

phases

by courtney raf

this is it. your preview of my book. phases.

please use the term “book” lightly. this is merely a collection of words disorganized on blank pages.

i’ve been writing this my whole life.

this book is a collection of poems and old diary entries. the diary entries span from the year 2000 until 2012. i was born in 1992, so that gives you a good idea of how old i was when each of these entries were written. the pages that aren’t labeled with a date, are small, short poems I began writing in 2014.

i like to think of the diary entries as my first poems. even though you’re getting a very small excerpt from each entry, it still holds a great deal of meaning and emotion. a small outline of who i was during that time in my life.

i hope this brings something to you. a laugh. a thought. a spark.

if anything, grab a pen and use the white space on these pages to write something down yourself. anything. everything. all of it.

let your thoughts pour out of you like rain from a storm, and sail oceans.

april 20, 2010

i always have a lot of thoughts in my
head; i just forget to write them down.

so i'll start now.

her bones were made of
flowers, delicate and rare.

but roots so deep and
haunting with strength
beyond compare.

as our shadows dance in the rain,
i return to you again.

june 27, 2010

i couldn't sleep the other night, so i watched the
sun rise. is that what you see every morning?

october, 2012

i'm running out of things to write.

as raindrops race their way down glass,
we realize how fast time does pass.

september 4, 2004

i just got done eating, so now i have the
hiccups.

do not speak a word just yet

as moonbeams trace
your silhouette.

our souls were dancing soft and
slow, to static on the radio.

october, 2012

then again, i'm not the nicest
person in the world.

in fields of wildflowers,
i would lay with you for hours.

september 4, 2004

note2self: sry bout messy handwriting.

BUCKET LIST 2012

number 13. write a book.
