

# A Toast to Life

Bianca Guay



Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## Dedication

*To all who believes in me and those that will come to know me through my writing.*

*Especially my late- grandmother, Mrs. Margaret.*

## Acknowledgement

I would like to thank my family because they were the first to enlighten me in poetry. The first poem they ever brought home to me is a poem that currently hangs on my wall. It reads... " Success is failure turned inside out- The silver tint of the clouds of doubt- And you never can tell how close you are, It may be nearer when it seems afar: So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit- It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit." That poem sticks with me every time I write or simply in anything I do. I also would like to thank my friends that told me I should publish my writing. Their encouragement holds all of my gratitude. All the love, BG.

## About the author

Bianca Guay (Pseudonym) is a regular girl growing up in Louisiana. She is 16 years old and loves to write ceaselessly. She is an aspiring ballerina training all the time. Bianca loves her family deeply and loves life as it is presented to her.

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## An Entry + Someone Else

An Entry....

I never thought much of the world.

I saw myself as cruel and naive as the next person.

I've had my heart ripped out, and somehow i can still breathe.

Someone Else...

I've thought much of the world.

I never saw myself as who I am, because I don't know.

I listen to everyone decide who I am, and somehow I can still breathe.

**~I See~****I see.**

I see the *blame*, the *hurt*, the **pain** in your eyes. The kind of eyes you say I'm fine with, the ones you *lie* with, because you're not and you fear people will never understand.

**I see.**

I see the joy you create in bringing others down. The **light of your life** to bring tears to stain my eyes with. The kind of stain that is unremovable.

**PERMANENT.**

A permanent phrase repeated to **seep** into your skin that hurts you which causes you to bring others down;

*But I Never Knew.*

I never knew that someone like you could hurt too, but you did. And **you hurt uncontrollably**. You didn't mean to but *still...* you did and *still...* you continue. Even in the aftermath of your presence being gone you *still* hurt.

**I see.**

I see you at your worst when everyone tears you down yet I still sit, because I think you deserve it.

*And that's why you're gone.*

**Because of me.**

I would sit through your pain and I never stopped your retaliation.

*That's why you're gone.*

You're gone because *I was blind*, but *saw to sit*, but *never* to stand up.



## This Isn't About Me

In the mirror there is a girl I know.

A mean girl that confidently picks on my features to shut me down.

And.. I let her.... I know I shouldn't but I can't help but listen. I know she's lying but I can't help to believe her. A reflection **so** cruel it *shatters* my ability to smile.. so I cry. Tears sting my eyes and stain my face, my mascara runs, and it ruins my makeup only for you to make it worse and ask what's wrong. "*I'm fine,*" I say and I fake smile and "confidently" walk the line of life I **want** to end. You ask if I'm sure and I ignore you when I shouldn't have.

Gradually the day gets worse as the girls at school hungrily pick at me as I starve myself. They eat up **my** happiness to boost their confidence. At the end of the day I go to the corner of my mind and repeat all they said to numb the pain as I cut the vein and bleed.

Outside the mirror there is a girl I know.

A shard of shattered glass.

A girl that needed a compliment to save her life but it was too late. She cut too deep this time, but it was deep enough to relieve her emotional pain.

## ? Always ?

You make me feel everything. **Infinite**. You make me wonder the concept of forever.

It frightens me.

You make me do unexplainable things unheard of. It stumbles me. But I see you.

And you get *me*.

You understand my being and we get personally involved. And we evolve as **one**.

Everlasting. Love never fails. A sporadic love we can't control. Flowing in sync.

Yet we still can't control it. Loving with all of our hearts. Supporting each other through anything we do. Late Nights awake talking, falling asleep all day, only to repeat this everyday. Until the day I run and **smash** into you because I have you right in front of me.

## NUMB

I'm angry, you taught me how to punch walls. Giving it a piece of mind wondering what you're doing now. Trying to forget all the times we yelled..trying to forget all the times I cried.....

feeling *shook*, wounds not close to healing. I am bleeding a new life for myself. A safer one full of cleanliness, healthiness. Ever since I **confided** in myself I became better no need to cry for you....

*wait for you...*

I am truly *fine*.

I'm smiling for real now. Light is restored within me. I feel beautiful. While you were with me I felt ugly, like it had a whole new meaning, but all along I kept my ears open to unnecessary things.

**BRAINWASHED** to follow your direction and stop myself from breathing.

I was numb to the pain you caused, **DRUGGED** to think I was *okay* but I *wasn't*.

I was slowly dying.

## woman

Sway Back and all I am a WOMAN.

Curly to straight hair I am a WOMAN.

Big chest and small waist I am a curvy WOMAN. Many assets make me.... ME A BLACK WOMAN a FREE WOMAN.

I give my life for another person to come into life.

I am a PHENOMENAL WOMAN, poised with greatness.

I am a CARELESS WOMAN which means I speak my mind.

I am an OPEN WOMAN easy to be read.

I am a JUDGEMENTAL WOMAN slow at that. I am a FORGIVING WOMAN, quick at that.

I am a YOUNG WOMAN. I easily make mistakes but I am a PERFECTLY IMPERFECT but don't think just because I'm a WOMAN, I am *lesser*. Just because I came from your rib does not mean I am *lesser*.

**Last time I checked** God put Eve in the garden to *watch* Adam. And frankly you come out of me and *I.... I* give you a name.

## Seeing Red

If you aren't willing to understand, then that's okay. I didn't expect you to anyway.

If you aren't willing to listen, then that's okay too, because I didn't expect you to either...

but it would be nice every once in a while--- if you would, to help me with my stamina. At the moment its unbalanced and I'm weak. I AM NOT strong. I need a push every once and a while to keep me from slowing down. Some distraction to help me OR something different because this isn't helping any.

Nothing is working I'm *Seeing Red*. Nothing is clear, my vision is blurred, nothing is mattering, my world is shattering. Crumbling, Tumbling, Over.

Not down...Over.

Soon to become **USELESS**.

## All I Ask

and i ask, "what is there to life?"  
and you say, "nothing, nothing at all."  
and i ask again, "what is there to life?"  
and the internet says "ask reddit."  
and i say frustrated "i want a true answer."  
and so; my question stands.  
"What is there to life?"  
and God says "Love."  
and i say "i can't tell."

## The Soft Stone

I lay on the cold hard ground waiting for you to break on me, to fall apart, *just* so I can get to know you. Because *maybe* we have something in common.

I'm tired of being alone and the rain doesn't make it better and I don't want to make a **stone house** to someone who doesn't deserve it. I want to belong, but not in a way that when **you** break eventually, **you** the shard, hardens suddenly; and we never find peace...

Please give me the chance I deserve because I'm giving you my time.

A time that *waits*. A time that is *patient*.

A time that *heals*. A time that *binds*.

A time that *loves*. A time that is *kind*.

## I Am

I am..... selfish, I am kind. I am meek. I am wild. I am crazy, uncanny. Indescribable, undeserving of life I *am*... a woman. I get happy. I get sad. I get periods once a month.

But I am capable. Capable of ending and starting it. I am a spark. A ray of hope for myself and anyone listening. I make mistakes though I wish to be perfect. Even though it's not possible. I even wish to not make others so angry.

But of course I'll mess it up soon and they hate me. I am *never* right. Like a child I wish to be. So I can make a decision instead of them doing it for me.

I am a *colored* woman built to stand for myself. I am an *angry* woman made to fight when disrespected. I am a *lonely* woman inside her own thoughts thinking up a perfect day living the next day as a holy woman. **GODSPEED.** I am the woman created.



## It Isn't Okay :/

It's all good, but let me explain, *it's been that way since the beginning.*

You assumed and I screamed at you out of hurt.

A *broken* soul in *reality*, A *smiling* soul to show *normality*, A *cowardly*, *fragile*, *destroyed*, soul not understanding of the concept of *mortality*. Phased by your "softness" into **cold demeanor**. A battle I didn't want to get into. You **are...**

*"My Tragic Hero."*

And you broke your promise, you laid your hand upon the lamb and made it shed when it was wild. I wouldn't have ever thought that you would. But *you did* and I can't go back. **Major** trust issues flow from you.

You claim you hate me but I'm still within you;

### **Why is that?**

I try to look at the bigger picture like how you made me *smile*, but now you got me *bitter*. Your wild way of thinking kicks into overdrive and yet I stayed, when I should have left.

*Earlier.*

That moment I lied awake thinking of you waiting for you to respond *and you never did.*

## The Lucky 13

You're the reason why. **Listen**. I wish you didn't walk out on me. I wish you didn't listen to me *all at once*. I wish you didn't plan it. I wish you weren't afraid. I wish you didn't watch me. I wish you would've spoken. I wish you would've called and I wish you didn't **slap** me. I wish we were friends again. I wish you didn't **rape** me. I wish you wouldn't have published me. I wish you didn't close the door. I wish you loved me. I wish you would've admitted. You're the reason why.

## Can I Be?

I pay attention to you, even when you don't think I do.

I listen to you even when you aren't speaking. Your words fall like *air* enough for me to breathe.

My words in thought fall in my heart.

I watch you from a separate distance enough for you to wonder where I am.

Can you find me? Are you even searching?

Am I your lost thing you forget about until I return.

Where am I placed within you? Am I in the back part of mind? I fear to be there; Can I be elsewhere?

Can I be beside you in your precious thoughts, the ones you speak aloud;

Can I be apart of the memories you create, the memories you are bound.

## Controlled

" Though they go mad they shall be sane, Though they sink through the sea they shall rise again  
Though lovers be lost love shall not; And death shall have no dominion." ~ From: Twenty-five  
Poems; And Death Shall Have No Dominion by Dylan Thomas

I have my days, all the time, I go crazy when I'm upset, yet I still have control. Many a times have I  
felt depressed because I wear my heart on my sleeves.

Yet, I am bold.

I speak regardless if I sink in the sea because I matter.

Even if you think I don't. I'm confident now and forever free of listening to you because I tune you  
out.

You try to tame me but I can't be. Since I can't be tamed by your hurtful sayings, it saved me.

And it's my new love floating like a cloud that can't be lost. Even on days where I feel like dying.

My death shall have no dominion.

## From He to She

Oh she, she whom I love. She who consumes the most of me. She that listens to me. She who is a part of me. She who is with me wherever I go.

Oh she, she my friend, my friend who knows me. She fulfills me nicely, sweetly, lovely. She cares for me wholeheartedly. She's the one who cured me. She found me willingly. And frankly, I will never forget how.

## What I Saw vs. What It Is

When I was little I didn't see color. I liked it better that way but in some sort of way I would see color. I remember the moment I cried really hard for the first time. I was in 1st grade, and we were learning about Martin Luther King, I was the only black girl in my class ALSO the only dark skinned person in my class. So naturally when we were learning about judging those not by the color of their skin but by the content of their character everyone looked at me. (Sadly that is only a few of the lessons I remember reading in first grade along with Mae Jemison and Abraham Lincoln. As I got older Sojourner Truth and Phillis Wheatley were my influences.) Later that day, people in my class apologized to me as if I casted a curse to hinder them but as a child I accepted them and assumed they were the cause of racism and were truly sorry. Unfortunately the loving world didn't last long because the next day they took their apologies back. I felt as short as I was, so I was picked on but not as nearly bad than in the years to come. I shed out of my skin wishing for a different color; **AS IF** I could be painted a different pigment. **"NO MORE MELANIN"** is what I would think. **BUT**, I never knew they echoed what they heard at home. The following year became worse. And each growing day **more** worse. Did I mention history used to be my favorite subject? Oh, well it was until I stopped hearing about my influences, the ones who compel me to write, (Sojourner Truth and Phillis Wheatley) and I needed that in middle school because they made me feel proud to be me. A BEAUTIFUL MELANIN DARK SKINNED GIRL. Sadly, there would never be a black history month or slavery lesson ever white washing the world as if taking my freedom isn't enough. Sorry, my ancestors freedom. I'm blessed enough to be born free. Racism is taught not birthed.

## Our Official Tug of War

When you scream, when we fight,

**Do I ever cross your mind?**

I know you see my glossy eyes behind the brown iris covered in sheets of tears. Immediately they fall into a river of tears and it pours like rain from the thunder of your voice it frightens me that you'll cause an earthquake with your mouth aloud and yet...

**Do my feelings ever cross your mind?**

I know my well-being is everything it offers so you saying you don't care....It is the *brick* your heart has become.

The *epitome* of couldn't care less.

## Peachy (Love Galore)

So what happens if the person I like doesn't like me back? Do I sit there and cry? How am I supposed to feel if I thought it was going somewhere? Clearly I don't have a quality you want but that's okay. I *accept* myself. I am okay and **that's** truly fine. I know they say love is blind, but you can **see** when people **LIKE** you; I like you . Even inside my broken, full of madness, home, you are my light at the end. You are... that little smile that makes me less depressed. I fell in love with your heart of gold. Home is *truly* where the heart is. So much as to where you belong to a temple, that has a shrine, that holds the *tabernacle*, filled with the body of my love for you. So much so that it **causes** me to make myself be okay with myself all because I didn't know how to feel, but was willing to let you go to see your happiness.



## Tasting Berries

His love *drips* from my mouth; and seeps to another, a sour taste, like *raspberries*, because that's all I know. He leaves a mark on my easily bruised skin. 1 for every lie he's ever told me. And it goes for every sentence he's said;

*"When are we.....?" "What if we.....?"*

It's funny how his ego is bigger than his heart and head, but last time I checked he painted art for my name and who I come from.

*He filled me up with the taste of strawberries,*

that no longer have flavor. So it's no longer my favorite fruit. The taste of *bitter sweetness*; A *watermelon*; spews out "I love you." And out of all the lies you told **"I love you."** was my favorite.

## Shut In Shut Out

So the girl in the closet;  
How long has she been there;  
decaying, out of her mind?

Does she know there's a conclusion, or is she always told there isn't. *What kind of a life* is this without us being able to see her precious dreams if she stays shoved and locked up away not being able and afraid to come out?

*"Isn't she dead?"*

See decaying isn't always a sign of death. it can be a sign of breaking: A SACRIFICIAL MOMENT and I for one know because I used to be her, the girl in the closet, and even though I was decaying, ***I felt safer being in my head.*** My dreams are my dreams and I'm very protective of them. I protect them from the people I call nightmares who might try to break them; I am decaying for the reason that I'll never come out and show you my dream. You not helping and not touching it was better than decaying because you broke me in all ways possible. I lock myself away in fear so you won't get in the way.

## End of the Road

That time has come.

It's here, right here, right now.

The tip of the iceberg.

I am outdone.

The Dark Ages filled with tears because the "tear" of my skin leaving a scar. Baking the makeup to "make-up" a smile that isn't even real.

Where is the true happiness?

I feel broken, but then again everyone is a little dead inside. We just have trouble knowing that we are. Many of us cover it up by saying lies about others. Even the significant ones. And **many** confide in their lies to cope with themselves. It's not a great thing but I can't deny myself to lying to myself to make me feel better.

Because I am better.

Better than that.

It's not enough to lie to be or feel pretty. Flaws are what make me. So even then they will shine through the Dark Ages. And Dark is Beautiful because my skin says so.

## "The Chronicles of Loving a White Man as a Black Woman in a White World"

*I kiss the sign of death as if it is a reminder that I've been sleeping my life away.*

I dream of a life filled with love, compassion, and most of all hope. I dream a dream that I wish to be stronger than **what** I am and I dream of a dream about *you*.....That you will understand me as I understand you.

**Because.**

*I pay attention to you.*

*I never lose sight of you.*

*I know you like I know myself.*

But even still I wish **you** knew me.

Because I know you like the way grass grows on a clear sunny day enough for it to be mowed down and chopped away like the words you speak unto me full of carelessness, under statements **and so on and so on.**

I think of you in the way God created; *Pure and Good*; because I know I was put here for something important even if it's little but worth so much more I think of you in the most unholy way; *Lust*; Like the way your arms embrace me in a hug, but I can tell you think otherwise; a **never ending** psalm of chain letters run through my mind of what you could possibly be thinking.

*I convince myself that you love me enough to try and get to you.*

*I convince myself that trying is succeeding.*

I convince myself to believe that **I have you** when really I'm being pulled away by the "sin" that is my blackness and you saying "**I am pretty for a black girl**" or you would "**only fuck black girls**" because being with a black girl is "**going against your father's will**" or "**embarrassing**" or you think black girls are "**ghetto**" and "**provocative**" or that I am your **sex toy** or I am **worth your while and thrill.**

But still in my naive heart I forgive you willingly and childishly because I want to believe you are good and that the world is good and pure in the way God created it and you itself and you numb my pain enough for me to believe that you love me and I can carry and hold on because you are the reason I'm still dreaming and crying myself to sleep by muffling my sobs into my pillow and when I kiss you you are the death of me, that I will perish and regret because you couldn't look past my sin.....

But I give you *a chance.*

**A chance to take my vow** that I made to myself that I still keep even with the slighter change *you gave me.* I forgive you. Because you used me and I shouldn't have been. I **OWE** myself to that self-respect.

Now I learned you were never humble.

*Just.....*

A jumble of lies and filled with agony that latches to my confidence and **DARE** you touch my skin and eat away at it! That I am blessed with the breast and the genital that is allowed to carry a human

being like you, but **DARE I SAY** I will take to my own accord to correct it because you are the embodiment and epitome of a user and I don't want anyone else's daughter to feel like me.

*Violated.....*

*Ashamed.....*

I want her to feel woke.

## To Him

I wrap my heart around your mind hoping to be able to read your thoughts.

Eventually I'll get there because I observe and you're pretty straightforward.

There's no fraud when it comes to you.

You provide a strong feeling that I can't deny, it burns the auburn of my heart it feels like something beyond my control.

Therefore it confuses me because I've only known to be dismissed.

Now you're scaring me because we are each others' muse.

## Rose Danielle

Like the Flower, Nothing would be as sweet as she. She would be protected and full of passion. Innocent being, not phased by anything. Courage she would believe in, love she would hope in. Naive she would never be; She would be beautifully smart. Omniscient. She would be thought as perfect, so she would rise from failure. She would be truly real and speak her mind openly. It wouldn't be harsh though she would be considerate. Unlike most individuals in the thought of mankind. She would be liked by many. She would never fear of being alone. She would never be me. Unblemished. Pure. Poised. Gracious.

## the title is what you make of it unto you

This is my time  
I'm being dramatic  
I'm honest  
I'm brave  
I'm passionate  
I listen  
I am defiant  
I blame her  
I blame him  
I blame me  
B for broken  
L for lame  
A for agony  
M for morose  
E for ecstatic  
E for elated  
E for.....Embarrassed  
It's always me  
:)))  
I promise I'm

I'm Fine.



## sickness

Hard to see you this way, worsening, deteriorating in front of my eyes. Everyday something new.

*weaker*

*sadder*

*madder*

*more stressed*

*in this home through and*

*through.*

## Because of You

because i do

because i want to.

because it's vital

because i breathe for it

because it's a necessity.

because i see no pattern

because i see no color.

because i'm drawn to you,

because of you

it's all for you.

all for you to process.

why, why

must you?

bid me good morrow

or bid me such sad sorrow.

bid me forgiveness

bid me unfaithfulness.

bid me your dreams

ecstasy dripping off the seams.

in between the gleam,

our nightmares come alive and are seen.

It's all your fault its over.

every other word is you, so it must be true.

I ask of such things that don't pertain, but i'm drawn to constant pain.

i wish i could rebuke it but its not at the palm of my hand my wrist shows every moment where i tried to disband.

the scars are left dark but the memory is left light, my heart rate speeds up maybe i will maybe i might.

NOT.

## without you

Everyday is lowkey a battle within myself to forgive myself  
because i know you won't  
and that's okay, I have me, myself, and i and we will make it through.

~ the first few of many  
days without  
you

## flat-line in conversation

You started as my one and only. My ride  
Or die. the pain i caused you is not  
Understood to anyone not even myself.

Clearly now the ties are drawn  
Unto us. and you  
Taste salt water in bitterness because of

Me and you hate me.  
Every time i cry you never hear it because you

Lost passion for me,  
Over a probable cause which caused an  
Outrage between you and i and our  
Screams were no longer pleasurable  
Evil words were said and i soon cut you off too because you became my die and took me off my  
high.

## should i stay or should i go

To which do I desert my lover for another  
Or abide by my own true heart's desire  
To leave him lonely to find myself and rediscover  
To receive something that I can learn to acquire  
To which do I bear a moment of patience  
For that I can quickly grow  
And do it without turning complacent  
So I don't reap what I sow  
In due time I will find a heart that was built for mine  
Someone who won't let me down  
or let me fall short behind  
The one who will love me all around  
and construe  
and fall all over again after every breath  
so we never misconstrue  
and since i abide by my heart  
To which do i choose.

## in and out of time

in and out of time we are connected  
in and out of time we don't conquer  
in and out of time we are unlevelled  
in and out of time we are in despair  
in and out of time we hurt  
in and out of time we flow through the pain  
in and out of time we heal  
in and out of time we make amends  
in and out of time we meet at one's end  
in and out of time we are level  
in and out of time we conquer  
in and out of time we divide

## I Was Told, I Followed, Yet Whom Did I Do It For?

I was told to trust you  
He said don't  
I sat in silence and confusion  
I felt alone regardless  
I turned away  
But found many friends  
I spoke up  
Yet I'm still quiet  
YES I SPEAK UP  
But I can be quiet  
I was told to not trust you  
He said do  
I sat and screamed  
But I felt complete regardless  
I stayed facing  
But lost many friends  
I stayed quiet  
Yet I spoke up  
YES I STAY QUIET  
But I can speak up.  
To whom?

## philosophy

**Knowledge is power** until someone doesn't think straight.

**Confidence is strong** until someone belittles you.

**Happiness a smile** until someone makes you mad.

**Trust is built** until someone breaks you.

**The key to life is there** until someone questions us.

And **doubt reigns** instead of belief.

Because **lie** is in the word **believe**.

~ Thoughts



## poetry a word

you ask why do i write poetry and i say because ***it turns my hurt into metaphors***

you ask why do i write poetry and i say because i feel a special euphoria

you ask why do i write poetry and i say because it's a distraction

you ask why do i write poetry and i say because i love the artistry

you ask why do i write poetry and i just keep writing

you ask how long have i been hurting and i say ***everyday***

Emotionally

Carefully

**Freely**

I freely write in different forms of my hurt and it's simply a mere escape

you ask why do i write poetry and i say it's for me specifically

You ask why do i write poetry and i say because it keeps me from ***dying***

You ask why do i write poetry and i say because it encourages me to ***keep trying***

although i may be crying i simply ***keep trying***

you ask why do i write poetry because like me it grows stronger each day and it is my shield

you ask why do i write poetry and i say because it binds and bonds me to myself

you ask why do i write poetry and i say it is so i can keep track of myself

you ask why do i write poetry and i say it is so i can ***cope with myself***

~ Thoughts part 2

## Kaleidoscope

when i was little i used to play with kaleidoscopes and i used to say "i wish i had a bigger kaleidoscope so i can see all the pretty crystals" As i got older the crystals got harder and stayed compact because there are two sides to every story. Take notice how i said the "crystals got harder" not "pretty crystals" because i learned quickly the kaleidoscope fooled me and the crystals were cold like stone and were never pretty. They grew up and bullied every one's confidence because it felt black and rough NOT iridescent. The crystals harden hearts fell short and stooped to such a level i didn't expect it too. and i believe that at a time they were true and maybe they were right to be the way they were but the going about it was all wrong. i know i know.....it sounds contradictory to say the way they acted was valid but the way they acted was invalid. but this the only time you will understand how i think and i understand if you become confused to what i am saying but the fact of the matter is that i've come to the conclusion that we are all confused trust me. it's not a matter of understanding it is just a matter of knowing and how to say no to your younger self or how to say yes in general to how it was you that hardened and the crystal of yourself never opened again to gain the confidence it has now to speak or how to believe in yourself that you can stick up for yourself or the matter that you matter and you always will and no one can take that away from you and you were always the iridescent crystal in the kaleidoscope and you were fooled and blind to notice that you were looking back at yourself when you were growing up the entire time.

## berry-ing myself into you

*I plant myself into your ground* hoping i would grow faster, that i could *create* more **luscious** flowers and *sweet sweet* berries enough to the point to where i was wishing all year round that the winter wouldn't dry me out or you wouldn't leave me in the fall or just wishing your true beautiful, handsome colors of your **euphoria** would bloom in the spring. but you. your once nice beautiful green leaves changed and *fell to fail* and let me down to never come back within our tree. I noticed it when your berries were sour and it rained all throughout the summer. It was like the sun never shined once. The clouds were no longer white, they were cloudy and that's when it changed. your heart changed. your vibe changed. your spirit changed and i felt useless. I had to work for your love and your sense of color. the white simply turned into gray cumulonimbus clouds and you rained on my parade. you forced my tears because somehow through that i was confused and laughed through the hurt. i even loved you in the thrill of it all. Yet the thunder hit me harder than that, which made me feel worse and regret everything.

## berry-ing myself into you (Part 2)

i plant myself into your ground hoping i would grow faster, that i could create more luscious flowers and sweet sweet berries enough to the point to where i was wishing all year round that the winter wouldn't dry me out or you wouldn't leave me in the fall or just wishing your true beautiful, handsome colors of your euphoria would bloom in the spring. but you. your once nice beautiful green leaves changed and fell to fail and let me down to never come back within our tree. I noticed it when your berries were sour and it rained all throughout the summer. It was like the sun never shined once. The clouds were no longer white, they were cloudy and that's when it changed. **You were always distant and cold like winter to fool me that you were hot as summer all year round. You never evolved with me like spring. You tore me down like autumn. But I didn't float I sank with your flood of noncaring emotions. Wishing I could let go just in order to grow. And this is why I never could.**

## chapter closes

Highschool 4 years of misery, life at a standstill, full of people you hate, people you love, people you hate, people you love, people you hate, people you love, people you devour, people you spit out and at. Everything filled with truth and lies suffering on a cross labeled highschool because society says its a bad deal like an addict on crack a society that also makes wicked good and we get reeled in. It's a place where bullies live a place that scares the living hell out of smart people but later we all beat ourselves up to make a living for our future a place that crushes our hearts because we find out our crushes didn't like us how bout they let's us know of the 1% chance we have with our crushes or about giving our time to anyone who doesn't need it but of course we only figure that out until after college. highschool is the place i also find out how to hate myself picking at my skin and my flaws apart when really my younger self didn't care about that. i only cared about what my next meal was vs. what some girls do now which is when is my next meal? do you see how twisted that is. it's not what's next it's when will it change and how does it affect. it's like an entire plague hit everyone and now our minds are fucked up and they get more fucked up cause of our "valued" intakes when it's suicidal and detrimental. everyone is worried about fitting in so much that we don't even allow ourselves to think for ourselves and we take stupidity and make it our reality at a hallucination's dis-value. but even still we do all of this under a cliques standpoint we judge beyond ourselves and think we aren't all alike when really we all are one in the same. INSANE.... i mean we go to deep measures just to tear eachother down. some of us are so low that we even betray one another. if that's not insane or psychotic i don't know what is. Just call it your midlife crisis. high school 4 years of pain, and tears, full of i don't knows and realizations. full of I have no drive, i have no confidence, who do i confide ins? how do i believe in myself if the demon tells me to think people are beneficial when everyone hurts me. i haven't grown or passed the misery graduation came and went. and went high school stayed.

## What A Girl Wants

This man is a part of my dreams  
The man makes me believe in things unseen  
I fear that the man he can be a reality  
I state that it is what it is  
I state that he is simply he  
I state that he takes my breath away and breathes back into me a simple three word phrase that holds every bit of my existence  
in him  
The man I love reflects the parts of me that I need to fix  
in ways that without context could seem you read this as a diss  
to which it isn't  
to me it doesn't need you as a subject  
nor as a predicate  
The man I love reflects the parts I love about him  
like a crystal that could hold every property  
and every bit of means that you mean to me  
A manifesto  
when I look into your eyes  
A manifesto  
in my dreams  
The way you please me  
The way you earned me  
The way you deserve me  
The way I want you  
The way I need you  
The way I feel for you  
The way I feel redeemed  
The way I feel that being with you is never fleeting  
The way I feel that electric spark when you're quiet  
Enough to fear me to wake up  
Enough to fear me more to realize it was never a dream.