

"Letters to the Heart"
Rachel Kellis

The things you do to make yourself feel better only make it worse. While you stand there in the corner of the hall, your face poised in a mask of nothing, the months pass you by like years. You are The Ghost, and the knowledge alone is pure pleasure.

~

We stand together with our broken dreams and our broken hearts and our broken hands. Though our minds are intact, who knows for how long? The voices rattle in our skulls like branches against glass and sooner than later, we're going to break.

You always knew it would end like this.

~

You've wrapped bandages around your eyes. They block out the sights and without the sights you can block out the sounds. But you'll never block me out. I'll always be there.

I'll always be a part of you.

~

And slowly the words come, draining into my mind and soul through a leaky faucet. Soon the dam will break. I hope the waters don't crush us.

[it would be heaven if they did.]

~

We collect the fallen leaves and scatter them through our
hallways and from
them sprout the seeds of insanity. The magic in the air
makes you sing. To
me it will always sound like screaming.

~

These metaphors will never equal. Being like something is
not being
something. But the writers and the poets, they will carry
on as they were.
As they should.

~

We will be the death of each other, you and I.

~

We swim the ocean of desolation, riding the sharks through
the waves. Under
the surf the mermaids wave to us and give us gifts of hope
and laughter and
rage, because we cannot go to them, nor them to us. How
similar it is to the
rest of the world. Want, want, want. It is not the same as
receiving.

It'll never be enough.

~

These words will bring you nothing but pain. So fly, fly
away my darling.
Only you can save yourself. Everyone you know and love will
let you down. I
will let you down.

Even I will let you down.