

Leseprobe
Waters
Sara Wolfsberger

relapse

I relived a love on a whim in a
sonic haze of Radiohead dreams
I fell in love again and quicker than I thought
a shadow marked
what I saw
of you

lunar phases

in the beginning was you and all was you and
all I was was ever half
moons and
marathons and ways to avoid sole responsibility
for eclipses made by my mistakes
those words were written quite a while ago
I cut my toenails so many times since then
these are chapters of long lasting feelings for short lived love
and slow motioned
letting go

drama fetish

you said it's fate. I said it's fate-ish

narcissism

oh how familiar these lips
I haven't tasted them in ages
how can lips be seemingly made for each other
when they keep your head and heart
in cages

torn

I enjoyed his hands
and devoured his touch
yet his kisses
I could not identify
them as such
his smile was intriguing
but likewise was leaving
so that's what I did
like pebbles in rivers
and cigarettes lit
like water to wine
I'm better for it

musings

if the umbrella that holds the sky collapses and I swallow the moon that you said I was - even then I will still write of you

you are your own prisoner

they locked you up and gave you the key
and you are afraid to live
in freedom

concoction

I've spent the better half of my afternoons of may and june
in a new city that ripped me
of my identity and open
I dove into my own
and splashed the fear of not-belonging all around
my kitchen
cut anxiety of mismatched proclivities into pieces
and tried to reduce it in red wine