

Madison Diana Foit

# diana's darkest diary

number two



*from an author, a poetess  
broken by life*

*not allowed to escape  
the way i want to  
so here is where i escape  
i'm sorry if you can relate*

*“we feel connection to where  
a presence still might be.  
we will now carry on a life for  
those who cannot  
see.”*

*-devilskin, in black*

what i'm doing for the person i lost long ago  
rest in peace

the poetry i write  
is deeper  
than my cuts  
but they stop bleeding

when i was nine years old i  
rode my mountain bike  
up the highest mountains  
on top i was so freaking proud  
i smiled and then i  
hurried down  
at tempo limit seventy  
i hit the same  
then life hit me

i could have hurt myself when falling off  
my bike  
even though i wasn't careful  
i never did  
i always caused

pain but never

accidentally