

Through These  
Thin Walls

*Scattered Fragments*

They loved like desert mirages—  
most beautiful  
when you're most desperate,  
disappearing  
when you get too close.

A bird that fears heights  
builds its nest in hell.

# The Science of Unloving

Love dies like houseplants—  
Slowly, then all at once,  
Each leaf of affection browning  
At imperceptible speeds.

I chart our decline in data points:  
Seven days since our last real laugh,  
Fourteen since you touched my hair,  
Twenty-three since we made plans.

*(continued)*

The bed grows wider nightly,  
An expanding universe of sheets  
Where gravity no longer works  
Between our cooling bodies.

Your voice still echoes in rooms  
We used to fill with forever,  
But the sound waves decay  
Into background radiation.

*(continued)*

I catch myself forgetting  
The small details: your coffee order,  
The way you fold towels,  
Your mother's birthday.

Our photos pixel by pixel  
Lose their emotional resolution,  
Memory compression deleting  
What we swore we'd back up.

This is how stars collapse:  
Not with supernovas,  
But with quiet distances  
Growing between light years.

Not all healing is peaceful.  
Some recovery requires rage.



# Chasing Rest

Remember when we used to break  
all our own rules just to stay  
awake? Now we lie here and ache  
for sleep to take the day away.



The historian who documents every war  
forgets to close his door at night,  
while the soldier who survived one battle  
checks the lock three times  
and still doesn't sleep.

# The Empty Chair

A place set at an empty table  
Gathering dust, forever stable  
Where once was warmth now sits cold air  
An absence heavy as a prayer  
The coffee cup still bears the stain  
Of lips that won't touch it again  
Each morning brings the same routine  
Of talking to what can't be seen  
Until the chair becomes a shrine  
To moments lost to passing time  
And grief sits down to take its place  
Wearing your beloved face

Time is not a healer;  
awareness is.

Time merely creates the space  
where healing becomes possible.

Perhaps your walls aren't barriers  
but filters—  
designed to test what energies  
deserve your atmosphere.

The tea leaf does not argue  
when it meets boiling water.  
It releases its essence,  
transforms its nature,  
and changes the water itself.

The qualities  
we find most mysterious in others  
are often the ones  
we've forgotten within ourselves.

The qualities  
we most admire in others  
are sleeping possibilities  
we hold inside.

The prison of perfectionism  
is built by our fear  
of being seen  
precisely  
as we are.

The rope-maker who tests every strand  
still hangs himself with doubt,  
while the tightrope walker  
trusts her life to a single thread  
and dances with the wind.



A bird's song  
borrows heaven's breath.