

# black

*by maria rumasuglia*

my soul is black  
and it's deep like heartbreak  
and heavy as stone  
and as thick as ink  
and it is pressing on top of me  
like last nights one night stand  
like dead weight  
so that I can't lift my arms  
or spread my legs  
it feels like I am walking through mud  
but it's only life  
it's only shallow people  
and disappointment  
and there is so much ugly around me  
I feel it turning my soul to black  
to dark  
and dirty  
and heavy like smoke  
and I don't know if i'm carrying around a broken heart  
or a broken child inside of me  
but my past is present all the time  
and my hands are starting to slip from the weight of these things  
the weight of regret  
and pain  
and sadness  
and wanting to go back  
and start over  
and wanting to fix things  
and wanting a new childhood  
and wondering if things could have been different  
if I could have done things different  
if it would have mattered

if I was born into a different life  
if my mother had married a different man  
if she had different goals for herself  
if she had a stronger will  
a stronger set of hands  
if she fought back  
if she wasn't living in black  
if she wasn't destined for the dark  
the cruel  
the violent  
if she was meant for better  
would I have had better  
would I be a lighter version of myself  
a simpler, more carefree version  
would I be more aware of my self worth  
would I take better care of my body  
would I be innocent  
less damaged  
lighter, brighter  
yellow like the sun  
blue like the skies  
not black like soil  
red as passion  
white as clouds  
brighter  
like the bursting flames of a sunrise  
lighter  
like the sound of laughter  
not black like night  
like death  
lighter  
like life  
or would I even be

