

Senses liberated

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Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To my depression, anxiety, stress factors and hard times. To every emotion I have ever felt. Without them I would be numb inside. I would choose pain ...it reminds me I am alive.

About the author

I want to enlighten the world that mental health disorders are not sicknesses. We don't live in the witch hunting days anymore and we have to learn that even though we don't refer to it as "burnings" or "healings" or even "exorcisms" we still live in a time where we accuse people who are more intune with themselves of being sick.

Emotions create they make the most beautiful art (van gough, monet) music (Chester bennington, Chris Cornell) poetry, movies, things that make us feel too. Even if only for a moment we can capture the essence of an emotion. I believe meds numb these individuals, or take them away from their true selves. The cure to "disorders" is first in the name. The label. People fear their diagnosis because now they are labeled different. Second in the way we perceive it. Its not a sickness its a gift. We could embrace it and be more attentive to it
Suicide rates are too high and have to be changed.
People wouldn't want a way out of a world that accepted them.

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Mad Universe

I am lost.

Lost in an infinite universe that's expanding into even more infinite dimensions.

Sometimes im not even sure which one I exist in.

am I like the Cheshire?

grinning as I vanish between different realities?

dissolving my awareness when I feel the weight of gravity?

but then there are times I relate to the rabbit

I'm always late

to where i don't know

I always feel time is slipping away

but i don't know where I'm in a hurry to go

time is irrelevant if the universe is infinite...

isn't it?

I could be a twin overwhelmed with tweedly dumb questions

but sometimes ignorance is blissfully accepted.

I could relax on a leaf beneath one of the many trees

on a leaf fit for me because I perceive it to be.

and speak in what one may only comprehend as riddles

blowing boisterous overly confident smoke rings

as I explain my theories to the sheep for giggles.

sometimes you can lose yourself in thinking too much.

try to wear a hat to keep it all under one train of thought.

this overwhelming large expanding universe and all of its dimensions

alternate realities,

timelines and circumvisions,

was made to fit snugly inside of your head

along with the characters who at one time we've all been.

because outside is in and inside is out

and falling is neither up nor down

It's all an illusion we create to exist

thoughts gathered over time in a collective consciousness.

we're all mad here

just not all aware

We are the universe together separating its consciousness to compare.
our journey is our choice we made long before we could remember
when we get lost we are the voice in our head we occasionally hear whisper.
"remember that time we often wondered how it would feel?"
"to experience things through a looking glass that made things almost seem real".

Painting colors with words

Yellow

Is the warm glow of an autumn afternoon,
A sunset disappearing beyond a horizon of grey bare branches,
the leaves have escaped
In their final stages
Cluttering the ground,
Presenting a touch of amber.

Amber

burns close to the core of the fire
Intertwined with an
orange and crimson glamour.

Blue

outlines the edge of the flame
Grasping the intensity of the heat Reciprocating its melancholy shade.
But is suffocated in the presence of oxygen
In fire and in blood

Oxygen is a shade of life,
Life is a shade of soul,
and soul is the color of love.

Green

illuminates the heart chakra
Connecting us to the earth's breath
It highlights the edges of thoughts to differentiate the memories from the rest.

Pink

whispers to lavender
as they melt into the royal blue
sky's grand finale,

Silver stars

bedazzle the void of what was once illumimated by the
golden rays of the sun

The sound of every color cascades the back of your eyelids as the light of a new day hums its song.

Between here and there

You lost me somewhere between here and there.
Somewhere between guilt and perfection.
Between happiness and despair.

U never knew how to listen to me.
The things I wanted from you.
The things I needed you to see.

I was only your temporary distraction.

A drawing that you designed,
perfecting every line,
consuming all of your time,
until you realize it's slightly off and you
cant erase that one little blemish
and it can't be finished

so you crumble it up and throw it in the trash can.

I was just a project.
With potential,
Yet far from perfect.

A lie
you told yourself you needed.
A truth
you couldn't convince yourself to believe
In

When you were having a good day,
I was the universe unfolding into vast realities,
responsible for holding your moon and stars in place.
And with the swiftest slip,

I was the supernova
imploding into an endless Black hole,
the determinant of your unfortunate fate.

Such a heavy burden to carry for someone so insignificant.
The cause and effect,
the everything and nothing,
the psychiatrist and the patient.

When I was begging for attention I didn't want you to scrutinize
all of my imperfections that i tried to disguise
But while I let yours slide and looked past them,
You picked me apart creating an infinite chasm.

Between us

A relationship should be built on trust,
A oneness.
You were always too busy to cater to my loneliness
or too overconcerned with my loneliness to be busy

It was always my fault,
I was always to blame
U pointed ur finger to divert your shame.

You lost me somewhere between here and there.

Somewhere between i love you and

....

I dont care

My demons

My demons are constantly clawing at the walls I built. Begging to be recognized, refusing to be ignored. Breaking the threshold between my sanity and everyone else's reality , insisting to alter my perception of this world.

They use to whisper to me, but now they scream, and the echo multiplies their insults by 3.

You're ugly! you're ugly! you're ugly!

Insomnia steals my dreams.

The only safe place to escape the harsh criticisms of my inner me.

I hear them beckoning, mocking my pain. Laughing hysterically when I try proving I'm sane.

I keep building more walls to block them out but they attack from all sides until it's too late and I realize I boxed myself in so now,

i become my own prisoner within,

im now locked in my head in my own prison

with them.

Still screaming their insults still laughing, still mocking.

I put my hands over my ears so I don't have to hear, try to fight back the tears, but they keep talking.

How do I stop this?

A Reflection's Perception

Some days I look at her
and see remnants of the innocence she used to possess.

Other days

I don't know who this girl in the bathroom is watching me as I get undressed.

Although I know every curve and crevice of her figure,
every freckle on her face.

Every imperfection,

every flaw,

every strand of hair out of place.

She is a stranger.

Her eyes are filled with a sorrow of a self afflicted pain.

Insecure delusions of her own self worth decorated in shame.

Some days I watch her paint her lipstick on to hold her smile in place.

Other days I watch as she swallows her disguise from a bottle that grants her a small window of a pathetic illusion of a fabricated happiness.

She never cries in front of anyone,

But she cries in front of me.

I know her every expression,

even the awkward faces she doesn't let anyone else see.

She pleads for me to hold her,

but as I reach for her

she puts her arms out in defense.

She looks at me like I'm her worst enemy,

Like she hates the thought of my presence.

She constantly asks me why I exist.

My lips move when she talks,

But the words never make sense.

I try to present myself the way I would like her to be.

But I'm only the REFLECTION of a girl she used to be.

Cleaning my room today

I'm cleaning my room today

I'm airing out all of my dirty laundry

I'm changing my sheets

Saturated with old dreams

And unwanted memories that haunt me

I'm cleaning my room today

I'm rearranging my furniture to create space

Making room to embrace

Instead of escape

The outside world and all of its pain

I'm cleaning my room today

Even though I know

where everything goes in this chaos

It's an organized mess

There is a method to my madness.

I know I'll find the letter from my first heartbreak

Stored in a box

That is locked

On a shelf

on the top of my closet.

Right beside my heart

And a note

That says "please stay away, don't touch it"

I know I'll find the key to that box

In a vase still holding flowers

Withered with time

Picked from the day
I visited my aunt's grave
Who passed away
When I was 29

I know I'll find my brother's eTch a sketch
I broke
Under piles of guilt
And my mother's pain
I can't take away
And regretful words
And lost hope

I'll find everything where I left it
Because my mess is repetitive
I allow it to pile up
Saying "I'll clean it when I get to it"
Until I'm not even able to sleep at night
Because my bed is covered
In my overwhelming mess
And there's no where to find comfort
...

I'm cleaning my room today!

Unattainable Love

I never knew how much power his words still had over me until I heard them spoken to me with someone else's tongue
You ..
You ..
Yea you have to go
And no
Not the echo...
of the haunted memory
Etched into my bones.
You
This innocent new guy, that doesn't even realize the power his words have,
Squeezing my soul like a bitter lime
The fresh juice seeping into my reopened wounds, a fire burning into the fiber of my existence.
You don't even realize those aren't your words
They are the undressed synapses electrifying my memory
Untangled pure torture that follows a direct nerve to my heart and causes me to have a reflex you are not EVEN prepared for.
Yea,
You'll be the umpteenth failed relationship
And when I say " it's not you it's me "
I'll really mean it's he....
He..the voice in my head who won't let me forget
He who holds me hostage in my regret
He who raped any shred of innocence I ever possessed.
He....not me
His voice rings the loudest in my head.
And you
You mimic his words like he told you exactly what to say
To make me squirm
Like the worm on the hook when I was little and he took

Me fishing cuz he wished I was the son he didn't have.
Until that son came along and I became his trash.
You are the same
Youre him all over again
And him
and him
And him
And every failed attempt
at me trying to receive a love
He wasn't willing to give.

Depression

I dont cut myself anymore,
Doesnt make me any less of an "attention seeking whore"
I still cant cope with the cruciation of being ignored.
So I've found a new way to express my pain.
Maybe youll hear me now
Instead of allowing YOUR fear of MY unknown
Be your vindication for casting me out.
When im screaming for you to recognize my existence,
By threatening it very essence,
believe me i know life is precious,
But its not me that needs to learn this lesson.
Life IS precious !
And if u werent so selfish you would see,
You make no effort to notice someone
begging,
pleading,
bleeding
and on their knees
Screaming at the top of my lungs,
"Fucking notice me!"
But all you see is another problem,
Another glitch in your perfect program of life,
You analytically eliminate me with the press of a button,
Send me to a doctor and take away the knife.
In your emotionless world,
depression is a sickness
Your biggest fear is youll catch it if you touch me
What if its contagious?

Josh

I write because of you.

I wanted to die because of you.

I begged you to take me with you

Many a drunken night in the bathroom floor,

While pain slipped from my wrists,

But it was just another failed attempt

I'm not as brave as you.

I couldn't go all the way like you.

I know I failed you, but you left me here in this miserable place,

With the bitter taste,

Of the biggest mistake,

Of walking away,

When u obviously needed me to be there for you.

I knew you were in pain,

I know ur mother walked away

I know ur brother illuminated the way.

I know your dad couldn't give you a place to stay.

I did though,

I loved you more than anything

You were my best friend

We have endless memories

I still hear your laugh...

You never acted like it was so bad.

You never displayed the traditional red flags.

No cutting

No crying

No pity pleas

No whining.

Where did this come from?

You didn't even give me a warning.

I heard from mutual friends

You were on a bridge.

I'm convinced you were murdered,

by a stranger who looked like you,

claimed to be you,

Someone I never met.

He took your life that night.

He jumped because the guy I know would never do that

Right?

I couldn't believe it was true

It couldn't be you

Until I had to face the truth

I sat at a strangers funeral

While your father cried on my shoulder

For a guy we didnt even know.

But when I picked up the phone to tell you I saw your dad today

You didn't answer me

When I called you to ask you why you weren't there

You let it go to voicemail

But when I called to tell you I was afraid to look in the casket

And your voicemail was full

I realized I'd never hear your voice again....

The rest of my life

It hit me.

That I didn't think of my life....

How it would be...

Every day was harder than the last

Because the memories of you started to fade fast

I couldn't remember your voice

But I still hear your laugh.

It's been 5 years since the coldest December I've ever felt.

The ice on my heart I thought would never melt.

I will never stop missing you

Or wishing you

Could be here just one more day

One more hug,

One more chance

One more ..one more just one more second

But I have to accept it

There's no more one mores

it's over and time doesn't rewind

It's the only thing that keeps me alive....

Knowing that once youre gone youre gone

And there's no way to change your mind.

Sometimes we don't notice depression

The warning signs are transparent

Some smile on the outside

The cry for help disguised

They don't show any signs of being sad....

I can still hear his laugh.

Broken

It feels like someone is literally tearing away my skin with bare hands
Reaching into my chest cavity
And forcefully trying to remove my heart from my chest
Without disconnecting the veins or arteries.
They are pulling so hard they are yanking on a chord connected to my brain
That is stuck on repeat
Playing old movies like a rundown theatre
I sit all alone in
Tied to a chair with my eyelids held open with toothpicks
Tears stream
unwelcomed
Uninvited
Probably from not being able to close my eyes.
Tortured to watch these sappy ass movies that I am the star of.
I watch all the happiest moments and then the torturer replays how I ruined them all.
Shows me how it's all my fault.
Anyone watching would look at me in disgust.
If there was anyone else in this dark, eerie, theatre.
If I wasn't alone.
Again
My body is suffering a pain I tried so hard to avoid.
The last time I told myself I'll pay more attention to strangers.
I won't let them kidnap me and leave me for dead
Or worse torture me
After they have gotten all the use they could out of me.
They are criminals lurking in the dark,
Waiting on innocent prey
Looking for a girl like me
Broken
Easy
They rob me of all my dignity
Self worth
Pride

And if that's not enough
They insist on trying to steal my heart.
But I clutch on to it tightly
It's the one thing I try to hold onto
Sometimes I wish I would've just let them take it.
Then I wouldn't be here in this pain
Feeling the tugging pull from my vein
Of them still trying to rip my heart out of my chest
Making sure they take the last part of me that keeps me alive.
Fuck it I'll give it to them
Anything to end this
So they settle for a portion
Like the ones before them
Piece by piece I give it all away
So I can go back to being numb inside.
They release me from the shackles
I'm free again.
I'm safe from being robbed because I don't have the one organ that makes me vulnerable prey.
I now become the criminal
Lurking the nights
Looking for a beating heart to steal.
My turn to be the one who is in control of the way I feel.

Broader Horizons

i have strayed from the beaten path
too many times now to count.
its overgrown with crisp leaves and annoying weeds and time stands still now.
I no longer hear the sound of clock
days become nights
and yesterday's have become years ago.
the wasted space in between is all that's left now.
the moment that the earth stops spinning
the ground moves the clouds shine and the sun shades.
the moment where ive realized everything is fake.
so I spin the kaleidoscope to see things in a different pattern
and live my life like tomorrow doesn't matter.
stand on the edge but I can't see beyond it.
nothing's there until I create it and I haven't even started.
its a series of fortunate accidents
a serendipitous occurrence of irrelevance.
nothing really matters on this holographic plane.
but if you think about it too much you just may go insane.
the box's limits are there to keep you from going astray
out where the secrets of life are whispered in space.
in between the cosmic universe and the stars and their astrological plays.
behind the curtains behind the veil
on the other side of heaven and hell
they take their bow,
from their man made masquerade
the applause was created to purposely disguise the final statement made
clap your hands folks
don't let them hear
if they knew the truth then what would they fear.

love in full bloom

blooming flowers decorate the trees with life
bare branches softly caress the petals for the first time
they state their claim as the flowers blush
stained with an undeniable pink for every spectator to notice
love in full bloom

sweet nectar perfumes the air
cascading the essence of an unbreakable
bond
the summer breeze whispered the secrets of their needs
the flower would not survive without the nourishment of the branch
and the tree would just be any tree if the flower did not grace him with her beauty.

Autumn disrupts the bond
the flower can't withstand the cold chill of loneliness
the tree unaffected
the flower begins to recognize her dependency but unwilling to break free hangs on hoping the tree
will hold her as he once did.
her blushing petals fall away
as she loses most of what she was once
she holds what's left of herself up one more time
for the last group of spectators to notice
this time for her not for him
to stand out as an individual flower

her beauty doesn't go unnoticed
someone picks her on her last day
nourishes her stems in water
appreciates her beauty
offers her warmth in his home and extends her life.
her blushing petals are rebirthed
she notices the tree from the window
the sun dresses her as she leans to see

he stands alone

bare

winter leaves him cold and lonely everyone may notice her as the flower that was once from the tree

but no one remembers the flower he used to caress.

with no flower he's brown like the rest

firewood like the rest.

Intoxication

If I hadve known it would've hurt this bad
would I have willingly inhaled my last breath of fresh air before it was polluted with the most
dangerous toxin of them all?
Im suffocating on the memories,
I choke on the thought of his name,
I gasp for air when I see him moving on,
when I see him breathing with ease.
If i hadve known my life would never be the same again,
I wouldve appreciated the sting of the last salted summer breeze as it grazed across my sunburned
cheeks,
the oceans gentle tide tickling the arches of my feet with its foamy residue
carrying my thoughts in and out,
eyes closed,
my body swaying with the once serene crashing of the hostile waves,
echoing from a distant place on the other side of tomorrow.
I hold onto that moment.
A time before i realized the foam was spawned from a dangerous high that had reached its
inevitable turning point,
breaking into its separation.
It was "her" escaping long enough to beg for release
grasping at my feet
fighting to get away from the endless cycle,
bubbles...suffocating, before the compelling ocean pulled her back in again.
Wild and vengeful never showing any sign of remorse.
She was nothing but a memory without him.
Her trust committed suicide of her individualism,
leaving her only alive in his reality.
I used to hear the ocean call my name, before that day.
Now I can't unsee her agony.

I used to admire the seagulls' cry,
bragging of the treasures they scavenged through out the day.
thieves of easy targets,
preying on the poorly planned picnics of the love dazed couples.

The seagulls took advantage knowing eating was never the couple's intention.
the wind would bury their meal in the sand,
a measurement to keep track of time lost in love,
had the seagulls allowed it,
but the seagulls stole more than they knew
now the moment is eternally trapped in their atrocious call
suffocating within the breeze that balances their bodies effortlessly.

I would have enjoyed one more day of warmth.
I remember feeling the color gold early in the mornings,
whispering through my blinds,
"wake up happy before you never know this feeling again"
sweet dreams only lured me back into their clutches.
they promised exaggeration to my favorite experiences.
the reason my eyes don't close anymore, until they lose the battle with sleep.
Exhausted minds don't dream.
Just a void, death, a place my heart longs to be.
my bed used to envelope me in warmth
now it is desolate,
empty,
cold, constricting my chest,
suffocating me while I reach for something that I am trying to forget.

I can't let go of this rope,
but I don't want to hang on anymore
I swing around aimlessly looking for grounding that existed once when I was full of life
I see him watching me,
impatiently waiting for me to give into death,
My existence is a chore he doesn't have time for anymore.
tying the rope around my neck and pushing me over the peak of our journey
insures definite loss of any love he may have accidentally inhaled,
but he's really good at holding his breath.

I use my last moments trying to remember a time I wasn't just a regret in someone else's mind.
but all i find are shadows under the illuminated illusions of a love i imagined
I find temporary comfort in the noose as it ceases my circulation,

it causes my heart to flutter the same way it did when I would go to my safe place,
his arm pulling me into my pillow,
his chest...

this noose,

only the heartbeat throbbing in my ears isn't yours this time.

it resembles shattered pieces of glass chalk,

scratching punishing repetitions into a blackboard that my stubbornness refuses to accept.

"he doesnt love you he doesnt love you he doesnt love you"

even then, I feel your kiss on my forehead while i crave your reassuring words that I know are lies
of expectations I wish I didn't need

If I hadve knew that this would hurt this bad, would I have have inhaled his love?knowing it would be
my last breath?

Yes, in every possible version of me that exists in the cosmos

Death is the anecdote for suffering and I would give my last breath for one day of his fabricated love.