

GENERALLY PATHETIC

by LAURA BRAUN

I don't give advice on a daily basis
But darling I've seen things and I've been
places
So please don't hide your heart in thorny
bushes.

It's so precious when your face softly blushes
From all that love you have to give.

They hate it. Let them hate it.

They don't understand the boiling in your
blood because
they never even felt the slightest stir.
They see the fires burning in your eyes,
burning cities to ashes with a blink and they
can't stand it.
They're on a mission to extinguish the fire.

No need to burn when you can be lukewarm and
feel nothing.

Tearing all your beloved poems apart is just
concealment, they didn't get them from the
start.

They can't see your worlds, don't feel your
words.

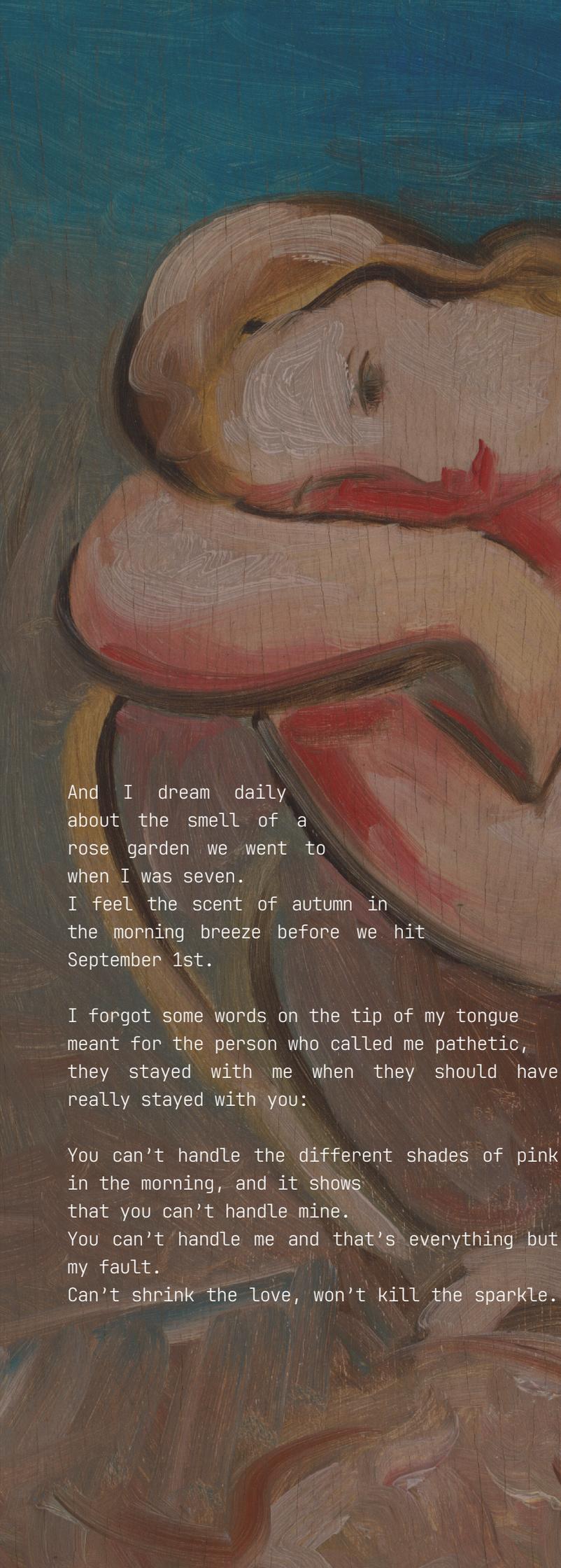
They're like oceans without tides and rooms
devoid of light.

And honey, it's their problem
because you are just alright.

One is not cool because one cares about
nothing.

I care about the stars and the way they match
my thoughts at 2 am.

About the zodiac sign of the waitress in the
café by the creek.



And I dream daily
about the smell of a
rose garden we went to
when I was seven.
I feel the scent of autumn in
the morning breeze before we hit
September 1st.

I forgot some words on the tip of my tongue
meant for the person who called me pathetic,
they stayed with me when they should have
really stayed with you:

You can't handle the different shades of pink
in the morning, and it shows
that you can't handle mine.

You can't handle me and that's everything but
my fault.

Can't shrink the love, won't kill the sparkle.

I'll always cry and die daily for the flowers
and the rain.
You'll never see me vanish into indifference.
I don't even know this word.
I bet you do.
My own poetry makes me cry a lot more than you
could ever make me.

You don't want to have mental breakdowns in
the rain with me.

I guess that's your loss.

I'm a professional when
it comes to screaming
at 3 am in the
rain.

(or screaming
in general)

I've never
been low-
key about
anything.

About peonies,
about the moon,
about that peanut butter sandwich, I ate three
months ago.

I've always felt like there was more to all
these regular things.

Something kind of magical that surrounded all the
things and places I touched throughout my life.

Something vibrating, whispering
"There is more! Come find out about it."

And that's what I did.

I allowed the universe to show me all these
magical mystical features of the world that
make me feel like I belong into the picture.

I invited the sun and the moon and the magic
into my life and

I guess that's the reason they stayed.

I started appreciating the mundane
and the madness,
euphoria and gut-wrenching sadness.

Took it all in.

And if that's being pathetic like you said, I
am utterly in love with it.

You said you love the phoenix
but you don't understand that I'm the ashes
too.

I have to hit rock bottom from time to time.
I have to touch cotton candy clouds the week
after.

I have to invite it all in -
the waves who kiss the shoreline,
take them as they are during the dead calm and
amidst a storm.

Embrace the rapture, the crying, the shaking -
to let it all go eventually.

And if you asked me what feeling too much,
loving too much, and simply being too much is
to me, I'd say nothing short of a blessing.