Neptune’s Interlude
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I am the wallflower.
Clinging to vines to hide my face
I am the sunflower!
Peeling back vines to show my face
I could’ve stayed in my comfort zone, but
there’s no room for change or happiness
there
So we drift around waiting for a place to
land
A distraction from this world because
being robotic is draining
While all I know is the confines of my four
walls
A party is much safer than the real world
Now we see the ruins of teenage fever
Coughing, hacking up words to use against
each other
Burning with passion
Tingling with excitement
Or anxiety
Am I the Sunflower or the wallflower?
A song rings my ear and I’m hypnotized
The bass felt like an astral travel
Then I land
Grass underneath my feet, I feel alive
I feel love even from the plants that wilt
I feel the same love from those that tower
over me too
If you minimize it to escapism you might
not see the bigger picture
Life taught me so much about pain that I
forgot we were here to love
Juggling a child’s blind faith and an elders
wisdom
I bounce off the walls with sugar rush
With bags under my eyes as old as
Saturn’s rings
Crossfaded
Because my mama told me liquor and
weed were opposite ends of frequency
No wonder I’m always feeling indifferent
And what if I told you every party was a
portal?
They look at us like monsters but I see us
as dragons learning to fly
I’m delirious because it’s a double entendre
Struggle is romanticized so much that our
euphoria is demonized
Teenage fever is initiation
Where I look at the world
And question why it’s easier to hate than to
love
Being afraid of death is fearing something
you cannot change
I broke my shackles because I have more
control over my fate if I am not afraid of
death
Dying to live
So I give birth to my story
And it starts with this poem