

**[lowercase intended]*

ghosts

"never back down, don't give up,
chin up, eyes straight, don't let your crown fall."
but her throat is tight, it's hard to gulp.
the past caught up with her, after all.

'your thoughts are not you', she was told.
"but does that matter?" she thought, "when there's nothing left to hold?"
she's a ghost, running from her demons,
her bruised feet can't take her any further,
tired eyes, bleeding heart,
war scars, she doesn't want to remember.

inhale
exhale
"don't let yourself fall"
in, out
in agony, she would hear her soul call.
such a colourful world,
but she only sees the gray
she screams, she cries, and wills for her strength to stay.

rough hands that were once soft,
teary eyes that were once bright,
worn out face that once glowed,
broken wings that once took flight.

cold hands
pale cheeks
stale mouth
pain peaks

she's a ghost, running from her demons,
ice in her veins;
lost in the world of growing pains.

her younger self whispers in her ear
"please, hold on for just another year
who knows? it might get better"
but the burning behind her eyes is getting stronger
her mind tells her to just stop holding on any longer.

but she listens to her younger self yet again,
who clings to her hand somewhere in the back of her mind,
breathing
watching
expecting her to get a hold on her present.
her eyes still sparkle,
the fire in her heart remains.

she's a ghost, now fighting her demons.
fists clenched, chin up
eyes fiery; there's no time left to grub.

maybe she can't fly,
but she has enough strength to get up and by.
the blood on her body slowly dries
and that's when she gathers enough strength to once again rise.

"not good enough", "useless", that's what they called her.
pushing it all aside, she let it blur.
she wiped the sweat off,
people replied with a scoff.
she fought,

she stumbled,
and stood right back up
when they thought she crumbled.

she's a ghost,
but isn't everyone?
maybe she felt like giving up

but isn't that how life was set up?
you fall, you rise,
in the midst of all the chaos,
you grow wise.

scars like stars on your skin,
one when one journey ends, the next would begin.
life never stops,
only do the stories.
you breathe, you laugh, you cry,
and make new memories.

so the next time you realize,
that you're one of the ghosts
don't lose your breath,
don't give up.
because being a ghost in the midst of all the devils?
that's alright.

she'd rather be a ghost
than be one of them;
heartless
selfish
in the midst of all the stones,
she would be the gem.

and who knows?
maybe one day she'd find a hand to hold;
just like her younger self holds hers.
and back into the war, she'll go.
eyes brighter than the sun,
she'll be right back on the run.

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