

Poems of Lies White

Lies White



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

the ones who help(you know who they are)

Acknowledgement

everyone

About the author

I'm am just a 15-year-old kid doing poetry when he needs to. That's it

summary

My Deal With Death

Mixed Emotion, or Mixed Loves?

Mixed love 5/5 (for now)

well this is how it is

It kinda hurts you know.

i just don't get it

that was kinda dry

Happy

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I Loved You Then

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A Rude Awakening.

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question

This Time Is Different

Purpose?

I hope these words reach you

SPIRAL please INTO help INSANITY me

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valentines day

Cereal and Cartoons

Dear Dani,

I just wanted to fly

Dear Laura

The Lady who Knows Everything

Sorry

S????????????a????????????????????y????????????????o????????????????r????????????i?
??????????

Our Reality?

The Ink Flows Down Into A Dark Puddle

Silent Piano Keys

The Ink Will Flow Into A Dark Puddle For You

What's Going On?

Even If It's Impossible(Third Person Poem)

My Deal With Death

I'm not dead right after suicide.

*My wrists are gushing crimson,
it runs past my wrist and entwines my fingers
it then falls to the floor
it now puddles at my feet*

*I won't die and I'm okay
I did feel the pain as cold metal met warm skin
and soon met flesh
drawing blood. first a little than more
as it flows out of me like a broken dam*

I guess I'm that dam

*I know that if I did die, everyone would hate me
It doesn't matter why. just that it didn't make sense to them
I walk to my bed
the blood still dripping
and go to sleep*

*I wake up at 5:40 am
I clean my trail and the mess in the bathroom
i "lick my wounds" and hide the razors
today isn't the day. I don't think I will die anytime soon
not if I wanted to
I have a girlfriend
I cheat on her with death
I've slept with death. only I can see her.
we love each other the same way.
attempting suicide is the only way I can be near her
for that, she keeps me alive
she is the most beautiful person you will ever see*

she's slept with me.

Mixed Emotion, or Mixed Loves?

Sitting a few feet away
wanting to say how i feel about you but not today
expressing my love for you but i never said it
i can't tell you exactly because you wouldn't get it
brown hair, soft face, bright light
snappy attitude, curious gaze, you might be the sun's light

Then there's the girl with the flowers in her hair
not traditionally pretty and she's witty
jet black hair, a sight to see, she's like a city;
something to see and love but not get tired of
but you wouldn't spend your life in it.

Then the other there, brown hair
light tan skin, want to look at but i won't stare
a smile that makes me smile, happy just thinking about it
i try to find another to get by it

The girl that never looks at me
the one i called "a slut that wasn't meant to be"?
the judging words i use on her but never mean
the reason part of my conscience is never clean
the reason i touch myself the way i shouldn't
the problem i need to stop but i couldn't

Sitting, writing, asking, looking for answers
wonder about the girls and why
why do i have all these changes in me?
I look over to her and smile.
she has my attention

Thank you my loves.

Mixed love 5/5 (for now)

He is on his phone and a girl is behind him
She taps his back but not to get his attention,
But to let him know she is still there
He looks back at her, smiles, and turns back

He knows she is there but she still messes with him
She tugs on the bandana ties on his head
He tries to avoid it but still laughs along with her
Her laugh. It's merely just a breathe out with slight noise
They both keep their laughs quiet to keep the teacher from hearing

The problem is i might be in love with her
I don't know if it's her body, or personality
What if it's both, one of them, or neither
She is beautiful and funny, and i do like that

I wonder if it is rehearsed, as if the way she is is just an act
She dresses in what others would call "sexy"
She is a loud person, it seems, at heart
When she speaks to me, my heart flips

She is another one of my loves that doesn't love me
She is too good for me but i know i will live with it
You know what they say "there are plenty of fish in the sea"
Some fishes i try to chase but know i won't get

I don't know if i'm even a fish in the sea

But the two fishes in front of me are happy

well this is how it is

look at where i am now.
staying up watching netflix
all night when i should be sleeping
i shouldn't because I'm not allowed
because he told me not to

I let my demons out only for the thrill
Of seeing things i never get to see
Serving whatever needs i have in life
Feeding my curiosities and hopes. Alone

I don't mind being alone now
It gives space to think about myself
It lets my thoughts focus on one thing
Then wander off to a new one without worry
It lets me talk to anyone and no one
It lets me be me

It's quiet but doesn't everyone like quiet?
Don't we all run from the noises of everyday
Just to have that one second of silence
Just to get thrown back into the deafening loudness
Of despair, loss, death, and suffering

Why does suffering have noise?
Why can't we suffer in silence?
We yell, scream, sob, but that isn't it
There are the noises in our heads that make us want to scream
About the love loss, and whatever else get thrown at us

My mind tends to wander from one thing to another
I think it is better this way. Keeps me from getting stuck in life

It kinda hurts you know.

just the other day. i looked into her eyes
and as she looked back, my heart stuttered.
I didn't know what to do about this.

it wasn't like this for me yesterday.
i don't know if it is love or not.
i still have interests in other girls.

i can't talk to her without looking back and thinking
that what i am saying is stupid or awkward.
the way she made my heart jump.
other girls haven't done that to me before.

do i love her?
i might.
i said i was in love before but i was inexperienced
i can't say what love is. i'm only 15.
i need to figure this out.

i can't tell her how i feel,
i don't want to ruin what we have already.
if there is anything at all.

i found out my love for now.

i just don't get it

i thought i found love.
the ghosts of the girls i had fallen in love with had gone.
i was happy to find out my love
but then i slept.

*The third ghost had disappeared
Taken away by another man
I look over to my love
But she isn't the girl i was expecting
I had forgotten about her.
She had been the 6th ghost.*

*I look back at the dream and i started to think
I haven't found my love.
But all signs point to the new one
I don't get the new change.
But i will embrace it*

that was kinda dry

there is nothing i need to say
i have officially milked every creative,
poetic, expressive juice out of me.

i hate it.
i feel like there is more to write
but i don't have it in me
i can't be metaphorical cause that's not me

i'll think as i go.
planning these isn't working
i have to start writing as i go
i'll be back in a little bit

Happy

She makes me smile.
I get by the awkwardness of it all
and now I can talk to her.
I'm not in love with her but she is great.
I wondered if this other girl had liked me.
she is pretty, but she doesn't talk to me.
it does look like she always looks at me though.
but I have problems so I could be overthinking it
I saw a sign though.
it was on someones back backpack
it said "She loves you"
but I'm not that crazy.
but it got me thinking.
the universe does send us signals.
to do something that
may be important.
let's see what the universe has in store for me.

Life in a nutshell

Have you noticed the change?
girl's dress(the way anyone dresses really),
dances(i mean there's like a new one every year),
words(lit, dank, ISSA, gassed, smash.Dead.)

why don't we change that much?
We will change with the trends
But when it comes to being ourselves,
We cower in the fear of judgment.

We're scared of being too different,
But when we don't like someone,
We try to be different from them.
It's all about perspective or something.

I can't hate on those who change
I change very little but still,
I am always scared of the reaction.
Of the effects. Or lack of any.
From the very small changes that do come.

That's life though

Our Skeletons

Lets look outside of our world for a second
See that over there? That cheerleader?
Thats the girl struggling with depression
She most likely won't commit suicide but still.
She has an abusive father, a dead mother,
And her boyfriend dumped her for her best friend.
Yeah. tough stuff.

See that guy there? Yeah the big one.
He just got kicked of the team.
He was a great player, he just got in a fight.
Then they didn't need him anymore.
He had a scholarship too, so bummer.

That skinnier one, walking with the liquor bottle?
Believe it or not, he's gonna commit suicide later.
Trust me you will hear about it. Everyone will.
Actually, he is the senior president. Very popular.
Hell do it in the school bathroom later crazy enough
And you could've stopped him but you didn't know.
No one knew
everyone is in their own world

I still dream

*I just want to run away with you.
We could drive miles, and miles
Until we find somewhere new
A new me, a new you, a new us.*

*It doesn't matter where we are.
We could be homeless but it okay.
As long as i am alone with you.
You will be the only thing in my world.*

*I will never force you to do anything.
We can be like the bestest of friends
But at the same time, more than friends
We can be in love without being judged.*

*That of course is just a fantasy
And i won't happen because
you have someone else.*

*I can try to get you with me
But if it was destined,
It would have happened already.*

I can still dream.

Our Fantasies

Haven't you ever wanted to disappear?
To go to a world where it is always light,
Where you can't be judged for being you
Where you are the hero of your own story?

You get to save the ones you love,
And banish the ones that do you wrong.
Where there aren't high expectations of you
And life goes as good as you want it to

You can be big or small or inbetween
You can be a human, animal or creature,
Everything talks to you with warm smiles and hugs
And you are living the life,

Reality now comes crashing back
Right when you are about to kiss your love
You try to sleep again but you can't
The story is gone for who knows how long.

We go back to the hate, judgment, and brutality
In a world we put ourselves in but still want to live in
Where we feel too big, small, or weird
Where we are told by others how to feel or act

Why can't we live in the fantasies we live in
How do we let people influence how we live our lives?
We don't feel free in our homes, countries, or world.
But there are magical people who are free

The lost ones.

DDLC Is Real

is it right to be motivated by death?

i'm not a lbad

im just a little sad

a little alone

a little depressed

a lot alone

a lot invisible

but back to death

i leads me to think of life

it sucks

in this case, i think of three

Yuri and Sayori had died

they were manipulated by "her"

we won't name "her"

"her" doesn't deserve to be named

life isn't a game but its still the same

we get manipulated to kill ourselves

we can look so happy to others

and surprise them with our untimely deaths

much like the player they are oblivious

we try to tell them our problems

but all they see is gibberish

**we aren't invisible. we suffer and die
and starve and cry and cut and purge**

and we wonder

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who did this to me?
but i feel like Natsuki
i starve and get misunderstood
Her changed the real me Natsuki
I don't have a her

I have no safe clubroom
No one sees me as anything either

Please fix me
Please find me
Stop breaking me
I'm still here
I'm not happy
I'm gonna die soon

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I'm gone

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GOOD BYE

P.S.

Tea is really good for book reading.

Hope isn't always lost

Hey there. You found me
I'm not too sure i was lost anymore
More like sad maybe
An existential crisis i guess
I missed you.

You would walk by me so often
And you never saw me
I tried to get your attention
But every time i tried it just showed up as
Silence, white noise, too much noise
An effort to get closer,
but the universe didn't want you to hear
But we are together now.

How have you been?
You've changed since the last time i saw you
You're louder, taller, happier, prettier
You're different

You left me. How come?
I didn't do anything mean.
I don't think i did.
But you ran away in tears
And then you were gone.

After that i thought there was something wrong with me
I lost myself then. I think so.
I wanted to end it all
To take that blade, that gun, that rope, those pills
That bleach, the lake, that cliff, that busy highway.
And end it all. Take me to the new world hopefully a better one
I put my final cry for help before i go

...

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...

And then you answered.

You made me feel whole again.

You are here now and that's all that matters

I don't think i want you to leave again.

I'm not a sad person but i was alone then.

But you are here now and that's all that matters.

Thanks for coming back.

And waiting for me to find myself.

I really needed you.

Did i mention how great it is to have you back?

...

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It really is

I Loved You Then

**Hey, that's not nice you know,
The things you say to me
The things you do to me
It really isn't nice.**

*Well, you aren't important
And i don't really care.
You're just a RETARD
YOU DESERVE TO DIE.*

That could be true but maybe i don't want to die

I'll kill you myself. No one would care anyway.

Does that make you happy?

Yep.

Do i get a say in this?

Nope.

So you would kill me because i am different?

*You don't deserve to live. All you do is walk around by yourself,
read Manga, talk to yourself, write poetry, and try to be cool.
YOU'RE GAY.*

*No wonder your mom died when you was seven.
She probably felt embarrassed for giving birth to you.*

(what do i say to that?)

That's not true!

You don't have the power to tell me that.

I thought you loved me

Well i guess you thought wrong.

You were never a smart person.

Am i able to live?

No. Not really. I kinda prefer you dead

It makes my life a whole lot easier.

Oh.....you're serious aren't you?

Definitely.

Fine do what you want then.

[But by then she had already stabbed me in the back.

Literally and metaphorically. But i will live.

I still have me, myself and I.]

It Isn't Me. I Swear. It Isn't

Why aren't you happy for me?
I changed for you.
Everything.

The clothes i wear and my weight.
You said i was a little big
And now that i'm smaller
I'm a terrible person?
I thought you guys liked "petite" girls.

How hard do i have to work
for you to understand
that i love you.

I harm myself for you.
If i feel immense pain now,
i will never feel pain again.

You really aren't helping me.
You say you want me to get better.
But i can't do it without you.

Ervy tinhg is mexid up.
I can olny feel bteter wtih you
How mcuh tmies do i need to tlel you?
I LVOE YOU.

I%20WOULD%20KILL%20FOR%20YOU%0AIT
%20DOESN%27T%20MATTER%20I-F%20I%20G
ET%20CAUGHT%0AYOU%20HAVE%20IGNORED
%20ME%20AND%20I%27M%-20MAD%0AYOU%20DO
N%27T%20DATE%20AND%20YET%20YOU%20ST
ILL%20DON%27-T%20WAN%27T%20ME%3F%0A%0A

What do you want from me?
You can't leave me like this.

I'm alone.

Not again.

Not me.

A Rude Awakening.

Are you ready for a surprise?
i'm back again (was i ever really gone?)
You never expected to see me (or did you)
Well..... here i am.

But how have you been?
You are probably tired of me popping up everywhere
But i don't really think i am able to leave.
Well maybe for a little bit.

You don't hate me right?
I don't think i'm a bad person.
Annoying maybe but not bad.
But i guess that's in how you see it.

Wait. i'm not the surprise,
that's something else.
I know you don't like surprises or anything
but you may or may not like this one.
or not.
i guess that's on how you see it.

I don't even really know if you know me or not.
I don't know if i know myself.
I guess a surprise from a possible stranger would be weird
I almost don't want to tell you anymore.

You got this far i might as well tell you.

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You ready?

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...

YOUR LIFE IS A LIE.

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"You should die
You shouldn't cry.
You shouldn't lie.
You should die."

"You're not wanted anymore can't you see?
You have zero friends and no parents
Your life isn't good enough.
You have no reason to go on."

"It's funny how persistent you are.
Its weird that you are optimistic.
IT'S JUST NOT FAIR!!!
It's just not fair."

It's not okay to be me.
It's not supposed to be easy.
It's not going to be better.
It's all downhill from here.

Why am i still here?
Why are you still reading this?
Why can't i just leave already?
Why.
Why!
Why am i still here?

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What am i trying to accomplish?
What is this thing called life?
What is your deal?

What is my deal?
What is anyone's deal?

What if i wasn't alive.
What if i died today?
What if all of us die?

I have nothing else to do.
I have nowhere else to go.
I have no one else to love.
I have no one at all.

I am alone. I am alone.
I've said so many times "I am alone?"
I have no will to live.
I have no motivation.

No will to live.No love.
No desire to move on.
No hope.No one.
No thing.No where to go.
No.
No!!
No!!!
No!!!!
No!!!!!
No!!!!!!

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Just. No.

This Is Hell

depression

anger

suicide

murder

love

hate

lust

envy

terrorism

racism

sexual- assault

molestation

rape

cyberbullying

hate crimes

anxiety

loss

death

hunger

pain

poverty

abuse

drugs

money

p-olitics

profiling

hell

Thief.

Roses are red, violets are blue, I'm a thief, what are you?

There Is Only One Sad Rainbow.....

**Red is the color of my vision when
i have been betrayed again.**

**Orange is the color when
i am prisoner to my negative thoughts.**

**Yellow represents happiness.or at least when
i pretend to be happy.**

**Green is the color of envy because
i feel envy for those who are better than me.**

**Blue is a name for a feeling.
I feel blue sometimes.**

**Indigo isn't a feeling, but
i would use it when i feel more than blue.**

**Purple is when there is nothing anymore. When
i don't feel anything and i start not to care anymore.**

question

Am i home?

am i still welcomed here?

am i important?

why do i exist?

why do i continue

when i am not loved?

are things going to get better?

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should i still be alive?

This Time Is Different

i really had time to think about you this time.
this other guy is chasing after you when i was there for you first.
i won't lie when i say that i was a little jealous that he wrote a song or you.
but he isn't good enough, not like i am.
i could just be way in over my head though because
i always tend to get competitive towards these things.
i also end up usually losing but this time is different.
i am really going to try for you.
i don't want to lose this time. i will not lose this time.
i know this is a different voice then before but
it has been a while since i felt so strongly about something like this.
though i don't think i'm in love,
it is something close to this.
this time is different.

Purpose?

i am trying to be something i am not
a confident kid who knows what they are doing.
I don't know what i am doing
i don't know why i'm here
or what i am supposed to be doing here.
i can't tell what people see me as
or if they're happy with this image.

i feel like people are watching me.
judging what i do and say and everything else.
like i have to put on a show for others.
i feel like i can't really be me.

but then again, who am i?
what makes me so unique?how are we so sure
that there is only one of us?
that there isn't someone out there
who is exactly like me?

what am i in this world?

I hope these words reach you

i haven't found your secret yet.
there's something wrong with the way you move.
the way you talk.
the way you look at me.

whats wrong with you?
you used to be so happy.
i remember you used to wait
and walk to and from school with me.
it was what i looked forward to every day.

you're not the same though.
you really aren't.
i miss the old you.
i wish you would just come back.

i hope these words reach you.

...

...

...

please come back.

SPIRAL please INTO help INSANITY me

this is part of a project i'm doing. please help out if you can. i want to make a story so message me if you want to help out. i would really appreciate it.

you can read the poem now and don't be scared to comment. i would like to hear your opinions.

too many voices.
too many voices in my head.
too many thoughts in my head.

i keep on falling down in this spiral to insanity.
why do i want to kill?
this can't be real. it just can't.
its why i threw out all the knives in my house.
my moms going to be so mad.
i told her the meds worked.
nothing has worked.
I WANT TO DIE.
no, i don't.
why am i doing this?
YOU WANT TO. WE WANT TO.
no. that's not true. it can't be.
STOP RESISTING.
but i do-
YES, YOU DO.
no.
YES.
YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO.
YOU NEVER LIKED THAT GIRL RIGHT?
she was pretty but i still liked her.

LIES.

i'm not-

SHUT UP.

YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO KILL HER.

no

YOU CAN'T HELP YOURSELF. YOU KNOW YOU HAVE A KNIFE HIDDEN IN YOUR MATTRESS,
OR AT LEAST I PUT IT THERE. SHE SMOKES WEED IN THE ALLEY, SURPRISINGLY BY
HERSELF. NO ONE WILL KNOW.

i don't.

YOU DO.

YOU KNOW YOU DO.

please leave me alone. i don't want you.

HOW CAN YOU NOT WANT YOURSELF?

i

YOU KNOW YOU'RE LOSING IT. SO STOP. IT'LL BE OVER SOON. DON'T WORRY.

please don't

SORRY CAN'T HEAR YOU.

(And just like that, she lost control.....but what happens next?)

SpiraltoInsanity pt III

This is the story of a made-up person on the verge of insanity. she is hearing a voice in her head that actually takes over her body.

IT'S NOT AS BAD AS IT SOUNDS.

so far, there hasn't been any cure. I know this is far from traditional poetry, but i thought it would be cool. If you could, i would like any of you to help move this story forward, in whatever style you want. you can read the poem now. comment for ideas, please.

YOU COULDN'T STAY AWAY FROM THAT GUY FOR ONE MINUTE?

you're the one who's making me do this.

RIGHT, BUT TECHNICALLY, YOUR THE ONE DEEP THROATING HIM.

because you're making me.

FINE THEN YOU CAN FUCKING STOP THEN.

i immediately feel free again and stop everything i'm doing.

i guess the guy didn't like it because now he's mad and trying to force me to do it.

without thinking at all, i get a knife from my pocket and manage to stab him in the throat.

i can't believe it.

BELIEVE IT, SISTER.

i don't know what to do.

DON'T WORRY I'VE GOT THIS. GOOD THING WE'RE IN A CAR. PLUS NO ONE LIKE THAT GUY SO HE WON'T BE MISSED.

he's my science partner.

NO. HE WAS YOUR SCIENCE PARTNER.

still...

ANYWAYS, WE NEED TO GET YOU CLEANED UP. I PUT SOME WIPES AND A CHANGE OF CLOTHES IN YOUR BAG WHEN YOU WAS SLEEPING.

how?

DON'T ASK. BUT JUST CHANGE AND GO TO SCHOOL.

what if people get suspicious?

JUST LEAVE IT TO ME.

you scare me.

I KNOW.

What i need

i keep hoping
asking for something that isn't coming.
upset by the decisions i make because
i'm in love with you.

because i'm in love with you,
i can't see straight
because i try to see a future of us
but all i see is questions.

these are questions i can't ask.
because i don't want to ruin anything.
because i would rather hide
than lose what we have now.
even if what we had now isn't much.

but i can't wait because i may lose you.
because then, i get upset.
and start to realize what i've lost

Let's Fly

i am a bird
a bird meant to fly
and although i can fly i still find myself on the ground.
because i am scared
scared that i will crash and burn
scared that i can't fly.

because i have no control.
the other birds look down at me for being different.
even the birds meant to be on the ground judge me.
because i am unique.

i am not the norm and that's okay?
i still don't feel right.
but there is one thing i am sure of:
this bird is meant to fly, just not today.

short poem

If i had to describe my contribution to the world in for words:
i wouldn't have any

I Am F*ucked (Emotionally I Mean)

I going to change pace for a bit and talk about my life.

Mostly problems but real experiences nonetheless.

Real names real people, real feelings, real everything.

Dani: I fell in love with her because she was the first one to talk to me. she hasn't been talking to me much because I was scared I couldn't hide my feelings. I just started talking to her again and now I'm falling in love again. or maybe just really liking. Now I remember why I liked looking at her so much. She is pretty and she always notices me looking and doesn't say anything about it. She's nice like that.

Lana: She's a freshman I had feelings for a little bit. it was because I fell out of love with Dani. Then, I started liking Dani again and stop liking Lana. But I don't know what to do because she knows I like her. But if I'm going to move on, I have to start now.

Laura, Dianeris, Stephanie, Nicole, and more I can't remember the name of at the moment: I saw you girls as "hot" or "sexy." I'm sorry I know it isn't right to be staring at girls asses or looking at their um.... chests.

But I can't help it for some reason. Nowadays girls wear revealing clothing and clothing that shows off these things and its hard to me not too. But I try. I truly do try not to and it is getting better for me. They mix up all of my feelings and all of a sudden I don't know who I am in love with anymore -- or if I'm even in love at all.

I would like some help if you can give it.

But I don't expect groundbreaking advice

It could be something simple.

That would be nice.

(That rhymed)

valentines day

i took a leap of faith with you.
you was the first girl i said
"i love you" to.
and you said "i love you too"
then we hugged and kissed
and went our ways.

i really thought we had something.
and i thought you felt the same for me.
i asked you to be my valentine,
you said yes,
then i see you with another guy.

and my world falls apart.

because i tried with you,
trusted you with my life
only to have it thrown away
like it wasn't important.

now i'm alone here waiting
for the right girl to win my heart.

happy valentines day to me.

Cereal and Cartoons

sitting in my room
with a box of cereal and cartoons
half moons
i would live a better life without gloom
without doom
me asking silly questions about whom

hating the reality
of a world possessed by police brutality
political power people but with the wrong mentality
shooting black people down that is called a fatality
looking at us strange like we have an abnormality
needing our life for our vitality

sitting on my bed, trying to take action
whites guys taking away from my life like it's subtraction
playing with death, that's what i call a fatal attraction
running from the hate but my feet aren't finding traction
on the thin ice, i'm walking on trying to avoid infraction
but getting shot down metaphorically a violent interaction.

i am gone

Dear Dani,

sometimes, i wish you were here with me
so you can tell me how to write this poem
because i am terrible with words
and even worse with feelings.

But i know if you were here,
it would be written the way you like it
because i don't want to be a failure.
i want you to love the way i write about you.

i know it won't work ou,
but i really want it to.
so bad that it kinda hurts you know.
it makes me feel ignored
and i feel stupid because

if i wait, you will be gone
but if i don't, you might
not want to be near me.

and then there are the secrets
secrets that very few know
and they will turn you away
but they were only stupid mistakes
that i won't make again.

i am just scared to tell you
i am scared to show you the real me.

i am not worth it.
i want to be, but i know i am not
because you don't notice me
because i am invisible

because you don't care about me.
that's what i think.

i am in love with you.
really, i am.
and i am okay with that.

do you accept my confession?
are you okay with that?

I just wanted to fly

so this is the story of a kid
who wanted to be a bird.

he saw a bird fly in the sky
and wanted to do the same.

but his parents said he couldn't
and his friends said he couldn't.

but he didn't believe them so
he stood on the roof of his house,
saw a shooting star, closed his eyes,
and made the wish to be able to fly.

he felt a tingle and felt
a light surround him.

then he jumped and felt
a moment of weightlessness.

then landed on the ground
with a snap/crunch.

right in front of the dad
who heard a noise and got curious,
walked outside with a flashlight
and found his son ready to jump
but couldn't warn him in time.

everyone thought it was suicide
because no one believed him.
but no one knew he just wanted to fly.

the message of this story:
i don't know

Dear Laura

i shouldn't feel the way i do about you
you are bad news and i've got to get rid of you.

you need to get out of my mind.
you are poisoning my mind
with thoughts i shouldn't have.

why are you here?

i keep looking at you then feeling like
i have to torture myself for it.
everytime i see you.
you just show up everywhere.

i try to forget about you
and i just can't.

The Lady who Knows Everything

An old tale tells of a lady who wanders Earth.
The Lady who Knows Everything.
A beautiful lady who has found every answer,
All meaning,
All purpose,
And all that was ever sought.

And here I am,

a feather

Lost adrift the sky, victim of the currents of the wind.

Day after day, I search.
I search with little hope, knowing legends don't exist.
But when all else has failed me,
When all others have turned away,
The legend is all that remains - the last dim star glimmering in the twilit sky.

Until one day, the wind ceases to blow.
I fall.
And I fall and fall, and fall even more.
Gentle as a feather.
A dry quill, expressionless.

But a hand catches me between the thumb and forefinger.
The hand of a beautiful lady.
I look at her eyes and find no end to her gaze.

The Lady who Knows Everything knows what I am thinking.
Before I can speak, she responds in a hollow voice.

"I have found every answer, all of which amount to nothing.

There is no meaning.

There is no purpose.

And we seek only the impossible.

I am not your legend.

Your legend does not exist."

And with a breath, she blows me back afloat, and I pick up a gust of wind.

Sorry

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So....I was thinking.

About some past mistakes that I made.

I feel sorry.

That feels like an understatement actually.

I feel terrible for doing what I did,

but okay because she isn't real.

Was that wrong?

Because it feels wrong and I wish it wasn't.

It tortures me a little.

And then the music.

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It never stops.

Never

Wait....

What am I even talking about?

You know what? Let's forget about it.

Where was I? Right.

I don't know how to feel about this.

I have so many mixed emotions,
and I don't know how to feel sometimes.

Our Reality?

Because sometimes I try for you.

Because sometimes I live in a reality that's not true.

Because sometimes I don't know what to do.

Because sometimes I want a life that's new.

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B????????????????????because I love you.

But I can't say it.

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????Because you aren't supposed to hear.

But I will try as hard as I can to get these words to your screen, whoever you are.

The Ink Flows Down Into A Dark Puddle

I am sitting down, pen in my hand, writing to you.
Because if I stop writing I am giving up.
so I will write.
until I can find words to reach you.
and until then I will wait here.
quiet,
alone,
and shy.

because I am not as confident as I look.
because I may not be in your reality.

Silent Piano Keys

the piano keys aren't making a sound.
i mean they still press down,
the strings are there
but there is no sound.

Why is that you suppose?
Well come to think of it,
you probably wouldn't know
because we are in different worlds here.

But I am dumbfounded by this.
I've played this song maybe hundreds of times
and my piano can't really be broken
due to the fact that it's not exactly real.

...

I'm actually distressed by this.
Sometimes, it feels like
my only escape from my troubles,
my guilt, and past mistakes.

But like I said, you wouldn't understand.
My life is some mix of your reality
and fiction. But it's my reality.

My Reality.

My Reality. My Reality. My Reality. My Reality. My Reality.

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My Reality
 My Reality.
 My Reality

The Ink Will Flow Into A Dark Puddle For You

That is what I get for jumping to conclusions.

That is what I get for trying for you.

That is what I get for expecting you to feel the same about me.

That is what I get for believing.

Because I really had faith in you
and letting myself write this poem for you.

Because I cared about you.

No, it's because I care about you.

I don't know why I still try for you.

It just hurts so hard to be rejected
and I want to forget the way you smile.

The way you laugh. Just you in general.

But it hurts and I just want to escape from it.
just a moment of peace without you.

not relying on you to make me happy.

Not relying on you to make me hate myself.

Not relying on you to make me depressed.

I will let the ink flow into a dark puddle.

What's Going On?

I sit at this desk, pen in hand.

Poem in my heart

words on paper, meaning in words

and ink on paper.

The only way to feel better

and escape from the pain and stress

and the things I've lost.

But I think I should stop trying

to be artistic.

Hiding the words behind metaphors

Trying to reach you with these words.

I'm guessing you don't want that.

Maybe we can just stay quiet

and notice each other for a little bit.

Who am I kidding?

That isn't possible.

You can't see the real me if there even is,

we can never be together for real

and that's not okay.

It's been harder to stay.

I am struggling to find words.

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I can manage though

I can live with the pain.

I can feel alone

as long as you are still there.

As long as I know I can

say his to you

as long as I can love you

However long that is.

Even If It's Impossible(Third Person Poem)

Well, I just got thirty poems and I thought I would celebrate with something different.
Usually, I don't write a poem in the third person but this time I will.
Just to thank those who helped me along this new journey.
If you're new, don't hesitate to say hi. I don't bite. And if you have any suggestions to help me improve, I am all ears!
Anyways, please enjoy this poem as much as I have while writing it!

Love,
Monika

I thought she was looking at me
I was really scared
but happy to get the attention.
Then I realized she wasn't really looking at me.
Then I wonder "Why do I even try?"

I know I said I will pay attention to you.
I know it's supposed to be J????????u????????s????????t????????
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But it's hard when you're gone
When I can't focus on you,
But I am trying, I really am.

I forget that I won't wake up to see you.
But I won't forget you
And will find some way to see you
even if it's not possible, I will find a way.

Even if it's impossible