

Anthology of KoKoRosie



Presented by

My poetic Side **P**

summary

Roaming

Demon of Love

Used

TRICKS NO HEARTS

ACHE

Down & Out

Roaming

Walking down the street in my ones, tryna figure out what the hell I've become.
Tryna be the best I can be for we; wondering what the hell that even means to me.
They say have Self-Respect when you wake but fail to mention how much it's gonna take.
When will I find a place to lay my dome, somewhere to forever call a home?
To roam I no longer have the need, but a plea to be as free as the sea.
To be free of stress and neglect - to have a place to nest like all the rest.

Demon of Love

I returned most everything back to you that fateful day.
I held your heart since I wasn't quite ready to toss you away.
I left you forever in that one moment.
When I looked back you would happily condone it.
The way I left you up in 5E; I knew your Love I would never see nor be.
Her & I, you & me; all together as one - us three.
This love we had that would set us free sprouted from a seed that grew to a weed.
We played and swayed in such a way.
I remember it like it was just yesterday.
There was tension you see between you and me,
Sometimes even between us three.
I was slayed the day you choose to betray.
The day you put me in a cave & laid me in my grave.
I sit - think of you often.
Wonder how you are, if you've softened.
I start to pray you stay away.
I never again want to be your slave.

Used

You treated me like I was your girl.
Ended up just being a tilt-r-whirl.
You don't deserve to be in my thoughts.
You make me feel like I'm lost.
I don't want to think about you anymore.
Now I feel like I was just your whore.
You ghosted me with no explanation.
Guess I was just an inclination.
So I'll move on to find the man of my dreams.
Hope it's not as hard as it seems.

TRICKS NO HEARTS

Down at my feet lies a defeat that was always a trick and never a treat.

Roses gifted somehow turn to rocks & always eventually rot.

In the end she reassures always saying "I'm yours."

A heart sits staring down as her queen walks out the door - but forever more will she be her paramour.

What's it all for if sipping closes doors?

It will open blood red windows instead. Windows to smoke out of, windows to do dope out of, windows to blow coke & toke out of, windows to hang rope out of. At the bottom, a stall where there is a deep deep fall.

It's all fate - this hate and need to repudiate, but is it too late to recreate and relate back to the right state? The state of mind that's got me in a bind, will only heal with time.

Another chip off the old block of ice that is every bit consice but rarely nice.

The queen one day will return with the heart she stole away & slowly burned.

The heart crawls back to defeat with the feeling to retreat. To catch a beat. To never return to these cold streets.

ACHE

I never wanted to send you away but my Love; you just couldn't stay.

With each passing day, the options I constantly weigh.

All I have is all I'd give just to see you play.

I pray some day you'll no longer be, oh, so far away.

Maybe we can take a "vaycay", as they say & watch the palm trees sway.

I Love You with all my mind, body, heart & soul - I wish I could have been there the moment you started to crawl.

I've never fed you under a shawl, nor did I ever hear your call.

I will hold my head up high & promise not to cry.

Down & Out

Be careful when you bang because it might be all for nothing.

You might get pushed out & put out.

You might be down & out.

You might get left out while strung out.

You might fall out & never get out.

You might end up by yourself & people'll always doubt what you're about.