

Pas Avec Toi

they used to call me their sun
and they were my moon.
but to someone who doesn't understand the concept
of sacrifices within love,
they forced my rays to stop beaming
and watched idly as I turned
to face another hemisphere.

they call me the woman who hides behind her smile
because i've been through enough hell to last a lifetime
yet through it all
I remain constant and unnerved;
like a mountain, I will never move myself,
but i will continuously move the geography around me
because my force is that grandiose.

but the thing about being a mountain
is that only man made things will destroy you
and tear you down
strip you layer by layer
until everything useful is gone
and you are left with a skeleton of yourself

mais pas avec toi
avec toi, you make all my layers feel useful
and special
and beautiful
even if they lack luster

my brain was not an empty barren cavity full of secrets
hiding terrible fits
but it swelled with thoughts and ideas and beautiful words
and you saw past the surface
dug deep
and revealed it not only to me
but to those who called me worthless.

—Amber Alexander