

Growing Up

it's hard
when the time comes
to make a decision
that you don't want to make
but must

when it is easy to be a coward
when you stare reality in the face and wink
even though fantasy seems like
such a better place to be

when you have to
look at the only person you've ever loved
and turn your back on them

it's hard

but what's right is not always what's easiest
although a year ago I couldn't imagine
what was right tonight
being right at all

but as life becomes death
right became wrong
and I forced to choose
between the two-

I felt cold blooded,
reptilian in persona
as I said goodbye

a passionate
deadliness
lingered there
as I said it

the past slowly becoming
obsolete in the face
of the future

it did not matter anymore

it did not matter that I held her in moonlight
it did not matter that tears had been shed
it did not matter that our love, although
deformed and grotesque
spiraled wildly and free
it did not matter now

as I had to
grow up
and finally
let one
of my dreams die

I had never lost a battle
and my dreams have been as big as battle ships
but this one
I couldn't beat

it was too impossible
for it never had
anything to do
with me at all

it had to do
with the
heart of one

a heart so capable
of being giant,
of being
magnificent

now
waiting to be hurt
wanting to grow up
and like my decision
recoiling back inside
beating softly,
innately,
only beating out of habit
only beating because
it must

