

Poetry Series

Maya Hanson
- poems -

Publication Date:
2017

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Maya Hanson(July 25,1998)

A little about me:

My name is Maya Hanson, otherwise known as Mye. I was actually named after Maya Angelou...what a coincidence, I followed in her footsteps and write poetry and stories as well. I am 18 and a freshman in college. I have been writing poetry since about 2nd or 3rd grade (but my older ones on here are not that great) . A lot of my poems are also songs.

I love to write; I'm currently doing a 200 day writing challenge for poetry and I'm also working on some novel ideas called Stealing Summer,10 (Sort Of) Sins I Committed, Falling for Hayley, Over the Edge, Forever Is Too Long, and Into the Unknown.

I used to be a gymnast and I still follow elite gymnastics obsessively. Some of my role models are Aly Raisman, Carly Patterson, Kyla Ross, Bailie Key, Aliya Mustafina, Victoria Moors, Angelina Kysla, Simone Biles, Larisa Iordache, Viktoria Komova, Maggie Nichols, Katelyn Ohashi, and Madison Kocian.

I play the piano and sing in an a cappella choir. I also do duets with my sister.

I am the oldest child in my family. I have one younger sister who is 15 and 3 cats.

Thank you for visiting! ! ! I would love your feedback!

~Maya

2am

it's 2am
and I'm sitting on a barstool
pledging insomnia
from days that really try the soul

you've made me a night owl,
no,
you've made me a vulture,
sucking the life out of my own body

now I drag myself around
kicking paint cans so I don't recognize my heart

because bleeding at night is easier
than bleeding in the sunlight,
so now it's 2am
and I'm sitting on a barstool
while the whole world's asleep
pretending to be not thinking about you.

Maya Hanson

A Dream I Wish I'D Had

My trance is nothing but
A world built on the words you said
A hidden spiral of weakness
held back inside my head

My trance whisks me far away
to a green sky and blue fields
and a dream of us together
a melody I wish was real

Chasing time,
stealing the sun
I'd go back if you were here
A dream I wish I'd had
when you told me I was someone

You are my enemy,
once and for all,
the reason I can't close my eyes
And yet I'm still in a trance
of a dream I wish I'd had
sitting under a soft green sky

Chasing time,
stealing the sun
I'd go back if you were here
A dream I wish I'd had
when you told me I was someone

The blood in our blood promise
was a wish I never made
But I hide away and
love you
with a heart you'll never take

Chasing time,
stealing the sun
I'd go back if you were here
A dream I wish I'd had

when you told me I was someone

My trance is nothing but
A world built on the words you said
A hidden spiral of weakness
held back inside my head

Maya Hanson

A House Is Not A Home

I always miss you more when
I invite you back in,
when you pass through the doors behind my eyelids.

You're an unwanted houseguest...
I accidentally called you
drunk on a Saturday night,
you've taken up all the couch space
and you just won't leave.

I don't think about
spending my entire life savings
on one glance into your eyes, your mind
until I unconsciously lean on your doorbell for too long.

Your heartfelt apology answers the door,
halfheartedly, in an old nightgown
It doesn't need to impress me,
it's done that many times over
before I learned it was just an afterthought you built
to keep me around, hold me at arm's length
and let me fall to the concrete when I'm too heavy to hold.

It doesn't reciprocate, it doesn't invite me in
I tell it I didn't mean to include you
on the invitation I sent out inviting the world to my bedroom
where all I can do is try to escort you out the door behind my eyelids
But apparently I did.

You're stubborn, you want all the information
but you don't want to waste the few minutes
so you don't show up,
send spies to make sure I still open the door for you
Don't want to waste the few minutes it takes to walk down the street that would
draw out too many flashbacks,
don't want to waste a little courtesy on me,
I've never been invited back to your house.

Despite that fact I let you in

I echo my past mistakes
by letting your memory in

When I shut my eyes
The door's braced with the chairs I built
staying up all night trying to find wood to sacrifice to your flame,
keep it from burning everything that matters to me
But you still somehow manage to pick the lock

I invite you too many times a moment
into my living room, my table,
you clean me out of saltines and sanity
but I won't let you through the door to my bed
there's too many memories there
you've left a towering pile of dust on the carpet

And still your ghost haunts the house in my head
You won't leave
You think you belong here
But a house is not a home.

Maya Hanson

A Little Less Lost

Some lovers' hearts break
some bend, some bruise
But we've still got
nothing left to lose
and I don't have the words
in this heart to tell you
that here I feel a little less lost in this place

The whole world is watching
this endless give and take
Pass up empty promises
and linger for heaven's sake
I never dream about you
except when I'm awake
and here I feel a little less lost in this place

I can't stand straight, bodies
made of ashes blow away
I tried to warn you
these humans can't stay
and if I had no heart
that stays beating I could say
love, here I feel a little less lost in this place

Lullabies, a fireside can't
keep me here for long
But moments that don't matter
string me so far along
I've got a wish that someday
I might whisper you this song
that here I feel a little less lost in this place

Some lovers' hearts break
some bend, some bruise
But we've still got
nothing left to lose
and I don't have the words
in this heart to tell you
that here I feel a little less lost in this place

Maya Hanson

A Poem...

A poem.
Unwritten on a page,
Waiting for someone to make it
Something incredible,
Something that exists.

Then the pencil drifted to the page...

A poem.
Waiting in the dress up box in the attic
For a child to find it
And read it
And dream,
Make it come alive.

Then the wind blew...

A poem.
Landing on a row of lockers
As if it had a parachute,
Waiting for one girl,
with her back to everyone else,
To find it
And read it
And not feel alone.

Then the wind blew...

A poem.
Lying on the streets of Paris
Waiting for a young couple to find it
And read it
And let it change their lives...
Their love.

Then the wind blew...

A poem.
Waiting in the wings

Of a stage performance
To greet whoever happens upon it
And grant them good luck.

Then the wind blew...

A poem.
Left in a café in London
Waiting for an impeccably dressed businesswoman
To find it
And read it
And make it the bright point in her day.

Then the wind blew...

A poem.
Landing on the lap
Of an old man, sitting by the sea
Waiting to be opened
And touched again.

Then the wind blew...

A poem.
Blown in the wind
On a journey all its own
And carried right back to where it began,
Back to the same empty piece of paper.

Then the wind blew...

Maya Hanson

A Touch Of Infinity

Wings on air
in the misty morning
a tiny
fluttering
reaches my ears

Eyes fixed
on a cloudy sky
The sun plays with me,
in and out of the trees

A soft rustle-
I turn over
my shoulder

A piece of
the forest,
small and fragile

The fawn blinks,
takes a step,
another,
tilts her head
and smiles.

I swear she smiles.

She flicks one ear
at me
in greeting,
in farewell,
in a simple infinity,
turns her head
and bounds away.

Wild,
it leaves me breathless
a touch of infinity
can't look back

Maya Hanson

Afraid Again

Lately I'd rather be crazy
than turning in circles
at the top of a lighthouse
that won't let me see anything

I'm free and captured,
broken and saved,
I gifted you with forever
before I saw the horizon
covered in flames and flashes

I'm conscious and asleep,
reviving something that's
been alive inside me all this time

Maybe I was wishing then
running from myself
but in my mind the sparks
were not just dangerous, but beautiful

Now the fire that spills from your eyes
is just ashes,
I can spill away all the slumbering sorrow
and conjure up its end

Maybe I'm thinking
of a way to go
back to love

but then there's wind and earth and always fire
and I'm afraid of you again.

Maya Hanson

After That

One of us was innocent.
It was the only thing
I knew

Closing in
you choke
me

My stomach
falls, leaving
dust behind

A crash in the
sky, it lights
as fast as fire

And you don't smile.

This confuses me.
My mind muddled
in a million memories,
I'm buried deep
And I remember
you smiling.

Aren't you supposed to smile?

But you leave my
questions unanswered
I'm falling
flailing
flying through a mist

Where you linger
ever longer,
we're even stronger
than before

But a tiger with its back to me

was suddenly transformed
It turned around
claws outstretched
Ready to snatch my soul
Snarling a reality
straight into my face

Without any warning
the monster appeared
I tell myself
I should have known...

A Venus flytrap
Enticing me
Turned on me at the
last moment

A flower, faking its rainbow
finally faded to
crackling coals
Needless to say
They don't keep me warm
anymore.

I grew up fast.
After that.

Maya Hanson

Afternoons In August

I crack the window,
inhale and emerge into stillness,
surrounded by sweat and tired cicadas

We take comfort in the concrete
roughing up our heels
as we sprint past sweet nostalgia
in the middle of the summer haze

When the sun melts away all the oxygen
the world is asleep
but weeks trickle by, oblivious
There's something freeing about
being frozen in time in the summer

We taste the carefree paralysis
when hot air decides to fade and
silence all the spheres
Then suddenly we're breathing the rain
Our voices echo in the steam and storms

We sink in and out of consciousness
along with the longest days,
seeming small again
in the face of the season that wraps me in warmth
when I slip out the screen door

Afternoons filled with spice and summer,
leaning on the one who makes me whole.

Maya Hanson

Again

Moment captured
light fades
I won't come here again

Apologies
times a million
it won't happen again

Flying up
crashing down
lifting my head up again

Slow motion
move closer
call me beautiful again...

Maya Hanson

Airplane Lies

From thirty thousand feet
I'm contemplating what
I probably shouldn't be
wrapped in airplane lies

I'm drawn up by a cord
hung up by your window glass
Confident and over you...as
my lips frame your name again

It's not like I mean to follow you,
it just happens all the time
When I turn a corner in this flight
your sweet sound hangs from clouds

Somehow as my lungs elevate
I pull more of your echoes
from my solemn company
so many miles in the air

I'm stiff with overthinking
and I'm looking for a reason
for something else to settle
instead of airplane lies

Maya Hanson

Alive In Autumn

I wrap myself in a new fresh air cocoon
and sigh desperately content for
another breeze coming, now now...now,
just like always, I know
but it seems like I've missed it more than usual this year

I've gotten used to the burning wind rushing up my back
but I can't stand it

I wrap myself in the friendly hum
of these creatures, they walk so lightly
I can tell they love the same things I do

I don't need any other energy
than the charm that crowns my head
when I shake the tops of trees
and all the colors fall down

It's like a sugar rush,
coming back here
it fits like a glove
on our wanders through the spiraling paths
that have almost disappeared
for the leaves setting my ground on fire

why's it called fall when I walk so high?

Maya Hanson

All My Days With You

We spent all our days
Questioning reality
Defying stereotypes
Leaving true love in the dust...
cause we had more

But we lost it so suddenly
Out with a bang, like a firework
and of course, no one ever takes the blame
for lost or stolen items
lost or stolen love

Can't you see I was happy then
and then that joy was torn apart
But there by the ocean
lying beside you...
it seemed like we got it back
It made me think of those sweet summers
And all my days with you

Playing out our lies
like they were a movie
Fighting behind the curtain, then
pretending nothing was wrong
Running to the stage crying hidden tears

Opening night
seemed like everything was perfect
A glass case spread between us
and the world
Showing off the alleged perfection

Can't you see I was happy then
and then that joy was torn apart
But there by the ocean
lying beside you...
it seemed like we got it back
It made me think of those sweet summers
And all my days with you

Running without a purpose
trying to find what we used to have
But even sprinting I'm going nowhere
The sand kicks out behind me,
but I'm standing still

If I could only find that love again
Way down deep inside me, I would take
you home and I don't want to leave
This place where the memories are stored
there by the ocean

Can't you see I was happy then
and then that joy was torn apart
But there by the ocean
lying beside you...
it seemed like we got it back
It made me think of those sweet summers
And all my days with you

Maya Hanson

All Night

A swipe of her lipstick
is all that I need
when the lights dim

A flash of her finger
is all that I need
to keep me singing

I stop suddenly
a shiver runs through me
smoke in my veins
chokes me

She keeps me up all night
I don't know if this is right
She keeps me up all night
I feel a fire burn, ignite

Running
away from the smoke inside me
Running
away from the fear that can't find me
Laughing
so much with her it hurts
And even now
the fire inside me still burns

She keeps me up all night
I don't know if this is right
She keeps me up all night
I feel a fire burn, ignite

I'm on a wheel that keeps on turning
And it turns and it turns
Till I don't know where I am
And it turns and it turns
Till I don't know who I am anymore

In the dark

the flash glows brighter
the moon glints off
the twilight snow

In the dark
she's flying higher
above the clouds
until I can't see her

She lights a fire
under my feet
she walks away
without dousing it

But she can't help it
she doesn't know
the fire that burns
my breath starts and slows

She keeps me up all night

Maya Hanson

All Of The Stars

She's a whisper

across the music,

she's a twist

in the wind

She's one of them

She's one of those

I'll search my mind

to keep thoughts from

fleeing to her

She is all of the stars

that I cannot see

She is

the light

she's the only one for me...

She is

A galaxy

can't tell you how I'm stumblin'

A black hole,

come closer and she pulls you in

It's a dance

I know the moves

like the back of her hand

the curve of her face

the dip of her neck

It's a dance

I take a step closer

and my back arches,

a magnet

toward the center of the

storm

She is all of the stars
that I cannot see
She is
the light
she's the only one for me...

She is
A galaxy
can't tell you how I'm stumblin'
A black hole,
come closer and she pulls you in

The music fills my ears
a smile in her eyes
a pain in her laugh
and I pull her to me
and my step closer
is just a dream...
I'm already here

She is all of the stars

that I cannot see

She is

the light

she's the only one for me...

Maya Hanson

Always Wondered

I always wondered what this would be like,
shining words like a light on your skin
Throwing away verses till the rain comes down
and pins us to the silent walls again

I always wondered how I would stand on my tiptoes
and send you a lightning bolt in the dark
Cashing in years of writing things I don't know
for the home I've found in you, making its mark

I always wondered why I couldn't build towers,
standing here it's all worth shattered pride
I stopped wishing when I found you and now
free falling is easy when you stand by my side

I always wondered how heartache was sweet,
I can't pour out enough music to say
It's not only bitter, it's a million gathered moments
that I still won't give back, even now you've turned away

I always wondered what this would be like
if I had a chance to go back in time
I would choose to break so many times again
just to write, for a moment, that you were mine

Maya Hanson

Amber Burn

How many lies have I built?
I'll splinter them with these words killing me,
consume them with this fire-breath love

When I burn with this much fierce
all the colors I've ever seen
are shades of blue hallucination

It feels so real
when I explode like a dam, like
I thought I could sob out this love-
Fool.

I know I always mix crying
with this fire that aches in my chest
and that's why it glows like a skylight.

Put your wings up so I can share them
and give this choking flame a different voice,
from stabbing blue obsession to an amber glow

I'll stare at the ground,
I won't miss you with saltwater
I'll offer up my candlelight

I've never wanted someone to
hurt and be happy so much.

Now I'm through with blue fire...
let the amber burn.

Maya Hanson

Amber's House

Carry me back to
Amber's house
That story long ago
Maybe I was different then
Maybe I'm different now

Who would have thought
that child out there
Would have grown up so fast
Would have forgotten this whole past

But I'm reminded when I'm close to
Amber's house

Down the street
running through neighbor's yards
We're exploding with feeling
just starting our lives

Golden Amber sprints beside us
we scratch behind her ears
As children we always wondered
why don't things ever last

I remember
I sighed
I stood in front of
Amber's house

Come September
I cried
I stood in front of
Amber's house

I can't shake the feeling
that if I go back there now
The magic will have left
Oh, Amber
why did it have to go

I remember
Snow shined on Amber's roof
as winter came and went

With spring came the pear trees
spreading their scent
dropping their blossoms
onto Amber's house

Summer brought the sun,
born again into that sky
It cast light once more
on that grass I knew so well

Fall leaves
I couldn't see my path
but the slant of the roof stayed clear
a pile collected at the side of
Amber's house

And again winter fell
Snow returned
I became
Not a child anymore
My memories
Collected in the sight of
Amber's house

And that winter
cast a shadow
It would have to happen soon
Of course
it would happen in the winter
under the waning moon

The only symbol of Amber's house
her canine owner disappeared
Oh, that golden retriever
She wouldn't come again

Amber's family

remained, yet still
Amber's house
had lost its
puppy glow

We grew up, wondering why
these things have to change
We may never know
but we can always dream

Carry me back to
Amber's house
That story long ago
Maybe I was different then
Maybe I'm different now

Maya Hanson

Amputate

The word crumple's a relief
to what I'm feeling now
I want to be close to the ground
Get my head out of the clouds,
pull them down with me

So I'll amputate my legs,
stand on a pedestal made of
my own bad influences
and covered in desires tossed aside

I'll amputate my hands
so I don't have to touch the memories ever again
I don't have to be dared anymore
to dip my fingers in a cool mix
of dangerous medicine

I'll amputate my heart
so I don't have to choke on something as raw as love
so I don't have to tell my blood to boil
whenever you're near
It's a challenge just to keep it from freezing over

But then I'll be out of looks and love and limbs
and I can't sew myself back together
I'd rather crumple and be destroyed
at least then I know I'm capable of standing up again tomorrow.

Maya Hanson

An Objective Point Of View

Call me fractured, call me broken
Call me the handhold you can't quite reach
Call me the buildup, flames to embers
Call me everything or something or nothing
Call me silent, call me scarred
Call me rhythm but please don't touch

Call me something I've never heard,
let me speak in the third person,
my nails are cracking,
my blinks crumbling,
my bones snap like memories,
I am stepping out and leaving this frame behind me,
I don't want to own anything I can't fix.

Maya Hanson

And So I Learned Sunsets Can't Fix Everything

Cool metal on my fingers
but through my eyes this door handle is the swords of an army
and as I enter my blood goes from icy winter to a perfect clean cold,
my boots thunder or tiptoe on the pristine tile.

This is a hospital.
I have to keep reminding myself
this is a hospital,
and I don't want to believe this is where you live
but it is where you exist.

I want so badly to go in
to keep walking
God knows you've faced this better than I ever will
but I am choking on your absence
and I don't know if we will ever stop carrying this weight
if we will ever be the same once you're home.

And no, nothing broke your bones
but that would make it easier to sleep at night
knowing without question you are healing.

And no, no one took a blade to your throat but
you might as well have
I can't speak,
I want to write you a letter
but I don't write in prose
and if I try I know all it will say is
this is just a broken link in your chain
zoom out and you're the silver necklace someone has always wanted to wear
you are blind but we all have to watch as
you try to burn yourself down.

You have always been the perfect elixir when every piece of me is exhausted
but here
you are washing me out
like the walls
like the floor
what do they think, you'll drag colors down your arm like a blade?

And just because the sunset is perfectly orange on the way home
does not mean my head is less tangled or
my heart has stopped boiling into steam-
I could tuck myself into a corner and not know the difference
because when you're here you fill up the air all the way to the ceiling,
all I know is that you are only a seventh of the beating hearts in this house
but now that you're gone I can hear the shadow of its sharp stab to your chest
like the silence could kill me.

People break so easily.

Maya Hanson

Angel

It's just a sliver of angel keeping me in line
I'll say all the things I couldn't before
and the shackles burn
now that I know I have nothing to prove.

I wish I could steal all your time,
pin it on the chances we didn't take today,
I wish I could taste you
in a room we could never leave
so even after we're past the passion I can breathe it in,
I hope you don't think I'm confused and lonely,
I am shuddering in your arms,
I am so happy here.

I wish I could let you in
but only half of you is on the doorstep,
the choice I have made is not to tighten the knot
but I can't
I don't want to untie myself from you.

It's just a rope keeping me from
taking the perfect wrong road I would love so much,
it's just a sliver of angel keeping me from
making my name the only thing you can scream.

Maya Hanson

Anna, Dreaming

She sleeps with her arms
flung above her head
a beautiful rag doll
come to life

She tosses and turns
As the night drags on
She speaks to a friend
no one can see

She's a shadow
cast upon the wall
By the glow of the miniature moon
in the corner

She laughs with her teeth showing,
Loves with her arms open wide.
But I like her best when she's sleeping...
And that is Anna,
dreaming.

She rests on a wooden frame
made of their memories of her,
the hands she's held
and the shoulders she's hugged,
and the people who brush past her on the street
with lives of their own.

She thinks of another home,
with a bright green door
and purple flowers
covering her shoes.

She wishes,
just like anyone,
but she is content
to lie on a wooden frame
with her arms flung above her head.

She laughs with her teeth showing,
Loves with her arms open wide.
But she's most beautiful when she's sleeping...
And that is Anna,
dreaming.

Her light hair
is draped across her face,
shivering in the wind
that is every breath she takes.

Her closed eyes
with their fragile lids
tell me everything
I need to know.

She loves things she knows
and things she doesn't know
and things no one knows
and things that don't exist yet.

She laughs with her teeth showing,
Loves with her arms open wide.
But I wish you could see her sleeping...
And that is Anna,
dreaming.

Maya Hanson

Answer

I don't think you want me to answer,
if I do you will leave me behind,
you have the world to play and I only have one piano.

I can frame what I feel for you with my fists,
love with only half a hand
when you're looking down at me.

I can smoke you like I'll never be sober,
risk it all when I fall apart,
keep half of your serenity.

I can only make your face fall when I answer,
give too much when I'm not enough,
leave you in the sky when I'm standing still.

I could want a road that doesn't end,
I don't know what I want, too heavy
when you're looking down at me.

Maya Hanson

Anywhere

I would sprint into the wind
anywhere
as long as I know you're there
to catch me at the finish line

I would dive off any cliff
to get countless rushes

because my essence
is tangled in an
anywhere
I can't even describe.

I would go anywhere again
with you
because my heartbeat is
always different

and the cities shift
before my eyes
until they don't resemble a world

and two pairs of
green eyes
are always better than one.
I would go anywhere again
with you.

Maya Hanson

Apart, Together

Eight days,
my time has slowed
to a
crawl
waiting for your touch...
apart.

The lonely has built walls around me,
every second I almost let it in
until I remember how I am with you,
I know we need to break for a minute
to bend so perfectly again...
apart.

So I find the top of the hill
to try to find you by the stars
from miles away...
apart.

Drive me wild,
lead me to the crystal,
to the chasms I can't leap
without you there...
together.

You have showed me
how I can shiver,
how this heart can break in bliss...
together.

Time to miss you like melting
and still love the candlelight,
miss you like a fury
and keep finding my footprints,
miss you like a shotgun
and learn how I don't fall apart,
time to shut the door for a moment,
see if it opens back up...
together.

Maya Hanson

Apple Cider

Lift me up
like a stolen candle
Drink me down
like apple cider
Only you will ever know
where I come from

Name me once
like you're never leaving
Speak my shudders
like it's all the moonlight
you'd ever want
make me yours again

Lift me up
like a wanted secret
Drink me down
like sea salt charm
Only you will ever know
where I come from

Turn your magic on,
speed up the wind
till it can keep up with your dreams
I'll fill you up when it freezes

Lift me up
like I'm whole again
Drink me down
like apple cider
Only you will ever know
where I come from

Maya Hanson

Ask Me Why

Ask me why this is real
Take your hands out of your pockets
Lift them to the morning sun
so you can soak up the
sliding blue tectonics on the horizon.

Ask me why I swear
the moon sings to me
She's gentle, I love her
more than you'll ever know but
she brings with her nights where
I can't shake the loneliness off my back.

Ask me why it's so warm in November
maybe it has something to do with
how you rip the world wide open
with a hint of a smile
I'm burned to my core in your arms
but still not longing for winter.

Ask me how one life is
too much and never enough
We all go up in mist
like smoking cannonballs or quiet steam
but only we can choose what to be.

Ask me why I'm shaking so much
I have a top-line memory
but it's all recorded in your voice
and once your voice is gone
what will that mean for me?

Maya Hanson

Atmosphere

All the negative space around you
turns into positive space,
all the particles charged and
in the face of this bottled up explosion I'm breathing in
I have to get out of your atmosphere.

But I'm rooted,
you get me,
you can translate these pages
better than I can
but you don't get to go down in flames
when the pressure's building.
I will smoke you out.

This inverted world
tipped back upright,
glued together with more than sealed lips and feathers
like you know how to walk when I can't
This inverted world
tipped back upright,
spilled out of your mouth
every time you fly up behind me.

Here I am reliving all these moments,
here I am not telling you
you can translate these pages
better than I can
so you don't get to break the glass,
I can't get out of your atmosphere,
we will ignite or
we will smolder
and even then they can use our ashes.

Maya Hanson

Audacity

Sometimes I have the audacity
to be a liar with a little bit of honesty
Sometimes I take what you give me
and hide it away

Secrets shouldn't be this easy to keep
Alone spills from my suffocation
but I pull apart knots, try to believe
in this everything

Sometimes I have the audacity
to be tangled and a little bit lonely
Sometimes I whisper beginnings
to keep you on my side

I'll pour the ocean in your cup
Safe has never been what I want to be
Every day is a victory, a battle
and I stand straight to face it

Sometimes I have the audacity
to be passionate and a little bit crazy
Sometimes I grab the steering wheel
and yank it off the road

Maya Hanson

Back To The Beginning

I see your eyes
I match your grin
I see your thoughts
not just your skin,
I go back to
the beginning of you.

I look on, helpless
as you start to fall
Never, never, have I
felt so small
I can't fix things, I
can't go back.

All I did was go
back to the beginning.

Your angry eyes
directed at me
You kept secrets hidden,
secrets only you could see
I hang my head in guilt
I don't want your soul to shred.

All I did was go
back to the beginning.

You plead with me
just one more time
My heart is crossed
the stars align
but only in my dreams exists
a place that's beautiful.

I live in fear
behind a cloud
I keep going,
alone in my silver shroud
I wish I'd never gone

back to the beginning.

I leave you hanging
merciless me
If a love exists
don't let me see
I couldn't take
drawing you in again.

Your eyes haunt me
yellow and clear
I take one look
and know that I'm here
and you're just a creature
that I can't control
never
never
never at all...

But in summer you shift
someone I can love
A tangle of limbs
a sign from above
that once I went
back to the beginning
and it let you
know me
trust me
love me.

Maya Hanson

Backwards

Over the river
you're laughing
I can hear it,
the sounds of starting again
I can hear it,
the shards of a broken mirror
I can hear it,
the forever that was lost
I can
miss yesterday

I'm the only one
who can tell you
how it feels
I'm the only one who
misses yesterday

Why don't you
I don't know why
Didn't you ever
Feel the forever
Didn't you ever
want that perfect mirror to last

I don't know why
I want to kick myself
I want to break out in tears
I want to run up the stairs
I want to run back down
I want to trace the whole world
Back to its beginnings
I want to say your name backwards
Laugh backwards
Love backwards
Live backwards
for the rest of time

I don't know why
I want to love you like you once loved me

I want to conquer the world
I want to apologize again
I want to do all the things
I should have done...

Backwards
it's the only way to live
No decisions,
only facts
Watching them unfold
retracing the past

Animals descend the ark backwards
Clouds are once again filled with rain
I unwrite this story
words pulled back into my pen
And no one has ever read it
or ever will again

Maya Hanson

Bad Habits

I keep showing up on
your doorstep when you're
not home

I try to thread our web of
memories through a
needle that's too small

I keep gazing
through gaps in the
cape you've thrown over
your shoulders so I
can't touch you again

I laugh so
often but I can't see
myself crying for anything
but you

I try to redraw our fading
photograph on so many different
kinds of paper until
my fingers are raw and
bleeding

I wake at the
exact minutes I remember
something happening, like
11: 19.05, the almost magic in the
water that night

I almost hold your
flaws higher than
your perfections, but then
I can't remember either of
them, just the
way you looked
at me

I keep
forgetting that
your address has changed when I
want to send
you letters and
spoonfuls of time

I nurse my bad
habits because I
don't know how
to give them away

I keep
forgetting that
you don't own me anymore

Maya Hanson

Bang

Every day is a
new hill to climb.

My breath is a hurricane
building pressure in my ears
as I trudge up the slope.

That cop's watching me.
I don't know his name but
I know his story, same as all the others.
Blue eyes, ruddy face,
skin pale as the clouds,
claims he's colorblind
but curses my black brothers crushed on the concrete,
dry gray pebbles spilling into their mouths.

I stride toward him to get to my car,
the exhaustion weighing on my face
and probably making me look like
not exactly the most pleasant guy ever.

Well, at least I haven't
been shot yet.

BANG.

I hear it paired with the sight
of the cop's hidden twenty-two.

The bullet races at the speed of thought
it's too fast too fast too fast
my heart pounds
to catch up with it
sweat trickles down my arms
as I bolt.

The bullet sears fire along my side, I'm
smacking the ground like a train wreck,
eyes going black,

disconnected from the world I wish for
that is just
and fair
and colorblind
and doesn't pull a gun
on any black kid
walking out of church.

Maya Hanson

Beautiful Mess

When I can't find a heartbeat
deep inside your chest
When I can't find a life
in this beautiful mess
I scribble words on paper
and hope they make sense.

I know, I know
nobody else
is this tied up inside
each and every
minute of every
hour of every
day.

I hide inside
a corner of the
twisted file cabinet that is my mind,
scribbling,
agonizing,
tossing paper birds out windows
and still I can't reach you.

It's a maze of
cheerful little white lies
to get her out of trouble,
hoping the next day
she'll love me more.

It's an endless cycle of
squeezing my fist
so hard it hurts,
hoping that somewhere
there will be a light
around the corner.

It's a life of my
fake photographer smile,
each and every

minute of every
hour of every
day.

I panic in the corner of the
twisted file cabinet that is my mind,
scribble a simple phrase,
toss the last paper bird out my window
and wish wish wish.

A paper bird
Touches lightly on your window glass,
floats softly down to the sill
and I hold my breath
as you let it in.
Green eyes skim the paper,
a simple four words.
Hidden behind the curtain
in a shadow of anticipation
you catch my eye
and somehow, finally
I reach you.

But still,
once in a while
I can't find a heartbeat
deep inside your chest
and I can't find a life
in this beautiful mess
so I scribble words on paper
and hope they make sense.

Maya Hanson

Beautifully Confusing

The light, elusive rhythm
of a long time coming
dancing through every word
a million pieces with no name

No cross in the sand,
no reminder I was here
just a world unraveling
a coffee cup left on the counter

But once a planet's thrown in orbit
and catches the sun
the site of an internal war
sheds broken shards of glass and

It's beautifully confusing,
tossing stardust through your dreams
seeing the world through
connected kaleidoscopes

Maya Hanson

Because I Never Jump First

A little less than
half the spotlight
on the side of my face
as I stand in the limelight
next to you

And I know I should be smiling
as the crowd stands on its toes
to get a good look
at what might be

But I'm always
less than half
of the limelight

And if I steal
all the glory
then maybe you'll see
And I can't write this story
Without writing about you

And if you
Can't understand me
well, that's all right
Maybe I'll
come back
to your light

But I know
I'll always stay right
where I am

I look back
quickly,
silently
trying to keep the dust from settling
Because once the dust's gone
there's nothing to prove I exist

I step back
softly,
silently
because heaven knows
it's never a perfect landing

And if I steal
all the glory
then maybe you'll see
And I can't write this story
Without writing about you

And if you
Can't understand me
well, that's all right
Maybe I'll
come back
to your light

But I know
I'll always stay right
where I am

And you're still the one
who jumps first
You're the one
who tumbles backwards
without flinching
You're the one
who laughs
as the world stands at her feet

and it's all because
I never jump first.

Maya Hanson

Beginnings/Endings

I watched the sunrise in your eyes
it's better than what's in the skies
and now I can't help but think of you when I see beginnings.

Erratic is a heartbeat and it can be sane
but I'm falling apart, I'm always insane
and after sunrises fade this chaos fires the missile at you.

I'll kick and sigh and I'll rob you blind
Stay free falling and I've lost my mind
and now I can't take an earthquake, live another day without you.

Break down heaven's gate, slow down time
I won't notice an apocalypse if you give me a rhyme
I fall from your fingers and don't notice the strings pull through.

I watched the sunset in your arms
made memories that kept me warm
but now I can't help but think of you when I see endings.

Maya Hanson

Being Unwanted Feels Like Kneeling At The Feet Of The World Kneeling At His Feet

I
want as much
charisma as you
have in the tip
of your pinky
finger

maybe
then I'd be
enough

Maya Hanson

Believe

A twist of torture,
a song to believe
A rhythm of memories
all drenched in you

Can't tear away the kisses
from what they used to be
Can't walk in a straight line
but I used to come close

Dear city lights, dear conversations
I can't settle for growing up
Dear passersby, dear midnights
Can letting go make you believe?

Enduring every silence as if
it really speaks louder than words
Hitting every beat as if
harmony could glue us together

I can't keep myself
and still keep you
so I file away your embrace
and sleep for a while

Dear city lights, dear conversations
I can't settle for growing up
Dear passersby, dear midnights
Can letting go make you believe?

My pride
dangles
from a lion's mouth

A truth seeker
who doesn't
want to know
what she feels

And after all this time
a rhythm of memories
all drenched in you

Is it so
unbelievable
that someone could
love me?

Dear city lights, dear conversations
I can't settle for growing up
Dear passersby, dear midnights
Can letting go make you believe?

Maya Hanson

Better Ending

For centuries after you left me
I left shoes and a sigh on the stairs
and every time I turn around
I'm still seeing you

From gardens to sidewalks to cities
your face is everywhere
and before I turn, in the corner of my eye
I swear I can see you smile

If my life is a book left unwritten
it's you who's holding the pen
If what we had was a broken mantra
I'm still singing it in my head

I'm trying to write something my own
but clichés keep slipping out...
there's a reason for all those songs,
love is a light in the storm

For centuries after you left me
I kept wishing you'd come back around
because all the things we saw
don't hold the same glitter without you

I know if I shout you'll still be here
We can laugh and say the same words
I can follow you wherever you wander
but it's not the same anymore

You tease me but lift her on your shoulders
and it's even hard to hate her
It would be easier if I could be bitter
but I care enough to want her for you
I want you for her too, oh God how I miss us
the ease and the nights and shy smiles
And if you even give her half of what you gave me
it's magic and mist and she'll fall too

It would be easier if I could be bitter
I know it wouldn't hurt this much
but I've been with you and
I've laughed with her

and I still still still love you both,
miss you more than you miss me
and all I can do with this heartbreak
is wish her a better ending.

Maya Hanson

Better One

Messing with destiny, time standing still
Delirious with laughter and the next thing you know
we've both done things we shouldn't have

Shouldn't I know
it would have to end
and after late nights and stargazing,
secrets and comebacks
the best part is over

But you're an expert,
I'm a fool
and as I'm counting the currency
of everything we've done

There's always a better one
She walks in and we're reduced
a rainstorm instead of a hurricane

I raise up a white flag,
push my gold to the edge
Shouldn't I know something
so beautiful
would burn so brightly at its end

Maya Hanson

Better Words

I have read much better words
than the ones I can spill from my head.

I want half the spark of all these old souls,
the sentences I have loved enough
to store in boxes or scribble down.

I try to steal a sliver of them
but every time I'm done I know I could do better
and still you will worship these words like you shouldn't.

I have written much better words
than I am worth.

I could pay off my debts with all this poetry
but then I would be empty
and I don't know what else I have to spend on you.

I have half a mind to turn off the flow and talk
but I want to keep knowing you like language.

I hope to never make you love this
as much as your favorite song,
or when my pen stops breathing
I will leave you bruised.

But I am not a waterfall,
I feel like a spring,
there is no end to the rush the words the life
every time you touch me.

Maya Hanson

Bitterly

Bitterly,
I walk away from a crying place
Where everyone seems uncertain
About where to go from here
Head down,
I wait without talking to her
It seems we're in different worlds
And maybe we are
But I hide who I really am
Bitterly,
I pray that this won't repeat
Nothing is what it seems, life lesson
Bitterly,
I walk away from a crying place
Where everyone seems uncertain
About where to go from here
Bitterly,
I walk away from a crying place
Where everyone seems uncertain
About where to go from here
Bitterly,
I walk away from a crying place
Where everyone seems uncertain
About who I am

Maya Hanson

Blame It

Blame it on the twilight,
blame it on the tears
I wouldn't have come
if your heart had been whole

Blame it on the drumbeats,
on dancing and warm water
Can't decide if I'm delirious
or it's just the spinning stars

Blame it on the night,
blame it on the strangers
This wasn't me yesterday
But after all, maybe
this is who I'm meant to be

Blame it on chemistry,
blame it on yourself
You're just another human and
I can't explain it but
there's no one else who can
make me feel this way.

Maya Hanson

Bliss

I want to run like I'll never reach the ending
I want to dive like I'll never touch the deep
I want to grow everything I ever lay my hands on
I want to breathe in afternoons spent asleep

I want to memorize the patterns that she traces
I want to know us like I've never known before
I want to laugh my whole life like this moment
I want to say I'm not scared anymore

I want to hold every footprint, every shadow
I want to mess with fate until I'm sure
I want to measure the minutes in her pocket
I want to drink her in like every cure

I want to end every day like when I'm with her
I want to swallow all the heavy torture bliss
I want to wrap up all the heartbeats when I kiss her
I want to finish every melody like this

Maya Hanson

Blush

You are a trigger, push me to move
but I am stuck behind the window of a motionless train
I don't know how long I watch the cars pass
and it feels like crying.

I have always traveled alone-
I love the open road, pebbles beneath my feet,
how I can sing with no shame to a heartbeat rhythm
more than someone to walk with.

But now you have tinted all the streets
and I can't get past the color
I still want to go far alone
but I want to climb high with you.

For a while I have loved your shadow,
I have learned not even you can make sad look pretty
so I drag these compliments down your arm
like the caress of paper glass.

I want to make you blush this skyline
and paint it on so it never leaves.

I want to make you blush a beginning
and keep the end out of sight for as long as we can.

I want to make you blush like I have
when I can't get you out of my head.

I want to make you blush the ocean
and pour it into my cup to keep for later.

Maya Hanson

Break Like A

Break like a fever,
never believe her,
sweet tongues and shivers,
swear to the sea

Break like the ocean,
set in slow motion,
pour me love potion,
arms around me

Break like a heartbeat,
addicted to bittersweet,
awake till our paths meet,
wish I couldn't see

Break like a new day,
echo what I say,
don't bet on yesterday,
go ahead and leave

Break like a bone would,
pain tears it's so good,
don't do what we should,
explode just like me

Break like a spotlight,
daydream at midnight,
kiss and kill out of spite,
I need something to scream

Break like a knife blade,
I'll torch what you made,
disarm you as the lights fade,
what do you mean

Break like you broke me,
leave her as lonely,
kiss me to turn on me,
what do you need

Maya Hanson

Break The Rules

Call me crazy, I'll be as insane as you let me,
I'm a hotwired leap to the edge, just not moving yet
and you can't hold me back with any chain

Most of us just push the limits
Most of us just break the rules
Most of us feel just as right as wrong

It's why we trip on our own feet,
why I walk on ceilings to make you mine
and look for a home in your eyes

We take speed limits as strides on the small end
We're talking crazy but I don't mind insanity
I just hope you find your keys before we unlock the world

Most of us just break the rules,
now I sit here with a fistful of dreams,
I hope you find me before I have to set them free.

Maya Hanson

Breakfast

I think
if I gave you the book of me
you would treat me differently
you wouldn't do a lot of the things you do now
like talk at me over breakfast
about the girl I should ask about but don't want to know

Shut the doors as an afterthought
without even thinking
how dark you'll make this room,
I don't have night vision yet

Give me the world in the palm of your hand
but you give everyone the world,
you can make so many worlds fit in a smile or a teardrop
This is your universe after all
I realize over breakfast
isn't that just the hardest pain to grasp?

Maya Hanson

Breathe

Will I remember to breathe when you're here,
when you're gone?

I forget,
I remember,
I exhale a hurricane and leave steam on your skin.

I learn loss when the doors are closed,
I set sail at all the wrong times.

I am too human,
I leave a mark wherever I go,
it is not always a good one.

We all want to leave postcards, silhouettes, golden
but mine always turn gray and crumble to dust.
I want to leave color,
flood these hours with more than minutes.

I want to leave fingerprints
so you know I was here.
But this might be a crime scene,
if it is I will take all the blame
I hope if it is the blood runs beautiful.

Will I remember to breathe when you're here,
when you're gone?
Maybe it doesn't matter.

Maya Hanson

Breathe Me Something Beautiful

Exhale and I'll inhale
something I've never seen
but always wanted to,
this life I wish was lasting.

Breathe me something beautiful.

Maybe this can make up for
all the lies we've spun like fools
pretending not to notice
each other burning down
in all the silver spider silk

Soon we'll be wrapped up,
set on fire
but no matter,
this silk wraps my fingers like lace
If I was going to choose a way to go
it would be like this,
with you
surrounded by beauty.

I've run in so many circles
waiting for you
Maybe this can make up for
all the sunsets we've missed.

So as we slip from this silk so fast
as we
exhale
inhale
Breathe me something beautiful.

Maya Hanson

Broken Crayons

We are all
broken crayons,
painting the sky wide open,
whisking together a spectrum
made of chaos

We match each other's heartbeats,
combine differently with each new minute,
sinking our souls into whatever they want...
sky blue and yellow
spill out laughs for their elation,
black melts down
with heartbreak or despair

We settle along blank paper,
find our homes in swirls of color
and make the music and the madness come alive

but inevitably
we break open,
leaving trails of shavings,
of being lovers and fools

And the way we spend our hues
with devastation, contemplation
even on days we wake up crying
we still linger on the page

We aren't whole
but we know we aren't alone

We sleep side by side,
dreaming of tomorrow,
when this magic will light up their eyes again.

Maya Hanson

Broken Words

All that falls from my mouth
spills from my pen
are lonely, disappointed murmurs
and echoes of broken love

And when I try to coax laughter
from these broken lips
they crumble from exertion
and let loose a sigh instead

And when I try to frame moments
in these broken stars
they end up slipping from my mind
in an avalanche of broken promises

And when I feel it
once in a lifetime, just for a moment,
I'm high on the world, you and me
can't waste time now pulling words
from this broken mind

"Write happy," they said.

Well, here's your happy.

I've spelled it out
on this page for you
in broken words.

Maya Hanson

Burned

You claim you felt a
spark. Maybe it was
just the fire in my
hands, directed at you.

You said I touched you
first. Maybe it was
just to get away from
the cold
isolation sizzling under my skin.

My head is oxygen
For a fiery sea storm
all day and all night
maybe it's a warning
sign, but
I'm hurling faster faster faster
into a universe never found.

And then when you
tried to kiss me
Believe me, darling
we were better off friends.

Your heat
warms me
and warns me
at once.

Your smile
controls me
I can't be
controlled.

My fear
takes over
a beautiful
sun
on a beautiful

day
in a beautiful
world.

You're a magnet
it's dangerous to
resist
the pull.

I'm being
swallowed
smoked
burned
by this
nonexistent
spark
raging into an
invisible
flame.

Someone
help m-

Maya Hanson

Bury Me

A glance
a deadly sword
made to slip
through your eyes

An overwhelming urge to
Bury me
Beneath the storming skies

It's me
it's you
I'd give anything to
see it through

It's you
it's me
The deadly sword twists in my
soul
set me free

I'm not the only one dying
I see it in your eyes
Years of the impossible
I materialize in your mind

But I'm not the only one alive
Your eyes burn with love's strong heat
My eyes sting with a lost life
When you bury me beneath

Dying words
Spoken alive
I think you're beautiful
Why didn't I ever catch your eye

So many hours
watching you from behind
So many days
admiring your waves

from the shore

At last I'm noticed
Beneath a cascade of earth
At last the ray of
peace
collides with
me

I'm not the only one dying
I see it in your eyes
Years of the impossible
I materialize in your mind

But I'm not the only one alive
Your eyes burn with love's strong heat
My eyes sting with a lost life
When you bury me beneath

My heart lifts
Finally freed from my chains, eternal
Bliss

Bury me alive,
at least it's not you who dies
If I could decide
I swear you'll never die

But you're a tortured soul
you can't control
the fire that finds you here

A glance
a deadly sword
made to slip
through your eyes

Hope it doesn't
slice through my
fingers on the way

I'm not the only one dying

I see it in your eyes
Years of the impossible
I materialize in your mind

But I'm not the only one alive
Your eyes burn with love's strong heat
My eyes sting with a lost life
When you bury me

Maya Hanson

Can Art Forget?

can art forget?
when I hold this page
in my slippery hands
does it lose the muscle memory?

when I spill into fragments
and give them a throne
do they remember to hold the scepter
or will you hear the clatter when I'm gone?

I will lose what I said years ago
unless I save it,
chocolate under my tongue,
unless breezes don't blow away these words
and you stay right here with your head in my lap
and I keep scribbling these maybes.

maybe my bones will remember the feeling
that for a moment could make this art.
can art forget?

I want to map you on my shoulders
in pastel or neon,
I know even if I do it will fade
but if I etch you into everything I leave behind
can art remember?

Maya Hanson

Cancer

Sometimes I relate too much
to the month I was born.

It's taken too much of me
The end of summer sends
streaks of fire through my soul
and the backs of my eyelids sting with July

Cancer, creak my fingers
as I struggle to make my pen feel
anything other than rage.

Cancer, shout my bones
and I'm cut to half my size
as they snap and make dust
I can't build into bridges.

Cancer, shrieks my heart
as it pounds too hard for
people who don't deserve it,
as it shrinks, weak, whispers for
people who would give me the world.

I spread like a fever,
I spread like a cancer,
burning holes of the summer's smoke through their pristine hearts.

Maya Hanson

Can'T Stop Now

Vanilla tulips
I hum softly
Wind in my hair
But can't stop, can't stop now
Crack of branches
Soft steps coming closer
Clouds in the distance
One for me, one for you
But won't come, won't come today
So hold out till tomorrow

Your breathing, so soft
So vulnerable
Hang on to a wish
You made yesterday
But won't end, won't end now
At peace with everything

Chill runs through me
Close my eyes
Glad for this diamond desert
This fantasy, right here, right now
But the fortune-teller's misled
Cheerful, friendly, but misled
My head must weigh an eternity
More than words can describe
Only thoughts and dreams
And wishes
Can describe
Vanilla tulips
Come again
I hum softer now
Wind, that same wind in my hair
But can't stop, can't stop now
Crack of branches
Soft steps coming closer
Clouds in the distance
One for me, one for you
But won't come, won't come today

So hold out till tomorrow

Maya Hanson

Can't You Sing A Line

Woah oh oh
Can't you sing a line
Woah oh oh
You wanna make me smile
Woah oh oh
Can't you sing a line
The whole world is watching

Should I not be
Thinking this
Is that not what you want

Should I not be
Feeling this
But you're obeying
my wishes

Woah oh oh
Can't you sing a line
Woah oh oh
You wanna make me smile
Woah oh oh
Can't you sing a line
The whole world is watching

Should I
Stop
already
and let destiny take its course

No, I'd rather
keep going
And decide it for ourselves...

Woah oh oh
Can't you sing a line
Woah oh oh
You wanna make me smile
Woah oh oh

Can't you sing a line
The whole world is watching

Oh, I'd rather keep going
Destiny isn't its own
to decide
I'm handling it myself,
I'm taking control
Can't you sing a line
to help me

Woah oh oh
Can't you sing a single line
Oh, the whole world is watching
The whole world
is watching

Maya Hanson

Canyon

sirens can't see us here
our legs our lives
dangling off the canyon rim

we sit here at the summit
not knowing where the bruises will bloom when we skydive...
must have left my parachute in your arms for safekeeping
we sit here at the summit
not knowing what colors the pain will paint us this time

we sing from the same song but once it's over
we have nowhere to run
we get lost in the aftermath
it's a maze with no beginning

it is not your jokes that make me laugh
but the way they pound my head
even when you're not here

it is not your tears that make me cry
but the whisper of their memory

this love has never crashed with no comeback
or longed to be something else
this love has never roared
or broken on us like a wave

this love sings like a canyon
and we don't fall until the beat comes back
this love sings like a canyon
and it's the echo that drives us mad

Maya Hanson

Cappuccino

Dusty, slippery, cavalcade
can't bear to hold your hands
Done with all the magic
just catch me if you can

Wide eyes, blank stare
wishes don't run countries
Trip over cappuccinos,
stumble back to these realities

Wonderland was clear today,
dream again, keep hope
Spend pennies and monuments
your mountain fits my slope

But you think my air's too thin
mountains fit better with valleys
Don't slip, don't hide, don't fantasize
I dare to bury all these memories

Warm rivers in my throat mean winter
but I can't shiver alone in this cold
So I drink this cappuccino
like I'll have a warmer day to hold

Maya Hanson

Captivate

I strain against this cage
tell myself it's not all I am
when the weather breaks down our fences, crashes into hope
and always
comes out on top

If distance is nothing but
space in our heads,
then why is it pulling us apart?

Who knows if we're forever
Who knows if we will last
You can captivate me tonight
and after all, that's all I ask

Meetings and silence are
the same thing after all
as we sweep everything under tables
like the dust and the prison bars,
untold stories and intertwined fingers

Speeding forward, catching on
to whatever we're supposed to be
Living in capture, captivated
with this ephemeral timelessness

Who knows if we're forever
Who knows if we will last
You can captivate me tonight
and after all, that's all I ask

Captivated by the stars,
not because they're charming
but because when you're below them
they seem to spark soft eyes and a grin and a thought

And I don't know you but I
can't help but wonder
why such a small miracle

brings you peace

Maya Hanson

Car Trips

So many miles of highway to go
and with such a heavy load,
this perfect space,
my chest painted red,
it will never seem like enough.

I can't write to the beat of this world of stones
but I let go of my voice, tap in such a small space
I can't reach when it sounds like recovery
but there are peaks I can climb up
now that you weigh on me like holes in my pockets

I can't take a blade to this world of stones
but we can get so lost we are found
I thought I saw a halo but the wings were clipped
and I love your gold-tipped edges more than I would if they were flawless
now these are places
I will only go with the windows down

I don't need contact
I can get high on your echo
and the bass from the backseat
I don't need clouds
I can run on your aftertaste
so I have locked my mouth
I never want the flavor to leave again

So many miles of highway to go
and with such a heavy load,
my chest painted red,
it will never seem like enough

With such a heavy load,
my chest painted red,
I sing if I can't keep you no one can

This is how I know how much you mean to me:
I hate car trips
and I never want this one to end.

Maya Hanson

Carbon And Silver (Slam Poetry)

I'm carbon and you're silver.
You'd think we had so many differences
but really we're just on opposite sides of the same chart
that some scientist made a million years ago
and we're really not that different at all.

Sometimes we occupy the same spaces
Sometimes we build the same world
Sometimes we breathe the same air
Sometimes we feel like we're not enough
Sometimes we push away those well-meaning electrons that come near us when
we're crying
Sometimes we fly high enough it feels like we could reach out and touch the sun
Sometimes we feel like our sentences are fireworks that could either end in a
standing ovation or catastrophe.

Maybe in an alternate universe
we're one and the same
or locked like pen and paper on your bedside table
maybe we're still in the same time zone.

Sometimes I sit and try to contemplate
life
or oranges
or why I didn't wake up to my alarm this morning
or time zones
or the two minutes I held you before you disappeared where I was so peaceful
how can carbon be peaceful
how can carbon soften silver
all I wanted was to break down your walls and ride sandpaper over your corners
how can silver vanish
how am I thinking about my own existence
but then I realize I'm held up by atoms that can't be seen with the naked eye,
and a bouquet of atoms shouldn't be thinking that metaphysically.

For so long I wished I could tame your sharp edges,
I wished I could smooth your rough surface until all you were was shine and
perfect and you won't fail and hey pretty little girl, tell us what you think and you
made it and beautiful

and still
you leave me in the dust that falls off your boots on the way to everywhere
you swallow me every time you nourish your beautiful frame
you leave me behind every time you open your mouth

If I'm carbon and you're silver
we spend our entire lives in the same place
but we only sometimes collide.

And how is it that some days I make diamonds and other days I make coal
and you just keep being silver and linking people together
and making even the steepest slope look beautiful
and eagles pick little slivers of you up from the ground to line their nests
and unknowingly they leave me broken down and torn apart in the soil.

There are things I wish I knew
But I can't seek out the mines that might hold you
when everything I've built is made of molecules.

Maya Hanson

Carousel

Slip out the back,
leave a tiny string of hearts
across the doorway

and step onto the carousel

I'm just a lasting imprint
in your sea of rocky sand
I'll be here forever
but only as one horse
on the carousel

Leave a halo
around her head,
squinting her eyes,
forcing the weight of the sky
down upon me

Leave a ghost
through the wall
where your music used to be,
step onto the carousel

But the simple act of
closing the door
is only yours...
I told her I was leaving
and she kissed me again

Maya Hanson

Catch The Moon

A reminder of a choice
I can't make again
But I don't want to change
I've dropped my soul before
And I'll do it again

A silence falls
at the same time as sound
But it says
So much more

I can't meet your eyes
I can't control my mind
I'm a lone dancing star
I'll never know who you are

I want
you to throw me
Past the River Seine
I want
you to touch me
Open your fingers, kiss me again

But you're just about as likely
to kiss me
As you are
to come back soon
You're just about as likely
to love me
As you are
to catch the moon

And when you touch me
My star hits the ground
With a silent sound
you'll never hear

The moon stares down
Unmoving

No reprimand, no sympathy
for a single star

A head tilted
Years forgotten, gone
A leaf wilted
A lone star dancing on
And on
And on...
Spinning away

And I want
you to throw me
Past the River Seine
I want
you to touch me
Open your fingers, kiss me again

But you're just about as likely
to kiss me
As you are
to come back soon
You're just about as likely
to love me
As you are
to catch the moon

Maya Hanson

Catch Your Breath

There is no way to know how you hold me,
how your wishes leave dust on my skin
so I'll tell you I have too many side weights to be here.

You run with the tigers but you don't tell me,
wait for the crest but maybe this is it
so I'll hold myself over you until you catch your breath.

Here you go, I say I still don't know
push off loving you like you deserve
so the parachute tears my chest as I leave here again.

There is no way to know how I'll touch you,
how when you catch your breath I always cave in
so please stay here like you let me.

Maya Hanson

Catching Fireflies

If I asked you a question
would you answer honestly
Would you catch the truth
sitting right in front of me

We've stepped onto this road and
now there's a fire here to steal
If she broke the rope between us
I'm stubborn, but we'll heal

Because somehow you fill up
all my million empty spaces
Somehow we're always sprinting
and finally winning these races
When I forget the mountains of us
your fingers savor memory traces
and now we're catching fireflies
in all the right places

I clutch at an unreality
and the very next word that falls
is not an answer, it's a question
if I still know you at all

I try to let go, but look
what happened when she passed by
A taste of broken trust
believing a truth that's just a lie

Because somehow you fill up
all my million empty spaces
Somehow we're always sprinting
and finally winning these races
When I forget the mountains of us
your fingers savor memory traces
and now we're catching fireflies
in all the right places

And if we came from nowhere

she thinks that's where we will go
but we crossed skyscrapers on a tightrope
and now look at what we know

I can learn to let it pass
I can take another scar
because this something we have is
learning to live with what we are

Because somehow you fill up
all my million empty spaces
Somehow we're always sprinting
and finally winning these races
When I forget the mountains of us
your fingers savor memory traces
and now we're catching fireflies
in all the right places

Maya Hanson

Catharsis

I push rhythms out of this heart
and find melodies within these keys
because he can sit me down and shut me up
and tell me ten things I don't already know.
What about you?

Maya Hanson

Chaos Dreaming

The bridge is collapsing,
chaos walking,
falling through the same cracks
again and again

She hangs
by stretched-out fingers,
reaching for love in a kaleidoscope
falling rain mocks perfection

His touch like fire,
chaos screaming
until she's a ghost made of ashes
dangling from a broken cloud

And still she stands
in the storm,

no,
she is the storm,

head bent for the collision,
ready as she'll ever be,
eyes like ice,
hair like ashes,
face like fire,
chaos dreaming

Maya Hanson

Chemical Reaction

Reactants:

A milliliter of love,
maybe lust to taste,
a square of sweet,
a touch of acid,
half a drop of perfectly timed inspiration (or not. this one's optional) ,
laughter that paves the pebbles on the corners of my streets,
buckets of wash me away, drive me insane.
The tiniest slices of people I can't stand this planet without.
Paint a spoon with everything I've ever felt or wanted to feel,
carve it with the paper-cut corners of unfinished to-do lists left undone.
Stir till I find someone.

Products:

and out comes a story.

Maya Hanson

Chicago Skyline

If we tear it apart and I hug you too hard
maybe we can go
back to that Chicago skyline
and not worry about all the monsters and mountains we've seen here.

I'm made of feathers when you breathe out
words I've never wanted to hear
so I am crying out the dust you've left in my chest
I want to catch what you want between my teeth and give it to you
I want to dance until I can build myself back into stone
but I have never been able to dance
when you're not here.

Now I can see how we are so good at failing.

All I want is to go
back to Chicago
so we can be the girls standing where the earth meets the water,
so the tide will never rise if you stand so still,
close your eyes,
only open your mouth
to tell me this is where we belong
and I will clutch your pieces even if they draw blood from my hands,
make me believe we are surviving and
you will never fade again.

If I can't take you with me
I will paint you into the Chicago skyline.

Maya Hanson

Chipped

It's easier to burn than melt...
that's why I'm standing so messy
in front of this smoke-stained sky.

The air is hot coffee
smoldering in my veins
since I can't face the ground
that trips me even at my best.

Wasting colors, don't worry
if the stars are just rhythms now
not explosions we can chase.

Chipped concrete is all I want coating
the nails I've waited too long to cut,
the eyes that break stares even when I want to hold them-
this cracked ground is my favorite part of skygazing.

I wish I could be simple but
this place is far from simple
so I breathe in the choking hazards
and take them as part of the view.

Maya Hanson

Choke

Feeling everything like underwater air
when I can't understand why I need you

I paint seaweed tattoos as my breathing gets faster
of things I wish would happen
like exploding while I throw gasoline on your floor
or building a bridge and starting again

Why don't you make yourself useful
and wrap your fingers around my throat
I'd rather lock on to your eyes if I'm going to drown

Choking on concrete
and the strained chant of I want I want I want
what's the difference between want and need

Maya Hanson

Chronic Condition

It spreads fast
From my head to my toes and
I'm coughing and moaning
and running a fever

Darlin' lovin' you's a chronic condition
And I've got it bad
And one of these days
it's gonna tear me apart
Destroy me from the inside
out

Can't eat can't talk can't sleep
Can't do anything
But just lie here and wait
for it to subside

Darlin' lovin' you's a chronic condition
And I've got it bad
And one of these days
it's gonna tear me apart
Destroy me from the inside
out

But as I wait
it comes on faster
Spreading to fill
the inside of me

My heart's beating too fast
It's a chronic condition
I can see it now
Coming on faster now
as I think of you
I'm dying...
Ever
So
Slowly

Darlin' lovin' you's a chronic condition
And I've got it bad
And one of these days
it's gonna tear me apart
Destroy me from the inside
out

Won't ever go away
I have nothing to stop it
from spreading
so fast

Darlin' lovin' you's a chronic condition
And I've got it bad
And one of these days
it's gonna tear me apart
Destroy me from the inside
out

Takes control of me
I follow it blindly
Not caring anymore
what will happen to me

Darlin' you know
Lovin' you's a chronic condition
And I've got it bad
And I'm just waiting it out,
waiting for the blow
Cause one of these days
it's gonna tear me apart
Oh, one of these days
it's gonna kill me

Maya Hanson

Closer To The Sky

A desert
One endless pillar
sticks out from the rest-
a sun among clouds.

A miniature mountain
rising up from the
Rolling waves of
Pain.

Maybe if I
Climb, he thinks, I'll be
Closer to the sky.

One step at a
Time, leaving footprints in the
Sand.

The dangerous steep trek
His feet enveloped in dirt
like an overflowing pile of bad news
blotting out the good.

The reward, reaching
the climax
A grassy patch,
just grass just grass just grass
no hope.

He sits on the
green
topping the
miniature mountain.

Hiding everything,
Showing nothing,
With a blank face
He looks out at the
gray sky and

spots another pillar
sticking out from the
Rest.

This one
An even brighter star.

Maybe this time,
he thinks,
there will be
Hope at the peak.
Maybe this one
will mark the end
of my endless journey.

Maya Hanson

Clutter

I want your clutter, I want insecurity
I want the safest place I've known
I want a thousand miracles but maybe even better
I want perfect lonely silence sitting next to you

I want to know when you're falling apart
I want worlds to crumble at my feet
I want chills when I realize you're here
I want to say one word to you and know it's enough

I want to tell you everything I want
I want you to listen and breathe and be
I want to hear when you have to pick yourself up
I want you to never have to do it alone

I want you to know that I'm trying to speak
I want you to silence yourself so I can
I want to be the one to start us this time
I want to be the one to blame

I want your clutter, I want your tricks
I want you to stand up and scream
I want one choice and one moment to rewrite this story
I want you to be better than them

Maya Hanson

Cocaine (Yes)

You're the white powder of cocaine beneath my feet
You made me say yes too many times
Yes to starbursts and stepping over the line,
yes to mountains and magic,
battleships and blades of grass

You made me say yes too many times,
a black hole I can't escape
You don't need to speak for me to stay,
you don't need to leave for me to break down
You can control me just by lingering in the background

You made me say yes
to things you knew were wrong
and you knew I knew about her
but who can hold back from the free fall of fate,
who can say no to cocaine?

Maya Hanson

Coffins

Midnight, I am your audience
because I want to build something other than coffins
I want to speak in something other than regret

Skyscraper, I am your witness
because I want to feel something other than small

The sun feeds me the bones that
I can't clench in my teeth
to carry them to you like I want to

But as the days get shorter I feel at home
like the absence of light understands me

I don't need to tell you
about how this isn't Neverland
I can't wrap you in forever

Every time I touch a different skin
every time I smile at a different human
I'm giving the gift of
eventually leaving behind these tiny explosions,
nothing but coffins in my wake

This body is a breathing ruin,
a ritual of forgetting,
there's not enough of me left to know.

Maya Hanson

Colors

She pulls flashing flames of color
into her fingertips,
tries to tame the universe
with ghosts that dance in the raindrops

Explosions of the secrets
contained in a kaleidoscope,
hues delicate as printed paper,
intoxicating as sunlight on her shoulders

She harnesses the clash
of the icy shivers and the tongues of fire,
eyes flickering with blinding white clouds,
hair glittering black as onyx

And the shards of sun
drenched in red and blue
pierce her lungs,
force open her eyes

She floats headfirst
into the sunset horizon
and rides the color wheel
into a world all her own

Maya Hanson

Coma

There's a bullet hole in my past
I can't keep a secret
but I need to
so I lie awake every night in a coma
made of superhuman proof

Running from light that can't find me
Crushing desire in my head
I'm holding you back,
I might as well fall

Secrets weigh more than a lifetime
so I want to give you the sun
and everything I think
But instead I stay here with
your playlist overflowing, gone tasteless

That's what echoes in my ears
as I stay awake every night in a coma
made of lies but
tangled up in more proof than I want to admit

Maya Hanson

Comet

A courtyard between us
and still her flame
warms my hands
and I'm wrapped in a blanket
next to a blaze
in the middle of the midnight tundra

I break a flower
from its stem,
twist it in my fingers
let it fall

An earth is
not enough,
I need a galaxy
and universes collide
between her eyes

She draws stares
smiles
whispers
Illuminating a world
made of darkness
Bringing together
a circle of souls
and leaving them with
their breath tangled in their throats

And I tried to find a flower
good enough for her
but it's twilight and I'm still searching
by the glow of the crescent moon

And I tried to catch a snowflake
that would be suitable to give
but they melt
in the warmth
of her smile

And I tried to find a comet
more beautiful than her
but I could live a thousand lifetimes
and still be gazing at the sky

Maya Hanson

Common Ground

I can't, I want to know you
before the next sunrise
But I'm a million miles away
and I can't pretend to realize

When it seems like I know you
inside and out
you toss something else, trust me
to catch your secret shout

I'm worried that I'm not enough
I'm worried you think I'm worth it
And when I look back at other loves
I'm worried you're too different

I can't keep you from drowning,
I can only go down with you
Don't trust me with your broken mind
I'm bruised and broken too

I would save you, kiss you, if I could
instead I'll set you free
Turn your back, walk far away
Don't you worry about me

Don't go forgotten, climb
up toward what you could be
Dig yourself out of this hole
before you go loving the likes of me

We can't ever recreate this feeling
We can't come back around
Maybe in a century after we both live a life
we'll find some common ground

Maya Hanson

Cracked And Whole

I don't buy these nights, I spend them
like the world could end tomorrow.

When you're sleeping next to me
I can find enough creativity,
I'm spinning worlds into sparks
when even the dawn is asleep
but somehow my knots always end up
taking my wrists with them,
somehow that tells me I'm an integral part of the universe.

It's been said I'm good at breaking
I'm not quite dysfunctional, just functional enough
I'm cracked surfaces glued back together with good enough
but I think you can better my good enough.

I sit on top of the world
but I don't look at the stars
I look for ways not to fall.

Maybe that's a harder way to live than
always looking for the next perfect redbrick,
nestled in the green with a bed of wildflowers.

I want a world unmade
so I can slip off the top and leave it untouched, uncrumbled, unbruised,
unbroken.
I want a world remade
so I can slip off this precipice and leave you whole.

Maya Hanson

Cutting Ties

Sometimes I wish
I could cut all my ties.
Leave the light on,
sweep out the door
If you caught me I'd
leave you hanging,
minutes to keep you
from wanting more

Maybe dreaming
is the best place
to find people I love,
to repress the black
After so many years
of waiting in corners
I'm running and
never looking back

People who choose
and they choose
and they choose
people other than me
Oh, I'd want you if
only, if only, if only
If only I wasn't
who I choose to be

But I am and I'm sorry
and maybe come back
when I could possibly
be fire like her
But I'm not and I'm sorry
and maybe come back
This reasoning's
getting absurd

Sometimes I wish
I could cut all my ties.
Be reborn as a girl

not a wallflower
Sometimes I wish
I could erase myself
leave a blank page
on the table beside her

I know cutting ties
would leave me a shell
Cutting ties would
waste me away
Maybe it's better to
strike out on my own,
but I love your firelight
too much, I'll stay

Maya Hanson

Dark Blue Hours

There's a river I mold with my hands. It's made of a second or two, it's made of dark blue hours, a thought I think I might not have had if I think hard enough, honestly if it was ever in my head I think it could have been a dream of you gone missing.

I chase down things I want to say to you but they can't make sound, they chatter and don't crystallize, they flee like wild things, they'll never come out right, I'll pull back and forth on this syllable instead and take it apart and put it together and take it apart and put it together and take it apart and

There's a distinct possibility that your meaning, what I think you mean, is meaningless. I mean, I don't think you tried very hard but that's exactly it, you didn't try very hard to try. But God. I want you to. Wanted. Past tense. I wanted you to.

Silently she cries, I hold her blood in my hands, I try to use it to rinse out my own hollow bones that have been smashed so many times into the dirt but I keep failing just like I do when we talk, like I'll fail if I ever try to hold you.

Just because she cries doesn't mean I'm in some wind tunnel laughing, dress feathers blowing up behind me, knowing my wishes are just what I'm living and what I said is exactly what I meant and I meant to say everything I said. I have too many thoughts I don't say and too many words I don't think. Just because she cries doesn't mean I don't, there's more than enough dark blue hours in this world to go around.

I could run until I button up a skin of steel and shapeshift to a seagull and be so so so free, I could run until I can see the sky and I can't see anything, I could run until I'm out of footsteps and ramblings, I could run until the waves crash against my ankles but you dug too deep under my skin and I'd rather not open up those sores again with salt.

There's a distinct possibility that when she cries I somehow break too.

Maya Hanson

Darlin' You'Re Changin' My Mind

I walk up the stairs
Been alone for a while
Tryin' to keep on the road
That's been there in front of me all of my life
But darlin' you're changin' my mind

Keepin' my feelings behind this gray wall
Oh, it's all that I see all the time
I'm tryin' my hardest to keep myself strong
But darlin' you're makin' it hard

I keep the lines runnin' through my still head
Suddenly I stop in my tracks, oh
Thinkin' your presence had brought me to tears
But now I realize I was wrong...

Darlin' your goneness had made me cry
Oh,
oh, cry

I walk up the stairs
Almost catch my breath realizin'
Darling you're makin' it hard...
Yesterday I had thought I was alone
But darlin' you're changin' my mind

Whisper in my mind, is it real or not
A whisper, sayin' your name
I've got no idea, am I crazy or not
Oh darlin', you're drivin' me insane...

I throw myself down
Givin' up for right now
Lovin' you's keeping me up
On my toes and
Suddenly you're changin' my mind
Oh, and suddenly you're changing' my mind
Oh
Darlin' you're changin' my mind

Maya Hanson

Death Grip

Caught me red-handed
Disappearing into him
If you'd change
you'd be closer to perfect

Caught me red-handed
drawing someone else in
I leave and don't regret
because he bleeds passion and you just
sit there
and as I'm talking to you
I can't help falling for him

I don't want you to
compare yourself to him
I hate things that don't work
but even more I hate that he knows you
I can't escape the raw skin you left on my wrist
no matter how far I run
no matter how strong of a death grip
I use when he reaches for my hand
Interlaced fingers to keep me on the ground
and not flying fists at your face

I keep running to escape the sphere you've created
trying to find someone that can meet me
and not run through all the stories
you've painted in their heads
All the spiderwebs that pull us together
hold more weight than I can take
But I don't have to take it,
I'll sit here and cut off the circulation in his fingers
feel my face in his shoulder
built of pure human decency and
radiating he'll never let me down

Maya Hanson

Defying Gravity

When we stare at each other strangely
There's something in between our eyes
Something that defies gravity
And we think it's called courage
But it's not- it's courage mixed with fear
Because courage is fear itself
Courage is knowing what not to fear

Maya Hanson

Delusional

I'm chasing a pipedream on the horizon
Capturing the figures I'll need
to send a letter forward to the future
of all the trials, all the breaths of life we breathe

Cornflower grass, iris rainstorms
I'm stealing colors till the planets come down
Racing so the energy haunts me through
Center of gravity, I circle back around

Our world is a place of paradoxes
I'm pulling on the threads to make you see
that just because we've seen better skies
doesn't mean we have nothing left we fight to keep

As starbursts explode behind the elegance
I'm calmer than a sailboat in a storm
Maybe I'm delusional, cascading for a pipedream
or maybe I'm just in love, in a word

Maya Hanson

Demon Song

Captive voices
drag me down from within
and I plunge under until I'm not human anymore.
Dark magic and black holes and
everything I've ever been,
carrying me down to the demons
Echoes ricochet off the walls,
and the tunnel twists and narrows
as I let loose a scream

But after it all, the cliffs and the fear and the heartache
I pour the demons' bittersweet song into my head,
repeat it out loud till it's engraved on my skin
Maybe I wouldn't have ventured down by myself,
but I wouldn't trade the words for the world.

Maya Hanson

Description

I lean too much on this description,
I can't explain straight how I love you
so instead I will paint you in the light of
minutes and falling slow and laughing through the pain,
heat and support systems and split second choices,
skies and canyons, screams and whisper breaths,
gold and metaphors and scribbles...
hope it's enough.

Maya Hanson

Deserve

I always thought I would run from this,
I would only chase down things I know won't leave a mark
Now the best my hands have held is you
but I won't always grip this tight
because I don't know if you have it wrong.
I want to believe you have it wrong.

This is not always what you want to hear
but it is what you deserve,
it is what I need to say.
This is not always what I should believe
but I am thinking the best I can.

I am thinking I don't mind falling through this breathtaking sunset skyline.
I am thinking we sometimes don't need to breathe.
I am thinking there is something beautiful
crawling out of the mess we made
and as you pull away
I am even more at home
I don't know if you have it right.

Maybe.
Maybe something will break.
Maybe someone will be left shivering under the stars.
Maybe someone will be left shattered.
Maybe it will be worth it.

Maya Hanson

Desperate

Drowning in empty rooms
pulling at nonexistent
strings hanging from my clothes

Ripples in the sea of calmness
around me, even
when everyone's sleeping

Desperate,
I sneak out to meet the madman,
pick the slivers from the sky
and gift them in a basket to him

I shouldn't have been hopeful
Grinning, he pours nothingness
right into my hands.

Maya Hanson

Despite

Despite the wind
carving her face raw,
she bends to the sky

and knows
the moon will rise again
so she can tear herself
from her shadow.

Despite the climb
blocking her path,
she breathes in the cool air

and picks herself
up
again and
again.

Despite the haunts
behind her shoulders
clutching her throat,

she breaks down and
cries and screams and
keeps living.

Despite the darkness
that follows her
around

she takes another step,
another
she knows
there's a light
in the hallway.

Maya Hanson

Destruction

How long till we lose?
I'll give you an hourglass.

Write me a list of all the things
we will toss into the flames,

all the chaos trapped in my brain
when you're in the room
or not,

all the simple I long for
and the quiet and the close
I know I shouldn't want,

all the letters I will pin to your name
that will stay after the bomb drops-
26.

Now I can't use a pen without dragging you behind it.

Maya Hanson

Dissolve

I try to greet you the way I always do
and like always you give me that scorching waterfall
that cascades down the sandpaper you write your rants on
which dissolves in water like my fingers would in acid
and every word you speak is just another excuse to pull the rest of your opinions
out of my mouth.

I'm sorry, I did not volunteer to be your puppet or the one who writes everything
down for you so you have time to keep thinking up ways to conquer the world
although sometimes I like to call myself that and think you're worthy

I did not volunteer to be the one that stands on the doorstep waiting for you to
come home
because even if I wanted to be her
when you inevitably never show up and I walk off the rough welcome mat
there's a thornbush on my feet reminding me that no matter how long I stand
there, no matter how many thorns I pick up in my lifetime
you can still hurt me worse with a single sticky note left on the bedside table that
says I'm just not good enough

I can get rid of the graphite on that note with just a shred of rubber but I'd
rather not
I want to keep it as a reminder that I am not this girl, I have always been this
girl

Although I'd rather be that pathetic paper target than a block of salt that
dissolves in water like a bullet in space
like my fingers would in acid, peeling off the skin my life force has worked so
hard to replenish every day you strip it away and I let you like I'm shackled to a
table
I dissolve like your words would in my garden
and they would destroy every last speck of green for miles around.

Maya Hanson

Distracted

I press closer until I could follow your ghost through the walls,
lie like my skin is always tingling on fire.

And here you curse like a sailor in strings of sanity, insanity
that mean everything to me.

One, two, seven,
see, I get distracted, lost on your lips and so I will always wander back,
straight lines are overrated when I can't sit still.

Your skin doesn't leave my side no matter what words leave my mouth-
when I can't stop smiling and still hold your eyes,
when every muddy promise leaves me silent, a liar, missing you again,
when the twister that is her sits bitter on my tongue.

Tell me a story,
I start one with an ending
but dipped in distraction every other word is your name,
I never get to the end and maybe that's a good thing.

Maya Hanson

Don't

Don't go spilling lemon juice on my carpet
if you're not asking to stay.

I love like
this,
hear me once and I'm an echo,
I will lock my fingers with yours
and swallow the key.

Don't go changing every mind,
tying us into any web you can weave
I will pretend I know what I'm doing when
I'm lost with no light.

I am a product of staring up at endless skies
and thinking about you
Don't go building catapults,
bringing stars down into your eyes
if you don't want me to look at them.

Don't go laughing and pin it all on me
when you have so many worlds to carry,
don't go hanging weights on my words
when yours are just beautiful nothing.

Don't go pulling strings I know you can see
just to cut them loose,
don't go chasing sunsets and then
leaving me behind.

Don't go dreaming halfway,
I don't need anything
but this wanting might drive me insane.

Maya Hanson

Don't Blink

Time speeding down a waterfall,
time spent shooting the breeze
Time flickers back and forth,
time rushes toward you with ease

You want tomorrow, next week, next year
Full of flashes and fire and energy
But maybe by next year time will run out
Right now run, sprint, fly with me

I own the mountains, the storms, the wind
Follow me further than you've ever been
Swallow the streetlights, glide overhead
Come with me past the world's end

Please watch for me by moonlight,
remember everything we never say
Please pick apart my breaths and pauses,
hesitation throws precious time away

Can you see beyond the horizon
Did you catch that shooting star
I want a shivering sky full of sunsets
I wish we could freeze time where we are

Quick, think, speed up, faster
Take it in, love, keep a hawk's eye
Quick, look now, don't ever blink-
something's always passing by.

Maya Hanson

Don't Cry For Me

More than a dream
As I stare into your eyes
More than a cover
Overshadowed by your name

Don't cry for me
Don't leave me now
Hope surrounds them,
Doubt surrounds me
Am I true?
Fear is life
But you're fearless
Lost control, keep
Holding on
Don't cry for me

Flying, you're flying
As I stay on the ground
And watch
More than a girl
Overshadowed by your name,
Your creations, your foundation

Don't cry for me
Don't leave me now
Hope surrounds them
Doubt surrounds me
Am I true?
Fear is life
But you're fearless
Lost control, keep
Holding on
Don't cry for me

Don't cry for me
Don't leave me now
Cause you know, deep down
I can't do this anymore
Don't cry for me

Maya Hanson

Don't Go Loving Me

I remember
seeing those signs
Dropping them at your door
I remember sitting here
wanting nothing
I remember wanting more

And she said
Don't go chasing those sunsets
Don't go thinking you're free
Don't go thinking your hand is tied to mine
Don't go loving me

I've been told
my mouth is too dry
I don't have the words to explode
I've been told I'm a world
I'm a desert
I don't know how to follow this road

And she said
Don't go chasing those sunsets
Don't go thinking you're free
Don't go thinking your hand is tied to mine
Don't go loving me

I leave here
with an ache, with a smile
I'll return for this close and this need
I leave here wanting more,
wanting something
I leave here and I don't care if I bleed

And she said
Don't go chasing those sunsets
Don't go thinking you're free
Don't go thinking your hand is tied to mine
Don't go loving me

Don't Make Me

when i'm strong and fierce and full of fire,
running wild
he will not slow me down.

he can smooth over all the cracks,
he can tell you everything you've ever wanted to know
and more you didn't,
he can learn the ropes with no shame.

he holds his opinions close
and his friends closer.

but i still hold back from the free fall,
a fingertip away,
it's like he's always searing his edges
and i'm afraid he could steal my fire,
eat me up with the ashes,
leave me barren

even though i know he won't-
his hands are too perfect to belong to a thief.

i beg without knowing,
kiss without telling,
love without leaving
he plays me for a fool and turns back every time.

all i want to say is

don't make me
regret.

when i fall
don't make me
love or hate the zero gravity.

when you touch me
don't make me
snap,

break the glass.

Maya Hanson

Double Chocolate Chip Mornings

As the sun comes out above me
It comes out above you, too
We are like a split double chocolate chip cookie
No longer in the right place,
Or the right shape,
Or the right colors
Double chocolate chip mornings
As the grass beneath my feet emerges
You're laughing too
A constant sound trapped inside me
No longer together,
Or sharing inside jokes,
But yet not apart
Mint ice cream afternoons
As the air gets colder and the wind plays with my hair
It's teasing you, too
A constant sound trapped inside me
No longer together,
Or sharing inside jokes,
But yet not apart
We are like a split double chocolate chip cookie
No longer in the right place,
Or the right shape,
Or the right colors
Double chocolate chip mornings

Maya Hanson

Double Take

Your convoluted logic can

Throw me
off
my feet.

Whisper the silence of the river
in my dreams.

But if I begin to break a promise you

Push me
off
the cliff.

You're controlling the wings that guide us,
make them crash into that sea.

We're crawling through a slit in the sky and

Ending
all
these lives.

But no, it's just a soul, a few, a hundred,
miles to go, it's the least they can do.

My shadow shivers in your wind but

The echo
haunts
me through.

A hopeless battle I'll never win, maybe
this time you'll come home.

Running through breezes, ecstatic, then you explode

Gives me

a
double take.

Maya Hanson

Dream Catcher

I'm dreaming of castles,
perfect storms and summer nights,
almosts I'll never get back

I'm dreaming of sunlight,
late nights, or should I say early mornings,
with bittersweet endings

I'm dreaming of empty buckets
we fill with our sounds,
oxygen I can't find

I'm dreaming of sleeping
after talking from the heart for too long,
knowing more than I should about you but not enough

and you stand there in the window
dream catcher
love wrapped around your wrists

I'm dreaming of you
but I have enough memories now
my favorite dream is
when I dream of being awake.

Maya Hanson

Dream Giver

I'll move with the wind
flying colors, past the peak
of the mountain you stare at
every morning

I'll keep a picture of the sun
just so I don't forget, it's
easy to lose
something so bright, so real, so
close to my heart

And I'll become
The sky
I'll see you when it's dawn
When you wake it will be
A new day
Another chance

I'll stay for as long as it takes
to change the ice
back into snow
to unmelt your heart
from what it once was

Keeping all of that locked up inside...
it can't be as freeing as
a sunrise, where I dance
and you watch me
every morning

And I'll become
The sky
I'll see you when it's dawn
When you wake it will be
A new day
Another chance

A running start
you attempt to leap into my

sunrise
I feel you leap, but it's
just a hallucination
The real one is to come
I'll guide you tomorrow

And I'll become
The sky
I'll see you when it's dawn
When you wake it will be
A new day
Another chance

The past, you know
it's hard to forget
I felt your pain last night,
I felt your fear, your giddiness
as you slept, you dreamed

I felt your pain last night
I'm part of you, inside you, I am you
I'll feel it once more
as a dream giver

Maya Hanson

Dreaming Is Free

Sitting here
Standing on end
Freezing
from the love by break of day
Watching the steps
Waiting for you
But then
isn't that what life is for

I'll hold my hope in
I'm not giving up yet
I'm too young
to be without a purpose
Dreaming is free
and don't deny it

Dreaming all day, all night
Can't you see I'm fading
It's exhausting yet exhilarating
longing after you
But then
isn't that what love is for

Waiting in your room
Sprinting across the sidewalk
Can't tell I'm turning crazy
The dreams
come too close
Blinding me to everything

Dreaming
It's killing me now
Wearing me down
Weakening my bravado
Tearing me through...

But at the same time
it's keeping me alive
Sharpening my edges

Keeping me on my toes
Raising my love and my hopes
again and again

Without dreaming
I'd be nothing
a shadow on the wall
Passersby lock up my cage
keeping me from breaking out
But won't you let me keep on singing
until I fall asleep
until the moon goes out
until my love fire dies

Dreaming is free
and don't you deny me
The wings of a dream
could liberate me
From this cage, the doubts
love could hold me up

But you can lock me in that cage
I don't care anymore
You can chain my hands and feet
to the floor
You can crush him before my eyes
But you can't keep me from singing
You can't keep this fire from burning
Dreaming is free

Maya Hanson

Drive

I pour over you and mend and capture,
I'm terrified by this cloudburst heartbreak,
lost in a thousand ways.

It is a long road
but we are pressed together at midnight
and I can't seem to stop the slide.

It is a steep something where I could fall,
I still want to frame this and drink it every morning.

It is a chaos I can only draw in simple,
it is so much I am willing to lose.

It is a long drive
and as you pull away I can find your heart closer.

Maya Hanson

Drowning

The sky is screaming
The moon is awake
I want to reach everything I can in this ocean,
make footsteps with your ghost
that fade away in seconds
like the bond we never made

I fall at your feet,
run a world away
I don't know what I want
but I need to let you slip through my fingers

I want to know you but
I need to keep living
and I'm afraid if I touch your afterglow I'll drown

The sky is smiling
as I kiss you away
moments and midnights
fading as I fall

But I have to fall,
past the beauty and the unknown,
past the wonder and frustration,
past being high on summer and perfect heartache,
through this sea floor
before I can breathe again.

Maya Hanson

Drunk

I'm drunk, I'm tired
of tearing myself apart
Ignorant of everything
that's happened the past few days

I'm drunk, I'm pretty sure you don't know me
but I know more of you than I'd like to

I'm willing to toss away yesterday
in the ocean and lightning and intoxication
and how you tie them all together
I want to make room for the sins of tomorrow

I'm drunk and believe in
a footbridge as fragile as us
Building up something
uplifting and forbidden

I'm weightless and weak, you weigh on my shoulders
I watch you from across the room, you
don't even meet my eyes
Still the cold blue spark rushes through me

But the later you flee to me, the
less I know and the less I can think
and the more you turn away, the
more I'm at your heels, catching
red sparks molded into fire
Touch me, I'm drunk, the closer the better

Maya Hanson

Drunk On Time

Is it possible to be drunk on time?
6am and I can't even rhyme
Decisions that sound like a shooting star
I wish I could always know where you are

Counting dreams like hopscotch memories
I gasp as I wake up, tears like energy
I run on saltwater, it tangles the air
and makes it look like you could care

Is it possible to be drunk on time?
6am and I can't even rhyme
Decisions that sound like a shooting star
I wish I could always know where you are

I'm a liar but I don't want to be this kind
Pendulum, pendulum, I could stumble blind
Years flicker by wrapped in your eyes
I'd rather be grounded than stuck in the skies

Is it possible to be drunk on time?
6am and I want to call you mine
Decisions that sound like a shooting star
I wish I could always know where you are

Pendulum, pendulum, can we stay right here
I don't want this magic to disappear
Pendulum, pendulum, where do you keep
the parallel worlds where we never fall asleep

Maya Hanson

Dyslexia

I cannot speak
my voice has fled
but my fingers
tapping on the tabletop
say everything I need to

I can't touch anymore
everything feels like
holding your hand
and my breath stings with
air you're not giving me

I cannot speak
my voice has fled
my hands are tied
and
another day brings a reality

where every word
spilled from the stars
is tangled in the void between us

I can't write
for your voice has
filled up my fingers
and all the words that
leave my pen
are thrown together
with your warmth
and tossed back out again

Maya Hanson

Eavesdrop

I wish you would eavesdrop through a gap in the fence
I wish you had known everything
I never told you
Maybe that's why I didn't try too hard
to hide it

I wish you cared enough to tell me I was wrong
when you heard me pour out the mess in my head

I found out
everything about you
except the things that mattered

and when I threw out
everything about you
it wouldn't have been hard
for you to eavesdrop,
which just shows me
how much you didn't want to try.

Maya Hanson

Echo

I might be understood
but I'm not,
reading into everything
as if I had a magnifying glass

Maybe we're a crescendo with
too much anticipation,
I thought you were
everything I asked for

but even the ending was quiet
and didn't echo for long.

We rose up the scale
like a hurricane wind, died
down before the eye of the storm

I linger on a key too long
and you forge ahead,
painting love notes as my
sign of weakness

but consciousness fails me
as you draw out my breath
just by moving and opening your mouth

I thought a crescendo could be
everything I asked for

but even the ending was quiet
and didn't echo for long.

Maya Hanson

Edge Of The World

keep
you and me
at the edge of the world

some sort of harmony
we can't get
anywhere else

we can
stay like statues
watch the fire
devour all the rest of the love
and we will leave
untouched

keep
pictures of you and me
at the edge of the world

Maya Hanson

Elusive

Can I choose what to keep
and what to lose and what to hide
Can I push back the river
so you can cross the bridge I can't hold

You can be the revolution I almost fight
You can be the promise
you forgot to remember,
the lines I'm always waiting in without falling
I've found forgetting to be easier

I've found three chords in the wind and still
I can't find my voice in the wild summer
It's elusive like storms in your gulf shore eyes,
like the colors on my gray pages,
like the laugh you left on my doorstep...
just something you forgot to tear from my grip
when you walked out the door

I would say you're darkness
but that would be a lie
You're not the absence of light,
you're the absence of change
as I clasp my fingers tighter to any fire I can find
that sings off memories of you
as I bite my tongue in this tunnel I keep trespassing
and try to hold them still

I'm waiting for when this starts to feel like family
But I swallowed three sunsets
and you're still not back

So the sunsets burn in my throat,
tease my lungs as they go down laughing
So the sunsets tell me the tales I already know
mistakes and giving up and moving on
But if I have to let go of something
can I choose what to lose

Emalina

I remember
writing for you
a thousand hours ago...
overflowing hearts,
carefree rhymes,
a dash of things not said.

I read your song
over and over again,
just to keep you
in my head.

But at least
That was a song.
This is just
Letters thrown together
on a page.

Writing for you
will just waste my time...
So I'll cry for you,
Emalina,
till you come round again.

I'll fall
A thousand times
Just to risk it

I'll kiss
A thousand times
Just to try

I want to know
if this is real
if I'm in it

I want to paint
with airplane wings
in the sky

So I'll cry for you,
Emalina,
till you come round again.

Emalina,
I might not be
what you wished for
But I'm all you have
right now.

If you turn on me
forever...
the door slamming
to you
it's just another sound.

Bells in the twilight,
voices intertwined
A lonely
Heart at midnight
hoping it hasn't
closed for good.

Emalina,
I don't want to be
a love song.
I don't even want to be
your love song.
I just want to be me.

So I'll cry for you,
Emalina,
till you come round again.

Maya Hanson

Emerald Eyes

What if I told you
she came to me in a dream?

Pixie eyes, pirate smile,
drifting stride, quantum touch,
dream fingers, sorrowed lips
with the weight of things she only halfway knew.

She had emerald eyes.

She was not a showstopper,
she was a dragonfly's thud
upon the soft-soiled ground.
Blink and you might miss it.

I didn't miss it.

She gave me one of her wings
because she could still float with half of what she had,
she glowed like my flickering torch was about to go out.

She gave me one of her laughs
because she knew I needed it more than the price I could have given,
more than the precious second it took her to compress a puff of breath in a
melody like a sweet spring gust out of her chest.
I took it and bottled it up and hoped that bottle would find me someday, no
matter how far from home I am.

She gave me one of her hearts
because she loved like double,
she loved like a broken mirror that clones its reflection,
she loved like she was everyone in the world all at once
or maybe just everyone in that room.

And you should have seen her sing.

She had emerald eyes.

And even though her words to me were smoke that night

like a dream bouncing off the prow of that ship
she still held them like a blink of laughter,
like they would slip away at the slightest earthquake
or the slightest tremble in her lungs
or the slightest shake in her steady voice.

She still gifted those words to me in silver wrapping,
but she didn't have to spend time wrapping because
the silver glided like a misty curtain over them in the twilight.
She didn't need to put any weight on those words
for them to strike me, a catapult I wasn't expecting
and through all this
she kept a steady beat
tapping her hands on the ground
on the sky
on the windstorm brushfire brewing billowing steam beneath us reaching to the
center of the earth
Through all this
she kept a steady beat
twisting her hands in mine.

And when my vision was tunneling, cloudy,
gone completely,
that was when she saw the clearest.

She had emerald eyes.

Maya Hanson

Empty Space

Soft whispers,
loud and clear.
Not yet.

Sweet song,
hummed by you.
Don't regret.

In my mind.
A small sound.
I look away.

No, no.
You misunderstand.
Please stay.

My mouth shut,
you listen.
Silent words.

I know.
Things change.
You are heard.

Just one thrill,
I relent.
Treasure a night.

You and me,
I whisper.
Till it's light.

I'll start,
you follow.
Set a pace.

A nothing room,
a something room...
empty space.

Maya Hanson

Empty Venom

Every minute I'm next to you
and she's in your mind
this envy's empty venom slaps hard against my face,
like I need to shield her from you
to let you find me.

This snakeskin sings my dreams and daylight,
whirls from my lungs like a waterfall
when I try to keep my hands from wrapping you up too tight
and I can hear it throw you off balance.

The girl inside me wants to steal everything you call a lifeline
then gather up these cities and leave them on your doorstep-
maybe it's too much
Every minute I'm next to you
I try to make my fingers look like colored glass
but I know I've built them on corrupted bones

I need to let the green go
so I can get off the ground on my own
because this love is paid in moments
not knives that sever the bridges you've already built.

If this venom is a shield
that encases my heart in empty gold
my love is the sword that can pierce it to smoke.

Maya Hanson

Endings Without Stories

We're endings without stories,
a bullet without a gun
Fire without oxygen,
a ten without a one

We were tossed into the sea
without a simple kickstart
We were perfect together,
not even competent apart

We could dive flawlessly
but we couldn't tread water,
We could sink but we never could
hold each other's breath under

We're endings without stories
Can you remember us?
We never even started
we weren't rooted in trust

We're endings without stories,
a bullet without a gun
Fire without oxygen,
a ten without a one

Maya Hanson

Enemy

She slips down the bridge,
silent, slow
All eyes,
eyes on the still water
Hooves quick on the pavement
A foreign but gentle lilt
in a waterfall off her tongue
A quick bound
through the fallen

She's going to see me
if I move, if I breathe.
She's beautiful.
She's going to kill me
if she knows I survived.
She's captivating.

No, yes,
Too late
Soft landing alongside me
Eyes alight on an enemy.

I was born her enemy.

Maya Hanson

Energy

I'm electrified
by your energy,
stolen
by your fire

And when I'm
talking to you
I don't have to
fake a smile

We're a promise
hidden by teasing,
though I say I'll
throw you into the storm

I'll keep your
arms around me,
run away and keep
each other warm

Magnetic and
forceful, I can
chase you down
and learn things

Maybe I'm psycho,
maybe we both are
Drifting, I can still
hear you singing

You put your
arms around me,
silent praises
spell your name

I'm only me
when I'm with you,
silent supernovas
being tamed

Maya Hanson

Enough

There is always enough love.
There are never enough words.
There are always hours to sleep with you when our minds are in the same city
and not say goodbye,
and there are never enough walls to hinder us on our way to everything.

I would listen to your songs
if I knew I could memorize them like I want to
and I'd rather choke on nothingness to wipe us out
than a knife wound snapshot whiskey burn.

I always pass you spinning out of control
and I never say goodbye
it's too shameless of an ending
so I cast my eyes to the floor.

There is always enough love.
There is never enough words.
There are always enough glances for inside jokes and infinite sorrow both at
once,
and there is never enough time.

Maya Hanson

Envy

Envy is
not a monster.

It is a disease,
coiling its body around me,
squeezing until I'm
not myself anymore.

Envy is not green...
it is black.
Black
like the center
of a chasm I can't leap.
Black
like the space behind your eyes,
so dark you have to open them again.
Black
like my soul.

Envy
takes over the
controls of my heart,
turning all of them up
so far
I can't go back.
It slips
like a snake
out of
the side of
your soul.

It leaves you breathless
as it wanders
in the air
to find another victim.

Envy.

Eternity

If only I could stop counting down minutes
maybe I could stay here long enough
to make a mark, pull you in to fall

If only I could hush inner hesitation
then I could breathe, blink, smile,
fall apart laughing, know you after all

But instead my twisted logic makes
every word an eternity,
every end a remedy,
every silence a stone,
every touch a broken bone
that glimmers in the darkness

Every mile a footstep,
every confession a regret,
every secret a surprise,
every color in your eyes
they meet mine and I'm hopeless

Insanity runs in my family, my veins
but somehow I got the worst of it
and I'm still learning how to human

Learning to behave with a lion's tongue
caught in a harsh comedic act
where people love to pierce my skin

But instead my twisted logic makes
every word an eternity,
every end a remedy,
every silence a stone,
every touch a broken bone
that glimmers in the darkness

Every mile a footstep,
every confession a regret,
every secret a surprise,

every color in your eyes
they meet mine and I'm hopeless

Stop in my tracks, turn over my shoulder
I could lose my head and find the clarity
that carries all I'll ever need

Remember the holes in everyday quilts
I could find my loss and lose my bruises
and know it's okay to bleed

But instead my twisted logic makes
every word an eternity,
every end a remedy,
every silence a stone,
every touch a broken bone
that glimmers in the darkness

Every mile a footstep,
every confession a regret,
every secret a surprise,
every color in your eyes
they meet mine and I'm hopeless

Maya Hanson

Everlost

Have you ever felt like
freeing us through the forest
Falling off the sidelines as we go

Have you ever felt like
freezing time
every minute we're together

Have you ever felt like
heaven isn't worth it,
hell is too much,
earth is just enough

There's beauty behind
everything lining the gray,
flux and flow in
no-man's land,
on your ground there are
crooked edges and sweet scents

Losing myself but
finding a we,
closing my eyes but
opening my soul,
blurred and unclear
and we are everlost

Maya Hanson

Every Day

Every day we will try to restart,
we stumble but I hope we know where to stand.
I don't want to give you away.

Every day I spend all of my
energy
and I'm left with a whole lot of
lonely
but this is the good lonely...
every day we don't know where to step
but we keep walking.

I have wrapped you in twilight
but every day you pull off another corner,
drenched in daylight,
facing the sun
when it's only worth slipping
to find our footing again.

Maya Hanson

Every Moment

Can the moon
see me
I look to the stars

In every moment
I'm counting the steps
to get to the clouds

Can the trees
know me
I shout on the stage

Every moment I'm seen
sleeping on a raindrop
hoping it won't break
underneath me

Or am I too
insignificant
to be noticed by the universe

Every moment I'm drawn
up by my hands,
told to
Be good
Stay calm
Keep
on my feet.

And I do.
I race to the finish line,
I never sleep,
I'm walking on the frame of a future I'll never find.

But is it all
worth it?

Maya Hanson

Everyone's Tasting Fire

Catching fire in my throat
As I leave this place
The bitter taste of it stings my words
But then everyone's tasting fire
And higher
And higher we go
We learn as we go
The bitter taste of it stings our words
Everyone's tasting fire
And higher
And higher we go
We learn as we go
The bitter taste of it stings our words
Everyone's tasting fire
And there's no sympathy
Cause we're all
In the same place
Same place
Everyone's tasting fire
And higher
And higher we go
We learn as we go
Everyone's tasting fire
No water
Coming to save our lives
Like it was
Almost perfect
Before
Everyone's tasting fire
And higher
And higher we go
We learn as we go
Everyone was tasting fire
And higher
And higher we went
We learned as we went
That everyone's tasting fire
And higher
And higher we go

We learn as we go
But if everyone's tasting fire
Then who's gonna get the water?
Everyone's tasting fire
And higher
Who's gonna get the water?
Everyone's tasting fire
And higher
And higher
And everyone's tasting fire
But if everyone's tasting fire
Then who's gonna get the water?

Maya Hanson

Everything Is Illuminated

My eyes are closed.

I am a bat,
guided by darkness.

I am a mole,
staying out of the sun.

I am a spirit
confined to the night.

I am a shadow,
mean nothing to anyone.

My eyes are closed.

I bump into walls,
take a picture
in my head
two colors, five, ten
what's the difference?

Flurries of misunderstanding
I'm taken over
One lonely bat flaps its
Wings in my ears.

I am a creature of the black.
No matter what language you translate my eyes to,
I can't see.
No matter whose wings live in my memories,
I can't feel.
It doesn't matter which words you speak,
or what world you control.
I am a knight of the night.

My eyes stay closed.

One day I wake up

Just another day
my eyes are swollen shut
with the weight of my fears.

But this world is different
I feel it,
I see it
in colors
Behind the abused lids of
my eyes.

No longer dreaming
in black and white,
I capture a sixth sense
in the mystery of my mind
A final sight.

I open
my eyes
and
everything is
illuminated.

Maya Hanson

Evidence

I turn the evidence over in my hands,
make sure it doesn't explode on me
as I try to subdue the premature panic
that comes with gaining and losing

Trace the almost pattern on the walls,
choosing logic, chiding the voice
that keeps whispering what if I'm wrong
what if losing is just another trap

To hold your glow above all the others,
like I needed and I didn't want to know
that longing would be a haven
I couldn't capture again if I tried

Faked footprints and a scarred half smile
the only thing left of you.

Maya Hanson

Extraterrestrial

we don't belong on earth.
we can't spin like we need to
on the treetops-
we need the galaxies
that have not been
promised to us yet.
can you see space
through my skin?
we wander like kings
but if you want me to be clear
i'd rather be poor in the sky.
we are more than earth.
extra
terrestrial.

Maya Hanson

Eyes

Isn't it a shame
that you'll never see the world
through anyone else's eyes?

They can float on trophies
Crowned in worlds you'll never see
They can capsize every boat you
ever dreamed of captaining
They can drench love on whoever they want
And even if they slip two rungs
they still have two mountains on you.

You hope that at the end of the day
everyone you love will be intact,
every thought you have will be clear
and maybe someday you'll get more tokens to turn into wishes than them

You hope that someday you can speak
about the lines in your life that are still blurred.

But still, there's a world outside your window
waiting for your footprints, and

You can shape your own portal
You can spill out words on paper
You can remake constellations

Isn't it beautiful
that the only way you'll ever see the world
is with your own eyes?

Maya Hanson

Facade

I laugh on a stage
in a place
in a town
where no one knows me.

I smile
as the cloud closes in
I can't breathe anymore.

And the crowd stayed predictable...
They lifted me on their shoulders
and called me marvelous
And I was.

I was a marvelous liar.

Maya Hanson

Fade Away

you're not that kind of girl
i know you don't believe me but
i've known you for too
long

but really
that girl is
a trick of your mind
you can push it in front of
little
telescopes,
make it see differently

sometimes i look over and i
don't know what you're thinking
most of the time
i don't know
and it makes me so sad

i don't know even more now
i'm losing touch
i'm losing sight

maybe once i lose sound
i'll fade away
and you can be that girl again

Maya Hanson

Fall

My eyes are only half open
Why shouldn't I fall asleep
My arms are shivering, shaking
Why shouldn't I let go

I'm come to the end of the line
time to step
off the walkway
leap quickly
off the log

But I'm not tired of this beauty
Not tired at all...
I'm holding on
I'm holding on
No other choice but to fall

Indecision is stifling
My illuminated skin gives anything away
An empty room, a suffering life
A sky is your bedroom, a world apart

Still hanging on a ledge
fingers slipping
ever
so
slowly

I have no one left
I exist alone
My fingers know this
they're chilled to the bone

I'm not a wasted life
But I can't
hold on anymore
No real existence to grasp
No other choice but to fall

I feel your absence before I hit the ground
Shouldn't that say something
about me
about you
I understand there's no one here but me
Sitting on my shoulder
my soul holds its story
Before I hit the ground

I wish you were here
I wish you were not
I don't know what I should fear
I'm still falling

You're my tiger's eye
I can't
no, I can't decide

Why should I wake
when this dream world is better?
Why should I fly
when falling is so
exhilarating?

I'm still falling...
falling...

And on the other side of the world
You
Wake up.

Maya Hanson

Fall Out Of Love

Can you make yourself love?
Can you make yourself be loved?
Can you waste away the sorrow
Before you're even all the way hurt
All the way damaged
Can you fall out of love

Can you make yourself mourn?
Can you make yourself be mourned?
Can your practice alone, in front of the mirror
What you're going to say to him
But keep silent, keep silent
Never brave enough
Can you fall out of love

Can you let him go?
Can you let him let you go?
While you hide and cry the day away
Without shedding a tear
Can you fall out of love

I thought I loved you
I thought we were
I thought we were
I thought I loved you...
before...

Can you make yourself love
Can you make yourself be loved
Can you make yourself mourn
Can you make yourself be mourned

Can you let him go
Can you let him go
Can you let him
Can you let him let you go...

Can you fall out of love

Fame

It gets a little tiring
fighting back, fighting back
And you say the world owes you
there's nothing that you lack
but this rhyme that reaches
through a sinking soul
is so far from your fingers
it's in a whole other world

It gets a little lonely
up here staring into space
You're too busy pretending
to ever show me your face
and you waltz down the aisle
your body tipped with gold
while I sit here and remember
dread December's biting cold

But no, really, I love
I love winter's every day
I'll follow it into next year's dawn
just to chase the pain away
because anything's better than
watching your sparkling hands
and your ethereal beauty
pretend to be someone you're not.

A rhyme, a rhyme, I wrote it
just for you, just for you
But when I speak in halfway rhymes
sometimes the story falls apart too
So instead of chasing daydreams
and singing everything's all right
I'll fall with you on hands and knees
down the same cliff every night

And I'll tell it like it is,
life's a tough and broken game
and when we speak about it

like it's the glory and the fame
no one knows we're pretending
except me, you, and the breeze
So it's better we pretend
that famous is all we need to be.

Maya Hanson

Fearless

I drop to my knees and start the countdown
Risking the higher law I've learned
The fear melts from these open gates
All I want to know has hit the ground

You say you still carry everything I've done
I can't help but count your blessings instead of mine
But you dropped the time bomb and hit zero
and with the grand finale I've left your head

Hands clasped and now the prayers unwind
I know I don't need them anymore
With a place like this I carry a candle in the dark
And I'm begging on my knees that you'll see it

I'm fearless now, I boast gold on my shoulders
I carry the roses but only drop some at your feet
Knives can't hurt me, I swing my own sword
And the warriors bend when I turn my head

I stand up straight on my own, start the countdown
Love is the higher law I've learned
And the fear melts from these silver steel gates
All I need to know I've opened with my own keys

Maya Hanson

Fever

Tell me if you're coming by,
passing within a mile or a hundred
I'll turn like a magnet
to your scent but I can't show it
Let me plant my feet on the ground
so I don't fly away

I use your silhouette as
a guide to keep me on track
but not because you're a
guardian angel,
just because I don't want to
collapse back in your arms

But then I fall apart
and even though you're gone
it seems I've let you down again

My happiness is a high fever that will break
I can see it in your eyes
you're waiting for it to disappear
so you can stop standing at my bedside
pretending to sing me to sleep and
as soon as I'm unconscious
switching to the devil's anthem

My weight is a package you can't carry
I try to recruit you a whole team to hold it
but darling, you just smile and shrink in your seat

My love is a flower that won't bloom
it grows to the corner away from the light
and darling, you're there shading the whole garden

My happiness is a high fever that will break
I toss and turn and then come down
and darling, you're there gladly holding the thermometer.

Find You

I find you and find you and still
I think I could lose you again
I might hope but it won't end up growing
so take us how we are.

I breathe you and breathe you and still
I don't want to find another atmosphere
Turn the page and we fall into fragments
but glass is all I want sometimes.

I choose you and choose you and still
it matters to me so much what I say
so trust me, you are here and I will not lie but
I will not say everything I want to.

I love you and love you and still
I can't give you all of the burning
The end is the only thing I need to swallow
and never want to see.

Maya Hanson

Fire And Screams

You called my name
Urgently called my name
But I didn't hear you
Through the fire and screams
I looked for you
Desperately looked for you
But I couldn't find you
There was fire and screams
Hiding that I think of you
Every few minutes, I should say
Just hold on to me
Through that fire, those screams
Trust won't break through the fire and screams
It will grow against gravity
The gravity of moments that took my breath away
The pull of me and you, the right choice
The urging to stay calm
Through the fire and screams
But then there's always the evil gravity
The gravity of uncertainty, of fears
The pull of loneliness and tears
The urging to scream, to add to those screams
That fire, those screams
I looked for you
Frantically looked for you
But I couldn't find you
Through the fire and screams

Maya Hanson

Flying

It's a sign
From down under
That we hold
The power to fly

In my mind
I've always wondered
What it would be like
to touch the sky

Everything
I can't control
is a swarm of smoke
a blockade I'm hiding behind

The storm above my head
is crushing me
Piece by piece
I have to fight to ask myself
if I'm still alive

I'm sentenced to a lifetime
on the cold, unforgiving ground
Pressing through a
veil of pure stone
Strong as steel and
cascading with thunder.

I fight.
Nothing comes
To pity me.
I laugh.
'You can't
Kill me now.'
I sigh.
Might as well
Give up.
The storm, cold as ice
It's bringing me down.

I smile.
At least
I've come this far.
There are others
Who haven't
Been so lucky.
I cry.
My love
Gone now.
Despairing,
My life takes
Its final bow.

But is that a
Light in the darkness?
Is there finally a
Sun in the sky?
It's so clear I've
Almost dared to hope.
Oh darling, please don't ask, don't
Tell me why.

Just let me believe
in an illusion
in front of me.
Let me keep
this life
for free...

I try
One more time
to break free of my chains.
They give.
I soar.

The exhilaration
touches my fingertips,
blows through my hair
and I'm free.

Flying.

Maya Hanson

Follow You

Wishes
drenched in the lake water

Dreams
submerged in a storm

And I'd follow you
across the world
but you'd leave me
wanting more

A child of the sky
take what you can get
you fly ahead of me
slow down, I can't even
run yet

I love you as a sister,
a ripple to your wave
and you keep trying to save me
it's you I need to save

We chased time, I held you down
and wished you'd known
but once a soul lets go
a mind can't go on alone

Whispers flow through your fingers
Figure out what we're searching for
And just as I start over, you
let go
can't fly anymore

You and I were supposed to last
but he won't always be mine
and all I can do is wonder
why you left us behind

As I pocket sea glass, driftwood

and remember a day
when the ocean was all salt
and you and I, we were okay

but it never compared
to our murky freshwater lake
where the ghost of following you
haunts me
for my own sake

Maya Hanson

Fool

The memory of you pulls my stomach apart,
picks at the sanity I have left,
calls me a fool

And I was a fool,
I was pathetic
I chased your smoke down the waterways
all the way to the ship's edge
but I was just a girl
and I don't regret us,
I don't wish I was different,
I just wish I was more

As long as I knew you
I don't regret falling
falling hard
falling fast
I don't regret a thing.

Maya Hanson

Fool's Gold

I have told myself
spending too much time here
is like panning for stones in the sky...
I will fall for the view, I will love every minute
but anything I find will be fool's gold.

I have told myself
I can't stay away from you,
I have swallowed my truths and they're even sweet
but I will never be able to tell you.

And we stand here in a staredown,
you're a god against my world,
kings of everything,
tearing each other apart.

I could choke on what you've taken away,
you have made me and now
you still hold the reins but they're fraying-
I run wild with things I will never be able to tell you.

I am a compulsive liar because
I am hanging by a thread
and I do not want to fall,
so these untruths spin silk
like sunsets through your fingertips.

And we stand here in a staredown,
stepping but not changing,
you're a god against my world.

This chilling harmony fights in my ears,
it's like panning for stones in the sky...
I will fall for the view, I will love every minute
but anything I find will be fool's gold.

Maya Hanson

Forbidden

As a tangle of forbiddens
slip through my fingers
half a tree grows in seconds
and an atom splits the night

If a sparrow's breath can't get by
how will my screams pass
subside as the cliff drags me,
I'm eternally last

My future is
forbidden,
my every move
a curse
My eyes are closing
for better or
for worse

My life is
forbidden,
my breath gone
to its grave
So my screams
pierce the mountains
hoping I can be saved

Rushes of blood linger
I'm half cold, half too alive
to bear this asymmetry
falling from the midnight sky

When I creep through the shadows
I reach for sunlight but then
the bridges to otherworlds
slip past me again

We used to be magic,
we used to be marvelous
Glittering, guiding the lights

we knew they'd follow us

Now I'm the last of the lanterns,
I'm coming undone
I'm straying from the path
letting go of everyone

My future is
forbidden,
my every move
a curse
My eyes are closing
for better or
for worse

My life is
forbidden,
my breath gone
to its grave
So my screams
pierce the mountains
hoping I can be saved

Maya Hanson

Forgetful

I am the worst kind of forgetful.
I want to remember how to know you,
I want to remember all your syllables
and string them together like fairy lights at sunset,
I want to remember what you need me to forget.

I have the worst kind of smile.
You can draw it out too easily.
I try not to smile in front of people who know me too well,
they might keep it like a memory.
I don't want to build any memories,
most things I build don't last.

I am the worst kind of armrest.
When I try to hold you I feel your balance breaking,
hands shake but I don't want a handshake,
I want clovers and whispers and sand in our shoes,
midnights that don't need to end.

I want to run but I have the worst kind of balance.
I try to have stronger muscles,
ones that won't struggle when I hit the rocks,
I trip and fall too easily.

I have the worst kind of current.
When the air is silent
I don't have the voice to fill it with sparks.
When the air is electric
I fall for your stars like lightning.

I am lucky to have this street to walk.
But I don't like being this kind of forgetful.
I remember everything.

Maya Hanson

Forgettable

Forgettable.

That's the only word that
pierces my chest, pricks my fingers
as I wash my face with your aftertaste

Forgettable.

The only syllables that break my lips
as I chase your wings with regret
paint your eyes with my despair

Forgettable.

Dawn slips unknowingly into day
and I choke once again on
almost knowing who you were

Forgettable.

Intertwined fingers loosen,
inconstant after all- a sunrise
illuminates the cracks in everything

Forgettable.

I can't face you now
the shadow of who you were
fades in sundust, morning dew and haze

Forgettable.

I shed and take on a new skin
not twilight blue, more like the gray of
early morning clouds and
my memory through your slippery hands

Forgettable.

Forgetting Your Face

Not over you, not under yet
though the water's looking good
I'm starting on the slippery slope of
forgetting your face

The strings have started
to tear and unravel-
which I expected, they were
loosely threaded after all

Now you're just a sentence
or two or maybe a conversation
I can't reach you, you've dropped
a weight on my hands

Now you're just a pair of eyes,
going through your own hell
on the other side of the world
Now you're just a star breather

I've cried with remembering
but it's having no memories left
having to live and learn over again
that scares me to death

I'm drenched again but
this time I'm soaked with hatred
and how a quarter smile could
shake the whole world

Now you're just a sentence
or two or maybe a conversation
I can't reach you, you've dropped
a weight on my hands

Now you're just a pair of eyes,
going through your own hell
on the other side of the world
Now you're just a star breather

The bridges you built in my head
are shifting underground with all the
old songs I knew that are always
on my tongue but won't fall

I cling to the slippery slope of
faking lives and foolish reasons
but I know it's inevitable
forgetting your face

Maya Hanson

Fourth Dimension

you are
a fourth dimension,
a seventh.

you can't be wrong
if I sing what you say.

you can't be living black
if I read into every sorrow.

you can't be tired
when all the
suns stay ours.

you can't stay awake
when all the moons are
rising
over us.

you are
smoke, fog, and haze,
shudder in my irises
the second I think I can see.

I thought you were
a fourth dimension,
maybe you're
every dimension.

Maya Hanson

Fresh Static

There used to be
smoke and gunshots
when I heard your name
Chaos would reign
when I closed my eyes

There used to be
the bangs of cannons and
lightning and drums
Now it's fresh static,
a picture coming loose from its frame

I know I should envy the quiet
but I want all the noise in the world

Maya Hanson

From Space

Black

White

Darkness is a shadow
plays the keys of his face

Green

Blue

I crack with distance
can he see my sorrow from space

Maya Hanson

Frost Like Night

Frost like your face spilling through my window,
blinding light paints patterns on my eyelids
because I'd rather not open them
and face this silent world.

Snowflakes like ashes on the pristine earth
when I can't see the beauty in those perfect lies
When they see a new day dawning
all I see is blank white horizons...
the crystals shake like a music box beneath my feet
before they're so easily shattered and melted
and I stumble once again on rough roots uncovered.

When the sun sets and lights fire
to whatever lurks beneath the surface
I lace my fingers as winter's little chandeliers
burn and fade and steal me away with them.

Frost like night when I close my eyes.

Maya Hanson

Galaxies Tied Up With Strings

Maybe if I fall out of bed
Maybe if I crash to the floor
Maybe if I pretend to be drowning
I won't always feel like the last wheel

The floor shifts beneath my feet
and once again I'm helpless
leaning on her and him and you

The world's a stampede, I have no choice but to dive in
but I'm diving as a fly on her shoulder
and I'm laughter coaxed into one person
one heart, one mind
but right now the shackles have bound me too tight

I wish I could tear into you with my words,
read your thoughts, speak your name in a rhyme
but instead I'll stay
right here
I'm all the galaxies tied up with strings
but the box has never been opened

Maya Hanson

Garden (You'Re My Lone Flower)

I'm so confused
so I let down my guard
I float myself out into the night
And there in my garden
I sit there and wait
Stare at the lone flower, I cry

Love is not the same
thing it was yesterday
Can't realize what you know and don't know
If you keep throwing your
Voices with swords at me
I will keep letting you go...

How rare a gift you have
I'm not letting it in past me
Focused upward, I'm not moving my eyes
What I see is thunderclouds
taking over the earth
But I swallow my tears
and look towards the sky

When I'm in my garden
I get my only strength
From a single flower that reassures me
And the only thing I know
You're my lone flower
That's everything you can ever be

And the only thing I know
You're my lone flower
That's everything you can ever be
And the only thing I know
You're my lone flower
Oh, you're my lone flower, set me free

Maya Hanson

Gift

I disappear here and there through the days
but then you pull me back without reason

You carved a track I can't help but follow
You raise me to the roof of the engine just by saying my name
I watch you run, sing me chords through the field
I want you to take a hammer to that wall I can't stand
that blocks your spark from the crackling wood that needs it
With your laugh you sent galaxies to shimmer in my veins
With your blush you painted wings that are fastened tight to my breakable
shoulders,
wings that still love me no matter how many times I trip

You have a gift for pulling out the best in people
I want the chance to pull out the best in you

Maya Hanson

Girl In White

A girl, she's made of
so many colors
Can we memorize
them all

As a child, rocked back and forth
He dunked her head underwater
How ironic that way back then
she was a girl in white

Growing up, think pink
Be her sister,
hold her closely while she sleeps
You never know when she'll be heading
out the door

Part of a life,
a time before her memory
Show her pictures and
don't let her forget
A girl in violet

A miracle
in her early years
You were so proud
of your best friend, the shining star
To you she glowed in yellow

Upon the stage she poured her heart out
The crowd as a whole had to shiver
when she hit that high note
And we cheered for her dressed in silver

From the top of the stairs you can hear her
She'll say things she might regret later
But you know they weren't true
You forgive that girl in blue

True love, she will finally know

how it feels, you wonder where will it take her
Just three words
was all she said
And her heart burned in red

Only a gown, only a piece of paper
but to her it starts a life
She looks out at the crowd
all the people who are the words to her story
She tells you not to cry
But you will see her again
A symbol, a laugh, a tassel of gold

She looks for somewhere else to go
You watch over her shoulder,
it seems she leaves a minute later
Looking ahead to all she could be
How we missed that girl in green

When she's laughing more than ever
then you will know
And you'll see her, again dressed in white
Guided by a glowing light
walking down the aisle

The orange horizon
matches her summer dress
Kissing him
She looks back on
how much she's lived

As she fades out with the light
You'll remember her in white
You'll be dressed in the darkest shade of it
at the same time, it's the opposite
As she whispers her last breath
I love you

Maya Hanson

Give Me A Tragedy

If you want art
give me a mess,
give me a tangle of lives

I can't make sparks
with perfection and puzzle pieces.

If you want a mountain
give me a valley,
give me hopelessness and black

I can't wish
good into better.

If you want change
give me a time bomb,
a collision beyond time and space

I need rebels to
make a ripple or a splash.

If you want a story
give me a tragedy,
hand me something I can work with

I can't build a castle
out of beautiful words.

Maya Hanson

Glances

Stealing glances, picking little fights
when you're the only one I would never push down-
you are already too sunk with your ship,
rooted in lonely chaos.

We are tangled because they told us to
and when I reach past you
I could swear you almost take my hand,
there is no shame in this
unless I want there to be.

Scribbling secrets, spring midnights
when we paint the sky open with laughter...
we will regret breaking dawn
but we can never regret as much as we will miss.
And when you're across the table
I could wake the whole world
with these deafening glances.

I want to tell you how you talk,
how it builds this sun around us and
I see it like a comfort that could break any moment
but somehow you still manage to hold it up.

I want to tell you how you sound,
tired and happier than you've ever been in daylight,
like no matter how late it gets you'd rather be here,
like you'll never hold it over me if I trip.
I want to tell you how you sound,
hands that can't hold you up at this hour,
a voice stumbling over itself,
a voice tired and messy but I love it that way.

I want to tell you how you look,
not even trying to stay awake,
you don't need to when these bonds are unspoken and
so I keep glancing over at you,
seconds then minutes at a time,
hoping you might catch me,

wishing you won't.

I want to tell you how you love,
tired and you're still better at human than me,
if we are marbles or minutes or just what someone needs
you give so so so much more than you take.

Maya Hanson

Glitter Between Lashes

Glitter between lashes settles like a mind game
She lives, dies, survives, she's still the same

She's a flickering flame in the deepest night
Trying to find a passion to finally reignite

She tries to remember the beauty in those words
All the love and quiet smiles that she's overheard

But beauty's not just castles, it's breakdowns too
She searches for the memory of everything she knew

Glitter between lashes like a broken soul
She cries out the beauty to finally make her whole

Maya Hanson

Goodbyes

Goodbyes are the only promises I will make.

You can pretend we won't hang by a thread tomorrow
we can survive the fraying
but from this far away I can't color you in,
I can't fit smiles and leaving together like puzzle pieces...
this is the first and last time you will see me cry.

Goodbyes are the only things I will leave here.

Now I seem to slip down all the slopes,
can't hold myself to the ground without you,
I have always been afraid of the sky
but I'm more afraid of being buried alone beneath my feet
so I will take a running start.

Goodbyes are the only things I will let fall like hope.

When I tell my words to touch you for the last time
you know I will take any excuse to stay here a second longer,
I will write you into quicksand so I'm rooted.

But goodbyes are the only promises I will make.
Give me a different hello
and I will make you a better promise.

Maya Hanson

Graveyard Shift

I'm alone, I'm surrounded

This is the part of night
where nothing makes sense
but the sky still stretches as far as I can reach

The world's a graveyard
as we take to our nocturnal coffins
and pass our souls
to the other side of the world
where the light is just coming in

The ground is frozen solid,
flakes of pure ice
but my brain is burning hot as hell
without even thinking or speaking
or loving this stillness while it lasts

All the things I don't want to think
without cover of stars
press their way through my numb fingers
and after a few hours make me think maybe
all these things I don't want to think
are just knots I need to breathe and untangle
under the blanket of darkness

The world's a graveyard
as the quick slips of
brushing against stone and shrubs
wake up all the faces I've ever seen

I'm alone, I'm surrounded

This is the part of night
where the stars are just as brilliant as chaos
and the lost have always found themselves a home.

Maya Hanson

Gravity

I couldn't care less about where I'm supposed to be,
here is better than anything I could sing into existence
And looking down from thirty thousand feet
I haven't spent enough time on you

Crooked song, made-up stories
Give the world your tears like a sinking storm
to melt the ice you carry
It can't be pouring and freezing at once,
so summon the thunder to sigh it all out like fireworks
Give the world your crooked song
and everyone will skip a beat.

I couldn't care less about gravity,
she says,
because I don't have to follow the rules
when you can bend my soul like that.

Maya Hanson

Grounded

I am not getting smaller,
shrinking with feeling and letting go,
putting up all my defenses
to quit the confusion and instead use your hand.

I am not standing too long,
shivering until my bones feel so far away,
they crack like those arches and I am the gate.

I am not holding too tight,
forward and back like my constant insanity.
I am not knotting these fishing line heartstrings,
catch and release like those signs used to say.

I am not flying or falling,
I think here I am grounded.

Maya Hanson

Gutter

In my head my touch is hitting the best brakes on your skin.
This is a stream of consciousness and I am so far below the gutter,
I've decided
maybe I kind of like it down here.

In my head we are tripping down the steps,
neither of us can dance fast enough
when we're choking on these chemicals,
better than any waterfall and just as beautiful
because they mean I've learned to trust you.

In my head we are skimming, skipping sections,
the ones that don't matter,
skipping a beat,
holding tight to all the best parts,
this desperate is the worst tornado I've ever been in
but I don't feel it, I am right in the middle of the perfect.

I make up stories, something, nothing, maybe,
your touch has turned my response from a shy to a shiver,
please tell me you need it too.

I can't feel the solid ground,
there is too much more I want in this moment to care about standing still,
in my head my fingers are pressing all the right buttons.

You can always get the juices flowing
a brush of your heat and words hit paper and
I hit the wall at the speed of sound,
you can draw out both the perfect pain and the pen.

This is how the mighty fall
soaked like the rain,
this is how the glory wavers
seeping from our souls,
I don't need the sweet
when your sour is see-through and I love every minute.

This is a stream of consciousness and I am so far below the gutter,

I've decided
maybe I kind of like it down here.

Maya Hanson

Half As Long And Twice As Loud

I'd love to write one
of those half open stories
Sour, salty, bittersweet,
spilling out memories
I'd love to be one
of those unbroken girls
Sunshine could hold me
with the weight of the world

But I love half as long
and I love twice as loud,
messy like a lonely voice
screaming for a crowd
I love like a fear of heights,
scattered punchlines in the air
I love like an explosion
until the oxygen's not there

I'm an empty castle, you can
break the drawbridge down
I can dance to escape with you
until our feet touch the ground
I call back and hear your echo
like sugar on my tongue
Breathing in your temporary
into raw and silent lungs

But I love half as long
and I love twice as loud,
messy like a lonely voice
screaming for a crowd
I love like a question mark,
ink and unknown memories
I love like a cage of freedom
bringing you to your knees

I'm on a cliff, I can
jump or you can push me
My eyes sealed shut

with what I can never be
But like rain in the morning
I'll coat your skin for today
Pick up the brush, paint
my arms with what you say

But I love half as long
and I love twice as loud,
messy like a lonely voice
screaming for a crowd
I love like a stolen conscience
in flickering blue light
Like a wolf but sweeter, gentler,
turn my sighs into your sight

I could love now like a
piercing flashlight beam
I'll unravel my fingers
so I speak what you mean
Darling, if this crumbles
just take it from me
I'll never be set in stone,
I'm not a guarantee

But I love half as long
and I love twice as loud,
messy like a lonely voice
screaming for a crowd
I love like a bareback rider,
wild horses, waterfalls
I love like a tornado
and you can have it all

Maya Hanson

Half Asleep

We're half asleep, can't
fool me now, please
tell me if I'm right or wrong

We parry, thrust,
let me leave if you're
going to keep slipping away

I see the light
at the top of the stairs,
maybe you left it on for me

But if my teasing ghost
flips the switch back and forth
let me go before I dive too deep

Wide awake, I'm swearing
and sweating off your touch
and everything sweet you ever told me

But you stay half asleep,
spending careless compliments,
throwing away everything I gave

Maya Hanson

Halfway

Smother me in sanity
I never thought I had,
reach the line I didn't dare to cross

I can stumble,
loathe this halfway
and still love it like my own,
stand on the ledge and keep myself from leaping

Leave my heart attacks at the door,
I can't afford them
when I need the nervous,
the beats that sprint when I'm pressed close to you

Sin
ought to be something
this exquisite,
something biting sweet when I open my mouth,
something heartwrenching
that makes my heels
pound on the pavement
when you're standing motionless-

I don't know how long I can do this
without falling or
pretending to fall.

Maya Hanson

Handmade

I have created this voice for you.
Sometimes I lead it over
the cliffs and pools I fall into,
Sometimes I overuse cursive with
the words I cannot make come true,
I have created this voice for you.

I have remade these hands for you.
Leaving the chase behind
as I take my time with forming you,
Winding, shivering, shifting
to tie up something brand new,
I have remade these hands for you.

I have handmade this heart for you.
Everyone else is not enough when
I need words to give them clues,
Everyone else could be enough but
when you sing I don't need to,
I have handmade this heart for you.

Maya Hanson

Hang

You make me want to say the same lyrics over and over
and I will never be tired,
every time I hear them there's a different beat,
different chords,
something I want to fall into.

I will hang on your hurricane hands,
left handed like me,
I will hang on how I would change but I don't need to,
holding this normal like it's priceless,
hovering here when I can't read you and
hoping I can stay.

You make me want to want things I've hated
like careless I love yous on nights that don't need them
and boring T-shirts you've always chosen for comfort
and close still meaning too far apart
and the word possibility.

You make me want to sneak out just to fit together metronome hearts,
puzzle pieces that flash in sync like port lights when our eyes are so far from
sand-
I'm not for everyone
but somehow slipping along these mudslides
your fingers have not found my razor edges yet.

I will hang on your loose ends,
comfortable endings,
crumbling walls,
crying over something or nothing,
charm and chaos,
chatter too late to make out what you mean.

Maya Hanson

Hanging Love In The Air

Eyes staring through me,
humans with strange hearts
Love hangs in the air,
filling balloons on a string

Doors locked shut,
a hallway of tears,
I'm drowning and running
and getting nowhere

Spirits fill one half of me,
half dead,
eyes half closed
and humans with strange hearts
haunt my sleep

My heart is full
but my fingers are stiff from
going too long without
holding a pen

Words
finally open my eyes,
banish the spirits
and hang love in the air.

Maya Hanson

Hard To Explain

I press myself near the wall
hang my hair over my face
and hope all
you see
is a shadow
a ghost
another passerby

One in two thousand
I turn my feet inward
even my walk is
submissive
it's the prey's
walk of shame

It's a blessing
going unnoticed
I train my eyes on the floor
and watch plastic legs walk by
carrying matches for bodies
ashes for faces

You light them all on fire
and they go up in flames
unaware
you turn on your heel
and strut away from the
burning house
scene of the crime
as the silent shrieks
echo behind you

And after death
we slink along the walls
even among each other
our tight-lipped smiles
are caging our candles
our whispered voices
are pleasantries

as we bow our heads
half-smiles obscuring
an outsider's view

But you've never
done the prey's
walk of shame
you've never been
set on fire

it's hard to
explain

Maya Hanson

Head Case

I am a head case, you seem to be too
but at least people know it about you
when you stay here with us telling just enough truth
while I keep this inside from my point of view

I won't tell lies but I won't tell you enough
I would tell it all but then you'd call my bluff
You can tell when I'm open, when my love's too full
I won't tell lies but I won't give my soul

I am a head case, I run into walls
I'm a misshapen road then a long way to fall
I am a head case, you seem to be too
but at least people know it about you

You bleed, it runs up the walls like a lunatic
I bleed and the rainbow comes back just to ruin it
Like whispers and laugh lines we sneak through the streets
I'll fall down at your doorstep or we'll fall asleep

I am a head case, I can't risk or I'll lose
I'm the color of echoes in this empty room
I am a head case, you seem to be too
but at least people know it about you

Maya Hanson

Heart Attacks And Living

Every time my heart stops I feel more alive.
I know I should turn back but I can't find my steps
so the world etches these scenes into my pages
I will keep turning
from a time bomb to a constant,
I will keep turning
from a whisper to a heart attack.

Every time my heart breaks I keep on living.
If this heart is a desert all I need is water,
pick up the pieces and it runs from my fingers
I will keep turning
from barren to beautiful,
I will keep turning
from empty to bursting.

I would ask who do you think I am
but I don't need to see you weak
to be strong.

So I will keep loving heart attacks,
sometimes I love too much to do it well.

Maya Hanson

Heartbreak Word

Don't leave me hollow
Don't leave me scarred
Leave your window open
and I'll tear you apart

Chasing these bruises
from cliffhanger ends
Your fingers lace crowns
too rusted to mend

Don't try to find beauty
I'll disappoint you
Don't try to find me
Let me unlock for you

I've wanted to scream
but I can't find a voice
Give me a seashell
I'll find too much noise

So I'll try to tell you
things I should never mean
Maybe it's better if I never
use your shoulder to lean

With every heartbreak word
you've ever brought to life
your eyes tell me they need me, I
need you more than should be right

Maya Hanson

Heaven

Things would be easier if there was a rhyme,
or some way to frame this with a stained-glass window.

I don't choose how I keep falling for someone else
but I choose every minute to keep it from you.

Find me in loyal but I'll never get to heaven,
you've scraped all the smooth sailing from my wake,
the waves crash under this boat till we're soaked.

Find me in quiet but I'll never get to heaven,
every day I choose this war and this bloodshed
instead of falling back into the sleep and simplicity I used to know.

Things would be easier if there was some way to win
but I'm on the path to demolition
I still hold a needle to my wrist every time you're around,
waiting for a rush and a comfort so pure I'm afraid it will break all the barriers,
or some kind of burn in my blood when you're leaving again,
when someone else's lifeline lives behind your eyes.
Heartbreak or pure exhilaration...
I never know what will make me push in the tip.

Find me in truth but I'll never get to heaven,
I keep choosing these blue eyes with sharp edges
that you hold close to mine too long.
Don't worry
I wouldn't want them to be gentle,
I need you to love the words you throw jagged
like the hellfire in our veins
like the holes we won't be able to sew closed in each other's chests.
Don't ever apologize for feeling.

Find me in lonely but I'll never get to heaven,
I keep choosing this heart.

Maya Hanson

Heavy Shoulders

Press into my shoulders
those daggers of glass
I love how they sting my skin
so I can bleed out the world
So I build a glittering layer and
keep the world at bay
turn the deepest secrets inside out

Lay your love on me like a blanket
when I'm shivering with fever
Give me the illusion
that I'm dipped in your warmth
not wrapped in a snow globe

Spit on me till it's tainted
with your past and my bruises
and racing down the railroad tracks
to nothing

My heavy shoulders sing with sorrow
and hide with every sigh
under blooming battle scars from the wicked game
Bruises I used to brag about
until I faced these storms and
I'm on the path back home

My heavy shoulders are weighted,
draped with all the liars in the world
that are smashed into dust and
woven into the blanket of your love

Now I'm on the path back home,
breathing out promises
Something pulls at the edges of my smile
and the words I wrote but left unsaid
watch from the end of the road
as I turn the corner

They see all that's left of me,

your blanket tossed off my heavy shoulders,
those daggers of glass splattered with
blood disguised as stardust

and I'm gone with a pile of bruised mismatched memories,
a shriek of freedom,
a shatter that breaks the sky.

Maya Hanson

Here Here Here

Live
Die
Watch you breathe
Live
Die
You say to me,
I can't
Stay
Here

Chorus
But I can't
Feel like something, I can't
Feel like anything
When you're here
Here
Here
End chorus

Heart
Beat
I'm stronger than this
Heart
Beat
I lean in for that kiss

Chorus
And I can't
Feel like something, I can't
Feel like anything
When you're here
Here
Here
End chorus

Love
You
Wherever you are
Love

You

I'll look at your star, and you'll be close behind

Chorus

And I know I can't

Feel like something, I can't

Feel like anything

When you're here

Here

Here

End chorus

Maya Hanson

Hidden Messages

We're meeting strangers, stealing nights
and not closing our eyes until the sun comes up.
And I'm smiling,
pretending,
all I want to do is close my eyes next to him.

Maybe at the end of this charade
it'll turn out to be a movie scene,
but I'm not counting on it-
I haven't been fallen for yet
why should he be any different?

Chasing her, I'm next to him
and biting my lip to hold back a confession
Every time they're in the same universe,
every time she's in his arms,
it's his best moment because she's in it.
They're sparks and no shame and everything's smooth, smooth, smooth.

Have fun without her, I tell him
as he throws halfhearted compliments at me that don't reach his eyes.
Hide the fact that you're only there for her.
And I want to scream God, can't you see that's exactly what I'm doing?

Maya Hanson

Hold Me Closer

Half of me is crumpled on the floor,
half of me is crumbled in your heart
And half of me stands here hoping
I won't fall and break apart

We're a messed-up love equation
in a tiny room with no door
I'm cringing, I'm hesitating
our hope cowers in the corner

I want so much to get lost in you
so I'll stand still, frozen here
and wrap this love in plastic
Now we have nothing to fear

I want to run to you when I crack,
so I'll build myself a smaller cage
We both accept the walls we've built,
it's a staredown of who will break

But I know I'm going to break first
I've never been good at holding out
I make your simple stars into wishes
I pull your golden magic from the ground

Step over the line,
give me your heart and mind
cause I already know them better than you do
Step on the cracks,
someday you'll trip on your regret
but it's better than ending what I have with you

Finally storm the tiny walls,
realize everything's already broken
Nothing can hurt more than words you've spoken
Let the rain come down,
it can only wash us clean
Hold me closer, let me show you what I mean

Hold On To You

I hold on to you like a stairway railing,
like I'm tripping over the first step
I don't know if it's my making or yours

You hold on to me like a crossbow,
I'm defenseless, you string me up
to scare people away

I grow pieces of you with my tears
I try to meld them together with my sharp edges
but they only fit when my glass skin is in shards

I know I could lie but I'm hooked through the mouth
This is madness and shadows rolled up in your eyes

I hold on to you with dementia,
you give me too many dares
and just a handshake
feels like a promise I'll have to leave behind

All you want is too much of everything
All I want is nothing
I don't know if I want to be held or whole

Maya Hanson

Hold This World

The world's worn you down
so I want to be sharp as anything
You ride the tip of every miracle I pray for

I've told a million of these stories
sometimes it feels like obsession
but I think I'm just deathly afraid

Leave me stranded like a car wreck, smash
all the picture frames I've balanced on your head
you've never been strong enough anyway as
this city's clocktower weighs like whispers on my shoulders

I would place weight on your palms like lightning
and walk out of my skin, show you my thunder
but I know if I did there would be no more unspoken poems in the spot next to
you,
you've never been strong enough anyway

I can be sharp as anything
if you want me to be,
take a turn holding this world
and it might show you a sliver of skyline.

Maya Hanson

Home

I almost panic when I look
in the distance, black clouds loom
But I'm on my way now
and I'm fighting against my doom

My heart matches the beat of the drums
My cheeks flushed from running alone
My feet slap the warm pavement
as I run towards
home

The place I call home
where I want you to stay
It's hidden here
from the chaos, the fray

My heart matches the beat of the drums
My cheeks flushed from running alone
My feet slap the warm pavement
as I run towards
home

All my dreams, my memories
from living here before
The silence matched the loneliness
a complement to its bitter core

My heart matches the beat of the drums
My cheeks flushed from running alone
My feet slap the warm pavement
as I run towards
home

But now I approach it
with a bravery that isn't like me
While remembering the failures
and who I used to be

My heart matches the beat of the drums

My cheeks flushed from running alone
My feet slap the warm pavement
as I run towards
home

Holding you like I never have
breathing your sweet scent
I climb the hills, I think I can
so begins my sweet descent

My heart beats like this again
My cheeks flushed, no longer alone
My feet slap the warm pavement
as I carry you
home

Maya Hanson

Hope

Hope
hesitates like a
shadow in the clouds
I could have caught
if you
had taken my hand

but instead
you stared up
at the starlight
and like a
balloon
let it
drift away.

Maya Hanson

How To Apologize Without Saying I'm Or Sorry

Lying
for me
is like a second skin.

All those times I talk
all those times you believe me
it's like a battle
but I always hide your weapons

and when I could hear the song of ashes in your eyes
life caught up to me.

This is the best I can do to atone
I wish I could paint you in something real,
I wish I could paint you on every wall,
I wish I could pull you up every mountain you ever find.
This is how I will forgive myself.
This is how I will forgive knowing
you will never forgive me.

So I will stand here,
put my fear on wings
just to see the reflection of my apology
on your skin.

These are the only words I'll use
I have burned so many days
with the aftermath of my own insanity
I look down at this body like half a piece of driftwood
trying to find my way to the river
but every time I turn around there's another pair of jaws.

These are the only words I'll use to say
I don't want to live any more days
knowing I lit the fire in your head
knowing I've sworn a blood oath to the reason you can't sleep

There is blood in this river,
we have swallowed it down

but it is no longer a scar
it is a blood promise
and I need to let it make us whole

So I've collected some
little pebbles
they're not much
but I'll stay here till dawn scratches open the sky
throwing them at your window
so I can learn how to unsleep like you
so I can learn how to bleed like you
so I can learn how I made you choke
so maybe
you might open the window again.

Maya Hanson

Hurricane

I drop my eyes,
you see through me
I'm translucent even though
speech leaves scorch marks on my skin.

I still smile at sculptures
even when they're shattered
I'm translucent when you go
worlds spin on inside my head.

I think fate scratches
at my bedroom door
I'm translucent, lights go out
darkness settles me, messy though it is.

Sleight of hand and
I have skin again
but it's translucent in this rain
We can't hear it, we're a hurricane.

Maya Hanson

Hurt With You

I will always be breaking, combusting,
breaking down and breaking through,
you know so well I would rather hurt with you.

You need to stop using those words,
always the sorry and the need,
I can't take either when I can barely breathe.

I need to stay, I need to leave,
I need a list of things I shouldn't do,
cut off oxygen and crashing cars,
losing and finding and hurting you.

Tomorrow I might not be able to reach,
carving history, scribble skin on skin,
stomach drop with what you choose, begin.

I will always be sighing, stumbling,
sighing lies and sighing truth,
when I'm cold and so unable to shake you.

But I will always be breaking, combusting,
breaking down and breaking through,
you know so well I would rather hurt with you.

Maya Hanson

I Am Human

I am a
Human being.

I try to
Think about others first
But sometimes
I fail.

I am a
Selfish
Human being.

I hold on through the
Darkness that looms-
Now and forever,
I am capable of reaching
For my dreams.

I am a
Dreaming
Human being.

Sometimes
I can't wait
For things to happen-
I grow restless.

I am an
Impatient
Human being.

I have a heart
Like a fire
All at once, it turns
Different colors.

I am an
Emotional
Human being.

I cannot tell you
How many times I've snapped-
I am just
Human and so
I am capable of breaking.

I am a
Breakable
Human being.

I am ready
At daylight
To face anything
Destiny throws at me.

I am a
Strong
Human being.

I lose
Control sometimes and
Give myself to
Worse desires.

I am a
Greedy
Human being.

I have family and
Friends I would
Give anything for
Anytime, anywhere.

I am a
Lovable
Human being.

Sometimes I forget
I am ignorant and
I am gone
When you need me.

I am an
Inconstant
Human being.

I go through life
Uniquely, I'm real, you
Know when you
Look at me.

I am a
Beautiful
Human being.

Nature
Itself
Is not perfect and so
I embrace my imperfections.

Through it all
I am a
Flawed
Human being.

Have these things
Surprised you,
Angered you,
Saddened you,
Shocked you?

They shouldn't have.
I am just
Human.
Like you.

Maya Hanson

I Am Not A Realist

I wrap myself around these sound waves
so the memories don't fall,
drown in starlight that will speak to me when you're gone.

I am not a realist so I will cover my walls in sirens,
undo buttons I will never press,
romance when all the confusion collides.

I am not an artist so I will feel the change in altitude
without climbing high,
pull your misleading silver down over me.

I am not a soul to save but I will tell you how much I want it,
the absence of white noise,
this is such a good place to give up and fall.

I am not a realist but I will hold this together,
a heart born with the burning,
I am so delusional
I will drown in you and call it the best oxygen.

Maya Hanson

I Am Not As Wonderful As A Word

I am not as wonderful as a
Word,
shifting and flickering like a
Candle
standing for destruction and
Hatred.
Push people away, it's the only
Way
to sift through the storm like it's
Flour
But then my passion erupts, it's
Beautiful
Melancholy
thoughts I have that
Ignite me.
The sunshine bleeds through my
Skin
and I feel
Alive.

Maya Hanson

I Am The Liar

I bleed in borrowed snakeskin
and staring down at it I can't wrap you in the blame
no, I am the liar
and I can't help but wash away in dreaming
when you leave like this.

I am hollow heavy eyes
following your current and
I wrap you in the shadows to separate you from the sparks
but they still find their way to your window,
piling over each other until all I can see is blinding
so I throw myself on the ground outside
hoping this city can love a liar
and the streetlights all go out at the sight of me.

Maya Hanson

I Can't Have You And Be Free.

I used to cover the whole
world, but what I couldn't see

was that my leash just went that
far, wrapped around your center of gravity

because you wanted me to
see everything I'd be missing

when you reeled me in like a
dog with a tucked tail

But you made me choose
and it tore me apart

Running to the edge of the earth in my
dreams, I'll drown myself in aqua blue

and hope that choosing is
no more evil than your eyes,

the eyes that once held mine
like they were rare and needed and beautiful and I

should have known, I'm not
rare just a human who has to

make selfish decisions like this one,
but then again the aqua blue has

told me exactly what I need,
I want your sweet breath

and bare infinities and intense
perfection, but I need to be

free.

I Choose You

You need to know
that you were never
just turning left
at a break in the path

You were never just
a split second mindset
that I somehow gave away

and I'm not leaving you
next to the light we let in
to sweep up the dust
and start again with someone new

I choose you
I keep choosing you
each and every day.

Maya Hanson

I Need Something To Do With My Hands

hair in my face
couldn't keep me quiet
limits you had listed
couldn't keep me in the lines

there were times when
i would bite my lip
just to see if you'd notice
turn around enough degrees

there were times when
a blink was amplified
to the summit of a mountain
maybe it was morse code
(or something)

there were days when
hair in my face was for
foolish impressions instead of
a whip from biting breezes,

instead of i need something
to do with my hands
now that i can't lose
my fingers in your hair

there are days where all i do
is play with the edge of my shirt
now loved and frayed
like we could have been

how many days will it take
before i stop looking for you

Maya Hanson

I Want You Forever

When it starts
I'm terrified
that you're too much for me
but still
I feel
like I want you forever
I want you forever
I want you forever baby,
I want you forever
oh oh oh
is it wrong to want
what I can't have?
is it wrong to want you?
and I'm still here through it all
I feel
like I want you forever
I want you forever
I want you forever baby,
I want you forever
oh oh oh
is it wrong to want
what I can't have?
is it wrong to want you?
and I want to feel like that,
I want to feel like this
right now
I feel
like I want you forever
I want you forever
I want you forever baby,
I want you forever
oh oh oh
is it wrong to want
what I can't have?
is it wrong to want you?
is it wrong to want
what I can't have?
is it wrong to want you?

I Wish, I Want, I Am

Today
I could escape
I could become someone better
But I'm standing here watching
from the end of the road,
watching the chariot disappear
ever
so
slowly
until suddenly it's gone

What are the steps
to fulfill a dream?
Why are they
so hard to climb?
Why are their mysteries wrapped up so tightly
and why am I even alive?

Keeping miracles hidden up my sleeve
Oh, tell me what's worse than that?
Trying and hoping for a thought
that could never be
Running and covering no distance
Leaving my heart in the dust
but still I'm here, for some reason
A reason I can't describe

What are the steps
to fulfill a dream?
Why are they
so hard to climb?
Why are their mysteries wrapped up so tightly
and why am I even alive?

In the darkness
in a parallel reality
I reach for a dream
Is the dream smoke
or a tangible idea?

Is it time
for me to fulfill it?

What are the steps
to fulfill a dream?
Why are they
so hard to climb?
Why are their mysteries wrapped up so tightly
and why am I even alive?

I'm trying harder now,
aim for the sky
Living something different from yesterday
Take a wish made of shavings
and turn it to wood
Build your own house made of dreams

What are the steps
to fulfill a dream?
Why are they
so hard to climb?
Why are their mysteries wrapped up so tightly
and why am I even alive?

Dreams, possibilities
they're not wasted on me
I try and I scream from inside
But I know someday
this won't be in vain
I wish.
I want.
I am.

Maya Hanson

Icarus

Maybe flying too close to the sun just had something to do with
needing the light,
chasing the dawn

The people of sparks understand
with their earth walls and their lanterns,
forever searching for something they don't know
but they know they need

Maybe flying too close to the sun just had something to do with
loving the sky,
breathing pure stardust
while he still could

I feel his longing like a stab to my chest
down here on the ground,
the only time I get close to the light
is with my back to the grass
staring up at the stars.

I want to go out with a burst of smoke-
not a candle, a firework-
maybe then I'll meet Icarus
on the surface of the sun.

Maya Hanson

If Your Lonely Doesn't Need My Lonely

What if your lonely doesn't need my lonely?
Kill me softly, swallow my thunder
before you drench me in rain

I'm still falling, chaos flying
so gravity can't worry me
I'm here for your horizon, not as a storm chaser
but it looks like you don't see
your own edges, your own end.

I found the devil, smooth as glass
when you poured laughter on me like a salt shaker
but no matter how much you laugh
I can still feel your lonely
It takes all the quiet in me to stop myself
from handing you the world.

Even if your lonely doesn't need my lonely,
in the dead of winter I'll still give you the blanket
made of all I've ever known,
everyone I think you should love

This blanket, this lonely
can try to keep you warm-

Here.
This is all I have.

Maya Hanson

I'LI Be Your Ears

I'll be your ears
you be my eyes
I'll be your sound
you be my sight

You complete me
Your broken code links to mine
You destroy me
I'm hanging by a lifeline

I make you real,
I let you fly
I float above your sun
With wings that make you mine

We are both
flawed
Our imperfections let us live
We are all
flawed
We all have something to give

We're a symmetrical skyline
Singing until morning is the past again
Love is tangible and we fly
We dance with dreams again

Just a heartbeat
masks the sound
of the sight I have lost

Just a life
makes it worth it,
the sounds you cannot hear

I'll be your ears
you be my eyes
I'll be your sound
you be my sight

We'll catch each other
when we fall
We'll love blindly,
knowing everything and yet
nothing at all

Maya Hanson

I'll Keep You Tucked In My Sleeve

I know how the wind's gonna blow
I'm trying to be something you need
I know how the world loves you so
but I'll keep you tucked in my sleeve

I need you to follow me home
I don't care if you later leave
I need you, love, like I need a broken bone
I just need to live it to believe

I know how the wind's gonna blow
I'm trying to be something you need
I know how the world loves you so
but I'll keep you tucked in my sleeve

I'll peel my skin away if you ask me to
fit myself to a mold to know your name
Just in this dimness I'm perfect for you
My heart, my words, they're finally the same

I know how the wind's gonna blow
I'm trying to be something you need
I know how the world loves you so
but I'll keep you tucked in my sleeve

You haven't left yet, keep me closer than ever
gunshots veiled by your skin
Drag them out, leave me covered in holes
I'll still rip my sleeve, pull you in

I know how the wind's gonna blow
I'm trying to be something you need
I know how the world loves you so
but I'll keep you tucked in my sleeve

Sleepwalker, you slip out before morning bleeds
I'll wake to an empty sorrow
You'll be the ghost everyone knows they need
but when you go you leave me hollow

Maya Hanson

I'm Not Who You Think I Am

I spend all my time
loving his company
but hating his touch.

Over and over
I choose comfort over finding myself,
and maybe this is the one thing in the galaxy
I can't tell her.

I spend all my dreams
hating normal
and craving myself.

I like to think I wouldn't be different
in her eyes,
a label
instead of the person
she's known for seven years

But instead I spend these lifetimes
between every breath
loving what I could be
and hating what I am.

Heaven and hell flow through my veins
A tingle of confidence,
my well-worn sandals,
she smiles with a spark in her eyes
And I know everything will change
but the important things
will stay the same.

Deep breath
Take this chance
Please don't fall
"Hey, " I say,
"I'm different.
I'm not who
you think I am."

Maya Hanson

Imagination

You can lift me up, you can drag me down
You can feed my closed mouth to the ground
You can give me light or pitch black sidewalks
But you can't take back all the lines I've crossed

You can tell me exactly what you want me to be
Put words in my mouth and make them a memory
You can take it all back and I won't refuse
I'll look at any mirror and still choose you

You can lift me up, you can drag me down
You can feed my closed mouth to the ground
You can give me light or pitch black sidewalks
But you can't take back all the lines I've crossed

Holding back and holding out so I can't face no
Should have started, ended, fell apart so long ago
Maybe is a halfway and it doesn't need brave
But I need you to ask so we can be saved

You can lift me up, you can drag me down
You can feed my closed mouth to the ground
You can give me light or pitch black sidewalks
But you can't take back all the lines I've crossed

You've built the reasons for this nocturnal mind
I know you can be a liar but you're not this kind
So I scrape your smile against all I've ever been
Try to find fire with imagination and a pen

Maya Hanson

Immortal

I don't think I have time
to love or hate you
but for some reason this body thinks I'm immortal.

I don't want to be dramatic
I don't want to be like you
breezing into every room like something everybody wants

I don't think I have time
to linger here,
to love and hate you
I'll just pass you like the background

But the world is so lonely like that-
maybe,
for you,
I could be immortal.

Maya Hanson

In A Word

How to say it
in a word
it's impossible

How to capture
the things I feel
when I'm with you

How to form
my entire life
into a sentence

How to feel
something they won't
ever feel

How to carry
on with life
when I'm broken

How to live
with this burden
that I'm carrying

How to fix
your pretty face
with just music

How to love
with just words
on a page

How to know
in my heart
that I'm aching

How I'm aching

it doesn't compare
to anything

How to say it
in a word
it's impossible

How to realize
in a day
that I love you

Maya Hanson

In My Eyes

You look in the mirror...
You're guilty
And disloyal
Sunken
And shallow
Tragic
And sad

But in my eyes
Everything's different
In my eyes
You're unique
In my eyes
You're everything to me
In my eyes
You're beautiful

In your eyes
You're jealous
And torn
Apart
And pleading
Reprimanded
And weak

But in my eyes
Everything's different
In my eyes
You're unique
In my eyes
You're everything to me
In my eyes
You're beautiful

When you look in the mirror
You don't see the things I do
Don't believe it
Don't believe it
Don't believe it

Don't believe it
Don't let them keep you
Don't let them change you
Don't let them wreck you
Don't let them change your mind...
Or mine
You're beautiful
In my eyes

'Cause in my eyes
Everything's different
In my eyes
You're unique
In my eyes
You're everything to me
In my eyes
You're beautiful

Maya Hanson

In Songs

Sometimes I measure the time passing in songs.

An especially long moment with you
is the Beatles' Her Majesty.

A night I don't want to let go of
mutters the power of Dream On
A breath I don't want to set free
holds the haunting chords of Amber Run
and when everything seems shattered
I Set Fire to the Rain.

We're making soup out of beginnings
and catastrophes out of finish lines
and along the way
there's music behind the curtain.

A heartbeat is old pop songs
I can still sing as well as I can smile.

Free falling is
snippets of 500 Miles
sprinkled with Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds.

My screams crack your walls,
I'm OneRepublic's Burning Bridges,
Lights lyrics on my stepping stones,
and when I carry a voice that doesn't trust you
my throat is etched
Sara Bareilles' Lie to Me.

I sprint and I can feel his heartbeat in my pounding heels,
Taylor Swift's Sparks Fly,
it's funny how now
runners and her voice
summon ghosts of his fingers to my face.

Pieces of Halsey and Sia and Florence & the Machine and Lost Frequencies,
invisible playlists,

you could call them my devotion
because I feel and feel and can't speak,
maybe you should
learn the music filed under your name
to know what's going on in my head.

Invisible playlists
spell out the names
of everyone I love,
each of them
messy and heartwrenching and incongruous
and yet somehow
they fit together,
just like you.

Half my life has sped by in colors
like the highway on these foggy mornings,
bass and chilling vocals echo
Sometimes I measure the time passing in songs.

Maya Hanson

In Too Deep

This is how it begins
One day, one smile
One laugh, I hope
you'll stay for a while
I took my chance
I love this high
It seems you're in this too
and I'm wondering why

I'm in too deep
to give up now
This is much too strong
to wonder how
We can break free
I don't want to
I'm in too deep
I'm too in love with you

I'm still so young
reminded every day
How this isn't real
it's not love, in any way
Right now your path
it's going nowhere
I watch your back
how can you not care

I'm in too deep
to give up now
This is much too strong
to wonder how
We can break free
I don't want to
I'm in too deep
I'm too in love with you

Is this okay
are you in it too
Some days I wonder

if you have a clue
But you lead me on
there's nothing I can do
Anymore, I'm hooked
a magnet to you...

I'm in too deep
to give up now
This is much too strong
to wonder how
We can break free
I don't want to
I'm in too deep
I'm too in love with you

Maya Hanson

In Your Boxes

It's not hard to for you to make me laugh,
it's not hard to make me cry
So throw me in your boxes
and bring me out when you feel high

Keep me locked up with the others
Keep us hanging by a thread
You know we'll stay here beside you
you've put fools inside our heads

It's simple for you to be charming
It's simple to be just like you
But it's not simple to be on my end
you disappear and I try to find you

It's easy for us to be witty and smooth
It's easy to be brave around you
But it's not easy to leave here
wishing I'd never fell for you

Maya Hanson

In Your Memory

I'll crash on the shore
in your memory when I'm weak,
find mysteries in seashells
that shouldn't have any.

You let seagulls loose
above your halo,
a curse in flight until
flying's unknown.

I wish I dredged up
no scenes behind your skin,
just a sad pair of eyes
you don't know yet.

What if I just
want to tell you,
you know how to
touch
just where it hurts.

What if I just
want to tell you,
you have an uncanny
resemblance to loneliness.

Maya Hanson

Incompatible

You are lost to me.
You are these December winds wrapped in skin
while I'm still stuck in sticky summer nights.

I think I still might jump from skylines
to make sure you don't forget me
and there's a lot more I'd do too-
trying to comfort human volcanoes like you
but somehow your story doesn't fit in my mouth.

I'm a fireplace trying to find its way back to an avalanche,
I've only tasted snowflakes
and your frost is incompatible with
the countless times each day I spark a dream.

I would rather face this winter,
huddled in a corner of this blizzard-empty house,
than face the truth.

I know this heart is an untamed flame
licking fingers toward the edges of the earth
but more than fucking anything,
I want the snowstorms back.

Maya Hanson

Inferno (Slam Poetry)

If you gave me the chance
I would pull you inside this cave
I have spent so many hours in,
breathe in the tales
that have stayed on your lips all these years
and make them my own,
make them ours.

I am a thousand degrees,
breathing through the flame
I am made of smoke and ashes
and I am glad you came with matches
not a tsunami
because alone I want to be so full so bright so burning beautiful
and then I want to have you
together we can set the cave on fire.

If you gave me the chance
I would pull you up
like a rocket
You have set the fire under my feet
you have drawn out the sparks from my lungs
you have burst into smoke inside my head
you have turned me into a living, breathing inferno.

But my cave is pitch
and when I realize I have singlehandedly
made your eyes the size of the stars,
the ones that bleed sadness,
I would say
I'm sorry it's so dark in here,
but I'm not really sorry for the darkness
I'm sorry it makes you feel that way.

I'm not sorry for the darkness
because we are still burning
and besides
the music can see me here.

Innocence

Blood runs rivers like some sort of paradise
I can see it on screen, drenched in sacrifice
All your innocence swirling down the drain
It's okay, looks like you made it through the rain

I'd rather have stories to tell than a clean slate
You can mutter or scream and I'll still stay up late
I don't know how we still have things to say
but I'll listen at dawn and ride this till it breaks

Minds run wild, I can't see past my scars
I run in so many circles to find where you are
My innocence cracks your silhouette just to mend
It's okay, looks like I made it to the end

All this innocence is blinding half a heart
Sitting here when we don't know where to start
Second-guessing, all the stars aligned instead
I'd rather have stories to tell than a promise unsaid

Maya Hanson

Is That All

Is that all you care about
making people feel
like the ugliest thing
in the world

Is that all you were made for
causing evil
and hurt

Keep my eyes on the floor
you don't surrender
won't ever
leave me alone

I feel like there's
no one left in this world
who cares about me

I feel like you're
someone I shouldn't be with
but I beg to disagree

And still
you won't ever
leave me alone

Is that your whole goal in life
is that all your dreams hold
is that what you wish for
with every candle

To make me feel
like nothing
nothing, i know
nothing ever comes of it
nothing ever does

And still
and still

you won't ever
leave me alone

Maya Hanson

July

Fawn footprints
cross the street,
stepping stones
in the middle of July
a piercing cold
right through my soul
in the middle of July

Maybe summer is just
a trick of my mind
I melt into a burning sun,
cool water,
slamming doors,
and words I don't want to hear

And for some reason
I keep breathing
in the face of the fact
that the universe will never
know I'm here
So I take comfort
in the fact
that my lungs burst underwater,
screaming
burning
and silence says so much more
than seven letters ever could...
drowning
in the middle of July

But my shoulders darken,
a victim of the sun
one in a million
The summer breeze fills me up
and just for a moment,
I let it
I embrace the fact
that I'll never be more than this
and I give in to the

burning sun,
cool water

And finally I lie
in a pool of my own memories...
but it's just another July

Maya Hanson

Just A Conversation

"You complete me, "
a majestic set of words
that shouldn't converge
around me

"You are my universe, "
a slippery hurricane
I wish I'd
never heard

And it's just
a conversation
but it carries a weight
I don't want to hold

It's just words,
but I'd rather leave
your arms around me
than make a promise I can't keep

"Love, "
a simple four letters but
one of the heaviest
things on the planet

And it's just
a conversation
but it carries a weight
I don't want to hold

Maya Hanson

Just One Word

All I needed was one word
All I needed was more time
You know leaving's not an answer
I'm no better at goodbyes

Two more minutes to pretend
you're not running off tomorrow
Two more minutes to release
all the rocks and gems we hide

But you were the only one
planting seeds of hope
Building and breaking
a tower built on insomnia

You should have known
I can't leave the same way
throw memories down the drain
I'm cursed to remember everything

All I needed was one word
All I needed was more time
You know leaving's not an answer
I'm no better at goodbyes

Maya Hanson

Justified

We used to be the wind
flying past essences of a broken dance
Halfway to the edge
of the sleeping world's plans

And the dawn rose in our faces
begging us to repeat the dance every day
But it burned too close to danger
We were reckless, as they say

Now we're caught in a net
on opposite sides,
brushing hands every so often
I'm still holding onto the sky

Miles and meters, pure hallucination
I can't stop glancing your way
Frozen tears and battleship barriers,
my tongue can't figure out what to say

But I still see your eyes
in every star that passes me
And I still hear your voice
when the moon sprints and sings to me

And I'm justified in wishing
cause the things I never had
were rolled up inside your sheets and
thrown away with everything we had

Come what may,
I'm still
pinching myself

running till I run wishes out of your chest
kissing till I kiss your shadow out of breath
loving till I love myself
out of this mess

Karma For The Healing

This is karma for the healing,
remembering to be proud of
everything I've learned to love,
remembering to be proud of
leaving someone behind when
they don't choose this bond.

This is karma for the heartwrenching romantics,
knives in the sparks in his eyes,
ropes every time he talks to her like that.

But you cannot reverse me,
I will not take back the words that choose to plant their seeds outside my mouth
They're heavy and hard to swallow
even when I build them on truth

A spoonful of sugar helps the lies go down
so I have opened this room myself and cemented the door
but the key locks love and we are all inmates-
I have learned to know this prison as a sanctuary.

This is karma for the healing,
knowing there will always be things in his head
my breath is too shallow
my voice too quick to steal seconds
my arms are too short
to reach.

This is karma for the healing,
remembering through the field of spikes in my chest
to be proud of everything I've learned to love.

Maya Hanson

Keep Falling

I want who we want to become
I think this is what we need
And all you have to do is keep falling

I'm letting you in now, you've
had enough longing now, you've
shaken her off the back of your pillow

I lift you off your knees and see
you've never known standing straight before
You hold my unraveling gently, like snowfall

You've already made it to the end of my maze
now etch me like a lost secret on your palm
Ink's less messy than the ghosts in your bed

Somehow I trust you to hold all I have
You know me better than the truth
I will love you however you need me to love you.

Maya Hanson

Keep Our Heads Above Water

He'll pull voice boxes out of our mouths
until we forgot we could ever speak,
stretched into strings so we can't help but follow
Can't find your way
if you're not allowed to carry a candle
Can't speak those names
if you're too afraid to whisper
So we're on the road that crumbles
but we can't let ourselves lose our voices

Read my lips so we can carry
scars and mended love to the light
Leave your pen under my pillow
give me melodies to piece together stories
so even if this past is forgotten
I'll have a reason to bleed
We must write
so that our words don't shake to bones
We must write
so that at least we don't drown
We hold letters aloft and voices up
like air tanks and inner tubes
keeping our heads above water

And if we're brave enough
when we're brave enough
we'll climb on top of the lighthouse tower,
spend them like a beacon
to lead the ones without voices to the light.

You have not lost your voices, after all
You have only misplaced them.

Maya Hanson

Keep Your Silver

I don't want to fix you,
I want to find a few of the pieces,
slide them till they shine enough for you to want them
and watch the world sit at your fingertips.

I will lie here too long,
think too much like always
because I love the sound of your smile
and I want to know what sparks it.

I want to miss you
just so I know I can feel more than smoke
I want to hold you
when you think the splatters on your sleeve are worth more than your soul
I want to tell you
keep your silver closer to your tongue.

It is locked too deep in a barricade,
it is shelved with the things you want to forget but can't
or the things you only want to remember on lonely nights,
bring it up
so I can see it when you laugh
so you take what you deserve
so it slides from your lips like a symphony
'I am good.'

Maya Hanson

Kind Of

I am kind of asleep.

I am kind of screaming.

I am kind of lying.

I am kind of shaking.

I am kind of breaking the rules.

I am kind of on top of the world.

I am kind of on fire.

I am kind of in love with you.

Maya Hanson

King Of The Jungle

Let them be as squirrels,
timid and hiding in their hollow trees,
hoarding a supply of nuts as winter comes.
Let them be as squirrels,
skittish and alert as they cross the deserted road,
trusting only each other and the natural world.

I'd rather be a lion,
rearing as I stand on the mountaintop,
controlling the world as I let loose my roar.
I'd rather be a lion,
king of the jungle,
snarling and racing and always winning,
roaring my roar.

I'm the one sparking fear,
not the one feeling it.
I'm the one controlling,
not the one being controlled.
Confident and strong,
I stand tall on the mountaintop.

I'd rather be a lion.

Maya Hanson

Knives

I am trying not to hurt you with these knives I hold.
I have such horrible aim.

I am trying not to pull you off the track you laid.
I keep hallucinating the train coming.

I am trying not to take over your brain like a tumor.
I keep thinking about you until I'm stuck in your head.

I am trying not to cry as hard as I know you need to.
I am a river and I keep needing your skin like a drought.

I think the tears of this hunter
are as wet as the tears of the hunted,
and just as bitter.

I can sell sweet
but I have never been honey with this fast-paced flood,
words that can cut like tripping,
love that I can laugh with you
but it might just mean the blades are sharpening.

When I'm drowning in trusting you I am still holding knives.
This is the only thing that makes me a truth teller.

But when I look at you I turn pink with promises,
I only want to stay here four seasons of the year,
maybe more.

When I look at you I can only see
the countless hands that must have built this beautiful,
not the hammers I bring with me to cave it in,
please close my eyes for me
so I can know it again,
that my tools are not the kind that build.

Mouth open so I can spill my cracks into yours,
maybe here two wrongs make a right,
I hope you love to choke

because when I am living on the way you taste
that is all I can give you.

Breathe the scorch and all I can feel
is just how sharp these hands are.

I am trying not to hurt you with these knives I hold.
I have such horrible aim.

Maya Hanson

Knots

Love slips nimbly through my fingers
like a dull scorching knife
Takes all I can't give

She laughs softly, a lion
assessing its prey

and fiercely, I cower in the corner
like I always have done.

Realism refreshes like
leaping off a ship into clear blue winter water,
icicles prickling my hands

Life floats at me like a cannon,
presses gentle, lovely arrows into my fragile skin

I love until I can't want more,
but still I do,
the ease and the clarity and the confidence
like navigating a familiar room in the dark.

And I live and live and keep expecting metaphors
but instead I get this logic tied in knots.

Maya Hanson

Last In Line

Once you held the sun
in your hands, the stars
in your eyes, tiny cities
in your circled arms

Once I was blind,
I'm fateful still,
stumbling in darkness
to reach your windowsill

I don't know why we are,
I don't know what this is
I always do your bidding
all I know is this

I'm always last in line
when they come along
I've settled for second best
but I've never felt so strong

And can I be anything
any better, any more
I can be anything for you
if you tell me what for

but you stand me
on the sidelines to wait
Paralyzed but I don't know
how much more I can take

I've scanned the world
looking for someone like you
and realized there's too many
more to stay with you

I'm surrounded by brand new starts
and this clock stops suddenly
I look up and down and all around
listen to the world finally

And now she whispers to me
that you put me last in line-
I hope I can believe her
as she tells me that she's mine

Maya Hanson

Last Of My Memories

This should be the last of my memories
But it's not, and I'll take the blame
I can't let go of the moment
when I leapt from there to here
From you to somewhere, something, someone else

Reaching for a thing I couldn't have
why does the world move like this
Out to get me
While I cross a forbidden space
it pulls at me with bitter claws

Why does my mind have to trick me
into thinking you're someone you're not
Someone who could maybe love me,
given time
But reality has distorted itself
in my mind

Racing through the days
you set me free...
Falling asleep thinking about
what could be...
Living as if we didn't
have anything else to do...

I can't give up these last few
memories of you

Maya Hanson

Late Night Bitterness

Your little game is just another way
to turn me on then throw me out the window
Can't believe I couldn't see this side of you-
But who am I kidding, I still can't,
you're perfect in every way possible.

Riddle me this- what happens
when you intertwine fingers
with everyone at once,
make everyone feel like a princess,
make everyone your own
feed their yarn into your twisted circle

Who am I kidding
you can have anyone you want
of course it's not me

Maya Hanson

Laughing

Laughing
is not only
the best medicine
It creates
my entire existence.
It protects the angels
It controls the demons
It frees the bird
inside me.

Laughing
I'm not alone
it keeps the danger
at bay.
Laughing
is set in stone
a charm against
my insecurity.

Laughing
makes me feel like
a different person
but still me all the same...
Laughing
I don't understand
but I'm not afraid of storms
I'm learning how
to sail my ship.

Laughing
is my copilot
Laughing
is my ship's crew
Laughing
you're always
beside me.

Laughing
is not only

the best medicine
It creates
my entire existence.

Maya Hanson

Laughing Ghosts

"You thought you knew thunder, "
these ghosts laugh in my face.

"We'll show you how much you thought you knew.

We'll show you the burning ache in your throat
when you spend too many quiet nights in a lonely house.

We'll show you all the girls with
easier smiles
braver wits
lighter baggage than you.

We'll show you all the people
you didn't look in the eye
when they would hand you an open book.

We'll show you how choking can kill
when you swallow the next few days
trying to grasp everything she never told you
with no one to hold on to.

We'll show you
flashbacks
flashbacks
flashbacks
every time you see a hint of his face.

We'll show you
long cold nights
where you can have everything you need
and still somehow fall asleep with a hole in your chest.

We'll show you the crime scene made entirely of you,
every sin you have tasted as it fell from your throat or flowed from your hands,
the backs of everyone you thought you knew
as they sprint to escape your self-destruction.

Every time you thought you couldn't be angrier,

you could twist a blade
deeper in his chest than your name ever made it
and turn your back without a second thought,
we'll hand you the knife.

We'll show you a clap
that shakes your soul
so you think it's the end."

"You thought you knew thunder, "
laughing ghosts with lunatic eyes
shriek from beneath my bedside table.
"Well, we'll show you a hurricane."

Maya Hanson

Leave Me In The Wind

You leave me in the wind and drive away
I look at you, cold coloring my face
I must've known as you went your separate way
That you were leaving a world that would've vanished anyway

You left me in the cold, I'm casting blame
On you and your ever-hateful ways
And I'm not claiming anymore that I knew I had to stay
But I had to live without you past that day

Now I look down and sigh from day to day
Wondering if you hadn't left me, what would change
But I'm dreaming of a future where I claim
A world of enjoying life without you today

I can't say I'm impressed now
And I know, I know I'm judging you
But it's not like you don't deserve it

I can't say I'm sleeping peaceful now
But I know, I know I made the right choice
Living without you all that time

I can't say I'm happy now
And I know, I know you're somewhere out there with some other girl
Begging the same thing
that you begged of me

Oh, but I'm here today
And I thank you at least for that
Cause if you stayed I probably would've left
But if I left you wouldn't have stayed anyway

So I lay down my burden
At his side tonight
Hoping that you look down
from far away
And you see it playing in my head again...

You left me in the wind and drove away
I watched you, the cold coloring my face
I must've known as you went your separate way
That we would have vanished anyway

Maya Hanson

Lemonade & Cruise Ship Lights

Why does everyone always miss September?

I miss the summer nights

I miss the empty freedom of July,
the lemonade and cruise ship lights

Why does everyone miss the springtime?

I miss the warmer days

I miss the constant wind in my face
wishing that we could stay

Why does everyone always miss the snow?

I miss the ocean waves

The promise I can always find my way home,
you whispering I could be saved

Why does everyone always miss September?

I miss the summer nights

I miss the empty freedom of July,
the lemonade and cruise ship lights

Maya Hanson

Let Me

I am only here for your eyes.
I can only feel in your head.

I am not comfortable enough in this skin yet,
let me try on yours.

Let me love you like I should love myself after this many years,
pull me back when I can't stop wanting,
hold me in a death grip when I can't choose
so I don't have to walk either way.

Give me a lens to see arrows like armor,
they can't pin me to walls just with glances anymore.

Let me see fireworks here, a home,
stop me from
holding myself in hellfire
and dropping heaven at your feet.

Maya Hanson

Life Of A Poet

Brushing fingers
with ten people at once,
broken connections
a frayed rope
between us,
another
day to get through

Sometimes
I find my heartbeat
to be unbelievable

Sometimes
I choke my own
love,
rub my hands raw

Piercing eyes
draw my caught breath,
pull strings of words
out of my fingers

so when I
find a haven
I keep a pen
hidden in the furthest corners

and I sprint home
to give words
the gift of life,
tumbling down a
treacherous path,
mixing with teardrops,
framed in flames of fire

because sometimes
our best
is written
at our worst.

Maya Hanson

Lift Me Away

you're the back and forth
pressure, melody
of movement

you're the agony
piercing my reverie,
but still the ice melts

you're the flawless imperfection
of that touch
two hearts linking

you're the heaven and hell
of something
I shouldn't want

you're the silence and the sound
of the rainfall
on the windowsill

you're the rhythm
of my heartbeat
lift me away

Maya Hanson

Light Switch

My marveling spent on your outline,
frames that don't hold any pasts,
maybe no future.

But this blood is not something I can stop from burning.

I pull out my eyelashes from floor to ceiling,
wishing when I can't dream,
smiling when I can't see,
staying when I can't leave.

With the flick of a finger,
the blink of an eye,
you're a dark room I can't figure out without stumbling.

But this heart is not something I can turn on and off.

Please don't leave me in this galaxy
when you go stargazing,
and when the dawn breaks
please leave the light on when you go.

Maya Hanson

Limiting Factor

There has to be a limiting factor,
a reason you won't settle

Maybe it's how fast I talk when I'm nervous or excited
I've heard that my whole life

Or not heard, exactly, I have ridiculously bad hearing
(that's another one)
so I can barely hold a conversation with you here without making a fool of myself
by telling you what I thought I heard

I'm afraid my voice raises when I care too much,
or when someone kindly mistakenly gives me chocolate

And ask anyone,
I can't explain anything to you,
not earthquakes or airplanes or physics or rhymes
or why am I even here
why are we doing this
hours don't matter in the scope of a lifetime apart

But which one is the limiting factor,
the reason you won't settle
I swear I'll fix it in a heartbeat if you give me the chance

I know I've failed at everything,
I can never win a race
I have a hard time wearing these heavy heels,
I miss swimming pools and snow both at once,
I cry at fireworks
and crack for strangers
and spend too much time with my heart in the past,
I can't comfort,
I can barely walk in a world built on nuclear bombs and stolen fireballs,
I don't notice when she's gone

And ask anyone,
I can't explain anything to you,
not winning or losing or changing or how a bike works

or why am I even here
why are we doing this
hours don't matter in the scope of a lifetime apart

There has to be a limiting factor,
a reason you won't settle

Well, fools are contagious
So it's probably the fact that we're both
bruised unsure scraped troubled exposed liars.

Maya Hanson

Liquid Luck

If I stay here and be
what fate wants
Could I climb that mountain
would it brew me luck
Or would I lock myself
in the same box it's in
until I break free of fate's fingers
feel freedom rush into me again

Dip your finger in the bottle
of liquid luck
Let it frame you with its power
let it fill you up
Let it whisper magic in your hair
let it spark fire in your eyes
And until you reach the finish line
feel the flame catch luck and rise

Lift these stars full of us
on the path we're still taking
Hope with this liquid luck
we're not crumbling, not breaking
And squeeze my hand harder
than fate's grip on my shoulder
Because beneath this starlight
we're ever growing older

Dip your finger in the bottle
of liquid luck
Let it frame you with its power
let it fill you up
Let it whisper magic in your hair
let it spark fire in your eyes
And until you reach the finish line
feel the flame catch luck and rise

A trio with a synchronized stride
in the middle of the city, late nights
And we know fate doesn't stand

a chance against this liquid light
We're back home in years
catching our chemistry easily
And of all the words in the world
the one we love the most is
we.

Of all the ways to brew
liquid luck
the best one is
we.

Dip your finger in the bottle
of liquid luck
Let it frame you with its power
let it fill you up
Let it whisper magic in your hair
let it spark fire in your eyes
And until you reach the finish line
feel the flame catch luck and rise

Maya Hanson

List

How long till we lose?
I'll give you an hourglass.

Write me a list of all the things
we will toss into the flames,

all the chaos trapped in my brain
when you're in the room
or not,

all the simple I long for
and the quiet and the close
I know I shouldn't want,

all the letters I will pin to your name
that will stay after the bomb drops-
26.

Now I can't use a pen without dragging you behind it.

Maya Hanson

Live & Let Go

We're hanging by a thread
on top of the world
spinning out of control
A candle flame flickers,
threatens to scorch the memories
trapped in intertwined souls

And my only choice
is to live and let go
but I can't let you slip away
This house of cards
I've always known
the wind can blow away

Broken glass on the cliff's edge
still I can't reach you in
twilight, I flash back to when
My mind was a prison
only you had the key to
I don't want to think ever again

And my only choice
is to live and let go
but I can't let you slip away
This house of cards
I've always known
the wind can blow away

But I stand by the door
death grip on your shoulders
as you lean into the sky
I speak the simplest truth
I can't let you go
I can't ever say goodbye

Maya Hanson

Live Like We Never Met

As much as I want you to miss me
As much as I want you to send me a postcard
from all the worlds I know you've conquered with your charm,
all the hearts I know you've won-

I don't want you to feel
what I feel.

I don't want you to miss me so it tears you apart
I want you to laugh like we never met
and we never had any iota of a chance

I want you to kiss her like
you never spoke to me
I want you to live for things that will last
and not hold a death grip like me
on something that's slipping away.

I want you to cry but not for me,
I want you to follow someone else into the dark
I don't want to haunt your dreams
like you're haunting mine.

I want you to live
like we never met
I don't want you to love me so strong and so much
that you can't decide if it's really love
or simply a spell cast on you
by someone who wants to see you broken.

I want you to fall again and again
like you weren't ever scared to hurt me
I want you to play this game of life
like it's the last one on earth
even if I can't do the same.

Maya Hanson

Live On Tiptoes

We could have danced all night and played the music loud
but the flash
of course
was blinding

We lived slinking on the stone wall above the jungle ceiling
but the jump
of course
was fatal

In the face of endings
we look to you,
we still think you have it all,
we still live on tiptoes,
the eccentric who have spent a lifetime
carving out a space for themselves
that few will ever see

And as the train grows
I'm lying here and dreading it,
we are not another carving on the wall

They've always thought
I spend too much time inside my head
all I want is to prove them wrong.

Maya Hanson

Living Like This

One glance at the wind outside and I'm there,
chills spread through me straight from my chest
at a summit I thought I would never reach

I drench your outline in fireflies
so I can paint it even in the dark,
giving up is only tempting until nothing else is enough

Never thought I would be living like this,
wanting to wake up to you more than anything else,
I try to talk to my blessings but they all sound like you

You cover the floor so I can't sit down
Holding myself up till I'm breathing like a hurricane
Something always caught in the tears in my eyes

I try to count but I get stuck on your mind
turning all the pieces over when I try to sleep alone
It's my fault I'm falling and living like this

Maya Hanson

Lonely Places

All the lonely places
I keep seeking in my sleep
wash away the shame
in soft and shadows

But as the shame rolls back
it carries a hurricane

All the lonely places
I keep hiding my old sighs
give me a heavy load to carry
and I swallow my shame again

But as the shame rolls back
it carries a wall of fire

What's wrong with me and
what's wrong with me and
how has this burning city not eaten me alive

Treat me like a prisoner, cast away
and your coat goes up in flames
But I'm buried in all the lonely places
I'll hide away till the tidal wave's gone

Maya Hanson

Long Way Round

I took the long way round
cause I don't want to forget
everything I've done today
everything we did

I took the long way round
cause I don't want to let go
of the somethings and the everythings
we made and wished for and know

Fast and frisk, brisk and breathy
I show myself a way to live
Past the canyons and the valleys
and wondering what I have to give

Smooth and steady, gentle and slow
I capture how it feels to be alive and awake
Drawing lazy circles in a path of color,
sunlight gives life and the world takes

Running with the wind is exhilarating
but this sunset drive is a memory
Light and sweetness, peaceful endings and life
pouring through my eyes into me

I took the long way round
cause I don't want to forget
everything I've done today
everything we did

I took the long way round
cause I don't want to let go
of the somethings and the everythings
we made and wished for and know

Maya Hanson

Losing You

Spying on you
Makes me wonder why
And when I wonder why,
For just a moment
I understand
What you're trying to say
Through words
And dreams
But then I lose the thought
Lose it,
Lose you
Spying on you
Makes me wonder why
And when I wonder why
For just a second
I understand
What you're trying to tell me
What I'm trying to tell you
Through thoughts
And friendship
But then I lose the thought
Lose it,
Lose you
Spying on you
Makes me wonder why

Maya Hanson

Lost

I am
broken
torn and
shredded
I am
maimed and
froze and
tossed
I am
swallowed
bruised and
wounded
I am
ripped and
cut and
lost

Maya Hanson

Lost On You

When the world seems so lost on you
sit beside me and call it true
Give me a sign I'll never need
If we survive then I'll try to bleed

When the road is dust and I'm going blind
I lift the river high to call you mine
I crack the ground when the lightning strikes
I tear you up just to feel alive

I lean on revolving doors, spiraling down
I don't want to use you as my solid ground
I don't want to break you with my barren,
to find a heaven that falls again

When these words seem so lost on you
sit beside me and call them true
Give me a sign I always need
If we survive then I'll try to bleed

Maya Hanson

Love Is

Love is
double the flight
and double the wait
Double the give
and double the take
Double the smiles
and double the tears
Double the everything,
double the years

Maya Hanson

Love Is Falling

Collapsing,
waiting
for someone to come find me

Close my eyes,
embrace the abyss,
find out what it means
to break

I am in
two
pieces,
unable to stand,
the clouds listen to my fears
and silently move on
while the sky sits there
like you did
and listens to me scream.

No,
a scream isn't anything to
worry about

It's just a way to
vent
my chaotic insecurities

but now
I really do have a reason
to scream

And maybe if I stay here
for long enough
I will sink
For love
is
falling,
falling is love

Maya Hanson

Love Like Savages

we could love like savages
where the rainbow meets the wind

we could move like molecules
brimming with possibility

we could twist and turn like statues
knowing how we're created

we could sprint like fairies
racing every second till it's breathless

we could sing like elements
colliding until we heal and break at once

we could live like creatures
after all, that's what we are

Maya Hanson

Love On The Brink

Sixteen percent through
half of the climb,
dusted with starting over again
An explosion of something that's
new and a thousand years old,
whispering wishes and then

We're grasping at still air,
clenching a tighter fist every moment,
trying to fly until we sink
Portals and keyholes,
drowning until we've been saved,
Must be love on the brink

Maya Hanson

Loving People As An Introvert: A Paradox

I'm an outgoing introvert.

No, that was not a slip or a lie rolling off the tongue or dark magic to sneak smoke between your eyes and my words or even a false identity. It was not a bullet slowing down before hitting its mark or a ship capsized in the suffocating blue. I exist as you do, facing breezes and frosts like everyone else, loving and hating and wanting and needing and sometimes not being able to tell the difference and swallowing my pride and standing terrified as I face my demons.

Every day I leave as an introvert, a girl already too comfortable in her own skin without having to put on someone else's, facing a world that thinks introvert equals shy stuck-up awkward uncommon useless. But every day I walk confidently as an introvert, leaving unasked questions on my bedside table when I enter the world in the morning just so people don't scatter too quickly before I can see their magic.

Every day I leave in this skin wrapped around my talkative core, and I am the loudest quiet in the room. I buy my weight in sandpaper and minutes from people who would pull me up a mountain before I even open my mouth to ask, I live on the edges of the pits in my stomach that strangers can fill, I live on the highs I ride like waves every time I lean back in a chair from letting go and laughing too hard but don't fall because a beautiful human is there to catch me and I cling to them, still too scared to ask for the word love.

But after spending so many hours with my species it feels like winter should have passed, I close my eyes and fall back headfirst into the sleep of writing and music and knowing all the oxygen in a room is mine to breathe, I don't have to share it with anyone. I delve into every dream I've lived that day, painting murals and lining corners with what I wished I had said and what I'm glad I did say and what I'll remember for as long as I can. I am an introvert not because I am silent but because the spikes of emotion that those people bring, the same people who tell me I talk too loudly, the same people I love, drain me. People pull the air out of me hour by hour and I deflate, and only I can fill myself back up. I capture energy every time I open a notebook, slip on headphones, dream a story.

And as an introvert who loves people too much for her own good, I struggle to tangle their lives into mine just enough to let her cry on my shoulder, twist his hair in my hands, turn around to see them behind me every step of the way,

without tying impossible knots that scare them all to death. It is a gift and a curse. I am bound so tightly to these people, but as the two sides of me pull at one another in an extreme tug-of-war, my foundation crumbles too easily and sometimes I break with wanting.

But at the end of the day I'm just as I am, writing and thinking and dreaming, not needing to be an extrovert to talk to you or laugh with you or fall for you, needing to be wanted but wanting to be needed, just another climber on this treacherous slope we call love.

Maya Hanson

Lucky

We never look down
but we know we're luckier
than them

Lucky

Lucky

We can't go back
we're changing our lives
in the luckiest way

Lucky

Lucky

Lucky, lucky
Lucky, lucky girls

Won't give up
saving the future
One lucky moment
at a time

Lucky

Lucky

Won't you join us
Keep us together
as we put
our luck to use

Lucky

Lucky

Lucky, lucky
Lucky, lucky girls

But let me ask you this-
What use does luck have
if you're blind,
if you're shy,
if you're terrified?

What use does luck have

if you don't want
to be the lucky one,
if you're standing
on the sidelines?

Maya Hanson

Lungs

when you beckon me down to the depths
you should know how far we'll dive,
these love-soaked lungs
fill in the painting with perfect midnight blue.

when you coax me to the clouds
you should know how free I'll fly,
I can gather everything that matters
and let it loose from my chest in one time-stopping shriek.

when you bring me back to earth
let me dream of the sea,
of the sky
you can't give me two more universes
and then take them back.

when I am stuck on the ground
I will live like I am anywhere.

Maya Hanson

Made Of Stone

Made of stone like you want me to be
Tell me who I tried to be yesterday
Set me in silence and finally set me free
Can't decide how I want to say

You mold me from madness and flicker with fate
Freedom screams like a wind at my door
Cut me into kindness, your shadow's too late
I can't hide in foxholes anymore

Toss your heart out, make starbursts into sense
Spill into cracks to pull out dappled light
Two different ways to tear down the fence
not too long, I'm a lightning bolt in the night

So pull me from corners and run till you're dry
Rescue the answers you know I won't give
Breath's overrated but I still need the sky
Even things underground need to live

Maya Hanson

Make A Wish

It's not that I can't decide
who you are,
though I can't.
It's that I can't decide
what I want you to be.

Maybe a diamond,
or a seashell,
or a plain old rock
to skip across the lake.

Maybe a square
that I can count on
to be constant,
or a shapeshifter.

Maybe a breath,
or a blink,
or an open road.

Maybe pure color,
or black and white,
or somewhere in between.

Maybe summer,
or spring,
or snowball fights.

Maybe a heist,
maybe a dream.
Maybe insanity.

Maybe a twilight
with a bonfire,
or a view,
maybe just a moment.

Maybe a lighthouse,
or a rescue ship,

or a canopy
just to keep out the rain.

Maybe a hero,
or a white knight,
or a human.

He whispers,
Make a wish,
and I would
if I knew what to wish for.

Maya Hanson

Marionette

Your hands lift strings at my shoulders
and your eyes draw mine along
Memorizing skin with my fingers
You pull me in a circle, my chest a magnet
and when you leave
you take my heart's painkiller with you.
Now I know what they mean by heartache.

Maya Hanson

Maybe...

"Maybe..."

What a word!

Maybe

it's absurd

But I might

not be crazy after all

Maybe

this is meant to be

Maybe

I will suddenly

change and decide

to catch you when you fall

But maybe

it's a dream gone by

Maybe

you're my butterfly

I might have caught you

but now you're gone

Maybe

I will try to love you

Maybe

I will never hurt you

But maybe promises

are just maybes after all-

Maybe?

Maybe...

Maya Hanson

Me You Us

We are
walk
run
sprint

We are
caught
captured
trust

We are
messy
perfect
now

We are
witty
pennies
just

We are
good
better
best

We are
love
bright
lust

We are
blue
yellow
green...

me
you
us

Melody

How long till we
find the last flood?
How long till we
search the stars?
How long till our nightmares
are for the world to see?
I want you to glitter like you
know where you are

I wonder
If you caught me
where would we land?
If you threw me
where would I fall?
If you sang me as a melody
what would I sound like?
I hope I wouldn't crash flat
against the wall

Midnight sings
too fast too loud
Midnight cries
when you give it all
Midnight spills over into
cracks we've never seen
Finger paint with empty till
the world feels small

I wonder
If you caught me
where would we land?
If you threw me
where would I fall?
If you sang me as a melody
what would I sound like?
I hope I wouldn't crash flat
against the wall

Sing like the wandering

is all I'll ever need
Sing like the lipstick melts
between the flames
Sing like you need me
but I know you'll never
Sing between these eyes
baby, it's a mind game

I wonder
If you caught me
where would we land?
If you threw me
where would I fall?
If you sang me as a melody
what would I sound like?
I hope I wouldn't crash flat
against the wall

Maya Hanson

Mesmerize

Mesmerize, intoxicate
Hold me down till I speak your name
Come as you are, illuminate
Feed the night sky with a burning flame

Hold me down till I can't be buried
Chain this horse to a spark so pure
Let me loose like your canyons do
I'll wreck your walls, you can be sure

Hurt like heaven, pull me inside out
Destroy till I can't love anything else
Tear me up like the living are dead
I meant for you to fix yourself

Lyrical, magic, invincible
Make sure these foolish dreams don't cry
Power and control like a firelight
Eyes closed, the mesmerize still mine

Maya Hanson

Midnight

Over the years,
I've found a midnight in your voice.

Secret and forbidden,
magic and close,
in the dark of the night
Infinite and lit with
Orion's watchful eye,
rushing past the waterfall
I'm hiding behind.

Made of memories,
lemons and chances,
radiance and sweet liquor,
emerging from the edge of the world.

After all these sunsets,
the midnight is
ready to come find me.

Maya Hanson

Mirror

Winter's supposed to make me
feel like I belong,
safe in my own skin
but instead I pick this war

Hard to swallow what I thought I saw
in the mirror

So I'll cut your little heart out
I want to make a mess
of this house and this life

Lightning strikes my reflection
cause there's no more dreaming
when you're on the second floor

I wanted summer to steal
all the packages I drag around,
but I guess I'm stuck with them
and I'm chained to that girl
on the other side of the glass

But none of these thoughts break the law,
nothing I write is ever good enough
Why should I be scared of a mirror?

So I'll be calm as fierce fire when I'm
falling apart,
the cold mirror grounds me
as I press my hand flat as glass
At least it can't write a dissertation on everything I've done wrong and all the
slippery words I've said
like you did

So I'll face a different kind of danger
without stepping alone

So I'll lose what I needed
just to realize I'm okay

So I'll learn sometimes
one snow angel, one sprinter in the heat
is even better

So I'll almost scream but
use my voice for more desperate things
like telling her she's beautiful

I'll cut your little heart out
and leave it on the staircase,
so I can step over it and not
carry it any more miles

But I won't shatter that mirror
she's all I have.

Maya Hanson

Mist

The truth stands on end
in this clouded valley at dawn

Our steps echo on the winding path
Search our way into the mist and sun

The voice of the marshes
shudders, we move as one

And as the world awakens to our footprints
We whisper how far we've come

Maya Hanson

Moondust And Memory

If we didn't come here we wouldn't have melted
into such a beautiful mesh of forgotten explanations
and the feeling that we've known everyone in this room
for centuries.

Tangled moondust beckons from the corners
to pull us together in a mess of our own making.

In the dark this room is compacted to a quarter of its size
and pushes our hands together
We're connected even if we don't know all our own names.

We're perfect when we're crying and laughing
in the same minute,
a symphony of meetings and learning our own sound.

Moondust binds us to a haven we won't regret
Even if we don't conquer the world
we've already won.

And we can hear a medley of a hundred voices
flowing through memories barely made...
If you lose yourself, I will find you.

Maya Hanson

More

How could you ever know
if I never let this love out?
You're too busy trying to
cut yourself into slivers
give everyone a piece
till there's nothing left to build your own bones.

My mind is a canyon.
I spend too much time at the bottom,
your name comes up there a lot.
I know I need to be more for you,
quieter, louder,
more precise,
more someone to save
and someone to be saved,
more willing to give you my flaws in silver wrapping.
I want to be more
but these pieces might just be a start.

I feel how full this room pretends to be without you
when you leave even for a minute
I feel how empty I can taste my regrets
and tears that haven't fallen shouldn't fall.

I wish everyone I loved remembered the same moments I do,
knew which things they said once are still stuck on a loop in my head.
That would tell them so much more about me than my halfhearted attempts to
articulate it.

I wish I knew what you remembered,
what do you want me to say like a broken record?

You mean more to me than my favorite mismatched socks.

You shouldn't need to chase down the one you call a friend- there are so many
humans with you if you just turn around.

I know what you mean.

It's a late Tuesday night, come on an adventure with me.

Don't be afraid of the monsters in your mouth
or the lies living under your tongue.

We should do this more often,
but not too much
or it will lose its magic.

Overcome.

Everything might not be okay, but something will.

My lonely, my introvert does not mind when you're around.

This is not enough time to spend with you.

Wear those earrings more often.

You're beautiful.

I don't know what I want from you
but I like to think that I do.

I do know one thing:
I want to be more.

I wish I could spell all my memories out for you,
which of your words I wrap in gold,
but that would use up
all this ink I'm saving for when I eventually tell you.

Maya Hanson

More Supernova Than Sun

All the truths like all the lies
bottled up and buried in my head
All the answers pour on you
I want to make us a question

When it's him or her or everyone
I know what I have before it's lost
This feels more like a nightmare
than a dream on my lips

I wish I could live like I'm on rewind,
speaking when I know what I want to say
But this feels more like a supernova than a sun
it's brilliant like stardust in my veins but
I don't know when I'll be out of light

I'm living like a steady beat
Sometimes the best
songs are
sporadic like falling
from heaven

Maya Hanson

More Than I Say

I love you.
More than I say.
Less than I should say.

I wake up with every bone rearranged,
I'm tripping over sentences we've never said.

I have been told we are titanium but still
I think you're more breakable
than you say.

I think we might fall apart
so I'll hold you like a champagne flute
until you tell me we're colliding like a breaking wave.

They were all my training wheels
and now I have wings
but I don't wear them like a symbol
I fly like it's enough just to be untethered.

The colors crawl back behind my eyelids and still
I love you.
More than I say.
Less than I should say.

The universe crashes particles together that don't fit and still
I love you.
More than I say.
Less than I should say.

Maya Hanson

Morning Chorus

You know me better than the truth
My scars are left peeling on the bathroom rug
And every time you wake up
you let them in with open arms.

Every time I wake up sweating
the morning chorus keeps me going
You're winter spring summer fall
all I've ever been
and I keep following the clues
sewed into your fingertips

I try not to speak in superlatives
but this is the worst heaven I've ever had
this is the best apocalypse I could have imagined

Maya Hanson

Movements

I'm searching for a simple movement
a rundown heart misplaced
I want back all this time I spent
memorizing your face

I'm giving up again on burning
all this to the ground
I want lines and signs and circles
I want to finally be found

And all the stars in the darkest night
can't tell me what I see
And all the cars with broken headlights
keep giving up on me

But now I've only touched the sun
I can't even stay awake
late enough to remember you and
moonlight on the lake

Movements like loneliness shelter
shadows and sea foam
Slow motion makes everything beautiful
maybe I could call you home

Lift your hand up to the blacklight-
if we could slow down time
We could stitch ourselves together
like a rescue and a rhyme

Maya Hanson

Music Cannon

A melody
aims its rays
through a kaleidoscope
into her ear,
shoots them through
a music cannon
to travel the stars
in her eyes

to tremble
in her bones,
chill her heart
to its core.

She tilts her head back,
closes her eyes
but my eyes stay open
I can't stop gazing
through her
to the piano
she's playing in her head

And I want to whisper
through her tunnel of
music
so she'll hear...

Let the shiver
fill you up,
ache for someone
you've never met

And when you feel
the music tingling
in your hands
throw it out
to the world,
shoot it through
your music cannon

and sing
with all of your
soul but
stay right here
by the edge of the water,
keep your eyes closed

and in your head
kiss to the beat
of the music.

So that when you open them
the light floods in
and you
see me for what I am,
framed by the music

and when you wake up
it will become
reality.

“Hey, ”
I whisper
softly,
standing above that
smile that could
light up the world,
“that was me
playing the duet
with you
in your head.”

Maya Hanson

My Words Sting

The more I say
the more I laugh
My words sting your heart
Like a piercing blade
Or sticking your hand out the window
going eighty miles an hour
in the freezing rain
Like rocks being pitched
at your faraway mind
As I snap at you
My heart breaks, same as yours
My words sting...
break while spoken
Me and you
But there will soon be no
Me and you
My words sting
My words sting you and I laugh
While your words freeze before they reach your open mouth
I laugh again
and my heart stops breaking
As I move
from good to evil
Light to dark, it's
now or never
and my words sting

Maya Hanson

Necklace Like A Heartbeat

I wish you had given me a necklace
a reminder
to hold something that reaches too deep for words

I wish I had something to remember you by
during these long days and
haunted nights

I wish I had anything other than
fading memories,
something to prove reality

but if I had a necklace
I'd hold it in my hand and
know I wasn't over you

I wish you had given me a necklace
but then again I don't

I don't want another scar,
I want to be a shell
at least then I could float away
on a different current

I don't want any piece of me to
remember this,
I don't want anything I am to
remember you

but now I have a heartbeat and
I hold it in my hand and
know I'm still not over you

Maya Hanson

Needing You

I throw my head on my hands
and it tastes like
needing you.

Chasing our tails,
living in circles,
stretching out elation on a string
simultaneously
owning the sun and the sky

An endless supply of
heaven and green,
each day starts with you.

But I've never suffered
quite like this
and right now it feels a lot like
needing you.

Maya Hanson

Negative Space

Can you forgive
all these sad songs,
all the words tagged with your name?
Don't waste your flowers on me
Can you forgive
all my worn-out secrets,
the things I threw like a hurricane?
Don't waste your minutes like me

I worship a world
with no other fortunes,
stuck in the dark holding the same flint
I can't let go of the perfect I see
I lie with you
or for you again,
all the not-enough nights that I've spent
Tangling your fate again with me

Please walk on water
like in all my dreams,
white lies that blind me till disaster
Soak up all the space I can't see
Where do I touch
when I feel your lonely,
movements you forget hours after
Take up all the air I can't breathe

Too high to come
down where you need me,
can you forgive when I'm in the wrong place?
Don't waste your flowers on me
Too close to press
my shivers to yours,
can you forgive my negative space?
Don't waste your minutes like me

Maya Hanson

Network

I can be my own support group,
spiraling through my veins,
if you show me a tear duct I can make it a flood.

I am
loving these strangers
like I always have
but even more this time.

I can make my own support group,
I have neurons like family,
lungs like friendship,
blood like music.

I am
loving these strangers,
a network of knots we don't choose to see
until they sing our souls.

Breathing this in like it will disappear and never go away,
spreading my poison spikes of soft
on every inch of skin.

I am
loving my strangers,
after a glance I'm
treating them like friends.

Maya Hanson

Never Knew

My finish line is the mountain
I'm standing in the valley
and hoping the peak is destiny
not just something I made up in my head.

I never knew I could hit rock bottom
so many times in a day,
miss you so many times
in a minute.

I never knew I could
choose this and regret it,
walk away and wish I hadn't,
give up and wish I was better
at not regretting
and staying on my feet.

I'm walking with a purpose but
still so many miles away
because everything I pass is an oasis
that makes me think of you and
forget you all at once.

And the mountain still stands there
but it's drifting into mist
I never knew forgetting would be harder
than memories I know I can't ever live again.

Maya Hanson

No, It's Not Narcissism To Think I'm In Love

You have some kind of deadly charm,
this feels like a neverending dream
that must be why I can't control you
and lately when I go to bed with a heart too heavy to carry
I consider it an accomplishment,
a full day of longing for you or dreaming of you
I still don't know which is which.

You keep saying
thinking she's in love makes you feel like a narcissist,
I can tell you with no hesitation
it's not narcissism to think I'm in love
I've been falling up
and not because I believe in myself
but because I believe in you
and I believe in what you believe
even if it's not me.

Turn your back on me and I feel like a masochist once more,
spill your secrets and I finally get it,
I feel like a narcissist,
you must love me enough to trust me
and why can't that be all I want?

I sound the warning every time
but my kingdom still looks to you for the bleeding garnet sunrise,
everything standing on end.

This feels like a neverending dream
but I still can't reach the finish line,
the part where I can't smother this smile anymore
because you're always around.

There is homesickness tangled in my hair,
I won't pull it out because I want you to tell me it is beautiful,
I want it to fade or weave through because I belong when you're here.

You keep saying
hoping for love makes you feel like a narcissist,

I can tell you with no hesitation
it's not narcissism to think I'm in love.

Maya Hanson

Nosebleed

I fall a thousand times before morning,
spitting out handscribbled love notes,
Muse uses my tongue as loose scratch paper
and spells out galaxies I wish I could speak the languages of
but only when there's no one around.

I've learned to fear love more than a chainsaw
because love can cut me in more pieces.
So I buy a chainsaw from his steel-tipped sentences
I don't know the difference between them and
the love notes that fall off my tongue.

Falling apart's better than a mistaken pen taking over
my sandpaper earthquake throat
I've learned to fear love more than your fingers
because even when they're not wrapped around my hand or my face or my neck
I always end up with a nosebleed.

Maya Hanson

Not Enough Evil

not enough evil here
to feel at ease.
but really
where do I ever relax?

I turn all the mirrors around
every time I walk through the door
of a new place to live.
please don't look too long.

milk chocolate
in all the corners here...
you are too sweet
where's the bitter
I prepare myself

your heat sizzles off my cold skin,
sparks like I wish it wouldn't,
evaporates before I let it
replace that chocolate
to settle my hunger,
evaporates before I let it
touch me.
you thought you could
touch me.

I should tie you down
not enough evil here
to justify this hell-heat.

Maya Hanson

Not Like You Think

I walk next to you
but it's
not like you think

I'd rather close my eyes
than have
to look into yours

I'd rather tear this ground apart
than take it
step by step down the concrete

I'd rather be screaming your torture
than just
the place you hang your coat

I walk next to you
but it's
not like you think.

Maya Hanson

Nothing Really Matters Here

You don't give me a word and now
you give me every word but
I'm kidding us, nothing really matters here

It's just a day or two, it's
another dimension, a cross between
dreams and drinks and high stakes and reality

You give me so many signs, you give me
banter and little half grins but I'm different
and you're the one who matters here

The gift of a second, a handshake, quick retort
We're not the faint hearted but our last sentence is
my fatal flaw, I've always clung too hard to humans

Lying and leaving, swallow my broken speech
as I stand at the bottom of your steps
too scared to climb but chained to stay

Keep me together, you broke my wall
now take turns, our eyes pulling each other apart
across the room, none of it really matters here

Living, loving, as we fall from a sky
that was never painted blue (or red or green or gray)
or any color other than the one I see in you

But how can I give you colors in a day
I don't know if you're pastel or power
and as the two a.m. world cracks we're strangers again

You give me almost every word
you don't give me the words I want but
none of it really matters here

Maya Hanson

Nothing To Lose

I'm not scared of falling, you're going to love the rush
don't settle for what I want you to be
I won't beg but I'll catch you
and when the ice still chokes you in warm weather
I'll fill this air with antifreeze.

We slip easily into this tango,
a minute in the same room and we're magnets
No matter how strong I dream the pull
this will never become somewhere
your name isn't carved in every wall.

I might be foolish but at least I don't hide it
I'm a creature of habit, I clutch my fears
even when you try to pull them out,
I want to be something you call home.

I shy from your hand and long for your heat at the same time.
I shy from your strength but I'm drawn to your shipwreck
because I can't possibly fix it.
We have nothing to lose.
What should we be scared of?

Maya Hanson

Nothing's Certain

Confusion is all
that's gotten into me
These past few days,
remembering

I'm a lover not a
Fighter, I'm just
trying to
escape

But am I insane?
I can't be sure
Nothing's certain
in this world

You think I smile,
but I'm just thinking
How beyond the sky
there's nothing

It's as if you fell
onto this earth
Rapid fire,
pain

But are you real? I
Can't be sure
Nothing's certain
in this world

I love your mind
I love your dreams
I love your talent
spread your wings

I love your smile
I love your laugh
I love your silent scream
as I walk on past

But do I love you?
I can't be sure
Nothing's certain
in this world

I love the way
you say my name
I love your thoughts
on everything

But do I love you?
I can't be sure
Nothing's certain
in this world

Maya Hanson

November Spring (Thanksgiving)

We raise our hands to space,
shout love through the tunnels
of everything we've been through.

We tear apart the city with how much we feel
and as I look over my shoulder at you
I swear I can see a November spring in your eyes,
just let me know if you're going to fall,
I probably shouldn't admit this but
I'll jump after you.

This is the only day
I don't regret
I don't hold back
I don't see you as permanent
but as a hand that could slip away
so I hold it tighter
because this is the day
I think I might be worth it
I don't see my mind as a broken machine
This is the only day
I take pride in loving humans too much.

Sometimes I forget that
the sun always comes up without fail
Today I can feel the whole world's arms around my shoulders
And as I reach for your hand
for once not wondering how much it will hurt if you go,
all I can think is
we should do this every day.

Maya Hanson

Ode To A Stranger

When I want to forget and sink
I shatter at a stranger's feet
Push myself through the doorway,
toss my memories on the concrete

Strangers mesh together until I smile,
let go and die a little inside
I lean back into unfamiliarity
when there's a stranger by my side

I'm not calling you a liar or
leaving graffiti on this doorstep
But I'm not worried with a stranger
even if we wandered and overslept

You spilled seven letters and a bloodstain
on the carpet beneath my feet
but if I sit here with a stranger
days are minutes and don't repeat

When I want to forget another day
I shatter in a stranger's arms
I was done but now I find myself
falling for yet another charm

Maya Hanson

Offbeat

she has
an off-
beat sense
of justice and love in
a bottle

but this
house this heart took time to
build, left
splinters and shavings and wasted space and
now we're all part
of the collateral.

she has
an ache for all
things beautiful like
diamonds and postcards and things of the past

but we're
made-up and lovely and lonely and sad and
we've
seen worlds and
monsters we can't
close our eyes.

an off-
beat sense of
life's a snow-
fall made of stars and
sighs.

Maya Hanson

On My Own

I watch
I watch you leave
My heart, it's breaking
And I know
I know I'm on my own

And where will you go next?
Another city, a different place
And where will I be then?

Maya Hanson

On Not Being Seen As A Dreamer

Sometimes I'm drowning in the straight lines behind me.
I've walked them and I wouldn't change it
but if I could pull them like rubber bands,
crooked here and there
I would.

We sit on the edge of our seat
for her story,
the struggles
the uncertainty
the life of a dream chaser is somehow
more glory than mine.

I am a quiet dreamer
just because I don't have to
sing my art in the strongest voice
doesn't mean the dream chasers
with the uncertain, shaking steps of a tightrope walker
should be more of an idol.

These colors stream down my hands
but I don't have to
splash them like a mural
on every corner,
I'd much rather know I can love them alone whenever I want
than give them to you
or hang them like a trophy from the sky.

These words run in my veins
just as much as all the dreamers
but you don't have to see them
The science I wield is as much my magic
as the shattered hearts following those splintered train tracks,
and just because
mine are intact and not beautifully broken
doesn't mean they're less to look at.

Sometimes I'm drowning in the straight lines behind me,
they don't tell a tale

that will bring you to tears
but I can still float along them with my eyes closed.

I can be
practical
I can build skyscrapers
out of sparks of tradition
while they run with all the glory
but I always dream a shock splash of sunrise
just like them.

Maya Hanson

On Writing (Just A Thought)

I seldom part my lips, people say.
I want to make it count when I do.
My pen bleeds words I don't speak.
If I am anything
I am a writer.

Maya Hanson

Once You Learn To Fly You Never Give It Up

Years have passed,
I could leave it behind

I'm just
one of a million
and my name will never
be engraved on that wall
and my form will never
be remembered

but half my mind
is always
breathing deeply,
taking off,
sprinting,
being tossed with a vengeance
through the air
but never
always
never in control

Half my heart
is always
falling off four inches of canvas,
standing back up,
and doing things that
scare me to death

And years have passed
but I can't leave it behind

because once you learn to fly
you never give it up.

Maya Hanson

One More Chance

I stand there and watch
as you drive away
If only you saw
in your rearview mirror
that I was walking toward you
instead of walking away
But you have twisted vision
Finally
I see that now

I have a wish
A dream
as to which way you're headed
But all we can leave it up to is chance
My eyes see you coming towards me
because that's what I want to see
It's like a double image
but reality is left up to
Give or keep
Want or need
Lose or lie
Live or die
Chance...
the only thing that can decide

If only
what you saw in your mirror
was what I agreed with
what I wanted too
If only
I wanted a different vision
Playing out in front of me,
one that didn't
Steal my heart or
Control me this much
Chance
the one thing I rely on

My hope left up to chance

It's gone
after a single opportunity
Is it sad
that I would give that hope
one more chance
It's not right,
but if the moment was given
for me to make a decision
Put on the spot,
the pressure isn't yielding
When will I be free of this
But if that moment was given
I would give you
one more chance

Maya Hanson

Onyx

What's it like being beautiful?
I hope I didn't catch you off guard
with that question
I drink the mischief in your eyes
like it's the best medicine
and I can't help but bury
every inch of my skin in your gaze

What's it like being beautiful?
I'd rather you not hide
behind a sheet of hair
it makes you look uncertain

You're not uncertain,
you've figured everything out
and you're just waiting for
everyone to catch up with you

I can see the onyx glitter in your eyes
like half his heart and half her hair
You're a patchwork combination
of every person who's left blood on my hands,
all of them minus the kryptonite,
all the good luck charms
I wanted to keep in my pocket,
without the flaws they left behind

What's it like being beautiful?
You capture all my breaths
before I breathe them,
let them shimmer in your veins
like you're trying to decipher me

All I know is onyx understands me
better than anyone
as you hold it in your twilight glow
It's perfect and broken
like I wish I was with you
and finally when you hold me I realize you are not onyx,

you are everything at once
and that black is just the crown I get to touch
when I tear myself apart trying to make you whole

What's it like being beautiful?
I wish you could answer
but you just leave me clues,
fitting for a combination
of onyx and emerald and sandstone and gravel and
I lock eyes with your hidden smile
Don't you know that even patchwork is beautiful?

Maya Hanson

Oops

"oh, it was an accident
i didn't mean to hurt you"
how many times have i heard that...
i can't count
too many
and i think
yeah, right
you're not sorry
and never will be
you'll always leave me hanging
on that single thread
hanging onto one hope
you're not sorry
and never will be
screaming through my window
you're not sorry
and now my words pay you back...
oops, it was an accident
i didn't mean to hurt you
and laughing out into the darkness
send a dove-
no, you're not worthy of a dove-
a pigeon?
a crow?
a vulture?
perfect, a vulture
send a vulture
to take a whisper to you
of how much i'm hurting
maybe that will teach you
give you a taste of yourself
and i'm disgusted
again and again
again and again and again
again and again and again and again...
oops

Maya Hanson

Open

What would you ask for
if you knew the answer was yes?
I'm asking you because I can't answer,
I can't tell you
what to feel,
where to hurt me,
the places I have torn before
and so they can so easily break.

What would you tell me
if you thought the world was new?
For some reason
I kick myself to melt the fires,
string up my thoughts to bring you closer,
wind up every time we meet again
and the elastic keeps me running for weeks
For some reason
I only love what always dies,
I try to steal what cannot live.

What would I ask for
if I lived on long-lost breezes,
the stirring of the wind that could write you bare?
I would rip off the horizon, breathe
I am open here for you,
you are still closed.
How much can I give
to get the key?

Maya Hanson

Open Road Summer

When May fades into June
and the days stretch ahead of us
like shadows on a warm summer night

When the breeze lifts the branches,
when the sunlight tells a story
I'll meet you where the pavement ends

Just an open road,
a beautiful day,
feeling like we can't lose

When the trees come to expect us
coming out the screen door every day,
and the winter frosts are all worth it

When we're running forever
through cornfields and memories,
I'll meet you at the edge of the world

We can leap off the tallest mountains,
run out of breath, rush the hay bales
and fall in love again and again and again

Just an open road summer,
a beautiful day,
feeling like we can't lose

Maya Hanson

Ordinary

A heart broken,
a heart lifted

A heart torn,
a heart saved

I fall and fly and fall
and I'm scared I've given too much away
to ever fall again

I've fallen so many times that
maybe I'm not falling in love at all
Maybe I'm doing something
much more ordinary.

Maya Hanson

Other People's Pictures

The boy in my photograph
smiles up at me,
living in another world
and we barely brush galaxies as we
walk past each other in the universe's hallway.

Do you ever wonder
how many of other people's pictures you're in?
My soul's split up into a million pieces,
fighting for worth in a world made of snapshot memories.

Pictures of street corners and gardens and little boxes
that held me up in those moments
My ghost pauses,
holding slivers of other realities and
dragging them into every day I wake up.

How much more vivid would I be
if I wasn't in other people's pictures?
Little bits of blue scattered across the world,
silver accents where I lit a candle in the dark
and crimson blood droplets where my armor broke upon the ground.

But maybe that boy in my picture is
filling me up with a part of his half smile,
giving me just a fraction of the safety of his arms,
lending me the brighter side
that I had when I was with him.

Maybe those snapshot memories keep me alive,
and my pieces of blue stride along the globe like little elves
spilling love into cracks where it wasn't before,
drifting words like dandelions into the sky-
and all because I'm in
other people's pictures.

Maya Hanson

Our Promises

Awake, asleep.

I close my eyes better with your head on my shoulder,
I still don't promise.

Late nights, early mornings.

I shake and I can't stop smiling,
you're half awake and still twice as beautiful.

Something, nothing.

I look over at their promises,
maybe in half a breath they could be mine.

I want to, I won't.

I would choose in a heartbeat
to break my heart with you.

We have said too many times we will not promise,
these are our promises.

Maya Hanson

Outlet

There is not enough space in here for you.

I spill my sins into flames and floods instead of
into your hands where they belong,
on your lips like I want to.

I bury my sins on paper
so they can disintegrate,
but sometimes I would rather just
let all my thoughts turn to ashes
and start over over over
I don't want them anymore.

I don't let myself know you like you want me to
because I know I can't ever know you like I want.

I want you to see
all the ways I can move when you're not looking,
how this outlet does not have a ceiling
and it fills me with furious,
how this alone shovels out all the black in my head
and helps me be what I am with you,
how this overfeel keeps overflowing
and I've run out of space to build any more walls.

You say you are
broken
but I know, I am forever splintering,
I will not worry
as long as you know how to love.

Maya Hanson

Overheard

If I lower my whisper you'll hear
so much more power behind my voice though it's
just words, just words
just words.

Maybe if you slow down
I'll catch up with your wind and then
fall through, fall through
fall through.

If I stand up straight I think
time will leave me alone and forgotten but I'm
overheard, overheard
overheard.

Maybe what I mean is
they hear us better when we speak softly, we have
power, power
power.

If I find a space carved out
for me in these tiny cities I can be my own
savior, savior
savior.

Maybe if I love my life
the world will see so much spark in my eyes I'll be
stronger, stronger
stronger.

Maya Hanson

Packing

I am on top of the world
and then packing up this little room
without warning
I speed down the slope,
I don't want to count down the days
but that's all I'm ever doing.

I count by tears,
by memories and 3ams,
by your heartbeats when I don't want to move.

I count by unavoidable smiles,
by wishing and bad decisions I still don't regret,
by sevens and by everything you love.

When I break I need to push you away,
please,
I've already crumbled
too much in your hands.

Nothing will never be close enough as right down the hallway.

Every little corner smells like you.
This feels like I am folding up all your little pieces
and when I leave so soon
they are tearing me from you.

Every little corner smells like you.
This feels like I am folding up all your little pieces
and bringing them home.

Maya Hanson

Pain & Pleasure

I can feel every cave in your paradise,
I know every wisp of smoke in your memory
I can catch my breath
on the back of your neck
and I want to keep you
forever warm.

We're not just touching
we're exploring
the colors wrapped in
a wheel of me and you.

You pull me up the slope
all I can see is hands and skin and thundering need

Your torture rises to my peak
Our sounds dip and curve to the beat
Our pleasure, our pain
is the kingdom we've won
sheer desire we both welcome
with open arms.

We are each other's cracks and
bleeding weaknesses,
we lift each other up
on pure sinful wings
And after all we're breathless

We rise as one, crash to earth,
our bodies glittering with the chaos between us

Together we are everything,
we are nothing,
tangled in each other
and breathing for each other
and gasping for everything we could be

we are so much more now.

Painkiller

You are a question and the answer is love.
I want to hurt your heart like a painkiller,
stretch it so the elastic can't go any farther,
keep on surviving.

You are a trash can I will set on fire.
I want to empty your dust and build it new,
arrange all the sunshine at your feet,
diamonds to soak in your skin.

You are a shift in seasons and I sob in relief.
I want to rain like it has been for years,
finally a clear day and I will shower on you like a storm,
I don't need clean love.

You are a test and I have finally passed.
I want to stop internalizing, give you
all the scribbled unfinished business,
drop the bullets.

You are a question and the answer is love.
I want to hurt your heart like a painkiller,
stretch it so the elastic can't go any farther,
keep on surviving.

Maya Hanson

Paper Village

What do you see when you look at me?
A wide-eyed dreamer, a mess who adores you
I love the paper village you built for me
I step so blindly, you can lead me too

Like a child I wandered through paper rooms
Everything you said I read into
With wonder I trailed at your royal heels
Like life was perfect and the world was new

Where should we meet tonight? Innocent
Green eyes, leave the room, fool me again
I don't look down as I catch your footsteps
Your paper village hasn't yet met its end

Now I wake up to fire, coughing alone
Now I stumble through flashes and flames
What do you see when you watch me choke?
Beginnings, endings, that's life, the name of the game

Paper walls went up as I fell too fast
I touched, you talked, now it's my turn
Our fragile village was beautiful
should have known how fast it would burn

Where did you think we were going?
I sprint headfirst through the ruins, no choice
Blind me and bait me, lock me up tight
You gave me an adventure so I lost my voice

What do you see when you look at me?
I loved the paper village you built for me
When we fell you set a bullet, lit a match
now I'm singed but you're still not sorry

Maya Hanson

Park Bench

It's seventy degrees in November
Empty steam swirls through my lungs
but every day is a sunrise I let sit on my tongue
till it bleeds more than the strawberry juice
I think I just tasted yesterday, so
I sit on a park bench and listen.

This wood can't tell me anything
I can't soak in through my skin,
this horizon's fading silver
and the air glitters blue

They say the world can't love under a cover of frost
but sitting here I see it kissing the coming winter.

Maya Hanson

Passion

She told me
that since I love this
she wants to see it.

I swear that's the nicest thing
anyone's ever said to me without thinking
that sounded like it was thought out for centuries.

She said she wants to know
how I rant,
what sets me off
when I don't usually say
because it's already bottled up in writing.

I'm afraid of how she'll see me
this vulnerable,
this aching for all the wrong reasons,
this cliché for all the right ones.

I'm afraid all this baggage
might send her
down the coastline.

I know I will show her my passion,
but not as much as she wants.
I will collect
all the words I think are worthy
and leave the rest behind.

Maya Hanson

Password

I need a password to reopen
something gone frozen,
a fresh pearl page to restart

Quiet, not especially striking,
nothing to my liking
so I turn in my cards and restart

Wind through my cold bones
hope my soul isn't unknown
to whoever I'm inventing now

I'm a riddle's answer you can't find
a shifting, misshapen outline
maybe I'll never know how

To be a human with a past
I don't want who I am to last
I want to be the girl nobody saw

I hold the key to a twisted mystery
but words can open suddenly
the secret side door nobody saw

Maya Hanson

Patterns

Drink from me and you might regret it
Spill this cup before you're halfway through
A taste of me and you're reeling dizzy
It wasn't an accident, I'd spill me too

So give me blessings, write on my scars
These drugs are worth all my weight in love
So paint my patterns, draw on my walls
These drugs are worth all my weight in love

Kiss my past with a shoe-shined smile
But let it go when we've toasted and cried
Sweet symphonies to spin us faster
I don't blame you for drinking this lie

So give me blessings, write on my scars
These drugs are worth all my weight in love
So paint my patterns, draw on my walls
These drugs are worth all my weight in love

Legends only leave behind a name etched in stone
Flames in my breath and a house on fire
I'm not a legend but I'll carve your name
And I'll evaporate to lift you higher

So give me blessings, write on my scars
These drugs are worth all my weight in love
So paint my patterns, draw on my walls
These drugs are worth all my weight in love

Maya Hanson

People Don't Trust Us

People don't trust us, they put us in boxes,
they shake their heads when we tell them the truth
You're just a child, you don't know the world
even when we tell them
some of us have been through more than you can ever dream

Just because our eyes opened later than yours
doesn't mean we have no voice, we have no mind

If you leave us on a cliff to live and learn
seems to me like it's your job to listen
to what was below it, what took a bite of our soul

Count your blessings, they've always told us
but sometimes our ears are still ringing from the battle cries and gunshots
and our blessings cower in the face of danger

When we scream they cover our mouths, turn our heads
We're just the bounty, the price they paid for all the sunsets
And if they combine us in our cage into one soft whisper from the dead
instead of a million shrieking lonely voices
it's much easier to deal with

Now we've come out the other side of a tunnel they can't see
Now our stories are written but left forever unread
You're just a child, you don't know the world

Maya Hanson

People I Shouldn't Be Missing

I double the weight of all your words
and wrap them up in perfect,
I'm notorious for seeing dawn in sunsets
and spending all the weak nights in counterfeit light.

There are so many people I shouldn't be missing
but still I keep saving all the sentences
this ache makes me feel like starting over
letting go, drowning a little every day.

I would keep every risk, every sin spilled out
if that's what you said you wanted,
but I am too close to the edge here
I will bury it all in treasure and stop thinking.

There are so many people I shouldn't be missing
pinned to the poison walls of this brain,
the files keep growing and as always
I can never throw anything away.

Maya Hanson

Perfect Sky

I write lines that sometimes rhyme,
sometimes crash and fall
Sometimes I pull out words from her
I shouldn't want at all

My chest is testing, messy blessing
I wish I'd stayed till dawn
I wish I had the perfect sky
to spill the lightning on

Her name is memory, broken record
so I won't get stuck in lies
Her face is magnetic, a ledge to leap
a place I will set my eyes

This game I play is war or beauty,
terrified that they're both right
She spends the last of her minutes here,
I still can't sleep through the night

My temperature rises, smoke to flashes
burns when I never choose
I wish we had the perfect canvas
and color we would never lose

Her kiss is lighter, heartache changer
didn't know I could love to cry
Her kiss is faster, sinner, breathier
I can bite out the reason why

My heart is heavy, maroon lately
but I love that color too
Sometimes the red gets too damn lonely
with her I can even fade to blue

So I write lines that sometimes rhyme,
sometimes crash and fall
Sometimes I pull out words from her
I shouldn't want at all

Maya Hanson

Perhaps Love Is Like A Dream

Perhaps love is like a dream
hidden in the shadows
Perhaps love is like a dream
dancing in the cold wind

Is it real
Is it something
I can touch

Or is it a dream
in my mind
between the lines
out of the corner of my eye

Perhaps love is like a dream
a storm deep in the woods
Perhaps love is like a dream
a burst of emotion broke a wall

Maybe love's not for me
how should I know
Maybe it's just a dream
buried deep in the winter snow

I'm forgetting a move that was made
a long time ago
The rain closed in
and I thought alone...
Perhaps love is like a dream

Perhaps love is like a dream
protected by the evergreen trees
Perhaps love is like a dream
belonging only to me

Maya Hanson

Physical

You know how I get
when we're alone.
I have never been as needing,
found my heart as physical,
felt as magnetic as now,
with you.

I have never given this rush,
folded this body into anyone else
until you
but I know you have always been giving,
your scent is scattered across the ground
so much that I don't know how I haven't loved it before.

You have given so much more physical than me-
somehow that is a relief.

There is something like madness
and magic about this,
there is something like dreaming
when I'm awake.

I love this intimate
even if it doesn't last,
even if the road ends...
you know how I get
when we're alone.

Maya Hanson

Piano

It's like an explosion,
this music,
like I can't speak in any other way
but through the simple stretch of an octave or two
My fingers play out everything we are
our spark painted over these dusty keys

If you open your eyes too wide
you'll lose your mind
so I'll keep mine half closed,
blind but I still step true
because this is what I follow

I'm always learning, stumbling
Even if I can't play the right music
for every moment you're the soundtrack to this road,
there's still a beat in the background
emerging from our shattered hearts
and it's still lyrical.

Maya Hanson

Pieces

A shimmering shadow
made of fresh, forbidden air
and laughs
and memories

A footstep
A handprint
A mirror of truth

It shatters
taking part of me
with it

The bittersweet
is more bitter than sweet
as I fall to pieces

The shards twist into my skin
Maybe I'm just into
Self-torture
Or maybe I'm just another
Mirror

I paint myself
Out of this world
Into another
I paint my shadow
with me

I watch as the people I love
Stare at me
As they see
Themselves and nothing more

I'm shards of a mirror

The bittersweet
is more bitter than sweet
as I fall to pieces

Maya Hanson

Places

There are places to see
there are places to be
There are places to leave me alone
There are places to feel
there are places to heal
There are places to go when you're gone

There are places that don't need a seeker of sorrow
but I still end up there anyway
There are places that won't ever have a tomorrow
cracked roads run beneath so I'll stay

There are places to breathe
there are places to speed
There are places to leave me alone
There are places to feel
there are places to heal
There are places to go when you're gone

There are places to shake
there are places to break
There are places that won't ever know
How this ending will come
where we will run from
Shaking the streets as we go

There are places to burn
there are places to learn
There are places to leave me alone
There are places to feel
there are places to heal
There are places to go when you're gone

Maya Hanson

Plagiarize My Love

I'll let you plagiarize my love
as long as we don't tell
I'll hold hands with both of you
but you'll feel our sparks every time
I can't keep unwritten promises,
to you or to her

I watch you smiling together,
I almost laugh out loud
I have you on a tight enough leash
that even though you sit so close
you could whisper in her ear,
her back's still turned

and if you're close to forming a coherent thought
I can so easily silence you
by dropping you on the corner

Don't worry, we won't get caught
As long as you'll wait for me to come home
no one ever sees the other girl's silhouette,
don't worry, you're safe and beautiful, we won't get caught

I'll let you plagiarize my love
as long as we don't tell

Maya Hanson

Playing It Safe

Everyone is dancing
talking, playing
throwing poppers on the ground
shooting Roman candles into the sky
and searching for parachutes

But I keep my distance
Fireworks hurt
they burn your fingers
when you get too close

Scene changes
Running on the rooftops
along the side
of the rollercoaster
Exhilaration

But it's going too fast
I can't keep up
I let my hands drop,
I let myself slow
Keep playing it safe
it's the best way
it's the only way

Keep playing it safe
I'm just along for the ride
The thrill isn't worth the fight
Fireworks hurt,
I'm always blamed
and mistakes can never be changed

Ready?
Fire!
Aim
Got something to tell you, boys
Planning last doesn't work out
That's why I took the safe route
why I never leave my tower

why I keep playing it safe

Keep playing it safe

I'm just along for the ride

The thrill isn't worth the fight

Fireworks hurt when you

ready, fire, aim

and mistakes can never be changed

Maya Hanson

Pluto

Morning light can't get through to my soul
but your taste is shoved down my burning throat
You walk away from crime scenes barely bleeding
I can't reach you when your arms are in your sleeves and

I've pieced together darkness but I still can't see
I've cried at captured villains and they're still not free
I've longed to not be Pluto, miles from the sun
And now I'll try to reach you but you're not the one

You scream when you brush a candle you can't hold
I get it but I'll give you gloves, you don't have to fade to smoke
I think you might be the sun but I'm still so blind
And I'm still cast out Pluto but you seem so mine

I've pieced together darkness but I still can't see
I've cried at captured villains and they're still not free
I've longed to not be Pluto, miles from the sun
And now I'll try to reach you but you're not the one

Pluto tossed against the edge of the galaxy
Barriers keep your golden palms from me
But I've built them myself and I'm breaking through
There's no way to tell if I'll make it to you

I've pieced together darkness but I still can't see
I've cried at captured villains and they're still not free
I've longed to not be Pluto, miles from the sun
And now I'll try to reach you but you're not the one

I'm closer to your sun but I'm still so far away
Saturated sunrises trickle to your fingers but they
Pass over my eyelids just like these empty souls
When the wildfire starts you have to let me know

I've pieced together darkness but I still can't see
I've cried at captured villains and they're still not free
I've longed to not be Pluto, miles from the sun
And now I'll try to reach you but you're not the one

I'll spend shattered glass carving my surface with your face
But in the end I'm cast back out into endless space
I'm forever lonely Pluto, I can't touch any sun
This is the universe's game and it can't be won

Maya Hanson

Pocketbook Memories

strange things happen
when sleep doesn't.

sometimes
you happen to me.

sometimes
I live in the space in my mind
with your name on it
longer than I should,
shorter than I want to.

sometimes
I wake up to find pocketbook memories
sleeping next to me
from moments that still sound like dreaming,
from lips that have left
but I feel them every time I'm alone.

strange things happen
when I keep choosing you
at any minute,
in different ways,
I know them when the sun is awake
or I slip into them as I fall asleep
or I remember them as soon as I open my eyes.

Maya Hanson

Poisoned Ground

My heart stops beating
as I kneel and drop the scepter
at his feet

Arrows lead me to the floodlights
I'm dragged from the center of my chest
by something beyond my control

The man on the throne
tosses his frozen conscience into a
pot of gold
and gives me a snarling smile,
his icy silver irises rimmed with gold

I'm too exposed here,
my eyes squeezed shut
I can't take the poison
seeping from the winter-packed soil

This gift is
33% of a cure
even these needles can't
save him from himself

I have brought him
just what he wanted
No one can bring him
what he needs,
the real remedy

His vision is blurred by
the pearls that pave his eyelids
He still draws lines in the sand,
with the heartless weight on his heels
and his head in the clouds
maybe he shouldn't be drawing lines at all.

But no, I should keep my mouth shut
I'm just the messenger

all I have to do is stare straight ahead
at the uncomfortable throne
he's chosen for himself

After all, maybe he
likes when it digs sharply into his spine
and splits open past wounds
just to heal them again
and leaves holes in his shoes

He can always just tear off some gold and buy new ones.

I press 33% of a remedy
into the pristine poisoned ground
The scepter pierces his skin
but not his heart.

Maya Hanson

Possibly Saving You

I'll give in to save you,
I'll give in today
but maybe next minute
I'll change my mind

I want you and want nothing,
I want everything all at once
but dust is already
settling in front of me
and I'm not enough of a storm to stir it up

I hope with the few days we have
we can conjure up a storm
and leave everything barren and ready to be created

Give it all, take none
Don't regret anything
Give in, take control
nothing else to say

I'll spend everything to know you,
I'll spend it today
but you slip into thin air
whenever you get the chance

I thought I was saving you
but maybe you're saving me,
saving me with haze and clarity
Maybe the dust is concrete
and I'm not supposed to keep you
and I'm not supposed to fall for you
but if not
what are you doing here?

Maya Hanson

Pretend

I'm tired of the
back and forth
banter,

the pretending

Trust me, I'm
stepping over the line

Trust me, I'm
pushing the boundaries
brushing your back
with my fingertips
letting the earth
come crashing down

Another afternoon
another night
passes and I
forget my bag
of tricks and logic

stumbling blindly
into a room
where everything is
all too real.

And I want to scream at you
for not stepping
over the line-
just
trust me

But no, never mind
Back and forth
banter

Let's just
pretend

Maya Hanson

Prettier Ways

In a world like this
it's a feat to say
things that haven't been said.
So instead we'll try to say
things that have been said
in different, prettier ways.

We build apologies
like marble staircases,
weave love
like fishing nets,
I'll give you more
as long as you don't mind

In a world like this
it's a feat to climb
mountains that haven't been touched.
So instead we'll try to
climb the old mountains
and plant roses at the peaks
so we fall in love whenever we can.

We glint our heartbeats
off rocking chairs
and dusty old hardwood floors
so we can mix antique with
the love that's too new to fix

In a world like this
it's a feat to create
colors that haven't been seen
So instead we'll try to
combine everything we know
and make a new kaleidoscope
so we don't have to call this love
something that already exists.

Maya Hanson

Pretty

You're too pretty for this place
Too busy feeling
to come face to face
Too full of pride
to break down
in front of me

You're too pretty for this place
Too pure of heart
to look this way
Too naïve
to notice me
I'll just keep sitting
in your sea

I'll hold your hand
I'll count to ten
A drawn-out mess
Until the end

I'll hold your hand
Have I ever let you down
Have I ever left you
Catch your breath and
Count to ten

You're too pretty for this place
Too pure of heart
to look this way
Too naïve
to notice me
I'll just keep sitting
in your sea

Find the sun in the sky
The truth in a lie
The love in a life...

And I know

I'll just keep singing
till you're gone
I'll just keep humming
the same song
To infinity
it's just a life
This is not my end
My breath still flies

Maya Hanson

Prisoner

Painful to smile, centuries to speak
I've kept the world out but you're a prisoner now
I handcuff you to the cage I won't break out of
This is older than time, I smile a storm

This is my promise, it's hard to touch
my hands have been tied to this head for so long
You can wish me normal but when I'm next to you
I'll always drag these chains behind me

Even if I'm always tired of being alone
I'm never tired of you, alone with you
Crumble your gold to tuck me away
But look who's a prisoner now

My love is evanescence, fades
into the walls I write you into
They won't crush you if you tell me
how beautiful my chains are

You're the grave I want to bury myself in
Please make me want to burn you down
Live like you want me to believe you
Tell me what you want me to see

Maya Hanson

Profanity

Profanity falls from the memory of you
I'm moments away from exploding
I tear out my hair with false logic
and slip away cursing your name

I don't want to tell you my secrets
Profanity's not even worth anything
But when I speak it's rare, that should
tell you how destructive you've been

Profanity falls from the memory of you
I'm moments away from exploding
I tear out my hair with false logic
and slip away cursing your name

A lifetime bring up more silence
and words I don't want to ignore
so I reach out and push them away
the curses I've sung and written before

Profanity falls from the memory of you
I'm moments away from exploding
I tear out my hair with false logic
and slip away cursing your name

You penetrate every single corner
our laughter still rings in my head
I'm willing to cry for a thousand years
overthinking what we never said

and suddenly I realize what the hell,
why am I swearing for you and sighing
when you can't even tell me what happened,
I don't even know your handwriting.

Maya Hanson

Puppet

Let me
go,
keep me
close

and be the
only one.

Clutch my
wrist,
loosen the
strings

that bind a
lost puppet.

Find a
reason,
leave a
clue

but keep reminding me
we are forever.

Why wouldn't we be
forever?

If only I wasn't a
puppet
you could
cut loose and
drop at the
slightest warning
and leave this fated
story behind.

Maya Hanson

Queen On The Throne

It's at times like these
when I miss you the most
It's at times like these
when I wish I was home
Look into the past
but I know I can't change it
So I push back my fears
and jump without realizing it

A world of evil,
a world of disarray
That's what would happen if we
let it all fall away
And he spoke like a liar
the sound I know best
But I tricked myself into
thinking he's better than the rest

It's at times like these
when I miss you the most
It's at times like these
when I wish I was home
Look into the past
but I know I can't change it
So I push back my fears
and jump without realizing it

I'm in midair, falling
hanging tight to the sling
It's holding me to reality
I'm almost lost from everything
But I trust it to hold
as I hurtle down the slope
My fingers are numb
love tangled in my throat

It's at times like these
when I miss you the most
It's at times like these

when I wish I was home
Look into the past
but I know I can't change it
So I push back my fears
and jump without realizing it

It's taking a chance
in a whirlwind day
It's climbing a mountain
in an effortless way
to reach the top
my heart pushes on
The wizard of goodness
the queen on the throne

It's at times like these
when I miss you the most
It's at times like these
when I wish I was home
Look into the past
but I know I can't change it
So I push back my fears
and jump without realizing it

Maya Hanson

Questions That Will Never Be Answered

I think I might ask too many questions

How I couldn't pick you out from the top of a ski slope but I found you so fast in a crowd

How the first word I said to you didn't come out wrong

How of all the humans walking the earth in that place at that moment, the one you kept cutting in line for was me

How your smile sounds like a fireplace even when we're in a freezing dark gazebo, embracing the almost dawn and trying to hide from the ones who pull us apart

How you can't leave now became you can't stay but you can't walk away without starting and not finishing our last conversation

How I could cut the strings, how I could say goodbye without wrapping it up and presenting it to you like a memorial with a five hundred pound weight attached to it so you won't go

How the hell I managed to keep my eyes open that night until the glowing cracks of dawn

or then again how I could have ever fallen asleep on that picnic bench before even midnight, without knowing you yet

Questions that will never be answered...
those are the kinds of questions we ask

Maya Hanson

Quiet

yes I know she's quiet
but if you can make her laugh
it's tasting ecstasy swirling through the air
and you feel like you've climbed a mountain,
touched the sky,
seen the northern lights.
yes I know she's shy
but if you can get through to her
it's breaking down frozen silver to get to the gold.
yes I know she's guarded
but if you can make her love you
I swear there's nothing else you can't do.

Maya Hanson

Quiet Like A Crown

I wish I lived like I was made of glass
I sit here doing nothing but aching
Quiet like a crown makes you stay so soft
I want to be tender but I'm breaking

I've spent too much time under the lights
That's what you get for speaking out
But when the world hears this titanium voice
I want to laugh and cry, set off this shout

Living like every question, every answer is yes
I don't know if it's worth the cracks
I wish I could tell you to speak all your truths
You could try it but you won't last

Make words into dresses, your tongue into smiles
Give me a raincoat in a downpour
Make your roaring sword into a silver spoon
I wish I could live just a little more

But I don't have much I haven't already screamed
I miss talking a battle cry with all this noise
You're a queen, love, wear your quiet like a crown
This world doesn't listen to a gunshot voice

Maya Hanson

Quill

My quill speaks slower than me...
a good thing, that way I can't get ahead of myself
and tell innocent paper things I'll regret.

My quill sneaks its way into every corner
like dreams and desires and battleships,
but maybe that's a good thing when I'm breaking

My quill falls with me for humans
I don't even know, I learn the second
letter of their names and I'm already gone

My quill repeats metaphors with me
so I can try to understand those humans, why
I can't build them a perfect world with my fingertips

My quill is sometimes stronger than
everything I am wrapped into one, so
I shove it back on the shelf, I want to be weak

until I remember how easy it is
to empty myself with a simple word
and start over with blank faces

I bite my howling words, shriek
as the paper turns black with too many heartbeats
and past footsteps, the ink feels too much like me

If I just give my quill everything I am
maybe it can have all the living
and loving and bottled-up loneliness, so

I don't have any more reasons to
shudder in front of disappointing blank
pieces of paper when the quill's not enough

My quill tells you all the things I can't,
shows me who I miss and who I can live without
(which are often the same people, go figure) .

Maya Hanson

Radio

Each time you leave I'm dressed in mirrors
I steal the energy you take with you
from doorbells and bluebirds and midnight decisions
and every time I find myself needing you
(it shouldn't surprise me after so long) ,
I'm suddenly charged with all the robberies.

It's a mantra I can't help but mutter even asleep,
each time you leave I'm shot with silence,
chasing cars like they hold pieces of your electric
You can't tell me what to be anymore but
still I'm sprinting, don't close that gate

Sometimes it's just a turn sideways and you're in control,
my hands clasped tight and reflection in the rearview
I've always preferred the street to the sidewalk.

With a tank almost full and a straight shot skyline
this worn-down road has never been so beautiful
My heart is a golden, its head out the window,
simple and breathtaking in its pure happiness,
all I need is the exhilaration
Every time we learn to fly like this
you turn me on like the radio
and I crank up the volume.

Maya Hanson

Raindrop

Why do raindrops
conform to the crowd
Why do they
follow in each other's footsteps
The first few tiny drops
they're trailblazers
finding patterns on the window glass
But the rest
they follow
cause it's easier
Falling faster
sliding down
crossing over
roads already made
Why is giving up
individuality
better than taking the risk
of falling
off
the cliff
Never understanding
why they're following
Is it better to copy
hundreds of old paths
Instead of making
your own
I watch them
sliding down the slippery slope
fast, then slow
sure, then hesitant
I'm trying to understand
Why is giving up
individuality
better than taking the risk
of falling
off
the cliff
Am I supposed to try?
All my life I've been trying

Or should I be a raindrop
Skimming the surface
blindly continuing
forever a follower
I'm deciding
when suddenly
A raindrop
comes forth
This one
is special
it's keeping
to the unbeaten paths
Two roads diverged
in a yellow wood...
Take the road less traveled by?
No, it took the third road
the one never traveled
the one no one saw
This one
is a leader
it has too many followers
to count
Its speeches
given throughout the windowpane
the small world it lives
capture crowds
listeners to spare
There's no question
who I want to be
The rain has decided
for me
The window glass
was a crowd
of clones
until this one came along
This one
carved its own path
clearing the way
for the raindrops behind it
And there's no question
who I want to be
The rain has decided

for me
I'll be that raindrop
strong and confident
living on the edge
but living so much more
than the followers
I'll be that raindrop
a thinker
a maker of new roads
a leader

Maya Hanson

Rare As A Solar Eclipse

You leave me unseen
You leave me misheard

Understanding dashes off the back steps

When I'm tired of losing limbs to love
I swear by everything
I can't cross any boundaries

But moving on is easier than
crying one more time
and hoping something will happen
rare as a solar eclipse.

Maya Hanson

Rebuild

It's too cold to tell the truth to you
cause I'm aching at the sky's deep blue
but darling, there's not much left to do
but build this house back up.

We run into the horizon's sign,
catching elements of us in a line
I'm looking at you like you're mine
and maybe someday you could be.

Even when our love's messed up
and your diamonds are buried in the rough
I'll still be trying to fill this cup
with coffee and magic instead of toxin.

You breathe made-up words into my pen-
it's too close to starting over, then
soon bare trees will bloom again
and complete, we will begin with spring.

Stacking us up with pure beautiful tools,
breaking all the world's rules
that scream at us only fools
forgive and rebuild like us.

Maya Hanson

Recycle My Words

Recycle my words like the dying sun
the candy wrapper you don't notice beneath your feet
the one you leave stuck in the car door
when you go back to the warmth

So I'll just stay here in the corner
and keep leaving things behind
all my dreams crueler than sleep

Recycle my words like I can tell you want to
I'll crumple them up for you
but after you toss them I'll follow behind you
steal them back, build them into something more

Maya Hanson

Red Flag

I don't want to be longing after
the green we could have lived
if you hadn't slammed on the brakes.

It's funny how this started out as searing third degree skin
and ended without even fading to black,
it's funny how you took the same color I felt like a shock wave
and used it to fill in the stoplights,
I hate how you always drew inside the lines.

Should have seen it like a red flag,
shapes to make me stumble before I fell at your feet,
triangles that would have saved me
all this precious time.

From now on I swear
I will never sit in the passenger seat,
the brakes will feel all my choices like a jolt
even more than they felt your fear.

Maya Hanson

Regretter

I'm tired of being
the regretter
Can't I for once be
the regretted

No mistakes,
moving on,
the envied one,
the heartbreaker.

Sitting in the back of your mind,
an envelope opened a million years ago,
but still leaving glue stains
and broken words
written blindly, sleeplessly
in your past
that hurt so much.

I'm tired of being
the villain
Can't I for once be
the princess

Sitting in a tower,
no death sentence,
no daring feats,
no first moves.

I'm begging you
to see me
How blind can you be
with that hopeless tongue
speaking words I've never heard?

How clueless can you be
climbing out onto your front porch
with an old blue T-shirt on?
Not trying to impress me,
morning hair left untouched,

treating me like just another
girl.

Maybe I am
just another
girl.

I'll leave you alone
if you keep seeing
through me

I take back
all the things
I silently said

In the dark
I whispered words
I hope you never heard

You don't deserve them
anyway,
I'm just another girl.

I'm tired of being
the regretter,
leaving my tears
entangled in my pillow
and walking down the stairs
head held high.

I'm tired of being
the villain,
fighting and racing and climbing
never stopping
and nothing ever comes of it.

I can't find
a place with you
anymore.

Maybe I am
just the one millionth

regretter on your list.

Maybe I am
just another
girl.

Maya Hanson

Rekindle

The time between then
and now
it's almost killing me

My mind then
my mind now...
only the same

The time between
Was the time it took me to
forget
To believe in a nothingness
that holds me to the earth
just by a string
I can't explain
the lock
the tug
of memory

All the butterflies,
the shy smiles,
the steps closer
All the interlocking
Fingers,
How could I
forget

You're on my mind
And the love you
Rekindle
it starts a fire
I'm at the stake
Almost ready to
face my death
sentence

I won't chase deceit
But I'm holding out for
just

one
dance

just
one
kiss...

Maya Hanson

Released

Thoughts flow from me to you
How can this be
Can't hold this anymore
What does the world expect from me

I'm finally ready
To be released
Approach your heart and
I'm almost free

And if you're ready
To be released
Come near my heart and
I'll set you free

Set yourself free
From everything here
Play alone
Oh, play alone

I don't need them
They don't need me
I'll play alone
Oh, play alone
Alone

Released
Thoughts flow from me to you
How can this be
Can't hold this anymore
What does the world expect from me

Trapped in my own heart
I'll set you free
If you're ready
To be released

Trapped in my own heart
I'll set you free

I'm finally ready
And I'm released

Maya Hanson

Remember Us

A curse in all of us,
the desire to be known

No words to explain eternity,
how fast a life flashes by,
we're pencil strokes in a million-page book
A little voice in all of us,
singin', how will they remember us?

Memory slips
too mortal for its own good
Remembrance is a galaxy
The black holes suck in lives
till it all explodes into nothing
and how will they remember us then?

Why do we remember
who's written in history
were they just
at the right place
at the right time?

If we don't listen to the past
why will they listen to us?

No words to explain eternity,
how fast a life flashes by,
we're pencil strokes in a million-page book
A little voice in all of us,
singin', how will they remember us?

And it's easy to see
how important we are
day to day

If we don't think
about a universe
formed in forever,
a galaxy

rooted in eternity
and too many lives
to ever be remembered

Maya Hanson

Renegade

As I sweep the dust
out of this heart
keep the string between us
though we're wishes apart

A sky can't connect mountains
I can't catch your drift
but I'm breaking the rules
and we suddenly shift

Machines we oiled in trust
are no more for show
than a renegade emerging
from a world below

And my heartbeat's a plan
nothing else I can make
this sharp twisted century slapped
breezes, a person could break

But nothing more pierces
this renegade's heart
a heartache's gate to a frontier-
this could be a brand-new start.

Maya Hanson

Resplendent

I don't have much to brag about
other than you.

It's like my brain stands on its tiptoes
every time I find out something new about you,
it's like the sky was built to remember us
every time I spill rhymes that say your name.

I let you lead me like the crystals you leave behind
when you lift your footsteps,
when we touch these intertwined hands are a bond
and we make ultraviolet skin look like it's not even rare.
We are resplendent,
we walk like every color is ours.

Maya Hanson

Return

Baby, I don't know
what I wish I had done
but I left this town at sunrise
and circled the whole world
in a lifetime

Would you hold me
if I came back here
It's home but I know
I'm older, I fear
that standing taller isn't the same as
standing tall

Spreading seeds,
catching the wind in a bottle,
I'm finally the lucky one
And after all the clocks stopped ticking
returning to my spring

Would you let me in
if I came back here
After all of this
I'm stronger, you know
leaving here isn't the same as
leaving you

It's a minute worth a memory, it's a
train on the right track
It's a sprint, it's a world,
It's a sunrise, it's a soul, it's
Life biting right at your heels

But would you know me
if I came back here
Streets shift so I don't recognize
I've changed, I fear
that growing isn't the same as
growing up

Rewind

I don't want to unsee you
but I want to unlearn you.

I want to unlearn
the way the skin around your eyes
reaches toward me when you smile.

You slip past me without a sound
and it feels like a rug burn.

You emerge from behind the curtain
laughing as hard as you ever have
and it feels like I'm missing
something as fleeting as a shooting star or
the moment I fell in love with you.

I want to unlearn this ache,
throw strangers into a mixing bowl
till I can't remember the difference
between his laugh and yours,
I want to pour them all over forgiveness
and smile until all my face muscles crack.

This is not something I can say at five in the morning
after a night of rewinding
your gazes and fleeting realness in the chorus of laughter stepping toward
insanity,
playing you back over and over and over again

This is not something I can say
after I've watched you flinch when I shift toward you,
this is something I'll have to leave behind.

Stirring up peace beyond the shadows,
after all this magic
I'll turn back the dial to the normal sparks,
I'll rewind the story to the part where we were unsure
you know I'd rather be skimmed over than forgotten,
I'd rather be curled up a lightyear behind you than alone,

I'd rather stretch my fingers toward you even though I'll never reach
than use them like splintering revivals to stir up all these pasts.

Maya Hanson

Rewrite My Mind

Most days it's not worth it
My fingers twist dirt to vandalize golden crowns
Most days I'm a mansion
But the sunrooms are hidden behind the black
Most days I can't be comforted,
even when running in circles is effortless

Most days I'm expecting
to be alone and alone and then we're together
Crashing through the tunnel,
letting in the light
Shooting energy into my lungs,
showing me the flip side of fate

I'm almost walking this fragile line
and then you come out looking like
that,
like poetry,
riding a wave of rhythm and rhyme
and it's all I can do not to collapse

But it's the good kind
this time,
I'd rather be falling to you than
walking to nowhere
and the bruises tell a story anyway

Running on empty when you're
right here beside me,
in a parallel world you could fill me up with pure power and wind and the stars in
your eyes

I need to rewrite my mind to relearn that you're mine

Maya Hanson

Rock Paper Scissors

I'm the wind that keeps haunting
a breeze that can hold you
a gust that can tear you apart.

Rock
paper
scissors
now here's what I am today,
a friend or an enemy.

Rock
paper
scissors
yes, here's what I am today,
a comfort or
something to upturn all your flowerbeds.

I slip in,
a firework in spring
and then all at once
the dry season hits I singe your world.

I slip in smooth as the sea...
one word from you,
a flick of your hand and
you've pissed off Poseidon again.

Rock
paper
scissors
here's what I am today,
a postcard beach or quicksand.

Maya Hanson

Rocky Road

I'm stubborn, they say,
let's keep it that way,
I'm stronger than the rocks on this road.

Your promises hurt
but they're worth more than words,
you're stronger than smashed bricks in your past.

I'm stepping toward you,
don't let it scare you,
we're stronger than the stones in our hearts.

Maya Hanson

Rootless

They call me cursed
They call me part of a misfit crowd
I don't listen to the best of them
I can't put down an anchor
I guess that's what happens
when I blind myself with sound
Let go of the silent screams,
you can find me

I'm rootless, caught so they can hold me by a string
and snip it with their pretty little blades
Strangle every angle when I run up the walls
I can't help but coat you in layers of sarcasm
and hope it runs off you like oil and water
I'm not much better, I'm covered in crazy
I'm rootless
I'm rootless

I have to look twice
I can't keep my promises
I guess that's what happens
when I walk the world without a home

When I caught your eye
it's like you could see right through me
and my invisible soul,
my lack of everything

I'm not much better, I'm covered in crazy
I'm rootless
I'm rootless
I scatter supernovas in your dreams but
I'd rather be alone,
screaming, twisting, without headlights
I can't live without seeing inside myself
I can't live with you

Maya Hanson

Rose

I am a symbol
of the red-hot fire
burning in your heart.

From a store window
I witness the encounters,
the nervous sweaty palms,
the hellos and first butterflies
in your stomach.

From a vase at the front desk
of the movie theater
I feel your smile,
his smile,
your butterflies beating their wings
even harder.

From a bundle on the table,
I am your hope
as you laugh out loud
and clasp to your chest
a story
of defying gravity.

From his hand
in a driveway after dark
I see something rise in him
I am passed to you
and pressed between your bodies
I feel like I'm eavesdropping
I close my invisible eyes,
put my nonexistent hands
over the ears that no one sees,
and let you kiss
alone.

From the discarded room in back
I hear you shouting,
my meaning discarded

like last summer's outgrown sandals.
I can tell I'm not needed
anymore.
I want to wilt.
I try to die.

But I know
there will be other lives.

There will be other lives
for another movie theater,
another hand gently gripping yours,
another bouquet of bright red dreams
against the omnipresent gray.
There will be other lives
for another him,
another you,
for bittersweet fumbblings
in the backseats of cars.

I keep myself alive.
For there will be other lives.

Maya Hanson

Roses In The Devil's Garden

I hear whistles, vivid, perfect
lovely laughs in the walkways
Captivated by this garden
can't tear away my gaze

The roses bend so easily
to a simple stranger's will
Broken petals on the pavement
I'm unsuspecting still

Splashes of blinding white
among the deep bloodred,
should have warned me
about all the lies you said

The devil's garden told me
to walk on alone with you
The devil's roses fooled me,
bitter liquid smelled like truth

But the roses sing to me
with a tempting breeze
I can't recall these stories
because no one would tell me

Now everything is covered in
a layer of beautiful deceit,
thorns in my throat,
gagging on the sickly sweet

Maya Hanson

Rumors

I made it my mission day in and day out
to seek out and shoot down the rumors about you

I thought you were brilliant, a god on a stage
counting, tripping on the compliments you wanted me to

You think you can just let me go, pick me up
well I've been waiting around but I'm slipping

You count on me to defend you and I have
but none of the knives they're throwing are missing

You know I've always known the rumors about you
I was blinded so I fell and wasted all that worthless time

The rumors circle round even through my closed door
but I never listened and I told them how you were when you were mine

I know you still listen to the rumors about me
but sweetheart you better take a look at yourself

Now the light they shine on you is glaring neon
and all the words you gave me were written by someone else

I tried so many times to prove them wrong
they said you had jars of people to shuffle through

Believing was beautiful just for a moment
till I choked on the rumors I thought could never be true

Your eyes in my dreams were strobe lights
so I shut out the world and spent melodies on you

Until I woke up to gravel kissing my cheek
instead of your perfect lies drenching me in something true

You know I've always known the rumors about you
I was blinded so I fell and wasted all that worthless time

The rumors circle round even through my closed door
but I never listened and I told them how you were when you were mine

I know you still listen to the rumors about me
but sweetheart you better take a look at yourself

Now the light they shine on you is glaring neon
and all the words you gave me were written by someone else

Maya Hanson

Run Out Of Words

I've run out of words to describe you,
colors to pin to your eyes
Adverbs to scrawl about how you talked to me,
sentences like waterfalls

Paragraphs to paint everything about us,
everything about the nights we spent

I'm trying of trying
to crush a whole sky of emotions into letters

It's a spectrum
Until now I've felt just enough to pour out countless songs,
spell out how the others made me sway

But now you've made me fall and
I feel too much
and a fist is too busy crushing my heart
to ever let the words out again.

Maya Hanson

Running With Rabbits

running with rabbits the wind cries don't stop
running with rabbits grass is all i've got
running with rabbits so i'm not alone
spring rushes through me so i know i'm home

running with rabbits when my fingers are numb
capture the air don't forget to breathe some
wildflowers barely budded but here i'm awake
cause right now life is all give no take

i spend my days walking on a tightrope
i spend my nights pulling him up the slope
but i'd rather learn the world the rabbits' way
the trees have no expectations that i'll stay

running with rabbits till i'm out of time
he gives me words and draws every line
i need a mile or a minute or an open field
to catch my breath so i know i'm real

running with rabbits so i can renew
things that are justified like me without you
running with rabbits my heart smiles and then
brand new starts spring can watch me live again

Maya Hanson

Sacramento

Searching for a way to Sacramento
Leaving these dark east clouds behind
Because maybe this way they'll remember me,
caught under the waves,
asleep in the sand,
a writer on a park bench under a palm tree.

Pros and cons, back and forth
Weddings and funerals
as the hourglass of the storm ticks away
All I can think, all I can dream
is maybe in Sacramento it's blue
Maybe they see the light of day.

But not this blue,
the view of the rain clouds and the puddles and my chest and my veins that
struggle to wake up every morning.
I poke them.
I have to remind them, order them around so they pump my blood and keep me
from turning into one of those empty body suits on the street over there,
straining against a gray concrete existence.

No, not this blue.
The blue of the sky you can drink
and the ocean you can touch
with fingers that have never even been buried in sand,
fingers that haven't even left home yet.

Hey, Sacramento, I'm willing to try
Unlike a lot of those clouds that slip by
and make out like they're moving on to somewhere
better and less idealistic than there.

No, Sacramento, I'm a dreamer like you
and I know right now I'm a stranger to you
but I won't be a stranger for very long
if you open my postcard and start humming this song.

Wrap me in the sunshine of the ocean view

and send me sea glass, a tiny piece of your blue
I'll remember this promise, I swear it's true
Hey, Sacramento, I'm coming to you

Maya Hanson

Safe Haven

He asked me if I'd write for him
and after moments I said
Most of my thoughts don't even
make it out of my head

But give me three nickels,
comfort and a gorgeous view
Give me a safe haven and
I'll pull out something for you

Maya Hanson

Same Sea

I never paid much attention
to your name,
a silhouette in the background,
until suddenly we're in the same sea

Tides bring us in,
pull us down,
spill us among sins and sorrow
Crashing waves swirl us up,
knot us together,
push us out again
on elation before dawn

In a second
you're a headache
and a steady beating drum,
the wings holding me up
and the roots grounding me

And I can't believe
I ever braved this water alone

Maya Hanson

Sanity

my sanity steals away again
through silent homes and quiet streets

this soft collision of sadness and storms
roams in the passenger seat of a lonely car

as it passes through the stillness
types a message to me on the windowpane

and the dark sends visions
seeping through my sleep

my sanity steals away again
to the same street as always

where your eyes are just opening
at the caress of a late-hour crusade

and my ghost waits in the shadows
in a different kind of silence

waiting to grasp your hands
and lead you into even deeper darkness

because in the nighttime
all the rules go out the window.

Maya Hanson

Saving Sanity

I want to forget how my voice cracked
when for two moments I let myself unconsciously brush my fingers against your
skin
I could because nothing was rattling inside you yet,
you weren't telling yourself that this is probably not the best idea you've ever
had
but I want to tell you it's not your idea, it's the spark you coaxed out of my chest
with your own match
and now it's just me knowing that for a second my dreams were passing
thoughts I could catch without thinking
It was so perfect to be careless around you.

All I can tell myself is
I've strangled stronger things than you,
especially when they're homegrown,
poisoned redwood trees blooming up my throat.
I've fought harder devils than this crumbling thing we tried to call love,
especially when they're my own crystals
I somehow tossed off the doorstep
I try to take care of things I love but they still end up harsher to sift through
than my thoughts,
I need to save some sanity for the next few fights.

But I can't forget how after the perfect moments passed
you caught my fingers to stop them
(shouldn't have been so gentle, it would have been more effective that way)
so I'll pay my dues in dust or drowning
to be worth my weight in gold.

Maya Hanson

Scalding/Freezing

I can only live in extremes.

I am the waterfall
and then

I am the memory of bursting lungs and upside-down thoughts.

I am the knives
and then

I am the softest heart you've ever held.

I am your dreams and nightmares
from minute to minute.

I am dead weight
and then

I am flying,
so high so high even the clouds can't be my ceiling

I am the silence
and then

I am the bombs scratching souls
until they have no concept of healing.

I can only touch you in extremes.

I am scalding

and you drink me in like coffee,

you can smell me on the mornings your bones wake up exhausted enough to
need it.

I am scalding

and you drink me in like coffee,

not caring for your blistered throat

I can soothe anything but heartbreak

with a beautiful fist like this.

Two steps and I am so cold

I could be a glacier song blaring from a snow-capped radio,

drums that beat like icicles

to mark your bare chest,

now that your hands have known me

you feel like you need scars to be complete.

I told you.

I live in extremes.
I live on the two poles of the world
and nowhere in between.

Maya Hanson

Scars

When I sweat my scars until they run off my chest like a landslide,
paint them on a canvas in galaxy colors,
they look an awful lot like magic.

That is, until I can't paint them anymore
because they're sewed like boulders to my flesh
and I can't loosen the fist clenched around everyone and everything I've ever left
behind.

How I walk is how you watch me,
the words I speak are unapologetic,
I'm not trying to hold on by the curve of my standout speech,
I'm just a lantern at the edge of the sky.

What I mean is maybe loneliness is exactly what makes me dance in a crowd on
a blazing summer night,
even when my heart is freezing from the inside out
and my hands are burning up with everyone they haven't held.

I believe promises are together
and together is alone
and alone is drowning in a flood of your own unreached finish lines.

But I love my scars,
scratched like sandpaper,
throbbing to the rhythm of love lose lost,
falling to the ground in a dust storm only I can see.

There's a certain beauty to be found in bruises, but only if you're looking from
the right angle, with the perfect amount of darkness in your vision.

My scars look a lot like learning when you hold them up to the light.

Maya Hanson

Seconds Like Gold

My heart pounds into place
Lockdown like it knows I'll run out of time
We have to outrun the clocks,
we'll sprint off the world someday

I can see the ending in your eyes
Counting down is so hard but I don't want to beg
No matter what time it is
there's nowhere I'd rather be

Unwind like a backwards sleep
You'll grow up to be a song
So we have to catch up with these clocks,
we'll run out of secrets someday

When I'm with you
I count the hours like copper
like heartache
like they don't mean anything at all
or they mean more than that

When I'm with you
I count the minutes like silver
like blindness means freedom
like we're a million years old
like morning and twilight
hold the same magic

When I'm with you
I count the seconds like wanting
like we could last
like I could open my cracks to you
and explain them like they're yours

When I'm with you
I count the seconds like gold
like I could thread them into a halo

Selfish

Tangled
messy
choices
your fingers mend with mine
your lips are my addiction

Can't help
needing this
more than
I want to walk straight

Too many bridges
we can't burn them down
we have so much fire
and no gasoline to keep us smoothed over,
we will cross this line
again and again

Tangled
messy
choices
I swallow you like the truth I can't stop pushing off

If this is selfish
I never want to be selfless again.

Maya Hanson

Shadow Catcher

Yin-yang
Black and gray
The white has slipped away

The shadow catcher darts
between the lives,
stealing
stealing
stealing
never giving

There's nothing I can do
he slips a hand
into my path
Stick figures, hurriedly penned
vanish
one by one

The shadow catcher lies
under the midnight moon,
watching
watching
watching
never drifting
he can't afford to sleep

As the wind girl casts a breeze through the oaks
and I spend more and more nights
without closing my eyes
The nights of the shadow catcher
are getting longer,
as countless lives are
running
running
running
out of time.

Maya Hanson

Shards & Sparks

We've spent pennies
and dimes on the sun,
an angel to sweep in and
block out the bleak black
corners of the world

Light floods through a fourth dimension,
through the walls and the storms,
broken by table legs and coffee cups,
pieces laid out next to shadows
like a storybook on a card table

Somebody tell me a tale
of how white fills the skies,
clashes with sunlight and
pushes the emptiness
right out of my head and my hands

Somebody write me a story
of the breeze blending with
yellow lines and tire marks
as I breathe in and capture
everything I'm supposed to be

Shards and sparks
fill me with rhythm and
I'm searching, building castles,
cutting corners to
reach the sun again

Maya Hanson

Shatterings Whisper

Where do I find wishes
when I spent all my dreams on you
Where do I find medals
when all the talents I had
were tossed to the abyss

Staring up at the sky
living midnights, loving pain
Where do I store these memories
when I've disowned the glass house
made of you

I crush them both in my arms
my sister the sun and my brother the moon
Watch the two twist into a twilight
plunge my hands into blue
and ache for everything I've fallen for

And all the pages of this story
spell out words I can't understand
the same and the same and confusing

Shatterings whisper
between the lines

Maya Hanson

She

When it comes to a shot at happiness
I usually run in fear
I put on a show that night for
you, just for
you.

I'm not really like this.
My greatest offense is
laughing too loudly.
My dramatic walk is for
you, just for
you.

She sits up
high on her throne,
the top of the monkey bars
on a playground I used to love
But now it reminds me of that night.

She talks,
laughs
easily,
without asking any questions,
without doubting herself,
smiling and sweeping
she brings in the boys.

She's a storm,
rain pounding harder
until you have no choice
but to let yourself get wet.

I sprint after her,
always a follower,
always her beta,
always second in line.
But it's too late.
She's already moved on
to another town

another set of monkey bars
another boy who will kiss her
laugh with her
and think he loves her.

I'm not like her.
But that night
I played her game
I showed off my best side for
you, just for
you.

Maya Hanson

She Tastes

She tastes like broken sunshine
I could hold in the palm of my hand
when it's too dark to let it go.
She tastes like a sugar bowl
that's been left out in the rain.
She tastes like remembering things I can't forget
and forgetting things I don't want to remember.
She tastes like cracked fingers writing in the sand,
names over and over and over
but never the same one twice.
She tastes like I finally know why
nothing before this has felt right.
She tastes like the keyhole I look through to make sure
the answers etched into her veins like rivers
are still there.
She tastes like darkness swallowing
all the claws that reach for me through so many cities.
She tastes like watermelon seeds and orange peels
soaked in the sun.
She tastes like a falling star.
She tastes like somehow
I have fallen in love with myself again.
She tastes like...
this.

Maya Hanson

Shelter & Storm

This place was a shelter, now it's a storm
The words have changed,
now the water doesn't run clear

This place was springtime, now it's frozen over
It's amazing the difference
a few miles can make in a world

I sweep myself out of my chaotic brain
Laugh at myself for a while
But then when I return
I'm a fool again
grasping at a ghost

This place was a shelter, now it's a storm
I'm dripping with rain and regret
Soaked through with my best intentions
but it still wasn't enough

Maya Hanson

Shhh

do you know
what i want to do?
shhh.
let the rain come down,
wash away all the sanity.

do you
want me to?
shhh.
my silence is an answer.

i breathe you in.
articulate.
i don't know.
i breathe you in.
answer.
yes and no.

do you know
what i want you to do?
you might.

my bones are cracking,
shrink into the seat
and i still can't hide from you.

you whisper,
do you know
what i want to do?
shhh.

Maya Hanson

Shiver

a shiver
runs through me
i capture its warmth

how does it
control me
a fire inside

but yet
a blizzard
a storm spreading
from my core
to my legs
to my fingers
to my head.

a feeling
of contradictions
a bundle
of everything
all wrapped
into one
hot and cold.

again i
shiver
and wonder
what i'm made of.

Maya Hanson

Silly Little Heartbeat

seems like you could fix
my shaky handwriting
just by being able
to read me.

seems like you could make me
love the way
I can't tell stories.

seems like you could make me
love the way
I'm hopeless more often than not.

seems like
no one would disapprove.

seems like all the
rain's showered on you
but it's okay
because the stars can dry
faster than the drops fall.

seems like you could fix
my laugh so
it never falls from the shelf again.

seems like I could
pay for anything
with what you're worth.

seems like you could fix
my silly little heartbeat
the one that s-
s-
skips here
l-
like a
drum l-
line out of

rhythm.

Maya Hanson

Simple Complication

Simple complications,
sensible contradictions
in every step I take

I'm not always the best
hand to hold
I'm not the easiest
clay to mold
but I'm not
giving up yet

I'm a simple
complication,
quiet
alleviation
from the chaos that is
being here

I've always been a
loud silence,
a soft and striking
blue,
diving deep into the twilight

I'm a ghost that will
weigh on your shoulders,
an invisible
visibility,
a real
unreality

I'm the end of the beginning,
the beginning of the end,
an adventure that will never exist

I'm black and
white,
harmony and
strife,

an elaborate spread of roots
in the ground

I'm a simple
complication,
a sensible contradiction,
the loudest quiet you've ever heard

Maya Hanson

Simple Things

each and every moment
is a sky full of stars
until he turns to her

I'm bursting and bursting
with leftover butterflies
from weeks and weeks and lifetimes ago

and then she leaves simple things,
a scarf on the wall,
shoes by the door

he glances at the simple things and
lights up from the inside
and I'm a shadow on the wall

he meets her eyes
and my heart explodes
green

Maya Hanson

Sing While Falling

I have learned how to sing while falling
how to shiver in the summer
how to build bridges in the eye of a forest fire

I have learned how to pull against gravity
how to count against the current
and let the moon hear me scream

I have learned to walk when there's no ground under me
and to smoke out things that love the flame
how to speak softly and be heard

Maybe I'm teaching myself
cracking apart just to crush parts back together,
I am magnetic
I will never be visible power,
this girl inside me is barely an acquaintance
but I'm so proud of her
she has learned how to sing while falling.

Maya Hanson

Sinner

No, it's not
time yet
time yet
I'm standing
in the corner
of a cloud

Waiting in the shadows,
and I'm so tired

It's time to raise my eyes
from the broken ground,
throw my voice
out to the valley

It's time to be a sinner,
raise a storm,
fight the fire
that is me from the inside out

Pick up the pieces,
toss them to the side
just tiny reminders of the broken wings
that I spent countless hours repairing
and now I throw them to the wind,
give up my
control

It's time to raise my eyes
from the broken ground,
throw my voice
out to the valley

It's time to be a sinner,
raise a storm,
fight the fire
that is me from the inside out

And I do get noticed,

noticed as the wind through the trees,
noticed as the man behind the curtain
while eyes are pinned to the real show

Quiet?

You wish I was

quiet

as I leap off the cliff's edge

The shadows are for you now

and my dust flies in your face

and I'm soaring toward a tomorrow

that I built

all

myself

It's time to raise my eyes

from the broken ground,

throw my voice

out to the valley

It's time to be a sinner,

raise a storm,

fight the fire

that is me from the inside out

Maya Hanson

Sippy Cup

Now your air is humid with humans,
leave if you don't want to meet my eyes
Take what you want, don't grow if you don't want to
I won't be stealing your sippy cup

I've at least sent you letters when I don't want to speak,
when I can't make myself meet your eyes
That's more than I can say for you
I can't take away your sippy cup

You can breathe in pretend, the world doesn't need you
to stand tall enough to sing
I can see my own unraveling, I don't need your microscope
to cast the blame when you can't get up

We have the same demons but I'm standing next to mine
you keep a death grip on someone's hand
We have the same demons but I'm dancing with mine
while you blind them with headlights and can't take it in

Maya Hanson

Skyfall

I should be proud, it went perfectly
But instead I'm standing here
It's hard to breathe
That's when my world came crashing down
It's skyfall

The explosion
You fell for it
I can't believe
what's happening now
Skyfall

The commotion
We disappeared into it
The best times
I can remember
Skyfall

The emotion
I couldn't control it
I was controlled
by it
I was consumed
by it
Skyfall

I should be living in our moment
it was magic
But now's not the time
It's skyfall
Skyfall

it's
the end.

Maya Hanson

Slice Me Open

God knows where I'd be
if I hadn't stepped
on every crack I've come across
That's just me, I keep it all locked up inside
I'm addicted to crying,
losing strength is my drug,
but only if it comes hand in hand with being
high on life and
drunk on foolish dreams.
I'm addicted to wanting the things I can't have anymore
and suddenly remembering they're not mine
I'm prone to tripping
but falling is rarer
and I only do that if I'm sliced open weak
You should feel special, you're
one of the ones who can slice me open.

Maya Hanson

Slips And Slurs

Slips and slurs
I fall on the sidelines
Loosen my tongue

What came first...
was it the homeward bound
or the air in my lungs

Why hide your words?
Expletives unused,
but I'll take your side

Need to be heard
We skip out on sleeping,
can't stop the slide

Worlds fall away
I'll give you a feeling
it's not too late

And crazy's okay
as long as the slips and slurs
all come out straight

Maya Hanson

So Ironic

Years ago she bent her breath around her life,
tore its own worth into pieces

but no matter, she lives a better
existence now, smooth roads and sunshine slopes.

Even though she knows she matters
in so many stick figures' fates and letters

she cries,
if I'm lost tell me
if I'm sinking again

because I can only count on one hand
if drowning ends the desert girl.

She comes to life with the sunset,
she's built wings of flawless dreams,
stealing raindrops, giving time
you would think she floats but

Her shell sings tales of the lives
she's left behind, so ironic

because the only thing she breathed and wanted
and she couldn't ever find
is submerged in the deathly shadow stalking her.

Maya Hanson

So Many Words

Could you have chosen
a different way to say it?
So many words
So little time

We're always watching
never deep in the game
Immortal spectators
we won't stop listening

So many words
I've longed to say
How to write them now
so I won't forget

So many reasons
we should never stop being
Live life to its fullest
always on the carousel

Could I have chosen
a different life to live?
All the moments in this one
they're exhausting me

Could I have chosen
a different way to write this story?
Maybe so, but for what
Too many words to make every idea
understood

Could you have chosen
a different way to say it?
So many words
How can it hurt
To look before you leap

In the final song
I won't let you down

you'll find me last stanza
Last poem
Last verse

I'll stand in the crowd
one in a million
Getting a glimpse of you
You'll find me in the final song
Last rhythm
Last word...

Could you have chosen
a different way to say it?
So many words
So little time

Maya Hanson

Someone Who Is

Every moment I'm here, spill the salt water,
hope it lands in all the right spots
or I've soaked something far from waterproof
no matter how sharp you can hear my thoughts.

And now I have found
someone who is, a live or die,
sparklit fantasy with no warning signs,
cold coffee, hot lava, can't stop time,
tell you to miss me every time you say goodbye.

Lift your face like a lighthouse, sleep well,
we're not sleeping when your breath is a moan,
maybe in another life we could- wake up here
and forget about who would throw stones.

And now I have found
someone who is, a live or die,
wide open ocean with no stop signs,
hot coffee, burning bitter, love this wasted time,
tell you to kiss me with your hand in mine.

Maya Hanson

Something I Might Mean

Even shaking your head echoes
my head vibrates with the aftershock
Truth hurts more than slicing fingers
so in my cloak I slip a dagger in your pocket like a wish

I want to hold back but I'm barely holding on
protecting this explosion like a secret
Break all the rules I cannot see
but if you show me gravity I'll fall back down

I am not a colt, you can never tame me
but you can let me so loose I get lost
I am not a rhythm, you can't claim me
but you can chant till they call me yours

For once you spell out the reality I believe
can you paint it for me again
For once you spell out something I might mean
can you feel it in your blood, in your fingertips

Maya Hanson

Sound Of Silence

I can taste the sound of silence
painting murals on these walls

I can wade in the stillness
blanketing everything in flashlight beams

But every time I start to dip my hands into the paint
that outlines you into not a ghost
it sings cacophony into my fingertips.

My nightmares sneak their way
into every corner of my eyelashes
tied together with your rough tattered list
of everything I should be doing

I walk with dreams unguarded
because I can still drink smoke
from the aftermath of your time bomb.

I block my eyes
cover my ears
tear my brains out till I find your touch

But I still taste the sound of silence
painting murals on these walls

because here I can never win
and my vision's out of time
tunneling across the legends of lost firecrackers
that used to smell like freedom.

Steep my vengeance in a bitter bliss,
mold my shudders into a sweet scream

Brush the maybes off the staircase
so I can fly in brisk bright blue again,
landing safely on the sound of silence
so it clashes like the crack of thunder
and I can finally find a sixth sense

that might tell me something right.

Maya Hanson

Sound Waves

Only you have ever said my name
the same way I hear it in my head.

You chant and murmur until
I'm a statue stuck on the wrong pedestal

I'm longing for whispers
I only heard from you once
but they're just what I thought I needed

I'd rather hear new music
than this song as old as time
I don't want to hear what I've expected anymore
I want to bend to a brand new sound
because after all the lights went out
I felt your hand on my shoulder
saying the same words.

But maybe I don't want to keep
sighing at sound waves like they're sunrises.

I'm so soft here I can't be broken...
I can no longer hear you saying my name
the same way I hear it in my head.
Good riddance.

Maya Hanson

Speeding

I'm tired of the speeding
and dreams turned to pure hard gold
Tired of watching
all the trains pass by
and moving on once everything shatters

You're building up,
crashing down
Making sure the water is
perfect, pristine, won't tell a soul
how cracked the ice is underneath

Your work is never over,
pressing carpets till they're bare
hanging pretty silver marbles
to make sure you draw all the eyes

Speeding just to say you've traveled
Smiling just to say you're happy
Running just to say you're better
Winning just to say you've won

And chasing limelight through these tiny cities
is a lifestyle built just for you
But if you're always heading for the next horizon
how much will you miss when you're speeding?

Maya Hanson

Spell Check Aka Words That Have Lost Their Meaning

"Brain, spell check my thoughts."

I've waited so long to do this because I've been busy. Busy, okay? Preoccupied with work, sleep, human interaction, writing, daydreams, reality.

I've waited so long to do this because I give too many excuses.

I've waited so long to do this because I'm afraid of what I'll fi-

Found: 43 total errors.

That was fast.

Finished even faster than the quickest thought of you this week.

I guess that's not hard to do

when people like to call my head a shrine to your beauty.

26 moments of overanalyzing.

Okay, that one I expected. I'm surprised there's not more, probably. I'm more aware than I should be when you sneak up behind me. I'm more aware than I should be of our untold feelings, the ones that have never even been written. I'm more aware than I should be when our secrets are under the same table. I'm more aware than I should be when you lean forward, bracing your weight on connected fists. Now I am even more hyperaware of how often I sit in that same position. I magnify everything, everything, everything, I read the signs before I can see them.

8 ideas you shouldn't have had.

Shouldn't? Who's to decide what I should and shouldn't think? I can't get my mind out of the gutter when you're around, it's true. Most of my ideas should be outlined in a mess of green and red by now. I need to get back to the sidewalks, I need to concentrate-

6 instances of thinking about harmony, or that song, or a handful of cards with the best people, or lemon juice in an open wound.

Crooked red lines run rampant around my head, underlining so many of my thoughts, spell check complaining they shouldn't be there, my brain thinks they have lost their meaning but to my heart they still carry so much weight, so many colors. I can't fix myself I can't stop thinking them I won't stop thinking them

3 flickers of not even your name,
not even overthinking,
not even your initials
or the way you hold yourself,
just you.

The unavoidable. I could sift through my head and clear the red off this page,
spell checks or bloodstains, until I can't clear any more and even then it would go
like this

"Brain, spell check my thoughts."

Found: 43 total errors.
43 flickers of
you.

Why did I do this again? Now there's green and red everywhere, brain.

I crumple up half these thoughts. They don't even deserve to be folded into
airplanes before I toss them out so the page is clean.

Spell check has put crooked red lines under harmony and that song and a
handful of cards with the best people and lemon juice in an open wound,
forgetting how those things are intertwined with you, forgetting they exist
entirely.

But still I don't want it to cross out your name.

Maya Hanson

Standstill

Dear God, I told you
we have to change
We can't keep on living like this
We're missed opportunities,
love and stillness
locked up in a time capsule

We're locked at a standstill
despite the tense molecules around us
begging for a kiss

Because what if we
risk and step and slip and fall,
our footprints on the cliff
the only thing left of us?

And our bodies mesh together
as we hit the ground

but in reality you're still
linking your arm through mine,
laughing as the afternoon carries us
all the way to the sun,
our heads bent over the cityscapes

and I know you like I know this city view
in this second,
forever and for years
and better than you do
and all the way through
but
not at all

And our chemistry's the legend
of a thousand centuries
but we're still
at
a
standstill.

Maya Hanson

Stay Broken

We don't have to heal if we just stay broken
We'll never learn to last but we know how to hope

Frayed and bitter monuments fall at my feet
Steal the moments that melt away on my tongue

I might use the wrong letters but they'll fall so right
I wouldn't be living if I didn't crash into you

We live on the triumph that rides on the wind
Dropping bread crumbs and secrets to find our way back

We leave these hearts gold and shimmering with embers
Lights that leave life on this crumbling path

I won't take your hand, just your heavy load
We don't have to heal if we just stay broken

Maya Hanson

Steal My Voice

I've always wanted to write
a song about a perfect world
but I don't want to replace reality

I've always wanted to sing
a rhyme about a you-and-I
that would explode shooting stars

I've always wanted to love
in a life that mirrors my dreams
but now I sit and think too hard

And in a beautiful world I would stop and stare
And in my dream life you would take my hand
And in a perfect song you would steal my voice
And the song would go like this

I've always wanted to become
everything I imagine,
everything I bleed on paper

I've always wanted to run
free of the strings binding me lonely
tearing me apart

I've always wanted to pretend
we're everything I wished we'd be
so I cry over shavings you toss me

But in a beautiful world I would catch you ten times
And in my dream life you would chase after me
And in a perfect song you would steal my voice
And the song would go like this

And you know you'll never understand
why you can make me cry
just reaching half a chance at you

When you steal my breath

you steal my song
but it still finds a way to pour out of me

because you've stolen the words
that belong to you
as I write them from inside your soul

And in a beautiful world I would make you believe
And in my dream life you would be able to fix me
And in a perfect song you would steal my voice
And the song would go like this

Maya Hanson

Still You Rise: A Tribute To Maya Angelou

Dear Maya,
A part of us died today
with your defeat
in the battle
against a forever
which we knew
would never come.

But if we could give
forever
to someone
it would be you.

Still you rise
like smoke from our chimneys,
dust on our roads,
love in our hearts.

Your essence
is the rainbow,
dancing in the rain.

You found our voices
your guardian shadow
helps us to sing.

We use your words
to teach ourselves things
you already knew.

You're the afterglow
of a time
we used to know.

We meld your music
into a song
the world plays on
and on
and on

Spreading
your love
your lead
your legacy
across a world
that's finally starting to
hear it.

Maya Hanson

Stone

If I'm a stone let me be
Let the world play tricks on my crumbling dust
but still feed me at the end of the day
in colors I can't help but breathe in

If I'm a stone smooth me over
Hand me a brush so I'll look like myself again
Live in a cave that wraps the water around you
like the one at the edge of my bed

I might sleep with danger
knocking at my door
but it's better than sleeping alone

If I'm a stone hear my silence
like I'm letting things happen to me
but trust me, every time something hits
I take in the current and let it mold this heart

If I'm a stone let me be
If I'm the peaceful rushing sound
of this planet, hear me sing
Live in a stream where you let the world
form you instead of break you

Maya Hanson

Stranger

There's something intriguing about strangers
you'll never see them again
There's something fitting about this night
as I stand next to you

Evening air
our laughs collide
making it powerful
Leaving there
the hardest thing
I've ever done

Way up there
on the Ferris wheel
dancing on rooftops
And waiting here
after it
for you...

There's something unstoppable
about this night
we're on top of the world
There's something magic about being
in your arms
Rearrange the hearts molded
even just
for a night
Shining over
a town
far away

Our wishes bonded
for a night
Orion's Belt the witness
No legality
no true love
no soul
But I wish you were here,
I wish it more

than I ever did, and now
Now I'm remembering
when I met you
that night
Witness holds
it's our night forever...
Stranger

Maya Hanson

Stranger (Enemy, Part 2)

Enemies.

Enemies surround me,
friends here or there
in their midst.

But no,
no point in distinguishing,
it doesn't matter now-
all dead.

Blood.

Blood is spilled from the rooftops,
from the mountains we came from,
from the seraphim's sky.
Blood coats my hooves,
the fallen,
my friends-

I try not to think about the blood.

But- there! - a flash of movement
Life among the death
I carve a path through carnage
of creatures I used to know

Amber eyes,
a tiger angel
Nothing I've ever seen

The stranger's tiger eyes plead with me
But what he doesn't know is
we're not like them
I don't exist simply to kill.
I am here to save.

I force magic, life back into his lungs
and watch his consciousness

slip
a
way

Maya Hanson

Stream Gone Dry

Inside my
head
so
high

Runs a
stream
gone
dry

It is a
place
to
cry

Along the
road
passing
by

Inside my
heart
so
low

Runs a thought
you
didn't
know

Maybe it
once
was
so

I longed for you
not
to
go

But now
look
at
me

I'm doing things
you
can't
believe

I am a
bird
flying
free

Why haven't you
cried
for
me

Maya Hanson

Streetlight

Use a streetlight
to show me
that things are okay

the tunnel
between us
lit up from the inside

so that when
it's finally sunset
I don't have to worry about you.

Illuminate
the house where
both our secrets lurk

and close the door until I'm finally
always
never alone.

Maybe this house
can finally
close me in,

maybe
this streetlight
can be my salvation.

Maya Hanson

Suitcase

Funny how I fell living from a suitcase,
compacted into inches of space
Maybe that's why our time was so short.

We were in between countries,
in between in love and strangers
Living on clouds and shards of promises.

Funny how I fell living from a suitcase,
but the footprint you left is
too big for a souvenir, I'm afraid
I'll have to leave it behind.

Funny how I can't get rid of the footprint,
it's followed me back home
These worlds aren't supposed to clash
but tonight I almost want them to,
I want to laugh and cry about you
since I can't forget.

Funny how I fell living from a suitcase,
but the promise you made is
too big for a souvenir, I'm afraid
you'll have to take it back.

Maya Hanson

Take A Risk

I want to take a
Risk, throw myself off a
Cliff, the air is so
Brisk, please grant my wish

I want to sing while I
Fall, watch you so
Small, laugh while I
Call for help, please grant my wish

I want to feel my heart
Swell, under your
Spell, how can you
Tell, please grant my wish

I want to blow your
Mind, just take my
Time, love is so
Blind, please grant my wish

Maya Hanson

Take Me Home

Throw me a paper airplane
and I'll leave your arms behind
But take me home, pour me a cup
and I'll remember this is mine

After all, home is just
being the reason
for your smile and your spark,
letting go of this
twisted world

Home is
lost in translation,
home is
losing your mind
and falling apart
buried in a blanket
that's older than you

Throw me a paper airplane
and I'll leave your arms behind
But take me home, pour me a cup
and I'll remember this is mine
Relying on a
streetlight in the darkness,
a melody among shadows
and living on the edge

Throw me a paper airplane
and I'll leave your arms behind
But take me home, pour me a cup
and I'll remember this is mine

Home is just
shivers and familiarity
and Christmas lights that
blind you when you close your eyes

Knowing I'm bound by this place,

walls that have seen everything,
I can fall into a haven
that smells like
open windows,
possibilities,
stir-fry and coffee.

Maya Hanson

Taste Test

I've shivered too much in what I thought was summer
to learn about the streetlights I've never seen
But I can't live life through descriptions
when you give me the world in vinegar

I'm stepping to the beat of the song only you hear
and shallow can still break even if we just whisper
Stop treading on these slippery shoes I call home
This is your gift and I will force it down

I've listened to evil but never seen it work
never seen the crude yellow lights beaming from its lies
and you spoke to me in cheap illumination
I couldn't grasp with hands that won't bend

Spending years at your table, now I'm going still
My hands know the wood of this bench too well
I've sat and memorized patterns, apples and silver spoons
This is my memory and it will never suffice

With just these senses I can't build a real existence
I'll swallow your salty words but my sad eyes never cry
With you I'll live dead for the rest of my life
So I slash through the memory to build a new wall

Now my blood knows mercy at the hand of these poisons
But even as I flicker I know this is just the taste test,
I know the cold unforgiving steel of that silver spoon-
trust me, I won't take the same deadly offerings from him.

Maya Hanson

Tea Party

Not another tea party,
tight smiles and sharp corners,
loneliness posing like closing doors on old friends

I'll bring the champagne if it makes people talk
or when I want them to talk I'll tear off the tablecloth

Day after day
they crawl to my gates
Not another apology,
I want you to detonate
not switch on with a purpose

The wind can tell you what I mean
Passing all the minefields,
stuck in a heartbeat,
drowned in silence

I don't want another tea party,
tight smiles and sharp corners,
politely posing all my commands as a question

Please just walk in and
break all the china.

Maya Hanson

Tearing Down Bridges

A quiet fear of perfection
lingers in your eyes
and makes it hard for me to breathe

If this isn't
good enough for you
we might as well start over,
take a blow to the bricks,
build from the beginning again

We're tearing down bridges,
smashing down walls,
burning the evidence,
hanging up again

Then mending the quilt,
holding your hand,
drying up tears,
starting again

I dive off the cliff,
fingers crossed,
hoping the water's clear
for once

But the instant
I break the surface
you leave a chair overturned
and I spend my life mending
what's been broken

We're tearing down bridges,
smashing down walls,
burning the evidence,
walking away again

Then mending the quilt,
holding your hand,
drying up tears,

starting again

Fingertips dancing across warm skin
filled my dreams,
too perfect to preserve,
I should have known

And then I woke up
on one side of the door,
turned the handle,
burned my hands,
found you missing once more

We're tearing down bridges,
smashing down walls,
burning the evidence,
crying all night again

Then mending the quilt,
holding your hand,
drying up tears,
starting again

And now I know
it's not up to you
whether we bend
or just break

I'll let you leave,
watch the water slip
from my fingers, but
still shiver as the door shuts

They said you were perfect
but what's perfect
to me
is the way you
perfectly
left.

Maya Hanson

Tears

Tears slip down the edge
of a world I wish would stay
Where you were never more
than two flights of stairs away

Tears fall like the water
in that twilight swimming pool
And I'm trying not to wonder
if you see the same things I do

Wishes snapped in two
with the miles we're apart
It's gonna have to get easier
since I can't find you and restart

I would have a reason for these tears
if I could knock on your door someday
Who am I kidding, I could
but I won't torture myself that way

I won't tell you that I miss you
I won't give you that much weight
I won't hope anything will happen
I won't think of you so late

And at sunrise every morning
I'll live without you hanging on my brain
Open a pathway through these tears
Stand straight- even though I'll fall again.

Maya Hanson

Temporary Sinkholes

I try to find the fine line of the truth in your lies
but it's slippery and my hands have been coated with too much experience to
hold it.

My memories fall out your ears like rain...
but not the drops that splash on pleasant spring mornings,
the kind of rain I'll never sing in when it haunts our town.

I try to find all the sinkholes before they form,
bury them with pebbles and old notes and trying to make you feel like this is
home,
telling you everything you need to hear.

I put on your coffeepot at the exact right moment so it's done when you get
home for dinner.

I wait too long for some sort of reassurance, maybe a flower or one arm curled
around my shoulder or eye contact for once, but I'm positive I have not waited
long enough.

I make you the meals that coat your voice in a little less angry, a little more
willing to forgive when I burn something the next day. I make you the meals that
slip down your throat more easily than my name.

I use the words always and never more than you use my name just because I
want to be unwavering.

I make the spot in the bed beside me less empty and at the same time unfillable
just by speaking your name when you're gone.

Temporary.

These are the kind of lies I tell myself.

Love is like drinking three gallons of ice water at once.

It's beautiful and refreshing and I only regret it after it's settled like a glacier in
my stomach.

Maya Hanson

Temptation

It takes all my will to stay away
after a touch of insanity

Distractions, failures, flying high
brings no peace of mind

You've chosen her, you hooked me
I try to speak without a scream

Self-control, I use more than you know
and this choice is all I live for

It takes strength to make a fist
when you're at my fingertips

But I've chosen and I'm never going back

Maya Hanson

The Ally (Enemy, Part 3)

I don't see her slip away,
a flicker among clouds.

It tears me up to leave him.
Why?

My chest aches for her.
It shouldn't.

My heart pounds harder and
all I can think is
Would he have saved me?

She's different, she's a mist,
she's not a beast, she's a world.

My fingers burn from
touching him.
Madness or magic?

Show me how a heart breaks and mends
Show me how an enemy
becomes all I live for

I never understood need until now.

All I need is to
see her again
and I promise myself
I won't use the life
she's given me
to kill any more of her kin.

He is different.

She is different.

This is forbidden.

This is connection.

We are allies.

We are one.

Maya Hanson

The Beauty Of Lying With You

is not you
but the vanishing
of everything else.

Maya Hanson

The Dark Is The Wanted

Piercing eyes
sunk in black shadows,
a reflection
gleams in a pool of
what looks like freedom

and I take one step
into the only
clear
left in the world

The dark is the wanted,
light means life and
laughter and
music that will
only hurt my ears.

Splashing through
streets at night,
dodging the scream of
city lights,
running until I
don't recognize myself

Stars are a
distant memory,
a whisper of a dream
only washed over me under
city lights

I run through twilight,
through daybreak,
running from the sun

but the orange fingers
stretch,
reach for my ankles,
pull at my hair,
trip my weakened legs,

leave me blinded
as the dark slips away
and I close my eyes
to wait out the hours

The dark is the wanted,
light means pain and
voices and
gunshots and
you.

Maya Hanson

The Day I Met You I Almost Walked Into A Pole. (Short Prose)

The day I met you I almost walked into a pole.

There's something about seeing for the first time a beautiful person who takes you by so much surprise that the world around you fizzles and fades to a sphere so small it could fit into a bottle on the ocean. And that's about how small I felt that moment, staring at a goddess made of gold in the middle of a boring concrete sidewalk, walking my earthly life with a slightly sweaty T-shirt on, my hair barely brushed and messy over my shoulders. But the universe doesn't pay attention to that kind of thing, so beautiful you continued walking toward me, and I had no choice but to rip my gaze off the path I was walking, which included a rather tall, cylindrical piece of metal right on the edge of the road.

The fantastic, erudite word "um" escaped my lips, and at that moment my eyes flicked forward again. The pole in front of me looked almost as inviting a deathbed as your eyes. But my brain somehow caught up just in time with my heart, and a millionth of a second later I would be praising the stars I didn't walk into it. Just barely missing the collision, I sidestepped and almost tripped but caught myself and your attention at the same time. And that's when the world crushed into a bottle exploded.

"Done that already today," you deadpanned, grinning. "Not clumsy enough. Step up your game."

And off we went in a whirlwind, hours then years of eating and laughing with you and inside jokes and 4am porch swing conversations and me awkwardly stepping on your feet as we walked but still trying to be slightly less awkward than the day we met and maybe someday all you wanted, and things that were so effortless it caused me physical pain like pocket dialing you at odd times then staying on the phone for hours and teasing you about your snow globe addiction and brushing our teeth together and how my hand fits so perfectly in yours and kissing oh God and and and...

It was so sudden; we went up and up and then as your eyes went dark and your hands went cold we plummeted, a sheer drop nothing could have prepared me for.

The day I lost you I could have slammed my face into every pole to the corners

of the earth and not felt any more pain.

Maya Hanson

The Devil Was Born For Dancing

Needles and lemongrass, I sit closer to you
In darkness it's easier to pick up the truth
I hope your fingers can handle it with care
cause I'd rather see fireworks even when they're not there

Sunrise and sunset come searching for me
I'm always the drummer and never the beat
You're always the question and never the answer
But you know the devil was born for dancing

I'm under the influence just like every day
I'd say you can't shake me but I want you to stay
Still worrying about silent promises I've made
they're louder than me, they make a cavalcade

Sunrise and sunset come searching for me
I'm always the drummer and never the beat
You're always the question and never the answer
But you know the devil was born for dancing

Rereading, rewriting, replaying this night
We almost build moments but never quite right
So the tower comes tumbling and you and I burn
this will always be breaking but I'll always return

Sunrise and sunset come searching for me
I'm always the drummer and never the beat
You're always the question and never the answer
But you know the devil was born for dancing

Maya Hanson

The End Of Us

Your eyes are bright ice blue
and too stormy to meet mine
and you stare out at the water
bringing torture to my mind

The flame on the horizon
is too bright a blaze to see
And my heartbeat slows and sprints
takes off in my reverie

And as the boat rocks
I imagine the inevitable end
like the deepest sunset
the colors twist and then

It's the end of us
the prophecy
the fire of a memory

It's the end of us
the roaring sea
the legend of a century

I'll roll these waves of chaos
up into my hand
and swallow them whole
faster than you can...

if it would somehow mean
this vessel would calm
my fingers reach through empty space
run melodies across your palm

But your hands, your lips
are miles away
and we're sinking faster, faster
there is no other way

It's the end of us

the prophecy
the fire of a memory

It's the end of us
the roaring sea
the legend of a century

Your head turns
tip the boat
and I cling to the sides
take back the pages and
pages I wrote

for you when you were gone
cause I'm out of time
I'm barely breathing but I hold on
for the final rhyme

It's the end of us
the prophecy
the fire of a memory

It's the end of us
the roaring sea
the legend of a century

Maya Hanson

The First Day

I'd like to say I knew it the first time I saw you...
Here is a face I will not soon forget.
But it was all you,
there was no destiny involved
except for the fact that she dragged me along,
something like fate?

Really it was just
how things I'm afraid to say flow from you like a waterfall
You have a filter but it works perfectly
while mine is clogged with your memory-

and that was the first day.

I'd like to say I knew it the first time I saw you...
Here is a night I will not want to erase
but it will be swept off the calendar like crumbs on your table
maybe I should have known by
the careless way you throw up your hands

We spent those hours
in a splash of cerulean,
under the stars in the middle of nowhere
where the universe's painters throw their mistakes
and the rest of the world wishes we could create a fraction of their mixed-up
messy skies-

and that was the first day.

Maya Hanson

The Gray Choice

We assume the world is black & white,
But what about blue & yellow?
What about when the fork in the road has 3 spikes
And we assume the world won't end
Even if we make the gray choice
But what if we make the gray choice,
The one in between?
What happens when you dare to dream,
Dare to make the center choice?
If you dare to ask this question,
It doesn't hurt to try again
And if no one will answer you,
Then dare to dream and make that choice

Maya Hanson

The Keepers Of Sound

The keepers of sound
Pass through a waterfall
Pass through silence, only to break it
Keep motions and movements connected
In the circle of life
The keepers of sound
Pass through solid walls
Pass through stillness, only to break it
Soothe us to sleep
The keepers of sound
Pass through worlds only they can see
The transformation
From human to keeper
Is one that takes patience,
Kindness, and honesty
That transformation
Takes strength,
Friendliness and love
To pass through the wall
That separates humans and keepers
You have to have a light heart
And be whole

Maya Hanson

The Kite String

A kite string frays in the stormy sky
and blows along with the sand
In flight but forbidden to break free
clasped tight in the little girl's hand

I dig my toes into the ground
take a deep breath and let go
Simple things drive me crazy
but humanity is all I know

My soul can see the wanting
I'm so tired of these lies
We tell ourselves over and over
we're strong and smart and wise

But we're still foolish rebels,
ruling our own universe's page
We run with scissors, still expecting
after it all to be saved

The little girl laughs out loud
her kite string tugs and frays
I dig deeper into the cool sand
Breathe in all the hope she gave

All I can hope is that someday
she holds her heart that high,
she knows to let go when she's
clutching someone too tight

All I can hope is that someday
she loves herself so much more
than the ache to find him again
and she won't go back anymore

The kite string in the stormy sky
takes advice from the sand
Dreaming of adventure and explosion-
breaks free from the little girl's hand

Maya Hanson

The Painter And The Writer

When the painter sees glitter
that's all she can paint
And the hills are alive
with the colors inside.

When the painter sees darkness
that's all she can paint
And the hills crash to earth
without the universe making a sound.

When the writer sees laughter
that's all she can write
the chaos all around her
swallowing her up

When the writer sees living
that's all she can write
And the question unfolds
to reveal a cold hard truth

but sometimes living is what the world
needs to hear.

Maya Hanson

The Right Key

Spinning
in circles
I can't concentrate
Messing up
everything the light
touches

My keyhole
it's waiting
It aches
every day
But I can't take
Letting you in

Why isn't
anyone coming
I'm still alone
But it's best
not to meddle
with time

I'm waiting
for the right partner
To take the night
all to ourselves
To be released
from this door
that I'm hiding behind

They have tried
People have tried
others not like you
But my door
won't open
for them

I'm locked
have to wait
For the right key

to arrive
My closed door
will creak open
Now that I'm chosen

I'm locked
have to wait
For the right key

Maya Hanson

The Same Way

I pray the same way the world taught me,
both hands dipped in fire,
lying until I somehow get the truth out,
in questions I think I'll never get used to.

I speak the same way I always have,
slowing down when the sticks have crossed
or I can't breathe for swearing on everything I see,
like how I think you can't be held for too long.

I shatter the same way the sun taught me,
painful as diving below the earth
just as the magic starts to happen,
wanting so much to stay
that I leave streaks of my setting behind on your skyline.

I don't often believe where I come from,
to make me believe in something
you have to push it in my face
or mix it like a scent
into the saltwater I rub into my skin every night.

Maya Hanson

The Taken

sometimes I envy
the taken
because of the words
they can say to you,
she's got a boy back home
so she can give you compliments that won't come off biting like my fist in my
mouth
or too sweet in a space covered with salt.
sometimes I envy
the taken
because of how simple
they can be around you,
the carefree
straight shot smiles
with no strings.
I watch this scene
like it's the last time I'll see it
through your eyes.
I watch your movements
like I'm learning how to be a mirror.
sometimes I envy
the taken
because of how close
they can get to you
without leaving a handprint
or lighting the room on fire.
most of the time I envy
the taken
they don't miss you like this
but how can I miss you
when you're always around?

Maya Hanson

Things I Know By Heart (Slam Poetry)

1. How hard I cross my fingers when I'm headed home. Every time. It's like a bad habit, the hoping, the wishing. I need to stop wishing.
2. That your hair is always messy. Don't worry, I like it that way. It makes you look like an electric shock, alive, chaotic. It spells out exactly how much of your life you've lived, not just existed.
3. The awkward greetings I give you when we pass, trying to pierce through a perfect day, but they always fall flat or quiet.
4. You mean all your compliments, but the most you do is mean them. They are not a gift to you, or reaching out in the dark. They are words.
5. But you always know just what to say to me.
6. Overthink your words.
7. Overthink my words.
8. Overthink everything.
9. How you almost fall backwards out of chairs every time you laugh. Without fail. It's like you're falling for something other than me.
10. When I walk into a room, I look for an empty seat next to you just so I can trick myself into thinking you're inching closer to me. It's always my chair moving.
11. The way the minutes sprint by in the early morning, countless nights where at 4am you'll say you're not tired and an hour later I have to drag you out so you don't do anything you'll regret. You're falling asleep the whole time but they're still the best nights I've had in a while.
12. Your favorite song. Correction: your favorite songs. Every time one of them comes on and I can feel your eyes light up before I even look at you, I add it to a list of things to listen to harder. I want to know them better than I know you.
13. That no matter how far away you are I can still feel you moving like chains or a marionette string. Maybe you have dark magic. I don't really care. I love black holes.
14. Need to end this list before I add you to it, because I don't know you by heart I don't know you by heart I want to know you by heart by hands by head by everything
15. You, someday.
16. How hard I cross my fingers when I'm headed to you. Every time. It's like a bad habit, the hoping, the wishing. I need to stop wishing.
17. I will never stop wishing.

Maya Hanson

Things I Want To Tell Him

Pinky promise
Clueless words
Strange talk
his finger curves around mine

In this universe
I'm asking
why,
I'm asking
why not
Strange talk planning
a future without a foundation

Does he know how he
put me on a pedestal
and pushed me down
Does he know how he
messed me up

Maya Hanson

Think

Think sound
Leaves rustling
Birds chirping
Waterfall
Or silence

Think friends
Helping hands
Loyal
Honest
Or enemies

Think peace
Cooperating
Sharing
Fairness
Or war

Think people
Miracles
But not perfect

Maya Hanson

This Poem Cannot Be About You

when you left at two a.m.
i didn't want to go to sleep
so now i am sitting here
with a roomful of regrets
wishing i could have followed you down that hallway,
nothing would waste my time so well
as climbing into bed with you.

i follow you so close behind
when you bring these things out of me i've never said before
and i'm caring now about how i define
my kind of paradise.

i want to touch you till we're burning
i want to touch you and still stay as innocent as you used to think i was.

you know how i drink the sky when it's made of gray
like i will never be thirsty again.
you know how the darkness tastes,
you know how beautiful a hand to hold looks in that darkness
when i run away from everything else.

wrap our fingers
like they're fighting or embracing, tell me
we do not even need contact and still
we power the whole city.

but this poem cannot be about you,
there is so much already trying to end us,
an army racing over the hill-
intertwine your legs with mine, tell me
our own hands will not join that army.

maybe next time
i will follow you down that hallway after midnight.
i doubt it.

everyone is born with an angel in our rearview
and a bitter taste in our mouths.

everyone is born with a line to say,
we are two parts heavy and one part here.

Maya Hanson

Three Thousand Hours

Three thousand hours
stand between me and this abyss,

mirroring a twist of fate
but one I'll wish for again

Eternity starts tomorrow,
yesterday, years ago

and I want you to say it
I need you to say

that three thousand hours
will not bend or break

the cracked glass, eggshells, cliff's edge
a threshold threatens the end

but I know three thousand hours
will tie us in a bond never broken,

keep us melded and burning with
blankets and goosebumps and roses and rescues

and moments and moments and moments
and even though we only have seconds left
laughing forever
for three thousand hours.

Maya Hanson

Through The Blinding Light

Through the blinding light
through the illuminating darkness
I'm shattered through your sun

Through the endless white
You're the mountains that come down
and stand above the ocean

And though nothing ever changes
there's an unquenchable thirst
for a river that doesn't flow

Through the blinding light
the waves never subside
and I'm left hanging till you're home

Maya Hanson

Time Bomb

Somehow I have not been born right
I can't get high on you loving me
even when it's tattooed on you and it's etched inside my skull

When I want to be alone I go out into a crowd
because in the center of me is a guitar
and I don't know how to play it
I need you instead
you seem to read these notes better than me

You seem to sit better on the edges of their smiles
I'm unmoving here, bread on the table
and no one gives me a second glance without your honey

Somehow I have not been born right
I can hear my heartbeat like a time bomb
this distance like a spotlight
until I tremble in a crowd to feel alone again

You make me more dangerous
standing so close,
I could go off at any moment
and just because I choose you to stand next to in the crowd
doesn't mean you're invincible

Somehow I have not been born right
but I have learned to live it,
capsize when I suffocate,
fix broken hearts in the space between alone and claustrophobic,
reach for you to find bread and honey

Maya Hanson

Tipping Point

I have stayed up all night a painter
for the sake of covering these walls
with smoother shapes than my flight risk fear,
with things I will probably regret.

I've got questions I shouldn't ask,
colors I shouldn't spill
but when you are around you cut the legs off all my chairs
and the turquoise is dangerously close to tipping.

I've got questions I shouldn't ask,
I will turn them into answers when I lie next to you,
I will leave the lavender in every corner
so you know I'm okay.

I've got questions I shouldn't ask
so I bite them down minute by minute
and splash a bit of royal blue on your doorstep,
hope you find it meaning more than an accident.

It's overdue,
mixing the fire with the ice,
we can make sure there are too many colors on this floor to count
We both get home with tangled hearts and splatters on our shoulders,
covered like we don't mean to cry.

I've got sentences I shouldn't mean,
I brush silver on the windowsill,
I sit high and pretty and sunk and flawed.

I've got sentences I shouldn't mean
but I would rather mean too much than nothing,
sitting here on edge
with the sunset orange three quarters full and
threatening to overflow onto your lips.

I've got questions I shouldn't ask,
colors I shouldn't spill
but here with you I am climbing to the tipping point.

Maya Hanson

Tired

I thought I wanted to love you.
I still think so but I'm so tired,
I'm ready to fight the storm that made us
but I don't want to pull you down with it.

Every minute I let myself think
I take another step toward you
but turn my face away,
and then you are too beautiful
to even think about making me cry.

I don't want to hang you with emeralds
but they cling to your eyes,
magnets and I can't remember
the slices of songs that were going to fall from this.

Trust me, after last night
it is going to be harder
for you to make me laugh
now that my eyes are crystallized
with those leftover dreams,
and every time I wake up
you've left salt between the sheets.

Every time I stay up
it's so many hours I don't want back,
selfish as I can be when the sun goes down,
you leave trails of why not down my face.

Maya Hanson

Titanic

The feeling of gravity
holding me to the ground
It's the anchor
dragging my ship down
down
down

Into the depths
useless to fight
Swords crash
in tune to the
beat of my heart

The sea shows no mercy
no pity for me
My lonely road
ends in the fate
of a ship long ago,
wrecked
sunk
destroyed

The Titanic's fate,
the facts and the myths,
the stories they tell
The horror of an ocean grave
That old accursed ship
It's the gray lining
against my silver

Then again
I've always been silver
But as a human being I'm
almost cashed out
Almost done with the purpose
I'm serving
My essence lies weak, dull, broken
in the snow

I'm coming closer
to the end
At least it's an end
At least I don't have to pretend
anymore
That I'm riding a skylight,
flying high, dancing through life
At least my ship
is finally retiring
to the hall of fame

The sea shows no mercy
no pity for me
My lonely road
ends in the fate
of a ship long ago,
wrecked
sunk
destroyed

Maya Hanson

To The Friend

To the friend who once told me
"I don't really buy the whole gay thing."

You do not need to buy it.
We are not selling,
we are giving the whole of ourselves to you.

We do not stretch with your fingers,
rubber bands flung into corners,
ricocheting off the wall,
elastic collisions that come back just as hard.
We come back twice as hard.

We do not mold with your hands,
glued to gray while you steal the colors,
spent like blood money to make you feel kind.

We build something strong together
but we are so much more than that,
we are all creatures
when you strip us down to bone.

We are not something
you need to understand.
We are something
you need to listen to.

Can you taste
the worth we sprinkle on this world?

Maya Hanson

To The Sea

Until the water calls me
I stay human, with a human memory
I can recall everything about
standing there at high tide, waiting
Watch me as I sing to the sea

Even when I'm here
my shadow is outside the window
Something about this discontent
the rocks and dust break under my feet so I'm
dreaming of somewhere else
Watch me as I sing to the sea

In the water they can't break my shell
I can defy gravity
maybe I can conquer the world

Maya Hanson

Tomorrow's Coming

Running out of gas
right next to the tick
of the bomb
You promise you'll
always keep me safe

I know you're messing with my head
I won't wait with you
Longer than I have to
Because tomorrow's coming
Beautiful tomorrow
A day when I can be free of this

You say this is forever,
I've never heard such lies
I can't wait for someone else to save me
better do it myself
Yet you still say you'll keep me safe

Safe! What a deceptive word
what a false promise, easily broken
Bomb goes off
as it's intended to
and you're stolen from me

I know you're messing with my head
I won't wait with you
Longer than I have to
Because tomorrow's coming
Beautiful tomorrow
A day when I can be free of this

Running away too fast
you can't catch up anymore
I count myself lucky
that I've even made it this far
But lucky for what?

You break the promise

I know it's all your doing
the stolen story of our love
It deceived me, wrote itself and then
made me think it was real

I know you're messing with my head
I won't wait with you
Longer than I have to
Because tomorrow's coming
Beautiful tomorrow
A day when I can be free of this

I know you're messing with my head
I know my life isn't adding any more days
the longer I stand here and wait
I know this love's just deceit
I can't wait
Oh, tomorrow's coming

Maya Hanson

Tongue Twister (Slam Poetry)

there's almost too much of a tongue twister in your name,
roof of my mouth soiled with the aftertaste,
spilling rivers into footsteps flaring imprints on the forest floor,
framing what I thought I could reforget
and I've told you not to attack this tongue,
manipulate this marvelous,
teeth thrown into a whirlwind
before you understand me,
crack this crumbling code and remember
you could become as much mine as my heartbeat,
this could be breathing but it feels like so much more than that,
like I don't have to think here,
kick the dust up behind you before you realize the road's paved,
memorize the click of my copper-cut fists,
and every time I turn around and see you like this
it's like
(inhale)
I don't realize I've been holding my breath.

Maya Hanson

Touch

Maybe if we could
stretch to the stars
the sky would rest
at our fingertips,
wild but ours just the same

Maybe if we could
reach the stars
words would spill from the sky,
the universe's dreams would douse
the inferno that sings us

Maybe if we could
touch the stars
insanity would meld with reality
and all the pencil strokes in the world
would finally be enough to start over

And I still tear
stones down from the trees
and scatter them
across the universe
until my stars fall from the sky

But the beauty of those stars
is that they're untouchable
and no matter how far I climb
how fast I run
how deep I love
I'll never reach them

Maya Hanson

Toxic

I'm following your footsteps
I'm addicted to your skin
Your voice stings like a heartbeat
every time you pull me in

But the way you catch all the butterflies
makes me fear your breath's too sweet
It's toxic, leaves me craving
convinces me it's all I need

An ember twists up the obsession
exploding in my head
It's beautiful, it's dangerous
I still embrace the flames of red

But the way you catch all the butterflies
makes me fear your breath's too sweet
It's toxic, leaves me craving
convinces me it's all I need

I'm out of control in the hurricane
inhaling your hallucinations
and smoking your scent

I'm latched onto the mirror image
of this toxic pretty face,
the butterflies' friend

Winter exits, arsenic on my tongue
pretending to be spring when
I'm left battered in this April storm
sipping the blood-red cost of love again

Maya Hanson

Tragically Blue

There's a girl
sitting on the edge
of the world,
touching the blue
with her fingertips,
making the sky fall.

She's no longer
a singer,
a hopper,
a lover.

She is tragically
blue,
slipping away,
turning her back
on a world she once
wanted to see.

She is tragically
blue,
keeping her hands hidden
in her pockets,
closing her eyes,
blind to a boy she once
wanted to keep.

Maya Hanson

Treading This Gray

It would hurt less if I had enough letters
to find you and know you miss me
or know you don't at all, you're happy, you don't regret any of it, your life is even
more beautiful than you.

It would hurt less if I wasn't treading this gray in between.

I don't know if you're still reaching for the gap in the stars
or if you turned your back and you're heading home.
I keep lying to myself that every single stroke is the last one for you.
But maybe the more ink I spend
I can reach out past the void and catch you by your string as it drags by,
make you remember when all the other humans were afterthoughts as we stood
on the skyline,
knowing no matter how slowly the ship lights traveled we would be home soon
and we would have to write our goodbyes.

I wish I could say I knew your whole story
instead I'm wading back and forth
between the shoreline and the sea,
pacing the memories paved along my skin.

It would hurt less if I wasn't treading this gray in between.

Maya Hanson

Trying To Face You

I open a jar of music, relax my lungs and catch my breath
Flickering away time as my hand melts to the hurricane
Because in my twisted brain
every piece of music is written about her.

Staring at her back, I'm dust in her steed's eye. For once,
Can't I just want something? I'm
Trying to run a race of truth but
the curves keep catching me in lies.
Well, maybe that's because
my thoughts are hidden eloquences I can't ever tell.

Finding a way to scream
I tumble, nervous at her feet. I
wish I had a tin can phone so
we could be five million miles apart
as I stutter and wince my way through this.
I'm trying
to speak,
smile, stand, breathe, stay alive,
it's not really working.
I'll kneel, helpless,
a victim of captured constellations
and my own shattered heart.

Her face is the entire earth at once flooding into my veins.
How did I ever do this in my dreams?

Maya Hanson

Twenty Of You

I'll run and hide
And shut my eyes
In order to avoid you

I'll run and hide
And shut my eyes
In order to avoid you

I'll imagine what's in store for me
Even though I know you'll disagree
I'll imagine what the future holds for me
And I know that you're not like me...

I'll be like twenty of you,
Look down and laugh
at the place where I used to be
Letting you know that I don't care anymore
I'm off setting up what I want to do

I'll run and hide
And while I'm hiding
I'll dream that there is no you

I'll run and hide
And while I'm hiding
I'll dream that there is no you

I'll imagine what's in store for me
Even though I know you'll disagree
I'll imagine what the future holds for me
And I know that you're not like me...

I'll be like twenty of you
You sit there, eyes vacant
Doing absolutely nothing
While I travel the world in a single moment
I'll be like twenty of you
Paris, LA
Telling my story

Starting at the place I didn't want to be

I run and hide
And feel ashamed
But I want to avoid you

I run and hide
And that's not why
I've just got to avoid you

I'll imagine what's in store for me
Even though I know you'll disagree
I'll imagine what the future holds for me
And I know that you're not like me...

I'll be like twenty of you
I came to hold his heart
While keeping you out of my mind
The girl who's twenty of you
She sits on your grave
And does everything she wanted to do

She's like twenty of you
Forever holding your memory
She'll be like twenty of you
She's twenty of you
And does everything she wants to do

Maya Hanson

Twisted

I'm not one to let go
but even I know that you're twisted,
trying to conjure a fight
from thin air.

I'm not one to open my eyes
when light shines through your skin,
but only because I'm surrounded
by the twilight you've created.

You think you're giving me
what I want,
but I only want it
because it's been given,
and pulling me apart
isn't going to save me.

You're made of mesmerizing insanity
chaos I thought I bargained for
but tearing out my heart
just because I don't want to stare down change
isn't going to save me.

Maya Hanson

Unchangeable

At sunrise I watched you leaning
against the west side of the hill
Just as lost as I am

We're unchangeable,
scared half to death
by things we can't understand

And my feet still pound
against black and white pavements
that bury the yesterdays we left behind

But at sunrise I saw you
staring at the moon
hoping this world stays unchangeable

It was so long ago,
it's tomorrow and forever
and the echoes in between

We're unchangeable,
running backwards
smoky ashes rekindled again and again

I won't ever burn for you
like the waves on the shore
but I'll watch that sunrise too

I'm the one you
won't ever love
and can't ever lose

Maya Hanson

Understand

He says,
You don't understand how much I love people

and I splinter.

You say no one understands but
you couldn't be more wrong,
I know, I know,
I love them just as much.

I want to say,
You take me just like this
with my wild mind and stumbling walk
and a voice that can take over a room
or shrink in the face of demons
and I can't give you enough sunlight
to tell you how lucky I am.

So I take you just like this
with your wild hair and a frame too tall
and a laugh that can invite stares
but I can't love this you if you don't let me,
if you take too quickly to the possibility
that I'll someday leave you behind.

I want to say
I'll put this cup on the table between us,
an offering of
what we could be what we could be
but I don't even need what we could be
as long as you love who we are.
I hope you care enough to let it stand without breaking
but I hold my head in my hands as it crashes down
not because you don't care
but because you don't look hard enough,
blind to the one who knows exactly
how much you love people.

And the cup he swept off the table in a fit of I didn't mean to

leaves dust on the floor, splinters on my tongue
so fragile I can't speak
for fear of leaving trails of blood on his lips

He says,
Sometimes I don't think people value me as much as I value them

I almost choke on the splinters again

I want to say,
I know exactly what you mean.

My knock is hesitant
so if these humans don't want me I'll fade back to shadows,
I'll be an outline
an outline can't choke you
it can only let you go
I laugh louder when I know I'm the joke
I hurt because I know I would give too much for them
I'll tie my hands together so I don't have the urge
to hold with too tight a grip and pull them down with me.

I want to say,
Sometimes I think people would leave me behind if given the chance
when I know I would leave myself behind if it meant they were free.
I know exactly what you mean.

I want to say,
Please lean back and let me
make these backseat promises,
this doesn't mean much to you now but
I'll never give you less.

He says,
You don't understand how much I love people

I want to say,
You don't understand how much I understand you.

Maya Hanson

Undone

I'm not through trying to love you.
Don't make me look too hard to find you.
I slice the horizon and I don't need a miracle.

I hold myself closer when you're around,
skin shaped like my own sanity
I've only started to notice in your eyes.

I watch the lights bleed out to these edges and
the sweet starts to taste like truth
as soon as it melts on my tongue.

I count silence the same way as the best words,
sometimes I forget about the swords in our pockets.
We might look like hell but we taste like heaven.

You undo me, I don't want to be undone
I want to be stitched, I want to be here.
I want to be so here I fall through the ceiling.

Maya Hanson

Unknowns (Slam Poetry)

When I was younger, I showed up to math class intending to make the universe known.

My first few years of school I had already wrapped everything else into perfect little boxes tied with closure

so everything was all I had left to learn.

The grown-ups had given us battles and bridges and block letters

and taught me that black is when all the colors in the universe are collected into a single object.

When I was younger, I wanted to be the human version of the color black. I wanted to soak up all the colors, absorb everyone's feelings, become a magnet for beauty. I wanted all the knowledge there was.

As I got older, I realized I couldn't know everything. The universe can't fit in my pocket any more than those white dandelions could, so I just longed for something I could compact into a small enough suitcase to carry around the world with me. But eventually I realized that wouldn't ever be enough either, I wanted a souvenir from every single person who has ever stepped into my door, every single city I've taken a sliver of when I leave. So there goes another dream, slipping out the window as soon as I crack it an inch for the break of spring.

As I got older, I wanted to know what made me worth it. I wanted to know who I was and why did everyone keep leaving me and why do people find it so hard to say the five letters in sorry and why do people so easily throw around the four letters in love. I wanted to know why we don't dare to touch each other and why we hurl thunderstorms at each other at the passing of a second. I wanted to know why when she was mad at me the concrete outside my window felt softer on my shuddering skin than the bed we shared. I wanted to know why I tried so hard to fill in the pit in my stomach but every time I walk by that street it drops again. I wanted to know why I could melt into your embrace and pour out the monsters between us. I wanted to know why the picnic benches outside the window of my seventh-grade classroom were falling apart, because I felt like I was falling apart too.

But I still showed up to math class.

I watched those variables on the blackboard, shifting every question into something different. And instead of discovering the universe like I had always

wanted to I became more and more lost in unknowns.

Let n equal all the doubts I've ever had,

I scribbled in my notebook.

And math class shoved n in my face day after day and the voice inside my head said please, pick apart everything I don't like about myself, throw them into an equation I don't understand so I can finally, finally begin to learn everything I have left to learn about the universe.

I still want to be the human version of the color black.

But n kept coming back, tossed chaotically across the blank page I would open to every day, forcing me every day to look at all the things I didn't know about the world, all the things I didn't know about myself, turning my thoughts bitter and saying everything other than you're worth it.

As I got older, I waited too long to know what made me worth it.

I waited so long that my commas were cut off at the ends, dangling from a crumbling cliff.

I waited so long that I would pour myself over the first one who turned around enough to look into my eyes a second time instead of just giving me a passing glance.

I waited so long that my energy was spent on things like flying and reading and looking out windows and closing my eyes and going over what I was going to say again and again and speaking sometimes and looking at beautiful people.

I used to think my unknowns were what made me beautiful. I soaked in all the colors and all the people and all the atoms in the universe and became the human version of the color black. But then they got all tied up in the pit of my stomach and I was a mixture, I became more of a mystery, even to myself.

Now I just line up my unknowns like dominoes, waiting for one of these skeletal hands to emerge from the shadows and knock them all down.

I just wanted to be everything the world told me. I want to be the human version of the color black.

And somehow school still teaches us about battles and bridges and block letters and never gives us the simple words worth it.

Maya Hanson

Unsent Letter

I wish I could stop caring,
I don't know how you can't need me
but every door I knock on looks like yours so how can I enter them

I tiptoe through the streets wishing
sewers were trapdoors
and I could jump and fall for years before landing in an alternate universe

where every stoplight doesn't blink a glare and a lecture from my future self,
where every piano I come to doesn't stretch like elastic
reaching for my fingertips and begging for another song about you

But we still drag our sticky boots through the mud,
maybe in a mile it'll turn into dirt,
maybe maybe maybe

and the bullets sing in an ancient tongue,
the one that was made for us,
the one I can pull out of a hat without warning
I wish I could stop caring.

I would say I wish I could stop living but that would piss people off.

You have too much, they'd say
too much in front of you
too much behind you
too many acquaintances who have it worse off.

Maybe it would sadden them if I said it
but I doubt it
People are angry.

People are just like I feel like I should be when I say
I wish I could stop caring.

But I'm not angry...
I can't be
when the last word I said to you was maybe.

Until Later

I wish I could cross my arms
and cross your mind
But instead they hang straight down like unwanted leashes,
holding me to this heart

Of all your souls scattering like suns,
I am not the best of them
I'm just another way to suffocate your drawn out chains,
building a mountain in five days
to leave behind when you escape
to the deep cuts in your sandy rib cage and hollowed lungs

Knowing this,
I still slide up your mouth like water
I won't breathe you into oxygen
I won't taste you until later
I can't harmonize with your sly slips away every time your dry memories make a
chasm you can gift to me
when I'm still miles behind

Of all the holes you dig
to throw away your old body and carve new saltwater limbs
and part the seas, pretend to
make me invincible and bring me home
I am not the best of them.
But I won't be the worst.

Until later,
my past murmurs
and I loosen my clasp on your fingers
so you're one with the sea.

Maya Hanson

Untouchable

I want to write about you
I don't want to push you out of my mind
because when I wake up
you're waiting expectantly inside the first car
in my train of thought.

Pushing into every song I listen to,
every city where I walk the streets,
every bond I weave,
every mountain where I wish I had a hand to hold.

I want to sing about you
but I can't find a melody
that will reach you through a thousand miles.

I hate everything about you,
I can't get enough.

I would choose you every time
but I'm not sure how much good there is in that,
I don't want to touch you
through the bitterness
because I know you don't miss me enough
to make it worth it.

You didn't miss me enough
to say goodbye.

I hate writing about you,
I hate that I can't let you go,
especially when talking and singing and writing
won't matter anyway
You're untouchable, in a different world.

Maya Hanson

Unusual

I used to think I wanted to be uncommon.
I wanted to live at unusual angles,
I walked on unusual roads and
said strange things in strange places to strange people.

I used to think I wanted to be uncommon
but that was before you were
a giant and a whole new color spectrum and made of stardust,

before a story made of we
lost its meaning,
broke into just two letters
made of soft quiet pencil strokes
written as I trembled in the center of a crowd.

I thought it was an unusual ending
so I cracked my world
and I spent my time
and I bled my tears
and I lost my way

I thought it was an unusual ending
but really it was just another clichéd story.

And if now, a lightyear later
this is an unusual beginning
I might just throw myself to the ground,
I want it to be
so so so normal.

Maya Hanson

Unwilling Heart

My heart swells with feelings
I don't even know what they are
I can't even guess what you're doing
I think you're someone I love

But since when can I trust
my untrustable heart
I thought I loved a million times before
and all it turned out to be was lust

I lust after your shadow
as you tiptoe away
Once I loved like my heart couldn't break
in two
But now I lust, keeping my unlovable heart
inside a vase

We're protected by flowers,
by flowers and words
The ones of yesterday...
When I met you and something happened
When love was nothing
to my untouchable heart

And I know if I can't love you
I'm by myself tonight
Running from everything
I've ever known

So I try to force my unwilling heart
to do something safe instead
I try to push you away
But my unwilling heart
isn't going anywhere but here

Maya Hanson

Up In Flames

You tried to put us in a box
giving us names and numbers
making us
just what you wanted

We snarled and swung
but eventually you healed
and you forgot
what we could do
once again

You simply found a bigger box
to trap us in
You tried to keep us here

But as we all know
there's somewhere else we need to go
We can't stay
in a box
in your mind

We will go up in flames
we will learn to forgive
We will try to stay here
but we need to live

And when you think of us again
hope that we're free
and no longer trapped
in a box
in your mind

We will go up in flames
we will learn to forgive
We will try to stay here
but we need to live

We'll envision your faces
as we apologize again

Pretending our walls are unmovable

But we will try when you leave
to build this city once more
There's nothing left we can do
But fight
and lose
and lie to ourselves again
that the box
was your making
not ours.

Maya Hanson

Venom

Your kiss is gentle enough to suck the venom from my chest,
fill all the sinkholes I'm drowning in,
sheets sliding off the corner as my eyes close,
the green is long gone and you can't take it back
half as fast as I can blink you out.

I thought I was the one with a cough drop spirit,
too much for them to take,
puckered lips have always stolen whatever else I leave behind.

But now you're here
and you have used the tears in my heart to rip yourself more beautifully empty
so be a cigarette,
when you stretch out I want to know how far you reach and
how much you'll change me.

I want this clash,
a brain always at war with a green apple heart,
something that has never known easy,
never known sweet,
nothing but this flavor that seeps in like a spy
and steals the venom.

Maya Hanson

Verity

A
Curse
In my head

A
Smile
On my face.

A
Contradiction
That's all I am.

A
Fake
Carefree life

While I
Wait
For you here.

And all you had to do to save me
was look down.

Just a flick
of the eyes
while you glide
above the clouds

Just a glance
straight down
before two heavens
finally collapsed on you...

Fire!
I shield my eyes
Look!
Not quite in time
Fall!
You loved the sky

Crash!
A million lies

I'm out of time...
I'm out of time...
I'm out of love...
It's buried with you

Writing
about you
it's like you
never left
A shadow
My copilot
Waiting in the wings-

alive
alive
ALIVE.

Maya Hanson

Versions Of Us

I hate how in the past week
there's been too many versions of us

Admit one, tie a knot
the first hour,
and the next you're yelling
that embers aren't enough to make a fire

Cry for a minute, show him up
in five seconds,
reaching a boundary, giving me
too many leagues of woven thread

Arm under my neck, tell me
it's more comfortable this way,
show me how you sketch the stars
in this midnight

And in a moment
run me over with ignorance,
then drag yourself back and
spill out in front of me
all you've ever done

I love how in the past week
there's been too many versions of us

Maya Hanson

Void

I wanted to save him

But as I lean back in my seat
trying to reach his past
trying to catch his dark cloud in a bottle
and throw it in the sea
He refuses to open his mouth...
he can't
know me.

I tried to get him to
stay.
But he rushes past my outstretched hand
shouting into the void
saying he can't love
saying he's given up.

Helpless,
I try to smile when he laughs
when he talks
when he breathes
but he has me
giving up too.

His hand is smoke
when I try to hold it
he's already halfway gone

I wanted so badly
to save him,
to be his rock
to keep him from
giving in to the void

But he
fell and
fell and
fell
I watched.

Maya Hanson

Volcano

moons
we are all moons
and my sister is a volcano

blue
we are all blue
and my sister explodes red

and we're still shuddering
as her meteorite screams through everyone's atmosphere

and now that you've seen me alone
I will keep you from her as long as I can
so you don't leap from this ledge
just to land straight in her arms

you are so much like me
but you don't want to kiss a mirror
and she is something you will never understand

we are all moons
but I don't want to rise

I want to stop being a metaphor
I want to stop being the wrong metaphor
I want to know that I could kill you if I wanted
she walks with that destruction and doesn't even feel its weight
Even when she's erupting
she has more magic than we've ever held

She can melt everything your skin tries to protect
but it hurts like longing
I can only give you a cold embrace,
they call me beautiful
but only in the dark
only because they know they can't know me

I want to stop being the wrong metaphor
When I'm wounded

I want to bleed searing lava
not the soft glow of starlight,
no one ever writes about the sky being fierce
I am just
vast and
beautiful mystery
and I want to be
a volcano

Maya Hanson

Walk Two Moons

Say hello,
say hello
I'm waiting for a twist in time
Say hello,
say hello
I'll soon call you mine

Heart beat fast,
heart beat slow
Stay here a little longer
Heart's a friend,
heart's a foe
My soul is getting stronger

Walk two moons,
walk two moons
Feel the sun on your shoulders
Walk two moons,
walk two moons
Feel my breath coming closer

One raindrop,
just a drop
A drop in the bucket without a care
Just a drop,
just one drop
I've never belonged anywhere

One last thought,
just one thought
I'll try to let you go
But it's a storm
it's a storm
I know I'm never letting go

Walk two moons,
walk two moons
Feel the sun on your shoulders
Walk two moons,

walk two moons
Feel my breath coming closer

Say goodbye,
say goodbye
Why did you have to go
Say goodbye,
say goodbye
I tell myself that I won't cry

When the sun shined,
the sun shined
I want to go back to when
When I realized,
I realized
I'll never be the same again

Maya Hanson

Walking My Thoughts

I've slipped, I'm stuck in a mystery
If only I could get out of my head
Her hand's too slick to save me now
In a mudslide I'll drown instead

Walking my vicious thoughts
down the river, down the road
Walking my bitingly honest demon
and I don't know where to go

She's fallen, tugs at my shoelaces
with a heavy heart, a husky voice
But I can't shoulder my thoughts
when they force me to make a choice

Walking my vicious thoughts
down the river, down the road
Walking my bitingly honest demon
and I don't know where to go

I need to reclaim my head
I walk until I can see change
Until my breath's a little softer
and my thoughts aren't so estranged

Walking my vicious thoughts
down the river, down the road
Walking my bitingly honest demon
so now I know where to go

Someday I'll learn to walk on water
and drag my thoughts along,
maybe even embrace them
like another wanting song

Maya Hanson

Waste My Time

Baby, this is how I wander
and chase the evening sky
Baby, this is how I want you
to spend and waste my time

I don't mind just sitting here
with bones that snap so silent
Space I can't fill perfectly
with words that spit out violent

Baby, this is how I wander
and chase the evening sky
Baby, this is how I want you
to spend and waste my time

I know we will gather dust
if we don't use this wind
I've tucked time in my pocket
and all I want to do is spend

Baby, this is how I wander
and chase the evening sky
Baby, this is how I want you
to spend and waste my time

This is not a waste of hours
This is comfort in insanity
This is shivering with closeness
This is the together of lonely

Baby, this is how I wander
and chase the evening sky
Baby, this is how I want you
to spend and waste my time

Maya Hanson

Wasted Minutes

Wasted minutes, wasted space
I can never find the right moments
to tell you what you mean to me

I stumble on my own defeats,
reach back again and again
for lives I thought were tragedies

Cruel time, cruel laws
gravity nailing me to the earth
even when I don't want to be here

I'm rich if rich means
trading pieces of time in for people
but I still can't speak around you

Spending letters and energy
Cruel wasted minutes swirl down the drain...
at least I'm not going with them.

Maya Hanson

Waves

We stay here
with the clock ticking,

we make no decisions
we might not regret,

we make every decision
and leave them all behind us when dawn breaks.

I sit here on your skin,
hang worlds from the corners of your mouth

and now we are a mountain,
I can taste the snowcaps,
depending on the day we are summiting
or drowning in the floods below us,

every moment brings a new wave
sometimes I ride it and
sometimes I collapse.

Maya Hanson

We Met At A Funeral.

We met at a funeral.

What a sick coincidence, right?
Life and death
Gain and loss
Order and chaos
Beginnings and endings
all wrapped up into one.
But that's the truth.

She was in the corner,
arms wrapped in soft sleeves,
oblivious
but taking in everything at once.
Our eyes met,
caught fire.

It was a beginning to end all beginnings.

And even though her words were hidden inside a maze of things I knew and
knew and knew and couldn't escape,
I spoke.

My voice penetrated the aura of endings and beginnings
and shapeless shadows shedding devastating, wonderful tears.
At a funeral.

She lit up the hallway and burned behind the lampshade,
she glowed like a heartbeat
even in the corner of a funeral.

But all it took a year later was another fire to catch
Of course we would crumble to ash-

We met at a funeral.

Maya Hanson

Wearing The Wrong Shoes

You tell me this place is welcoming
this place is like a quiet haven in the woods no one knows about
You tell me I'm just wearing the wrong shoes
but how can that be
when every so often I find myself
alone in a closet again,
waiting on some hero to come bang down the door
just so I can have some semblance of freedom?

Of course there's no hero here
there's only these legs
that keep stumbling and somehow they stay upright and
until now no matter how far I've pushed my muscles
they don't snap
they get stronger with every step
so I leave the closet and slam the door behind me.

But once I'm out I keep tripping over nails and two-by-fours
that jut out of the walls
taking up space in your brain I should occupy,
and tearing up these shoes I've used to explore your hallway for so long,
pulling blood out of my body
but I swear it's not your fault
it's just the treacherous slope you're making me tread-
I should wear better shoes.

I should be more cautious
trying to figure you out
in this volatile maze of a mind
I should step silently
around the nails and debris
to keep you from screaming.

But it's not worth it
I can't count the nails before I'm upon them,
I've been through too much on this floor
to throw away the battle scars

So I run down your hallway

in broken shoes
I don't need to walk on sharp steel like it's eggshells
I don't need to find safety
I need to find the fire alarm
and then I need to find the door
and get past the fence and the driveway you keep a parked car in to keep me a
mile from home
but trust me, in these broken shoes I can get farther than you and your
clenched-tight fists and lonely narrowed eyes can even dream about
That's okay, I can ruin these shoes
because once I escape
I have all the time in the world
to build myself a new pair of shoes
and go sprinting down the airplane runway
until I finally take flight.

Maya Hanson

Wearing Thin

I'm wearing thin boots
I'm wearing thin boots
You wouldn't know that just by looking
But I step on embers every time you hit the ground

I'm wearing thin scarves
I'm wearing thin scarves
Frostbite when I hit the winter air,
my throat tinged with the last will to live

I'm wearing thin skin
I'm wearing thin skin
I sizzle when I touch you and
the butterfly wings prickle when I reach into the sky

I'm wearing...thin
I'm wearing...thin
Every step is another one behind me
and I'm longing to be whole with you again

Maya Hanson

Weighing You Down

Hold our hands as stepping stones
and take your destined spot
at the top of the hill.

I'm not on the pedestal
closing my eyes as you kiss me,
gifting me with
some of the glory.

Our names are
not on the trophy.

Our bare feet don't
ever touch the perfect grass.

Of course
we're the ones
weighing you down.

Who else would
never leave this town?

You're on to
There,
a walk across the ocean,
a leap farther than
we can imagine.

Who are we
to mess with fate?

But we hang from
little strings
glued to your fingers,
dragging your feet,
plaguing your existence.

Of course
we're the ones

weighing you down.

Maya Hanson

Wet Paint

as the years walk by
you can either admire them or
wish they would turn back-
choose.
as you grow up
you need to be told
you are not a puzzle
someone needs to put together
you do not need work to make you beautiful.
you do not need touch to keep you safe.
you do not need hands to make you whole.

you are a painting
you need to be told how
every day you have carved up the corners of someone's mouth
until they can taste something like a smile.
you need to be told how
every day you have spilled a little paint where you walk,
palettes blended in the canyons of your footsteps,
leaving behind drops people can use
to give their world a little more color.
you need to be told how
every inch of your skin is a different wavelength
and no one wishes one of those wavelengths was gone
how else would we finish a rainbow?
you need to be told how
no matter how beautiful you already are,
every day you are still drying.
we are all still drying.
we are all just
wet paint.

Maya Hanson

What Could Happen

I know what could happen.
That's not stopping me from spending all this time.

I am not giving up a given amazing for a maybe better,
we might be watching a storm but we don't know it yet
so I draw the lightning on my skin to remember you by.

I am not giving up a now because it could fall south.
I love lying with you too much for that.

I know what could happen.
That's not stopping me from spending all this time.
And if I look back
I might regret the kickstart but I will love all the minutes.

I know what could happen.
But I know what's happening.

Maya Hanson

When The Night Is Over

When the night is over
all the magic is gone
even though I still feel your hands grasp my wrist and
my head echoes back everything you said to me

I know I can't get it back

The stars pull away the twilight and
hold me captive for a few hours
But even though in daylight
we still walk side by side,
the sun pulls us apart

And even in another night
it won't be the same, we won't be
in this place with this chemistry

Because every minute of the night
we collide faster and longer
and I keep wanting to pull you closer to me when the sun rises
but I can't, I know I can't.

Maya Hanson

When The Sun Goes Out

The cool air
between him and me
makes my fingertips shiver
with the weight of a world,
the sun in the sky
is never warm enough

and the sparks
between them
are so visible
I shield my eyes.

Don't mind me,
just keep on living
your beautiful reality,
the skewed system
with you and her
king and queen of the world.

But of course
I don't tell him.
They're each half a star...
coming together
illuminates the world,
reaches a hand inside me
and twists until I'm more alive
than I've ever been
and I can't help
but love her too.

Plato's split-aparts,
her arm
intertwined with his
as they dream of a world
where everyone
is as electric
as them.

She's a chink

in the armor,
the electric fence
he doesn't let me through

Please,
if nothing else,
if I have to disappear,
kiss her so hard
she goes blind,
empty space
filling with exploding stars
and a song so beautiful
she becomes the music.

But of course
I don't tell him.

He loves girls like her,
who glow so brightly
they make the sun go out.

Maya Hanson

Where I'M From

I'm from sweet purple cherries
that exploded in our mouths before dinner.
I'm from round-off back handsprings
and hugs
and chocolate
and headaches that my mother always apologized for
because she thought they were her fault.
I'm from childhood imagination...
wanting to be a butterfly when you grow up
and painting the sky pink with blue clouds,
like cotton candy.
I am from yelling matches
and crying
and slamming the door in faces,
from the grand piano, fingers flying over keys.
I'm from the love, hopes, and dreams for friends and family.
I am from magnets and hearts and cats,
from a talent for drawing birds and writing my long stories after school,
from mirrors and lip gloss and choir lollipops.
I'm from the wind catching my hair on the trampoline in the backyard,
from passing out tropical gum,
from makeup and camping and friends.
I am from Rubik's cubes and card games and Equations,
from flip-flops and choir and purple sparkly nail polish,
from peaches and pizza and mac and cheese,
from minigolf and oceans and family.
I am from the sound of screen doors in the summer that my cats sit in
and from stir-frying onions for dinner at night.
I'm from the postcard-perfect picture of me and my sister standing with our
faces turned toward the beautiful blue sea,
from perfect, unhindered happiness of just being here.
I'm from climbing trees to the veryvery top to get a glimpse of the setting sun,
from paper stars taped on the window glass exchanged for paper snowflakes in
the winter,
from "Silver Bells" and Girl Scouts,
from music and poetry and notebooks and gymnastics,
from braces and bracelets and books.
I am from a laugh,
a real one.

I am from me and the things I'll remember.

8th grade was the best year EVER! ! !

Maya Hanson

Who Would You Save

Collapsing bridges,
lives ripped apart,
plastic people
trade in their hands.

The hurricanes become everyone's
tragedy,
the stars become everyone's
lifeline.

The paper world has
shut its eyes,
handing the humans
its last gasp.

The world needs us
but the war needs the evil,
and even when we're flying
we have nightmares
because how will we ever ever ever win?

And as the mountains
come crashing down and
the hope almost goes out and
the universe is watching my every letter,

I need to know
who you would save
when the world comes down to a moment,
when your life comes down to a desperate wish

Because the only thing I'm sure of
when the hurricanes become my
tragedy
and the stars become your
lifeline

is that I would save you.

Why I Can't Start Over

Knowing isn't believing-
just because I avoid this every day
doesn't mean it's truth
You can aim reality straight into my face
and still not hit your mark,
the barrier you built up
between my head and my heart
is too strong.

I'd still give it all to start over,
when I didn't know to trust you
but I didn't know not to trust you either.

I tally up the lies I tell myself
every time I walk into walls,
I can't give you a clean slate
if you're still the same soul-
because I can read everything I ever was
in your bottomless green eyes
as they flicker with how much I know I regret and you don't.

And yesterday I met another person from your electric city,
but he doesn't even have an identity,
because in my head that city is not a place where people live.

It's where you sleep at night,
it's where you don't think about your daily routine because you know it like the
back of your hand,
it's where you know someone with a smile better than mine,
it's where you make up stories about the strangers on the streets,
it's where you keep your favorite cereal and the cat who loves you no matter
how ugly you cry,
it's where you keep the pair of shoes you bought once but outgrew and only still
have them because they remind you of how far you've come,
it's where you sometimes forget to tell your mom you love her but it's okay
because in seven hours you'll see her again,
it's where you maybe sometimes think about me-
where you probably don't,
it's where you stay up till the sunrise with people lucky enough to know you,

it's you.

Maya Hanson

Wild

I have never written
like a petal,
words perfectly placed,

pauses perfectly positioned
like curves
down the slope of the mountainside,

soft dirt spilling
through my fingertips,
sifting through only the best earth
to grow my syllables,

picking colors so they
blend like a sunset
and I can sit there
at the end of the day
knowing I gave exactly
the colors the world needed.

No.

I write like a
weed,

shadows unable
to shame me,
waterfalls unable
to drown me,

just enough wild
to snap in the air
as I try to crack this world like a riddle
bleed it wide open
I can wield this art like a knife
like a drug

giving everything everything
too much of everything,

but still the wild waxes
and I stretch to every ceiling,

choosing words like a twister of seeds
scattering to whatever
wind I let loose

and the more I push through
my soil
my skin
my soul
the more that grows.

Maya Hanson

Wings

I love on wings
but they never last.

All I know is paper feathers
painting angels on my doorstep,
I sweep them up
like they're all I'll ever need,
like the only reason I know how to fly
is because you gave me these wings.

Paper feathers fill my heartbeats,
swirling into nothing
when you mold me into a wave
like the shore is all I've ever wanted

Paper feathers are fitting,
they can stand stronger than me
I'm more fragile than shreds
As you pass they flinch before I even react,
stop beating to hang in midair

There are things you say in
darkness
you would never say in
daylight
so I laugh as the sun goes down

There are things I would do
that I would never even write

As I take these paper feathers
bury them in collateral
I know how fast I'm free falling

I'll leave my heart at the door
and my tongue in your mouth
but when I love
I give them
wings.

Maya Hanson

Wrinkles

Don't be ashamed
of the days of pure life
framing your eyes.

Maya Hanson

Writing A Song Like You

I don't know how long
until I can write a song like you,
one that won't miss me
when it bleeds from my head
but it will miss with no logic
every time the door opens to someone else.

One that I can weave through my fingers
when you're across the room
and on your skin
when you're next to me.

One that can
explode in my bloodstream,
touch the lies and the truth,
grip me and not let go.

I don't know how long
until I can write a song like you,
one that holds every piece
but can't put them together,
one that laughs at everything
but still can't hold my eyes.

I don't know how long
until I can sing what you've said,
promises that fill all the canyons
even when they shouldn't,
a close that vibrates with something I can't name.

I don't know how long
until I can write a song like you.

Maybe I have done it.

Maya Hanson

Wrong Words

I'm in love with the wrong words
I'm in too deep in the wrong time

So I pin a heart-shaped scar
over my chest and call it mine

The rhythm's half asleep
I'm being left behind

Seeing puzzle pieces of a parallel world
I can't seem to ever find

I want to know what passion is,
I want to make you stay

But I stretch my fingers till they break
and still fail you every day

I'm trying to create a life
Trying to teach you how

to breathe away the pain and
know me and hold me and live for now

But the universe's stars are blinding,
mask the hollows in your eyes

and maybe if we're lucky
we'll end up loving a lie

I'm in love with the wrong words
I'm in too deep in the wrong time

So I pin a heart-shaped scar
over my chest and call it mine

Maya Hanson

Years Years Years

It's been
years, years, years
since this morning
and I'm still lingering on the edge of life.

Like all things
it is guilt and bliss,
speeding headfirst into the train tunnel,
escaping with ecstasy.

Like all things
it is sweet and sour,
leaving these old train tracks and frail railings and broken people behind
but also forgetting a part of ourselves.

But in years years years
if we don't forget
we'll have a perfect round pearl
to place in the memory jar,
remembering the beautiful old lightning shows
while letting go of the pounding rain

It's been years years years
I need to see the world
but I've still found so many reasons to stay.

Maya Hanson

You Can Be Pretty Too: The Tale Of The Monsters Who Weren't Monsters

Saltwater runs down the bathroom wall
I hug my legs so tightly they might snap
as I tear away from your gaze,
read into every letter your lips write me.

All I can hear you say is
you're trying to block the monsters
not monsters
from turning my soul into junkyard scraps

but I want to tell you they're not the bad kind,
they're the fragile kind people want to collect and
hang in their pretty houses
in patterns and packages
and pretend it makes them quirky.

My bones and soul are cracked and rusted
and almost too little to live
but in my eyes they're so beautiful...

You can be pretty too,
I have connections
I'll let them whisper in your ear
so the metal turns colors and
looks like a feather
that's so good at whispering softly to your skin,
and a kaleidoscope drifts
into your beautiful eyes,
the monsters
not monsters
can perfect you too.

With the letters I can bend my bones into,
I can almost spell the names
of things I can't have like
strawberries and that half bite of chocolate

They remind me of all the times
you told me
Have a taste.

But I can't, I count so carefully
Every move is a heartbeat
Every sound is a stab
Every smell is something the monsters
not monsters
hold over me.

But I'm telling you right now
I'm in control
I'm so in control

You can be pretty too.
Just let me tell you.

Maya Hanson

You Can Find My Heart

You can find my heart
Between the pages of books
Smiling and sleeping and
Dreaming of being awake.

You can find my heart
Overlapping ink and pen
Tumbling with purpose
Bleeding out the ashes.

You can find my heart
Submerged in constellations
Eyes opening wider
Twilight slipping gracefully in.

You can find my heart
Wedged in a corner
Between sounds and silence
In the home that is you.

Maya Hanson

Your Language

I love your language even when it hates me.

The one that crawls over sticky notes in the kitchen on your busy early mornings,

the one I can read even when I'm blind,
the one you will engrave on my stone when I'm gone.

I love your language even when I can't escape its claws.

The one that breaks like a dam when I collect your tears,
the one that finds me curled underneath the stairs no matter where I hide,
the one you use to tell every truth and every lie.

I love your language even when it sticks to me for too long.

The one that questions everything for better or for worse,
the one that hopes like no one else knows what hope is,
the one that takes too many deep breaths a day.

I love your language like I love my lungs.

The one that tells everyone to travel- have a suitcase heart,
the one that doesn't always smile but when it does I could cry,
the one that dances like a poet through every word you say.

I love your language more
when it loves me.

Maya Hanson

Your Second

I've always been first. At everything.

At riding a bike,
at pretending,
at being the oldest
and then the youngest

At lifting my own feet
off the ground, at
smiling, at bleeding, at
touching you

At painting my face
out of my body, at
being nervous and
talkative, at
leaving

At standing tall as
the sky, then
so low to the ground

At touching the stars, at
breaking free from
now to dawn, at
reading the words
etched on her lips, at
telling you everything
through silence

At thinking falling is flying, at
searching for something
that doesn't want
me to find it

but now I'm standing here
and I'm sure I'm your second
and I'd give it all up
just to be your first in line.

Maya Hanson

Your Sound Is Sweeter

There's no sound as sweet as yours
It takes me before dawn
It lies with me after midnight

And your sound
Holds me
Like nothing else has before
Your sound
Loves me
And I can't fight it anymore

Your sound is sweeter than
All the fighting I've done
It catches the truth and holds on

And your sound
Holds me
Like nothing else has before
Your sound
Loves me
And I can't fight it anymore

Your sound plays back through my head again
It's the only thing keeping me going
Loving you, forever and ever

And your sound
Holds me
Like nothing else has before
Your sound
Loves me
And I can't fight it anymore

Your sound is sweeter than
The moonlight on my windowsill
It sings, I drop dead

And your sound
Holds me

Like nothing else has before
Your sound
Loves me
And I can't fight it anymore

I'm awake with your sound
Echoing in the dark
Your sound is sweeter than love

And your sound
Holds me
Like nothing else has before
Your sound
Loves me
And I can't fight it anymore

Maya Hanson

You're A New One

From a distance I could see you
as any of the faces I've tried to lock in the back of my mind,
anyone I've tried to let go of with the palms
that have held tears as well as they hold people.

But you're a new one-
up close I can't see you
as any laugh except for
the teasing one that makes you look like we could lasso the sun.

Up close I can't see you
as any hands except for
the ones that look so different so much the same as mine
and maybe they hold tears too.

Up close, even when you're tired
I can still see the life that wears you like a second skin
You can make yawning attractive.
Tell me that's not hard to do.

I want to buy something with you
even if it's just a desk lamp,
I know we can make enough light in this room
without even touching it.

I want to leave something behind with you,
maybe a gravel road in flames at dusk,
maybe the words you've regretted regretting,
maybe fearing broken glass,
if we're cut open bleeding it's just ecstasy in a warning sign.

I want to save something with you
even if it's just a dream,
even if it's just reality.

Maya Hanson

You're A Twister, I'm A Tidal Wave

You're a twister, I'm a tidal wave
who would have made the mistake
of thinking we were soulmates
We're both at the front of the line
stare at each other's power
and deny we're in control

I toss you the ball, you toss it back
We slide down to the restarting line
and the illusion of compromise
is our secret congregation
deep in the ground, where
we both bury our devils

You're a mountain, I'm a skyscraper
and the spotlights rain down on us
queens of opposite sides of the world
We reign over the ants
in the city and the forest,
over pretending people and miniature love

I hand you the lead rope, but
then pull you off the path
taking back the power I thought was mine
The gasoline in your eyes sets my
tongue in flames, and we
can't do anything but fight fire with fire

You're a twister, I'm a tidal wave
who would have made the mistake
of thinking we were soulmates

Maya Hanson

You're The One With No Regrets

You have the stamina
to make the city fall
You have the gasoline
to drive me up the wall
But I can tell when we're together
you're still making a movie
Playing back in your beautiful mind-
everyone you've needed before me

You have the energy
to keep the music loud
You have the prophecy
to make my heart hit the ground
But you're still taking mental pictures
when I'm locked up in a reverie
Who do you imagine with your pretty fingers
whenever you follow my fantasies?

You were the lion's den
I tried to fight through by your side
You were so immediate
I should have known you're still a child
Only once I'll hesitate
thinking of your pretty face
But lose comfort, chide myself,
no, turn your head back, leave no trace

You have the love-note handwriting
You shed the tears that were meant to be mine
I was the moon to your planet
now I'm spinning away in a crooked line

You stole the painted masterpiece
that was our eternity yesterday
You pierced the void of thinking we could
erasing everything I wanted to say

You have the remedy
to leave here with no regrets

You have the sanity
to keep my ghost from your bed
But every time I fall asleep
it's me who's seeing blue
I can't help that my memories there
will never let go of you

Maya Hanson