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Imaginary Friends

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Imaginary Friends

With the tips of my fingers, I trace the dirt,
carve images of homes and smiley faces
that my mind gets along with onto the earth,
I'd love to believe that I leave pieces of myself in happy places
but I always unwillingly throw myself into melancholic spaces,
and please do not worry when my state of mind looks
a little bit more like the tsunami instead of the shore.
Please do not worry if you ever find me talking to myself,
Speaking in tongues, speaking to nothing,
I promise *they* are there.
They have set camp in the most complicated corners of my mind.
My imaginary friends keep me company when I do not need them,
They have casted themselves the names:
Hope,
Happiness,
and Serenity.
They have stories,
but their stories are ones that are far too vague
for the questions that I have
burning inside of me.
They like to play hide and seek,
and for whatever reason I am always the seeker.
For my destructive complexes do them no good,
They say I need to get better at seeking,
They say I must get better at finding,
And... they are *so*
close,
I can hear them giggling behind my ear,
Like the chiming of wedding bells, though I am not married to them,
And I can *feel* their breath on the back of my neck
as if they are the very wind,

but they do not control the weather,
They do not bring out the sun and they do not bring out the rain,
And I have no control over them,
If it was up to me they would be my best friends--
And just like I know for certain that the moon is the same moon it was
when I was 5 as it now at 18,
that although this earth changes-- its essence stays the same,
I know that my mind is like the earth,
forever changing, but always itself,
so why do my friends insist on telling me to let go of who I am?
why do they tug at me at night when I am all alone
and wondering what made me *so* troubled?
And when I am cold, they tell me that they have warmth, but never lend it to me,
And when I am crying, they show me their silk tissues, but never put them to my cheek,
I am starting to think
that perhaps they are not imaginary,
Perhaps, I just have not accepted what I do not feel comfortable in
like the clothes that never get to see the light of day,
They hang like ghosts in my closet, I can see them, I just never think about touching them.
Oh I am what destroys me,
Oh I know that I am what will kill me in the end,
But at least I know I will not die alone,
My imaginary friends will always be around for it.