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 -

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i am electric in the
hopeless halfness
burning.