

Letters to sunshine. By Sarah Hyser.

I look at you
And I can't help
feeling like
You are made of
Sunshine.

Part 1: The Death

I'm here to say goodbye to you
and although I am not ready...

maybe by the end of this
my heart won't be so heavy.

He's dead

But... he can't be

no ...

What are we going to do?

Nothing, he's already dead.

But he... but...

No...

- **When I heard it**

Shock

She melted into my arms
her tears flooded the ground

She crippled under the weight of grief
Until the floor beneath her nearly broke

Her eyes flicked out like candle in a storm
her throat caught a fire that burned her down

She fell apart for months
Just to fall apart all over again

We sat in the dark together and waited
for the eternal storm to pass

I watched her heart break a thousand times
And when night came she crumbled

When I asked her how she was doing
"I miss him" was all she mumbled.

It was late when i got home
(three whole days had passed)
the tears i'd pushed behind my eyes
were starting to push past.
when i couldn't stop them anymore
i watched my heart fall to the floor
The world around me crumbled;
I felt the darkness last.

Part 2: The Breaking Point

When I knew I loved you
I only drank black coffee.

I needed a bitter taste
to balance out the sweetness
you kept leaving in my mouth.

-Beans 1

A Love Sad Story in 2 Parts

The sheets were changed.

There's no detergent that gets out flames.

To this day
He could suck the air out of my lungs
Make me fall to my knees
Fall into his arms
Reignite me once again
Until he burns me out.

I'd still sign all my notes to him
With love,
Sarah

Keuka lake, Penn Yan
Kicking water into sand
Stay here with me, please.

-QKA

When i thought i loved her
I only drank black coffee.
I wanted the bitterness
To wash away her sweetness.

When we fought
I would suck on a mint.
It would sooth the fire in my belly
And leave my words neat and balanced.

She picked me up when I was feeling low
And knocked me down when I was feeling high

She kept me contained
In my very own
Custom made
Box.

I loved that box. I hated that box.

She never kissed me without lust.
She never eased into things.
I liked that when I missed her lips.
I dreaded that when I wanted quiet.

She satisfied me until she didn't.
That's why I move on a little every week
But next week I know
I'll still be in her arms.

-Beans 2

There are days when I felt the passion take up all the space in my mind.

Then slowly, it began to spread out.
I thought of other things. Other people. Different people.

I started to notice myself again.

I started
To notice
My life
Again.

But then i'd fall back in love
A little at a time. And sometimes it even felt right.

But i knew she just

Wasn't what I wanted

- **The girl i can't bring myself to leave**

I can't promise
I'd send you roses.

I would try
And I know you'd cry

But I can't promise
To send you roses.

You've seen all my flowers
I know you saw his too,
That's why I can't promise
To send roses to you.

The flowers I'd send
Whatever they may be

I'd pretend they look
Like roses to me...

- **The flowers you send when your heart is already broken.**

Seeking

For a brief moment,
I thought I'd found my sunshine.

I guess I'll have to keep looking.

I don't know who it is yet
But I know they'll be everything good.

I do know one thing:
 The clouds fade on their own.

He fades away.
She fades away.

Maybe I won't find sunshine
For a very long time.

But if the clouds can fade away
Maybe the rest will be okay.

That sinking feeling?

It comes back.

Part 3: Coffee

If you don't know what I like to drink by now
You haven't been paying attention.

If you feed the
Good and
Starve the
Bad then
I should never
Eat
Another thing
In my
Life.

When I fell in love with her
Black coffee balanced our sweetness

When I felt like i hated her
Black coffee matched our bitterness

When she told me she would marry me
I sucked down black coffee
And soberly told her
No.

- **Beans 3**

Hooked

I got my first job on a fluke.
I walked past a cafe where i knew the owner
And she offered me a job.

I accepted.

I got free coffee every time I worked.
I went from never drinking coffee
To being an avid coffee drinker.

I drank an absurd amount.
It was my only true addiction.

Well... besides love.

I can't.

Promise me.

No. I can't.

please...

Sarah. I'm sorry.

Why can't you promise?

Because I'd be lying.

Tell me you won't.

Sarah, I might. I might...

Don't.

But I like her.

Are you joking?!

I'm sorry. It's the truth.

Say you won't kiss her.

Please, just tell me you won't.

No. I might.

My love. Please.

I'm sorry.

- Just another problem I ignored.

When the rest of the world is falling apart
She'll be the one
That puts it all back together.

He's so pure
The ground he
Walks on
Has to try
Not to sprout
Flowers.

Finding Help

I asked him what to do.
He said to follow my heart.

I told him I don't know
What my heart wants.

You have seen things
Beyond your years.

You have met them
With grace and kindness.

Your feet have bled
On the broken bottles
That drunk men left
On the ground the night before.

You know power.
You know sorrow.

Let it be the guiding light
That shines above you.
Let it show you
Where to go.

Let your heart
Seek its answers
Within your mind.

Part 4: Between you and me

I'm writing this by the water. The waves seem so calm, but I know if I wade into them, they'll knock me onto my back.

That's how i feel about this story. I can tell it from a distance, but if I get too close, it'll knock me onto my back.

Can't have that.

I hope you enjoy this little book. It's holding all my secrets. I'll keep watching waves roll in if you promise to keep reading.

I'll see you in the next poem.

With love,
Sarah

You are the reader I have been seeking.
I know you are special.
I love you for reading this far.
One day you will change the world.

I hope I am the writer you have been seeking.
I hope you find me special.
I hope you love me after reading this far.
When i change the world
I will look back on this moment
And know you had something to do with it.

I'll tell you the truth.
I don't really like poetry.
I know it can be cheesy.

So why the book of poems?
Yeah, i know...

I want to give you honesty.
Sometimes I can only do that
In short, brief phrases.

I hope you understand
Because honesty is all I can give you.

And I hope you are okay with that.

With love,
(More and more love
with every line you read),

Sarah

Gratitude

Say thank you.

Mean thank you.

Never overestimate your luck.

Never underestimate your circumstances.

Be loving.

Be kind.

Have gratitude.

Empathy

Look into my eyes

And tell me

You understand

Truly

Where i'm coming from.

You can live a lifetime

Stomping on others

But I hope you have to live a lifetime

Where you find out how they feel.

You could live a lifetime

Experiencing the best of things

But at least for a day

Try to see how the rest of us feel.

You can live a lifetime without sorrow

But you should never live a day

Without empathy.

I hope my dad ever passes.

Generosity

If you cannot
Give
You cannot
Receive.

Part 6: Falling back in love with her. (wrong again.)

I can't help it. I think it's done and then.

My beautiful girl.

Suddenly

And without reason

My heart seeks you again.

I am sorry for the times

I forgot how perfect

You were.

All over again

I fell in love so fast the first time.
So hard with no warning.

That's how I fell out of love too.
My heart was just done.
I didn't want her anymore.

And then i felt it again.
Just as hard and fast as I did the first time.

I fell back in love
As if the fade had never happened.

My advice to you:
When she kisses you again
Let your lips linger for a while.

Don't pull away too soon.
Let your lips readjust until it feels right.

Long kisses are the best kisses with her.

Confused at age 11

Wow, she's so ~~cute~~ normal.

God, she looks so ~~beautiful~~ normal.

I want to ~~kiss~~ be friends with her.

I have a ~~crush on~~ friendship interest in her.

Should I ask her ~~out~~ if she wants to hang out?

I hope I can be ~~her's~~ her friend one day.

I ran away from it for a long time
But I can't help who i am.

I am not straight.
I am not a lesbian either.
I am not "somewhere in between."

I'm just me. And I love who I love.
And that is okay.
In fact, that is beautiful.

Part 7: Friendship

When the world is broken
Down by man

When the shore no longer
Sees the sand

For no one else's
But my sake

You'll find me at
The top of the lake.

My Friend

In the end
We decided to be friends

He gave me a hug
And a kiss on the cheek

And told me, "Sarah,
If it's love that you seek

Then look no further
Because it's right here

You'll always be loved
When I am near."

Our cheeks and lips parted
And away he darted

But when the romance ended
A great friendship started.

You aren't busy
With my lips or my body
Your heart sees only
What is good and sweet
And that is why I love you.

You and I
Were not friends
From the instant we met
In the lobby

I was your friend
When the universe was young
All things were new
And our souls passed each other.

When I met you the first time
Our souls were reconnecting
For the third or thousandth time
After a long time apart.

I have no doubt
That I have known you forever
I am just wondering
When our souls will meet again.

You said you wonder
Why it's easy to tell me things.
It's because I have known you
For over a thousand years.

Part 8: Moving Forward

After what seemed
To be an eternity
The sun began to set,
And with it,
Yesterday's pain
Found ways to fade out.

Then slowly,
A new sun began to rise,
Bringing with it
a new sense of life
A new world
And most importantly,
A new day.

I started to add cream to my coffee
Then sugar and cream
And then just sugar.

The bitterness was gone.

I was no longer scared
To have some sweetness
In my life.

- **Beans 4**

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I am still looking for my sunshine.

The
Journey
Is
Not
Over
Yet.

Reborn

After rain washes away
The sadness of a loss
A new set of flowers,
Freshly watered,
Spring up from beneath
The feet of those
Who seek the sunshine.
Rebirth will clear away all pain.

Smells Fresh, Doesn't It?

My soul broke its roots
Trudged through mud
Hiked mountains
Passed deserts
Swam the oceans
Found new soil
Planted itself
Right under the rays
Of the most gorgeous sunshine
Learned to bloom
Accepted rain
Accepted drought
Bloomed again
Regrew its roots
Sat perched in high hills
Surrounded by grass and bees
Became refreshed with the same air
Once poisoned by sorrow
Caught you mid bloom
Taught you to bloom
Watched you grow
Tangles into your roots
Became one with you
So you could help others
Breathe clean air once again.

Smells fresh, doesn't it?

New

Gone was the girl
Who selfishly saw the world
As her right
And expected good things
To fall into her lap.

Instead, there was a girl
Who couldn't care less
About the shoes or jeans she wore
But cared instead about
The people she bumped into
On the street.

Please don't forget to wave
At everyone you see.
People are saved every day
Because they felt like someone noticed them.

Wave. Smile. Complement their shoes.
If they chose not to accept it
That's their choice, not yours.

But you never know when someone
Really just needs one person
To look at them
Acknowledge them
And remind them that they're important.

Spring

I once feared the days becoming longer. I thought I couldn't last that long in the sun without the night providing me darkness, and the comfort of being able to hide my eyes from the light. But something changed when the bees swarmed that spring. And even though the pollen made me sneeze, I knew I wanted to be outside now more than ever.

I kicked up the dust and cast shadows, but I also watered the gardens and darkened my skin in the sunshine. I loved the warmth and the light of the sun in the sky. I rushed back into the light and smiled because the whole world smelled like lavender.

Even the worst nights
Are chased away
By a new sun rising.

Because all stories
Must come to a close.

Can't you see that I'm better off without you?

Everyone else can, why can't you?

Part 10: Epilogue

I just want to say
A few more things.
I'll be quick,
I promise.

Thank you. I love you.

You ask me who I wrote this for
And I tell you
“it’s for you.”

You look at me and say
“no, really.”

But I promise, it’s for you.

It was always for you.
It will always be for you.

because to me, you are beautiful.
To me, you are important.
To me, you are worth a whole book of poems.

I hope you liked them.
I liked sharing them with you.

I hope tomorrow you wake up in the sunshine
And you are reminded
That when you bloom
You are the most beautiful flower
In the whole room.

Thank you.
I love you.
With my whole heart,

Sarah