

After the thunder

She passed, the silence grew teeth.
I drank to forget, the blur beneath.
No mixers, no mercy, just a glass and regret,
A tempting bottle, my greatest threat.

ICU lights painted my skin in shame,
Doctors spoke, but I only heard her name.
I woke between breath and blame,
Chasing a ghost, I cannot reclaim.

I searched for her in strangers' eyes,
In lips that lied, in fleeting highs.
Each girl a mirror cracked and cold,
Love turned foul, stories sold.

I became the storm I feared the most,
A man undone, a haunted host.
Toxic in touch, hollow in tone,
Building ruins I call home.

But this year, the fog began to lift.
No smoke, no drink, a quiet shift.
I found myself a sober light,
In morning walks and dreams at night.

To those who ache, who break, who bend,

Trauma is not the bitter end.

There's love in places you forget to see,

In hands that hold you silently.

Cry, rage, tremor, feel,

Challenge the wounds that never heal.

And after the thunder, when anger sleeps,

Let life speak in gentle leaps.

Taught by her silence

The world went still, she let go,
Left me speaking to a shadow.
No warning breath, no time to stall
Echoes painted on the wall.

I watched the future lose its frame,
Her toothbrush stayed, but not her presence.
The bed grew wide, the nights turned slow,
Grief moved in where love would glow.

Even shattered, I could see
She left a map inside of me.
With every laugh, with every fight,
Our love took shape beneath the light.
The vows we made became an oath
I whisper now to empty air:

She wasn't just a perfect part
She broke and healed within my heart.
Her flaws, her fire, her quiet grace
They stitched themselves into this place.