

Bruised & Scarred

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Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

These poems, would not have the passion and feeling they express,

If it wasn't for my ex-boyfriend.

Cheating and leaving me,

So thank you, Jacob.

This gave me a voice.

summary

nothing lasts forever

air

painted red

biologically in love

we?re art

little princess

When a biologist falls in love

autopsy .

choices

The seasons are changing- so am I.

I do not believe in love- because of u

what does it feel like- i wish i knew.

disorders

insomniac

teenage years

cigarettes at the bench .

dissonance .

tainted innocence .

home is where the heart is .

please, remember me when i am gone .

nothing lasts forever

When you entered into my life,
I thought you were a gift from above.
I had dreams about being your wife,
is it crazy to say I was in love?
But now our love is far away,
and all the flowers you gave have begun to wither.
I blamed myself on why I couldn't make you stay,
be the snake you are and continue to slither.

air

your touch,
was as required
as the oxygen,
i inhaled every second
of everyday,
as i took advantage,
of the sweet air that filled
my lungs,
now you're gone,
and i can't breathe.

Painted Red

i am a canvas,
i was born so pure,
my skin untouched by
society.
but the point of a canvas
is to not remain blank,
so as i grew up,
the people in my life
lifted
a paint brush
and
stroked it
against my pale,
smooth,
porcelain skin.
the first color
i can remember
being covered in is
red,
my cousin,
covered my
young,
five-year old skin
in red.
he painted me,
aggressively,
in places that
you shouldn't touch on
a five-year old girl.
and that was the first time,
i wasn't the pure,
pearly white canvas
anymore,

but i was red with
anger,
i was red with
evil.
and as i grew up some more,
colors of all sorts colored
my skin
to tell the story of my life.
yellow;
happiness,
blue;
sadness,
green;
envy.
but all of those colors,
could never cover the
old,
eleven-year old
red paint,
he left.

biologically in love

when you're around,
you make me feel all warm inside,
hence,
we are warm-blooded mammals,
but you make me feel like
the liquid state
of gallium melting,
at room temperature
and
when my cornea meets with yours,
you give me
pre-mature ventricular contractions,
sorry,
i mean,
you make my heart skip a beat.
and speaking of hearts,
are you a red blood cell?
cause you take the oxygen away from my lungs,
and straight to my heart.
which causes me to
undergo anaerobic respiration
because you take my breath away.
but that's okay
cause,
the way your major and minor zygomaticus muscles contract,
make my dopamine levels go all crazy...
i wonder if that's a dominant or a recessive trait,
cause,
i'm working on punnett squares on what
our offspring would look like,
and basically what i'm saying is,
i want your gametes on the epithelial layer of my...
female reproductive system..

by that i mean,
i want to be close to you.
like the double-helix strand of a DNA molecule.
you must be the one for me
since my permeable membrane let you through,
and even if my amygdala isn't fully developed until i'm 23,
you still make my oxytocin levels rise.
i don't care if this is natural selection,
cause,
i selected you,
naturally.

we?re art

our bodies are like art,
different sizes and shapes,
beautiful shades of color,
covered with chips and scratches,
of which makes us all unique,

but we cloak them from the world
like there's something to be ashamed about,
because we don't feel perfect.

art is not supposed to be perfect,
Da Vinci made mistakes on the Mona Lisa.
but we still admire it even 506 years later
because she's different and beautiful.

why can't we uncloak what we hide away from the world?
our pasts that have been plastered on to our bodies like erased sketches on a canvas
from a struggling artist.

we are the struggling artists, and the artwork combined into one being,
because eventually that struggling artist,
will make something beautiful,
it just takes time
and experience.

little princess

Mama.

Help me.

Your little princess is in distress.

There is little voices in her head that she's gonna end up dead.

Mama.

Help me.

I'm broken.

I'm damaged.

No amount of pills or therapy can save me from these gruesome thoughts that flood my head.

Day after day I feel like I'm growing more and more insane.

Mama,

Save me.

I'm slowly dying,

Here I am,

flicking the ash of my last cigarette on the edge of which I call my home.

My thoughts are too strong,

So,

save me.

before I fall.

When a biologist falls in love

I am scientifically in love with you.

As my thoughts of you pass through my temporal lobe and into my amygdala,

When I see your perfectly constructed face

My myocardium muscle starts to beat faster and more aggressively.

The way I crave your kiss is unfathomable, the only thing I can blame is my dopamine levels when your lips connect to mine.

And when you leave, I try to convince myself I'm fine.

But my lack of serotonin says otherwise.

I am so in love with you.

As my thoughts of you go through my head, I fall more in love and my emotions always seem to get stronger.

When I see your handsome face,

My heart beats a mile a minute.

The way I crave your kiss is unexplainable,

The only thing I can blame is my feelings for you when your lips connect with mine.

And when you leave, I try to convince myself I'm fine,

My sadness says other wise

I am so scientifically in love with you.

autopsy .

Autopsy-

"a postmortem examination to discover the cause of death or the extent of disease"

One day that'll be done to me,

They'll open me up,

Which is scary to me

'cause I don't open up to people easily.

They'll discover things,

They'll test me.

They'll see all the damage I have done to me

They'll see all the damage you did to me when you were around.

When they look into me,

There will be an esophagus that has been eroding since I was nine,

There will be a colon that is damage due to my laxatives abuse

showing that to myself I was never benign,

There will be my heart that slowly started to wither due to my malnutrition and excessive use of diet pills.

They'll look into my open body and find out my secrets.

They'll see my lungs black, full of tar from the cigarettes I've been chain smoking since I was 15 to curb my hunger.

They'll trace back the Prozac I was put on because of you.

They'll look into my brain and see the lack of dopamine I produced

And it won't be hard to see on the reason I died.

I don't open up to people easily,
But one day,
I'll have to.

choices

I was put into this body without a say,

I was given this mind without a second choice.

Taught how to live by my parents so I can one day be off on my own,

I never asked to live,

But here I am,

I am breathing.

There isn't much I can do about it.

I was born with love and compassion in my heart for others but all my hate is for myself.

Mental disorders piled high, weighing me down, like a ball and chain on my mind.

Anorexia, Bulimia, Depression, Anxiety, Bipolar, OCD.

And all I see myself as,

Is a problem.

I see myself as everything I was diagnosed with.

But I have to live with it.

I have to live with the agonizing thoughts that scatter my mind without a second of peace.

Everything I was born with was not a choice,

But the choice I have is if I live one more day.

The choice I have is attempt recovery and have a quality of life.

The choice I have is to love everyone and show kindness that I wish I could give myself.

I have a choice to see everyday as a blessing and appreciate the world around me.

I have a choice to be happy.

The seasons are changing- so am I.

Summer-

The world is so bright,
Flowers are blooming,
Looking so graceful.
The sun is beating,
Heating the air around us.
As I stand-outside,
The insects crawl around my bare feet,
Just trying to survive like all of us.
Freedom surrounds little towns everywhere,
Of teenagers having the time of their lives.
The world is so active.
Happiness and beauty fills the air.

Autumn-

Vibrant leaves fall around my small body,
Scattered on the ground,
Carelessly laying there,
Being so gracefully beautiful,
Waiting for the breeze to fly them away,
To explore the world around them
I wish I was that way.
The world around me brings peace.
The smell of burning wilted leaves fill my lungs with such a enchanting scent.
The sound of laughter fills my ears as I see children gather onto a yellow bus going back to school.
Happiness is all around.

Winter-

Snow covering the beautiful world with white making it so bright yet,
so dull.
Staying inside because
the bitter coldness is too much to withhold,

The ice-kissed windows looks so brilliantly constructed as if someone made it.
The world seems so lifeless,
So bare,
But so pure,
But at night when the holiday lights,
Overcast the snow with beautiful colors,
You can't help but stare.
If only I were to hold such beauty.

Spring-
The world comes back to life.
Effortlessly warming up the air around us.
The animals come out of hibernation,
The insects start their lives again.
The flowers start to come alive again,
Unforgettable shades of green covers the ground and the trees,
Which seems to happen over night,
More people are out,
Enjoying the brisk weather.
Not yet perfect,
But beautiful
And appreciated.

I do not believe in love- because of u

I do not believe in love.
There are no sparks.
There are no butterflies.

You give your
Happiness,
Trust,
Everything into just one person,
Praying that they keep it safe,

But they don't.
And you become bitter,
You will never feel the way you did,
Ever again.

And people will come up to you,
And ask,
"Who broke you?"
And I cry whenever I want to say your name.
You hurt me beyond compare
But it hurts me more to hate you.
Because you were once my everything.

But I do not believe in love,
I cannot believe in love.
I don't want to be in love,
I can never love someone like I loved you,
And you took it all from me,
You stripped it from my heart
And tore it from my hands.

I do not believe in love.
Because love doesn't exist.

Only pain does.

what does it feel like- i wish i knew.

unloved.
not loved or cherished.
my conscious floods with this word.
is this what i am
or what i feel?
i cant bare to grasp,
to feel,
to know,
to accept,
what being loved
feels like.

unworthy.
lacking value; undeserving,
why do i feel this way?
why do I feel so
undeserving of
love,
affection,
loyalty.

my mind races,
endlessly
making eternal,
never ending,
infinite,
spirals in my head.

why do i have the ability to feel hatred,
but the inability to feel,
deserving
of
being

loved?

why does being loved

feel like something

so,

unfathomably difficult

to

endure?

disorders

Nothing seems to be getting better,
my mind changes as quick as the weather.
One minute i'm happy,
and the next i'm sad.
What did i do
to deserve all these thoughts,
that are so bad?
Some days I eat and some i restrict,
I thrive off losing weight,
kind of like an addict.
Nights are the worst for me,
I cannot remember what it's like to dream.
I'm in a daze,
i'm realizing all of these disorders
are not a phase.
I cannot stay happy.
I cannot fall asleep.
I cannot bare to eat.
All these disorders are elite.

insomniac

Sleepless nights are a routine
What does it have to take just to dream
I'm only fifteen and I'm worrying about things that are unclean and unseen.
I'm in a daze.
I'm realizing it's not a phase.
I haven't slept in nearly a week.
My mind is going to freak
No one knows
No one cares
That sometimes the only sleep I get
Is in a school chair
I can't fall asleep
this disorder is elite
I'm begging and crying
As my eyes are prying
At the sight of my bed
But I guess the only sleep I'll ever get
Is when I'm dead.

teenage years

welcome to the teenage years,
where our juice boxes turn into vodka,
our oxygen is polluted with nicotine.
and birthday parties now mean,
slumped over a toilet on the bathroom floor
on verge of alcohol poisoning,
while your best friend is screaming for help in the room next door.
welcome to the teenage years,
once upon a time,
if a boy touched you,
you'd get cooties.
but now,
you let a boy you never met
feel you up in the bathroom stall during passing period,
just because he's cute and he snapchatted you a 8/10 rate that one time.
welcome to the teenage years,
our enemies are no longer our siblings,
but are now,
the ex best friends you lost over a guy,
so now they try everything they can to break you,
as they tell everyone your darkest secrets.
welcome to the teenage years
drugs used to mean what you needed when you were sick,
to get healthy,
but now
theres two girls that pop xanax and vicodin in the bathroom daily,
to just feel something, other than their fathers fists against their jaw because they didn't have
enough to pay the utilities.
welcome to the teenage years,
funny how our parents used to be our biggest fans,
but now,
they're our biggest critics,
making us find ways to stay away from home for as long as we can, because we know as soon as

we walk in that door, we're told everything we're doing wrong. instead of everything we've been doing right.

welcome to the teenage years,

where you'd kill to be sad over those stupid little things again,

because you now have depression and you're trying to find the pros and cons to keep yourself alive for just one more night.

but,

there's now only pros of hanging off your ceiling.

all cause it's too hard of a fight.

welcome to the teenage years,

who knew growing up would be depression, mental illness and drugs.

or

turning to a blade just to feel something other than wanting to die.

and we all wanted to grow up.

cigarettes at the bench .

together,

we took pieces

and fragments

of our broken pasts

and built a home within each other,

this is where we found comfort and peace.

dissonance .

your voice-

every syllable,

every consonant,

derived from your mouth,

used to articulate the words you eloquently speak to me with,

fill my ears like a plethora of orchestras

all playing different chords,

making perfect dissonance.

Captivating me,

your voice,

your words,

are so unfathomably

alluring.

tainted innocence .

your broken innocence shone through you,

like the sun beaming,

belligerently tearing through the clouds

after an unwelcome thunderstorm.

who were you?

before your purity was mutilated,

before your perception of this world was blemished,

before your,

every sense of protection and safety was stripped

out of your

young,

trembling,

damaged hands?

who are you now?

do you even truly know?

have you been running your whole life?

just to find a home

to where you feel acceptance?

but,

you only continued to feel restless-

in every home,

you opened your arms to.

giving you no place to settle.

you make your past pain

so subtle.

yet,

you use it in such a way

that is so intelligent

and somehow pleasant?

with each experience

and story

you share,

we find the ones

we resonate with,

together.

And with that said,

you

and

the stories-

you have shared,

provided the warmth and light

i didn't know i needed.

i was then,

able to grow again,

right beside you.

home is where the heart is .

someone asked me

to describe what home is like,

so,

i gave the most immaculate description,

words that can fill a novel,

about your embrace.

you are my safe place.

you are home.

please, remember me when i am gone .

As swift as the leaves fall off of a 50-year old maple tree during the ripeness of fall, is as quick as I leap to my feet when you ask for me. I give and I give, they take and they take and I am left with nothing but the bleak existence in the minds of those who I have helped- that I will do it over and over again. The sad truth is that they are right and will always use that knowledge to their advantage.

No matter how much mental agony I am in, no matter how exhausted my mind and body feels, no matter the emotional turmoil I am in, I will keep giving as if I have the world to give, even though I am left with minuscule crumbs at my feet and told to make something extravagant out of it, for myself.

Why do I do this to myself? Why do I jump over mountains for those who would not even step over a shallow puddle for me- unless it to their convenience of course. The only way one will help me is only so I can get back on my tired, aching feet and make their lives blissful once again.

Although I would never fall too far into my own demise because I have too many of those dependent on me to stay afloat. I do not have the time to take a rest and embellish into my sorrow and stress. I have found that if I do- others will sink and I will take my exhausted, beaten down self into the current to rescue them, but hurt myself. I fight and I give until I am left with nothing, just to see those thrive while they make it safely back to the shore, and they will just watch me fight to keep my head above the aggressive waves of all that is "needed" of me.

Constantly, the people I have helped, I am in their shadow- a shadow that I am the creator of. All of the praise they receive is because of the work that I did while ignoring my own. The mistakes they are able to hide are because I hid them in a lockbox and laid awake for nights just to find solutions to their issues while excusing my own. The pain they used to feel is now vacant because I have made it my own.

These expectations of me that others withhold are dragging me down to the deepest depths of the oblivion those call Hell. I am ruining myself, all in the name of being a Saint. But, how can I possibly be a saint if I am one loose finger away from losing all that makes me good? How much more can people take from me until I am nothing but an empty void of what once was a happy human being? Why do I kill myself all in the name of being a good person, when I do not get recognized for my self-demising deeds to benefit others' lives? I am watching myself lose all that is left of my sanity, all that is left of my drive to be what I have always wanted to be.

I am not longer a human, but an aged carpet damaged and stained by the mistakes of those who took advantage of its purpose. But although the stains still lie deep within the seams. They are not yet ready to throw me away, because they have not found a better one to fill the senseless purpose of being walked all over.

Sympathy is not what I am in search of. I never have wanted it, I never will. But, I do feel sorry for myself at times. Looking back at all I have done to protect people, have just twisted another knife into my chest. I give my everything to those I love and cherish, even those I barely know. And for what? All I have gotten is a thoughtless "thank you", a manner that is commonly learned during youth. I am not looking for a parade in honor of me, I'm not looking for a medal to wear around my neck so all those can adore me for what I have done. I am just looking for someone to tell me that I do not need to do this to feel valid in this world. I need someone to tell me that these unfathomable acts that I destroy myself for are not going to make me loved.

This sense of remorse that is mutilating me with its grip is not about the countless amounts of money I have spent when it was my last few dollars to get me through the week, the tiresome nights I spent doing an assignment for someone else while neglecting the one that is my own, or making issues one is enduring my own so they do not need to feel them as badly while ignoring mine that is collapsing onto my chest making my vision blurry. I am nothing but a problem solver to them, that is the truth and the truth hurts, But what hurts more than that is that at the end of my existence, I just want to be remembered as someone who was kind and generous. But, it seems as if I will be missed for the things I did, rather than the person I was. I will be missed for the ease I gave people a sense of rather than the vibrancy of my laugh. In the end, after all of the rehearsed speeches are given, and I am laid to rest. I will slowly drift out of everyone's conscious minds, they will move on within a few months, and forget about me but not about how easy their life was when I was around. That is the truth, and the truth hurts. But what hurts more is my value of giving rather than my value of being.