

Anthology of addynicole



Presented by

My poetic Side 

About the author

Mom of three, soldier, combat medic, cat lover,
working on me everyday

summary

Darkness

Obsession

Truth

Can you see me?

The lie

Anxious

Darkness

The darkness is creeping in....quietly surrounding me.
It moves like a snake slowly slithering toward its target.
What will the darkness reveal?
I'm scared,I cannot breath...this obsession is strangling me.
I am falling deeper into the abyss
Cold....cold...so cold...
I can't feel my hands anymore...my feet are slipping away.
The light is getting smaller, a glimmer above me.
How did this darkness find me....

Obsession

My pain is my weakness... my hurt is my sadness
Tears fall in the darkness; heart full of blood yet empty
Avoidance is key; strength my need
; Obsession my curse, caring my death.

Heart run away. You will be broken. You will be crushed

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Run... Run...blood will run cold...veins will be empty.
Strength where are you? Where are you hiding?
The strong girl is missing you. She needs your strength. Help...Help. Save her strength.
Obsession is gripping...I feel the cold creeping in...ice... ice cold
Where can heart run...where can it hide...surrounded by ice...surrounded by death.
My heart is weak, my mind fleeting....I was warned I was not capable.....
It feels so cold....ice surrounds....the beating has slowed...
a steady but deadly rhythm....too slow to sustain life...
the crystals are building.....soon....the time is coming
as the cold grips my life....
Death has begun to knock....I've come for you
Your emotions are your death..
this obsession your undoing.
strength fleeting in the wind.
Whispers on the wind....reminders of the warning
Take me death....the cold is gripping
I have lost my battle....my heart is ice

Truth

What is truth?

Someone's defined reality....

Someone's avoidance of reality....

Do we define our truth or is it given to us..

Can we trust what sits before us

Is it truth or is it what is only shown..

Does the darkness hold what's true?

Can light ever truly shine in that darkness.

The darkness is but our minds, and yet one of the realities hiding quietly away.

Truth is pain

Truth is freedom and a hand pulling you toward the surface.

It gives you air.

Stops the drowning, shatters chains.

Brings warmth amongst the cold, as the light shines pushing away the dark.

Can we find the truth amongst the darkness and lies.

Is our heart prepared for real truth?

Does our heart need to remain shielded from the truth?

What is truth but our personal defined reality...

What we are willing to see...

But what is also visible amongst the dark.

Keep me heart from the truth I cannot with stand...

Eyes go beyond the darkness and see truth.....

Mind understand what is truth and what is lies.

Save me truth....what ever you may be.

Can you see me?

Can you see me?

I glance toward you as I walk by, and sneak a peek.

Do you see me? I am I there.

I want to stare and smile at you but fear causes me to look away.

When you look at me are you looking right through me to someone else?

I want you to see me.

I see you sitting quietly there.Â

Your mind wondering, pondering, a hidden catacomb.

I want to know what you are thinking, but wonder if your truth would hurt.

I want you to see me.

See me as beautiful,

See me as strong, confident, and intelligent.

I want to hide my insecurities, tears, fears, and weakness.

What do you see? Â Can you see me, am I there?

The lie

Why would I hurt you like that?.....a lie that cuts so deep.....mind fighting heart...logic against hope. The razor only nicks you at first....then plunges to the depths of your soul. Blood first warm grows cold as ice. Heart that once held hope, love, peace, and warmth slowly dies. It's that silly idea someone cares enough not to leave you broken and dying. That trust is still real. I wish I didn't want you. The toxins are flowing so freely within my veins. My body craves that high now. How can I can I break free. Your venom is so sweet.

Anxious

My heart grips me, pulls me in and out of my head space. I want to quiet the anxious feeling, the battle with the unknown and the darkness. The darkness likes to caress me, tickle me with what I cannot see. Sometimes it's so alluring....the dark....it's quiet from the day but holds it own