

mini book of sorrows

nobody cares about your **problems**
nobody notices the **rash on your face** and
nobody thinks your bad at youre job and
nobody assumes you're
in the wrong place

nobody cares about your **CLOTHING**
nobody notes you're **irrationally late and**
nobody judges your for how you eat pasta
we're all too busy with our own plate

those judging you are very few and we all **know** they're
doing so 'cause they're a **mess** and think it's best to judge
the rest and not address the way they judge themselves

just wish them **well** and you can tell them they're okay-
don't mind the **way** they try and **guess** your little stresses
they obsess 'cause they're repressed and need a little help

nobody cares about your **problems**
no one remembers those times you made mistakes and
nobody thinks you're a stuck up snob just
try and remember to give yourself a break.

I am posing for a photograph.
Standing still takes self-control.
My bag is big and I am feeling rather small.
It's my first day of school.

I am walking on a shaded path.
The sun is warm and wind is cool.
The world is big so much I have not learned at all.

Years have passed and in that time I've grown.
I think I'd rather have stayed home.

I got me a man,
and he's got me a plan
to show me the world,
I'm his girl

I know how this ends.
not the first of boyfriends
I'm onto the next,
it's not complex

am I in love
with my could've?
am I in love with
pretending?
who is to say?
am I okay?
my love affair is with

so I play Juliet
for a day then I get
bored onto a new,
and we're through

haven't met a match yet
where I came to regret
being untrue,
it's what I do

am I unfair?
is he aware?
what is the message I'm
sending?
who is to say?
am I okay?
my love affair is with

it's Laundry Day

and you know what that means

it's Laundry Day

the washing machine it cleans:

1. the coffee stains
2. the grime and dirt
3. the mustard from
4. my pants and shirt

I live alone in a room not a home

I drink my tea as I wait patiently

no body calls I am no one at all

I putter around

watching snow to the sound

of the washing machine

it's Laundry Day

and you know what that means

it's Laundry Day

time to wash my jeans

it's Laundry Day

and every day it seems

I'm older then

I was before

I wish there was

a little more

it's Laundry Day

and you know what that means

*poor soul you are burning
your house is on fire
old soul you are learning
face young with desire*

*my arms are aching for
your fragile embrace
my heart is breaking for
I cannot erase*

*the flames that are traces
of people and place
whose absence replaces
the love they once had*

*tired soul you're discerning
every house is in flames
young soul you're returning
to a place where
we once would play games
youth is lost but
the wonder remains*

*your loving heart graces
the bodies and spaces
your radiance faces
a love that is sad*

*honest soul you are mourning
as the world slowly dies
pretty soul you're the morning
the sun will set then will rise*

I know you well
you've changed and I can tell
you're gonna grow

I know

I miss the old you
I'm sad that you grew
in a world with pain
what a shame

too many people
too many places
one in a million
a sea of faces

I know that you're good
you think that I should
accept all this sin
and grin

I miss the old me
a person who could see
all that was bad
and sad

just say
it's okay

we're okay.

Valters
the things he has made
with the tools of his trade
when will he get paid?

(he's my roommate)
(he's a graphic designer)
(he uses a macbook)
(he doesn't charge enough)

Valters
the love he conveyed
through the porridge he made
I'm glad he has stayed

(he's my roommate)
(he tells me when he's drunk)
(sometimes he cooks when I'm sad)
(he is moving out)

made with love by owen earl