

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

