

# ~ waiting to exhale ~

now tell me it doesn't feel infinite  
that it doesn't begin as a single point  
and e x p a n d till everyone close to you  
no longer wants to be near

that type of sadness has you forcing friction  
on your loved ones. like standing palm-to-palm  
with your friends while they try push pleasure  
your way as you dig your heels in and  
tell 'em you don't move like that anymore

you know it's bad when even dark nights  
don't hit the same because stars feel  
like spotlights now, and chasing sunsets  
was better when shame could hide in your shadow

that type of sadness will make you forget  
the heavenly bodies that birthed you,  
make you keep your head down to avoid looking  
at the night sky 'cause you can't bare  
the heat of your ancestors' glare

these times you wonder if they'd still be mad  
at you for leaving a mark as memorable as  
tears in rain and joining them when you  
have so much energy left to burn

that type of sadness puts shit into perspective  
for you, like knowing those ancestors are  
long gone when their light's reached, so hearing 'the best  
is yet to come' means nothing 'cause you'd rather  
crane your neck and see your Self in past tense

i wanna tell you that one day there'll be no  
more space for everyone in your life to run to  
that over time it stops spreading and just fizzles out  
but we both know life don't work like that

the type of sadness you have just contracts back  
into a single point before starting all over again.

