Everything That Can Be Lost May Also Be Found

A story about Life, Death, and Love

I saw mommy kissing Santa Claus

Christmas day, stood in line,
Made a list, I'd been so nice,
Wrote down everything I hoped to find that night,
Then I saw mommy kissing Santa Claus.

Nights grew darker, hugs turned colder,
One house, two beds, no lights,
And not even a mention, nor a sigh,
I saw me winning without applause.

Born here, but separated,
No clue who I belong with,
Crying, begging, wishing,
To go back to that night.

But there we were, back in time,
Painting eggs, baking pies,
Finding photos of a strange guy,
I saw daddy yelling without a cause.

Turns out,
Missing me, leaving us,
Haunting him, fleeting vows,
Wasn't enough of a crime,
I saw mommy leaving without a pause.

I saw my family split with just a clause,
Now I can't remember what once was.
All because of Santa Claus.

In my mind...

Wind blowing, Rain growing,
All-knowing, Lost without me.

Call pending, Soul bending,
Wound mending, Walk right past me.

So here you are,
Tossing coins, wishing stars,
Casting spells, pinning dolls,
Hoping I was in your sight,
If not, just in my mind.

Notions of a madman,
Others merely laugh at,
Walking by that pathway,
Eyes glance toward our old spot,
Looking past our actions,
Regret consumes my worn heart.

Brain glowing, pulse slowing,
Heart showing, I'm sorry about me.

Please just say that,
Knowing me, missing us,
Burning hole, bleeding gash,
You think about me one last time,
And not just in my mind...

Chlorine

I had found the tiniest spell,
One that will save me from hell-
Here, here.

It works just like every cure,
Made for those who couldn't endure-
Mere, mere.

I know this isn't the way,
Disinfecting the deepest aches,
Chlorine filling up my airways.
One glimpse — it will all go away-
Some day.

They dream of settling down,
Finding peace in a suburban town-
How, how.

I wonder whether I'll sound,
Morning after plummeting south-
Now, now.

Someday the wrath of my pain,
Will cloud over all of the sane,
Who buried me beneath a million grains.
One drop — you'll never be same-
One day.

Get up just to be put down,
Each punch knocks me harder to ground-
Ouch, ouch.

The time is running out,
Can't keep up, dying throughout-
Gouge, gouge.

Wish those who go on to gray,
Watching me slipping away,
Know it wasn't my choice to make.
One sip — we won't have to pray-
Today.

Respiratory Overload

Subject Terminal Postmortem

A flush of deep purple washes the soft skin,
Cracked ashen bones splinter beneath.
Gone where stray souls search for false freedom,
Lost in the labyrinth of eternal seldom.

Code blue,
Not one soul had the slightest clue.

Left his hometown for a chance to be clean,
Switched at birth with the unlucky twin.
Turned the grass yellow and left the sun green,
Lost count of tears after turning seventeen.

Uh oh, this is gonna hurt, he said.
It's happening again, full send.
Broke his own heart before someone else had the chance.

Illicit confessions hidden behind a glass wall,
He'd tear out his own for a twin soul—
the reason he can't breathe alone.
Found the meaning of life after losing his own.

Code blue,
No one willing to share the cure.

A gasp of chill air flows through the lungs,
Tears of bruised purple run down the spine.
Lost the game of love, yet still doubled down,
Caught his death searching for truth too far south.

Code blue,
Wave of dark matter starts to pass through.

Flatline...
Cause of death:
Respiratory Overload

In the silence that follows, our memories envelop those who are shallowed,
With love...
At Remembrance Lane he laid, in the bed that he made,
peacefully...

Dear Tris

Dear Tris,
Tortured by your bliss.
How's your life, troubled friend amiss?
Took my hiding spot, blared spotlights through its reefs.

Did my eyes bleed foreign rain that drowned your oaths and washed away your sins?
Why wake me from my nightmares, just to throw me to the fiends?

Snapped my picture, pinned it on your wall of shame.
Told me I was one of yours, but mothers don't leave their children's graves.

Dear Rue,
Throned roses in your hue.
How's your life, exhausting in my view?
Must be tough keeping a smile that's true for few.

Did your crowned paint bleed through scratched walls and mix in with poison pools?
Why save me from the hunters, just to lead me to the wolves?

Found a mirror ball, shattered me with every counterfeit remark.
Said you loved me to the moon and back, but left me suffocating in the dark.

Dear Kai,
Madness in your eye.
How's your life, unmoored from mine?
Found a fault, drowned out the voices in your mind.

Did my bleeding back stain your silver steel?
Why pull me from the ocean, just to cast me to the sea?

Held up my woven future, foretold my cruel abuse.
Swore you'd be my healer, but still left me black and bruised.

You're the monster in my closet,
The ghoul beneath my bed,
The demon in my nightmares,
The voice inside my head.
The reason my heart skips a beat.

Every person I draw near,
Your shadow I will seer.
Every night I close my eyes and peer,
It's your presence I will fear.

Fleeting air

Growing up is realizing,
Christmas morning darting out your home,
Barefoot in the winter blisters down your toes.
A snowflake fallen down the slippery mountains,
Could one day freeze the drops from our fountains.

The tick of the withering priceless tock,

Getting older is learning,
That all-familiar kiss on cheek,
Turns into a teary dreaded sigh.
Kneeling over those to whom,
We could never say goodbye.

Shadows of our past haunt us till the light of day,

Giving up is knowing,
Fighting dragons for some heedless heir,
Flee the scene and cast the hair.
Daggered by the blade of betrayal,
Let the blood wash away the veil.

Leave the past behind and you'll be lifted by the gift of tomorrow.

peace

I know you're not here to be my friend,
Your only goal is to take away what's left.

Catch us, free me, and then play your hand,
Hear our prayers just to deem us spared.
Strand us right between heaven and hell.

Hide your kids, hide your friends,
The men have come to reap today.
Blood is on our doors,
They'll leave once they know we obey.

Bury your curious minds,
Lock away your cherished prides,
Say goodnight to your inner child,
And leave it all behind.

Castles crumbling beneath the faithless grounds,
Crucified until the crowd goes numb.
Mistakes dealt throughout the holy vines,
Faith knows no end between our blood-bound ties.

Hide your sins, hide your prayers,
The men have come to reap today.
Blood is on their hands,
They'll know what they've done someday.

The demons in our nightmares aren't half as cruel as pious men,
Preying on the weak and defenseless, while masquerading as the helpless.

Cursing our names,
Marking our graves,
peace is the price we pay.

Between Heaven and Hell

Isn't it ironic how,

We're brought into this world,
To be taken away by its creators.
We're shaped throughout our youth,
To be crushed by others' boulders.
We're taught the meaning of life,
To find our own obsolete.

And so I pass betwixt heaven and hell,
Grasping at my shattered sense of well.
My heroes fallen to zeros,
Treasure eluded by pleasure,
Symbols bereft of their thimbles.

The disillusionment of our illusions,
Reeling amidst divine visions,
Abandoned by illicit suppressions,
Tarnished by dejected confessions.

Isn't it harmonic how,

Darkness only exists within the light,
Death holds no weight without life.
Silence turns to terror in the presence of sound,
Everything that can be lost may also be found.

Remembrance Lane

Old roads,
Dark jokes,
Torn clothes,
Wild folks.

Echoes of my worst mistakes,

One day, when you receive a letter,
Regarding some stranger's name,
Will you go searching for a blazer,
Or light a match, set it ablaze?
Tell your kids you're out for errands,
But promise you'll bring back some cake,
Drop your partner off at the next block,
Then turn right on Remembrance Lane.

Glass cracks,
Laugh tracks,
Clothes racks,
Beer stacks.

Gathered here today,

And if you can't recall my torn name,
I must have burned out our old flame,
Were you a stranger I'd crossed swords with,
Or just a friend I entertained?
Did I throw bricks through our glass walls,
Or merely call out your charades?
You'll be crowned the battle's victor,
And come marching down my grave.

So if I've rained on your parades,
Struck a vein or dealt some pain,
Dragged your name through burning flames,
This would be your last chance,
Take a handful, curse my name,
And throw dirt onto my grave.

Late talks,
Loud knocks,
Long walks,
Light mocks.

For the one that got away.

But if you remember my worn name,
I wish you'd come down by the wake,
Bring your kids, recall our old games,
And roll an egg around my grave.

Forevermore

Christmas day I stood in line,
Waiting for the things I hoped to find.
Pictured life inside a different time,
Frames of you parading through my fragile mind.

Thought, if our love had been merely as strong as our pain,
We'd never repeat our parents' mistakes.
Through sickness and in death, I'd vow to share my breath,
For the bad and the worse, we would feel no remorse.
Forever we'll worship our love,
Even if it's a false god.
United in holy matrimony,
Haunted by the Chapel of Memories.

And I don't know how long this heartbreak will last,
But I'll let go of it with all that I've got;

And I might heal from the pain that you bore,
But this feeling, I had never felt before—
I will forget you for nevermore.

Caught a sickness in the dead of winter,
The one that almost kills its victims.
Sitting on the roof, I pondered our resistance,
Nightfall slowly lighting up your pretense.

Stopped you from jumping off of bridges,
Left alone, I teetered towards the edges.
Walking by the lake, I questioned my existence,
Daylight slowly eclipsing our false presence.

Weak to my knees, I fled through the trees,
Cast letters, ashes taken away by the breeze.
Traded one curse for another,
Left the pack just to go back to the hunter.

Wondered, if this pain was only temporary,
Would my downfalls feel less arbitrary?
What if the constant fear of dying is what keeps me alive?
One last day senselessly waiting in line.
Scorched my skin from where you wove your vines,
Is it wrong that I still miss the fire?
Froze my bones from where you sparked your wires,
Is it my fault you were a liar?

And I don't know how long this heartache will last,
But I'll hold onto it with all that I've got;

And I might never get back what you tore,
But this feeling, I have never felt before—
I can forgive me forevermore.

Written By
Mikheil Gabrielidze
midn_ightsstudiomarket