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The Vernal Pool

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BPD

By Adrianna Puente

If the world turned itself into grey-
Against me,
Towards me,
I will steer head into the black,
Until the collision leaves me in total darkness.

My therapist tells me to stop thinking in black and white.
To stop believing in a world
where people say what they mean,
And not dance in the in-between.

Can a happy medium exist?
where cobalt blue
fades into grey-
Nothing disturbs me
like a non-absolute.

The sun births the day.
The moon invites the night.
But the twilight
is fleeting—
as it should be.

My therapist doesn't understand that
my thoughts become manageable in its polarization.
They untangle themselves and become tame.

I want to say what I mean.
But it's harder to live
without falling into
the pit of uncertainty.

My therapist doesn't know that I'm a liar,
and play in the grey too.

So It would not come as a shock
If I lost myself in the **dark**.