

I Exist in Small Spaces

UZAYER MASUD

i exist in the smallest of spaces
in the underside of a bed
a corner of a balcony

the plants are my friends
they exist in tree-time
grounded in reality

i dont want to take up more space
i dont know how to fight
i just want to go home

sitting on a chair feels too foreign
too grown up, fast paced
everyone is scary

i'd rather sit on the floor
see the world through the gaps in leaves
watch the sky grow bigger and the clouds drift apart

i unbecome unto myself

i miss the warmth
my soft unbroken lips

you're a child until you're not anymore
the lines feel hazy
i dont know where it starts or ends

the facial hair feels alien
the heaviness kicked in
lethargic to the core
how is it on me in the first place

i am tired of fighting
of struggling to live
i simply wish to exist

to love in simple ways
this softness will be the death of me

*Uzayer Masud loves pretzels, guitars and pretending to write.
Send them memes at instagram.com/uzayermasud*



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EVERY TIME IT RAINS

ANGELINA NODEE FRANCIS

Every time it rains, I am reminded of the story that started but never really had a proper ending. You were the narrator but you chose to leave it midway, like you always do.

I remember sitting across the table and watching you dance with the woman of your dreams, forgetting about my own happiness and indulging myself into this moment that made you smile.

You crossed your heart in order to promise me that you would never leave my side. But the day had to come, when I was laughing until my stomach hurt and you broke into the moment to tell me that you had to go.

I put my hand on my chest, tears rolled down my cheeks as I lied on my bed thinking about what I might have done that led you to do this.

When the rain started pouring into the night, it felt like nature mourned the separation of two souls and a story that would have made its place on the pages of history. Never did I ever imagine that the lyrics to the song "Exile" that said "And it took you five whole minutes, to pack us up and leave me with it" would become a reality.

I still sit there across the window when it rains heavily, reminiscing the good and bad memories that you gave me. You would call me an emotional fool for doing so, but did you even feel the same way?

There are so many questions that keep flooding my mind, yet I remain quiet. Talking about it too often wrecks every piece inside me that I have managed to mend somehow, but you had to break it.

Maybe I lost some of those pieces too, because you are carrying them within yourself.

The peace between us will never be restored and now, your happiness only makes me want to run away into the wilderness and never come back because do you even deserve to be this happy, when all you did was build something, only to see yourself leave without saying goodbye?

A part of me died when you chose to leave, and I am still trying to revive it. I don't think that we can ever really move on from these circumstances but hope that the memory of this incident fades away slowly.

The lyrics to "Champagne Problems" that said "Love slipped beyond your reaches" still echo in my ears when I am all alone.

You used to say that maybe you and I are the same, but how is that even possible when I managed to leave my past behind and walk with you. And you were still stuck in time. You froze your future and walked backwards when I froze my past and walked forward.

I will always remember the night when you danced with the woman you love. On the same night you were sitting across me on the same table and you didn't say a word. You knew that I was right in front of you, but the chapter that included me in your book was burned into ashes.

I could see you looking at me from afar, but I knew that you would not approach me because this chapter does not have an ending.

Angelina Nodee Francis enjoys cracking self-deprecating jokes and running away from her problems. Send her memes at- angelinafrancis004@gmail.com