

Menas mind

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Presented by

My poetic Side 

summary

Book of me

Dear future me,

Monster

Book of me

written In this book,
are the words I never said,
all the things you never knew,
on lines you never read.
on pages you never turned,
are my feelings I kept inside,
across the bridges you already burned,
are things I chose to hide.
paragraphs,poems,and late night thoughts,
messy and jumbled up,
hopes,dreams,and wishes,
to someday be good enough.

Dear future me,

**You were always worth it, you still are,
You didn't deserve it,
Nobody's perfect.
It wasn't your fault,
You're not a burden,
I'm sorry if you're still hurting.
I just hope we're not still waiting,
Constantly debating,
Making excuses for staying,
I hope you don't still hate yourself,
I hope we're not still living in hell,
I hope we're well.
I hope we're living and we love it,
I hope we get so high that only heavens right above it.
I hope we're content,
With what's meant for us, I hope we've learned to trust,
I only want what's best for us.**

Monster

who is this monster I've given my life to?

Wait just one minute I'll tell you,I'll remind you.

The one that can always find you,the one that's always just one step behind you,the one you think is asleep,a silent killer not making a peep.

A deadly predator,a thief in the night,here to take your money,your soul,your life.

It has no compassion,no empathy,no guilt,only here to take,until you finally break.

The Cruellest act of theft, until you have nothing left,

It never leaves me,just waiting for it's time, til I think I'm fine,

Then we hit rewind.