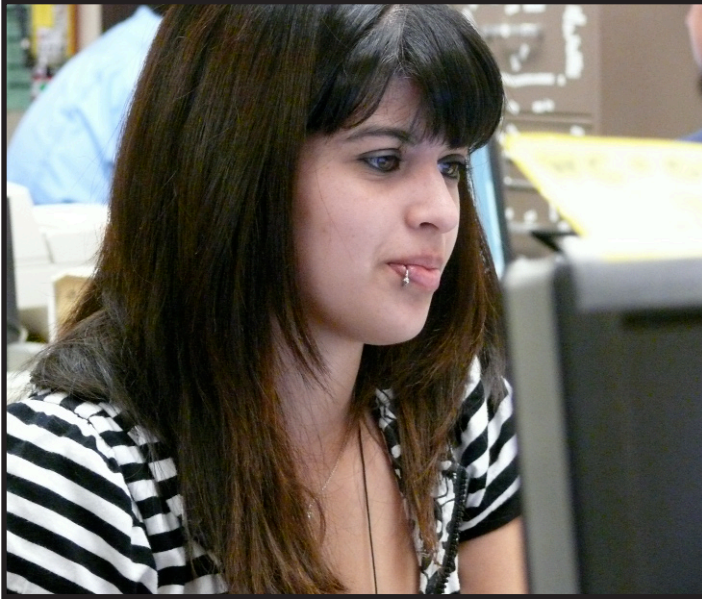


When My Heart Beats...



by Alyssa Lopez

When my heart beats
My veins pump my blood to my fingertips
And the inscription from my finger nails
that paint on my face
Draw the letters that appear to me every
single day

The scars on my body leave trails and
traces of the mania that I crave
My irresistible urge to do what I do
is too hard to resist
the pressure of my breath

Without this pressure
I would not be able to breathe
If I could not express my insides and out
the dark would surround me
And there would be no more of me

I am in love with what you are too blind to
see
with what you are too numb to feel
I am in love with what is right in front of
your so called intelligent eyes
The eyes that scold and humiliate
my true desire in life

