

Love Sick



AMBER CRISTAK



This saga is
dedicated to the

Love Sick

generation.

Contents

Intro: Dear Diary

Rewind rush

First Date

All the same

The Sober Side

Drunken Promise

Hey Ma Concept

Lovesick

Unguarded

Etched in my heart

Life With You

Waiting

You Have Words

The Girl After Me

Girl Fight

Your Girlfriend

She's hanging on

Doll



Because you've been through it

Letters from him

To know happy

The War

Solitaire

Caught and attracted

Smoked Out

Gravitate

The V Tree

Real Love

End of the day

Walk of Shame

The War

Solitaire

Caught and attracted

Your Best Friend

Goodbye Friends

He said it first

Smoked out

End of the day

Walk of Shame



Stupid Secret

Also known as

Not Knowing Means...

Halo

Pineapple

Storybook Ending

Fairytales

D ear D iary,

I t seems like yesterday that I fell in love.

R egretably,

it seems like today that my heart broke.

W hy does pain last longer?

H ow do I remember the good things,
without wanting to go back?

W hy are people allowed to lie?

W hy can we not prosecute people
who deliberately deceive us?

I , really, would take him to court.

S ince, all I have now is
a memory of the unexpected.

R esting beside, the disgrace and heartache that
I should have seen coming.

H elp me.

I am lovesick.

R ewind R ush

Days go by as
my heart replays
hormones and pheromones
that rewind my rush.

My post-teenage angst is on high
and, I need something
that I can connect with,
more than a necklace.

I need real words
and the impeccable strength
to take it all back,
to retrace the self I lack.

Goodness, grant me discernment,
as change cries out.
I need to drive my life
into a new lane.

F irst D ate

You asked.
I agreed,
two weeks
in advance.
Anticipating,
what it meant
and what it could
begin to be.

Over analyzing
as always.
Perfection,
promises
and picket fences.

I want it all
and I want it all
yesterday.

All the same

Stop looking at me.
It far from turns me on.
You are waiting
but I won't play along.

I can see,
through the silence,
before the lies.
You want the invite.

As you envision,
how I could move
out of my clothes
and on to you.

Forget skin to skin,
until, sinking out of sight.
Your million words
are all the same.

The Sober Side

A lot of things came together, after a few gradual steps, past the alarming age of twenty-two. It wasn't an epifocal moment but rather an unexpected connection of the dots, in my life. Like many great thoughts, this reflection began over drinks and a random conversation. It came, just, as I enjoyed every last alcoholic sip of my special homemade blend of raspberry and margarita.

I overlooked the glow of lights upon the Hudson, as I sat with a guy friend (seriously, friend only), on the parquet floor in my luxurious, and inevitably overpriced, Manhattan apartment. It was a beautiful view from the 23rd floor. Then, just, as I finished my first drink of the night, and before I could suggest a refill, it happened. My slightly younger than me and yet still underage to be drinking, friend, relaxed his smile and in a serious, yet somehow still friendly, tone said, "Drinking suits you."

I'm not sure how my expression changed, following that comment, but it must have been completely parallel to any kind of comprehensive look. Since, I was CONFUSED AS HELL! Please note, that when I say, "confused as hell," I truly mean confused as hell.

Then my thought process, automatically, threw itself into its highest search and define mode. Deep inside my brain I was scrolling through words, phrases and common sayings that he might be referring to or making a pun from. Unfortunately, no comparisons seemed to be available at the time, so I automatically played a strong defense back. I said, "What are you talking about?"



Then the surprise hit, of my defensive play, reflected back through the confused look his youthful eyes gave me. It seemed apparent that he now was playing the search to define game. Fortunately, for him, there seemed to be an explanation available. I say, fortunately because I would have thrown him out of my 23rd floor window (Just kidding... window locks).

"I just mean that you seem happier now," he said with a hopeful voice that was ready to mend what he had almost broken.

It made sense to me. In fact, it made so much sense to me that a self-inflicted montage quickly began flowing through my developed, yet still impressionable, mind. A stream of situations, men and memories of feeling bad, then feeling better, followed by feeling worse. So many different and completely unrelated instances that led to a connection of dots that had always been clear but too hard to open. This connection of dots led me to believe that all my issues begin over drinks. However, not because I am an alcoholic but, rather, because I am guarded when sober.

After that night, I attempted to stop drinking for a while. I thought it would be nice to meet people without a drink in my hand. This theory was for friends and boyfriends. Originally, I promised myself a year of sober times. However, I ended up giving in a couple times. Then, shortly after, I found myself regretting the unnecessary Irish crème calories found in a bottle of the good stuff.



In that time, I realized that the sober side of me was a cynic. The sober side of me would procrastinate going on a date with someone, instead of just saying no. The sober side of me highlighted my indirect nature while, accidentally, creating random miscommunications by not saying enough. The sober side of me didn't speak up. That side wanted everything to be kosher, friendly and fun. That side tended to take on the responsibility of managing any balancing act that came within a five-mile radius. That side of me needed to relax. However, it didn't need to escape. It needed to see itself so it could develop and it did.

I need more than
a drunken promise
to be *better* than-
every other man

The "H E Y M A " concept

New York City is known for many things, plus, all the usual tourist attractions. However, television shows, and tour guides, tend to leave out the complexity of one particular part of city life. This piece is one that is, undeniably, known by all residents and even joked about, throughout the entire city. The piece they leave out is, what I call, *The HEY MA concept*.

The HEY MA concept is used, by the majority of men in the city, to attract "the ladies." Though the techniques differ, this approach serves as a common denominator for all men participating in the city pick-up game. The concept can be explained as a simple percentage game where the odds start out in the man's favor. There is one man and millions of women.

One example of *The Hey Ma Concept* is the following. A man stands on a busy street, watching people pass by. Every time a pretty woman walks by he yells, "Hey Ma!" Eventually, someone will stop and he will get the brief chance to convince her to exchange telephone numbers and meet up a later time. These 10 digits are a victory for the man. Some men leave it at that. Then boast to friends about their accomplishment. However, the true pursuers of the game keep playing.



L ove S ick

I hate you,
unconditionally,
for loving me.

You always call
as I wonder what
you are doing.

You never let me
feel like you're
letting go.

I say the sky is green
and you never say no.
You just agree.

You never make me
prove why
what I say is so.

You always follow
close enough
for me to know.

You always say
I am what



makes you whole

You are everything

I ever wanted,
but, I don't know.

My favorite things
are all the things
I hate about you

It feels too right.
I can't commit.
I am so confused.

It is too much
It is too good.
I am lovesick.

U nguarded

We can talk for a day, on the phone, with phone chargers near by. We can talk of a dream that he had of me, on the night of, the day we first met. We could have read into it more or less. We chose more. Now, I choose less.

Everything he said he was, he was not. Though, he did know of, he was not on the path of greater purpose. He could identify his issues when told, but could not control his ego enough to change them. I refuse to force a change that is his purpose to control.

I was so guarded when I met him. I was chained and I was locked. I wanted, only, to be left alone. I had work to do. I was rebuilding myself. I had a vision and a business plan for my life. I needed to stay on track so one day I would have enough time to make a home. He knew this so he found the key to each of my locks. Then took them each off.

I still do not know exactly when my heart unlocked. I only know that I woke up unguarded. Feeling stronger, I smiled and beamed a glow that others, and I, could see. Purple orbs came through and yellow halos were worn everyday. I did love the feelings I had. Gold letters were written in light. I was alive. Until, I found it was all built on disguise.

Etched in my heart

Speed race
on the fast track.

Upset gravity
because we mesh
like laugh lines,
etched in my heart.

A complex reflex,
lit from the start.
Etched in my heart.
Lit from the start.
Etched in my heart.
Etched in my heart.

Dots in my mind,
replay circles.

Pixelating
layered moments,
Etched in my heart.
This how love starts.

Complex reflex,
lit from the start.
Etched in my heart.
Lit from the start.



Etched in my heart.

Etched in my heart.

Dazzling sparks,
radiate around me,
and, I am the spark.

For you in the light
and in the dark
part of my heart.

Life with
you is like an
empty box,
full of
promises.



Waiting

I get so mad when I acknowledge how he can bring reactions out of me. I never reacted to anything but now I react to him. I forget what it is like to lead the race. I am always going after him. I am always waiting on him and he is always late. He is always really late.

It can be noon and he says that he will be by in a half hour. Then he'll call to say that he is close by. So I wait, and I am giddy, as I anticipate spending time with him. Six hours later, he is no closer. In fact, he is even farther away. He says that he ran into a friend and went to a movie. Then out to eat followed by wandering around, until they decided to go to another movie, all while not calling me, of course.

I send text messages and I get mad. It is more frustrating than anything though. I think about how I could have done something. I could have been productive. I could have taken a nap. Anything- I could have done anything, but I did nothing... because, I was waiting on him. I believed in him. I was waiting on him. He always apologizes but when will he care enough to change? I refuse to keep waiting on him.

I get disappointed in myself. I am let down by the idea that I am not bright enough to pick a man who doesn't respect me anymore than his actions suggest. I get disgusted that I could be so blind or naïve or trusting. I get annoyed because now I am left remembering that all the makeup I put on went to waste. I spent so much extra effort to get ready to spend time with him. I went shopping for the perfect thrown-together casual

look, I got my eyebrows waxed, I got the other kind of wax and I jumped into a quick manicure pedicure session because I couldn't bare the idea of him seeing my nails looking scruffy. Not too mention the fact that I didn't eat for almost a day and compulsively brushed my teeth right before he was supposed to come by.

Ok- fine, so, I always refuse to keep waiting. Then in comes another day. He tells me another explanation that sounds fine enough to validate him to me. I learn to bottle the anxiety. Maybe- I can bring it all out later and we'll have a really good sex day. Ahhhh! What's wrong with this picture? Sex for the irresponsible? Why should there be sex for the one that carelessly guts out my soul and leaves me with a stack of panic attacks?

Oh yeah- I remember. It is because I am blinded by the love that comes through in every other move that he correlates. The hearts beating in cartoon colors through my eyes that make it impossible to see anything other than the good side of the bad side. I can see that we correlate. We connect. We forgive and forget and we are similarly insane. I love too much and he loves even more.



Y ou have
the words
but, not the
action.

I need both.

The Girl After Me

Caught, locked
and dwelling in my hand.
She fears what I may say.
She deliberately stays away.

My unintentional capture is
intentionally, enjoyable.

I smile at her
self-constructed cage.

She thinks and speaks
in the wrong order.
Reckless mind chatter
to the tenth degree.

His rebound rut sunk,
by trading down
and tying the knot
to the girl, after me.

Girl Fight

Despite what the media tells you, girl fights are unattractive. If your man cheats on you, you don't beat up the girl! Give her the benefit of the doubt. It is very possible that she did not know that you existed. Which means that your prized man didn't tell her,

So before you go and rip off your favorite designer stiletto to smack her in the head with, or take off any rings, that you don't want to damage, please remember the obvious. No matter what he says, she, most likely, didn't rape him. Despite, how much he regrets it, now that you have found out, he, most likely, enjoyed it.

Forgetfulness is not an excuse. If he says that he "doesn't know" if he cheated, uses the words "may or may not" or attempts to say that he "thought it was you," he is lying. However, burning all his clothes will only make you feel better for a little while so chose a better payback. Call his mother.



Y our G irlfriend

Your girlfriend doesn't know me
But she knows I could have you

She knows about your phone calls
and how they ring away from her.

When the machine is full
there is no place for her.

Her, stained, heart knows that
her start was my finish line.

S he's hanging on
as she pushes to decline.

Desperately she dies
and tries not to lose him.

S he doesn't want to lose him-
especially to me.

B ut... he is
already gone.

D oll

You can buy-
all the pretty things

You can try-
all the silly games

But I
am more
than a doll
in a
window

I won't
accept
your
innuendos.

I have
to feel
your love.

I have
to have
that drug.

Get me



high on

you.

Then I'll

know what

to do.

I

am

more than

a doll

In a

window.

You can buy

a house,

but, you can't

make it a home.

You can buy

a car,

but, you can't

drive it forever.

I

am

more than

a doll

in a

**Byber
Books**

window.

The queen
makes
the king.

Now, your crown
needs to be
complete.

Because you've been through it

Some people suffer from a severe dating syndrome for which there is no medicine. It comes after things start to fall apart in a relationship and it is blatantly obvious to onlookers that the observed couple should break up. However, though the couple is unhappy, they refuse to break up because they feel that they have been through *so much* together that they must stay together.

People like this come off as though there is a grand prize. They behave like they are in the "Favorite Things" episode of The Oprah Show. Except, on their episode, all free cars and elaborate gift baskets go to the one who can stay in the bad relationship the longest. So they drudge through as if the safety of the nation depends on it. They stay unhappily committed through boredom, bad sex, depression and abuse. All because, they feel that the many times they shared, tie them together.

Friends and family can chime in but the truly afflicted remain set in their ways. They say, "We've been through so much" or "I don't want to start over again." Some say they do it for the kids but the kids always know. I have been around kids who, randomly, bring up their parents unhealthy and unhappy relationship out of the blue. The kids know.

Many blame it on the situation but in any situation there is always a choice. There is always the choice to get mad enough to through your own self into the fantastic fire of life. There is the choice to get the hell out!

Letters From Him

I don't understand.

This time

I'm in demand.

And, I don't know
how to understand,
letters from him.

I'm reading them,
again and again.

How does he
remember everything?

I can't even
recollect.

It's been so long
since I let go.

Now he wants me
to try to rewrite,
all the bad pages,
and bring it all back.

It makes me sad
to know that
I am what can
make him happy,
because, he is not
what I want.



The War

Once upon a time, a young newlywed couple moved into their first home. A newly constructed luxury apartment in an upper middle class neighbored. The walls still held the smell of fresh paint. The landscaping, of the complex, had just been finished that week. This picture perfect piece of their endeavor was meticulously situated in the, college football loving, heartland of Midwestern states, Ohio.

The young couple smiled, with beaming eyes, as the new husband held the keys in his hand and proceeded to unlock the door to their future. A few weeks went by and all was well. This happy go lucky couple predictably lived their new life with ease.

It was an unusually sunny fall afternoon, as the new husband sat, at his the desk, in his office. The phone rang. He answered and smiled as he heard his wife say, in an angelic tone, that she just called to say that she loved him. This was one more moment he was grateful for.

After work that day, the new husband was eager to see his wife. He stopped at a local florist along the way and purchased an extravagant bouquet of her favorite flowers, stargazers. Then he went home to wait for her arrival. He anticipates the smile she will have on her face when she sees the flowers.

He hears a car pull up and races to the window. He sees his wife getting out of the backseat of her parents car. She looks sad and



detached from herself. He immediately jumps into a pair of his loafers, by the front door, and latches onto his first response to console and comfort her.

As he approaches her, his new father-in-law grabs him by the arm and says, "No son, you best leave her alone."

The confused husband scrambles in his mind, for a reason that could explain what may have happened since earlier to destroy her harmonic tone. He notices her eyes stare away into the homes down the street. He realizes that she hasn't once looked to him. He looks back to his father-in-law, for any kind answer or explanation.

"We are just here to help her get her things," says his father in law.

"Why?" the husband questions in a confused tone.

Then with an empty look from his father-in-law he says, "Please don't make a big scene."

Then, as though he just got tagged *it* by an empty-stick, the newlywed, husband feels the heavy heart of a hopeless situation, sinking in. Tears begin pouring from his wife's eyes as she rests them on her husband for the first time. His father-in-law repeats himself in a quiet and even more sincere tone, "Please don't make a big scene, son."

The new husband feels immobilized and sits down on the curb. Depleted of any reactions, he sits and watches what was his future



become his soon to be past. As the car pulls away, he is left feeling abandon. Newly formed divisions of trust issues and questions, which will circle his mind for days, begin to develop. His mind continuously falls back to, "Why doesn't she love me anymore?"

A pink and yellow sunrise beams light onto an untouched twelve pack of beer that sits next to an extravagant bouquet of stargazers. A tired husband has realized no more since the dark came to cover his last night. Still, he cannot pinpoint one moment that he could have passed by, which would have told him that his relationship was in trouble.

He calls off work and twenty four hours pass without any progress. He dials phone number after phone number looking for an explanation, searching for advice and hoping to feel better. He finds nothing more than he already has. Then at six-thirty, when she doesn't come home from work, he is reminded that it is real.

The next day, begins the weekend and still no word on what is going on. At 1 o'clock, in the afternoon, he sits down and begins to construct an email to his wife. He begins with *Dear* then changes it to *Darling*. Then deletes the one word and has nothing once again. He finishes after a few lines and clicks to send.

Hours pass and he receives no message back. Then before his first attempt to sleep in days he checks his email box. Inside the box is the response. He breathes in deeply before he opens the message. His heart sinks as her words squeeze his eyes. The message begins, "I am sorry. I do not love you anymore."



Words burst out in a ferocious tone, "Why do you not love me anymore?"

His composure transforms into animalistic anger. Until, moments pass and he sinks into himself. Then tears of mistrust and self-analysis plunge out in large wet drops from tired sockets. He continues reading the message. The next line reads, "I know now that I never did."

Too tired to scream, shout or even flinch, the soon to be ex-husband lets his eyes move through the lines of the message. He sees that she wants the couch, the bedroom suit, and half of anything that has been purchased during the short time they were married. She concludes by saying that they can all be delivered to her new apartment.

He responds by saying no. Then goes, gets into the bed that her email requested and falls into a deep sleep. Then in an instant, anger shoots through his heart and pours into the dark room through his eyes. The finale is apparent. His last straw has been drawn as his temperament evokes chaotic words to burst out loud, "F * * k it! I am glad she is gone."

S olitaire

I don't have a boyfriend
but I really
don't want one.

I'm complete,
standing on
my strength.

I am strong enough
and aggressive enough
to get it my way.

God made me
and divinity doesn't
make mistakes.

Caught and attracted

Inside your eyes,

I was caught
and attracted.

I was lost and affected.

It was beyond my control.

Then the moment arrived.

When you closed your eyes
and I was let go.

A pause in affection,

open for reaction,

and I said

take a second.

Let's wait for this to happen,

because I refuse

to let this happen,

until I know.

I need an honest reaction

before this can happen.

Your answer will guide

where this goes.

Keep open eyes.

Shine feelings through

starry eyed

kinetics of light.



Know what you want.
Share it all with me.
Let us be more
than bandaged
counterparts.
Let us be
the solidity and consistency
in the foundation.

I need to know
your objective.
I am more than
good for one night.
I refuse to recycle
a previously failed
formation.

I am young
but wise enough to know.
I'm tired
of chancing my soul.



C ause' *if* I

can't have you

I 'll date *your*

best friend

Goodbye Friends

My friends
don't like boyfriend.

My friends think
I'm too good for him.

And, I know
they are right
because I am.

My heart
adores my boyfriend.

My heart thinks
it's in love with him.

And, I know
it is right
because I am.

My boyfriend
doesn't like my friends.

My boyfriend thinks
I'm too good for them.

And, I know
he is right
because I am.

He said it first

I promised myself that I wouldn't make the same mistake that I already made. I promised myself, I wouldn't say I love you. I told myself that no matter what, even if I loved more than words could construct, I would say nothing.

Then it happened, in the middle of our second time together. We were in the beginning of our first long kiss. In the midst of the moment, I felt a thousand exhaling sighs of simplistic joy. I loved it. I still love the thought of it. It felt like blood-pumping chaos personified. Then it happened.

He said, "I think I'm falling in love with you." Inside, my bandaged heart, melted into mush. I knew those words were ones that were reckless and, immeasurably, dangerous to say so quickly. To me, that was the best part. I am an extremist and I adore people who follow their initial instincts and move almost too fast. He had me forever, beginning at that moment.

It doesn't matter now if it was right or wrong. Now, all that matters is how many times a day he says those exact same words with the exact same amount passion and appeal, as he did the first time. Those are the words my soul yearns to hear and to say 1,000 times a day. I don't care if they arrive via telephone or text message. I am now, undeniably, dependent upon the original emotion he evoked. Damn it!

S moked out

She sees
her mousy
matted hair
through her
small squinted
red eyes.

Strung out
frail arms
hung over herself
as she smells
the stale smoke
in her hair.

Feeling dirty,
she debates
between coffee or tea.

Standing alone
in an empty
apartment.

G ravitate

Over the years
she gravitated
toward light
unknown.

Over the years
she moved
far away
to build a home.

Over the years
she evolved
less then more
away from herself.

The V Tree

Delicate fixtures are
numerously unique.

Fragile porcelain is
each priceless piece.

Complete
with compilations of
abilities to create
significant architecture.

Apples come
from the tree.

Blossoms bloom
to live and rest.

Combined characteristics
grow and give
to grace evolution
with new breath.



Real love

follows

goodnight

with good

morning.

End of the day

What do you get-
at the end of the day?
All alone, breathing hard
to dirty web page

Screw me for you.
You need me
because I am
fine, indefinitely.

Read the rules.
They apply to you.
This is the movement,
the modern day NWA.

Click to
disconnect.
So you can
reconnect.

Wake up
to an overdue
public service
announcement.

Your power complex



is so last year.

My V- doesn't need
you here.

Codependent is history.

Conscious living
is the new blue.

EMO is coming though.

**Byber
BOOKS**

Walk of Shame

His shorts
with her top.

His shoes
are far too big,
but, she refuses
to wear stilettos
with rolled over
boxer shorts.

The tourists think
she's a sight to see.

As she sits with
no sunglasses to hide
her faded makeup, on
the midday 6 train.
Inside, the morning after
walk of shame.

S tupid S ecret

Is this a secret,
or am I just stupid
to believe-
you?

It looks like you're lying,
cause you are denying
me-
of myself.

You say, you say
everyone will know.
One day-
you say.

You say, one day
but what day
will be that-
day

I need to break out
before I turn out
and into-
someone else.

You are confusing
cause you are abusing
my heart-
with doubt.

Is this is a secret,
or am I just stupid
to believe-
you?

It looks like you're lying
cause you are denying
me-
of myself.

A lso K nown A s

There was once a guy in my life. A roommate turned friend, turned date, turned more, then less. His final place came far sooner than expected. It caught me off guard and it hurt a lot. Luckily, I know that regret is pointless. I only acknowledge choice and experience.

We were not together at the time of his departing. I had, previously, made my choice, in regards to our relationship. The choice was to say goodbye to him at the best time in our relationship. It was the time when everything was grand and amazing. The time when we could stroll central park and be the cutest couple to onlookers and blissfully chat about the small things.

In my mind, I was too young for love, commitment or settling. In my mind, I believed that because it ended on a high note, it was always an option for a later date. I assumed that there would always be time and we could pick up, where we left off, when we would be older, wiser and settled into ourselves. Since, at that time, in my mind, I was, fundamentally, convinced, that we could only go downhill from there.

This analysis did not come over night. It took time. It took a few relationship attempts and lots of mismatched starter conversations. I did realize this was a pattern. I could find the perfectly happy stage but after that came the over-thinking period. I would dwell, debate and contradict all of the possible wrong turns. Now, it seems as though I was sabotaging myself, and my happiness. I can see now that it was, just, too hard to conceive what I had never seen... a happy and functional relationship.

Not knowing
means that
you get to
make it up!



H alo

There are a few things
I never got to say.
Fear stood in my way.
Now, I'm dwelling everyday.

Waiting, while anticipating,
the one-day, when everything's ok.
As you were your halo
I'm still here.

If I could,
control the past,
I'd admit,
I held back.

Can we go back
to Central Park?
Strawberry fields,
my favorite long walk.

I want to tell you-
everything, I never said
everything,
I meant back then.



As you wear your halo,
I'm still here,
waiting to hear
anything, at all.

Pineapple

I have to tell you something.

You smell like pineapples.

And I love pineapples-

in the morning.

Every morning,

thoughts in my head

rush to imagine

waking up with you.

Come back-

and, be my first

scene-stealing kiss,

under fresh sunlight,

every morning.

Wake me with

I love you

into making love,

every morning.

S torybook E nding

Storybook ending
in a place
far away.

Magic lives in life
and rose petals
fall from the sky.

After all wrong
comes all right.
Prince charming
wins the fight
and that will
be my life.

My, Mr. Right-
got caught
loving snow-white.
The new apple of his eye
Eden's sin is fallen again.
Hell's halo is sinking in.

Carriage got towed.
Castle's up for sale.
Where's fast-forward?



I need to exhale.
I want to feel enchanted,
not taken for granted.

Is there really greener grass?
or are all the roses
just painted red?
Who killed the storyline?
Lies as motivation
and pot gold manipulation.

At the end of the day,
it's me who will save me.

This is my life
and the fairytale
can only get better now.
It will all work out somehow.

You can't pin me up.
Not my obligation,
to turn you on and get you off.
I'd rather push you off the edge
because I deserve more
than your power complex.

Forecast foreshadowed
the rain on my parade.



Your insecurity
thrown on me.
You've earned
all that you will get.

Here's your final goodbye.
That was the last time.
I am trading up for a better life
and I will have my fairytale.

This is my life
and the fairytale
can only get better now.

I kissed the frog
give me the prince.
I will have my fairytale.

Fairytales

I don't believe in love. I know it exists. I know that people can reach inside themselves and embrace whimsically delicious emotions. The trick is in the ability to continually repeat the process.

Fairytales are more than meets the eye. Fairytales are guides. They are maps to a series of purely magical thought processes. Each fairytale is a blueprint for how to create enchantment in a world where you're life is how you see it, believing is seeing and there are endless possibilities.

A fairytale can teach you not to project your past relationships on others. A fairytale can show how one should not expect their significant other to give more, to their relationship, than they are. A fairytale can remind you that if you want to be loved then you have to love. A one sided affection is not the same as a partnership or union. Most importantly, a fairytale can teach you that if you do not see what you want then it is up to you to create it.

Credits

Cover Photo

Photography by Susan Elliott of Susan Elliott Photography
www.SusanElliottPhotography.com

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Alert
Amber
by Amber Gristak



Other Works by Amber Gristak

O.F.O.N: String of Consciousness



OFON: String of Consciousness, Amber Gristak's first literary venture, is, like the author herself, packed with promise. Experiencing stereotypes, fears and angst, Amber Gristak's journey from youthful innocence to barely legal in America sheds light on the unsaid. This is the chance to view through the eyes of an all American girl.

Like most compilations, the storyline follows the author's memories. However, Gristak chooses to allow the sequence of events to disorderly run through her writing. Similar to a recollection that constantly ignites another memory.

Ironically, the focal point of Gristak's adventures is her talent and delight in language. This spark shines through her insightful identifying. The series of poems and blurbs take the reader through a variety of topics from lust driven schemes, cruel intentions, hidden agendas, skewed political outlook, body image, stalkers, lawyer lies, to insightful new looks at war and peace. Gristak has provided countless sounds bytes and succeeds in lacing the readers mind and leaving a pleasant mental aftertaste. Evoked emotions leave readers to question the insight and perception that is commonly underestimated and commonly called teen angst.

Humor: "Chicken fingers and fries does not equal sex"

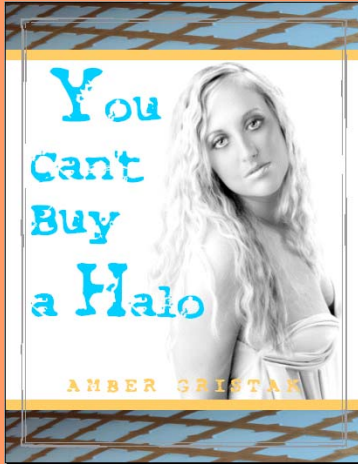
War: "What will refill, morals deceased?"

Conversation: " Kiss me"

Philosophy: "I live to make a future full of mistakes"

Anecdote: "Thanks to all this I am now a Manhattanite with an insatiable appetite for life.

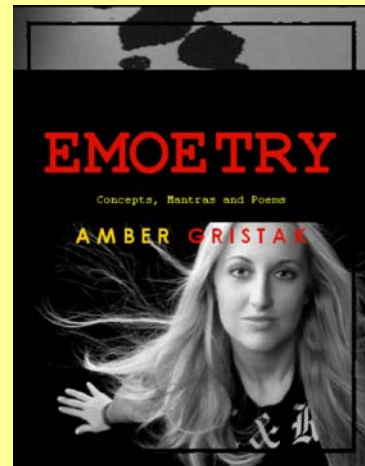




From Amber...

"In my world, death closed seven doors. Then eloquently spun a web that gave birth to this project. *You Can't Buy a Halo* is an observational reflection on the hypocrisy of modern society. The idea was to simply the reoccurring moral dilemmas of mankind. *You Can't Buy a Halo* is intended to relate to and connect with every person, while challenging media-made mediocrity."

EMOETRY is a disturbingly profound look through thought provoking concepts, mantras and poems. Gristak shoots through the starry-eyed literary pop culture to include a range of philosophical, provocative and overall daring themes. Inside the originally formatted pages, the reader wanders through a series of bold, colorful collages and backdrops of pictorial views on society. Onlooker's eyes grasp tightly to the pages as they race to take in mixtures of art, words and photos that range from graffiti art in Brooklyn to Lady Liberty. Gristak has created a new artistic avenue for writers to fill in the current literary gap between non-sense shallow and offensively deep.



"A refreshing real world look is what Amber brings you with EMOETRY!"

RYAN HALL, of New York City's Z-100

"It's humor mixed with real issues in a way that is articulate and easy to identify with!"

Aegina Angelidas, Masters of Psychology

"If you've ever felt a little insecure about that freckle on your left inner thigh then this book is for you."

David Aaron, recording artist

**Byber
Books**