

Sunrise to Sunset

We throw off our shoes and play in the fields
Pretending we all have swords and shields
Hide and seek, duck duck goose and tag
Then someone requests real life capture the flag
Our laughter echos through the trees even though there out of bounds
And we all scream when we hear scary sounds

Sunrise to sunset we played the games from our childhood
We're now a beautiful flower that used to be a little spud

My mum then called us in as the streetlights turned on
And just like that the day had gone
It was time for game night with sweets and chocolate too
We pulled out the board games then decided on Guess Who
We played a few rounds parents vs kids and turns out looking in the mirror wasn't fair
So, me and my friends had to do a silly little dare
Monopoly was fun although it took a lot of time
Then I landed on my friend's plot and had to pay a fine
Hours and hours we spent on games that night
But then we ended up out like a light

Sunset till bed that night we couldn't quite forget
The day was like a candle getting smaller as it set.

Playing A Part

I've played 1 million different people, from Morticia to a
Teacher, a Victorian maid or an American from the bleachers
It almost doesn't feel like I'm myself anymore because I've played
So many people that I could never be bored

I like escaping reality and learning all the lines
And then when I'm on stage I've got everybodys eyes
I may be quite dramatic or super duper loud
But actually I guess that that's what makes me proud

Whether pink, bright and bubbly, or grey, dark and mean
I honestly don't care as long as I can be seen
Some may call me overconfident and too self-possessed,
But I don't think that I'm really that obsessed

So I end this asserting poem telling you all about me,
And I've tried to tell you a message, I hope you can see
A word to describe me is very very chatty,
And I hope I can someday play someone exactly like me

Missed (2025)

I can't remember how many times I asked you to play before giving up
Or how long before I stopped asking entirely, all the games bought for us,
Still sealed in the box.

I can't remember when I stopped asking for you to tie my shoelaces
Or to braid my hair

I can't remember how many tallies on my wall were games I won against you
Or myself.

In a way I can't remember which memories are real and which are dreams
Created on the floor of my bedroom
Wishing for something to be different.

Never in my childhood did I feel like a child.
now I wish I could go back to when I wasn't aware of what it could have been.

Though maybe it was inevitable,
I remember my childhood as one long wish
To be elsewhere,
To be with you.

Still, I miss the games of hide and seek where I'd sit for hours at the top of the stairs.

I miss the sibling jokes I never got to hear,
And the tricks you never taught me to do.

I miss the conversations about boys that we never had.

I'd give anything,
Give anything for your empty smiles and your forged promises that turned to ignorance as
you got older.

Now the silence isn't sharp, just quiet.

Now I just want to play with my sister one more time.

The Endless Play

The curtain rises, torn and red,
Like skin that flays the newly dead.
The stage is hungry, breathing deep,
It feasts on those who dare not weep.
The floorboards creak like broken bones,
A chorus made of dying tones.
They split beneath our stumbling feet,
And swallow whole what dares to speak.

The costumes hang, not cloth but skin,
Stretched too tight to hold us in.
Their threads are veins, their seams are scars,
A wardrobe stolen from the stars.

We dance in circles, blind with dread,
Our mouths repeat the lines long dead.
Each gesture twists, each bow decays,
While laughter echoes, sharp as blades.

The audience leans, a shadowed mass,
Their faces mirrors made of glass.

They clap in time with cracking spines,
They cheer the ruin in our lines.

The props are cruel, the stage unkind,
The backdrop stitched from severed mind.
A painted sun that drips with tar,
A cardboard moon with rotting scar.

The orchestra claws its rusted strings,
Each note a shriek that never sings.
The music grinds, it scrapes the soul,
It drags us deeper in the role.

No script can change, no actor flee,
We bleed the plot eternally.
The stage demands, it pulls, it takes,
And every bow is just a break.

We are the scenery, bones and ash,
Our ribs the rafters, skulls the sash.
Our eyes are lanterns hung to glow,
Our hearts the drums that thud below.

The play devours, yet must be fed,
It strips the living, crowns the dead.
And still the show goes on, the same,
Each day another wretched name.

No curtain call, no final night,
No mercy left, no fading light.
The world's a stage that grinds away,
And kills us softly—day by day.

Play

Always
Play your own tune softly.
While around you others play theirs loudly.
Let it resonate.
Bounce off the walls of your being and
Find your own rhythm.
Play it in your head.
Even if you have to dance to a different tune