

Justin Madu

Standing On The Stage

Standing on the stage, I forget my motivation.
People sing in harmonies, but I can't seem to harmonize.
I know that I'm a half step out of sync.
Sometimes when I'm alone I try to write.
The pages sit blank, but I scribble in the margins.
Some nights when I'm not even trying to sleep, I lay awake.
I can cough until I can't breathe, but I'm too scared to give in to it.
I'm numb through my marrow, and my eyes are vague.
I want to go away for an all-night drive.
But I'm scared that I'll scare them and I know that they're right.
I'm afraid of indulgence, but God knows I need it.
I could hide a knife
Slide a knife
Neatly under my right shoulder blade
If only I wasn't so scared

Goodbyes

You should tell me when you miss me, but I will not waste away waiting.
If I died tonight, I would haunt you.
If I live, I will roam your dreams.
Shoes worn through, I look at the path behind me,
And I know my hollow chest is finally full.
You used to taste like sweet wine, but now your bottle sits empty.
We grow exhausted through waiting, and I grow parched, waiting for you with my
cracked lips pursed.
I used to write about my demons like this, and you some other way.
Tears of happiness, anger and grief,
All shed for you.