

Untitled

By Tyler P. Fick

I stand-alone but never in the shelter of my own shine.
What weaves in between me is something I have yet to discover.
It has the mark of unburied treasure but the trail of something bleak.
I dare not tempt to find the answer for fear it might bring me to the shadows its own path has created.
I walk my own feet now,
I hold my own hand now,
I use no cane now.
I have begun to follow no one now.
And as I seem to surrender to my pain and start to taste my fickle fortune;
I have begun to watch you follow me.
I know you seek to bring me back.
I do not know what answers you think remaining inside my shadow will bring you to find.
I do not know why you seek out this type of torture.
Do you not remember our love my dear?
it will only leave you blind.
I find you impossible,
a vision I wish to escape,
a wall I wish to break.
And as you creep up closer, I feel your breath grow heavy upon me.
you have arms that last for days,
they circle my neck and I close my eyes.
I am suddenly blind.
now the shelter of your pain seeks me out like some sort of wind.
The smell brings me home.
What have you done to me?
to love you is to love my own shadow.
To love you is to find feet that take me where I no longer desire to go,
to love you is to hold hands that lead me down a path of dreams that do not exist.
To love you is to use you as a cane for this weakness that insists on offering shelter that I know will hurt
me.
why do you make it feel so good?
Why is this house my home?
Why cannot I not escape this?
I open treasures unknown;
I find shadows,
damn me for smiling.

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Last night I dreamed of a dragon.
Last night it carried me away.
Last night it swallowed me whole.
I lived for months inside its belly.
Taking long walks each day, hopscotch on his teeth, sliding down his tongue.
I dare not venture to the heart.
I dare not touch the butterflies that float inside his stomach.
I dare not awake the fire inside him.