

## Sweet Nothings

I find myself in the crossroads

between mechanical eye rolls and swollen starry eyes.

Living paradoxically has led me to believe that while I hold the universe  
in my arms it is not here to comfort me with reciprocation.

The imbalance I have been utterly consumed by has gripped tight  
and shakes and shakes and does not let go as I reside into slow  
and shaky and numb. I hide inside destruction.

The unknown continues presenting itself as a radical pursuit  
to which I cannot find the ends of despite the chase I've refused to let go.

And as I seek the greater means of a life I find myself unfit for,

I'm drawn, wandering into the embraces of strangers

who call my name with sweet promises of ecstasy and obliteration.

*Written by Liz Foster  
Milton Academy*