

July (Part One)

Hotel Books

I sat down with her and she told me her story.
I told her I loved her and I just wanted to support her through her recovery.
Through conversations, I listened, and I feel like this is the best way to interpret what she told me.
The devil found a clever way to infiltrate and bring his manipulation;
a slender blonde in a cocktail dress struggling through the intoxication
brought on by the gifting of drinks until she was ready to pay back in the bedroom.
In the search to appease the demons in her head on a sterile surface in the bathroom.
Looking into a half cracked half filthy mirror hoping she doesn't reflect
that half cracked and half filthy receding stain of a smile her mother made when she left
because the promises she made to herself seem to be the hardest ones to keep
and knowing she survived the last storm was no longer all she needed to be able to fall asleep.
Vacant wine glasses and late night crashes symbolic of her vessel with no presentation at the pallet,
but a spirit starving for remembrance some sort of legacy other than her occupation.
Because her normal skin looked like silk but had been masked by vengeance.
Baggage under her eyes deep within her overcompensating lies and all she saw
when she gazed into the ending skies was regret from that manipulation.
This life of sleeping through the static of practice for the everlasting rush she hoped for,
she was somewhat ecstatic, but not for the first time.
Because she was reminiscent of those times that she would have those late night drives;
Those moments when she would look back and say "How did I get here?"
Those moments when she would look at old childhood photos and say "How did that child grow up to be like this?"
When did I dismiss the morals that I subscribed to? I don't know what to do.
And she looks at photos of her beautiful mother in her youth and is envious of that smile she had when she was twenty-two.
And she wishes she could say the same for herself but she's lived in a self-perpetuated hell.
Because she took the literal stains and the literal scars and turned them into the emotional drain and then she fell apart.

And I've never really been one for taking second chances on times that I've been broken
but sometimes forgiveness needs to be put in place for someone to actually grow from these negative emotions,
and constructive use of the pain that's thrown at you is the only way to find refuge.
So I'm gonna tell you this darling, every time you tell yourself that you're not worth it,
every time you tell yourself that you're worthless, you're being lied to. And in that case, the liar is you.