

Poetry Series

**Maya Reid**  
**- poems -**

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## Maya Reid()

I'm a freshman at Princeton University, and I can't wait to take advantage of the amazing Creative Writing faculty we have here. I was first really exposed to poetry in the 5th grade, and I owe that teacher my very soul for bestowing me with this gift. Writing poetry is my passion, and I have yet to figure out what I'll do to pay the bills and support my habit of scribbling words on paper and hoping you all hear echoes of yourselves in my voice.

# A Beautiful Lie

The supreme architect  
I created my own little world  
For the you and I  
In my head  
And in my heart  
To live together  
To love each other  
Inside my utopia  
We were in love with each other  
And we were happy  
My home was more in that make-believe house  
Than in my own  
Cold and empty, though full of people  
No you  
Meant no warmth, no light...  
So I retreated into myself  
Into my imaginary world  
Into our imaginary life  
And loved you in a lie  
But oh, what a beautiful lie  
To live.

Maya Reid

# A Love Deferred

A Love Deferred

What happens to a love deferred

Does it hide in a corner  
Like a hibernating bear

Or is it a song stuck in your head  
Of it's existence are you never unaware

Is love a drug  
Do you wake up needing them

Without love, is life just a shrug  
When love is deferred, can you report a theft  
Has your aching heart been stolen for all time

Does the spoken word mean nothing to a mime?

Maya Reid

# A Love Forgotten

I'm beginning to think  
That it's not really all that difficult to  
Forget  
That you love someone,  
Or that they love you.  
Once it's an established fact,  
Once the L-word has tested positive on both sides,  
It doesn't have to be constantly said  
Or proven  
And you...  
You just might forget it's there.  
Well,  
Not forget its whole existence,  
Just the extent of it,  
How smooth and deep and true it runs.  
By the time life before them  
Has become a blur  
And the honeymoon has long been over,  
They've blended in with everything else  
To form another facet  
Of the diamond that is your life  
And you don't really remember  
How much you need them.  
I think that after you've loved someone  
For long enough,  
You inherently begin to  
Take them for granted.  
No,  
That's not it...  
You just begin to  
To forget.  
Sometimes you forget  
To show that you love them,  
Which leads them to forget  
That underneath whatever has  
Popped up between you,  
You really do love them.  
Or other times  
Love

Has just become such a part  
Of your everyday  
That it doesn't need saying  
And you stop reminding  
And you forget  
Just how strong that current is.  
So when yes is "of course"  
And trust "has always been known"  
You can be kind of shocked.  
And so I think reminders  
Are always needed.  
However old, deep, strong, or real it is,  
Be it between friends or lovers,  
It need always be reminded.  
Because once it's been forgotten  
It can be hard to revive the memory.  
Once it's been forgotten  
Everything is different  
And you don't know what to do.  
And so,  
My advice to you is this:  
Practice random acts of love.  
Remind them  
From time to time,  
Lest it be forgotten.

Maya Reid

# A Not A Poem Poem

A Not a Poem Poem

I will not write a poem  
For I am not a poet  
I cannot makes things rhyme  
I've tried for quite some time  
So will I write a poem?  
NO!

I can't write poetry  
I've tried to all my life  
Once, I tried to write a poem  
About a husband and his wife  
It sounded really silly  
So I crumbled it up into a ball  
That's why I decided  
That I couldn't write poetry at all  
Am I gonna write a poem?  
NO!

Well, I'll try to write a poem  
But it will be really bad  
It will be absolutely lousy  
It will be completely horrible  
It won't be up to snuff  
People will say, "Who wrote this stuff? "  
Will my poem be good?  
NO!

Can I write a poem?  
NO!

Will I write a poem?  
NO!

Well, what do you know! ? !  
I wrote a poem!  
And it's a pretty good poem, too!  
I guess I can write poetry if I try

The next time I'm asked to write a poem,  
Will I say no?  
NO!

Maya Reid



# A.D.D.

I'm starin at this paper  
Tryin to take this test  
But I'm stuck readin number one  
Over and over again

Because the letters of every sentence  
Of each word  
Seem to rearrange themselves  
To spell your name

The whole page comes together  
To form a sketch  
Of your face  
And still I try to focus

I tell myself to concentrate  
But you've given me a condition  
Some call it A.D.D.  
But I have a better name: waiting for you to love me.

Maya Reid

# Alone

I'm at a party  
In a room full of people  
They're chatting, laughing, having fun  
I'm sitting in a room full of people  
And yet I've never felt so alone  
And I just want to run away  
Find myself a hideaway  
But I'm in a room full of people  
Where do I go to feel like I'm not alone  
I haven't the foggiest idea  
So it begins to rain inside my head  
Tears well up in my eyes  
I try to blink them away  
But a single tear escapes and rolls slowly down my cheek  
Here comes another – the first refuses to be alone  
I wipe at them furiously  
Clawing at my face  
Get the remains of these tears away from me  
And when they have subsided  
The music is once again the only thing that fills my brain  
And it is safe to open my eyes again  
I do, and my gaze meets yours  
I see my pain mirrored in your eyes  
The way your hair falls down, hiding your face  
I don't remember moving  
Yet suddenly I am next to you  
And we are talking  
Really talking  
For, whoever you are, gentle stranger,  
You speak the language of my spirit  
You understand my soul  
You hear the words between my words  
And I can say the same for you  
Now we've come to know each other  
Know the faces that lay underneath the paints and masks  
And those rambling, babbling people have vanished  
Leaving in this huge, empty, cavernous room  
Two specks of dust turned into people  
You and me

And I can't even remember  
Feeling alone  
All the darkneses, pains, and fears  
Like those partying people, have disappeared  
And though its just you and me  
Inside that big empty room  
I feel like my soul is radiating a warm, warm light  
And I know you feel that way too  
Because it's nice to have someone to talk to  
It's great having someone who knows the true meaning of friendship  
And knowing that you're not alone  
Is the most wonderful feeling there is.

Maya Reid

# Americans, The Circus-Folk

Americans, the Circus-Folk

I can't even begin to recall  
The sheer number of times  
My darling mother,  
Whilst quieting us down,  
Would mutter, "It's a circus in here."  
Only now, as my mind matures,  
Have I begun to realize  
Just how right she truly was.

This whole damn country's a circus.  
A grotesque, large-scale scene  
Of the amazing, absurd, and obscure  
A show put on to rouse the interest and the...  
...Laughter?  
Of our audience,  
The world at large.

We begin with the American president,  
Our ringleader, if you will  
The commander-in-chief  
He runs our show...  
Or at least works very hard  
To convince the audience of this.  
And it works  
Everyone thinks the leader, in fact, leads  
But, truthfully, he's just a face for the name  
A Barnum or Bailey to run our game

Second in command is the lion tamer,  
Who, to the audience, reigns most powerful of all,  
Our economy personified.  
Partnering with the President to form the Ringling Brothers,  
And what a ring, indeed.  
He cracks his whip and brandishes his chair,  
Subduing the lion with an elaborate conglomeration  
Of cunning, manipulation, and fear  
—In a word, power.—

The lion begs for his mercy,  
Clawing his own dignity to shreds.

And who is this lion? one might ask  
He's obviously the lower class  
The poor, the ghetto, the trailer park, the homeless,  
The underclass, the bottom of the barrel  
That is ever-growing, encroaching upon the middle  
(Or is the middle simply crashing from grace?)  
Being the largest, this lower lion looms  
Looking powerful enough to rise against this oppression  
And fight, revolt, maul its tamer  
But upon closer inspection we see  
His mane is scraggly and his fur falling out in patches  
Claws clipped and teeth barely even bared  
He has surrendered to the economy, The Man.

The middle class falls and crashes  
A necessary risk, when your task is a tight-rope walker  
Or flipping, twirling, soaring acrobat  
With a bar or a (not-so-) protective parasol as their only weapons,  
The middle class teeter-totters on the tight-rope called survival  
Throwing themselves into the air to grasp frantically at a hoop or two  
Trying fruitlessly to raise themselves  
Succeeding only in trapping themselves in an endless chase  
Or plummeting down to a socioeconomic death,  
Becoming another hair in the lion's unkempt mane.

Occasionally, an acrobat will break the cycle,  
Rupture the mold,  
Strap on a helmet for protection, the entrepreneur  
Stuffs himself down the barrel of an impossibly large gun  
And has someone light his ass on fire,  
Giving a whole new definition to the term 'cannonball',  
And using some explosive new idea to propel himself  
Forward, upward, outward  
Into the stilt-walkers' existential sphere.

Making precarious balance look so easy,  
The stilt-walkers, the upper class,  
Breathe a different quality of air,  
Inhabit a whole different stratosphere,

Feigning obliviousness and waxing philosophical  
As though they don't see what's going on beneath them,  
Marching around as if they own the place  
(Which, in fact, they most likely do)  
Footless, they still retain the power  
To crush the little guy,  
Both animal and master alike.

The stilt-men control the tamer,  
For they own the clowns.  
Seemingly innocent and happy-go-lucky,  
As though they can eradicate your every issue  
With a wink and a credit card,  
Banks catch your attention with a beautiful flower,  
Convince you with a painted face,  
Make you laugh and jump for joy,  
Then squirt water in your eye.  
Water, to wet the ropes  
So the acrobats keep on falling.

And last, but certainly not to be neglected,  
The elephant arrives, commanding our attention.  
His stature and sound steal the show.  
Sporting a beautiful woman,  
Unfailingly the ringmaster's assistant,  
Astride his broad back, the media never fails to show the world  
Whatever will elicit the most from the crowd.  
With ears like wings, he hears all,  
And she hesitates not to report it to the world.

And then the show is over.  
"That's all, folks."  
"Thank you, come again."  
The elephant goes to munch his hay,  
The lion returns docilely to his cage,  
The acrobats secretly return to solid ground.  
The circus is an ethereal spectacle,  
Transitory and immune to any and all forms of stasis.  
Thus, the question I pose is this, my darling mother:  
Since it contains the leaders, the means, and every class,  
Who's left to hang around when the circus picks up  
And leaves town?

Maya Reid

# An Ode To Dreaming

An Ode to Dreaming

Dreaming  
Everybody needs a dream  
Everybody needs to dream

Dreaming  
Lets you be everything  
You want to be  
Lets you do everything  
You want to do

Dreaming  
Frees you  
From yourself  
Frees  
Your mind  
Body  
Soul  
From everything

Dreaming  
Lets you do anything  
Be anything  
See anything  
Create anything  
Some people even say

Dreaming  
Lets you do the impossible  
But nothing is impossible  
You can do it  
Every invention  
Every creation  
Every idea anyone ever had  
Started with  
A dream.





# Band Aids

I hate Band Aids  
What do they do?  
Cuz they sure as hell don't fix anything  
In fact, I think they just make problems worse  
Just like foundation  
Cover-up  
Sending an issue into hiding  
Doesn't make it go away  
Underneath the Band Aid  
The wall  
The front that says everything is A-okay  
The wound  
The sore spot  
The problem  
The issue  
Festers still  
Band Aids don't have healing powers  
One wrong move will rip them away  
And you'll feel so much pain  
And underneath it still the wound lies  
Worse than when you covered it up to begin with  
Rotten and festering  
Infected and spreading  
And it's still not something you can look at  
So you find another Band Aid  
Cover it back up  
Pretend it's all better  
At least until somebody hurts you there again  
And your façade falls apart again  
And now the wound has gotten so big and ugly  
That you can't cover it back up  
You can't find a Band Aid big enough  
You have to look it in the eye  
Eventually you have to say  
That, yes, there is a problem  
A mini black hole  
Sucking, gathering things as it grows  
The Band Aid accelerating its escalation  
I hate Band Aids

You can't patch up a problem like that  
Just make it go away  
No, wounds require words  
You have to talk about it  
Soothe the pain  
Then stitch it back up  
Proper attention must be paid  
If you want anything close to stability  
No, Band Aids aren't allowed  
Ah, Goddammit – I cut myself  
Now where the hell are my Band Aids?

Maya Reid

# Be Good To Your Daughters

If you were living my life  
It'd always be your fault  
The apocalypse could come  
The sky could come crashing down  
And somehow  
It would be your fault  
At my house  
I'm always in the wrong  
It's always something I did  
That I wasn't supposed to  
That was  
By your standards  
Wrong  
Or sometimes it's something  
I didn't do  
That I should have done  
That makes you change  
From the person I love  
To the person  
With that look in their eyes  
With that tone in their voice  
That person I hate  
And try to avoid  
So I end up forgetting  
You  
The person I love  
And who I think loves me  
But I can never be sure  
Because you never say it  
And you never say you're proud of me  
Or that I did a good job  
I only screw up  
Sometimes we play nice  
Act like this is a normal relationship  
But in reality  
Your screams, curses, and beatings  
Have broken us  
When I grow up  
I won't be like you

Mother  
I won't raise my kids like you raised me  
They'll never be afraid to come home  
They'll never fear my wrath  
But love my "normal" times  
I won't love them  
Then suddenly stop  
Like you did  
The only trace of you  
Mother  
Will be the sad look in my eyes  
The voice that haunts my dreams  
The sigh beneath my words  
Much like I see in you.

Maya Reid

# Between

Between

Between childhood and adulthood  
Lies the age of the teenager  
Between elementary school and college  
Lies high school  
The "best years of our lives"  
And while we're in high school  
It seems as if  
We must live in the future  
Must stay ahead of the game  
As anguished teens  
We are all running from our  
Shadow-riddled pasts  
Running straight past the present  
Into the future  
Where things have changed  
So we turn around  
And run back into the past  
Re-making all of our mistakes  
Until we learn  
That the past cannot be our home  
We were different people then  
Upon making this realization  
We stumble into a new zone  
A new era  
The present  
We try to live in today  
To live for each passing moment  
And it works for a while  
Before falling into chaos  
When you realize  
That the present is simply  
A combination  
Of past and future  
That today  
Is yesterday's tomorrow  
And tomorrow's yesterday  
And then

Face it  
You're stuck  
Between two warring dragons  
Between a rock and a hard place  
And the walls are caving in  
And the sky is falling down  
And you try to hold it together  
But you stretch yourself too far  
Spread yourself too thin  
And suddenly  
Unexpectedly  
Though you've known for a while  
That this day would come  
Unexpectedly  
You are startled  
By a hideous sound  
The sound a dry twig makes  
Cracking under winter boots  
The sound of your shoulders giving way  
You hear the sound  
Of your own fragile neck snapping  
You tried to find a place between  
Two steps ahead of the game  
And two steps behind  
And made your entire sphere of existence  
So small  
That no one could reach in  
And save you  
From yourself  
And the walls still cave in  
And the sky still falls down  
And suddenly there is no more  
Between  
Snap!  
Game over  
You lose.

Maya Reid

# Bloody Love

As humans, we never really fall out of love  
We move on with the world because we have to  
But you fill the empty spaces of my heart  
And not even you can keep me from loving you

I'd live each precious moment over again  
If I had the power to turn back time  
I'd never apologize for my feelings  
Even though with yours they will never rhyme

The rose has grown thorns, but it's worth my blood –  
I'd do it all again  
You'd never be without my love  
Even if I knew what I know now then

Because I'll love you always and forever  
To be complete I must have you in my life  
You can tell me that I don't need you  
But that won't explain why I dream of being your wife

I have bared my soul to you  
And you brushed by like you didn't give a damn  
I used to wish that I was invisible  
Now I've realized that, at least to you, I already am.

Maya Reid



# Blue

I am always blue  
But just as one color has different shades  
Different hues  
I have different layers  
You need to know all the variations  
To know me deep  
To know me true

You see, sometimes I am sky blue  
Baby blue  
Innocent as the day I was born  
Bright and bubbly  
Carefree and full of sunshine  
And when I am the sky, baby blue  
There's nothing I can't do  
And there's nothing you can say or do  
To bring me down  
Or take away my crown  
When I'm up so high in my baby blue sky

But most people see me when I'm royal blue  
Putting on the facade of a queen  
I feel like I'm so separate from the world  
But, mind you, not stuck up  
Not necessarily above them all  
Just separate...distant  
Pretending that I understand what they're going through  
When they talk about their social problems, breakups and makeups  
Wearing a mask that says "I care"  
But royal blue is only for when I'm in public  
Trying to fit in  
Trying to pass for normal  
Because royal blue is the hue  
Of someone alone in the crowd

And when I'm not alone  
When I'm with you  
I can be my real, true, deep down hue of blue  
That deep, dark, depths of the ocean, almost black blue

You see my bruises – I become black and blue  
We talk, and the depths of the water come pouring out  
The sorrow bleeds out of that deep dark hue  
Because I see my pain mirrored in you  
And, with your love, you bring me back up to  
That sky high – so good I could fly  
My sweet sweet baby  
You bring me back up to  
That sweet sweet baby blue.

Maya Reid

# Breaking Through The Sky Of Lies

I don't know who I am anymore  
The person you see  
On the outside  
Is just a magnified mirror image  
Of a lie  
Every day I lie  
And I lie  
And I lie  
And people eventually started to realize  
But still I didn't stop  
I just got better at it  
And now I've spent so much time lying  
That I can't even remember the truth  
Ten thousand mirrors reflect  
The distorted image of...  
Of what?  
Of absolutely nothing  
There is nothing inside  
Nothing but Pain and Torture  
Do those count?  
No, dig deeper  
There's gotta be something under there  
I can feel something under there  
I – the real me – is down there somewhere  
Digging up at the sky  
The rocky sky of Pain, Torture,  
Caked up makeup, dried out paints, broken masks  
Clawing my way up through the sky  
Up towards the light  
That distant, oh so far away light  
That I can see through the tiny hole I've made in the sky  
The hole through which I watch the world go by  
The hole through which I watch that outside me  
Lie and lie and lie  
And every day I take away  
Another small piece of that sky  
And try to break out of this self-made jail  
And stop the flow of lies  
I will not sit here silently

And watch my life pass me by  
I swear I will get out of here  
Even if the only way is to die  
But my patience is running thin  
I'm starting to think I'll be stuck here forever  
I think I'll just give up  
I fall back off the ladder  
Hit the ground and start to cry  
And in a fit of frustration  
I kick up at that goddamn sky  
And it starts a rockslide  
Just my luck  
I curl up into a ball to protect myself  
And when it's over I look up  
And see an oh so fragile door of glass  
You're standing there on the other side  
Around your neck hangs a key  
And I can't hear you but somehow know  
That you're calling out to me  
So I climb back up that ladder  
And stretch my arm up through the hole  
And reach out into empty space  
As I've so often done  
And I hear a sound that's distant but familiar  
The sound of a key turning in a lock  
And then suddenly it's not empty space anymore  
I grab onto something solid – something's there  
Your hand meets mine as you open the door  
As our fingers touch, the rocky sky instantly crumbles  
I am whole again  
I am free  
And because of you  
There are no more lies.

Maya Reid

# Broken, Bruised, Bloody

A couple passes by on the street  
In them, I see our broken possibility  
A love song bleeds through my speakers  
In the guitar solo, I hear your heartbeat  
And the silence where mine should be

Everything reminds me of you  
The wind blows – I hear your voice  
When I close my eyes, I see your face  
Since you've been gone, my sky has not been blue  
I don't want to need you, but I have no choice

My blood dripped into this poem  
But that is a mere fraction of the pain I feel –  
My very soul has been ripped to bloody shreds  
Each word was a tear – now you know them  
I thought I knew heartbreak, but this is real

I'm trying to fall out of love  
I wish our joys could equal the pain  
My lake of serenity has become choppy and rough  
Peace has fled – away hath flown my dove  
All I have left now is Memory Lane.

Maya Reid

# Closets

You have secrets  
We all do  
We all keep secrets from ourselves  
And bear our own unspeakable burdens  
We all have truths  
That we dare not even whisper to ourselves  
For fear that they may be true  
We all have actions  
That can only be done in the shadows  
But be careful  
Fear even these actions  
That are done in the deepest of darkneses  
Will eventually be brought to light  
You can lie to the world forever  
But can only lie to yourself for so long  
The closet is the perfect place to hide  
But each lie  
Pushes you farther away from the world  
From the people that love you  
Yes, they are there  
No matter what you think  
Each secret  
Builds up a painful pressure  
A gnawing ache in the pit of your stomach  
Burning tears that fall for no reason  
And eventually  
The closet door will burst open  
And reveal you  
Hiding there  
Cowardly  
And, mind you well,  
There are many closets  
In which we hide from reality  
Which is,  
At times,  
Cold and cruel,  
But is always beautiful  
Beauty has many faces  
There are many closets

And each of us has at least one  
Have you opened yours?  
Do you stand proud?  
Or a you still a coward,  
Hiding?  
Have you met life today?

Maya Reid

# Come To Me

Come to me  
When you think your heart is broken  
That you were really "in love" with them  
And that you can't go on without them  
That they hurt you so bad  
That you'll never love another  
And I will be your teacher  
Show your aching heart that it still works  
And that it can beat again

Come to me  
When you're running  
From the shadows of your past  
And I will arm you  
With friendship, so that you are not alone  
And arm in arm, we will face him  
Discuss, dissect, and embrace him  
We will realize that our pasts are a part of us  
And are as real as who we are today

Come to me  
When you're lost in the darkness  
When your world becomes so pitch black  
That you can't see your hands in front of your face  
And when you are so confused  
That you can't tell up from down  
And I will be your Apollo  
In my chariot, I will be your light knight  
I will drive away the darkness  
And make the sun shine again

Come to me  
When your world is caving in  
When you think you're going crazy  
When the universe is deliberately  
Working against you  
And I will be your glue  
I will hold the fragile pieces  
Of the glass sphere that is your world



Together  
And tell you of the countless times  
I have felt the very same way

Come to me  
When sorrow reigns  
When tears flood your pillow  
And you just break down  
And I will give to you  
A hardhat and a pair of gloves  
And together, brick by brick  
We will build you up again  
And this time you will be stronger  
More complete  
Because you will have been built up carefully  
Made sturdy with the cement of love

Come to me  
Whenever you feel  
Like no one understands your pain  
No one feels the things you feel  
No one sees what your eyes see  
No one's been as far gone as you are now  
And I will be your no one  
Because I have  
Been there, done, seen, felt that  
And for you  
Your no one is willing to go back there again  
If only you will

Come to me

Maya Reid

# Dear Daddy

Dear Daddy,  
We talk on the phone  
Semi-regularly  
And occasionally you ask me  
"Do you remember when..."  
Do I remember  
When you took me to New York?  
Vaguely...  
I remember a book vendor in Harlem  
And the seemingly endless stairs in the Statue of Liberty  
So, yeah  
I guess you could say I remember.

Dear Daddy,  
Another day you ask me  
Do I remember  
How you taught me to ride my bike?  
I do  
I remember you holding the handlebars  
Running beside me  
Then letting me go  
But do you know what I remember  
More vividly?  
The bloody knees I got from the fall.

Dear Daddy,  
Those memories you like to conjure up  
All happened when I was so young  
Daddy, I'm sorry  
But you can't expect me to remember  
Every single Tuesday we spent together  
I was so small that I barely remember them at all  
But there is one memory that's on permanent play  
I'll tell you what I remember –  
The most detailed description of an event in our past  
That I can recall for you  
Is of the day you drove away.

Dear Daddy,

Now it's my turn  
To ask you  
Do you remember  
When they pried me out of your arms  
And they held me back  
So I couldn't run back to you?  
Do you remember  
The white and orange U-Haul truck?  
The tears that still stream down my face?  
Do you remember my screams as you turned the key?

Dear Daddy,  
Do you remember  
Your last words before you left?  
Under your breath  
You thought I didn't hear  
"I shouldn't be doing this."  
Daddy,  
Why did you?  
Daddy's little girl had nowhere to go  
When her Daddy ran away.

Dear Daddy,  
You know I hate it here  
And you wonder why I stay here with my mother  
But Daddy, dear, dear, Daddy,  
Don't you see?  
Though she's done some irreparable shit to me  
She'll never hurt me the way you did  
No matter how much I don't want to go  
I always know she'll be there when I get home.

Dear Daddy,  
Stop acting like you know me  
Don't be shocked when I surprise you  
You don't know anything about me  
And it's your own goddamn fault  
Daddy,  
I love you  
But don't you dare say that you love me  
All you ever did was leave  
Leave me here all alone

Daddy's little girl with no Daddy to call home  
Daddy,  
You left.  
So why won't you just leave?

Maya Reid

# Dear Son/Daughter

Today marks three years and still I don't quite know  
whether to tell you I'm sorry, I should have let you grow,

Or if this choice, all mine, was the best—because you see,  
dear Son/Daughter, you deserved a better mother than me.

Three years ago today, I kept, at half past noon  
the appointment that sealed your—and my—impending doom.

Your father wasn't there, I was all alone  
in the waiting room, debating the unknown.

I was twenty-one, with an apartment, a job, a car,  
but no man, and that job was at this run-down bar...

I drink a little too much, that's what got me in this mess  
dear Son/Daughter, would you have been more love or stress?

There were seven other women in the waiting room:  
eyes averted, fidgeting hands avoiding soon-to-be-tomb wombs.

Dear Son/Daughter, I saw you once, on the ultrasound machine,  
a small spot in the middle of the fuzziness on the screen—

It was never real until that second I saw you.  
my eyes began to water, and as if that were his cue,

The doctor told me it wouldn't hurt, that everything would be okay:  
no one explained how empty I'd feel when the knife took you away.

They told me about cramps, bleeding, days missed from work,  
but not once did they mention the regrets that would lurk,

Or how every time I saw a heavily pregnant woman, I would sigh  
and just driving past Babies-R-Us would make me want to cry,

Or even that now, when I pick my niece up from day care,  
I'd wonder what face would have been yours, what clothes you would wear...

But then I think, would this life of mine have been enough?  
a commitment like you would have called my unending bluff.

Because I knew I couldn't give you everything I would have wanted,  
I used my right to liberty to take your right to life, which I took for granted.

Yet happiness has eluded me—I hope you found it on the other side:  
dear Son/Daughter, please don't tell me your only chance was the life I denied.

I dress in all black today, asking myself for the millionth time: would morning  
sickness have been better than mourning?

Maya Reid

# Deeper

Deeper

Your heart doesn't belong  
To me  
Nor do you hold  
My heart's key

It took me too long  
To realize  
That which was right  
Before my eyes

Your heart's not mine  
But to me your soul is true  
Friendship runs deeper than love  
And there is no deeper than you

Maya Reid

# Defining Me

You've suddenly become such a huge part of my life  
One day I looked up and you were by my side  
And I realized then and there  
That I don't ever wanna let you go  
You've changed my life so much  
That I'm scared to ever try to live without you  
I don't know how I ever lived without you  
You've said the same words  
And as much as I hate to say this  
There's something wrong with that

We have so much in common  
I've finally found someone who understands  
My words, my pain, my weakness  
But still  
I need to stop searching for myself in you  
Stop hanging on every word you say about me  
As if it is the string that saves me  
I need to stop searching for myself in you  
You are a part of me  
A part that I always want to have  
But you can't define me  
You can't tell me who I am

And I'm not saying that you're trying to  
I'm the problem  
I always am  
I can't be so dependent on you  
I can't always need you to be there  
To pull my sun up and find the rainbow

And it's not that I'm scared that you'll hurt me  
I know that, if given the choice,  
You'd rather hurt yourself  
But right now, you see, I'm hurting us  
I need to figure out who I am  
Cuz I can't love you until I love me  
And you love me more than I've ever loved myself  
I love you so much that sometimes



The happiness you bring me tears me apart inside  
I love you so much it hurts  
And brings tears to my eyes  
But I can't stand to be alone with myself

I'm not always the person they all see  
You know that just as well as I do  
Maybe even better  
You know the many people living inside  
And still don't think I'm crazy  
You love each and every one

But I am only one person  
I need to combine those masks into one  
And then destroy it  
I need to stop searching for myself  
How does one find oneself?  
I simply know that I am missing  
No, that's not it  
I'm not missing...I simply don't exist  
Life is about creating oneself  
And I haven't molded my own sculpture yet

But back to you,  
Add some clay to the mix  
Smooth me in a few places  
With your soothing fingers  
But only I can be my sculptor  
Stay with me  
Watch  
And guide  
Hold on...  
It's gonna be a bumpy ride  
On the way  
To help me to become my own savior  
And then you can just stand by my side  
Rather than supporting me as I try to stand.

Maya Reid

# Depression

People read what I write  
And say I'm depressed  
I'm "sad; " that's my best friend's insight  
She thinks I need help; that's something she's confessed

At first I tried to deny it  
Isn't it better to let my feelings out  
But now I've read the words inscribed upon my soul's pit  
And my sanity I've begun to doubt

I don't like the reflection I see in the mirror  
If it means I can fit in my jeans I'll eat one meal a day  
I feel that the end of my rope is drawing nearer  
Sometimes I just want to run away

I drown my pillow with my tears  
And squeeze my teddy bear  
But at night I'm not troubled by my fears  
I'm surrounded by darkness; that's how I know even God doesn't care

Sometimes I wish I could just vanish  
Disappear to somewhere else in Time and Space  
To get out of here is my one true wish  
And it's not like anyone would miss my face

My dad and my one true friend  
Are both miles and miles away  
And no matter if I try to fix myself until the world comes to an end  
I'll never do anything but rub my wrong the wrong way

For some reason, I'm just not good enough  
Unworthy of my mother's love  
That has made my skin pretty tough  
I wish I was loved, wanted, or cherished, but I'm D: none of the above

And so I sit here and I weep  
Listening to musicians with whom I can identify  
Maybe I'll go back to the wonderful void of sleep  
There everything is so empty that for a while, I don't want to curl up and die

Someday someone will use the pages of my life as tissues  
My heart has already been people's cuisine  
My friends are right – I do have issues  
And I'm not talking about some magazine

I have a problem  
Isn't admitting that the first step to recovery  
Underneath this sometimes rough exterior lies a precious gem  
I can uncover it, if you'll help me.

Maya Reid

# Despite Our Efforts

I always knew that a piece of you was missing  
You were always a mystery to me  
I was intrigued  
And before I knew it, you were inside  
And then I was hooked  
You're like a drug  
And I was addicted  
I had you  
And I wasn't ever gonna let you go  
You came to me when your world was in crisis  
I held the sky up  
Guided you as you moved  
And was there when the world crumbled anyway  
Despite my efforts  
Or maybe in spite of them  
But you were not harmed  
I call you my Thimble  
And you know that you're my rib  
But did you know  
That you're my heart, too  
And since you are my heart  
I try to be your ribs  
Your armor  
And not only your protector  
But your archaeologist  
You excavator as well  
Digging up secrets and memories  
Because  
Despite your efforts  
Or maybe in spite of them  
Your eyes  
They never lie  
They're so fluid  
Almost liquid  
Seems like you're always crying inside  
And that little boy you  
He died inside  
Taking all your innocence  
Hopes

And dreams  
To the grave with him  
I've been trying  
To help you  
Bring him back to life  
But this jungle is no place  
To try to raise a child  
Despite our efforts  
Or maybe in spite of them  
It's a jungle out there  
The jungle surrounds us  
So thick  
It's everywhere  
And the lions are the law  
If you don't fight the jungle  
Every minute  
Every second of the day  
It will grow  
And bury you  
Turn your back to the lions  
Even for a moment  
And they will pounce  
Knock you flat  
And rip you to shreds  
Ignore their laws  
And they'll eat you alive  
But they'll never get to you  
And they'll never touch the little boy again  
You've got a panther to fend them off  
To bite back when they snap at you  
A panther  
That will never leave your side  
Who wants only to keep you  
Out of the jungle  
But beware even your panther  
She's been studying the lion's ways  
For far too long  
Somewhere along the way  
Her teeth and claws grew sharper  
Her growl deeper and her eyes more vicious  
Somewhere along the way  
Despite her efforts

Or maybe in spite of them  
Your panther became one of the lionesses.

Maya Reid

# Did You Ever Wonder...

How did the world get so complicated?  
What happened to childhood's simplicity?  
When every question had an answer...  
Now we ask:  
What is normal?  
Can you define it?  
Can you give me an example?  
Who created the norm?  
Why do people hate and discriminate?  
Why do you think I can't do some things?  
Why do people hurt one another?  
Why can't we all just get along?  
Why is violence more American than freedom?  
Can we reach perfection?  
What is perfect, anyway?  
Does perfection truly exist?  
What is love?  
Does true love exist outside fairy tales?  
Why does love hurt?  
How can you live without the one you love?  
Why can't we let go of all the bullshit?  
Should I forget the past or embrace it?  
Why does peace and tranquility lead to war?  
Does God even exist?  
How did we get here?  
Who was I in my last life?  
Who will I be in my next?  
Can I shape my destiny?  
When is life going to end?  
How?  
Does death hurt as much as life does?  
Why does society control everything?  
Why are people so fake?  
Why are we all even here?  
Did you ever wonder  
Who, what, where, when, how?  
Did you ever wonder  
Why?





# Differences

It funny how the world works  
How there's you and there's me and there's this place that we're in  
But there's no we  
And I'm beginning to think it could never be  
That you and I are trapped forever as separate entities  
Even though this place brought us together  
Through hard work and luck and...fate?  
I'm starting to see that there will never be  
Anything more than a hug, a smile, a somewhat longing stare  
And the knowledge that, if things were different,  
Things might be different.  
It's a shame how this world works  
How things as inconsequential as mere differences of opinion  
Can make such a difference  
Can alter the course of our days, our weeks  
Our very lives  
They say that opposites attract  
And yet society almost forces you to find someone who's virtually the same  
The same in all the important ways  
The ways that matter to our parents, and to society  
When did we stop shaping our ideals  
And become shaped by them?  
Why are we too cowardly to defy the world's preset patterns  
And carve out our own lives?  
Must we forever be content with a hug, a smile, a somewhat longing stare  
And a sad nostalgic idea of what could have been there?  
I've been down that road before  
It's not enough...I need more  
You and I, we're a beautiful idea  
A dream I'll remember fondly in the days ahead  
But that now I have to force out of my head  
Don't worry: you'll still get a hug and a smile  
But my longing stares now belong to that boy over there...

Maya Reid

# Don'T Make Me Any Promises

It's 1: 00 in the morning  
As usual, I can't sleep  
Thoughts of you make me toss and turn  
Eventually I give in to insomnia  
And I call you  
Sleepily you answer  
"God, Hon, do you know what time it is? "  
I ask you, "Baby, where is this going?  
"Will you still love me tomorrow?  
"Will I still have this next year? "  
Yawning, you answer, "Hon,  
"How many times do I have to tell you?  
"I'm not giving up on you.  
"I'm never gonna leave you.  
"I'll always love you – I promise."  
I believed you till those final words  
Don't you dare make me any promises  
You're not allowed to say those words  
"I promise..."  
"I swear..."  
"I'll always..."  
"I'll never..."  
They don't mean a thing  
A promise is like water  
Cupped in your hands  
Clutch at it and it disappears  
But hold it gently  
Cherish the sweet memory  
And still it trickles away  
Into nothingness  
A promise  
Like a rule  
Or a heart  
Is only made to be broken  
Don't make me any promises  
Even my tolerating shoulders  
Cannot bear the pain they cause  
When they fall apart  
Fall through

Like they always do  
Like when he hit me  
And she promised he would stop  
Then he didn't  
And eventually left  
Though he had vowed  
Promised  
"Till death do us part"  
And she promised  
She wouldn't take him back  
Then she did, again and again  
Or like when they all promised  
That things would never change  
That we would always be there for one another  
And that only good times lay before us  
Yet still I sit here confused  
Broken-hearted  
Just broken in general  
And alone  
Don't make me any promises.  
They lie  
They all lie  
That's all a "promise"  
Truly is:  
A gift-wrapped lie  
Someone you care about  
Maybe even love  
But who knows what that is anyway?  
Someone you care about  
Stretches the truth  
Then dresses it up  
And gives it to you  
It's meant to make you feel good  
But, in the end, it doesn't make you  
Feel, do, be anything  
In the end, a promise breaks you  
Don't make me any promises.

Maya Reid

# Drifting Apart

So close together  
And yet so far apart  
Is he really  
Losing space in my heart?

I say it's okay  
We're better than the rest  
Do I even believe myself?  
Should I put it to the test?

We used to be so close  
I loved what we had  
But I'm not his little girl anymore  
Although he's still my dad

What do I do now?  
Can I keep it bottled up inside  
With everything else in the back of my mind?  
Can I run away and hide?

I'm trying to grow up  
Trying to get away  
But what if I want to come back?  
What if I need my dad today?

I can't stay as close  
But I can't lose him forever  
If he still lived here  
Would we still be tight as ever?

I love my dad  
But I need my freedom too  
What happens how?  
What do I do?

So close together  
And yet so far apart  
Is he really   
Losing space in my heart?

Maya Reid

# Dying Without You

Mother Nature and I must feel the same way  
As I plod home on this oh so gloomy day  
It's raining and of the sun's light I see not one ray  
For today is the day you walked away

I have to remind myself to move my feet  
My steps are uneven – no rhythm, no beat  
I give up: I finally admit utter defeat  
Fates worse than death a soul can meet

I'd thought that we were made for each other  
You were my world; my father and mother  
You were my soul mate, my angel, my brother  
And I can never love another

My broken heart you left in your wake  
With you, I can't even have my cake  
You sped away, left me drowning in a lake  
I'm rolling downhill on a bike without a brake

I am completely lifeless without you  
My heart stops as my skin turns blue  
The pieces of my world have lost their glue  
Because to me you have bid adieu

You left me hanging by a thread  
In these waters I just can't tread  
We go together like blue, white, and red  
Now alone, I am simply.....dead

Maya Reid

# Effortless

You'd known who he was forever  
And he'd always intrigued you  
You'd always wanted to know him  
Know the story behind those liquid brown eyes  
So when he started to talk to you  
Told you a secret  
And asked for your help  
You let him turn to you  
You wanted to be there for him  
Some part of you felt this uncontrollable urge  
To do for him whatever you could  
In a matter of days you became one of his closest friends  
It was effortless.

And the more you talked to him  
The closer you got to him  
The more layers you began to peel away  
The further you let him in  
You found that he was easy to talk to  
Realized that you liked having him around  
Learned that he was just...like...you  
-Scary thought-  
He was always so understanding  
You saw a beauty in him you'd never seen before  
To make a long story short, it didn't take long for you to love him  
It was effortless.

And you knew that he was...  
...Different  
That the way you loved him was...  
...Different, too...  
You knew from the very moment he snuck his way inside  
That you never wanted to be without him  
You loved the way he made you feel  
You loved looking at his broken beauty  
And anyway, as you helped him  
You heard each word he said about her  
And, even though they weren't about you, you melted  
You fell in love with him

-Who could expect you not to? -  
That, too, was effortless.

Sticking firm to your policy of no secrets, no lies  
You told him  
And it brought you closer  
He trusted you  
Opened up to you little by little  
Found himself telling you things he'd never said aloud before  
You did the same  
And you never quite knew if he felt this way too  
But you never had to think twice about baring your soul him  
You knew that it hurt him to be that intimate  
But when he thought of his life without you in it  
He felt so empty  
Couldn't remember how he'd ever lived without you  
So he started to take down his walls  
And let you inside  
And though everything was so easy between the two of you  
For him, consciously letting you in wasn't quite effortless.

You were both inside exploring  
Learning, excavating, protecting, caring and sharing  
He accepted you and he-he understood  
He never thought you were crazy  
He brought gravity around to hold you down  
He spoke to you like he realized  
That each word would roll around in your head for days  
He made you feel like you were worth something  
Like you were beautiful  
Like you were somebody  
Like you were finally real  
And, even deeper, like you were exactly how you should be  
Like it was okay to not be okay  
Okay to be broken  
All these things he did for you  
And, though you were unaware, you did them for him, too  
He loved you  
Loved you for the sole reason that you were you  
Though admitting it and telling you  
Were far from effortless.



That's all you ever wanted  
To be loved by someone real  
To have something real with that real person  
You held everything you'd ever wanted  
And never dreamed of actually having  
-Your impossibility come true-  
Held it all in the palm of your hand  
And yet you were utterly miserable  
Why?  
That fuzzy real feeling was supposed to last forever  
What went wrong?  
What happened to effortless?

By the time you realized that this love was a two-way street  
She'd snatched him up and away from you  
He'd passed you and taken a turn  
Down a road you'd never reach  
The two of you could be so close right now  
Now that love has been established on both ends  
There could be so much learning and loving  
Instead of lulling around and letting down  
This could all be so effortless.

But now that he and her have become they  
(That's how you "helped")  
This love...it's all but faded away  
Walls have sprung up  
-Yours, his, or both? -  
Just the other day he was hurting  
As always, it hurt you to see him hurt  
But you went to hug him like you used to  
And a voice inside your head screamed  
"What are you doing! ? !"  
"You can't do that anymore! "  
-You wonder, did he hear it, too? -  
Anyway, no matter their official politically correct answer  
You can't do that anymore  
And he's so happy with her that you can't see why he'd need you anymore  
And he sees that you're miserable, he just mistakes the reason why  
Which is why every time he looks at you, he sighs  
What he doesn't see is that he's losing you  
He doesn't see that this whole week has felt like goodbye

He's losing you and it's effortless.

He's going to wake up one morning missing you  
Only then will he realize that this love has faded away  
That your shoulders got tired of holding an entire relationship up  
And you'd given into the thought  
That everything (even if it's real) was made to be broken  
And that two cripples, two wrongs could never make a right  
The two of you had always talked of you losing him  
But it was him – he lost you  
It had been so easy for you to be close to him  
So hard for you to turn away  
But when the fog had cleared and fuzzy had faded  
The only love he gave to you was a love he didn't – couldn't – show  
He left behind the memory of a real love  
In an attempt to make up for this hard love  
A memory...you take it with you as you go  
A tear rolls down your cheek  
As you wipe at it, you think  
You should have known that nothing- no one- is ever different  
It couldn't have lasted (could it have?)  
Nothing lasts forever (right?)  
Things that stick around are things you have to work for  
This was all just too..  
Too..  
Effortless.

Maya Reid

# Escape Velocity

How fast  
Must I flee to  
Escape the gravity  
Of this rough, hard, damned lovely thing  
Called life?

Hard place,  
Rock, me between  
Decisions must be made  
In a strong place that won't change with  
The world.

Quiet,  
A cold place where  
I see but none see me.  
Perfection: green rock, holey not  
Holy.

Too cold  
To stay out, but  
Inside I feel like I'm  
Dying; I feel like I'm dying  
Inside.

So out  
I stay, curled in  
Cold, hard, shell-like green stone.  
Touching nothing but smooth nothing,  
I'm free.

Maya Reid

# Extraordinary Girl

I know that's she's an  
Extraordinary girl  
Just looking for a place  
Here in this ordinary world  
But she's wearing chains to fit  
Among the paralyzed  
Trying too damn hard to be  
Just like everybody else

But she won't let you call her normal  
No  
She's weird  
Weird and proud  
She says she's not gonna edit herself according to  
Someone else's censor  
Not gonna hem her personality to  
Fit this year's fashions  
Not gonna be somebody else  
Just so she won't be alone  
Again

Well, that's what she says  
But I'm not sure I believe her  
You see  
Occasionally  
Actions really do speak louder  
And she's always doubting herself  
Always relying on others to back her up  
Convinced she needs them to hold her up  
To keep her from falling down  
She loves them and  
With them  
She is happy

But her happy has a hole  
Her crystal bowl a crack  
There's always something  
Missing  
She's a crazy puzzle

Who's always known she has a missing piece  
Somewhere around her belly button, actually  
There's a hole  
A nothingness quietly gaping

And I'm beginning to wonder  
If it's not really a hole  
But a cover  
If she's not missing something  
But rather smothering it  
If her "hole" isn't really  
Everything she's afraid to let herself be

I don't know if she sees the chains  
Maybe she's really got herself fooled  
And now  
Especially now  
I think it's my job to  
At the very least  
Try to make her see  
To comprehend her true potential  
And everything she could do and be

I think she's far too hard on herself  
And I blame them  
Them and their  
'If it's not perfect it's not goddamned good enough! '  
It hurts me to see her  
Getting ready to add another  
The biggest yet  
This may be my last shot

I have to show her that she's  
So much more than ordinary  
If everyone  
Well, all but the few I know  
She'll point out first  
If everyone says the same thing  
Can we all be wrong?  
Can we all be wrong?

I look at her with complete awe

How is she so oblivious of the fact  
That she is and could be  
So much more  
More than herself or her tame and timid dreams  
She...  
She's out of this world  
Yes, that's it  
Out of this world

This world she's trying so hard to fit into  
It's not a world that's meant for her  
She's supposed to be somebody  
I don't know how to make her  
See what I see  
I don't know who  
Or what  
Or when  
Or how  
But the whole world should know her name

Alright,  
Maybe not the whole world  
But somebody  
A lot of somebodies  
More than me  
And us  
And this place  
She has to expand  
Keep the ties she needs,  
But leave

Where she thinks is too far  
Isn't far enough  
What she thinks is too high  
It isn't high enough  
She could have the whole sky  
Not just a tame and timid little piece  
She could be a dreamer again  
And me?  
I could be her dream

We, an extraordinary girl.

Maya Reid

# Faith

I feel almost blasphemous being here,  
A non-believer sitting in the Lord's house  
...I only came because of you  
Everyone says faith is intangible, invisible,  
But I can see yours in your expression  
I hear it in the passion in your voice  
I know you feel Him here with you and,  
Watching you, I almost wish I felt it too  
I have faith, but only in...myself,  
In myself, and maybe in you  
Just not in wonderful ideas that seem  
Too damn good to be true  
If having faith in my own father failed me,  
How can I believe in one that is somehow three?  
I was raised to be my own rock,  
To lean on no one but myself  
The pastor, he's asking people to come up  
People like me, Godless, Churchless folk  
To come accept Jesus as their Lord and Savior  
I see you, head bowed, eyes closed  
And I wonder if you're praying that I go up  
I don't...understand  
How can you ask me to do this?  
How can you have given yourself over so wholly?  
What proof, what reassurance, do you have?  
...I already know what your response will be:  
This faith, this beautiful faith that I can see  
The faith that makes me so uncomfortable,  
For there burns no fire in my heart,  
And I live my life to live, not to worship  
And I've made it this far, made it here  
What could be harder than these first almost-twenty years?  
Disquieted, really, for the things I would give my life for  
Are the things that make me...me  
Are things I can reach out and touch, can see  
    ...And a voice in the back of my mind reminds me  
    That I can see your faith.





# Falling (Formely Entitled One Mere Soul)

The air has long since turned cold  
Jack Frost whistles his tune ahead  
He'll be here much too soon  
I don't know what will become of me  
When he arrives

My brothers and sisters  
They've already given up  
Let go and drifted away  
The trip looks fun  
But I could never get back  
And I'm safe up here  
So I think I'll just say

The trip looks fun  
But so very scary  
Each of Jack's puffs  
Threatening to blow me astray  
And the ground looks so soft  
But with all the passing people  
I fear I'd just get crushed

There is this one particular patch of grass  
Oh, there I'd love to rest my weary stem  
And Jackie's winds are blowing stronger  
Wait, what am I thinking – I can't give in!

The weeks pass and Jack is here  
He's building a castle in the clouds, settling in  
I toss and I turn as I wrestle with him  
Buying time, postponing the inevitable  
See, I have this sneaking suspicion he's going to win  
Unless I'm fittin' to get ripped off this branch  
I think I just might have to jump

Which, after all, might not be so bad  
Since there is that one particular patch of grass  
On which I would love to rest my weary stem

As I'm pepping and prepping, the wind picks up  
Jackie flies by and rips me off my perch  
Picks me up and tosses me among his winds  
And laughs as I'm tossed astray  
Away from all the things I've ever wanted  
My roughed-up diamond in the rough  
That patch of grass I wanted to call my own

But see, there's a force none of us planned on  
A force stronger than my will and Jack combined  
Because I was mesmerized and he ran out of breath  
Leaving one unexpected thing left  
As his winds died down I fluttered toward the ground  
And landed on that very spot  
That one particular patch of grass  
For who was I – or even Jack – to compete with gravity?

A girl braving the weather marches by  
Laughing as she digests the scene  
She sighs to no one in particular  
As she imagines thousands of leaves and petals  
All fluttering their crazed paths to individual patches of grass  
'Reminds me of falling in love...  
...Who is one mere soul to fight such a thing? '

Maya Reid

# Fell

Friendship  
feelings  
free fools flying  
first love falling  
into fate

Here we are  
head-over-heels  
hanging  
by a hair  
in holistic harmony

Met by chance  
now catching  
calling  
chasing  
collapsing  
crying cuz I can't be sure

Do you know my desire  
or my despair  
depending  
diving  
drowning in my desideratum.

Maya Reid

# Finding The Lost You

You constantly ask how this all started  
How we came to be  
And it hurts me every time  
I know how hard it must be for you  
To be so close to me  
When you're so far away from everyone  
You keep yourself under lock-and-key  
No one gets inside  
And you weren't expecting me to be no one  
But even though this intimacy hurts  
You can't just turn away  
And act like this means nothing  
When the going gets tough,  
The tough get tougher  
I won't let you give up  
I'm an all-or-nothing kind of girl  
Who won't take nothing for an answer  
And I know that you have dark parts  
Inner demons swathed in shadows  
Demons that are swallowing you whole  
Your demons are no different than my own  
But you can't cheat your way through this game  
By becoming those demons you achieve nothing  
Except pushing us all away  
And throwing our love away  
Why can't you see?  
That I love all your parts – dark or light  
You wouldn't be you without them  
Why can't you see?  
Lost swimming in your eyes  
Drowning in your thoughts  
And in thoughts of you  
Finding a path through the shadows  
There's nowhere else I'd rather be  
I know that you can make it through the darkness  
You've got a light  
Even if, right now, it doesn't want to shine  
Don't worry – I'll let you borrow mine  
I know that you're a dark dark maze

But you helped me through my own  
I will return the favor  
Even if you've convinced yourself that you don't want me to  
Together, we are strong  
So please don't be afraid to need me  
Remember, I need you too  
And so I'm saying  
I'm never going anywhere  
I'm not going to leave you here to die alone  
My goal is to help you heal your life  
We cripples must stick together  
What else would you have me do?  
I can't walk away  
I can't live without you  
And no matter how much anger you feign  
As you tell me to leave  
Always and forever  
I will be here  
No matter what,  
I'll still love you.

Maya Reid

# Flying From The Masquerade Ball

I live in a world full of people  
At a masquerade ball  
Pretending to be something  
Someone  
They're not  
But you  
You lifted the mask  
From my weary face  
Looked deep into my eyes  
Saw my beautiful soul  
Down there  
And brought it up  
To the surface  
For me to see  
You bring out  
The best in me  
And make me the girl  
I've always wanted to be  
I turn around  
Your tender hands explore my back  
Find my zipper and pull it down  
I step out of society's frilly ball gown  
And standing there  
Nearly naked  
I am suddenly clothed  
By the warm blanket  
Of your unexpected love  
And from under the blanket  
I feel new growth  
I scream your name  
As I feel its blissful pain  
Suddenly I have a wing  
A single wing  
That matches yours  
You grab me in a tight embrace  
As I fly away  
To my own personal paradise  
In the arms of the man I hold  
And who hold me tight

As we sail away  
Into the light

Maya Reid



# For You I Will

You called me a bit past five yesterday  
And asked if you could dropp by, visit me  
"I haven't seen you in a while, " you said  
I didn't buy it, but said, "Come over."  
Baby girl, the truth I knew naught of, yet  
In your eyes I saw what I could not see  
A black cloud lurked shadow-like over you  
Unhappiness: "I just don't like it here."  
At first, I couldn't see how you could say  
Such things about such a wonderful place  
Sensing this, you laid it all out for me  
Darling, it hurts me to see you hurting  
I just wanted to hold you in my arms,  
Make you see—I wanted to make you me  
For I am happy, or at least I was  
Until you brought all of your pain to me  
Don't worry—you're not a burden, my friend  
Warrior-girl, someone must fight for you  
I will do something I don't do often  
Something I hold in very high esteem  
I'm going to make a promise to you  
These are words you can be sure that I'll keep:  
I would give so much of me to see you  
Smiling, laughing, playing for me again  
I will give you parts of me, all of me  
That I can spare—we will make you happy  
With different arms, pursuing different means,  
Together, we will find your missing piece  
I've promised you, and my promise I'll keep.

Maya Reid

# Freedom

Home was a cage They put me in  
Limitations and expectations surrounding me  
Holding me still  
Their seemingly impossible rules trapped me  
Even when I limited myself accordingly  
And met Their every outrageous demand  
A test tube baby, that was me  
They locked me up and threw away the key  
My only desire was to be free  
So, in an act of defiance, I conformed to Their final desire  
I shattered Their expectations  
Breaking the bars that bound me  
And I was free  
I was here, in the place of Their (now my) dreams  
I was here, and I was free  
I had room to stretch, room to grow  
No one to answer to and everywhere to go  
So I stretched and grew and went  
I expanded into a viable woman in this world  
I had so much space, so I just kept growing  
Until I bumped my head  
What was this?  
A wall?  
Well, nothing to fear, there must be a new direction  
I turned around and stretched and grew  
And hit another wall  
Then another  
And another  
Can this be?  
I was a slave my whole life  
To trade my cage for...a box?  
A slightly bigger box, but a prison still?  
Why do these chains still bind me?  
Can I never leave?  
Shall I never be free?  
Free from Them?  
Free from...me?



## Game. Set. Match.

For a while I was searching  
On a quest  
For answers or  
Reasons or  
Even as much as I didn't want to find it  
Closure  
I overanalyzed  
Looked for "hidden"  
As in, ya know, made up  
Meanings behind everything you said  
I tried so hard  
Devoted so much of myself  
To making this better  
To making this alright  
To trying to make this not  
Hurt  
But it hurt so much  
And I tried to believe your "heartfelt"  
A.K.A. empty  
Words  
I tried to put faith in "us"  
Although we never really existed  
I had to keep on keepin on  
I needed stability  
Something to hold me up as I "moved on"  
By that I mean stumbled, fell, and hid from the world  
I wasted almost a month of life  
Searching for your heart  
But I never found it  
And I'd probably still be looking  
If I wasn't for "you"  
Or, you know, the lack thereof  
Thanks for stopping my search  
Letting me know my quest was over  
Telling me that we were over  
Though "telling" may not be the right word  
Cuz ever since our "intimate"  
(Bullshitted)  
Conversation, you haven't told me anything

You haven't said a word to me  
I spent weeks remembering how you looked at me  
Like you were seeing into me  
Well, that's been pretty much erased  
Replaced  
(Like me)  
Booted by new looks  
Or, ya know, the lack thereof  
Your turning me away tells me  
More than you could ever say  
You obviously know nothing about me  
To think I'd stand by  
Waitin  
While you treated me like nothing  
I'm not that kind of girl  
Come to think of it  
I'm not your kind of girl  
I'm better than that  
I deserve more than that  
Better than you  
And you'll never even get a taste  
Of my love  
Of my life  
Of my taste  
All that's left for you  
Is an uncaring face  
You wanna up and leave without a trace  
Well, two can play that game  
(Even if we can't play this one)  
Would've loved you  
Didn't want to lose you  
But I don't need you  
I can't hate you  
But that doesn't mean I'll play nice  
Didn't want to be without you  
But that doesn't mean you're untouchable  
(Or irreplaceable)  
Didn't want to be without you  
But I can be you  
Do what you do  
Act like I don't see you  
Not let you see me

When I'm arranged more  
Weakly  
Even if I see you on the weekly  
For your info  
Don't act like you don't know  
Boy,  
This game's over  
I'm out  
It's done  
I win  
I'm through  
And boy,  
Let me tell you  
You're the one who's gonna lose.

Maya Reid

# Giving Thanks

It being Thanksgiving and all,  
I've been trying to list  
All the things I'm thankful for,  
And it's just making me realize  
How much I [could] love you.  
I'm thankful for hard work, determination,  
And a hell of a lot of luck,  
Because, without those, I wouldn't be here.  
And I'm thankful for this place  
For so many reasons,  
Not the least of which  
Because it brought us together.  
I'm thankful for proximity  
Of housing and schedules.  
I'm thankful for Facebook (-stalking) ,  
Chatting, texting, and AIM.  
I'm thankful for dining halls and common rooms,  
Shared hallways and mutual pathways,  
Things we have in common and things that are totally new.  
I'm thankful for the time we spend together  
(However depressingly brief it may be) .  
I'm thankful for everything you say  
(Even if you don't know how I replay it through my head) .  
I'm thankful for your sense of humor,  
For your laugh and your beautiful smile.  
I'm thankful for your love of the lyrical,  
And I'm thankful for your impeccable style.  
I'm thankful for your personality,  
And I'm thankful that you care.  
I'm thankful for the late night conversations that we share.  
I'm thankful for your body,  
For every occasional brush of the knee,  
And for every tender second your arms are around me.  
I'm thankful for what you do to me:  
For the way my face lights up when I see you,  
And for how I can't say your name without a smile.  
I'm thankful for the wishing times,  
And for every time my dreams realize my fantasies.  
What I'm trying to say is that I'm thankful for you,

Thankful that I have you in my life.  
I'm thankful for even the chance of you and me  
Becoming an ever-desired "we".  
I'm thankful that I [could] love you.

Maya Reid



# Go Ahead And Gasp

I have a confession to make.

I

Hate

Children.

Well, okay, ex-step-Father always told me

Hate is a strong word.

So I guess I'll say I

Strongly dislike them,

The whole lot—all kinds.

And I want to know what goes on in the minds

Of all the people I ever meet

Who are, quite frankly, simply appalled

When I tell them I want no children

Not one, none at all.

I mean,

I simply don't see what's so wondrous and grand

Why a child is the cutest darn thing in the land

Let's take a look at this motherhood gig:

So first you get pregnant

Quite probably the worst part

You get fat

Your boobs and feet swell

Morning sickness

Actually GIVING birth

And don't even get me started on lactating.

Ew.

What am I, a cow?

So then you have a baby.

And they place it in your arms

And you're supposed to think it's cute

And maybe you actually do

And you hold it for a minute or two

Count all of its fingers and toes

But it doesn't come with an instruction manual

No buttons I can press just to see how it works

What the hell do you do with it?

You take it home

It cries

It eats

It cries  
It poops  
Or maybe pukes  
It cries  
It sleeps (if you're lucky)  
It cries  
It cries  
It cries  
And you tough it out  
And then you have a toddler  
Who draws on the walls  
And must be potty-trained  
And gets into EVERYTHING  
No matter how many times you  
"Baby-proof" your house.  
And then you have a child  
Who has to start school  
And then needs help with their homework  
And wants to bring cupcakes to class  
And wants the new red lunchbox Johnny has  
And just  
Keeps  
Growing.  
And then you have a preteen  
In middle school  
Which obviously means  
They know absolutely everything about everything  
Why, they're almost teenagers  
This must mean they're infallible  
And when they find out they're not,  
It's the biggest deal in the world.  
And then, good Lord, they're teenagers  
Angst-ridden, beautifully tragic teenagers  
Who want want want  
And need need need  
And drive and party and make you worry  
And never ever live up to the ideas you had for them  
And then blame you  
And then they finally turn 18  
And you feel like you're done  
But the college kid calls home and shows up for break  
And not to mention tuition

And the adult still wants to come home for Thanksgiving  
But won't take you in when you get old  
Parenting: you give up your whole life  
And then continue to give, give, give  
And for what?  
To hear the word Mommmmmmmmm  
For all eternity?  
No thanks.  
Make love, not babies:  
This whole mother thing  
It just isn't the life for me.

Maya Reid

# Growing Up With You

For  
years  
I've had  
a blanket  
I made it  
to comfort me  
It used to fit  
just fine and dandy  
I wrapped myself in it  
and hid from the world

But  
now  
I've been  
growing inside  
My little blanket  
no longer fits  
I can't hide anymore  
My spirit has grown  
I've sprouted beautiful new wings  
That my covers cannot cover

A  
decision  
I must  
make now  
To clutch it  
or let go  
If I keep it  
to hide my face  
the real me the world  
Will never grow to know

If I courageously can release  
my blanket I'll be naked  
for everyone to see  
who I am inside  
Can I allow  
this to be

There's a  
chance of  
explosive  
collapse

You brought strength and courage  
as gifts to my world  
You allowed me to  
let my blanket go  
Unfurled my wings  
Replaced my blanket  
Liberated me  
with stability  
and  
love

Flying away from this place  
Finding a way to endure  
We'll get through this  
We'll live our lives  
Creating our dreams  
Reaching for stars  
We're spreading  
our wings  
Finally  
Alive.

Maya Reid

# Half

Half

You told me the other half today  
I'd known there was something you'd been  
Hiding  
You hadn't been lying, exactly,  
Just telling me a half-truth  
About your longer-for-other-half  
Today you told me the other half  
Well, sent me a link to discover it for myself  
You sent me the link then went away  
(Hopefully not for fear of what I'd say  
Although that fear may be legitimate)  
And I should have been relieved  
I should have felt honored to have [re?]gained your trust  
I should have been as happy for you as I was  
Before—I should have  
But this is what I did  
I salted my tea with a few tears  
Crying at your articulation of what I'd feared for years  
Crying for lack of understanding my reaction  
Why fear?  
Why this darker layer? Why anger?  
And why, in some small corner of my soul, loss?  
So I followed your lead and left too  
Abandoned rationality and responsibility  
To deal with you, as I so often do.  
The bomb—again, negativity: why? —you'd dropped in my lap  
Required processing time  
And a space not enclosed by four familiar walls  
So naught but I might be destroyed  
I knew that I had to tell you what you'd told me  
When the tables were turned, oh so long ago  
Well, half-turned, really  
For mine was but a desire, whilst yours  
Seems well on its way to becoming reality  
So I braved frigidity to wrestle with fallibility  
And what I half-wanted, half-needed to say  
But didn't fully believe:  
"It doesn't change anything.

I love you.”  
The secondly is patently, unfailingly true  
Which is probably why the first statement  
Seemed like yet another half-truth to me.  
Why does something that changes nothing  
About us  
Have such a direct effect on me?  
I have no problem with the change itself  
That, again, is patently true  
So is the problem the fact that it’s you?  
Can you still be my constant  
Having weathered such a shift?  
Are you still, even?  
Must something change?  
I’ve always defined others by you,  
And now you’ve redefined yourself  
In a way that affects me not  
And yet.  
I love you,  
But redefinition scares me.  
For if you can’t be you and you can’t be him  
(For his spot is taken forevermore)  
Then whatever shall we be?  
What shall become of the seemingly indestructible “we”?  
Come to think of it,  
A third option exists,  
Kind of slightly halfway in the middle  
Not as much as I’d like from either side  
But present, and rather lovely.  
I’ll try to place you there.  
It shouldn’t require much change.  
For, no matter your other half,  
You’ll always be part of me.  
Now I repeat,  
And repeat confidently,  
“It doesn’t change anything.  
I love you.”

Maya Reid

# Happy Birthday

Wow...look at you – fifteen

It seems like we've been together through it all  
Through the good, the bad, and the in-between  
Always lending a hand to prevent one another's fall

So now it seems that I am conscious only of you  
Your spirit spreads warmth through my veins  
You've stuck by my side through and through  
Hand-in-hand as we walk life's lanes

And today is your birthday  
A day on which I shower you with praise  
Because you've done so to me in many a way  
In the past and the future, now and always

So now its my turn to thank you  
For being the wonderful person that you are  
For believing in me as no one else could do  
And keeping me in your heart whether you're close or far

For being my much needed lifeline  
And raising me higher than I've ever been before  
For believing that what's yours is mine  
And for giving me the courage to open the door

But, mostly, I thank you for the envelope  
That embraces me as snugly as a glove  
Do I love you because of all the little things? Nope  
I belong to you because you keep me swimming in your love.

Maya Reid



# He Told Me He Was Coming

I was so excited  
For the first time, someone would be there  
For the sole purpose  
Of seeing me  
He told me he was coming  
And I fantasized about flowers, hugs, and applause  
He told me he would be here  
And, though I didn't show it,  
It meant the world to me  
And all week I'd been shining  
Smiling on the inside  
Cuz I knew that someone cared enough  
He was coming to see me  
But now I'm here  
Looking all around  
Expecting to see his face in the crowd  
Willing myself to find his face in the crowd  
But some part of me knows  
Probably knew all along  
That his face wasn't there to be found  
He told me he was coming  
Promised that he was going to be here  
Probably didn't know it was gonna be the first time  
Anyone had bothered to come  
The first time anyone cared at all  
I never should have believed  
That he was gonna be any different  
He didn't even have anything to do  
He just didn't remember  
He told me he was coming  
But here I am with no sign of him  
He's not here  
And it's not just that he let me down  
He told me he was coming  
And all he did was forget me.

Maya Reid

# Her Missing Soul

You're looking into her beautiful eyes  
Gazing into them  
Getting lost like you always do  
And you can tell that something's not quite right  
So you ask her what's up  
Remind her that she can come to you  
When she needs a listening ear or a stabilizing shoulder  
She tells you everything's fine  
Which instantly tells you that  
At least something is wrong  
You can see it in her stance  
The way she walks  
The way she holds herself  
You can hear it in the sigh  
Beneath everything she says  
And in the silence that is  
To your ears  
Deafening  
All the empty space  
All the forgotten words  
She can't bring herself to say  
She might as well be holding a neon sign  
The way she's screaming  
"Help me! "  
But every time you try  
She turns away  
Turns into herself  
Because she is everyone's Superwoman  
The bridge across every chasm but her own  
And only her Superman can save her  
And you can't be her Superman  
You can't show that you care  
You're not allowed to love her  
And it scares her that you do  
Because, if she were to ask herself  
She'd have to say she loves you, too  
And that would be shattering every single rule  
So she denies that there are feelings  
Denies that she's alive inside

Hides every internal tear with a laugh and a smile  
And she doesn't dare cry on the outside  
That would show that she is weak  
That she can't handle it  
Can't shoulder her own boulder  
Or so she was raised to believe  
And you try to tell her that it's okay to cry  
In fact, it does good for the garden in your soul  
The rain helps all the grass and flowers grow  
But that goes against everything They said  
So she can't let herself believe your words  
And when she finally can't bear it all  
And she's ready to give up  
She comes inches from ending it all  
But then she thinks about  
Everyone else that needs her  
And depends on her  
To hold their skies up  
When they're threatening to fall down  
And pull their suns up  
When it's dark  
Even if it's only with a word or a smile  
She thinks about everyone else that needs her  
And that's all that keeps her here  
She won't listen when you tell her  
That the person who needs her most  
Is herself  
Sometimes it's hard to believe  
That we're not much more than kids  
Sometimes it's not  
Sometimes we think we're crazy  
Sometimes we are  
Sometimes we need to be  
But right now, all she needs to be  
Is saved  
She is  
As we all are  
Wounded  
But she needs her wounds to be healed  
Because hers are venomous  
Lethal  
And you love her so much

That you'll do anything to save her  
The problem is  
She has hidden herself so well  
She's been protecting herself for so long  
That there are times when she's barely even  
Alive  
The trouble is  
You have to find her first  
You have to wake her up inside  
So you call together an army  
Form the world's biggest search party  
You do everything  
To try and find her  
But your captain calls off the search  
And tells you that she's standing right in front of you  
You knew that  
Except that she's not there  
That is her empty shell  
Waiting for you to fill it  
You have to coax her veiled soul out of hiding  
The question is  
How do you search  
For her missing soul?

Maya Reid

# Hold Fast To Love

Hold fast to love  
It is the fruit of the gods  
It is a break in the clouds of life's sky  
It is rain for the garden in your soul  
Accept it, and let the grass grow

Hold fast to love  
Without it, life is a void  
A nothingness with a constant dull ache  
To remind you that you have nothing to live for  
No hopes...a million fears

Hold fast to love  
Open yourself to it and its tender pain  
Use love as a key to unlock your soul  
Build yourself a Heaven on Earth  
A safe haven for when Life becomes Hell

Hold fast to love  
Just don't hold too tight  
And whatever you do, don't hide from love  
To hide from love is to hide from life  
And to hide from life is to die.

Maya Reid

# Hoping Against Hope

I know that I trust you  
I trust you completely  
With my life  
I trust you  
I just have a problem trusting trust

And though I can't tell you what love is  
I know that I love you  
In every sense of the word  
I love you  
But love, it doesn't love me

And you tell me about once a month  
-Every time I feel like we're falling apart-  
You tell me that you're not trying to say goodbye  
And my heart swells, surges, and celebrates  
But experience says that you'll eventually run away

And being this close to you is so hard  
Because you've raised me so high that I might not survive the fall  
I try to protect myself by not letting myself be surprised by goodbye  
-Cuz you will be trying to say that, eventually-  
I want so badly to believe you, but we might not have a choice

What keeps me here is the chance that you could actually be  
You could actually be different, be real  
I've thrown everything I've got at you and you're still here  
And there's something about the way you make me feel  
So I tie knots in the string you save me with and I hang on

And when I start to slip  
Which I will, often  
You send warm words and cold hands down at me  
And together we tie a new knot  
And, a little closer to you, I hang on

Every time we become closer together  
And I get a little higher off the ground  
I listen to that stupid heart of mine and tangle myself in our knots, hanging on

But part of me still looks down and trembles  
Sure I'm tangled in, but I'm still scared of being dropped

And so I look up at you, with hope in my eyes  
And try to tell myself that this isn't all just a guise  
And I try to believe that life can be alright  
And I fill myself with maybes, hoping for the best  
But I can't help but think that I'm hoping against hope

Maya Reid

# How Did You Get Here?

How did you get here?  
No one's been this deep inside of me before  
Why are you my everything?  
You held the key to my soul's locked door

Why are you standing next to me?  
I didn't know we were so close  
What drug makes you love me?  
I need to take a dose

How did you get past the gate?  
When the guards weren't looking, you slipped right through  
Yes, but how'd you manage to move into my castle?  
You said those magic words, "I love you."

How are you a part of me?  
I turned inward and was shocked to see your face  
Why are your strong arms around me?  
Not locking, just holding me in a warm embrace

How do you think the thoughts in my head?  
Deep down inside, we are the same  
Why is everything okay when we're together?  
Then we can see that their world is just a game

Why do I let myself love you?  
I don't think this will end in pain  
Why do we have no secrets?  
Only we can keep each other sane

Why do I want to be next to you?  
You make me feel so great  
So tell me again, how did you get here?  
Oh wait, I remember – you are my soul's mate.

Maya Reid



# I Am (Or Kujichagulia)

I am

a Black Woman but that didn't really matter to me til college.

It's becoming more and more important to me every day.

Amot more self-conscious than most people would ever believe. I hide it well.

Young. I turn 20 in 33 days.

Ashopaholic who never buys anything at full price. Also,

a scholarship student who spends her money on shopping sprees.

Amo stuck in my own ways. I hope being a Sociology major will help me see through eyes not mine own.

Amddicted to music.

A Princeton student. I don't necessarily like the way this makes people think of me.

Amore perverted on the inside than most people will ever know.

An individual who has an apostrophe in her middle name and tries doggedly to ignore this.

Amdeeply conflicted about whether to wear my hair naturally or to iron it straight but I am entirely unwilling to kill its beauty with chemicals.

Amalso unsure if I like that having an afro is making a statement.

Amingle. Still. But even though it sometimes gets to me I can really say I'm okay with this. Them boys will come around.

Amable to sleep with socks on.

Amlover but a fighter but that doesn't mean I won't fight for what I love.

Amverweight. I keep saying I'm going to do something about this that usually involves eating cookies.

Amarning what it means to have real friends and have the best teachers in the world.

Amgoing to make it a point to fall more and more in love with myself every day.

Maya Reid

# I Told You That I Loved You

I told you that I loved you  
Well, truthfully, I wrote it first  
That's how I knew it was true  
And I wrote it again and again  
And each time I meant it more and more  
It took on deeper meanings  
As time went on  
But the words never changed  
Except occasionally adding  
"Always"  
"Forever"  
Or, my favorite,  
"Eternally"  
But how much I needed you never changed  
Eventually, we grew together  
Grew to know each other  
Truly and deeply  
We said we'd be there for one another always  
And wrote that we loved each other  
And I finally grew comfortable  
Being so intimate with you  
That I said it aloud  
I told you that I loved you  
And we grew even closer  
And you thanked me as we grew  
And we became inseparable  
It began to show  
And I never denied  
That I'd let you inside  
And you wrote that you'd love me forever  
That I was the only one who understood you  
That you didn't know how you lived without me  
Yet still you're pushing me away  
Can it be that even our love will crumble into dust?  
For, my love,  
I told you that I loved you  
But I'm still waiting for your reply  
I told you that I loved you  
And you never said it back

I told you that I loved you  
And I'm afraid that you're only saying goodbye.

Maya Reid

# If Only

If only  
You could understand  
What I'm saying to you  
What I mean  
When I ask you to listen

If only  
You really were  
The person I thought  
You could be

If only  
You hadn't  
Lied to me  
Confused me  
Cheated on me  
Ripped my soul apart

If only  
I had  
Another chance  
An opportunity  
For my life  
To be  
How I'd always dreamed  
It would be  
If only  
I could go back  
To yesterday  
To yesteryear

If only  
I hadn't said yes  
When I really meant no

If only  
I hadn't said  
'I do.'

If only  
You couldn't  
Control me

If only  
I could be  
Anywhere but here

If only  
I could  
Run away  
From you  
From here  
From everything

If only  
I could  
Bring myself  
To walk away

If only  
I didn't  
Love you

If only  
I didn't  
Keep taking you back  
After you'd  
Lie  
Cheat  
Steal  
Leave  
And come back  
Begging me

If only  
This could be  
– Dare I say it –  
Over  
Or better yet

If only

It had never begun.

Maya Reid

# If The Whole Wide World Was Up To Me

If the whole wide world was up to me,  
The hungry would feast, the thirsty would drink  
The poor would have plenty, and the weak would find strength  
Shy and cowardly people wouldn't hide from the light of day  
They'd be courageous in life and stay that way  
Unfriendly people would learn the value of a few kind words,  
And they'd start to care  
The selfish, greedy people everywhere would begin to share  
All the people that run from their problems would be confident  
As they work out and solve them  
Every blind man would see; deaf people would hear  
Mute people would speak; and the illiterate read  
The ones that do fall wouldn't lie there and die  
They'd instantly get up, with their heads held high  
The scared would take risks; the dishonest would never lie  
The coldhearted would show feelings; and the rude would become polite  
People would set high standards for themselves  
And never settle for less than they deserve  
All sorrow and sadness would soon disappear  
Everyone would be wise, courageous, bold, and brave,  
Lead lives worth living, from their births to their graves  
And that's how everything would be  
If the whole wide world was up to me.

Maya Reid

# Incarcerated

Cage.

The word stirs up visions of  
Stone walls, iron bars,  
Locks and chains  
As if Oppression were tangible,  
Re- and De- the same  
Well tonight I sit before you,  
Head hung and shoulders bowed  
A hunchbacked Atlas  
Crushed beneath the weight of my world  
I sit here before you  
To spread a Truth  
A Truth that will rip the lies They fed you apart  
Limb by limb:  
It does not take a cell  
To make a prison  
Nor must a person scream  
To be consumed by pain and rage  
Wake up tomorrow morning  
Brush the sleep out of my eyes  
Then you'll see  
That life is the most lethal weapon  
There could ever be.  
Tension stacked across your body  
So that you may not relax  
Pressure from above  
Forcing you to your knees  
Coupled with pressure from below  
Forcing you to stand  
You compromise somewhere in the middle  
Paralyzed  
Your back against the wall  
So that you may not move  
A fist clenched around your neck  
So that you may not breathe  
A hand pressed in front of your mouth  
So that you may not speak  
Fear wreaking havoc on your very soul  
So that you dare not dream



Your bear it and crawl away  
And, after an eternity,  
Sleep appears as your savior  
Congratulations.  
You've survived.  
Prepare yourself for tomorrow's round.  
This battle will never cease.  
A pen your weapon  
Instead of a shank,  
Your high not meth  
But a moment's escape,  
As a wise man once said,  
"Stone walls do not a prison make."

Maya Reid

# Just Listen

I need to have a talk with you  
There are some things I need to get off my chest  
So sit down and please just listen  
Although listening isn't what you do best

Please don't interrupt with protests  
Just listen to my words; don't try to explain  
Don't categorize my feelings  
Just take note of the things that have caused my pain

Search for all the deeper meanings  
Remember that I chose these words carefully  
And when I tell you how I feel  
Don't tell me these feelings aren't how they should be

When I tell you of a problem  
Don't solve it; I need to do that for myself  
And when I ask your opinion  
I don't want an answer from off of a shelf

I have asked that you just listen  
Not that you give advice or try to fix it  
So please listen and just hear me  
Genuinely listen; don't be counterfeit

When I have finished, you may talk  
By then you've earned a chance to speak your mind too  
Simply wait a moment for your turn  
Don't talk or do; then I'll do the same for you.

Maya Reid

# Kryptonite

Every time you come around  
I get weak  
When you touch me  
It takes my every ounce of control  
For my knees not to buckle underneath me  
To keep myself from falling to the ground  
I think you and I could work  
But you just might be kryptonite

You don't glow green  
Or show any signs of radioactivity  
But you can do something no one else can  
You can take me over  
When you're talking to me  
Nothing else matters  
I'll believe anything you say  
Even if, Kryptonite,  
You're poisoning me

My dear, dear Kryptonite  
You say you don't want to hurt me  
So you have to go away  
But you've been hurting me this whole time  
Opening me up  
Hurting me in such a good way  
That now that I'm alone and have regained my "strength"  
All I can do is cry for you to come back to me

Break me down again  
Please  
I'm begging you  
This Superwoman needs her Kryptonite.

Maya Reid

# Letting Herself Love You

She's never seen a relationship that works  
So you can't blame her for not believing in love  
For not allowing herself to be in love  
For not letting herself fall  
"Fall"  
Like she's degrading herself  
Letting herself down  
Because to her,  
That's all love is –  
Pain interspersed with brief pinpoints of joy  
She measures love in units of pain  
And if she gives herself to you  
No matter how many times you tell her  
That you'll love her forever  
She can't help but think that all love ends  
And that nothing lasts forever  
All things change  
And not for the better  
People change  
Times change  
Change is the only thing she can depend on  
So the concept of "forever"  
Instills in her so much fear  
When you tell her that you love her  
And, although you really mean it,  
Images flash through her brain  
Not of happy futures  
But of painful pasts  
The image of her mother  
Crying alone on the kitchen floor  
The image of the pistol  
In her father's hand  
The sounds of their fighting  
The sounds of her sobbing  
She is broken  
Haunted by the screams and sobs  
She runs her hands over the scars  
From the beatings she received  
Because she was

"Loved"

So when she tells you she just wants to be your friend  
Know that deep down, she really loves you  
And she is afraid  
That even someone as perfect as you  
Could break her fragile, cracked heart  
If she lets you inside  
The brick wall could crumble  
She wants to be your friend  
Because friendship is a different kind of love  
The kind where more than your bodies are joined  
The kind that can last  
Dare she say it  
Forever.

Maya Reid

# Life

Every day is a new day  
Each day could be your last  
Make each day special  
Don't let it just sail past

Every second is a fresh beginning  
Each hour becomes what you see fit  
Every day you get to start anew  
And your life is simply what you make it

All men, women, and children have the power  
To choose the path that they take  
We can choose the slow, dangerous trek through the mountains  
Or build a boat and simply cross the lake

We can overcome any obstacle  
If we just use the power we have locked up inside  
Even if you must walk to your destination  
Let your passion lengthen your stride

Your big opportunity is out there  
Even if it doesn't come knocking at your door  
Most humans crawl around on their knees searching for it  
While the wise among us listen to their hearts, then stretch their wings and soar.

Maya Reid

# Losing Someone

Remember that, while his body is gone  
Inside of you, his spirit still lives on

Now, with every step you ever take  
You are leaving his legacy in your wake

Whenever a rainbow brightens your day  
Or a shining star twinkles your way

Know that he's smiling down on you  
He's still a part of everything you do

Life does not end when death comes to your door  
Death is simply one stop in the universe's grand tour

It is to be learned from; don't show fear  
You've now been taught to hold loved ones dear

We will stay with you and grieve silently  
For that is all we can do, really

Until the day a smile again lights up your face  
With your friends and family you'll find a warm embrace

Maya Reid

# Love

People say love's a funny thing  
Some will tell you it's foolish and blind  
One will say it's more trouble than it's worth  
Another that you can't live without it  
Or, my personal favorite:  
Love works in mysterious ways  
It's the most powerful, magical thing in the world  
A force beyond our control  
With the power to sweep you off your feet  
And take you on a wild, if bumpy, ride  
Some try to be poetic  
Love is hearing an echo of yourself in the caverns of another's soul  
And that's all well and good  
But it doesn't answer my question  
It doesn't tell me what love is.  
Is it the first time they make your heart skip a beat?  
Or when you can identify a person by their smell?  
Is it when you first feel yourself melt into another person?  
Or simply when you realize you've never felt this way before?  
People say that love is life  
So is it when you're convinced that you couldn't live without them?  
How about when you'd die to ensure they lived on?  
Or do you love someone when you can imagine spending the rest of your life together?  
The first time you lay in their arms and think, 'I could stay here'?  
Is it the ability to bare your soul to another without worry?  
As simple and ridiculously complicated as letting someone in?  
Is love being strong enough to bear someone else's weight  
Or being able to take the weight off their shoulders?  
Is it being able to make their troubles melt away?  
Is love...comfortable?  
Will it make you feel safe?  
Is love feeling so good it hurts  
Or might it be better described as feeling like you'll never feel good again?  
Is love realizing that today is all you can ask for  
And dreaming of forever anyway?  
Is it finding beauty in everything  
And filling the simplest object with meaning?  
Is love trusting someone completely?



Is it being willing to do anything just to see them once again?  
Or is it when even the thought of letting go reduces you to tears?  
Is it knowing they'll never make you cry  
Or losing the fairytale and being able to cry in front of them?  
Is love being different because of somebody else?  
Is it never wanting to go back to the way you were before?  
Or is it just realizing that there is another way to be?  
Does love show you everything your life could be?  
Is love waking up in the morning with them on your mind?  
Is love being found?  
Or is it slowly losing yourself?  
Giving yourself over to this other person?  
Is it realizing that someone other than you yourself is real  
Having something real with that real person  
Or the first time you wonder if anything is real at all?  
Is it being two halves of the same life  
Or living simultaneously?  
Is it turning yourself into a coat of armor to protect them  
Or realizing that you have to let them live  
No matter the harm the world might cause them?  
Is it wanting to hold them so tight you'll steal all their pain away?  
Is love newlyweds who can't keep their hands off one another  
Or the old couple at the restaurant who are content to never say a word?  
Can it possibly be both?  
Or is the answer D: none of the above?  
And what about the different kinds of love?  
A mother's for her newborn child  
The playful protection between brother and sister  
High school's fragile relationships  
The seemingly indestructible bond between true friends  
And, finally, when your search for a soulmate comes to an end?  
And what about when the layers blend?  
How do you tell just where each one ends?  
Can someone please tell me  
What IS love?  
(Maybe I'll have to answer myself.)  
I think love might be forgiveness  
You love someone when you're accepting  
When you're willing to try it again  
Is it the heartfelt 'I'm sorry' after a fight?  
Or making peace with another's complexity?  
Love is tender

It looks tough and acts strong  
But is riddled with soft spots and sore patches  
It listens and symbolizes everything  
And it's selfish: caring only about itself  
Keeping itself alive despite society and everyone's lies  
Truthfully, it may be a little blind  
And it doesn't always make the wisest decisions  
But it's something REAL  
It's giving yourself over to someone  
Allowing yourself to finally feel  
It's wanting to give a person everything  
But realizing that you are all you have to give  
It's being afraid but taking the leap anyway  
Love is a variable  
It changes between people and over time  
It's the invisible twine that binds  
Love is crying when she cries  
And doing everything you can to make her smile again  
Love is letting someone touch the most tender place of all:  
It's letting them feel your heart  
And giving them the power to tear it apart  
But trusting them not to  
Because while you're questioning all your questions  
You're pretty sure they're questioning too.

Maya Reid

# Loving And Leaving

My stepdad used to find himself friggin hilarious  
And one of his favorite jokes was to say,  
When someone had hurt themselves in some small way,  
"Well how about I stomp on your foot?  
"Then you'll forget about whatever else was hurting you."  
I never thought he was funny,  
But I think the concept could be used for joys as well as pains.  
And I think they lied when they said,  
"Absense makes the heart grow fonder."  
For the first few days, more or less,  
An absense reigns much more present than a presence,  
Missing someone takes the reigns, takes over your life,  
And you let yourself sink lower than low.  
Til one day you get up, dust yourself off, and resolve that  
"Well, at any rate, life must go on."  
And go on it does.  
You seek out your nearer friends and loved ones  
Who, by being nearer, instantly become dearer,  
And they distract you from the hole in your heart so well  
That you'd think they had filled it in.  
My stepdad thought a big hurt could mask a small one,  
I say that a big joy can obscure a huge pain,  
And you can let yourself be happy,  
Remember how it feels to laugh and smile...  
This charade can last for quite a while...  
For however long it takes for you to see  
The face of the one who had to leave.  
Until you hear their voice.  
Until they appear close enough that you could reach out and touch them  
And you do,  
And as your arms slide around one another,  
The whole weight of missing them comes rushing back to you,  
Knocks you over like an ocean wave,  
And you never want to let them go again.  
But this fondness resulted from reunion,  
Not from the separation itself.  
The heart grows weary of focusing on absense,  
And love, even from others,  
Is a hell of a distraction from pain.

I'd been having such a great time without you  
That I'd forgotten how amazing every day with you is.  
I can't believe I never realized how much I miss you,  
I never realized til you were right where  
All along, I'd wanted you to be:  
Til you had your arms around me.  
I think the only thing they were right about is that  
"Parting is such sweet sorrow."  
But, though I miss you now, in the end,  
We part only to meet again.

Maya Reid

# Loving You

You make the world seem less crazy  
And make my efforts seem worthwhile  
You guide me when the days are hazy  
And can always make me smile

Loving you can make me cry  
But your spirit can make me dry my eyes  
You can make me laugh when I want to die  
And no matter what you always take me by surprise

I know that you're the one that I can talk to  
The one who will help me explore the caverns of my soul  
And so I'll say, without any further ado  
That in my life I want you to have a starring role

Sometimes I still feel so far apart  
From this cruel world that traps me bodily  
But to you I will give my heart  
Because you're the one who set my spirit free

Maya Reid

# Maya...

Believes in true love and happily-ever-afters  
Though she has been hurt  
Though she has been wronged  
But she has always made it through  
Sometimes just barely  
But she always makes it through  
Usually with the help of her friends  
See, she hates to be alone  
And depends too much on others to help her  
To guide her through this journey  
To mold her into someone real  
But she's trying to fix that  
She's trying her damndest to help herself  
She's so sick of being this broken person  
But she doesn't know how to heal herself  
How to turn herself into someone real  
She doesn't know where she's supposed to go  
What she's supposed to do  
Or who she's supposed to be  
In fact, she doesn't believe in "supposed to"s  
But still knows that she'll get there eventually  
She's afraid to let go for fear of losing  
But knows she's losing by holding on  
She's been confused for quite some time  
Been fooling herself for even longer  
But she's finally starting to figure some of it out  
She thinks she should stop taking life so seriously  
Because she believes she'll have the chance to live it again  
But if she doesn't, she wants to have made it all worthwhile  
Which is why she's changing  
Which is why the walls are being torn down  
And the masks are being torn apart  
Which is why it's finally time for her to meet Maya.

Maya Reid

# Maybe Crazy Is Catchin'

You know, in my day  
I've met some mighty strange folks  
People you just might call crazy  
But sometimes I get to thinkin'  
They just might be the only sane people among us  
Maybe crazy is catchin'.

I've spit farther than most of the guys  
And seen some mighty strange "planes" in the air  
I got layers....different flavors  
There's the girl the whole world gets to see  
And then there's me, hiding inside  
Maybe crazy is catchin'.

I've learned that forever can be an hour, a day  
I've stood in the rain without gettin' wet  
I've been punished for every imaginable crime  
I've died before...I'll die again  
Sometimes I think this whole world's crazy  
Maybe crazy is catchin'.

Maybe crazy is catchin'  
Maybe the ones you view as ludicrous  
Are the only ones who really know the truth  
Maybe we will rescue you all  
From yourselves, the "normal" folks.  
Maybe, just maybe, crazy is catchin'.

Maya Reid

# Mixed Signals

I love you.  
I'm in love with you.

But look at me.  
I'm pathetic.  
I'm self-destructive.  
I won't do anything  
but bring you down.  
You deserve  
better  
than me.

But how  
can I let you go?  
I can't give you up.  
If you love someone,  
you've got to let them go –  
but I can't.  
I can't live without you.  
I won't live without you.

You are me,  
and I hope  
that I am you.  
To me,  
we are one.  
Without you,  
I cannot be.  
I'll just wither up  
and die.

I don't want to hurt you.  
Baby,  
I love you.  
But I'm not good enough for you.  
You are going to go so far,  
and I don't want to drag you down.

I want to be with you.



I want to be with you  
more than I ever thought  
I could want anything.  
I love you  
more than I ever thought  
I could love anyone.

But I can't do this to you.  
You'd be better off without me.

I'll die  
but to ensure that you live,  
it's a small price to pay.  
Trust me,  
there are worse things than death.

I'm a mess.  
I know I am.  
I panic.  
I forget to breathe.  
I am an endless flowing river  
of tears.

But you stay with me.  
The only reason  
I can see for that  
is that you found something  
beautiful  
in me.  
You held that beauty up  
for me to see,  
and you alone  
have the power  
to make me feel beautiful.

You gave me strength,  
and freedom,  
and introduced me  
to me.  
You showed me  
how life can be.

You caught me once,  
but I'm slipping,  
and I need you  
to catch me again.  
You're in the process of teaching me  
how to fly,  
angel of mine.  
I can't do it without you.  
I can't make it without you.

What I'm trying to say now,  
though,  
is that I could make it with you.  
If leaving would hurt you  
as much as it's going to hurt me –  
if,  
deep down inside,  
you do love me –  
then,  
by all means,  
stay.

We can get through this together.  
I can get through this with you.  
Together we have power.  
Love is more powerful  
than anything else  
in the entire cosmos.  
Love conquers all.

If I have your love,  
I can conquer this.  
Talk about mixed signals,  
but stay with me.  
Save me.  
Please.

Maya Reid

## More

My life's all well and fine and good  
I mean, I really shouldn't complain  
But sometimes it feels like it's all just  
A game  
A game that I'm losing  
Because I don't even care  
Sometimes I wonder if any of this is real  
This can't possibly be all there is  
I'm searching for something...  
More.

I can't stand to be alone with myself  
Sometimes I wish me would just go away  
I want to be as far away from myself as possible  
Where do I run to break away from me?  
I want to escape from the prison of my maze  
Because I'm not even enough for me  
There has to be a different way to be  
I've got to get away from here  
I need a way out  
Out of this rut I got myself stuck in.

I can't just exist any longer  
Day after day, everything the same  
The worst day ever simply repeating  
And I feel so hollow  
Just empty and alone  
And I can't help but think I've done something wrong  
Like the fault is no one's  
But my own.

And even during the very best times  
It still feels like something's...missing  
Like there's some hole deep within me  
I feed it and feed it but it just won't fill  
There's a piece of myself I just haven't been able to find  
And only emptiness where it should be  
This tender nothingness at the very core of me.

I need to find my missing piece.

I'm hungry  
I have been for a while  
But I can't figure out just what it is I have a taste for  
Can't think of anything that has the right shape  
And every time I try  
Something else gets sucked inside  
Never to be seen again  
And the hole gets deeper.

I'm so hollow.

Some days I sit there  
Get lost in the deep darkness inside  
And, to tell you the truth,  
I just...  
I don't want to be here anymore  
There's gotta be something...else  
Out there for me  
This is all well and good,  
But I want more.

I want...  
What do I want?  
That's a damn good question:  
What do I want? ! ?

I'm sick of ignoring –  
I want my perfect shape!  
I want a chance to be happy, too  
I don't want to feel this way anymore  
Is there anything in this world that can make me whole?  
Make me real or get me out of here –  
I can't do this anymore.

I thought I wanted someone who understood  
Someone who could console my screams  
But they can't do it for me –  
I need to understand  
And I'm still screaming  
I can't play pretend anymore

I need more than good enough and oversized dreams.

They say to leave well enough alone  
But I'm running out of time  
If the sand runs out I'll never flip the glass  
Even now it's getting hard to breathe  
Why can't anyone else see that I'm practically  
In over my head?

So no more being "okay"  
It's time for the truth  
I'm broken  
Deal with it  
Well, you can try...  
I can't just deal anymore  
It's come down to it or me:  
One of the two has to go  
And I'm sick of just giving in  
Done with just letting it win  
Can I take back having given up on myself?  
I'm so hollow.

I've tasted the world outside  
And I want more.

Maya Reid

# Mother Dearest

You can think of me as pond scum  
The biggest mistake of your life  
The black sheep of the farm  
The bad apple of our family tree

Make a mountain out of every molehill  
Work me like a dog  
Lecture me for hours  
I'll never hear a word of praise

I won't be your paper doll  
A package you can simply send away  
Go ahead, push me till I'm at the end of my rope  
I'll tie a knot and hang on  
Can't change me  
Can't maim me  
I ain't goin' down

Say that I'm not good enough  
That I can't do it  
Or I won't make it  
Squash my spirit  
Snatch away my soul  
Demolish my dreams  
Or, at least you can try

And you can think that you're perfect  
It's how you like to come off  
But in the real world, you're far from it  
If you don't know that, I sure as hell do  
Try to stop me  
Block my path  
Stand in my way  
Or just push me over the edge  
Each and every little thing that you do  
Just makes my skin that much thicker  
My body that much stronger  
My brain that much smarter  
Even you can't bring me down

Mother Dearest, we can play for all eternity  
This infernal game of cat-and-mouse  
You, the predator, chasing your prey  
But even as a mouse I hunt  
The fleeting grasshopper of my dreams

Stalk me, hunt me, trap me, hurt me,  
There's some things you just can't take away.

Maya Reid

# My Best Friend's Wedding

When all our friends and family have settled down,  
and even your not-a-baby-anymore sister has turned to look at me, expectantly,  
I'll stand, smooth out the wrinkles in my just-classy-enough-to-not-be-skanky  
dress, and  
clear my throat, preparing to ignore them all and speak directly to you.

Speak now, or forever hold your peace, right?

I'll tell you that when I first met you, too long ago for me to remember exactly  
when,

I didn't imagine there'd even be a you and I, let alone that we  
would share so strong a bond we'd challenge customs, you giving me the title:  
Best Woman. I'll make some tired old joke about how that's all over now that  
I've been bested.

Not that this was a contest—I entered this race knowing I'd never win. I just  
wanted to be close to you for as long as I could.

I'm sure I'll tell them that I've never seen you this happy.

Inside I'll be wondering whether or not that was a lie.

I'll look towards my right, at the one holding your hand, and after everything, I  
still won't be able to tell—do I want that to be me?

What I will say is that I'll give him away if I have to, but on one condition:  
She must take better care of you than I have. Depending on how much  
wine/champagne/whatever-the-hell-the-waiters-have-been-carrying-around I've  
had, I'll speak the truth:

I'll say, and I quote, "This man right here is the love of my life. If you hurt him,  
sleep with one eye open—I know where you lie at night."

She'll think I was joking.

You'll think back to those nights in my kitchen, where I turned against my  
brother to protect my mother's "other son," to who rode shotgun and made you  
get out of the car to leave your first love letter, to who made the family wait to  
decorate til you were off from work, so you could do the star. You'll look at me  
and know I wasn't.

□

You'll look at me and I'll feel bold enough to keep going...

I'll conjure up memories of all those times when it was just you and me, alone  
but for one another, us against the world,



when Mr. Seigel asked me if any degrees of separation were allowed between us,  
and I told him firmly, "No.",  
every time some blissfully ignorant stranger referred to us as the "lovebirds",  
"such a cute couple",  
how we laughed them off—sometimes wishing they were right.

I'll tell them the story of the night I realized you were ridiculously in love,  
rather than just plain ridiculous. How you readily admitted it.

I'll bite my lip, wondering if now I can say that forbidden word: jealous. Or if  
that's not right, then just lonely at the thought of losing you.

I'll laugh a laugh that's half a sigh, take another sip of my wine or whatever, and  
tell them that I still think you're ridiculous. I don't doubt it for a second. You're  
crazy—and if you're crazy about anything, it's her.

I'll wish that she can drive you crazy in all the best ways, the ways I never could  
the ways you never let me try—the ways I don't think I wouldn't have wanted to.

I'll turn and look at you while I say that last bit. I'll have worn waterproof  
mascara on purpose, and you'll have "something in your eye," just like the night  
I left for too long.

I'll wish you the best this world has to offer, and then some,  
say I'm gaining a sister rather than losing my brother from another.

I'll tell her sorry to have to break it to you, honey, but we're bigger than this,  
him and me. Congratulations.

Maya Reid

# My Box

A new sticker has been slapped onto my box  
In addition to Perishable Items and  
Warning: Contents Under Pressure and  
Do Not Open Til I Say So and  
Enter At Your Own Risk  
In addition to all that I now say  
Fragile: Handle With Care  
Handle me with care  
Hold me lovingly  
Please come and tie me down  
Don't let me float away  
Cuz if you're not careful I just might  
Lately I've been feeling distant  
So very unattached from all of this  
I feel unimportant  
I think I've finally realized  
That with me or without  
The world will turn  
That time stops for no man  
And God  
– If he's there and not  
Already laughing his almighty ass off  
At us and our feeble attempts at life –  
Laughs at the very idea of a plan  
Send me to the edge  
To The Fray  
I want to save a life  
(Preferably my own)  
I just wish that I could do it without  
Leaving the world I call home  
I feel like I have to do something  
Something to prove that I have worth  
– I may be a bit beat up, but this is me –  
Something to prove me to myself  
I could disappear  
Get lost in the crowd  
Lost in the mail  
I could die and the world as a whole wouldn't stop  
Only me

And I wonder why  
Who and  
What and  
Where and  
When but mostly I wonder  
Why  
Why am I even here?  
There has to be a reason  
I have to have a destiny  
I have to be going somewhere  
– Wait for me, I'm on my way –  
But right now I'm a leaf in the breeze  
It's like somebody ran out of stamps and just  
Forgot about me  
And where I'm supposed to be going  
And what I'm supposed to do when I get to the end  
Of this lonely winding road  
This twisted path I've learned to call home  
So for now I'm just waiting  
Waiting to say so  
For someone's hands to reach right through  
Despite the risk  
And hold me lovingly  
Give me reason to stay down  
And not worry about the pressure  
Maybe even take some of it away  
For someone who can strip the stickers away  
One by one  
And help me out of this box.

Maya Reid

# My Dream Truth

The shadow of my peaceful painful memory  
I can't stop myself from calling out to you  
The blanket of my love wrapped around you  
The sky darkened as I remembered how you bit into my heart  
To watch the climax of the destruction I began  
Then it hurts more when you find me  
And all the others who stole pieces of your soul  
I'll tell you a secret: I really didn't mean to  
Deep down, we really loved each other  
I was trying to fix it  
I didn't know your fragile shoulder would give way  
Still feeling so lonely and cold  
The horrible things I did to you  
I went away  
I went away  
You're setting yourself up to be screwed over  
You're surrounded by multicolored masks  
So no one knows how deep the pain flows  
In a glass cage on opposite sides of prison bars  
I carry a golden key  
I only thought of you  
My soul smiles when you're near  
I was the only one who was really real  
There is no one else for you, or visa versa  
I am everything you've been searching for  
Your eyes...they whisper everything  
Your scars show that you have lived  
Because your soul still trusts me  
I will teach your aching heart to beat again  
To free you once again

Maya Reid

# My Friends

The other day  
Somebody asked me  
Why my "friend-tree" is so exclusive  
Why there are people I've known since childhood  
That I still won't call my friends  
They asked me  
To define what makes someone my friend  
And I spent some time  
Asking myself  
This is what I came up with:

There are five people in the world  
That I can call my friends  
By my standards  
They care  
I trust them  
My friends know my each and every layer  
They can see when I'm hurting  
Can see past all the paints and masks  
I wear for the world  
In fact  
They let me take off all those paints and masks  
And just be me  
They know me  
The real me  
My friends  
Bring some light into the darkness  
Take some of the weight off my shoulders  
And generally take away  
Some of the pain of living

We are all  
In essence  
The same  
We are all  
Emotionally unstable  
We are all  
Broken  
And find almost...comfort

In each other's brokenness  
We have been to the edge  
And have lived to tell our stories  
We have no secrets  
We all speak our own languages  
But are fluent in everyone else's  
We don't know how it feels to be truly happy  
But we make it so that we are not alone  
And for now  
That is as close to happy as we can get

When I'm with them I don't have to hide  
I've let them into my castle  
Past the gate impenetrable to everyone else  
I've built them into the very framework of my existence  
I can talk to them  
Really say things to them  
That I can say to no one else  
I can come to them when I am falling apart  
And they can hold me together  
I am their savior as well  
We can all come to one another in times of need  
My friends can cause me so much joy that it hurts inside  
Can cause me a blissful pain

Sometimes they're all I've got  
In this crazy, messed up world we live in  
I said they could see past all my masks  
Well, deep down under all that shit  
My friends found something beautiful in me  
They are warm hugs when they're needed  
Healing the cuts from so many cold knives  
They catch me when I fall  
And teach me to fly again

My friends are the legs to my table  
They keep me stable  
(well, as stable as a broken person can be...)  
They opened parts of me  
I didn't know I had  
I wouldn't trade them for anything  
Not even for everything

My life wouldn't be the same without them  
I wouldn't be the same person without them  
I can say that I love them  
And I can always hear it back

My muses  
My cement  
The artists to my clay  
My bridges across the chasm  
They are my best friends  
My soul's mates  
My "friend-tree" is a small, exclusive group  
But it's a group I know I'll always have  
You know who you are  
And from the bottom of my heart I thank you  
Just know one last thing about me:  
You aren't the branches,  
But the roots to my tree.

Maya Reid

# My Shackles

I step forward  
The sky doesn't come crashing down  
Around me  
The world doesn't fall apart  
Amazingly  
It's okay  
So I take another  
And another  
'I can do this'  
I think  
'I can really do this'  
And I'm up so high  
That I raise my foot  
To take another step  
I raise my foot  
Now forward  
Forward, I say  
Why can't I go forward?  
Don't look down  
I tell myself  
Don't look down  
They're not there  
Tell yourself they don't exist  
I'm not that strong  
I can't resist  
My eyes  
They flicker down  
Not my whole head  
I have  
At least  
That much control  
My eyes  
They betray me  
They look down  
They see them  
Twisted iron  
Cold metal  
Damn these chains  
My shackles



Why can't you see them?  
My restricted wrists  
My bound ankles  
Sometimes I feel so  
Trapped  
In this glass cage  
I press my hand against the glass  
That cold, hard, unforgiving glass  
No matter how hard I press  
I can beat against that glass  
But still you can't see that I am  
Trapped  
Bound  
Gagged  
And still I can't escape  
And so many people offer me  
Their advice  
Throw me the wrong keys  
To the door I can't reach  
It's a few steps ahead of me  
And bound by my shackles  
The way out of this  
Cold, hard, unforgiving glass  
This coffin soon to become a tomb  
Is just beyond my reach  
And I stretch myself beyond my means  
Keep bending till I break  
And still I can't break out of here  
So I go back to the back wall  
Beat on the glass that I can reach  
Bloody my hands and bruise my shoulder  
Call for help  
Screaming your name  
But still you cannot see  
That I am  
Trapped  
Bound  
Gagged  
By insanity  
Mountains of insecurity  
Trapped  
Motionless

Actionless  
Watching the world  
From inside a bubble  
I can't adapt  
No need to adjust  
I just don't fit in  
There's nothing I can do  
If I make this move I'll hurt you  
That one might hurt you even more  
These hurt you, you, and you  
One more move and I'll hurt everyone  
If only I was strong enough  
To break through the chains  
My shackles  
And take that last step  
If only I had the courage  
To break through to you  
But for now  
Seemingly forever  
I can only watch you  
In your world  
As I sit  
Trapped  
Bound  
Gagged  
By mine  
I can only pretend  
And believe  
That you are the knight  
From my dreams  
And that you will  
Somehow see  
And somehow you will  
Hear me  
Feel me  
Heal me  
Rescue me  
From this  
Intangible  
Invisible  
Self-inflicted  
Cold, hard, unforgiving glass

Trap

Maya Reid

# No One Knows

Nothing is right anymore  
Nothing is the way it's supposed to be  
I'm sitting in what used to be my favorite class  
Crying  
And my best friends won't even talk to me  
I don't know what I'm doing  
It's all a mystery to me  
My world is crashing down around me  
I don't think I can do this anymore  
I don't wanna live this life anymore  
This used to be my escape  
Now all I wanna do is escape  
Escape from this escape  
Escape from this game  
I don't even know the rules  
I'm sick of it all  
I don't even know  
You  
Anymore  
You don't know me  
You don't even know  
How broken I feel right now  
You don't even know  
That I feel like I don't belong  
You don't even know  
That you don't know  
Even you don't know  
Even you don't see  
No one knows.

Maya Reid

# Not To Be

I hide each day under a mask of obedience  
They say, "Jump! " and I ask, "How high? "  
Why don't They see how They have clipped my wings?  
How, because of Them, I have no chance to fly?

They said They want me to be successful  
But Their definition of success does not match mine  
And I'm so tired of being what They want me to be  
My destiny is just that – mine to design

They all expect great things from me  
Look at the footprints in which I am supposed to follow  
I wish I could tread upon untread ground  
I wish They could feel how I feel: hollow

I'm supposed to follow footprints, but the shoe doesn't fit  
I refuse to change myself to fit Their mold  
Somebody once said, "These are the best years of our lives."  
If that's the case, there's no sense in growing old

I cried myself to sleep, then woke up surrounded by darkness  
My searching hands grasp cold metal on a shelf  
Despair's fog is too thick to even consider tomorrow  
Quoting another Dead Poet, "to be or not to be" I ask myself

I shiver as the icy muzzle touches my temple  
I'm so tired of Their game – I choose not to be  
My last memory is of moving my finger  
Mama always said that that pistol would be the death of somebody

Suddenly gravity disappears and I am floating  
The first thing I see is a river of red  
Then I see a boy wearing a look of longed-for peace  
Then the situation's gravity hits – that's me lying there...dead

Then the images begin to play inside my head  
Of the rest of the life I chose to no longer lead  
"That's not fair – You should have told me I wasn't done! " I scream  
More than blood does from my body bleed

My cold and broken soul sobs over my cold and broken corpse  
I am jerked back – a great force pulls me away  
I wanted out of this life and lost it all; be careful what you wish for  
No one answers as I beg, “I didn’t mean it – please let me stay.”

I was so young...I shouldn’t have given up this way  
I shouldn’t have left everyone I know – Them included – with scars  
And I could never go back to cruel, hard, sweet, beautiful, beautiful life  
No second chance to let hope get rid of Their bars.

Maya Reid

# Nothing But Tomorrows

Click!

I hang up the phone

Well, you can't really say that

I sort of threw it down

And by some miracle

It hit the receiver

With a resounding

Smack!

I'd like to take that smack

And put it upside your head

See, we had an "argument"

Our first real fight

You're too busy

Wrapped up in your work

I feel like I could walk away

And you wouldn't even notice

Today hasn't been a good day

And now I'm going to sleep

And the space next to me

Is empty and cold

As I close my eyes, I whisper

"We'll be together forever"

And your voice scares me shitless

But your warm words melt my fear

"And the beauty of forever

Is that we've got nothing but tomorrows."

Still feigning anger

I refuse to roll over

Refuse to turn to face you

Then I hear a familiar crinkling sound

Almost like plastic wrap

I gasp as I think

'It couldn't be.'

I turn to you as you unveil

A bouquet of yellow roses

"For my sunshine, " you say

I laugh, and a tear rolls down my cheek

As you continue

"Sorry I took so long,

But do you know how hard it is  
To find a 24-hour flower shop? ”  
I toss the flowers onto the bed  
And practically throw myself into your arms  
“I think tomorrow will be better  
And that’s the beauty of forever –  
We’ve got nothing but tomorrows.”

Maya Reid



# Not-So-Constructive Criticism

I was on top  
I was the creme-de-la-creme  
The cream of the crop  
The best of the best  
I had worked hard to get there,  
Too,  
So I was loving every minute of it.

But then came high school  
And with it  
Competition  
I hadn't known hard work until then.  
I was struggling to keep my spot as  
King of the mountain  
You said it yourselves  
"Maya, you're slipping."

If only you knew  
How true  
That statement is  
If only  
You could see the deep dark chasm  
That I'm slipping into  
Weighed down by this boulder of pressure  
You've put on my shoulders

Do you hear your words?

"Think about it, Maya  
You gotta keep your grades up  
You gotta get a scholarship."

"You're slipping, Maya."

"You're letting us down."

"You only got a 93? "

I'm not the best anymore

But why does that make me not  
Good enough?  
Are you telling me  
That I only meet your standards  
When I'm perfect?  
What if perfection isn't possible?  
But think back,  
Back to when I was  
Number one  
Do you remember your knife-like words then?  
I do  
Let me refresh your memory:

"Stop being so smart, Maya."

"You're making the rest of us look bad."

The rest of us...  
Like I don't belong  
I know that  
To your ears  
You're just egging me on  
To you it sounds like  
Constructive criticism  
But whatever I do  
I do not meet your standards

You expect me to  
Get the highest grades  
Understand everything  
Then when I do  
I am shunned  
And told to stop

Please explain to me  
How is that "constructive? "

Maya Reid

## On Loan From The Universe

The next time you are upset with him  
And you think he doesn't really love you  
Because if he did, he'd remember  
To thaw the chicken wings or call you back  
You need to remember  
That he really isn't yours  
He doesn't truly belong to you  
He's on loan from the universe  
And he could be snatched back at any time.

So make the most of each tender moment  
And know that he is a gift that's not yours to keep  
And realize that even the slightest thing has significance  
And be grateful for the time you spend in the safe haven of his arms  
For he is simply on loan from the universe  
As are you  
And either of the two could be snatched back at any time.

Maya Reid

# One Coke With Two Straws

Today is a lazy day  
I'm just layin around on the couch  
Bored  
Feelin a little lonely  
Wishin I could go back  
To yesterday  
No symbolism here  
I want to go back  
To actually 24 hours ago  
Cuz right now yesterday  
I was with you  
And no one could've told  
That we'd almost fallen apart  
There were no fault lines  
Cuz it was no one's fault  
No cracks in our foundation  
Just puppies and ferrets  
And one Coke with two straws  
I love one Coke with two straws  
Only a dollar or two to take us back  
Now it's back to yesteryear  
To three years ago, to be precise  
To choir trips and salt-n-pepper chips  
To rain not on our heads and falling asleep in your bed  
To before everything got so busy and complicated  
And just generally spiraled out of our control  
We'd been riding the same river for so long  
And then the sides just suddenly split  
Holding hands we stretched and stretched  
Shouted across the void  
But shouting was so much effort  
And you were so far away  
I'm sorry, baby  
I'm so, so sorry  
But I stopped shouting  
Left you with nothing more than my echoes  
I didn't let go  
But I let the current pull me even farther away  
I didn't try to find some way to stay

On days when the current waned  
I pulled myself back to you  
And found that I didn't have much to say  
I hate to admit it, baby  
But it seemed like I didn't even know you  
Anymore  
Your grip was still strong no matter how we stretched  
And I  
I took you for granted  
Thought your hands would always be there  
So I chased my strong current  
Left you behind  
Pulled our rubber band arms till they almost snapped  
I missed an important day  
And then something in my head snapped  
And I realized that I'd missed more than a day  
I missed you  
And so slowly I pulled and tugged and dragged  
I crawled my way back to you  
Head hung in shame  
But now there were awkward silences  
Nothing to say  
Instead of not having to say anything  
It wasn't the way it'd been before  
I felt one of your hand slip away  
Someone else had come into our play  
Well, into yours  
And thereby into mine  
And now you held one of her hands  
And mine just lay flapping in the wind  
Looking sort of forgotten  
And I hated it  
IhateditIhateditIhatedit  
I wanted her out  
But I realized I had no right  
You had every right to a current, too  
It's so weird seeing her more than I see you  
I feel like I have to complete  
But I didn't know what to do  
So I let you pull her closer  
And let myself drift away  
And when she couldn't be there

You came looking for me  
If we stayed long enough we could almost taste  
How we used to be  
But one of our currents would swing by  
And we'd leave us hanging in the breeze  
And then  
Finally  
You needed me  
She wasn't there  
And probably wouldn't have understood anyway  
You needed ME  
Yesterday  
So I went to you  
Not even my own current could have kept me from us and our  
Puppies and ferrets  
And one Coke with two straws  
Life was good  
I love you  
I love one Coke with two straws  
And I can only hope you've remembered  
How much you love it too  
As I pray that you and her  
Don't share sodas, too  
One Coke with two straws  
Is the epitome of me and you  
An idiosyncrasy of us two  
Yesterday was for you  
But I'm the one saying thanks:  
I love one Coke with two straws.

Maya Reid

# Originality

I'm standin on building blocks  
From my hands, my mouth, my mind come electric shocks  
I'll use them to bust through all the locks  
And all of you can set the alarm on your clocks  
Take all your money out of the stocks  
Make sure your boats tied safely in their docks  
Sit around with your family eatin ham hocks  
Prepare yourself – I'm comin out of my box  
Now slowly or stealthily like a fox  
I'm bustin out like a bunch of football jocks  
I'm originality comin to disassemble your flocks  
You can't attack me – put down your rocks  
I have the strength of an ox  
Come to the door – it is me who knocks  
Open up, look at me as you stand there in your socks  
Embrace me, originality, you fake, stupid, weak, boneless, old crocks.

Maya Reid

# Our Broken Possibility

Two days ago was a good day  
Yesterday was a great day  
And I can already tell that today  
Will be wonderful as well  
So I should be high as a kite  
Soaring through a sweet baby blue sky  
These past few days  
These past few days with you  
Have been so great  
So tell me  
Why do I feel so down?  
Because I know that we'll be friends forever  
And that you'll love me till the end  
That should make my soul glad  
Yet all day I've been trying not to cry  
Trying to convince you  
– No, who the hell am I trying to kid –  
I've been trying to convince myself  
That all the things we've done and said  
That "recent events"  
Have gone the way they were meant to go  
That things are how they should be  
But still I sit here now  
With this tear threatening to roll down my cheek  
And think, "He's my best friend  
I'll love him each and every day to come."  
While deep down inside  
In the most secret parts of me  
I'm sobbing  
Over the cold and broken corpse  
Of what we will never be.

Maya Reid



# Our Silent Stranger

A silent stranger sits between us  
Bringing a strange silence around  
Stealing our comfort right out of the air  
Without it, we can do nothing but drown

The silent stranger overshadows me  
I know I don't stand a chance against him  
By not fighting I have no way to cope  
And so the days pass by, each gray and grim

The silent stranger – though invisible, he rules us all  
We go through the motions around him, our heads and hearts wracked  
An extra variable complicates our already confusing equation  
And now at least I don't know who to be or how to act

Under the gaze of that haunting, silent stranger  
I feel cramped, confined, confused, contorted  
You say you're here and nothing has to change, but still I wonder  
Does this new reality mean the old was distorted?

This silent, brooding stranger – I think of him as reminiscing  
Thinking about our lives before him, where we've been  
Late at night he tricks me into asking myself the same old question:  
In all this new, where do I fit in?

We try to move around him, our silent stranger  
Calling to one another from afar, with voices like the winds  
The swaying palm weathers a storm while the tough oak falls  
But how long can we hold on in this storm that never ends?

Say we rose up against this silent stranger  
Uncovered hidden feelings, stopped the lies  
Would the space between us leave with its hulking occupant  
Or did we create him simply as an excuse, a disguise?

The silent stranger suffocates me with his very presence  
You turn away so as not to have to see me dying so softly  
I turn away from his doubts and unanswerable questions  
That's no stranger – all we're turning away from is my familiarity.

Maya Reid

# Over You

You're a blip in my past  
A shapeless soul who remains masked

Confining me to a cramped shell  
Who I really am I'm afraid to tell

You built me up inside  
Then ran into the shadows to hide

You've inflicted me with poison  
But I've got others to give me medicine

You knocked me down  
Turned my smile into a frown

But I don't need you to ruin my life  
His warm hug heals cuts from your cold knife

I don't need your pity  
I don't want your sympathy

Now you're tryin to show me kindness  
But you're not the one I'm gonna miss

So now I say goodbye to you  
I'm no longer a victim of all those things you do

Don't know who you will hurt next  
But it won't be me, cuz I'm surely vexed

Life is so much easier now  
I'm smiling cuz he's taught me how

I'm over you, but don't take it too hard on yourself  
You're just a book of shadows put back on my shelf.

Maya Reid

# Owl

I am an owl  
Flying to you on silent, swift wings  
With my big glowing eyes  
I can see clearly when you're lost in the darkness  
I can be your guide and save you  
From the darkness of the underworld  
I am a messenger of hidden truth  
With the wisdom to make positive changes  
But only in your life – not in my own  
You trust me – I give you freedom  
To reveal your secrets and dreams  
And I unmask you when you would have been deceived  
And fly you away on my silent, swift wings  
Your guide with bright glowing eyes  
And when I have rescued you, I sit and hoot  
"Whoo...whoo..."  
Who will save me now?  
Because you heal me as I save you.

Maya Reid

# Pinnochio

I am not Pinnochio,  
That's something we both need to realize  
I don't have wooden limbs or strings  
Nor do I see the world through glassy black eyes

I am not a mannequin  
You cannot dress me up to look a certain way  
I am not a robot  
I will not do as you say

You cannot hook me on a line  
As if I was a fish  
And drag me along behind you  
Through your every whim and wish

If you continue this way  
The front door I'll leave through  
I'll stand up and walk away  
You'll never see me again if I do

When you say "Jump"  
I don't have to  
I have my own mind  
And I'll do what I want to do

You do not control me  
I'm a free citizen in this and every state  
Just please let me be until my eighteenth birthday  
I can be rid of the nest on that date.

Maya Reid

# Questions

It's time to ask you a few pointless questions  
Just sit; just listen and see  
See if it's all worth saving me  
Here goes: All the things you said  
Which were true?  
What's true still?  
Are you trying to let me go  
Or are you my really real?  
Are you okay with being the string that saves me  
Or are you the scissors that cut me free?  
Have you grown numb to my touch  
And deaf to my words  
Is everything the same but the eyes to the mask  
Or does this future not match our past?  
I know that you never asked to be here  
But I want to know if you're here to stay  
Or by trying to hold on to you  
Am I only pushing you away?  
All I need to know is  
Can you hear me?  
Do you feel me?  
Might you be the one to heal me?  
Or did I hurt you?  
Do you fear me?  
Do you hate to even be near me?  
Do you still have no regrets  
Or am I what you're trying to forget  
You I'll never forget  
Why'd you have to find me?  
Everything was fine and fake before  
What am I saying?  
I love you for opening my door  
It's just that I sometimes miss my hiding spot  
And I think you miss it, too  
But, see, I never would have loved life  
If I hadn't first loved you  
And I know that what you see  
Isn't always what you get with me  
How do I tell what's my imagination

From what's really there?  
Are you really the one who's different  
Or am I just waiting for you to walk away with your nail?  
Tell me, just how much do you really care?  
Because, let's face it  
I'm addicted  
And I'm never gonna quit you  
Just give me my fix one last time  
And one more time after that  
I can't quit you  
But I'm scared you're quitting me  
Did you forget me?  
Forget how much I need you?  
Forget how at home I feel when I'm with you?  
Forget how much I miss you?  
And are you still counting on me?  
Do you still need me?  
Whatever happened to:  
I don't know how I ever lived without you?  
Cuz I don't know how I ever lived without you  
And I'm too scared to try to try  
All I want to know is this:  
Where is your heart?  
Where have you gone?  
Tell me now,  
Cuz I don't really feel you  
Here  
Anymore  
Do you still feel me there?  
All I wanna do  
Is all I've ever done  
I wanna hold you tight  
And steal your pain away  
Am I wrong for feeling  
The way I feel?  
For feeling like you  
Are where I belong?  
Am I wrong here?  
If I am just tell me - I'll walk away  
Leave you with a smile  
Behind which is everything  
Only you could ever understand

What am I doing- I can't give this to you  
Just damn it all to hell  
The only important question  
Has an answer you won't tell.

Maya Reid



# Reflection

The sun shines down as I swing my feet backandforth backandforth off the side of a bridge made just for them, too small for cars [and in the wrong area too] as Mother once called it, when I was still too innocent to grasp what she'd meant,

"a bridge too low to throw oneself off." Sitting here I remember her, and the days we used to come swing on the set in the playground that used to be. Now, having only the bridge, backandforth I make-believe.

Swing my legs back solid-side and I lean against the wood, which, caretakerless, has aged as much as she and I would have, combined.

Peering down into the pond, I see him rushing past the rushes and lilies floating, chasing the tag-playing tadpoles, the dragonfly longing for an answer to his challenge. I squint real hard it's her looking back at me and

I want to stretch myself each as far as I can see if she's real but this gap I know I cannot breach.

The sweat is running and a butterfly threatens to kiss me as the dragonfly's still begging me to join. He can't understand that I want to soak up every minute with her I can. One of these days I'll win this staring contest.

Giving up, the dragonfly lands perfectly enough to walk on water rippling through me and myself. Game Over. That which is beyond our control in this swirled world always undoes us. It storts us right out of being.

Maya Reid

# Rejection

For long I admired you  
From afar  
The sound of your voice, the curves of your face  
My feet matched your pace  
You were my wish upon a star

They teased and taunted you, my friends did,  
I stuck up for you, and yelled at them too  
Hiding my love  
Which waited silently like a peaceful dove  
Until I confessed it to you

For the first time ever  
I let my heart step onto that line  
Your foot came hurtling past  
But you were gentle, not too fast  
I didn't think your heart broke mine

Not until I went to listen to my heart  
Later that day  
Instinctively I went to where  
It used to be there  
To hear what it had to say

I flung to the walls of my rib cage  
And knew that there I had to stay  
To avoid the swirling black hole  
Aimed at swallowing my soul  
Lodged between the broken pieces of my heart lying on the floor in disarray

One of my shoes flew off  
Out of day  
And into night  
Oh, I had such a fright  
When a black mist emerged from the hole, headed my way

As its icy hand closes around my ankle  
And it drags me, , pulling me in  
I can only hope that maybe you'll love me

You might save me, or even miss me, maybe  
I hope that one day I'll see you again.

Maya Reid

# Revolution Pie

Okay, so here's a recipe  
To go against society's recipe  
Drain a rainbow from the sky  
Combine flashes of 7 bright hues for this colorless world  
Mix in music – the kind that speaks to your soul  
Pour in a gallon of individuality  
And sprinkle in a pinch of pixie dust  
– It's okay to believe –  
Add a teaspoon of hope  
And two tablespoons of fear  
Stir 73 times, each circle adding a tear  
Shake in a cup of black anger  
And, if you're brave enough,  
Maybe even a dropp or two of love  
Pour it all in a bottle  
Of a melancholy hue  
Then, above a bowl,  
Bust it open with a knife  
And blend in all the shattered glass  
Dust with sugar and add 3 cups of spice  
But some powdered originality instead of everything nice  
Sift through all the subtleties  
And add 13 oz. of nuts  
– A touch of insanity –  
Add a hard outer shell – protect yourself well  
Chill until firm – don't let them mold you  
And bake at 370°  
For as long as it takes  
For this new you to rise  
And you will have your own  
Revolution pie.

Maya Reid

# Rocks And Shoeboxes

Sometimes I wish the past were tangible,  
That I could condense it into a little pebble,  
Because, call me sentimental, but the past is something  
I'd like to pick up and put in my pocket,  
To carry close at hand while I search for a future.  
Yes, I'd like to carry my past, stoic and unyielding,  
The rock that grounds me,  
Around in my pocket for the rest of my life,  
So that when I'm scared I could hold it  
And remember how I felt the first time he held my hand,  
So I could run my fingers across it  
And be reminded of how I used to run my hand through your hair,  
So I could feel the comfort of every person I have ever loved  
With simply the flick of a wrist.  
I want the past to be a pebble that fits in the palm of my hand,  
And I don't ever want to let it go.  
Because if the past were my pebble,  
Then I wouldn't have been shell-shocked at finding a shoebox full of your old  
letters,  
Because I'd already be carrying around all that joy and all that pain,  
I wouldn't have been brought to tears as I re-read each one,  
And it wouldn't have hurt to throw them away.  
If the past were containable and restrainable,  
Then mere things couldn't bridge gaps between years.  
And maybe life wouldn't hurt so much,  
If we could hold everything we've ever had at one time,  
If even the things we'd lost we still held onto.  
Though, when you think about it,  
The things we've lost are the things we hold onto most dearly:  
Case in point, this box of letters,  
Which it pained me to throw away.  
An emotional packrat, I'd already been carrying around all that joy,  
And, masked in it, all that pain...  
Finding them just brought it out of hiding.  
Then and there I realized I wouldn't want a pebble:  
There wouldn't be room to breathe in between past pleasures and past pains,  
Life's ups and downs would cancel one another out,  
Leaving a rather drab straight line.  
Maybe living with the past is just as bad as living in it.

We can't ever have a solid future if the tiniest hint at our past  
Reduces me to tears.  
And there's no good without the bad,  
So I have to let it all go.  
I took a deep breath and overtuned the shoebox into the trash can,  
Let out one last sob and closed the lid.  
I don't want to be a rock—  
Things that cannot change cannot endure.  
I can remember when we sung to one another,  
But the sweetest song is the one we haven't yet heard:  
For the first time, I'm going to be brave enough to let  
Possibility win out over familiarity.  
It's time to start something new.

Maya Reid

# Running For My Life

Running  
Down the hall  
The bell is ringing  
I'm late for class  
I'm late for life

Running  
From this thing  
This big, black, ugly  
Swirling, shifting, changing thing  
This thing that is everything  
But is thin as air  
Is really nothing at all

Running  
From this thing  
This thing I call "The Black"  
That chases me  
Seemingly  
For all eternity

Running  
From my past  
Passing right by the present  
Into my future  
Into one of these doors  
The doors that line the hall  
The hall of life I'm running down  
Running because I'm late  
Running for my life

Running  
Past these doors  
One of them is the right door  
The door through which I must go  
Oh, how do I know  
Which key on the jingling ring in my hand  
Opens the door to my future?

The door to everything  
I've ever wanted to do  
Or be  
The one door through which  
That thing  
The Black  
Cannot follow me

Oh, look  
Up ahead  
That might be it  
That door just screams my name  
(But they won't like that door –  
It doesn't fit their mold)

So what?  
Who cares?  
It's my life  
It's my future  
That door is me!  
Now I'm  
Searching  
For the key.

Maya Reid



# She Didn'T Know

He sat next to her at a lunch table  
Waved and said hello  
Over time, he made her stable  
But she swears she didn't know

That soon she would be falling fast  
That she'd want him to be her beau  
That her feelings of friendship just wouldn't last  
She didn't know, she didn't know

Slowly he became a part of her life  
And stayed through the high and the low  
His warm hug heals cuts from another's cold knife  
And still, she didn't know

It wasn't until he opened her up inside –  
Watered her and let her grow  
Told her that she didn't have to hide  
Only then did she know

That he is all she'll ever need  
That she'd been struck by Cupid's bow  
Should she tell him or simply let her heart bleed  
For now it is he who does not know

Maya Reid

# She Will Be Missed

The self I used to hold so dear  
Has faded into the mist  
There goes the girl of yesteryear  
And oh, she will be missed.

Maya Reid

# Six Degrees Of Steparation

I'll have you know,  
Today was going to be the day.  
Maybe not with heavy quotes like all those  
thick flicks and other assorted life-misrepresentations  
but it would have been special enough for me.  
(I know my passion sometimes scares you,  
but I can be surprisingly extra ordinary  
in all the ways that count)

-ing the occasional hallway run-ins,  
you're definitely the one I see the most  
(Sadly, this is usually at the most inopportune times,  
like when I reeeeeeally have to pee, or on the fifth or sixth  
of my eleven steps to the shower, cap- and robe-clad)  
It's funny—  
you claim you're always in your room,  
but as today made it a point to prove,  
you're never around when I want you to be

there for me, holding my hand, like you've been thrice before.  
You listen as much as I talk:  
that's never happened to me before.  
And I swear you're the only man in the world  
who can make Kansas  
sound as interesting as Kenya.  
The line of communication from you to me used to be fuzzy  
I don't remember when I started really hearing you,  
but I wanna make sure you get this message

me and no one would ever suspect a thing—  
you sound so silly and formal in your texts.  
We have to take ourselves out of our element  
to ever be truly in it. I know it sounds corny, but  
what the hell? Amidst deadlines and stress,  
I could use a little corny in my life, so  
I'll just say it: you can make the whole world melt away

from it all, we fall  
into this mold that makes us somehow more

but never lingers longer than the tingle of my hand  
after you've let it go. I don't know if that means we're  
perfect for one another or  
we never will be.

Tonight, though, I was willing to take the chance

-s are, I'm making too much of those little moments,  
but the way I see it, there has to be something in  
the fact that you're charming  
when I least expect it  
and even when I don't exactly understand why,  
I can't exactly cross you off.

Tonight, I was willing to play the fool  
if it meant I could find out

my door I went: one to the right, three forward, then to the left  
to the left  
Six steps separate me and you

and I, or so I thought.

My customary quiet knock: no answer.

With hope, a little harder, but no

such luck—you're not there.

(It's time to say I told you so.) I'll bid my dream goodbye  
as I'd have done you, holding just a little too tight,  
granting the lightest kiss on the cheek

-y some might call me, and I must admit,

I'm not that regular a girl, and tonight,

if you had opened that door,

I'd have flipped the script on you.

But it seems like we're just not ready for that, so

two to the right, three forward, and one to the left

to my own devices, I remember what that ambiguous "They"

always says:

There are six degrees of separation between every person in the world.

Maybe there will never be any less

between you and me.

□



# So Beautiful

Most people look at you  
Pale, thin, curled up around yourself  
I take that back  
Most people look right through you  
And mark you as  
Empty  
Not fully in this world  
Or in any other, for that matter  
A loner who deserves  
Only a trifle of their attention  
I guess I'm not like most people  
Because every time I look at you  
I have to fight the urge  
To reach out and touch you  
To see if you're really real  
Or if I just conjured you up  
To hurt myself  
Like I did with everything else  
Well, if you are just a dream,  
I beg of you  
Never wake me  
Because every time I look at you  
I get weak  
A part of me sighs  
I can't hold out for long  
Before I give in to the desire  
My skin meets yours and I am relieved  
At the same time, I am amazed  
That someone so perfect  
Could be so tangible  
Every time I look at you  
You bring tears to my eyes  
You're so beautiful  
And I know that I'm not worthy  
But still I can't resist  
You're so beautiful  
That every time I look at you  
Or hear your voice  
Or think or dream of you

I have to remind myself that you're broken  
Well, not every time  
Sometimes that fact is so obvious  
That I marvel at the fact  
That I'd forgotten  
That you're shattered  
No matter the beautiful designs the cracks have formed  
You're a tragedy  
It hurts, but not watching hurts even more  
Loving you hurts, but not loving you would tear me apart  
And my world would be empty  
Without your beautiful soul to paint my sky  
Without Beauty, all that's left is the Beast  
Under all the darkness, I found your beauty  
I found heaven in your heart  
But you've damned yourself  
Inside that goddamned darkness  
And I struggle with myself on whether or not to get you out  
Most of the time, I just hold you and try to heal the cracks you have  
You seem to like fighting down there  
But every time it looks like the darkness  
Is winning the battle  
I jump in, growling  
Teeth bared  
Protecting you so that you can crack no more  
I crack for you, instead  
I wasn't planning on that  
The more I try to hold your world up  
The more my own caves in  
It's not fair  
It's just not fair  
But I can take it  
You, however, I'm not so sure about  
You need more than I can give you  
Even this poet  
Can't rewrite your tragedy  
The blind can't lead the blind  
Even so, I will never stop trying to save you  
I'll always wrap my arms around you  
At the first sign of a new crack  
Because I'm the only one who knows not only  
How soft you are to the touch

But how jagged you are on the inside as well  
We fight the same battle  
On the same side  
Though we go about it in very different ways  
We are struggling to reach the same goal  
Though I cannot name it  
I know not what it is we're searching for  
All I know is that you're so beautiful  
You have a beauty I can't live without  
And so, despite all the risks and fears  
I will hold on to you  
Through all the laughter, fears, hopes, dreams, and tears  
I will fight for you all through the years  
But will it be all for naught?  
Do two tragedies make a drama with a happy ending  
Or just a beautiful disaster?

Maya Reid



# So Far Away

You swear that you're not  
Cheating on me  
But even if it's only  
In your head  
You can't call that fidelity  
And you say that there is  
No one else  
Even so, I wanna know  
Why your eyes look so far away.

I'd rather have  
None of you  
At all  
Than to try to be  
Happy  
Having half  
Of the man I love  
Your body is here  
But is she the reason  
Your soul seems so far away?

I read her name  
In between the lines of your words  
I hear how you desire her  
In the undercurrents of everything you say  
And I know that her beautiful face  
Is the only image that fills your brain  
Your brain that is so far away.

So goodbye  
Get out.  
Leave!  
Go to her,  
And be happy,  
Because I know that she  
She is the reason  
Your eyes look so far away.



# Some Things I Know

You're secretly taller than you look  
(Though I'll still call you short)  
You have the most beautiful eyes  
I think I have ever seen  
You like teaching people to do things  
Be it play a video game or understand econ  
You love sports so much  
That I've begun to love them too  
You don't like the way I curse  
And hate my instinct to hit first,  
Ask questions last  
I can't eat a piece of meatless pizza  
And you've never even tasted flesh  
I know I wouldn't give up my heels  
Even though I've already changed because of you  
Though I'm not sure if for you  
I know we're absolutely impossible,  
Me and you,  
The idea of us being together  
Makes no goddamn sense  
(There I go again)  
I'm sure the world would laugh at me  
If ever I were brave enough to voice it  
I think even I might laugh at me  
All this I know,  
And one thing more:  
In the middle of the night as I  
Climb back up the stairs  
I sometimes think of turning around,  
Descending,  
Falling for you.

Maya Reid

# Sonnet I

As my footprints linger on the wet sand  
Memories of the past haunt me today  
Peace lies in the black and white of dreamland  
You cannot be there, because love is gray  
As Brigantine acts as a barrier  
You used to protect me from life's troubles  
Wishing on stars, I'm missing how we were  
I'm drowning, while no one checks for bubbles  
As the waves crash against the rocky beach  
Lost hope and loneliness are smacking me  
In the face - I turn away from love's leech  
Loving you is dragging me out to sea  
As attention cravers head to the shore  
I don't want to be lonely anymore.

Maya Reid

## Sonnet II

My castle you are allowed to enter  
I want to enter your fortress as well  
My dreams have died like flowers in winter  
Will they grow again? Only time will tell

Joined together, we could be paradise  
This life I need your help to rise above  
Alone it's like my heart is in a vice  
We're two wandering souls searching for love

What about me – I could be good to you  
I know you would always be good to me  
I don't want you to be the morning dew  
Cradle me close as we drift out to sea

T'were you to ever learn a single thing  
Be it the joy to you my love would bring.

Maya Reid

## Sonnet Iii

So you say you want to get out of here  
Your soul wants to crawl, run, walk, fly away  
Live in a world where your choices are clear  
You can't stand this life even one more day  
If only someone could understand you  
Even your shadow has left you alone  
Find out what's inside so you can be true  
Your refuse to be just another drone  
Yet you're lost in darkness, needing a guide  
Wanting to save you, I took on that role  
I decided to tell you not to hide  
And so I sent a message to your soul  
Just let this float you back to Neverland  
Where emotions are clear and days are grand.

Maya Reid

# Sorrow

Together we fall into bed at night  
There he remains when I rise in the morn  
Our eyes flutter open in perfect sync  
Feet touch the floor as we begin our day

Throughout the whole day he follows me  
Ever-shedding the tears I cry inside,  
My unfading imaginary friend,  
Sorrow is my shadow, my brother, kin

I invited him here as a comfort  
I thought he could take away all my pain  
Now the swirling darkness is here to stay  
My brilliant smile now an eternal frown

Sorrow is my shadow, my brother, kin  
My unfading imaginary friend  
Twas I he'd been ever-longing to hold  
Not alone...I've never been lonelier

Sorrow – deepest dark pain a soul can feel  
Sorrow – reddest wet blood a soul can bleed  
Sorrow – heaviest weight a soul can bear  
Sorrow – most torturous death a soul dies

Always haunts me, sorrow is my shadow  
Mimicking me, my shadow is a mime  
Except that he whispers of what could be  
He is a lead weight I drag on a chain  
Sorrowful shadows have me bound and gagged  
Whispering sorrowful words in my ear  
My unfading imaginary friend,  
Sorrow is my shadow, my brother, kin.

Maya Reid

# Specks

Have you ever looked up at the stars at night,  
And felt like a tiny speck of dust?  
Well, if you have, my friend, you're right.  
The entire human race is nothing but a little dot  
When compared to Space, Time, and the whole Universe

Our sun is the closest star,  
Shining so bright in the sky  
But even it is so very far  
That before we could get even halfway there,  
The whole human race would be gone.

So, in our short time here, we need to create our dream  
To get up out of our beds and join hands,  
Because if we all stand together, as a team,  
Maybe then we could change our world,  
Even though, individually, each of us is too small to even see.

Maya Reid



# Spider

I am a spider  
Divine inspiration and creativity flow through me  
As I create my web  
My web of truths and lies  
I'm trapped in a tempting yet entangling situation  
I beg of you, don't become my fly

I am productive  
Creating new webs  
New ideas  
Constantly beginning new projects  
I fill my life so it seems less empty

I have laid a thousand egg sacs  
Everyday I become pregnant with hundreds  
Of new words and ideas  
I release them as children into the world  
But each night I die inside  
Never to see them grow

Because I am the fragile spider  
Everyone fears me  
Looks to squash me  
Some break me apart, leg by leg  
They love to watch me squirm  
Alone  
The fragile spider  
Who no one wants, but everyone needs.

Maya Reid

# Storms

Life is full of storms  
Like change,  
You can count on them  
The road is,  
In places,  
Winding and rocky,  
And the sky is not always blue.

Sometimes there's sun showers  
Unexpected  
The weatherman...he tells you lies  
One minute the sun is shining high in the air  
And the next  
The rain comes pouring down  
And you're stuck  
Trudging down the path of life  
Without an umbrella  
Getting soaked to the bone  
But then,  
As soon as it started,  
It is over  
And the sun comes back out  
And you are dry again  
And everything is okay.

And sometimes you get into those funks  
Where every day is drizzly  
And you can't see through the fog  
Not really raining...nothing's wrong  
Well, nothing you can put a name on  
But, even so, the sun's still hiding  
In the fog that will not fade away  
Until, through its opaqueness, it reveals  
What you were searching for  
Though you may not have even known  
You will recognize it once you find it

And finally there are thunderstorms  
Of which some of us have more than others

Times when it seems so bleak that some days you consider  
Not even continuing on  
And the days become weeks,  
Then months,  
Then years  
Hard times when it seems  
As if the wind won't ever stop pushing you down  
Holding you back  
Tearing you apart with its icy fingers  
As if the rain will never stop falling  
And all your thoughts are melting into puddles  
Like you are slowly drowning  
And you'll never again see the sun  
And you look at tomorrow's weather  
And think that this storm you simply cannot weather.

Know this...  
There is someone out there who cares  
Find them  
Talk to them  
Let them be your umbrella  
Your shelter from the rain  
Let them share some of the burden  
And take away some of the pain  
Let them heal your broken soul.

And know this as well  
Remember it when it seems you're living in a wet, wet hell  
Every storm comes to an end  
The sun always comes back up  
Eventually...  
It's not over till it does  
And with every parting of the clouds  
And drying of your earth  
A new rainbow is born  
From the end of each of life's storms.

Maya Reid

# Stuck

I'm stuck here  
and here  
isn't good enough  
for me  
anymore.  
Because of you,  
I can see there...  
I've got a glimpse  
of what life could be,  
and living  
(if you can call this living)  
life like this  
just isn't worth it anymore  
if life could be like that.  
I love you,  
and putting up with everything –  
with life –  
it's just not worth it  
if we're STUCK like this.

Maya Reid

# Summer

Neither on land  
Or in the air

Supported,  
Yet completely free

I lay in the world's most comfortable bed,  
But there isn't a house in sight

I am relaxed  
I lay still  
But a force greater than any of us  
Pushes and pulls me

You are under me  
You crash over me  
You are all around me  
You surround me  
And yet it's as if I'm flying;  
As if you aren't even there

If it's called the "Dead Man's Float"  
Then why does it make my soul feel so...  
Alive

Maybe it's because here  
Floating in you  
I breathe deeper  
That's it...  
Nothing more than the  
Air

The air that tastes so good  
And makes me want to breathe it in deeper  
Than I've ever breathed before

The air that is so different  
And yet so familiar  
It tastes and smells

Of salt,  
Sand,  
Sun

Where else is there air that smells like  
Seagulls and picnics  
And tastes like  
Castles in the sand and the clouds

When I'm floating in you,  
That's the only time I truly understand the word  
"summer"  
I taste summer  
Smell summer  
I'm surrounded by summer

Ocean.

Beach.

Salt.

Sand.

You.

Me.

Fun.

Sun.

Summer.

Maya Reid

# Superman

Hey, Superman,  
Can you come here for a minute?  
I wanna ask you something  
See, it's been eating at me for a while now  
And I've decided to just ask you  
Cuz it doesn't make sense to me  
And, frankly, I wanna know  
I wanna know  
Why  
What power is it  
That you have over me  
That can make me go  
From hugging you  
To hating you  
To making excuses for you  
To forgiving you  
To not being mad at all  
To loving you all over again  
To missing you  
To missing you terribly  
To being scared  
To being mad all over again  
But still missing you like crazy  
To laughing at our hilarious memories  
To crying cuz they're not enough  
To making plans for how we're gonna change it  
To risking my neck to call you  
To melting at the sound of your voice  
And forgetting everything after the hug  
Superman, you gotta tell me  
Just how do you do it?  
Eh, you ain't gonna tell me no way, are you?  
You'll just smile and say you 'don't know'  
Oh well...  
Cuz I may not be Lois Lane  
But I still come to you when I'm in pain  
And you just might not be Clark Kent  
But every day with you is a day well spent  
So, Superman

With your bony arms and delicate hands  
I need you to do one more thing for me, 'kay?  
Just tell me your kryptonite so I can keep it away.

Maya Reid



# Taking The Train

I was at the station  
Walking by all the trains  
Just something I do sometimes  
When I get to wishing I could go somewhere  
I look at everyone in line  
And watch as passengers get settled in  
Don't look at me like I'm crazy  
It's just...  
Something that I do  
So one day  
As I was walking  
Walking and watching  
This guy came up to me  
Pointed at the trains  
And asked me if I was getting on  
I tried to explain how I was  
Just wishing as I passed on through  
And he replied,  
"Yeah, I know  
This isn't the first time I've noticed you."  
He started to talk  
And a new weight formed in my hand  
Suddenly I had a ticket  
A seat next to his  
Did I really need a plan?  
He took my hand and I followed him  
Though where we were going I really didn't know  
As we sat down I ran my thumb over his  
Looked at him and my stomach plunged  
I realized that I knew very little  
Of the man attached to the hand  
But it was more than that:  
I didn't know what the stops were  
If we had a destination in mind  
Or, really, why I was even on board  
All I really knew was this:  
I didn't want to let go of that hand  
'How to bring this up? ' I thought  
'How to ask what comes next? '

It seemed safest to ask about the train  
"So, just how fast does this thing go? "  
He heard everything I hadn't said  
(I'm liking this guy already)  
And replied, "Just as slow as you want it to."  
But I still didn't quite understand  
How does slowing the train down  
Help me to decide just  
Where I want it to take me?  
Lost in a puzzle of puzzlement  
I went back to watching the other passengers  
Hoping to steal an idea or two from them  
And I began to wonder why we'd yet to actually leave  
In answer, he stood up and asked me to follow him  
We walked through countless cars  
And saw the passengers  
Who, come to think of it, were all in pairs  
We passed them all into the conductor's car  
Where we found an empty chair.  
I understood, finally  
That this – all of it was up to me  
Into my hand he pressed a key.  
I look out the window as I drive  
Still unsure of where to make my first turn  
Or what's the next stop  
But enjoying the upcoming scenery  
Everything ahead looks so peaceful and pretty  
So I guess now I know just one more thing:  
Confusion and fear are just parts of the game  
And there's no way I'm getting off this train.

Maya Reid

# Tell Me Why

I can see that you're depressed  
So I go to you  
And hold you tight  
And tell you that I love you  
As a friend, of course  
At least, so you think  
If only you knew  
How I wish I could comfort you  
In a different way  
How I long to kiss your tears away  
But you don't feel the same  
How could you?  
I'm your best friend, nothing more  
And even though we're so similar  
In our personalities, at least  
She is the one your heart longs for  
And when I have brushed away your tears  
With my hands, not with my lips  
You tell me how thankful you are  
That I am part of your life  
You say that you love me  
You say it's impossible not to  
And yet you don't  
At least, not the same way I love you  
You don't look at me  
Like you gaze at her  
What makes her so goddamn special?  
Why does your heart choose her over me?  
She doesn't even want you  
You haven't changed her life  
She won't give herself to you  
Like I've already done  
She doesn't treat you  
Like you deserve to be treated  
And still you look right past  
My wide open heart  
How can you look so deep into my soul  
Without seeing the truth?  
Are you so blind?

Or do you just refuse to see?  
Do you just refuse to love me?  
You swore that  
For all your life  
You'd try to make me happy  
So why is my love invisible?  
Why aren't I good enough?  
Why is hers the name  
Always on the tip of your tounge?  
Tell me  
Why are you my everything  
Except the one thing  
I truly want you to be?  
My hand fits yours  
The small of your back  
Is the perfect resting place  
For my head  
You make my very soul rejoice  
So can someone please explain  
Why  
Why, why, why, why, why  
Don't you love me?

Maya Reid

# That Liberating Bottle

You came to me by chance  
Floated in on the tide  
A wave meant especially for me  
You reminded me that the world was out there  
Sometimes it's easy to forget  
But someone out there will remember me  
They will find a message  
From the genie in the bottle  
You came to me  
Empty  
And I will fill you  
And send you back out into the world  
The rough seas will try to break you  
But you are strong  
And my love will strengthen you even more  
In the end, the seas will only polish you  
Make you glitter and sparkle and shine  
You are my way off this prison disguised as paradise  
The tiny boat that gives me hope  
And keeps my weakening soul afloat  
I cast you off  
You are free  
Go back to the waters from whence you came  
Only this time, you're on a mission  
To wake someone up inside  
Now you carry a mystical message  
From the genie whose soul was set free  
By that simple, empty, liberating bottle.

Maya Reid

# That 'so Shy' Guy

You ask someone to describe him  
And after you explain who he is  
They say, "He's quiet."  
"He seems really shy."  
"He doesn't really fit in."  
"People sort of, ya know, talk about him."

More of society's bullshit  
It's worse than that  
It's deeper than that

Ask them to talk about  
The cold looks that pierced  
His heart  
Like icy daggers  
The stares that screamed  
"YOU DON'T BELONG HERE! "

Ask them to talk about  
The perfectly timed jokes  
That he was the butt of  
The sharp words  
That slashed deeper than any knife could  
That sliced his very soul

And they'll deny every word  
Cuz they never touched him  
Never said a word to his face  
But sometimes what you don't do  
What you didn't do  
Is more important than what you did

Shunning him to the outskirts  
Of your oh-so-perfect world  
Hurt more than if you beat on him  
You left with him the bruises that don't fade  
Bruises on his heart  
Scratches on his soul

In not giving him room to stand  
You broke his wings  
So he could no longer fly  
The space got smaller  
You broke his legs  
He could no longer even stand

For years he's been battling  
Icy daggers and sharp knives  
For years you've been breaking him down  
And he can only stand  
So much abuse

There's no need to wonder  
Why, after so many years  
Of you nipping at his very soul  
The "quiet kid"  
That "so shy" guy  
Broke down  
And bit back.

Maya Reid

# The Aftermath

No one ever asks about  
The aftermath  
I wonder who out there  
Has ever stopped to wonder  
What happened once it was all over

There was an accident a few weeks ago  
When I asked this girl about it  
All I asked was  
'What happened'  
'Is everyone okay? '  
I didn't ask about her  
Or how she knew  
Didn't care that she'd been in a nearby car  
And after the ambulance drove away  
And the wreck had been cleared  
She was left all alone  
Standing there  
Staring  
At the empty space  
Where a life used to be

We broke up awhile ago  
For a day or two people asked  
'What happened  
Are you okay? '  
But only for a day or two  
And then they went away  
They never asked what I thought  
How I felt  
After those few days  
Was I still okay?  
Who cares – I was old news  
Life moved on to somebody else  
And their problems  
It was over  
Done  
No need to worry about me anymore



Everyone cares about the conflict  
The crash  
The broken relationships and shattered glass  
But the aftermath?  
No one cares about the impact  
No one sees the scars the glass left  
And when you can't find every last little piece  
And therefore aren't pieced together exactly the same  
Everyone asks what's wrong  
No one seems to understand why  
They don't get that skid marks  
Copy themselves on innocent peoples' hearts

So this is my apology  
I'm sorry when I lash out at you  
And you don't understand why  
I forgot that you can't see the scar  
And you don't feel the sore spot  
To you, this all just disappeared  
To all those who've forgotten  
What happened to somebody  
Remember this:  
For some of us,  
Life doesn't move on that easily  
Sometimes life gets stuck  
And over it isn't an option

So I'm sorry that you don't get it  
But I hope you never will  
And me?  
I'm gonna be a bit bitter  
I'm gonna yell for no apparent reason  
I won't be as happy as I'm supposed to be  
You touch me there and yes, I'll scream  
But you don't understand  
So for you I'll laugh and smile and make it seem  
Like I'm also having the time of my life  
But while you're just laughing  
I'm being nobody.  
I'm the one who wonders  
What happens to a laugh when the sound is over?



# The Cards

Sometimes everything  
Life  
Is too much for one person  
To handle  
Do you ever give in?  
Fold up?  
Let go?  
Just break down completely  
No holding back?  
Sometimes life  
Just being alive  
Day-to-day  
Is too complicated  
Sometimes bad days only get worse  
Sometimes getting up in the morning  
Is the hardest thing  
In the world  
You wake up  
And you think  
That today  
Is going to be just like yesterday  
And the day before that  
And the day before that  
You wake up  
Feeling trapped  
And you think  
That maybe  
If you snuggle back up under the blanket  
If you just hide from the world all day  
Whether it be under the blanket  
Or under that fake-ass mask  
Maybe  
Tomorrow will be different  
And then you're always hurt  
Cuz it never is  
Well, maybe hiding  
Isn't working for you  
Anymore  
Maybe it never was

And you were lying to yourself  
This whole time  
A lot of us get to the point  
We get so low  
That we wonder  
What we ever did  
To deserve  
This hand we were dealt  
And we get sucked under  
By the quagmire  
Of helplessness and self-pity  
And we look for saviors  
Usually through lovers  
And then we're always hurt  
When the relationship falls apart  
Well, that's because you're falling apart  
Trying to hide the fact  
That you're crying on the inside  
Every time you laugh or smile on the outside  
You're so broken inside  
That I'm surprised  
You don't rattle when you walk  
And when you stop blaming your life on them  
Whoever they may be  
When you finally realize that you  
Are your biggest problem  
You think there's nothing you can do to stop it  
Nothing you can do to save yourself from yourself  
Well, you're wrong  
We were all born into our lives  
Into our worlds  
Arbitrarily  
We were all dealt these unfair hands  
But you're forgetting  
The most important rule to this game  
A new round begins each day  
Every time you open your eyes  
There are new cards before you  
Society lies  
When it tells you that you're limited  
That you began to die  
The very moment you were born

That you're trapped somewhere between  
Luck and destiny  
Society lies  
When it says  
You aren't  
You can't  
There's no chance in hell  
That you're gonna make it  
Cuz we design our destinies  
And constantly reconstruct our realities  
Life doesn't have to be hell  
So that means you have a chance  
So no longer limit yourself  
To society's expectations  
You're better than that  
You have the strength  
And the courage  
To break through the brambles  
And follow a path less traveled  
To defy all expectations  
And to make each day  
Your own creation  
You have the power  
To take a stand  
To take a leap  
And make a change  
No more hiding beneath blankets and masks  
No more playing pretend  
You are above their game  
And sometimes  
You'll still feel alone  
And you'll still feel a touch  
Of that icy pain  
Because a wound is a wound  
And you are still broken  
Wounded  
The pain will still be there  
It will always hurt  
But on this higher plane  
Now that you're no longer a pawn in society's game  
Your wounds can be examined  
Analyzed

And patched back up  
You can fix yourself  
So that you don't rattle anymore  
But the scar will always be there  
To show that you have lived  
You have played that game  
To remind you of the past  
And where you've been  
And to serve as fuel for the future  
Fuel for those hard times  
When it's tempting to just give in  
Fold up  
Let go  
Just break down completely  
No holding back  
Let life get the best of you  
If I have taught you nothing else  
Remember this:  
You deserve the best of you  
Remind yourself of that every morning  
As you decide how to play  
The cards of today.

Maya Reid

# The Day We Almost Kissed

Just do it! screams a voice in my head  
Here we are, saying goodbye,  
And you're holding me just a little closer  
Than just anybody else might  
And honestly, I'd miss my bus in a heartbeat  
If it meant I could stay here in your arms.  
Here we are, all wrapped up in one another's arms,  
And as you run your hands up and down my back,  
I think back to a few hours ago,  
When those same arms were around my waist,  
And I wonder what it means:  
Anything? Everything? Nothing at all?  
I wonder what this perfect day has meant  
And I wanna do it so badly  
That I have to bite my lips to keep them to myself.  
I can hardly control myself:  
I want to kiss you.  
In fact, in this moment, it's as if I  
Planned this entire trip just to get to this exact second,  
When I could tilt my head slightly and we'd be kissing.  
But what if you don't feel the same?  
What if this fun daytrip was just a fun day?  
Our friend rolls her eyes at the fact that we're still entwined  
-I'd forgotten we had an audience-  
So I guess it's put up or shut up time.  
I relax my shoulders like I'm going to let you go  
(A test of sorts)  
And you pass with flying colors,  
Somehow managing to pull me back and hold me even tighter.  
I bury my face in your neck,  
My favorite spot to kiss,  
And having remembered that we're being watched,  
I dare not stop biting my lips.  
I almost wished I could see your face  
So I could try to guess what was running through your mind  
But on second thought, I was scared to know.  
So one last squeeze and goodbye entity  
You're once again you and I'm once again me,  
And, equipped with schedules, tickets, and newly-minted memories,

To our lives we must return.  
I pretended I could still see you as the wheels got to turning,  
And that voice from before,  
My heart? got to yearning...  
And now we're off in different directions,  
And I count the days til we meet again,  
Already labeling this as the day we almost  
Became more than just friends,  
The day you almost knew how I felt,  
The day we almost kissed.

Maya Reid



# The Divorce

Irreconcilable differences.  
That's the official term for this, right?  
When we've realized we're staying together  
Just to stay together,  
Staying together because it seems impossible  
To go our separate ways,  
Even though we don't know one another anymore  
And probably wouldn't like one another very much if we did.  
You're not the same person you were  
When we started this.  
I can't say that I am, either.  
And I like this new me a hell of a lot better...  
...I expect that you feel the same  
But I don't feel the same way about the new you,  
Nor do you about me.  
And we'd thought sheer stubbornness alone,  
One of the few things we still have in common,  
Could see us through this...  
...But it's just not working.  
They say to leave well enough alone,  
But what if well enough isn't enough for me?  
Someone has to say enough is enough.  
Because yes, you make me happy,  
But not nearly as often as you leave me frustrated,  
Or as you enrage me...  
Just about as much as you send me spiraling into depression.  
So is an occasional high worth all the lows?  
...I didn't think so.  
So I already sent you the papers,  
Said I wasn't really sure...  
...But included a pen.  
And as I waited for you to do something  
To either fight about it  
(Like we do about everything else)  
Or to join me in giving up all hope  
And sign,  
I thought of how empty it's going to be,  
This house that's just brimming over with all our memories  
Because regardless of what's going on now,

You ARE my history.  
Sometimes...  
A lot of the time...  
It seems like I just can't live with you anymore,  
But if the tears I just can't stop crying mean anything,  
It's that all the time  
I can't live without you.  
Is it too late to take it back?  
To rip the papers up and  
Go to counseling  
Or just spend more time...  
Anything to get to know one another again?  
Because there's something here I can't let go of,  
Something here that just won't quit,  
Even if I try to.  
Love, I don't think I want a divorce.

Maya Reid

# The Ending

So I guess this means it's over  
I guess this is the end  
I can't say I'm surprised  
I mean, I knew the end was coming  
We all did  
I knew we were ending before we even started  
That's why I was so scared to begin  
But I found heaven in your arms  
And heard the music in your smile  
The songs in our souls were perfectly in sync  
And so I gave myself to you  
All of me  
Or, as much as I could give  
I put me in your hands  
And asked you to hold my little existence together  
And, for a while, you did  
You were my everything  
You were all I needed you to be  
But those, those are big shoes to fill  
I knew that eventually, taking care of me would get old  
That your arms would tire from holding up my sky  
So, even though I love you,  
And I can see myself when I look into your eyes,  
And only feel at home when I'm somehow connected to you,  
I'm writing this to tell you  
That I get your message  
It's clear as a crystal  
As a diamond  
For those apparently aren't forever  
And dark light just can't make it through the night.  
I understand.  
You were too much for me to ask for.  
I was too much to ask of you.  
Although it kills me,  
I've left the doors open  
You can leave the same way you came.  
I won't see you to the door,  
But you know where it is.  
If you're leaving, leave.

Explanation and rationalization aren't necessary  
I knew it was ending  
We were ending before we began.  
But what we had was worth this pain.  
I'd do it all again.  
I'd do it all again in a heartbeat,  
If it meant I could once again find heaven in your arms  
And hear the music in your smile  
And see myself when I look in your eyes  
And ask too much all over again.  
I loved you, as much as I could.  
Remember that, always.  
I will always be here.  
But I won't ask the same of you.  
For we, we were ending before we even started.

Maya Reid

# The Fight's Symphony

Roar – goes the crowd  
“Kill him! ” – they shout  
Pump – goes the two boys’ adrenaline  
Thump, thump – go their hearts  
Whoosh – they hear it in their ears  
Flap – away fly their consciences  
Whip – the crowd is now their master  
Wham – a punch is landed  
Splash – the blood puddles on the floor  
Bam! Bam! Bam! – he’s hit again and again  
Thunk – his body hits the floor  
Click – the lights all go of  
Silence – in the dark, it’s over.

Maya Reid

# The Garden Of Life

After I put in my eight long hours today  
Slumped against the sign at the bus stop  
And trudged home on aching feet  
A familiar sight greeted me:  
My mother weeding her garden  
Wearing her wide-brimmed hat  
And gardening gloves  
On her hands and knees  
Rooting for the roots of those which crowd,  
Clutter, and slowly but surely destroy her  
Little patch of green  
I thought about my day, my week, the last few months  
And, watching my mother, I decided then and there  
That I wanted to do the same thing,  
Just on a bigger scale  
She weeds her garden  
I want to weed my life.  
The bad bits from the past, with such deep roots  
I want to hunt them down  
One by one  
Examine them, find their weak spots  
(Rather than the other way around)  
And dig them out, once and for all  
I want to pull with a ferocity  
That rids me of all the anger I hoard inside  
I refuse to further nourish the sad parts  
Watering them with my tears  
And I'll no longer shy away from the scary ones  
Now they'll have me to fear  
But maybe this won't be as easy as it seems  
For while it's easy enough to distinguish  
Dandelion from daffodil,  
Simple daisies aren't really flowers,  
So tell me...are you?  
I need to put you into a category  
Do you stay or do you go?  
Because I could never forget you,  
But forget-me-nots...they're weeds too.  
This time I can't wait for you

To decide, to make up your mind  
I just don't have that kind of time  
This time, the choice is mine  
To dig up even the deepest roots and force you out  
Or to declare you to be truly unforgettable,  
A morning glory open and wonderful sometimes,  
And closed the next...  
A truly miraculous flower?  
Is all the joy worth all the pain?  
Could anything ever fill the hole you'd leave?  
I need to know:  
Are you a flower or a weed?

Maya Reid

# The Human Race

Dripping in diamonds, Pamela passes Andy huddled under a torn coat  
As she travels to a party at some fancy penthouse  
He notices everything about her, while she doesn't even know he's there  
To her, he doesn't deserve to breathe

People are so hypocritical!  
Our founding fathers said we were all created equal, and so she is no better than  
he  
But if you ask a child today, "Who is the better person? ", we all know what he  
would say

He would not carry my message; wouldn't say that the problem is that question  
That there are no better people – the man and the woman came into this world  
the same way  
He wouldn't wonder why they're so different now.

Maybe Andy made a wrong choice or two somewhere in life  
But no one's perfect; we all make mistakes  
Why does he have to suffer through life on a street corner  
While, in the penthouse, Pamela rises above everyone else?

I ask, "If men, women, and children were created equal, why do we call it the  
human RACE? "  
We all start at the same place, but are people like Pamela the first to finish  
While all those like Andy lag behind, never to catch up?

Humor me, please – let us pretend  
That Pamela and Andy were to join hands as they complete the course  
It is my belief that the utter silence resonating in every corner of the globe  
Would say more about this event than I ever can

Maya Reid



# The Love Of My Life: Take Two

We ended.  
It was over.  
This relationship,  
This strange and unexpected love,  
The last seven years,  
We looked back only to let go.  
We ended it,  
And, with it, my world,  
And you remained remarkably emotionless,  
As if it hadn't meant anything at all.  
I guess if seven years had taught you anything,  
It was never to believe me the first time around.  
Because the words that came out of my mouth,  
The "I'm done,  
I love you, but I can't do this anymore..."  
They were no match for this hole in my heart.  
I knew even then that whether "best" applied or not,  
You'd always be the greatest love of my life.  
A good friend of mine once told me  
That while life may be called some crazy things,  
It really just runs in circles,  
And if we wait long enough,  
We'll end up with everything we missed.  
When you showed up at my store [by chance? ],  
The gasp, the smile, the desire I had to throw myself at you,  
Latch on and stay there for all eternity...  
It told me she was right.  
I'd spend some time without you  
Completely without you,  
Had gone through "I can't live like this, "  
"I think I can do this, "  
And even gotten to the part where I didn't miss you every day.  
But I would still talk about you in daily conversation  
Because everything reminded me of you  
And in boredom, I resorted to you...  
As I think you did to me,  
For boredom brought us baby-stepping our way back to one another:  
The world is full of wondrous things,  
But nothing as familiar as you and me.

So now we talk a day or two a week,  
Catching up with one another's lives,  
Trying to become again something like we once were...  
Or maybe trying to become something new?  
Trying to let it come naturally again  
And maybe we'll get back to that place where we didn't have to try  
Maybe we won't  
But I'm glad we're in a place where we can try.  
I'm still learning the boundaries,  
Testing the waters of an ocean I know so well,  
Going slow because I don't want to mess this up again  
"Ex" is such an ugly prefix anyway:  
Thanks for giving me the chance to have a second chance.

Maya Reid

# The Many Ways In Which I Love You

You love me like a sister  
But I want to be your wife

You are the food I eat  
The air I breathe  
The very heart that pumps  
Life into my body

I wouldn't – I couldn't  
Get up in the morning  
If it wasn't for you

And if I knew that you  
Weren't going to be waking up soon  
No matter how near  
Or how far  
I would die right there in my bed

My death  
Would not be merely  
Of a broken heart  
But of a shattered soul  
As well

I live for you  
And I would willingly  
Give my life  
For you

My dearest  
If you laid  
In a bed of roses  
You might smell  
How I love you

If you could dine  
With the world's finest chefs  
You might taste  
How I love you

If you ever met  
Your idol  
Then in your own scream  
You might hear  
How I love you

If you ever  
Shook hands with an elf  
You might feel  
How I love you

If you ever  
Rode a dragon  
From that height  
You might see  
How I love you

But if you took  
The offering  
Of my heart  
And gave me yours  
In return

If you were to  
Make me yours  
Even if only  
For one night

Only upon that one night  
Could you ever  
Truly know  
The many ways  
In which  
I love you.

Maya Reid

# The Princess And The White Knight

My life is a fairy tale  
That's not as great as it sounds  
You see, I'm Cinderella  
The lonely princess  
Trapped  
In a turret  
Inside of the castle  
In my mind

I am lost  
Cold  
And alone  
No one understands  
No one sees this me  
Waiting at the window  
Watching the destruction  
Watching the outside world  
Through her little hole  
In the turret's wall

Watching for her prince  
I won't let anyone else in  
No one but  
Eventually  
Him

I am  
Secretly  
A slave  
A slave to their desires  
Subject to their punishments  
But to the world  
I am  
A queen  
Well, soon-to-be

One step away  
From the top of the world  
Everything

In the palm of my hand  
Well, you see everything  
I only see the one thing I'm missing  
I only see the empty space  
Where I've been programmed to believe  
That my prince  
My white knight  
Should be

As a queen I appear  
Before the crowd  
I smile and wave  
Trying to hide the fact  
That I'm crying inside  
That I'm dying inside

That night  
As I lay  
Alone in the dark  
Sobbing myself to sleep  
A soft knock  
On the grand wooden door  
Startles me back  
To harsh reality

My messenger approaches  
Bowing, he says  
"The white knight approaches.  
He is on his way."

The white knight  
My prince  
I get all dressed up for him  
Oh, how I have longed for him  
For a sharp sword to fight for me  
And a broad shield to protect me  
For a savior

He saved the city to the north  
From death and destruction  
Stopped the earth from quaking  
In the west

The sky from falling  
To the east he fought  
The darkness back from swallowing the sky  
In time,  
I believe  
He will save me, too

Around midday  
The gates burst open  
He has been idolized for so long  
That the guards recognize his face  
He needs no pass to get through

Sword sheathed, helmet on  
He enters my hall  
The way he moves seems somehow  
Familiar  
Like I have moved the same way  
I begin to praise him  
Give him thanks

Beneath the helmet  
A female voice rings out  
"Do not speak.  
You will not silence  
My message."

She reaches up  
Removes the protective mask  
As I gasp  
Looking at her face  
The White Knight is me

I am trapped in my castle  
By three painful powerful dragons:  
My past, present and future?  
And only I can save me  
As I have rescued everyone else  
But I trapped myself in the first place

Beware the White Knights  
We do not fight our dragons –

Instead, we train them

So I have retreated to my turret  
My little corner of the globe  
Returned to my familiar position  
Staring out the window  
But now the scenery has changed  
Or maybe just the eyes  
Through which it's seen

The watery, tear-filled eyes  
Of the lonely princess  
Who's finally realized  
That no one is coming  
She has already lost  
Her white knight.  
The watery, tear-filled eyes  
Of the Cinderella  
Who has finally come to the conclusion  
That Prince Charming  
Does not exist.

Maya Reid



# The Problem

It's easy to get lost  
Inside the maze  
Inside yourself  
To lose yourself  
Because you've been hiding for so long  
That you forgot where you put yourself  
Picking your way among the eternal abysses  
Armed only with a light and a sword  
Both of which you don't know how to use  
Falling  
Is the easy part  
Then comes the problem

You scream  
But there's no one around to hear you  
You've pushed them all away  
That's a problem

You search frantically  
Groping around as you plummet through the darkness  
Looking for something to grab onto  
But for years you've been putting on a mask  
And pretending that you feel nothing  
And so there's nothing there to feel  
That's a problem

And you have love's light  
But you can't figure out how to turn it on  
So you can signal no one  
That's a problem

And you're a very determined person  
But even you can't climb these cold cruel walls  
What can't go up goes further down  
And the shadows have you pegged as vulnerable  
Because in your loneliness you have befriended them  
But beware – those with no hearts cannot feel  
They will eat you alive the moment you turn your back  
But you trust them

And listen to their words  
That's a problem

They have you so convinced that you are doomed  
That, thought they've yet to touch you, you've already been consumed  
And when the angel you've been waiting for finally finds you  
You tell her that there's no way out  
You don't even remember life before you fell  
You gave up trying to turn your light on – you're convinced it doesn't work  
And despite her pleas, you see no reason to wield your sword  
The shadows tell you escape is impossible  
And you believe them  
That's the problem

Falling was the easy part  
You've been down there for so long  
That you've forgotten what life was like  
Getting out is what's so hard about those abysses  
And when you believe there's no way out  
Love, you've let them win  
When you believe not only that you can't find the way out  
But that there's no way out to find  
You've become the problem.

Maya Reid

# The Secrets Of A Girl I Know

There's a girl I know  
Who has mastered the game  
Of hiding  
From the world  
From herself  
She buries all her pain

I'm working to uncover it, that pain  
It's no easy task, I know  
But I'm sick of trying to convince her to do it herself  
She's made her own rules to the game  
To learn them I must find a way into her world  
But her door is hiding

And I try to convince her to stop hiding  
Telling her that others are willing to share her pain  
If only she would leave her secret little world  
Come out and play – let everyone know  
That she's changing the rules to the game  
She done fighting all by herself

That's all she's ever been – all by herself  
Under a million masks, hiding  
Pretending she doesn't care about society's game  
In secret, bleeding out all that pain  
But looking at her you'd never know  
That she almost gave up on the world

And I'm trying to bring her back to the world  
Cuz she can't stand up by herself  
Because I look in her eyes and I know  
That she hates all this hiding  
And she wants to deal with the pain  
That she's sick and tired of playing this game

And together, we'll escape this game  
I found the key to her world  
And am searching for the door to her pain  
She's looking for it, herself

Bt she doesn't know how to stop hiding  
I can help her with that, I know

I know that life is more than a game  
And we'll achieve nothing by hiding from the world  
Since she no longer all by herself, we can save her from the pain.

Maya Reid

# The Shy One

It's not Halloween  
But everyone is living under a collage  
Of terrible  
Delicate  
Masks  
You give greetings to dodo birds  
Disguised as dancers with tiaras  
And butterfly wings  
You welcome them  
And they become the teacher of tricks  
They are cattle  
Marchers going somewhere  
You pick the shy one  
The ghost from the crowd  
The one with his head hung  
He was following them somewhere  
Didn't know where and didn't care  
But you are one of the rare searchers  
You were delighted to find  
That he wants to run away  
But he did not know how  
He didn't know a thing about anything  
You ask a question and get  
No answer  
Period  
But you will be his teacher  
You loved him  
So you stole him away from the games  
You will fight his spooky scary spiders  
Place him on a pedestal  
Away from the strange little shadows  
That you follow a little too closely  
You tried to help him  
Be his thimble for protection  
And you bumped into those weird creatures  
It frightened you how they fit with him  
But he was one of your three close friends  
So you dug through the big mess  
It looked like the stands after a baseball game

You counted sesame seeds, delicious sweets, a lollipop, an apple, someone's  
dinner  
Other things she wouldn't eat  
After searching the sky and moon  
You found nothing  
But received some news  
You have known all along  
That he is different – hurray!  
But as you raced along dancing before  
You missed what made him more attractive  
What seemed flashy to you  
When he is alone, he has a missing piece  
He is a jack-o-lantern that wants a magic wand  
And a spell to turn back into a pumpkin  
Wait – or is that you?  
You both just want a home  
Whether it be in haystacks on a farm  
Or in a familiar mansion all by yourself  
It took six days for two to become one  
You stole him away then tried to fly away  
And he screamed out, "Stay with me! "  
So you floated back down  
Wrapped your arms around him in an O  
And together you began to roll  
With your eyes closed, not looking where you were going  
Barely missed crashing into the general store  
As you rolled, both of your sharp edges  
Began to wear off  
Both your shapes  
Began to change  
And the two jack-o-lanterns began to each grow hearts  
Their hearts said, "You cannot roll without me.  
Maybe I am your missing piece.  
I will take my place within the both of you  
Forever and ever."

Maya Reid

# The String That...Saved Me?

A manipulator.

That's what a marionette's puppeteer is called.

A perfect name for whoever is pulling my strings,  
Hidden behind the curtain of my life's stage, unseen,

In this theatre disguised as my entire world,

I dance when she feels like dancing,

And if he has something better to do,

I lay limp on the floor, crying from the fall.

People come into and out of my life,

Pulling my strings and generally jerking me around.

Who are my friends but the sutradharas,

Wire-pullers, gods of my own little world?

Sometimes I feel it's the only way we can interact.

Without them, what could I do but lie still on the ground?

I'm incapable of standing my own ground,

Making my own decisions...

I literally need you to move me.

How else could it be?

I once thought they were the strings that would save me,

But these cords that have strung me up,

These ties seem so natural I barely feel them anymore.

My will is indistinguishable from your own.

A pawn at your mercy,

I once had dreams of nodding my own head,

Moving my own feet,

Doing things on my own,

Being a real girl,

Pulled by sinew, not by string.

I once had dreams...

Or were they memories?

Maya Reid

# The Things You Said

Sometimes I feel so confused  
When I think about you  
When the things you said  
Play themselves in my head  
Over and over again  
You said that you only want to make me happy  
But I'm happy right now  
I'm happy with the way things are  
It could get so ugly if we change things  
I'd be happy if we could freeze time  
Can you do that for me?  
Because you said you would do anything  
Anything for me  
And that you hate to see me sad  
Hate to see tears flowing from my eyes  
So then why do you make me love you so much  
That it hurts inside  
And get me into situations  
Where the only thing I know how to do is cry  
And then you ask me what is wrong  
So not to hurt you I have to lie  
And lies on top of lies  
Will only hurt us  
As friends...as more  
And hurting us  
Will only make me cry.

Maya Reid



# The Wall

So close  
And yet, so very far away  
When we're together you always  
Let go, get up and go  
When I wish you'd just  
Hold, and stay  
And together isn't nearly often enough anymore.  
Most of the day  
And all night long  
You are right there  
And yet, a whole world apart.  
I accidentally run into you  
As much as possible  
Try my damndest to make happenstance  
A regularity  
And go through all the pains of beauty  
At the mere proposition of a late-night rendezvous  
I can almost see you  
Almost hear you  
Almost touch you  
Almost be with you  
We are together in our solitude  
Joined by technology  
Mostly meaningless conversations  
(During which you've called my "my dear" thrice,  
"dearie" once, and  
—This I treasure—  
once, even "my love")  
But separated by this infernal wall  
It's the only thing that stands in my way  
Fear of rejection, of change  
Of your beautiful laughter at my expense  
Though I know you wouldn't be like that  
I can't bring myself to bust the wall down  
Tear it to the ground  
Descend and come up—go around  
So I love the wall  
And I hate the wall  
Blow it kisses

And berate the wall  
I covet silence in attempts to hear you  
Hoping that you can't hear me  
Wishing that you can  
Wondering if you feel what I feel  
If you know it's all for you  
If you can read between my lines  
If you can sense that every "mi amigo"  
Strives to be a "mi amor"  
But amor, love is a lie  
Love must wait  
For love, it knows no walls.

Maya Reid

# The Weaker Sex

I think I finally got it—  
Why we who are stigmatized monthly  
So that we may bear children  
And suffer the joys of raising them  
—Why we women are called the  
“Weaker” sex.  
We aren’t “weak” because you are strong:  
Lord knows that ain’t the truth.  
We are “weak-ER, ” for you, first, are weak,  
Pitiful enough to not know what you have  
Until you’ve thrown it away,  
And then, still pathetic enough to come crawling back  
And expect us to kneel to reach your level.  
We are weak-ER because we do.  
I met you on your birth day,  
Mere hours after you came into this world.  
Even then, something in the cosmos must have known  
Fate would twist and turn with me and you.  
Looking back I say you were  
Nothing I ever wanted and  
So much I didn’t need,  
And yet still, you were my everything...  
Off and on, for stretches of time,  
This illogical motif in my personal plot  
That almost sent me to a more permanent spot  
—You killed me, but I rose again  
Out of the ashes, out of the dust  
Out of the nothing that I’d imagined was “us”.  
You ripped my heart out,  
Held it throbbing in your hand,  
And tossed it aside.  
I was unworthy of even a break,  
So I shattered on my own:  
Shattered the promises you never fulfilled,  
Splintered all the empty hopes and dreams,  
Destroyed the demeanor you left me drowning in,  
And, through implosion, rose anew.  
I still hate to say it, but They were right:  
I’m better off without you.

I picked myself up and  
Brushed myself off and  
Built myself up again, piece by piece—  
I'm stronger than you know.  
But then again, you couldn't know.  
You never even tried.  
I was just a hit-and-run,  
The road you doubled back on,  
Fearful of where I might lead.  
You left me with nothing but a beautiful  
Memory, and even that might be a lie.  
Time passes.  
Separately, lives change.  
I achieved my revised dreams,  
Did everything I ever wanted,  
Let go of all I didn't need—  
I'd made it.  
I was strong.  
And then I learned that  
Maybe I was lying to myself the whole time,  
For evidently, seeing your name and  
Reading your words can  
Send me straight back to my knees,  
To a bliss that faded to fast and  
To the lies I held so dear and  
Most of all, to the anger  
Which has now become a fear.  
"Weak" because to this day you can make me cry.  
Success comes at a price—loneliness:  
The top is a desolate place.  
"Weak" for entertaining the notion of taking you back  
For something's better than nothing at all.  
But wait, what is it I still see in you?  
Feel for you?  
Believe?  
What that I see, and what that you seem  
Belongs in the nightmare rather than the dream?  
What damage do you feel you can undo now?  
The scars have faded, but they are forever there.  
It just might be too late.  
Is it time to let you in, or time to let you go?  
Your time has passed—it's my time now

My time! And I'm wasting it  
Thinking about you,  
What was, what could have been,  
Ever since you walked back into my life  
Uninvited—I should really give you a piece of my mind!  
But that's worth more than anything you can offer,  
So I'll keep it to myself.  
I just hope you know who I am now,  
Because I sure as hell don't know you,  
Don't trust you,  
Don't miss you and don't want you.  
I waited not, nor am I "weak",  
Nor am I too proud, too strong.  
So say your piece, and I'll say mine,  
And maybe bygones will be bygones,  
If you ain't still rappin that same tired-ass song.  
For, though I may stumble under the weight of my world and  
I may occasionally bow my head in shame and  
Insecurities and learning experiences abound,  
I'll play the fool no more.  
Even if you speak again of dreams and queens,  
I left "weakness" behind in the ashes of the old me.

Maya Reid

# The Whisper

If a tree falls in the forest and  
No one's around to hear it,  
Does it still make a sound?  
When you whispered under your breath  
And hoped to hell I couldn't hear,  
Did that make the words disappear?  
No. Every leaf on every branch of every  
Tree in that forest shook, so  
You can stop pretending now,  
Your words, they still shake me.  
Mama always said, 'Watch yo' mouth, '  
And Dad, you always told me to think before I speak,  
So if child may play parent for a moment,  
I want to remind you, Dear Daddy, that even though  
Your lips can move faster than your brain,  
You and I and everyone we know has to live with  
Those supposed-to-be-silent words every day.  
They can be heard, seen, felt in our every relationship,  
Everything we say and all the words we don't,  
The sigh behind my smile.  
Tabula rasa—I am marked.  
A tree falls in the forest and,  
Slowly but surely, wishing it didn't  
Remember, roots like nerves are bared to the world  
As the very ground begins to shrink away.

Maya Reid

# The Writing On The Walls

Aerosol hisses.

A necklace, beaded with paint, streams,  
colors lunging for a place to cling.

And if you shook it up right,  
the colors won't drip,  
your words won't melt away to the concrete,  
corners, cars, roads, rocks, tracks below.

Calling yourself an artist, you tag your name,  
your game, your claim to walls you didn't build  
and would be powerless to tear down.

Artist, your art is a crime, a force to be stopped:  
being that bad-ass is unlawful,  
and yet you broadcast on every flat surface you can find.

I don't know what you're advertising,  
but the whole world is your billboard.

Part of me wants to ask you why,  
though I believe I should understand the  
words that seem random—the sketched sound.

Is nonsense the only language you speak?

Am I supposed to get it,  
or must I be in the know to know  
who you are, Ghost Writer,  
how it is you got up there,  
and why exactly you wanted me to stand here  
caught in this air-dried moment  
wishing I could pull your voice out of the wall?

Maya Reid

# There For Me

In case I were to stumble over an unseen rock  
And sprawlingly fall to the ground  
As I struggle to scramble up steep hills  
Merrily slide down them  
And occasionally burn my feet on unexpected hot sand,  
Even though it means plunging headfirst  
Into darkneses and evils previously unknown  
After, long after everyone else  
Has disbanded, dispersed, and disappeared  
You've held my hand and become a part of me  
And I know you'll never let go.

Once inches from the edge  
Although the future sometimes looks too bleak to continue on  
While there are times when I can't see through a present storm  
To find a rainbow hidden in the future  
Because of you and you only  
The darkness cannot hungrily gobble me up  
And today I am fairly happy,  
Fairly healthy  
But truly blessed to have a best friend like you.

Maya Reid



# This Is Maya

She's too many people  
But she's no one at all  
Truthfully speaking  
She doesn't really know  
Where she's supposed to go  
What she's supposed to do  
Or who she's supposed to be  
In fact, she doesn't believe in "supposed to"s  
But knows that she'll get there eventually  
Sometimes she feels like everything's changing  
Like the world is spinning too fast  
It's a rollercoaster ride she wants to get off  
Most of the time she's just lost in the ocean  
She feels like she's drowning in all the thoughts  
That swim around inside her head  
And she reaches out for a hand to grab onto  
But just winds up knocking them off balance  
So now they're drowning, too  
But that just talks about her relationships  
And how she smothers them  
Sucks the air right out of them  
Can you describe her? they ask  
She's a scribe  
Can't go anywhere without pencil and paper  
Is always writing  
Or thinking  
She's a dreamer  
And a lover  
Who's always prepared to fight  
Speaking of fighting,  
What element is she? they ask  
She is mostly water: fluid, ever-changing  
Gentle, but scary when she's mad  
Yet she's fire – burning her own path through life  
And still she's wind: wild and untamed  
An invisible force strong enough to level an entire town  
Further still, she's earth – an unstable ground  
And yet she's the most stable thing some people know  
What color is she? they ask

She's a rainbow  
One color cannot define her many facets  
She goes from red to black  
And everywhere in between  
But each hue is viewed through blue-tinted glasses  
Looked at through eyes brimming over with sadness  
What does she look like? they ask  
Well, that depends...  
Which mask is she wearing then?  
Is it the one she wears when she's trying to fit in?  
"Try" being the key word there  
Because, most of the time, she's alone  
Now, don't get it twisted  
She's loved many  
Given many the power to destroy her  
Trusted them not to  
And been broken every time they walked away  
Is shocked by the few that choose to stay  
And protects them with her life  
She is a panther  
Caring...teeth baring  
She'll never give up on you  
Like she gave up on herself  
But she needs you to stay here  
You are the string that saves her  
The final breath she clings to  
The one she needs to hold her sky up  
And find the rainbow hidden in each storm  
No matter how wrong it is,  
She needs you  
You see, she's the world's stupidest genius  
Can solve any equation  
But can't tell you who she truly is  
And still tries to force fate to meet her wishes  
She's been confused for so long  
Been fooling herself for even longer  
And is afraid to let go for fear of losing  
But knows she's losing by holding on  
By holding on to this life she's sick of  
This empty life so full of nothingness  
-Is that an oxymoron? -  
That makes her feel...

...Deflated  
Like a balloon that the air's been  
Slowly seeping out of  
And now there's so little helium left  
That she doesn't even float anymore  
And she used to be a banana:  
Soft, mushy,  
Yellow-bellied and easily broken  
In need of a peel  
But she's trying to not be that person anymore  
She'd spent her whole being yellow  
Thinking she was a dandelion...  
...Nothing more than a weed  
And then she woke up one day and realized  
That she may have been yellow,  
But she was a daffodil  
-A real flower-  
And so she's letting go of that life  
That life in which she is everyone and no one  
Your best friend and your most feared enemy  
Where no one and no place owns her  
Yet she can't bring herself to leave  
She can't bring herself to leave.  
This is who she is  
It's not who she used to be  
And probably not who she'll wind up being  
But this is here  
This is now  
This is Maya.

Maya Reid

# Through It All

You know  
We've been through a lot together  
We're so young  
And we haven't really been close for that long  
But even so  
We've been to hell and back  
Together  
And the one thing everything has in common  
From the pillow fights  
To all the actual arguments  
From the occasional days when I couldn't stand to be near you  
To the more frequent ones when that's all I wanted to do  
From the wars we waged against ourselves and took out on one another  
To the love we showed as we stayed and did our best to stop the other's fight  
From inside jokes and shared smiles  
To crying our eyes out and shared fears  
From having been so alone  
To feeling like we were at home with one another  
From friendship to love and back again  
From days we spent every moment together  
To days when we're together but we're not  
To days when we've been far apart for far too long  
To days when we're back and all's well  
Everything has one thing in common:  
Every hurdle and every flat stretch  
We faced them all together  
"Us"  
You and me  
We're real  
Even though that took so long for you to say  
And even longer for me to see  
We're real  
And "us" is something even we can't break  
So  
Through it all  
Ups and downs  
Twists and turns  
Elated plateaus and unexpected pitfalls  
We made it through it all

And even one quick glance at us now  
Proves that yes, the destination was more than worth the journey  
But wouldn't have been nearly as satisfying without it  
One quick glance at us now  
If you know all the places we've been  
Tells you that "us"  
We ain't goin' nowhere  
Together  
We can get through anything  
So the next time we trip over something we didn't see coming  
Or have to go without one another for too long  
Remember that it, too, shall pass  
And, in passing, shall bring us even closer  
Absence makes the heart grow fonder...  
There's a point I'm trying to make here  
I'm not sure you really get what I'm trying to say  
So I'm gonna give it to ya straight:  
After everything that we've been through  
I just wanted to tell ya that I...  
No, not yet  
Let me make this crystal clear  
I wanted to tell you that I forgive you  
And I hope that you can find it in your heart to forgive me  
There aren't words to express how much you changed me, my heart, my life  
So instead of stumbling around trying to find them  
I just want to thank you  
I want you to know that I'm better because of you  
So what I wanted to tell you  
Is that through it all, I've loved you all along  
After everything that we've been through,  
No matter where I go, how long I stay, or what I say  
I still love you  
I've loved you all along  
And I always will.

Maya Reid

# Time Spent

I've spent too much time  
Staring at the imperfection  
Of my reflection  
Not enough time spent  
Reflecting the identity  
Of the girl inside

I've spent too much time  
Worrying about what's ahead  
The future I'd dread  
Not enough time spent  
Giving worry to the present  
Missed the here and now

I've spent too much time  
Wearing "Okay, " my favorite mask  
Pain? – No need to ask  
Not enough time spent  
Wearing feeling in the open  
Sharing with the world

I've spent too much time  
Drowning myself in my sorrow  
More tears tomorrow  
Not enough time spent  
Drowning myself in someone's love  
Even in my own

I've spent my whole life  
Spent entirely too much time  
Being just a mime  
Not enough time spent  
Acting, doing, being, living  
Need to just be me.

Maya Reid

# To My Mother, On Her Fortieth Birthday

Firstly, get that idea that you're old out of your head:

it's funny, but as I get older, you seem to age

backwards. Sometimes you're the youngest woman I know, a mother who both teaches and learns, bounces back from her falls, makes me think of music.

As we teeter on the peripheries of these important Eras of our lives—I still can't believe

you're turning forty and I'll soon be in my twenties, half—bridges to cross, we're bridging the gaps

between you and me. I call you just as much as you call me,

and when I see your name on the caller ID, it makes me smile.

We laugh, talk about everything from the show I saw in New York

to your new beau—it's like we're almost friends.

You and I are still growing, so we change with the times:

I can't tell you how happy it makes me.

And second I want to say that it's okay

if you still feel like you're tryna make it up that hill,

aren't over yet, because I don't want this to be your halfway—

I know I joke a lot, but I want you to be around.

And maybe this is unconventional, but next I want to say,

Mommy, I'm just so proud of you.

Whenever times get tough I look at you and everything you do,

And if you can do it, so can I.

A phenomenal woman, still you rise.

Mother to three, you went back to school, and now you want to go back again,

you remind me that it's never too late to begin:

Just yesterday you told me you were ready to move on,

ditch the drama and start anew—

Mother, I commend you for never letting yesterday trample on tomorrow.

And lastly, Mom, I just want to thank you

for everything—I appreciate it now even if I didn't then—you've ever done for me,

for eliminating mights, cans, and leaving only will,

for being the woman that you are

Strong, Brilliant, Determined, Smart, Funny,

and inspiring me to be the same.

Just look at how far we've come:

You say I look just like my father,

but Mom, today and all days,

it's your image I try to see myself in.

Happy Birthday.

Maya Reid



# Untitled

People talk  
Balls bounce  
Dogs bark  
Cars drive  
The world goes on below me.

Birds sing  
Planes fly  
The brilliant sun fades away  
To the moon's glowing orb  
The world goes on above me.

I am suspended  
Hanging here in-between  
I don't belong to the world of above  
Nor am I part of the world below  
I am alone.

I am everyone, yet I am no one  
Your best friend and your most feared enemy  
Your mother, father, sister, brother  
And yet a stranger when we meet on the street  
Do you know who I really am?

I am everywhere and nowhere at all  
No one, no place owns me – yet I can't bring myself to leave  
I sit and watch the oblivious world below  
While I the world above cannot see  
Can you see me?

I know it all, yet I know nothing  
I've seen it all, yet I am blind  
I've heard it all, yet I am deaf  
I've said it all, yet I am mute  
I exist, yet exist I do not.

For to exist is not enough  
I yearn to be loved  
Yet I am not wanted

I strive to be me  
But I'm still learning who that is.

Maya Reid

# Waiting Room

Hard blue chairs  
Magazines  
Sitting staring  
Sitting reading  
Sitting distracting  
Sitting waiting  
It's funny how they design whole  
Rooms around sitting waiting  
What are we waiting for?  
News of a loved one,  
To be let in,  
Test results,  
Just to be seen?  
By who, for what?  
Maybe just to see for ourselves?  
There is no clock in the waiting room,  
No way to tell time is moving  
But the hustle and bustle of hospital staff  
And overheard nervous conversations  
In the waiting room  
Sitting wishing  
That she is  
Or it isn't  
Reading generic signs about  
Washing your hand and caring for the  
Common cold,  
Everyone in the room having one thing  
In common—  
We are waiting.  
Waiting hoping  
Waiting dreading  
Waiting pacing  
Waiting to outwait the wait  
And know something  
Know whether she is  
Or it isn't.

Maya Reid

# Wanting You

I'm done being torn,  
done "deciding",  
done daydreaming and fantasizing,  
romanticizing and idolizing.  
I won't claim to be sick of love songs,  
but I'm sick of chick flicks and romance movies.  
I'm sick of longing for a Noah,  
a Jack or even a Jerry.  
Al and Eric can hit the road, too.  
This castle is home to both of us,  
but I don't need a Prince Charming;  
I'm a big girl—I'll rescue myself.  
I just can't be all by myself anymore,  
and I'm sick of lovely ideas and beautiful lies.  
I want something real  
with someone real.  
I  
want  
you.  
This sounds so trite and cliché,  
but then again, so does the entire concept of falling in love,  
so I guess I'll say it:  
There's just something about you.  
I can't really describe what it is,  
but there are more obvious choices that have been flat-out  
denied.  
Something draws me to you.  
There's a reason I can't say your name without smiling,  
why I'm quite literally always thinking about you.  
There's a reason I'm already missing you more than I was missing you already,  
and I'm not missing him at all.  
I'm not sure what it is,  
but there's a reason I choose you.  
You're the one that I want.  
But I'm doing more than that,  
because I've wanted you for quite some time now.  
I've coveted and cherished...  
But I'm done admiring from afar;  
that's just not enough anymore:

I can't just sit around  
wishing, waiting, wanting  
you to want me.  
No more acting coy and flirtatious  
or switching it up and playing hard-to-get.  
Darling, I want you...  
and I'm becoming the type of girl who,  
once she decides what it is,  
always gets what she wants.

Maya Reid

# What Did I Do To Deserve All This?

I overslept  
I missed the bus  
I was late to school  
I failed a test  
I forgot my history report  
I have too much homework  
My mom's making me baby-sit  
My library books are overdue  
I'm fighting with my best friend  
My boyfriend dumped me  
My locker jammed  
I missed the bus again  
I have to walk home  
It starts to rain  
"I hate you! " I scream at the world  
"What did I do to deserve all this! "

I'm walking  
Through the rain  
I'm scowling  
Listening to Eminem on my Ipod  
Digging through my Baby Phat purse  
To find my ringing cell phone  
And then I see a man  
Dressed in tattered clothes  
Sitting on the sidewalk  
Getting very wet  
Looking very cold and hungry  
I forget about my phone  
And give him an apple from my lunchbox  
And a few dollars from my purse  
A small twist of fate and I could be that man  
"Thank you, " I whisper to the world  
"What did I do to deserve all this? "

Maya Reid

# What Do I Know?

You lift my spirits and you make me cry  
All's not fair in love and war  
The clouds of my fears are blocking your light  
This is one test I don't have all the answers for

I'm searching for the answers  
Do I even know how I feel?  
I love him, but am I in love –  
How can I know if what we have is real?

I know that I am conscious only of you  
And that no one but you truly knows me  
That you gave me the strength to be myself  
But is this what love could be?

I know that you are everything to me  
Except the one thing I really need  
What scares me is, what if they're right?  
What if love at fifteen just can't succeed

I'm trying to say that I'm feigning you  
I'm afraid to share how I feel inside  
But I want to know what we could be  
And if my true feelings would be replied.

Maya Reid

# What We Might Have Been

We've been through it all  
Ups and downs  
Highs and lows  
It's been a long year  
A long, hard year  
And we've been tested many times  
Our strength has surprised even us  
As we talk about everything  
Sharing secrets  
Change  
And pain  
And I thought I wanted more  
So we talked  
And investigated  
You were my private eye  
And we figured that there was nothing more to have  
Nothing more without the risk  
Of nothing at all  
And I was happy  
I am happy  
We're as close as close can be  
And I am at peace  
But every time I look at you  
I feel a little twinge  
And despite what my head says,  
My heart thinks, 'Oh, what we might have been.'  
I said I didn't want that  
I can't take that back  
Can I?  
I wanna know  
I wanna know  
What could've happened  
What we might have been  
But if I take it back  
And we try again  
(If you even want to)  
We might lose everything  
We worked so hard to win.  
So, I know where we started



But I still can't figure out  
Where we should end.

Maya Reid

# What You Were Searching For

Close your door and lock it  
Turn the music on  
Turn off the lights  
Out of a hidden shopping bag come  
Your dirty little secrets  
Black eye shadow, lipstick, and nail polish  
Dark clothes and spiked jewelry  
You put it all on in a futile attempt  
To make the outside look as bleak and ark  
And the inside has been for so long  
But you catch a glimpse of yourself in the mirror  
And your eyes meet a stranger's gaze  
That's not what you were searching for.  
So you strip and hop in the shower  
Scrub your skin till it's red trying to get it all off  
And the red reminds you of blood  
So you get dressed and sneak down into the kitchen  
Take a knife out of the drawer  
Back in the bathroom you let the blade bite you  
Oh how it hurts – but the pain is so sweet  
Oh, the pain feels so good  
It lets you now that somewhere inside  
Down deep inside that place you're trying to find  
Some part of you is still alive  
You look down at the blood dripping into the sink  
The way it splashes reminds you of the rain  
Which makes you think of tears  
And you realize that this, too,  
Is not what you were searching for.  
So you wipe the now fed blade clean  
And hold your wrists closed till the bleeding stops  
And return to your bedroom  
Where you make the music even louder  
Turn it all the way to MAX  
And the running water, thoughts of rain, and dripping blood  
Have coagulated  
Not unlike your scars  
To form the tears that swim, racing down your cheeks  
And the heaving sobs that wreak havoc on your body

Their bitter pain seeps from the inside out  
The phone rings and you think 'Go away  
'I just want to be alone'  
But they call again, so you pick up  
Still sobbing, thinking you might just end it all  
And you hear the voice of an angel on the other end  
You hear the voice of me  
And before you say one word I know that there  
Is the only place I need to be  
So I call you as I leave the house  
It beeps in on the other line  
"Look, I know you're going through hell  
But there are people  
Not unlike myself  
Who love you  
And need you  
And are on their way  
To hold you in their arms  
And make you whole again.  
I am what you were searching for."

Maya Reid

# What You Wouldn'T Say

It's funny, really  
How much one word can do  
The effect one little word  
Can have  
On a family  
On a life

There's one word that's great  
It could start a family  
It could start a life  
It's the bond between us  
That invisible string that ties us all together  
The underlying reason behind everything  
And while we sometimes act like it's not there  
Without that one word  
We'd be lost

But there's another word  
And this one's terrible  
The kind of word you don't even want to think about  
The word that couldn't possibly happen to you  
To your family  
A word that could rip your family  
Your life  
To shreds  
A word that's not what this is

The second is a word you refuse to say  
A word that would ruin so many lives  
A word you'd rather ignore  
Than be responsible for  
How could you say it was wrong  
If you never said no?

Because he shouldn't  
It's not right  
Why didn't you tell him that?  
Well, it didn't always feel bad  
At first it just felt like the first word

The good one  
If you confronted him he'd just say  
It's only because of word one

At least this way it doesn't hurt  
With the other guy it hurt  
And there were scars  
Now there's just a voice  
In your head  
That whispers  
Stop  
No  
This isn't right

The wrong kind of one is two, too.

Maya Reid

# When Nobody's Watching

When nobody's watching  
I let myself make a mistake  
They blink  
And I stumble  
When their backs are turned  
A tear rolls down my cheek  
They don't know how hard it is  
To be me

Even geniuses have to mess up sometimes  
Sometimes even a star doesn't want to twinkle in the sky  
What if the sun doesn't feel like rising today?  
Somebody please tell me, is that okay?

Because every crystal can't be flawless  
Just like the summer eventually fades away  
They go to sleep in their comfy little beds  
And I let myself break down  
But only when nobody's watching  
Only when they blink  
Or their backs are turned

What would an extraordinary girl give  
If, for one day, she could just be extra ordinary  
Sometimes the people on top would give it all away  
If only they could crawl, walk, run, fly away

Away from all this  
From everyone's expectations  
And salutations  
Just disappear into the crowd  
But I can only disappear when nobody's watching  
When they blink  
Or their backs are turned.

Maya Reid

# Which Angels?

So, what are you?  
He asks  
That's a loaded question  
Won't admit it but  
Can't deny  
Why are you so scared?  
What the hell difference does it make  
If opposites attract  
Or if like likes like?  
(For some reason  
It seems like  
A whole world of it)  
(I blame the world)  
Won't admit it but  
Can't deny  
So many questions  
Lurking and questioning  
And yeah,  
There've been a few times  
But what does that mean?  
What does any of it mean?  
Why does so much ride on the s  
Or the lack thereof?  
Won't admit it but  
Can't deny  
You don't think it matters  
Some days the sky is up and  
Some days it's down  
Nothing really changes  
No one really notices  
But you wonder what that down sky  
Feels like  
Tastes like  
Won't admit it but  
Can't deny  
That although all sky is unfamiliar  
Maybe because  
You'd like to taste each one  
You stare off into each one

(All you want to do is fly)  
Won't admit it but  
Can't deny  
As long as you can fly,  
Who cares?  
Who needs a label  
Interfering with their wings?  
Up or down,  
Left or right,  
Now or then,  
Plus or minus,  
Dark or light,  
Hard or soft  
You'll let angels come as they may  
And take them as they are.

Maya Reid



# Who Am I?

I am the wind blowing in  
An intangible power dancing around you  
I am the suffering ostrich  
Born to fly...with no way off the ground  
But I try  
Oh, how I try  
I am fire  
As a phoenix I burn, only to rise again  
I burn my own path through life  
You need me, but to control me is an impossible dream  
I am a rainbow  
One color cannot define my many facets  
I am a pendulum  
I rise and I fall  
I am the tide  
I am the sun  
I am the moon  
I am  
And that is enough

Maya Reid

# You And Me

I am strong,  
Resolute,  
Concrete,  
A pillar of strength  
And love.

I am the spirit,  
The soul,  
The supreme essence  
Of everyone  
My experiences  
Have molded me into.

And I love you.

He compliments me;  
You complete me.

When I am with you,  
The rainbow fades,  
The diamond is scratched,  
The mirrors all shatter,  
And I am brought into the world,  
Naked.

You can accept me  
I can stand before you  
Naked  
And you accept me  
And clothe me  
In your warm embrace.

Loving someone  
Means fully accepting  
That person's  
Humanness.  
I think that there is  
No better way to describe  
What you do for me.

You are  
One of the chosen few  
That gets to know  
Me.

You are  
The only one  
Who always gets  
Me.

I've let you  
Inside my castle  
If you are willing,  
You can stay here  
Forever.

Maya Reid

# You Are...

My food  
My air  
My heart  
My life  
My moon  
My sun  
My teddy bear  
My dream  
My sleeping pill  
My world  
My tearjerker  
My tissue  
My protector  
My guide  
My acceptor  
My savior  
My angel  
My key keeper  
My door opener  
My sunshine  
My miracle  
My rock  
My teacher  
My condition  
My revelation  
My perfect  
My gift  
My lifeline  
My partner  
My best friend  
My fertilizer  
My translator  
My best decision  
My makeup remover  
My soul mate  
My soul's mate  
My sharer  
My delight  
My spare tire

My intangibility  
My reflection  
My muse  
My stability  
My cement  
My repairman  
My everything  
My glove – you fit  
My life-changing moment  
My voice when I can't speak  
My waiting set of open arms  
My bridge across the chasm  
My wings, lifting me high into the sky  
My electric blanket on those cold cold nights  
My hand to hold onto  
My barrage of sweet kisses and warm hugs  
My best pain reliever – there is no more hurt  
My doorway to heaven on earth  
My steroids – you give me power and strength  
My probe – you explore the secret parts of me  
My ocean – washing away the footprints of where I've been  
My sun shower – you drench me with unexpected love  
My tears of happiness to replace the tears of pain  
My light where there had been only darkness  
My "is" instead of my "might have been"  
My glue – you hold the pieces of my world together  
My great adventure  
My burst of light  
My fountain of love and wisdom  
My knowledge that I am not alone  
All these things  
I know that you are  
That you will always be  
And so I've only one simple question:  
Who are you?

Maya Reid

# Your Best Friend

Your best friend is your closest ally  
They know you inside and out  
Even though they sometimes make you cry  
Or make you want to scream and shout

Your best friend is your true-blue buddy  
Through thick and thin they are  
Always there for you when you're feeling cruddy  
Sometimes too close, but never too far

Your best friend is a gift you gave yourself  
And they'll never break or go out of style  
Comforting books that are always on the shelf  
Fully of silly phrases and kind words to help you through any trial

Your best friend is supposed to help you endure  
Not causing, rather resolving your conflicts  
So I never thought you'd be my saboteur  
Who knew it would be me your poison afflicts

How was I supposed to know you'd hurt me  
After you got close enough to scratch your name upon my soul  
I couldn't imagine that from my life you'd flee  
Leaving me to fill the gaping hole

I should have known you were no different than the rest  
You'd knock me down after carefully building me up  
Into the darkness pieces of my spirit have been pressed  
And tears splatter like raindrops into my teacup

Maya Reid

# Your Sweatshirt

The other day I "borrowed" your sweatshirt  
You eventually stole it back again  
I said I wanted it  
Because it was so warm  
And it smelled so good  
Like you  
I said I wanted it  
So I stole it again  
And I kept it  
And I wore it  
All the time  
And it made me feel warm  
When I was cold  
But more than that  
It made me feel protected  
It was my own little piece of you  
When I wore it  
I felt like  
You  
Were holding me close  
I felt loved  
But more than that  
Let's go deeper  
Last night  
I was in a bad place  
And I was crying  
And I so badly wanted  
To come crawling to you  
I so badly desired  
Someone to hold the pieces of me together  
I so badly craved  
A shoulder to cry on  
So I grabbed your sweatshirt  
And wrapped it up into a pillow  
My own personal shoulder  
And I  
Leaned into it  
Sobbed into it  
It was my own little piece of you

There when I needed it  
When I needed you  
Making me feel loved  
And protected  
And utterly not alone  
Because it was my own little piece of you  
The piece I'll have forever  
Eternally  
When I need it  
When I need you  
I'll forever have  
My own little piece of your smile  
Of your laugh  
Of your beautiful, beautiful soul  
Now and into eternity  
I'll always have  
Your  
—Now my—  
Pillow to sleep on  
Shoulder to cry on  
Warmth when it's cold outside  
Or on the inside  
There when it's needed  
Big, black, warm, memory-keeping, comfort-giving Carhartt sweatshirt

Maya Reid