My heart in your hands

and it's still mine

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I started writing when I was a little girl.
I started writing because I couldn't
express my feelings the way I wanted to. My
words on paper made more sense than my
words outspoken.

But then I stopped.

I picked up my pen again when I noticed I was screaming out loud instead of expressing calmly what was there.

So, I wrote this book about heartbreak and goodbyes, growing and becoming, falling in and out of love.

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Once

I write about you when I'm drunk. Sober, I don't speak in poems.

"Why can't you be happy here? Why do you always have to seek for more?"

I try to explain that these cities will always feel too small for all the plans I have.

They can hear me but I can feel them turning away.

I'm sorry
but I cannot stay.