

## **To Exist.**

It is the nature of beings, for our atoms to float,  
but is it in our nature for minds to do the same?  
For the words, songs, proses wrote,  
only the body remains.

Or does it?

I can't seem to stay intact;  
I feel cut open.  
My words are the only fact  
that is not broken.

Everything spills out,  
I cannot contain.  
The pieces cannot navigate a route,  
no matter where they aim.

I try to shove them back in,  
I try stitching them together.  
I cannot seem to win.  
Why is this taking forever?

Or is it?

It seems as if a piece is missing,  
lost in the void.  
I hope it is listening,  
maybe it is destroyed.

I try to hide it,  
but it is too obvious.  
I try to replace it,  
but it feels too ominous.

Why is that?

The only solution is to exist without it,  
I think I can.  
Well, I doubt it.  
With the missing piece, my hope ran.

It has been so long since I felt it,  
was it ever truly there?  
Or was it a gift from society, a retrofit,  
something I gained from here?

To exist I must exist without it.

Mariah Barrera

Inspiration: *Ease Into You* by Keemo