

Tiffany Flammger

Stitched Together

It seems I'm always
Falling apart.
Thrown across the
Landscape
I've thrown myself on
Another landmine
Broke myself apart for
Another bleeding heart
Looking frantically for my
Needle and thread
So that I might pull myself
Together again
Stitched together always
With good intentions
And with self-depreciation
And self-hatred
With bleeding parts and

Broken hands
With busted fingers I grip
That needle
And thread that finely
Wrapped twine
Of love and hate, of mental
Health and persistence
I weep as I crawl for those
Pieces I've lost
Again and again for always.
Stitching myself together
With love and good
Intentions I go look
For the next bomb inside a
Bleeding broken heart.

If you Hate me, just know that I do Too.

I am a failure

I have emptied you

Every emotion

Poured out

Like cold coffee

I am an existential crisis

A heart in mourning

I am dying to feel like

I'm not dying

I am an angry wasp stinging

Everyone I land upon

I try not to but you,

You scare me

With those beautiful eyes

I am a clusterfuck

A buzzing wall

Of white noise

I drown out

Your infectious affection

I am so, so, so sorry

My fate has found me.

Opportunities and Possibilities

I miss (ed) you
The opportunity would
Have swelled my heart
To bursting pipe happiness
Yet my expectations are small
I know what they'd say
"It's not really red, though, is it?"
You need to get out more,
Go find someone real
I can't express myself how I'd like
Because of too many rejections
I keep a respectable distance
I'm really hanging on here
Hanging onto a whimsical
Unpredictable friendship
Hunted
By thoughts of those
Possibilities
Appearing only in my mind
When does this inevitable
Feeling of lose come knocking
When (how) do I begin again?
Without you on my mind
And what the hell can I do
With you?

When missed opportunities
Have come and gone, you've gone
Grown deep within my soul
We really should have taken
Up one of those opportunities
To say hello
How many more
Will we get?