

# Anthology of Parsons222



Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## summary

Maybe It's Just The New Hat

My Favourite Lesbian

## Maybe It's Just The New Hat

Walking through the town of Rochdale, getting smiles left, right and centre. This made me wonder, as the stern faced, unapproachable guy that I am, why are people smiling at me. Maybe it's because I have a child with me, a small human known as Eli, yes Eli not Ellie or Elli. This makes me wonder why people would smile at me, presuming that I am a father of this child. What do people think? I'm a struggling single father going through life, against all odds, surviving with this kid? Maybe they see him as innocence, which many adults can't say they are. Then would they be saddened if they saw a tear, roll down his cheek, or even anger? Maybe their thoughts wonder onto having a child of their own, 'look at his happy face, surely it can't be that hard can it?' They wonder. People smile to me for a moment, maybe it's just the new hat.

## My Favourite Lesbian

You were my friend, in fact one of my best friends!

I hated every little thing, I loved about you!

I trusted you, you knew who I was, in the end, none of that mattered.

In the end, everything mattered...to me.

I had such hope for you, I guess that's what blinded me from the truth.

My head said no, but my gut always said yes.

I fell into a trap, which seemed almost impossible to escape, until I found the light.

You lost one person that day and poisoned the other, its only time before she realises, maybe she's blinded too.

I can never hate you, but I can pity you and sympathise for every person, who falls into your demise.

Everything became so clear, how couldn't I see it before?!

I will never forget you, but all those great memories, we once shared, have been cursed to just tears.

How could you make me feel guilty for something I never done?! you stupid bitch!

I knew you were selfish, I knew you were a bitch, I never knew I would become a victim.

For days, you tortured my mind, no more...you deserve nothing.

With that thought, I will end this chapter, a chapter of two years, which came to mean nothing.

I never understood you, I have become grateful that I never will.