

in the clouds
with caspian

a poetry zine
vol. 1

The person on the moon waved at me.
I smiled back so they could see.
I wanted to be up there-
Far away from reality.
The person on the moon came down and got me.
Brought me to sit there and offered me a cup of tea.

The moon person looked down.
He said, "I'm glad you were the one I found.
You didn't appreciate what you were granted.
Now you will stay on the moon stranded."

Then I realized I was tricked.
I was hand-picked.
I wanted to leave my life.
I let myself get stabbed in the back by a knife.

I didn't appreciate what I had and now it's all gone away.
Here I sit, thinking of all the memories I could've had if I
didn't go astray.

Standing in the hallway of my new middle school,
Emerald Cove middle school,
I felt a whirlwind of emotions.
My hands shook as I looked down at the tiny white paper.
I felt dizzy. I couldn't see straight.
It was like I had just gotten off a rollercoaster.
I looked for comfort, but no one was there to help.
I was blindsided. Left in isolation
on the island that is my brain.
No one was in the same predicament as me.
Desperately, I tried to find someone
That was as lost as me.
I asked all my friends that walked by,
None of them were as lost as me.
This wasn't supposed to happen.
The more I thought, the more insecure I got.
My mom looked stressed, just like me.
She couldn't solve my problem.
I was truly trapped and alone.

My mom and I brainstormed for solutions,
But none came.
We wanted to talk to the guidance counselor,
to my new teachers, but I couldn't bring myself to do it.
I didn't want to admit defeat.
I didn't want to let my past insecurities take over me.
I couldn't let my past insecurities take over me.
I would never get out. I was too scared to fail.
I played out every possibility in my head,
Like a movie scene. It was a horror movie.
I failed at every turn. I was captured;
stuck in the walls of my failure.
If I asked to change, disappointment would
engulf me. If I stayed,
I would never make it out alive.

The past left me deteriorated.
Always told I wasn't good enough.
Always feeling inferior.
I was slower than the other kids.
Sometimes I learned separately
From the other kids, forever isolated.
My teachers looked at me confused.
I was a helpless baby;
too slow and different to do anything for myself.

I was a celebrity-famous for being
unacceptable.
When I thought things couldn't get any
worse,
The teachers always singled me out.
They always asked if I understood the
lesson.
Dehumanizing me more and more and more
each time they asked.
I felt everyone staring at the back of my
neck,
Since I was always at the front of the class.
There was no escape.

I was the prey,
And they were the predators.
No way to turn the attention away.
I was a laughing stock.
People used me as a way
to feel better about themselves.
At least you're not like her,
they would say.

Looking at the paper in my hand,
My hands still shaking.
I knew I couldn't do it.
I would fall prey once again.
No one believed I could do it.
I was a lost cause; fighting
a battle I could never win.
My auditory processing, teachers,
peers, wouldn't let me win.
One word rang over and over again in my
mind.
I couldn't shut it off. I had finally lost my
mind.
This would be my downfall. Or would it?
The voice inside me. What was it?
God? Angels? My mom? My
subconscious?
It was my savior.
My mind broke free
from the thick walls of inferior thoughts.
Determination I thought.
Be determined. Don't stop here.
Just then, I had reached my conclusion.
I knew I could do it.
I walked out of the school,
All advanced classes in my hand.
This was the start of something new.
I was no longer a snail, I was smart.



thank you for reading!

if you even sort of enjoyed this, feel free to keep up with our adventures!

Website:



find us on bluesky or insta!

@starcrossed.scribes

@starcrossedscribes.bsky.social

There is an old expression that makes me wonder
 What role I play in this world
 People always ask
 If your life was a book,
 would you read it?
 I never understood that question
 No, I would not read my own life book
 For one, I don't like reading
 Two, I am living my life
 Why would I have to read it in a book when I can
 just live it?
 The question we should be asking is
 What character would you be?
 If you read yourself in a book, would you like
 yourself?
 What would you want to see that character do?
 What would you want that character to accomplish?
 Would they be the hero or the villain?



I, don't know if I would like my character
 My character is whiny and overdramatic, but also kind
 I would want my character to grow
 I would want her to not be scared anymore and live her
 dreams
 I want her to stop waiting and just go for it
 I would want her to like themselves
 I would want to watch my character grow
 become the lovable person I know she could be
 I would want her to win her battle with depression
 I would feel ashamed for my character's mistakes
 Looking at all these wants,
 I realize what I need to do in my own life
 I want to love my character
 I want the best for my character
 I especially don't want to lose the battle to depression
 I am going to live my life the way I would want my
 character to
 character to
 To live and grow, just like my character would



Instead of asking yourself if you would read your book,
 Ask yourself:
 What do you want your character to do?
 Who would they be?
 And would you root for them?

We all have imaginary friends.
 Those friends that carry us until the end.
 The line between childhood and when we stop believing.
 But- What If we never stop believing?
 What If our imaginary friends becomes us? Now to understand this,
 You must expand your mind.
 Expand to the kind of idea that can escape time.
 We all have inner voice.
 Some can hear it.
 Some cannot.
 With practice,
 We can all hear it.



What If those friends never go away?
 We stop believing, so we think they are gone.
 But- have you ever wondered who your inner voice is?
 Your inner voice is said to be a part of your subconscious.
 What If when you believe that inner voice,
 Your subconscious becomes real?

When we are younger,
 We believe more.
 Close your eyes.
 Can you see your imaginary friend?
 Now if they are still there,
 Then who are you?
 Are you and your imaginary friend the same person?
 Is your imaginary friend from a different universe?
 Are they a guardian angel? Now, let's go back to who you are. How well do you
 know yourself?
 Are you even real?
 Are you a combination of your past lives?



If you are so many things,
 What's to say you aren't a figment of your imaginary friend's mine?
 For all we know,
 Your thoughts aren't even your own

So, dig deep.
 If our thoughts might not be our own,
 Maybe we are made up of different friends.
 Different roles that we put on.



It can be said
 That we aren't real.
 Just a bunch of different roles.
 How different are you and your imaginary friend?