches with remorse...but there will be no forgiveness.

Bleed if you must my friend,
my arms have been bandages for years.

Fear if you must my dear,
my eyes have rested more demons than tears.

Leave if you must my love,
for my heart will always be here.