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## all patched up!: a collection of poetry and prose detailing life and personal journey

Lukas Spring

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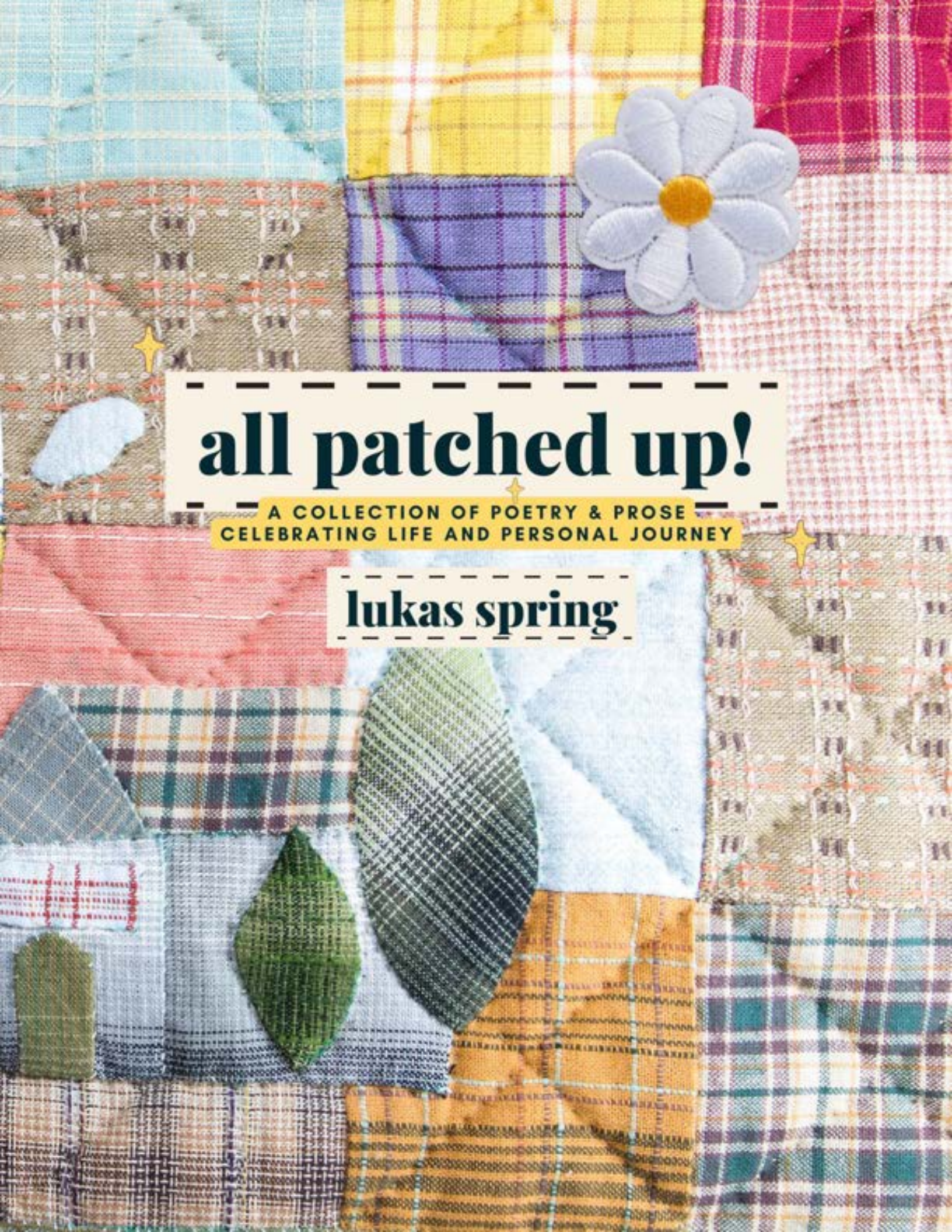
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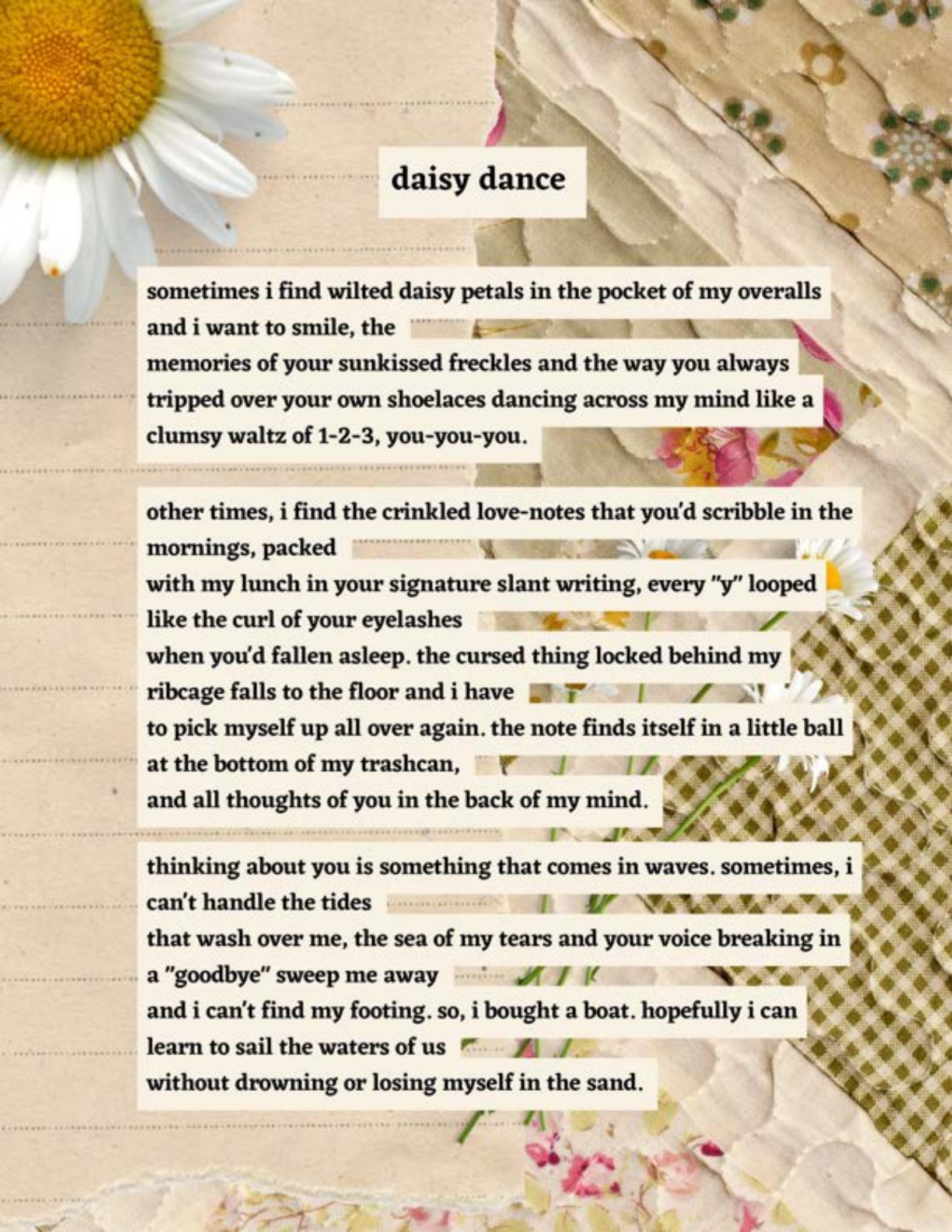


# all patched up!

A COLLECTION OF POETRY & PROSE  
CELEBRATING LIFE AND PERSONAL JOURNEY

lukas spring





## daisy dance

sometimes i find wilted daisy petals in the pocket of my overalls  
and i want to smile, the  
memories of your sunkissed freckles and the way you always  
tripped over your own shoelaces dancing across my mind like a  
clumsy waltz of 1-2-3, you-you-you.

other times, i find the crinkled love-notes that you'd scribble in the  
mornings, packed  
with my lunch in your signature slant writing, every "y" looped  
like the curl of your eyelashes  
when you'd fallen asleep. the cursed thing locked behind my  
ribcage falls to the floor and i have  
to pick myself up all over again. the note finds itself in a little ball  
at the bottom of my trashcan,  
and all thoughts of you in the back of my mind.

thinking about you is something that comes in waves. sometimes, i  
can't handle the tides  
that wash over me, the sea of my tears and your voice breaking in  
a "goodbye" sweep me away  
and i can't find my footing. so, i bought a boat. hopefully i can  
learn to sail the waters of us  
without drowning or losing myself in the sand.





## **leather sweater**

**never apologize for being soft.**

**the sheepskin**

**the soft, fairy-eyelash wool**

**will scrape and burn**

**into leather**

**and you'll wish that beneath that tough hide, practically**

**impenetrable**

**you had something soft to cushion the blows.**



Plus de Savon  
Plus de Lessive !!  
LA  
BO  
FABRI  
POUR  
ET  
NE II  
BO



## Pour détruire les POILS

UNE EGYPTIENNE a saisi le Secret de la fameuse  
"Eau Plophage", employée depuis longtemps en Egypte pour  
détruire radicalement et sans danger les Poils et Duvets du visage et  
du corps. Cette Eau merveilleuse ne ressemble en rien aux innombrables  
dépilatoires poudres et pâtes. L'Eau Plophage s'attaque directement aux  
racines et dissout les Poils les plus durs comme l'eau dissout le sucre. Pour  
vous en convaincre, il suffit de demander un flacon d'essai de la part  
de journal. Cet envoi sera fait discrètement contre 0 fr. 75 en timbres.  
A. GYPSIA 48, rue des Martyrs, Paris.

BOUTON  
LE  
RESSON  
A. R.  
TITRE G  
Initiation

"are you happy?"

his throat, suddenly drier than the taste of  
cocktail bitters, chokes for an answer.

the easy way? yes, of course, why do you ask?

a question like that should never be answered  
with such brevity, such dismissive simplicity.

he is grateful, of course. surrounded by vibrant  
acrylic friends on each side, he is painted a mosaic  
of vivacity, colored by their words. perhaps, that  
is happy, and that is good enough.

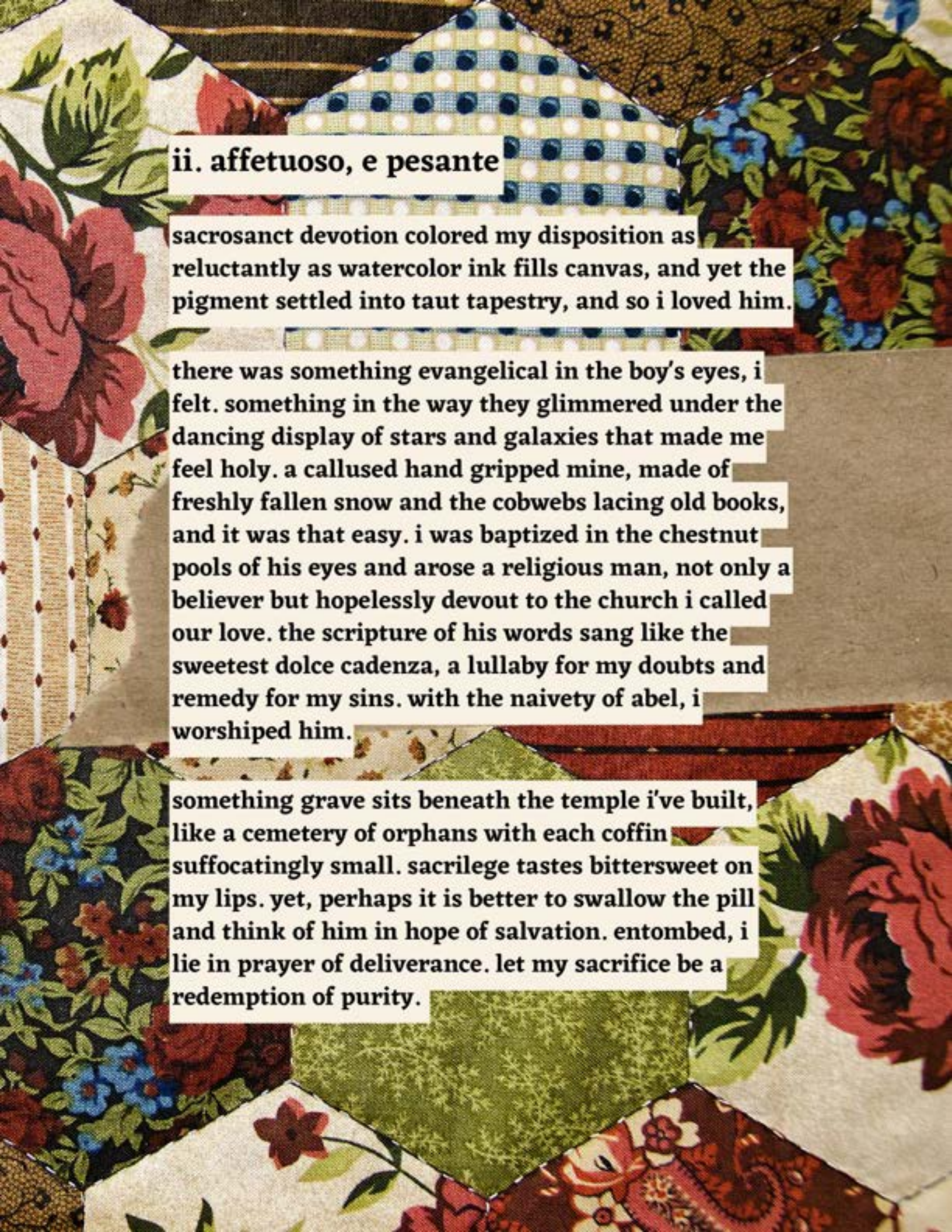
but is the soul's undying quest for something  
"better", something fulfilling and meaningful,  
ever vanquished? is hope something worth  
retaining if it isn't?

these thoughts flood his mind as he contemplates  
an answer. the line between "soulmate" and  
"settling" is itself unsettlingly blurred.

life, he concludes, is about contentedness,  
not satisfaction. not love, certainly.

"yes, i am happy."





ii. affettuoso, e pesante

sacrosanct devotion colored my disposition as reluctantly as watercolor ink fills canvas, and yet the pigment settled into taut tapestry, and so i loved him.

there was something evangelical in the boy's eyes, i felt. something in the way they glimmered under the dancing display of stars and galaxies that made me feel holy. a callused hand gripped mine, made of freshly fallen snow and the cobwebs lacing old books, and it was that easy. i was baptized in the chestnut pools of his eyes and arose a religious man, not only a believer but hopelessly devout to the church i called our love. the scripture of his words sang like the sweetest dolce cadenza, a lullaby for my doubts and remedy for my sins. with the naivety of abel, i worshiped him.

something grave sits beneath the temple i've built, like a cemetery of orphans with each coffin suffocatingly small. sacrilege tastes bittersweet on my lips. yet, perhaps it is better to swallow the pill and think of him in hope of salvation. entombed, i lie in prayer of deliverance. let my sacrifice be a redemption of purity.



### **iii. lacrimoso**

they slid down porcelain cheeks, one after the other, until the cracked china seemed evermore fragmented with dewdrop broken light. he was silent, no sound except his own hitched, quickly slowing breaths. silent like the answers to his prayers.

a requiem for virtue long forgotten. the thoughts that danced through the ballroom between his temples reflected such, their tapping heels beating into his skull feelings of remorse; memories carried too much sentimental sanctity to even be considered. the arborist seldom notices the toxic plague infecting its oaken wonderlands until it is too late, and such was he deflowered by immorality and apathy. dangerous drugs, they were.

the most potent was the home he found in the opium den of his lover's arms. remembering that first high made his cheeks flush. chestnut skin dripped with the rarity of a barely grilled steak at those sorts of thoughts. he grimaced as he remembered those mid-july nights; the recollection was painful.

tears dripped onto the scripture and smeared the ink with callous technique. corinthians looks a lot like chrysanthemum under the saline smears across the page. he smiled.

the lamb of god finds redemption in death.





## **crumbling**

**break me slowly.**

**like an aquamarine chisel  
let the waves crash over my marble  
eroding me with every touch.**

**the tide is much too gentle  
and my skin too strong  
for it to just sweep me away,  
though i pray it would.**

**water will always win against rock, no matter how**

**hard it tries  
to contain its effervescent ripples.**

**and when i am merely sand,  
little grains of what used to be marble,**

**wash me away  
as if i was never there.**



## **sleeptalk**

**his hands were rough and clammy  
hot thick mitts against my skin  
staining and marking  
smearing his color over me  
a pristine, empty canvas**

**the painting does not ask to be painted  
it is not sweetly questioned what it would like**

**what colors  
what strokes**


**what rough brush mars its surface**

**it sits  
and waits to be ruined  
quiet and stoic to its demise**

**no masterpiece here  
just smudged paint and used space  
this one is made for the trash  
ruined and forgotten  
at the bottom of the dumpster**

**there's no painting over black and red  
so the artist moves on to his next canvas  
and the painting rots away  
in some landfill  
a gallery of disposable filth  
a museum of waste**





sickly, sticky, slimy,  
you slither between my bones  
feasting on flesh and sinew  
reminding me that i will never be free

i can feel you gnawing on my veins  
drinking blood straight from burst pipes  
draining me like the tumor you always were  
soon there will be nothing left

**it's all consuming**



is this progress?

walking home alone in the rain  
i find myself in the same types of pain  
i felt not so long ago

~~the same sized feet~~  
the same sized feet follow the  
same sized tracks through the mud  
a different place, a different time  
but otherwise no further  
i could run but i'd get nowhere  
horribly self-aware  
this is nothing  
i feel nothing

i miss the edge  
of a blade, his words, my tears  
as they cut a line down my cheek  
i miss the emptiness of a house not a home  
of hollow walls and the comfort of the known  
my little routine of work and work again  
interrupted by fights and a flickering screen  
my lovely laptop my partner  
there's nothing for me here  
like there was nothing for me there  
nothing for me nowhere





**shimmering sun sparkles the scintillating sea  
waves of warmth wafting over me  
grains of hot sand tickle my toes  
down by the shore i forget my woes  
it's simple  
it's sweet**

**relief from the heat, i take my seat in the ocean  
feeling for the first time an indescribable emotion  
like a mother's hug, i squint my eyes,  
up on the sand, where my friends lie  
pale thighs and sunscreen  
crooked smiles, a sunny scene  
a thousand words cannot express what i mean  
express my love  
for them and the sun above**

**day at the beach**







## **hollow**

**i am not the man I used to be  
in his place, a marble statue  
he doesn't laugh the way that i do  
round eyes crinkling at their corners  
big round belly heaving til its sore  
he doesn't even crack a smile  
i think that man's been gone for a while**

**if you'd knock upon his surface  
i think you'd find him quite hollow  
nothing but dense marble and echoing emptiness  
not the sweetest pill to have to swallow  
it wasn't the gaze of medusa  
or some wrathful god that made him this way  
whatever it was,  
he's here to stay**

**in my likeness, but not quite there  
my hollow impostor who can't quite care**





## whole

cast in marble and gilded gold  
i was once immovable, made of stone  
possessed by a forsaken soul  
i stood there, all alone

a ghost like me, weathered by injury  
unable to see, or breathe, or leave  
does not deserve to live  
to experience this world with grasping fingertips  
to see the trees and smell the sea  
i was not even the image of man  
the likeness worn away by rough hands  
an immemorable statue, shapeless and haunted  
taunted by nightmares, utterly unwanted

but i was placed in this home  
where i am never alone  
and suddenly i began to change  
i warmed by their words  
my jagged edges turned curves  
and they washed away my mange



The image features a background of torn paper and fabric. The paper has some faint, illegible text from a document. The fabric is white with a blue floral pattern. Overlaid on this are several white rectangular boxes containing text.

## **group therapy**

**there is nothing but the fog  
an enveloping grey mist that threatens to swallow  
me whole**


**it is in my eyes and my ears and my head and i  
fear**

**that without the fog, i am nothing, not even a soul**

**the fog sometimes has a name  
it calls to me and speaks**

**it takes the form of me and my selves  
and we dance around this cavern of my head  
spitting and screaming and sobbing and singing  
and we fill the space together with valleys and  
peaks**





**other days there is nothing but this abyssal  
emptiness**


**i am but the host for my parasites  
and without them i am just a carcass  
a hollow puppet made of flesh and bone  
it is me, just the body, and i am all alone**

**today is one of those days  
i let the fog fill the space between my ears  
words are spun out of smoke and smiles are  
rigged by invisible strings  
pulled by hands i cannot see  
today i am the fog  
and the fog is me**






little girl at the beach  
she throws a stone  
she gives a twirl  
all alone, she's dressed in pink  
it makes me think  
of another little girl  
who used to twirl  
who used to run  
and play in the sun



i don't know when  
and i don't know how  
the little girl i knew and loved  
ended up in a tower above  
she used to have fun, and play in the sun  
before her heart soured, alone in that tower  
she once was free  
she once was me  
there must be more that we don't see.

little girl at the beach, despite all you'll weather  
i hope you'll ever stay light as a feather  
as free as a bird, let your songs be heard  
never turn sour, treasure each hour  
and with every twirl let your story unfurl.

little girl at the beach







**little meowmeow**

**i always thought  
i was like a cat  
independent, sleepy, free  
i'd joke about the cute things  
little meows and button nose  
but really i am just like a cat  
in the way i drag my wretched frame  
off to die alone**

**hide my corpse among bushes and leaves  
to decay where no one can see me**





"all patched up"  
a teddy bear  
bursting  
little seams straining  
Soft stuffing threatening  
to overflow

the cloudy white fuzz  
it rains down like snow  
downy to the touch  
down to teddy's soul

but teddy can be  
stitched up, see  
teddy will be okay  
just a few threads  
and teddy's here to stay

sewn back together  
fuzzy little smile  
dirty fur replaced  
with scraps of grandma's  
favorite sheets

he's made up of love  
each stitch is held  
by those bonds  
his button eyes sparkle  
and big arms can hug

teddy's all better  
with a kiss to his head  
stuffed with well-loved socks  
he's made up of love  
he's made of love  
he is love, teddy  
and teddy is me



but sometimes i am full of hate  
sometimes i am a big green angry monster  
i want to kick and scream  
and bite and hurt  
i feel big feelings  
but they are not me  
they are the socks i put on  
that protect my feet and  
keep me warm  
i can take them off at night  
to feel the softness of my sheets  
and i am still love  
i am still me ♥





# **pinocchio**

**i am a prince  
pulled together by porcelain parts  
precious pieces of marble and skin  
a real boy  
my own creation**

**i am masterfully constructed  
the architect my left hand  
the builder my right**

**i am a collage of creations  
rendered lovingly by all that i hold dear**






### **author's note**

**this collection is a selection of pieces reflecting my personal journey over the past few years of my life.**

**i organized this collection chronologically to show my growth, as bumpy as it may have been.**





A quilted card with various fabric patterns including floral, checkered, and purple. A purple fabric pocket is attached, containing several dried orange flowers on stems. A pink ribbon is draped across the top right. A brown teddy bear with a matching ribbon is positioned in the bottom right corner.

**thank you so much for reading!**



