

to mum, im just writing to say that

im writing us into a therapy session where you are
really listening and i am being completely clear
because you cant hear my stuttering on paper
its just so easy to be daughter eloquent my
strategy is to wind the words around all that
unspoken not to write it but to rock-paper-scissor
it the way that confused us how the paper
could press into the rock enough so that it might
suppress the whole rock of a thing i
wont scare you with the rock of me anymore
spitting hellfire want and begging you up the
wrong way to love me for who i am instead ill
just be daughter daughter daughter on paper

i am still

i am still yours
when my love is new
and happiness is found
in places you didn't show me first

i am still yours
when i call him *home*
and invite you round for a dinner
that tastes just like you made it

i am still yours
when you don't need to hold me up by the bike seat
and i can drive without you next to me
and sing without you listening

i am

moving out

i am off
dropping through
the nice clouds
it wont hurt
i promise
just please
don't wait
on the ground
i'm dropping
this on your pillow
to say that
i am sorry
if what it sounds like
is exactly
what it is

it is different this time

i don't think you know
how much you mean to me
and when you tell me
i am silly

its okay

i become it
and when you tell me
i am wrong

we still love you

i feel it
i just want to make my own mind up
about this one

even with all your problems

i want to decide if i am
fickle or not
it would be nice
to find out about myself
before you lay out all the clues

we are going nowhere

that lead me to my sad bed
where you are waiting
to tuck me up nice and warm

you will always find happiness with us

and give me a kiss on the forehead

i couldn't sleep as a child

i couldn't sleep without a light on

i couldn't sleep without you

i couldn't sleep without thinking about that time i heard you having sex

i couldn't sleep without nightmares

i couldn't sleep without counting up the minutes

i couldn't sleep without a light on

i couldn't sleep without a goodnight kiss

i couldn't sleep without kissing my finger and pushing it onto my forehead pretending it was a goodnight kiss

i couldn't sleep without a double bed

i couldn't sleep without a party first

i couldn't sleep without paracetamol and a pint of water before bed

i couldn't sleep without Netflix on in the background

i couldn't sleep without a boy there

i couldn't sleep without fucking him

i couldn't sleep without being touched

i couldn't sleep without him

i couldn't sleep without telling him i don't like him actually at all

i couldn't sleep without crying

i couldn't sleep without crying

i couldn't sleep without a light on

i couldn't sleep without myself

i couldn't sleep without loving

i couldn't sleep without a duvet between my legs

i couldn't sleep without the blinds down

i couldn't sleep without the lights off

i couldn't sleep without my silence

i couldn't sleep without darkness

i couldn't sleep without sleeping