Title
Under the Same Sky

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Never shall I forget
the deep sorrows of those inside my house.
    My mother using her high pitched voice for help.
The black slithering shadow that ate my soul alive,
    never care to see me survive.
The bags full of tears under my eyes,
    that disguise the knives penetrating my chest inside.
The boiling feeling of sweat dripping off my hands, the cold breeze across my body,
    and the smell of green pine trees.
The bright pale moon filled with unknown craters that lit up my room,
    when my entire world was full of crying faces and bloody floors.

Every night a shiver colder than snow crawls under my caramel-like and dry skin,
    an enormous white iceberg I can’t seem to demolish.
    I smile at my mother with the same mouth
    that expresses “ugly,” “failure,” and “loser” about my own appearance.
    I glare at my mother with the same eyes
    that cry each night,
    and beg for sleep I cannot give.

Never shall I forget
the mother that fell apart,
    who smiled and laughed being glad to be alive.

Some don’t glare at the gardens full of light and clean air their mothers conceive,
    just stare at blank pages, while
others stare beyond the constellation of the stars that only exists for the naked eye.

It all happened that night.

Motionless I laid on the broken pieces of the wooden floor of my room, no noise, no tears, no sign that I was still here.

Never shall I forget how my eyes secreted the vision of myself through mirror, pale as a ghost, make-up falling from my eyes.

No one sees the broken heart and the open wounds across the skin. It was visible like the sun on a plain day. Acid inside my beating heart running down my bloodstream, another day to feel ashamed. The nerves in between my intestines became a knot that can’t be touched as painful as walking on shattered glass barefoot.

Never shall I forget wanting to crawl inside my dry mind and remain there, where no one seems to understand.

I was the only soul awake, the one releasing a trail of salty tears across my face, the one glaring into outer space, the one full of disgrace.
Never shall I forget
    the mournful days of my unstable mindset.
    But then, when shall I forget?