

Constant Change of Emotions

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Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

These poems are dedicated to my past, present and future self.

About the author

I have been in love with poetry since secondary school! It was my only form of escape from a world that seemed so scary and vulgar. I would use poetry as a way to splatter my emotions on a page, Being able to connect to a reader through my written emotions is what is important to me, that is why when I make poetry I focus a lot on how it is read by the reader. Each sound, how the sentences are layered out. I have always thought of turning my poems into a book of poetry made just by me. That is why when I was in secondary school I came up with the idea that the name of that book would be Constant Change of Emotion as that is what it felt like my emotions were doing to me, constantly changing!

summary

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.Freestyle.

When I was younger,
My heart could have been described as rapped up in string.
So confined,
So precise,
it would not let anyone in.
It wouldn't breathe, it wouldn't be exposed.
Whenever I heard a *knock*
The answer would be "NO!"
No to the fantasies
No to the lies
No to the lows along with the highs.
I was convinced that if my heart was raped up so thick
No one would go out of their way to pick at that string.
To try and expose the remnants that reside within.
No chances for pain
No chances to hurt
No chances to, yet again, get treated like dirt.
Just no way
And I have supposedly "loved" in the past,
Given my all
Give and
Give and
Give and
Give.
And get what after it all?
I can give to him,
Pleasure him,
Crawl and beg
Plead and cry
Do and say everything right.
To get what in return?
Laughter
Tears

Pain

Stares

Which of these link back to love?

Love and rough works,

Love and humiliation,

Love and you.

You

Were suppose to be my escape;

My exit,

To help me out of this gruesome and cruel world.

Yet I realise,

Again,

Why my heart was rapped.

Why I didn't want it un-spun

Why I didn't want love in the first place

And hid from the pain

Now,

You've added to that string.

And I too have added more layers.

Two more layers.

.Thinking Can Inhibit Sleep.

I can imagine us together
You & I
I keep on imaging us together
Cheeks & Shy
I wonder if we're compatible
Sugar & Tea
I wonder if it'll last
You & Me
I imagine us holding hands
Sand & Beach
I imagine us chilling out
Word & Speech
I try to get you out of my mind
Thoughts & Clear
You pop back up again
Mouth & Sneer
My mind won't seem to let you be
But maybe,
Hopefully,
You too were thinking about me.

.Living In A Distant Memory.

At night I search through memories
Rummage through the days we spent together...
Question where I went wrong.
Unable to see,
Unable to let go,
Unable to feel.
I replay the memory once more,
This time a different version
Wondering...
How could this girl be me?
So vulnerable,
So gullible,
So broken into two.
This broken body representing the version of me.
And then the version of you
Being torn apart so vigorously.
Replay,
Rewind,
Repeat.
Understand why you were brought to your feet.
Connect to that pain.
Realise you do not want to go back.
Again.

.The Fall.

Before she falls asleep, she listens to the air that surrounds her.
Focuses on the buzzing silence that rings in each ear.
Listens to it's rhythm.
Wonders what silence sounds like.
Before she falls in love, she contemplates if this time it's real.
Rummages through reasons why it's not.
Doubts her inner emotions. Wonders why she can't be free.
Before she falls out of love, she, once again, dissects her own heart.
Plants an internal message of self sabotage.
Contains all tears of pain.
Wonders if she'll ever find true love.
Every time she falls she leaves a little piece of herself behind.
But like with a broken glass, she still struggles to pick up the shattered pieces.

.Standing At The Edge of Despair.

One

Step

Closer

All it took was one more,

To jumping.

.Simple Love.

If you're a beat, then I'm the rhythm.
If you're the sand, then sea.
If you're the light, then I'm the darkness.
You'll always be beside me.
If you're the play, then I'm the scenes.
If you're the voice, then sound.
If you're Casper, then I'm your boo.
Each useless if the other isn't around.
And so the cycle of love goes on. Simple, but yet true.
The best kind of love you can have.
The one I feel with you.

.Long Poem To Drain Out The Passing Days.

"Nothing"

And.

"Something"

Two of the most dangerous things.

"Nothing comes of nothing"

But how much of this is true

If this "Nothing" that we talk about, represents the means of you.

And what if Nothing was a feeling.

With sounds.

One touch.

A place.

I know that this Nothing gives me reason,

to Escape.

Not specifically from the place,

In which my physical body lies.

Eager to leave,

Even more so to say my last goodbyes.

But the construction of the second person deep within,

This second controller,

That bares my pain,

My fear

My love..

My sin.

My hatred and worry,

This time from even deeper within.

So Nothing.

How does it make you feel?

Making "something" out of you.

Out of me.

Relieved?

Felt like you have done your deed?

By tarnishing all my emotions.

My way of thought.
My passion.
The heart that now can never be bought.
And now I hear of love and laugh
Coz that kinda of love
Is nothing more than a farce.

"I love you"
Commonly used words
But what do they actually mean..
When they are said,
or confessed
To the opposite human being
To you?
Are they just words.
Sounds that can be said and heard.
Sounds that ultimately mean
Nothing.
Again we come right back to this.
Nothing gets eternal bliss from my
hurt.
Or maybe it's just me.

.Cause To Stumble.

Can you hear me??
Somebody please!
My feet have blisters,
My legs, they bleed.
I run, but yet, I cannot be free.
I chain my feet with words
And bruise them with emotion.
Peel the parts that burn
For the belief that
Love equals Commotion.
Blind myself to all other concepts,
Give no reason to hear it's truth,
Dig myself a deeper hole,
Stop this race for love at the very beginning of youth.
For the fear that love,
Love equals Corrosion.
But my internal instrumentals were already torn.
Who would pray that when a love such as that dies,
Another is born?
I stumbled once again.
Ripped off another layer of my skin.
Became a slave to my own emotions.
Sank myself into the depth of darkness.
Slowly faded away.

And as I gasped for my very last
breath of life.
My line of thought traced
back to you,
Where my race for love began.
The sound of footsteps on
silent streets,
To hear your breath between

each word.

To graze your skin when our
hands would meet.

My heart you where able to lure.

But at times I am a cause to stumble.

A meddler in my own race.

Beaten, bruised, battered.

I slow down my own pace.

At first I asked if anyone

could hear me,

I now picture that you do.

Mouthing the words that keep

me going, saying

"I love you."

.Freestyle part II.

I struggle to start poems.

Stare at the screen, wishing the words would write itself.

Hoping the images in my brain transfers onto the page.

My thumb hovers over each letter trying to feel the poem.

Wanting to paint my emotions on a screen,

Love, passion, anger... hatred?

But how can one express what they're feeling with words alone?

People are so comfortable with using words to prove their words they feel at home.

But what if there were no words to rely on...

What would you do then?

.Hidden Thoughts.

At night I sit in an empty room
replaying memories in my mind.
Flicking through old dusty records, in the hopes that I would find
An explanation
For the bubbling creation of *blank* that seethes through my skin.
Referring back, trying to form an understanding of the *blank* I feel within.
But in that context it didn't make sense,
because *blank* isn't something I felt with the rest,
just something I feel with you.
And you doubt if my *blank* is real.
Because the word between each asterisk I still struggle to reveal
Hiding behind a door of thoughts I'm so used to keeping sealed.
But you set my *blank* free,
Opened a gate of intensified passion that, apparently, existed in me.
Caressed my burnt bruises that I once felt would never heal
Kissed and plastered injuries that others continued to peel.
Gave me something genuine to feel.
And now the gate that was once sealed, pours out a waterfall of emotion.
Still terrified by the thought of my *blank* only leading to corrosion. But I ache to spend each minute,
each second, with you.
So much so my heart fights a war whenever you're in view.
How can you not understand,
The way that I feel?
Don't you understand...
I *blank* you.
The word between each asterisk still not revealed.
But hopefully, maybe...
You *blank* me too.

.TRUST.

"I trust you"

Words everyone loves to hear,
Something we all hold dear.
Can it be learned?
Or should it be earned?

I love you.

If someones in love, should that be enough
for trust to grow?
I hope so,
because I love you.

But is love enough or could I give more?
Please tell me, so I can be sure.
And what is more than love? Is there such a thing?
What if i made you the mother of my offspring?

Can I be honest? All jokes aside,
when I wrote this, I cried.
I cried because you doubt my love.
But why isn't it enough?!
What more can I do, to prove my undying love for you?

I leave you with this, so please do not misunderstand the words I say.
For they are true, in every way.

From the bottom of my heart,
I love you.
And I know that you love me too.

So TRUST me when I say,

you are my everything.

I will give you... a ring.

.Bewitched.

It all ended so suddenly,
eyes shut, everything befuddled me.
Mind closed, it took me so long to see
the white curse that shone its
light on me.

Your eyes were a spell,
you bewitched me.
That's when it switched in me that your
"love" had rose from hell.
You used that love and burnt patches
of fire against my skin
M I N E.

You're lies were like a rope
chocking up my very soul.
To think,
To know,
who hurt me was my own.

You burn me again,
leaving several marks on my skin.
Smearing the remnants of
your conditioned love,
while killing me from within.

My body danced to the movement of your hands.
Not once did my ears seize to abide to your
commands.
You called with a hiss
and each time I found myself entrapped in
your kiss.

I can still taste the false truth you left
on my lips.
I can still taste your fear.
But I now understand the lie.
The lie you shared through that kiss.
The exchange of blood that bled from my lips.

I tasted your pain.
It was a pain we once shared.
But still,
that was never good enough.

.Message Deleted.

Dear Mind,
It's me again.
Drowning into the inner depth of darkness as you continue to pretend
I'm merely just another voice.
As if we have no connection -
You let me sink further
into my seas of thoughts.
Steadily,
Sneakily,
You manoeuvre around me.
Sniffing out the blood that pours out of my skin,
from the slashes and cuts you made when you dug your words in..
And ripped my last specs of love to shreds.
I am now your prey.
My defeat is set.
This date was planned from
the first time we met.
You now break me from within,
Latch harsh words onto my skin.
Tear me further apart
Rip off all my layers
Annihilate my heart.
"Are we really met to be?"
The words ring in my ears.
Submerged in an abyss,
Drowning from my own tears.

.The Door To Our Memories.

I struggle to hide my emotions at night,
My inner bruises get revealed.
The swarm of darkness that seeps into my skin starts to expose how I really feel.
And so I unfold my enveloped thoughts,
Analyse my true feelings
Rematch my swollen bruises from when people have left me bleeding
Open the door to where my scars are kept
See the scratches that you've kissed
Watch as the scars begin to close up from the thought of...
Your eyes
Your hands
Your lips...
I open the door to our memories
Go back to the place it all started
Laugh hysterically at the words spoken when parted
Flick through the times we spent together,
Trying not to over interpret what they mean
Watched the memory until the end
click
Do you wish to replay scene?
I close the door with your initials
At the top labelled "ongoing"
Shut the door tight, no further showings
Peer back at all my other door of memories
These labelled "complete"
Reminisce of when they ended and how I felt utter defeat
I remind myself that all things come to and end, and even though they do
I'll always cherish the memories I've made with you.
You'll come alive when my eyes close shut
Every moment we've spent
Every day
Even if this, right now, is just another memory I'll soon have to keep locked away.