

# deflated

*by* Meghan Acord

writing because it's the only drug i have

sick on sadness  
as the weight of the moment  
crumbling around me  
comes down

some sweet second inspires me  
(foolishly)

thinking we  
(or i)  
will somehow fly  
(instead of this barely getting by)

stringing the  
strong thoughts together  
with a sigh

the weight the hurt  
the wonder

and the wistful way i wake  
from teasing dreams

it seems  
some sweet second  
i second-guess,  
yearning to call you and confess -

i write -  
my veins  
respond -

i am electric in the  
hopeless halfness  
burning.

