

Day 1 (4/3/2023):

Liar

By Anihime

Do you have a moment to say what's on your mind?

Do tell, do tell. There's so many nuggets to find.

Your deepest secrets, your darkest desires floating around in a bubble.

Speak of them or lock them away. They're bound to get you in trouble.

Bite your tongue, squirm your lips. Not so easy, you see.

For once the floodgates open wide, only the truth will set you free.

Day 2 (4/4/2023):

She counted the coins from the confines of her purse. Two quarters, three dimes, and a single copper penny. It wasn't much, but it was enough. With a clink and clatter, the coins fell one by one into the hands of a small child.

The child looked at the coins then smiled up at the kind woman. Such a comforting smile. After the child left, the woman made her way down the road past neatly trimmed hedges, cracked pavement, and two stories houses with windows that shone like glitter.

Day 3 (4/5/2023):

Headache

By Anihime

Sore muscles, tired eyes

Coffee keeps the sense alive

But the dull ache, persistent and pounding

Reeling, nagging, sleep deprive

A pill to fight the pain, never-ending

Until it's gone or less connive

But it will return, time and again

Until then, let my rest arrive

Day 4 (4/6/2023):

When a smile brings light

The world spins soft and slowly

Shining in splendor

Day 5 (4/7/2023):

William stared at the clock, tick tick tocking away. Eyes clear yet empty, stiff and unresponsive was his posture. It wasn't easy being frozen in time, though the hands kept turning, turning round and round.

When will it end? This frozen slump, endless. Suffocating. Silent.

Then a soft purr came, warmth brushing against his leg. Only when he dared to glance down did he notice the twinkling eyes of Princess.

Fluffy fur, bright blue eyes. The only warmth that reminded him that time kept moving. A small, simple joy in a dark gloomy world.

William smiled, crouched down to Princess' level, and scratched behind her ears. The sweet nuzzle and gentle purr brought a smile for the first time that whole day.

Day 6 (4/8/2023):

Sweet heart, candy eyes

Everything about you is a delightful surprise

Marshmallow hugs, soft and warm

Keeping me calm during the rough storm

I'm happy to know someone like you

My delightful sweetheart so true

Day 7 (4/9/2023):

My head is fire, burning forth
The fumes a pungent, odious broth
Fear and pain, suffering silent
Words boiling over like a vicious tyrant
Where is sanity or grace
When trapped inside a horrid place?
Until the lights fade ever dimmer
The boiling rage begins to simmer
For when we see the world in red
The thoughts grow weak in our head
Stay cool inside, but do not freeze
For fire doesn't leave us at ease
Don't stoke the flames, but don't put them out
For there will be times we need them to shout

Day 8 (4/10/2023):

With eyes open wide
Crystal clear lands send visions
Of a bright future

Day 9 (4/11/2023):

Fearful shaky heart

Wavering until courage

Breaks through the tough shell

Day 10 (4/12/2023):

Whether through rain or snow, sunshine or hurricane, we walk through whatever the day bring forth. For when we falter, we're close to breaking. But when we persevere, we can last.

Day 11 (4/13/2023):

Let the bells ring

It's time for spring!

Sweetest flowers

Endless hours

Fun is had

In times of sad

Day 12 (4/14/2023):

“Let it be known,” the boy said. “That I will no longer be afraid of the dark!”

He held his toy bunny close, shivering as his free hand gripped the light switch. Despite his claim, he was still terrified of the idea of sleeping with the lights off. But as he cuddled his bunny, he took one final breath before flipping the switch.

The darkness appeared uninviting, cold and dreary. Once his eyes adjusted to the darkness, the boy could make out the outline of his bed. He wanted to go toward it, but then he noticed the large mass resting atop it. He couldn’t move for fear of alerting the creature as it tossed and turned.

Would it eat him once he climbed on the bed? What if it took his bunny with him?

The mass stirred, opening its eyes to see the boy’s quivering form. The boy turned the lights back on...

Nothing was there.

Even so, the boy refused to turn the lights off.

“Next time,” he said. “I’ll be brave next time.

Day 13 (4/15/2023):

Fluffy cloud, sky high

Parting ways to bring forth love

With seven colors

Day 14 (4/16/2023):

Little was said in such a short time. Lydia held on tight as Moira unfolded her wings and took to the sky. Their intertwined hands began to slip away until all that was left was the air.

Tears trickled down Lydia's face, hand reluctantly drawing back into a solemn wave.

Moira turned away, ashamed for having caused her suffering. With the wind as her guide, she soared into the air. Higher and higher she flew until Moira was just a blip in the endless blue.

Deep in her heart Lydia knew this would be the last time they saw each other. Even so, she'd never forget the joy Moira brought to her life. Through tears, Lydia forced a smile before walking away from the cliff's edge.