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The Vernal Pool

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Breathing

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Peer reviewed|Undergraduate

Breathing

By Gabriel Elias

I think I am finally breathing, for many days, the earth was spinning.

The orbit was tilting, leaving me reeling, that motion sickness feeling.

Every moment felt like it was compressing,

overthinking completing my depression.

Something once a blessing, became just another lesson.

My ears are ringing. It feels like I got a concussion.

Dazed. Falling. All the shit they said it feel like.

Is this how it's supposed to feel? Fo Real?

Love...

Is this all I'll ever get? Fake love and a load of regrets?

Love...

The emotion that hits harder than the epicenter of a earth mover,

A heavy weight vibration coursing through, my hearts stop beating, lungs no breathing,

Scapula retracted , spinal cord tapped, paralysis enacted.

But all of this just hit the soul, no physical toll,

When you strengthen me, the epitome of a paradox,

Love, Love a surprise in a box.

Invulnerable to all hits but yours,

An Achilles of love, No Aphrodite doves,

when at its peak can break me to my knees.

Can make me feel like I'm in the sky or on the floor ready to take cyanide.

I'm always confused. Feel like my emotions are being used.

But when I ask about it, you get defensive.

then I get accused, like I did something wrong.

But how did I do something wrong?

Ask a question to the person I seen as a blessing.

But I'm tip toeing trying not to get checkmated in chess

And now I'm being ignored because I implored about your bad habits

That was boring holes in a relationship I wanted to keep whole.

For our ship to be built unsinkable. Not like the titanic,

But so, nothing not viewable could ever penetrate our hull.

Didn't realize you were pailing water into the cargo hold as you were escaping to a better life.

Forsaking my life. So, paddle away, drop me like an anchor with no chain.

Didn't think relationships meant to leave the other when you got better. But oh well,

Now I spend most of my times in the gym but nothing compared to that super setter.

Well anyways thank you for reading this letter...

The forgettable one, the one who was your better...

Mirror on the Wall, Society Help Us Not Fall

My Mind, it's getting so hard to escape.

There's a chrome barrel placed on my nape.

Honestly waiting for the click, maybe their finger will slip.

Not surprising the one holding the gun, was my reflection is it.

Its been interjecting its bullshit and messing with my reality.

Imprinting its dark procedures, like the injection system in the matrix

to keep Neo with them. Red or blue pill?

why is it always a pill? Been on this uphill, so long

that its hard to tell when it went wrong. Brain playing its tricks,

crushing anything that's obvious just to keep me in the present and in my conscious.

Its daunting. Taunting. Dangling my problems in nooses.

I got a hanging tree and everyone of those nooses, Holds a part of me.

And the rope ain't getting any looser. Talk to therapist, look how fair it is,

Telling me take these pills and maybe spill a little of the shit you feel.

But high key, I'm scared that one thing I say will spite me, make them see me crazy, the looney
tune but just a looney dude, he's gone bugs, and now they got that straight jacket on snug.

That's a constant fear for anyone struggling with shit going on in their head, some seek out the noose or let a chrome barrel spray some lead.

Others focusing on the cyanide and razor blades through the veins that guard their blood.

Some emotionally go and float in the wind, being nothing but numb.

Others coping with the alcohol and drugs saying fuck school and fuck life I'm just here for a grand time.

It's a constant in the society that we are in, people scared to say what they are holding within.

They are looking at therapist and say, "they just want to give pills and not deal with me man."

So, we got problem to solve and it's going to take more than a few and a whim.

So take my hand whenever the devil is calling, and me and you, can face "Him".