

this is a letter to myself
a soft epilogue
out of all miracles in the world
there is one I forgot to adore all along
me

the constellations	8
the galaxy	35
the sun	62
the moon	87
the stars	119

trigger warning:

you will enter
into the deepest,
darkest parts
of my soul.
there are mentions of abuse,
rape,
self-harm,
and overall pain.
allow yourself
to take a rest when needed.



I am

your old favorite sweater

thrown in the back of your closet

hoping one day

it will fit again

yet knowing it never will

do not keep me in the dark

allow me

to feel the light again

in some other place

I do not miss you

I just think of you

every second of the day

and dream of you

every minute of the night

but missing you

means I have not let go of you

yet

and that

does not fit in the timeframe

that comes with a break-up

so

I keep telling myself

I do not miss you

do I miss you or do I miss the part of me

I left behind?

tell me

which face of yours

holds the pieces of me

I want back?

that night
my spirit left my body

so you were

"making love"

to an empty vessel

the only problem is

how can I ever return

to a body

that no longer feels mine?

in loving him

I ruined myself

Rome

was not build in one day

but

it was destroyed in one

I ask myself

why did I stay?

it couldn't have been for the countless nights

crying

or the numbness you created

for me feeling too much

it couldn't have been the losing myself

in order to keep you

or the hatred you let me feel for myself

was it for the fact

you took my body

kicked me out

and made it a home for yourself?

you made sure

if I ever wanted to leave

I would have to let myself behind

I never really understood

why people were amazed by haunted houses

until the moment

I looked into your eyes

I did not just

put you first

I also put you

second

third

fourth

and so on

and right down at the bottom

I left a tiny space

for me

- I put you first and you did too.