

Best and Worst of Merissa

by. Merissa Hurtubise



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

I dedicate this E-book to myself in knowledge that hopefully one day this will give me insight into who I was during this period of time. Maybe I will learn new things about myself along the way. I also dedicate this E-book to my deceased father who never gave up on my writing. He encouraged me every step of the way.

About the author

Writing has been apart of my life for as long as I can remember. My dad loved reading all of my short stories and he even had me keep them in a folder. I still have some of them. After he died I realized how much writing really meant to me but suddenly I could not do it anymore. I was so great at writing short stories that it was all I ever wrote. My mom saw how upsetting this was to me and so she had me sign up to be in a creative writing class. That year brought me something that I never thought was possible. I always knew that I was good at writing short stories, but little did I know that I was amazingly good at creating poetry. Before this class I absolutely hated poetry because I did not understand it. I wanted everything to be a story without realizing that poetry is so much more defining than just a story. There is a lot more to poetry than I ever understood until that class. I am still not doing much about writing short stories, but I have absolutely fallen in love with poetry. I wish my dad were here to see the beautiful work that I have created and it all started with him. Writing was the one thing I truly had a connection with and allowed me to bond with him. We did not blend well but once I put a story in front of him all that tension went away. When he read my stories and told me how much he loved them I finally felt that I had a father. Writing, whether it is stories, novels, songs, etc. is the essence of who I am.

summary

"You"

"I'm the Glue"

"World's Fate"

"Battled Heart"

"Mothers"

"Expressionist Artwork"

"What do I do?"

"Would You Dare?"

"What's Your Choice"

"Not Depressed"

"Stuck" And "Here"

"Broken"

"Wicked Shell"

"Sorrowful Death"

"Within Us All"

"Haunted Hope"

"Difficult Journey"

"Summer Sadness"

"Somebody as Nobody"

"Cut it Off"

Free-Verse Poem:

?Not Sure Yet?

"Choices"

"Better Than Nothing"

"Too Many, Too Much"

"Alphabet"

Free-Verse Poem

"Everything" Poem

"Ok?" Free-Verse Poem

"The Wall"

Poetry Poem

"What is" Free-Verse Poem

"I Lost"- Poem

"Spilling Thoughts" Free-Verse Poem

Pathways... -Poem

Jazz Age Vocab Poem:

"In Pieces" -Poem

Glass

Unreciprocated Love

Bestfriend

My Apologies

Unwanted Feelings

Born

Relationships

Dreams

Working Mom

Nature's Memory

What's The Point?

Golden Shovel?

I ain't mad

Love and the Unknown- Poem?

I Don't Know- Poem?

"You"

Beauty is everything
Which some believe is true
I think what matters
Is anything of you
Don't care what others think
I believe in you
Nothing they say
Is actually true
You make who you are
So become someone great
Forget about others
Create a new slate
They hurt themselves
So they put it on you
Doesn't mean they're bad
Just in pain too
Lend them a hand
You're strong enough
Maybe they'll change
And learn to be tough
You are worth it
They don't really know
What you can do
It's your time to glow
You should be more
That's what they say
But really inside
They feel they are prey
Being mean to others
Will take the pain away
But is that what happens
Nothing works that way
Trying and fighting

To change who they are
Nothing they do
Will go very far
Learn from their mistakes
And realize you're good
You make your life
They are where you stood
You can reach higher
Than ever before
Just never give up
And fall to the floor
Let them hear the song
That you cry out at night
I know that's it's hard
But keep up the fight
They need to know your story
So they'll understand
That they're not alone
There's more than one strand
Don't hold a grudge
From the hurt they inflict
You've done it as well
You're not the only one picked
It's a chaotic chain
Of circling sorrow
But you can get out
And others will follow
You're never alone
And neither are they
Forgive their issues
It's better that way

"I'm the Glue"

I'm the glue
The one who holds you up
The one who puts you back together
The one who carries you when too weak to stand
I'm the glue
I'll stick to you until I'm pullin off
I'll wrap around you until pushed away
I'll come apart once in awhile but will always come back
I'm the glue
You use me when something's broke
You bend me till I'm stretched out
You need me until the problem's solved
I'm the glue
When she's falling apart
When she needs someone around
When she hurts so much breathing is a battle
I'm the glue
And I'm proud to be

"World's Fate"

Time flows and we see forever
Yet our fragile shells disagree
Disaster will be mortal's fate
And death is the only way free.
The passion in our hearts ignite
And lust spills over with disdain
All the romance is lost in war
With the mark of eternal pain
The world is at our prideful fault
Indeed we took more than we gave
Judges will be summoned and decide
To choose our verdict never waver
The light brought to a sudden close
Causes darkness to fill the air
We grasp all hope in blinded eyes
And avert our evermore nightmare
But a wish is never granted
Unless in evil it resides
And in the bearers hold the key
Where desperation holds the tides

"Battled Heart"

A battle within

Will chaos begin

Right and wrong

Truth and lies

How to tell

Dim from wise

A battle within

Will chaos begin

Hard to know

What's inside

Mind says wrong

Heart is tied

A battle within

Will chaos begin

What is true

Time will stop

Who is king

At ends drop

A battle within

Will chaos begin

How to live

Rules apply

Nothing's free

Say goodbye

A battle within

Will chaos begin

Death is hope

Life is curse

Why believe

What is worse

A battle within

Will chaos begin

Not enough

If I'm strong

Who is me

When I'm wrong

A battle within

Will chaos begin

I give up

What's the point

Fighting hard

Disappoint

A battle within

And chaos will win

"Mothers"

What can we say about a mother
Maybe the things we think of aren't true
For how to describe someone precious
Is out of a person's point of view
But those we do understand are there
Can add up to one distinguished trait
And once our minds wrap around the fact
The best of her becomes something great
For one who carries our hearts in hand
Love is a pathway that leads us home.
How to show the world a fragile piece
Of that which fills a mysterious tome
Can one trait really define a mom
When there's so much more to dignify
Is unconditional love enough
To find the reasons for why we try
There's not enough words to say it all
Maybe love doesn't need to be heard
Only to treasure her till she's gone
Holding memories till they are blurred

"Expressionist Artwork"

Bodies ache, hearts break
Foolish mind
self-quake

Dark night, no light
Battle cry
Take flight

Strife bends, life ends
Sorrow stays
World sins

Death lurks, new births
Shadows fall
Brings dearths

Tears stream, waters gleam
Constant angst
Fake dream

Pain hides, face lies
Show a smile
Reprise

Love fails, hope ails
Such deceit
Of tales

Soft sighs, loud cries
torn is torn
Same ties

Judge folks, invokes
Crippled wounds
Uncloaks

Insane, what gain
Does spirit give
In vain

Realty, foresee
Fact of flunk
Unfree

Desires, requires
Wait in right
Backfires

Unjust, no trust
This is truth
Adjust

Be heard, absurd
Nobody cares
Confirmed

Lost town, great crown
What's the point
All drown

Time fades, decades
Beat the clock
Charades

Most try, all die
Some use it
Goodbye

Madness, sadness

Always in

Blackness

Why chains, with reins

Hurts too much

Remains

Nonstop, raindrop

Falling first

Closed shop

That's it, men quit

Leave them there

Misfit

"What do I do?"

They say look to the future
That you'll be happy there
But how can I trust
When there's no one left to care

I've tried for many years
To hope in something more
What no one understands
Inside me there's a war

I'm tired of all the fighting
I just want it to end
What else can I do
I never seem to blend

Make me forget the truth
Take away my past
Maybe I'd be free
If only it would last

I don't know what to do
They pull me left and right
What road should I follow
Holding on too tight

I try to go one way
The other pulls me back
Perhaps I? just stuck
Always on attack

I? lost in what? real
My mind is a mess
Emotions in turmoil

Wish I was less

Holding my breath
Gasping for air
Searching for something
That? never there

They tell me it's easy
The choice is right here
But all I see is options
Nothing is clear

Sometimes I believe
What they tell me is true
But then I see the other
Just want to be through

Why is it so hard
Knowing what to choose
With everything at hand
Should be plenty of clues

Fixed on replay
Can't move on
Going out of my head
Feeling withdrawn

Want to make others happy
So I do what they want
Leaving myself behind
My dreams are to haunt

Do I have ambitions
That make my heart soar
My life is about people
Me I ignore

I don't know who I am
Can I figure that out
Will that cause problems
I'm filled with such doubt

I want to be happy
Live life to the best
But what does that mean
All is a test

If I make a choice
It only makes me wrong
Because for one I am good
But the other I don't belong

Everyone wants to be accepted
For who they really are
But if you don't even have that
How does one go far

One screams follow your heart
The other begs you not to
Because emotions are treacherous
And they'll only hurt you

So how do I find
What defines me
When all I know is others
Who try to make me see

I'm so confused about life
What is right and wrong
People's ideas differ
So how can I be strong

What am I to say
To those who believe in me
I can't even see myself
I'll never be their key

They all have expectations
Of who I'm meant to become
I want to make them proud
But it doesn't add to one sum

You can't bring joy to all
So what decides that line
Of who deserves more
And who to decline

If only I could be myself
But again that doesn't work
Because I still have no clue
It's all just a murk

I'm losing my mind
Suffocating under pressure
Where am I to go
When I need a refresher

Can't I have a break
From all of this chaos
I'll never be what they want
I'm not worth their loss

Maybe it's just me
And I'm the one at fault
If I just made a choice
All of this would halt

I need to stop and think

About what I should do
But nothing is working
I have no breakthrough

Things are getting worse
I'm falling down a spiral
It seems there is no way
To stop this broken cycle

"Would You Dare?"

Would you dare to be in time
Never really knowing where you are
But always racing forward
And seeing from afar.
Would you dare to know the truth
If it meant feeling all the pain
Going through all the emotions
When most would go insane .
Would you dare to save the world
Even though the cost is far too great
Understanding that the choice is yours
But still apart of fate.
Would you dare to fall in love
Bringing reality to a stop
Believing it will last forever
Yet conscious that you'll drop.
Would you dare to risk your life
When someone is at stake
Recognizing they are corrupt
Not willing their life to take.
If you would dare to do all this
Life is precious and true
Not because of pride or greed
But for helping even the few.

"What's Your Choice"

The hour has come
For strangers to see
What's falling apart
And never break free
They've done all they could
To save what's behind
But not one will work
For humans are blind
Cause is plainly seen
When doubt comes in play
People blame others
And don't want to pay
The fault lands on us
When earth is destroyed
So will we stand tall
Or plan to avoid
The instinct is run
And hide in despair
But is it not brave
To die with a flare

Why not choose the right
And make a difference
Not to fix what's left
But have reverence
So what is your choice
Will it adjust stats
Or does none matter
End of habitats
Does what we do help
Or make things dreadful
Is there a good point
Being what's careful

We'll try to prevail
And get through the times
But there's not enough
Words to create rhymes
Length can carry on
Over and over
But can it make sense
Without changeover
We've done what we could
This draws to a close
Have you made a choice
Cause either one blows.

"Not Depressed"

I'm looking for an answer
To the one we all want to ask
What is the meaning of life
Are we meant for a specific task
I know the answer isn't clear
That people make up their own
But somewhere out there
The answer must be known
How can there be nothing
To keep us standing tall
Besides the will of man
Our hopes are pretty small
I'm looking for a way
To choose the path to take
I know it's up to me
But I'm afraid that I will break
I try to be at my best
And keep my face a smile
Trying to be positive
Cause life is rather vile
I tell everyone I'm fine
Which isn't really wrong
For I'm not the girl
Who pretends to be strong
I am having problems
And I know I'm not fine
But I'm not one of those
Who kill, cut, or whine
That may sound offensive
But it's not supposed to
The point is I'm not depressed
There's something I'm going through
Mostly it's hormones

Of just being a teen
And the choices I have to make
Before I'm actually seen
I have two options
Between religion and life
But I don't know which one matters
It's causing such strife
I can't even tell
If I really believe
Do I want to understand
Or will I only grieve
There's so much I want
That I'm not supposed to
Will my right side win
Or my desires break through
The main issue is
I'm not sure what's right
Are my desires wrong
Can I keep up the fight
It's not depression at hand
But my life altogether
Things are confusing
It's just crazy weather
I'm trapped in a storm
Not sure where to turn
Which way is out
Will I ever learn
In an unending circle
Where I'm spinning around
This weather is frightening
I'll never reach ground
The rain is pouring fast
The lightning breaks free
Drenched in my own sorrow
Shocked to the knee
I want to get through

This mess of decisions
Running from end to end
A story of revisions
Is there a way out
Of the tornado within
Ripping up soil
My layer is thin
Again I'm not miserable
Just flapping about
In my puddle of choices
Ready to shout
Trying to think
Of what I should do
My mind is a muddle
Will I come to
I know it sounds crazy
That this should be easy
But it's all I've known
Without it I'm queasy
My family is there
And so are my friends
If I walk away
Everything ends
So what do I choose
My life or theirs
Does it make a difference
Who really cares
I know I sound insane
Saying I'm not "depressed"
For If I'm spilling all of this
I must be pretty stressed
But that isn't true
Depression is destroyed
While I'm just stuck
Filling a void
The reason I keep saying

That I'm not depressed
I don't want people to worry
It just needs to rest
I'll be ok eventually
It all takes time
But don't leave me alone
With nothing to climb
I know there's a light
At the end of this tunnel
I just have to find it
To get out of this struggle
When I do
Hold my hand
Tell me I made it
Back to dry land

"Stuck" And "Here"

"Stuck"

Why do I try

Nothing is ever good enough

I'm here but you shut me down

I guess I should be tough

Why should I care

You don't care about me

Not like I care about you

Why can't you ever see

Why give you who I am

You only tear me apart

I want to walk away

But with you I'm never smart

Why be on your side

I'm only in the shadow

I cry alone at night

Somehow it doesn't show

Why do I pretend

That you might change your mind

You're all about her or him

I'm always left behind

I'm done with all this crap

You'll never see me here

I spill out all my love

But you just disappear

I say I'm gonna leave

Can't make it through like this

But my heart just won't let go

I'm stuck in this abyss

I'm swirling down a drain

This pain will never end

You can't make up your mind

So here I go again

"Here"

Do you see me?

Falling apart

Your broken heart

I'll never part.

Do you see me?

Making a mess

No one can guess

Am I much less?

Do you see me?

Holding you up

Filling the cup

Can I give up?

Do you see me?

Running to them

Me at your whim

Hitting the rim.

Do you see me?

Here all along

Singing your song

But I am wrong.

Do you see me?

Yelling your name

Never the same

Am I too blame?

Do you see me?

Shouldering you

Nothing is new

Will I be through?

Do you see me?

Blinded by past

Won't ever last

I'm just a cast.

Do you see me?

All that is done

You would have won
Sight there is none.
Do you see me?
Tired of dark
Notice my spark
Please try to hark.
Do you see me?
Why should I try
Love is a lie
Just say goodbye.

"Broken"

Breaking in pieces
Put it back together
Torn apart all over
Struggling to reach out
Pushing towards the finish line
Keeps getting farther
Falling to the ground
Stuck inside a cage
Just waiting to shatter
Bones are made of glass
Feels like wearing a mask
Seen as something different
Tired of gluing shreds
Maze will never end
Beaten by nothing
Pain is all there is
Fighting to save a broken mirror
Shards don't fit like they used to
Tape isn't lasting
Ready to just give up
Angry at the world
Mad at the feelings
Not fair to be selfish
Instinct controls
Wanting to be positive
Trying best to recover
Knocked down again
Lost in all this chaos
Not sure of what to believe
Future isn't certain
Sorrow doesn't compare
Life is different than most
Same in many ways

What to do but try

Mend something that can't be fixed

Run till all is gone

"Wicked Shell"

The heart aches to see the dawn of her light
While time is a foe leaving pain inside
Struggles make for a journey to mend plight
And love's fate brings forth rain to cause the tide
The beauty masks her unfathomed darkness
And passion for rule calls out to the eve
What comes as one will be brought to tarnish
While Born from lies those liaisons unweave
Fallen in whole does one emerge apart
That the devil's character may appear
For her mind is more fragile to outsmart
And if she stays the soul blurs to unclear
They differ in spirit yet tie in well
Only she'd crawl out of her wicked shell

"Sorrowful Death"

The gun that killed Stephen Von Stratten,
Took everything he had.
It took his entire future,
He was about to be a dad.
He never saw it coming
And tried his best to live.
But the bullet wouldn't stop,
It's not very cooperative
His daughter grew up well
But never got the chance
To have the greatest man
At the father/daughter dance.
She spent her whole life
Wondering what could've been
This never would have happened
If it was for the break-in
The mother blamed herself
And couldn't comprehend
Why her ignorant husband
Had to try and win
He thought he should be brave
And be the stronger man
But nothing he could do
Would bring him home again
He never should have fought.
The man would have his assets
But at least he'd be around
To see his life's regrets
Now his family is hurt,
And broken to the core
But nothing can be done
To change what he has bore

"Within Us All"

Even when we feel our best
Madness is within us all
It lies beneath the surface
And waits to catch our downfall

They never see it coming
When the time has come to strike
So they fall into the trap
And land upon hidden spikes.

When this happens we don't fear
Thinking that we're safe from it
But then we get caught as well
And began to lose our witt.

The circle keeps on going
And traps everyone in sight
You may not see it in you
But it's grasp is hard to fight

Everyone has it different
For some have less of control
But no matter who you are
Madness plays a type of role

"Haunted Hope"

Blinded by my fate

Wait to see the end

The heart knows its true

Nothing to defend

Demise is drawing near

With sorrow I hold dear

Causes here or there

Hurting those I loved

Deserved is my pain

Never free from coved

Demise is drawing near

With sorrow I hold dear

Dreams of forgiveness

Not wanting to heal

Conflict is nature

Making all to kneel

Demise is drawing near

With sorrow I hold dear

Know the plight is sealed

Closed forevermore

Empower is key

When spirits restore

Demise is drawing near

With sorrow I hold dear

Excepted my doom

Fearing karma's curse

Torment shameful eyes

Glass reflects perverse

"Difficult Journey"

The death that takes a hold
Can suddenly rush in
Tearing two lives apart
That never got to win

The world is never fair
Doesn't pretend to be
But there is love beyond
This life has got to see

Time has ripped out the light
And will do it again
But if the fight goes on
Maybe the good can win

The struggle will go on
As it's intended to
And hopefully one day
The love will be brand new

The family is apart
But time still moves forward
Love can't mend everything
But guides the world shoreward

The son was hurt the worst
And maybe never heal
But hope is all there is
And not the most ideal

There is so much he has
For if he'd only look
But love is not his suit

So he must find his nook

He leaves his family there
Without a thought in mind
Believing it's the best
Not seeing he is blind

His sister is the op
Trying to be the right
Seeing the good in all
Not giving up the fight

She's hurting just as well
For she had gotten close
Seeing him at his worst
Then everything had froze

The difference had been
She hadn't let that stop
Her strength from being drained
And her morals to slop

Both are broken inside
Dealing in their own ways
Trying to be their best
Just getting through the days

The Darkness knew the cost
Of taking what they loved
But the sister will brawl
Until she becomes gloved

Brother has given up
And doesn't seem to care
That all is crumbling down
While mom becomes despair

Sister tries to be there
To guide her through the dark
But one is not enough
To wake a person's spark

Mom falls down a spiral
And doesn't seem to quit
One moment she seems fine
The next she's in a fit

Sister can not take this
No matter how she tries
Love's to be there for her
But only causes cries

She lends her hand to help
But struggles to hold on
Knowing she'll never live
She pulls the curtains drawn

Brother should help with mom
But he has so much pain
He can not handle hers
Would only be in vain

Mother needs someone else
To light her way at night
But husband is too weak
To understand her plight

Sister is who she has
And maybe that's okay
Who said love was easy
And that may change some day

"Summer Sadness"

Depression takes hold when the leaves turn green.
Time is a thief that turns teachings to tales.
Where all is anew yet life is fading the screen;
And freedom although rare becomes the cage's nails

Feeling all the beauty and love abound;
For some will decide to wrap around.
But those who feel they have nothing
Don't usually see it quite as touching.

The days may be warm and bright
But hearts are filled with torment.
Life will look as dark as night
That not a soul will be able to prevent.

Happiness is lost in a sea of doom.
When most are joyful, one is full of gloom.
The hours drag on with not a thing to do;
And the world seems red, while one sees blue.

Not sure of what to say
When all is bright and clear;
For no one sees the side
Of what one calls a tear.

"Somebody as Nobody"

Seclusion is my life; Difference is me.
Why am I like this? Questions exceed.

I used to want admirers.
Something changed.
Always stuck to my own.
Didn't want it that way.

Surrounded by others, but not ever there.
Maybe I'm special, and they are what's wrong.

Baking and gardening,
Piano and song,
Reading and writing,
Taking long walks.

No idea; truth was hidden.
Only wrote it out; left it behind.

Now I know what's true.
Being different is better.
People hide who they are,
When they are "somebody".

"Cut it Off"

Peeling skin
Feeling zen
Breathing in
Do it again
Soon will stop
All comes back
Ready to drop
Sharp as a tack
Dripping in red
Thoughts have been fed
Wishing dead
Nothing is said
Knowing is lost
Mind runs away
Forget the cost
What is "okay"
Life is blurry
In a hurry
Starting to worry
Filled with fury
Battling over
Things will change
Better when sober
Belief is strange
Going too far
Drunk on a bar
Seeing a star
Given a scar
Sensitive flesh
Broken heart
Melded with mesh
Calling it art
Painful cry

Ready to lie
Here to die
Let out a sigh
Blank name
No one exists
Not the same
Too many fists
Love isn't real
Unable to heal
Having no zeal
No appeal
Leaving it all
Scraping till clean
Willing to fall
Never be seen

Free-Verse Poem:

Time is an illusion,
Yet it plagues us all the same.

When you, for example,
think about life, what is it you see?

Do you remember the past,
Wishing to go back?
Or do you worry about the future,
Knowing your "time" isn't free?

The thing is, that's what most people do.
They choose one or the other,
When in reality we should focus on the present.

Don't get me wrong,
It's ok to think about both.
But remember that time is precious,
And it's only there to an extent.

When we focus too much time on past or future,
We forget to actually live.
So worried about how we'll turn out,
That we don't decide how we do.

So again, time is an illusion.
But it's important all the same.

Because without it,
Nothing would be new.

?Not Sure Yet?

I hope for the future
But does that mean it's real
I wish things were different
So that I could feel
They want me to be
Another one of them
But I don't know how
When "me" they'd condemn
If I hid the truth
I could be what they see
But that isn't right
I wouldn't be "me"
I'm not sure what I need
I can't make a choice
They are my family
But I don't have a voice
They make me feel small
Just a piece of the puzzle
But I know I don't fit
I only cause trouble
It's unseen to the eye
But I know it is there
I'm not what they want
To stay is unfair
I know that it's dense
And not even high
On the things of importance
That would cause "them" to cry
For me it's my life
Yet they think that it's dumb
While not understanding
That it makes me feel numb

I hate being told
That there's only one way
Life is about balance
Yet they want me to pay
I've tried to explain
The struggle at hand
They just hear excuses
And make it seem bland
Maybe I'm stupid
For believing in them
But they're all I know
It's not just a whim
There's so much at stake
If I don't choose what's right
How am I to know
It's a difficult plight
Few understand
The difference in me
I try to tell others
But I'm afraid they'll leave
I don't have much
When it comes to friends
So betraying those I have
Means everything ends
I know I'm dramatic
And it's not quite this bad
But it is of importance
And it's making me sad
I want to be good
But what does that mean
Nothing is clear
And I'm just a teen
I don't have the experience
To backup my conclusions
But I have had loss
It's not just delusions

I lost my best friend
Once she found out
I couldn't understand
Why she had doubt
I wanted to scream
And tell her she's crazy
But I knew it wouldn't change
Then things became hazy
She wanted what was best
At least that's what she said
But I knew the real reason
It made her feel dread
Ever since then
I haven't gotten close
To those who could leave
When I need them the most
So now I can't trust
Those of whom care
Afraid to have failed
And lose what was there
They tell me it's fine
To go through this now
But they do not get it
It's not what they allow
Those who understand
Think little of me
For I could have it all
Cause that's what they see
But I don't want to hide
From who I really am
I want to be me
Not just a sham
I feel like an outsider
With nowhere to turn
I'm stuck in the middle
And nothing to earn

If I choose one
I still lose it all
So what is it worth
When I could fall
I'm just so confused
About how to move on
I know there's a cost
And soon I'll be gone
It's not good to live
Wrapped in a bubble
But outside is dangerous
And this is a struggle
I wish there was a way
To know what was best
But that is just foolish
And life is a quest
Why is my love wrong
When love matters most
It's not like It's bad
To want someone close
They cause me to feel
Like I'm not even there
I don't understand
Pretending to care
I've told few the truth
And they put it aside
Thinking it's weak
While I'm hurting inside
I wanted some help
And I put myself out
They seem to be deaf
While I try to shout
What can I say
To make myself heard
It's not just a phase
I'm being absurd

Changing my look
Obscuring my heart
Wanting to cry
I'm falling apart
They see a mask
In which I'm ok
Thinking it's simple
I just need to pray
I'm tired of fighting
Against who I am
Shouting the truth
They don't give a damn
I know that they do
Just not prone to see
Beyond what they know
I'll never be
I guess I'm just stuck
Going around
Waiting for something
To make me feel found
Not ready to leave
That which I know
But staying is hard
When there's no room to grow

"Choices"

Nothing is changing
Do I want it to
I know that I should
But I haven't thought it through.

I like who I am
But I constantly fight
I don't want to stop
Cause then they'd be right

I feel like I'm stuck
Not knowing what's best
It's hard to give up
And no one's impressed

There's things that I want
But I don't see them happening
Should I just stop
Or keep up what's maddening

Is the stress worth it
If I get what I want
But that is the problem
My desires just taunt.

I don't feel I'm worthy
Of the things that I crave
But I don't like "them" either
My future seems grave

Going through the motions
Not living my life
Maybe it's just a phase

And I'll get over this strife

I just want to be happy
With the life that I choose
But how will I know
There are too many views

I know that I'm crazy
For feeling like this
Im only 16
Me they dismiss

My emotions are temporary
That's what they say
Soon you'll feel different
You're not "really" gay

Maybe they're right
And it is just a phase
With the way the world is
Gay is "blase"

I know that I'm different
Then those that were born
But whether it's "real"
Doesn't change how I mourn

Maybe that's why it's so hard
Because I'm not just "that way"
I'm slowly choosing to be
One that they sleigh

Course I don't mean literal
But sometimes it seems
That just because we're different
They go to extremes

I'm just so tired
Of feeling out of place
Which one do I leave
While the other embrace

I know what "they'd" say
But I want to choose
Living someone else's life
Would only confuse

I feel so alone
Though I know I'm not
It's hard to see others
When you're deep in thought

I just need some idea
Of what I should do
Too many things
That could ensue

I don't want to lose
What I already contain
Choosing who I am
Would lead to disdain

I don't have the courage
To fight off the pain
Of leaving behind
What I worked hard to gain

So what is my choice
I still have no clue
Struggling for years
And nothing is new

"Better Than Nothing"

Even though I've chosen
I'm still on my own
I don't know how to fix
Something unknown

I've realized some things
As time has flown by
I have no real friends
It's all been a lie

They only see me
When there's no one around
I guess I'm not enough
To lift up their frown

I've never been the one
That is cared for the most
I'm stuck in the back
Seen as a ghost

I know it's partly me
For I've cut myself off
But it still hurts the same
Yet they stand there and scoff

Not sure what I did
To make them see less
Than the woman I am
And what I express

I've always been there
When they needed a hand

Yet they cast me away
For some other brand

I may not have tried
To be what they want
But I am who I am
Not just a taunt

I do not pretend
To be something more
I know I have issues
Down to my core

I tell what I think
And don't give much thought
To what I could do
Or the damage I wrought

It's not on purpose
I care how they feel
But I always thought truth
Made it more real

I accept others
For who I know they are
So why am I different
On their radar

They say I'm their friend
But they leave me aside
Yet when all falls apart
They run to my guide

They know I'm mature
Compared to the rest
Needing advice

They come to the best

But once all is great

They forget I exist

I'm just their tool

Who's made to assist

I wish I was more

To someone who cared

I want to feel special

Nothing compared

How do I get

The love that I crave

I'm not being selfish

Just want what I gave

I lend my heart freely

To those that might drown

They reach out their hands

And just pull me down

Maybe I should stop

Just find my own way

They only cause hurt

And push me away

But being alone

Without feeling missed

Is worse than the pain

Of being dismissed

At least I'm acknowledged

For the things that I know

It's not a great life

But it's better than woe

"Too Many, Too Much"

There is no real answer
For how to live our life
Nothing really matters
Causes such strife

We beg and plead to know
The thing that isn't there
What is this about
Why aren't things fair

Some think they see
The true path to take
But one explanation
Makes everything break

There is no real point
In believing in more
Anything is possible
Beyond the closed door

So why limit ourselves
Afraid of being wrong
But nothing's concrete
No place to belong

Just live your life
To what you know is here
Cause wasting on a chance
Brings only more fear

I'm so scared of dying
Without really living

That I hold myself back
Never forgiving

Why is it wrong
To love who you choose
I'm not causing harm
Yet I'm destined to lose

Only a few years
If I choose one side to take
But anything can happen
My life is at stake

I keep going around
Trying to pick the best one
When both have the chance
Of ending with none

I'm still at a loss
And probably will be
For the rest of my life
Cause that's being free

I know I'm not alone
When I mention these things
For people all over
Feel there's too many strings

What's with the choices
There are way to much
I wish it was easy
With just one to touch

The world is your oyster
That's what they say
Not sure what that means

Wishing one way

I used to be clear
About the things that I want
Scared of screwing up
With nothing to flaunt

I guess that's just life
And I should stop trying
I'm going insane
Nothing applying

"Alphabet"

A: *Anger* is apart of life

What they know is full of strife

B: Because they struggle to *believe*

They fail at what they can achieve

C: Feeling alone when others around

They *Cry* and sigh without a sound

D: The *Depression* is more than they can take

It's not for attention and it's not fake

E: *Everyday* they sit and wonder

Feeling like they're sinking under

F: *Fate* is a burden the world must hold

And they're just fit into the common mold

G: *Greatness* is dropped in a sea of doubt

They lie in silence, ready to shout

H: All *Hope* is lost and time stands still

While watching others feel the thrill

I: *Ignorance* to flaws is the only key

But that is hard, so they'll never be free

J: The world is a *Judge*

They're scared to budge

K: The *Knife* is sharp but not enough

To stop the pain and make them tough

L: *Life* will become too much to handle
Feeling as though they're a blown out candle

M: Their *Minds* are stuck and they can't break free
From the chaos within so they can not flee

N: Knowing they'll *Never* get out
Stuck with the fear and doubt

O: Made to feel like a forgotten *Object*
And never believing that they are perfect

P: They wallow in their own self *Pity*
And know that getting out is tricky

Q: They tried to *Quit* too many times
No way out of the twisted vines

R: *Regret* and fear cloud their mind
And take over what's inside

S: *Simply* going through emotions
Being tossed by waves in oceans

T: *Taking* everything they had
Watching that all end is sad

U: Lonely and *Unhappy* they will stay
It takes every part of them away

V: Their happy memories have *Vanished*
They say "not hungry" but their famished

W: While *Wasting* their life and feeling shame
There's no one but themselves to blame

Y: *Yesterday's* opportunities disappear behind
Remembering the words that were unkind

Z: *Zigzagging* through life like nothing's wrong
While everyday seems way to long

Free-Verse Poem

Time is an illusion,
Yet it plagues us all the same.

When you, for example,
think about life, what is it you see?

Do you remember the past,
Wishing to go back?
Or do you worry about the future,
Knowing your "time" isn't free?

The thing is, that's what most people do.
They choose one or the other,
When in reality we should focus on the present.

Don't get me wrong,
It's ok to think about both.
But remember that time is precious,
And it's only there to an extent.

When we focus too much time on past or future,
We forget to actually live.
So worried about how we'll turn out,
That we don't decide how we do.

So again, time is an illusion.
But it's important all the same.

Because without it,
Nothing would be new.

"Everything" Poem

Time has flown by
I push out a sigh
Look at the sky
Might even cry

Grow up and be
That which is me
Ready to see
Taking a knee

Done what was best
They gave me a test
Hurting my chest
Leaving the nest

I am who I am
Seen as a lamb
Was stuck in a jamb
Loving my fam.

I'm sorry I left
Never been deft
Feels like a theft
Containing bereft

I'm tired of sores
Seeping from pores
Too many lores
Want to be yours

Don't leave me alone
Hate I was shown

Already flown
To the unknown

I'm lost in my heart
Please never part
Thought I was smart
Back at the start

I'm sorry I'm not
That which you fought
Need to be caught
From pain that is wrought

I'm not very strong
You made me feel wrong
They're taking too long
Don't silence my song

You left me broken
But I have spoken
Gave me a token
And now I'm awoken

I wish I was better
For the unwritten letter
Held in a fetter
Needing a petter

This is the end
I came to depend
Don't have a friend
I never blend

You know that it's true
Nothing is new
Following through

Photo askew

What is this pain
Pretending is vain
Feels like a drain
Kept in a chain

Know what I lost
I paid the cost
You I have crossed
All has been tossed

Why is what's real
Making me kneal
I don't want to feel
Slowly I peel

Maybe that's life
Always some strife
Hurts like a knife
And they are rife

What do you think
Make a small clink
Right at the brink
Ready to shrink

No one's at fault
Shut in a vault
Others exalt
I chose to halt

Maybe it's me
Not the right key
Deep as a sea
Let out a plea

Now seventeen
What does that mean
It's the same scene
Just bigger screen

Repressing what hurts
Gave you alerts
Comes out in spurts
Goes back and inverts

Coming undone
Sight there is none
This isn't fun
I want to run

Need to find out
That which I shout
Filled with such doubt
Darkness has sprout

All will fall apart
Breaking my heart
Fills up a chart
And where do I start

"Ok?" Free-Verse Poem

Where is my mind
Slowly losing myself
Thought I was lucky
All I had was pain

People think I'm strong
And maybe that's true
But life's not that easy
I'm not what I seem

I know there's always worse
Why does that make it ok
I'm not sure anymore
What's there to gain

I guess I'm just tired
Of always holding on
I think I've got control
But I've never had luck

I'm falling apart
Yet no one sees
They say I'll be ok
Cause that's how it's been

Is that really true
Each year I get worse
I may have learned to hide it
Doesn't mean that it's gone

I'm not ok
Why can't they understand

Yes, it won't kill me
But it's still a burden

The stones get heavier
As time carries on
Put on a smile
That's all they want

I'm not trying to hurt you
It's just how I feel
I know I said don't dwell
But sometimes it's hard

The difference is though
I'll never give up
I'm true to my word
I don't plan to stop

I just want a break
Guess that won't happen
The pile gets bigger
I need more strength

It's not about winning
Although I wish I could
It's about the fight
The one that never ends

There's a saying that goes
If it doesn't kill you
Then you'll get stronger
But all I feel is weak

They think it's not that bad
Maybe it's not
Again there's always worse

But I feel like I'm lost

I'm not scared of death
Just the before
The parts where you lose
Who you really are

It's seems that's happening
Faster than it should
I'm only 17
And I'm losing my mind

My brain is me
I can't handle this
What do I do
I'm terrified

Sounding dramatic
But that's how it feels
I can't focus on anything
And I just want to cry

I'm so angry at the world
It's all just against me
Then I think (stop moping,
There's ALWAYS worse)

ALWAYS worse
That's the phrase
I mean It's true
But isn't that sad

Why should there be worse
Just to make me feel better
It doesn't really work
I just get irritated

I know I'm not the only one
Which is screwed up enough
I'm so tired of this life
Is it really worth the pain

The answer is yes
Still really sucks
Death is easier
But not happier

There's so much happy
If we just try to focus
Sometimes that's hard
And that's ok

Even though I get angry
When people say I'll be ok
It's actually true
If I allow it to be

I won't ever be 'ok'
But who really is
Life gives as much as it takes
If we choose to see it

"The Wall"

I think I've lost control
Of that which I had
It wasn't intentional
I learned from my dad

I thought I could protect
My heart from being broken
But I think things have changed
And now it needs spoken

Not in the same way
That everyone thinks
I'm an expressive person
But there's still many kinks

I may tell you how I feel
I may scream it out loud
But it's not really heard
It's covered in shroud

People think I've dealt
With the issues at hand
I guess I hide it well
And look like I stand

It's not what they think
I just push right through
The madness and sorrow
That's never been new

Always feeling weak
Ready to break

I look like I'm strong
But not much I take

Can't stop thinking
Feelings overflow
My mind is muddled
But it doesn't show

Maybe it does
Just not enough
Everyone knows
But think that I'm tough

It's a chaotic circle
That's keeping me down
Saying move on
And hiding my frown

They know that I suffer
It's written in my skin
But because it is constant
It's seen as a win

I don't really deal
With the problems I hold
I never learned how
And now they just fold

Curving inside
Settling deep
Within my heart
The secrets I keep

Not in the literal
But in the pain they deal
Seems like I'm fine

But I never heal

I carry it with me
Pretending it's gone
For that's what I'm told
"Just move on"

It's not a bad phrase
It's just not explained
Life should move on
But learn from the pained

Don't do what I do
Just blocking it out
It will revert back
Then anguish will sprout

I'm standing at the edge
I feel it all the time
Never quite falling
But lost to the climb

Trying to calm
The emotions inside
They swirl in my heart
Ready to hide

Crying within
Not seen on my face
Tired of it all
Need a change of pace

Everything is spinning
World keeps on turning
It will never let up
My stomach is churning

Wishing it could stop
Not ready to fall apart
I've done it before
Just back at the start

They say let it go
Making things calm
Maybe it's release
But not a real balm

It's like putting a bandaid
On a wound that's cut deep
It may stop the outpour
But pain will still reap

How do I break

The wall I hold dear
Scared of the truth
Loose is my fear

There's too much at stake
If I let it break free
I don't want to lose
What I know I can be

I've seen what can happen
If emotions take control
Not ready to face
The darkness as a whole

I've come to far
To let things slip
I can't allow weakness
To make me trip

I want to back away
From the cliff I reside
Nothing I can do
To change what's inside

Eventually I'll fall
So what do I do
Maybe if I jump
I'll make it through

I'm honestly terrified
Of what might occur
My heart rate increases
The room is a blur

Maybe I'm selfish
It's not a big deal
I really don't know
How I should feel

Afraid of the future
And what it might hold
Apparently that's life
So I've been told

I'm worrying too much
But it's honestly true
I'm right at the brink
Will I get through

I'm honestly not sure
The importance of this
The wall is my safety
Protecting my bliss

It's there for a reason
I know that for sure
But is keeping it better
Or is there a cure

I want to be mended
I know that takes change
But how far is too much
Is there a range

Will this ever end
I really don't think so
But maybe there's hope
That I could grow

Nothing worth it is easy
But that is just life
Hoping there's more
That will stop my strife

There isn't an ending
To this mess of mine
It will always be there
Twisted like vine

Poetry Poem

I love the idea of poetry
It's something I understand
The lines just flow right through me

Most seem to rhyme
That's my usual style
Depends on my mood

This one for example
It's just plain words
Nothing holds it back

I don't write about poetry
Except when it suits me
Guess I'm feeling it now

My others are more emotional
Lines written to express
Not everyone agrees though

I think it's art
Not always pretty
Yet beautiful in it's own way

It's like a stairway to your heart
Leading them down a path
They don't always match

Some stairs are steep
Pushing you right through
The point is made clear

Others are gradual
 Allowing more freedom
 Guiding you there

They're all the same though
 At least in what matters
 They have a purpose

Everything does
 Poetry is no different
 Brings out the inside

See this poem is plain
 Not much to think about
 Still means something though

People's styles are different
 Usually one is favoured
 I know I love to rhyme

Obviously this one isn't the case
 Just didn't fit the words
 Wanted to create uniqueness

I like when things flow
 Poetry gives that freedom
 Stories have too many rules

I can write what I want
 No one else matters
 It doesn't even have to make sense

Of course it probably should
 If you want it to mean something
 I always do

Poetry is rhythm

But no rules apply
You can choose how it's made

This is a staircase
Yet where does it lead
Does it really matter

There is point in all this
That poetry is expression
No one else decides

You don't have to like it
Still mine all the same
Always apart of me

I love poetry
As I've already explained
And now you know why

"What is" Free-Verse Poem

This world is a dream
If you really think about it
You can do anything you want
Yet the choice is never really yours

That's how a dream works right?
You can't control what happens
But the limits of what could are boundless

People would probably think I'm crazy
I bet you at this very moment do
Am I really crazy?

Maybe I am
But I believe everyone is
No one agrees with everything
Therefore who's actually right?

The answer is no one is
But is that even true?
Life is a mystery
So why does it matter?

Personally I think nothing does
We only make them that way
There is no right or wrong
Just how people view it

I believe in things
Doesn't make them true
Truth is majority thought
Not accuracy

Dreaming of what could be
But why waste the time
You can try everything
Yet end with nothing

We all die eventually
So nothing is concrete
Our choices don't matter
At least not in truth

They matter to you
And they matter to others
But do they matter to the universe?

We are all just here
"Floating" about
Part of something bigger
Or part of nothing at all

We may not even exist
Just someone's imagination
There is no impossibility
Only what we see

Am I screwing with your mind yet?
Am I even making sense?
You don't have to answer that
But you can if you want

Darkness is light
And light is darkness
Do you agree?
Again does it matter?

Ultimately it all matters

But at the same time it doesn't
Because we have no clue what's real
And what isn't

People probably won't like this poem
Those that do are just as crazy as me
It's really just rambling
About things that the world believes

So what is the point in all this
Well the truth is
There isn't one

Life is just life
And you can live it how you want
People won't always agree
But it isn't up to them

"I Lost"- Poem

Always tired
Nothing wired
I'm insane
Say I'm plain
Who's been hired
Are we sired
Need a cane
I'm in pain

Played the game
Not the same
Rules apply
But they lie
Feeling shame
Who's to blame
It's a tie
All will sigh

Change my mind
Am I kind
I have lost
There's a cost
Can I find
Left behind
Feeling frost
They accost

Please don't leave
They deceive
I am scared
We've been paired
It's my peeve

They will weave
Have we cared
Love's not shared

The story's told
It was sold
Now been said
We need fed
I am cold
In I fold
Made of lead
Skin is shed

Showed my side
I have cried
They don't see
What's in me
I confide
Love had died
Hear my cree
Take a knee

Feel alone
I don't own
Try to shine
Things I pine
It was shown
I've been sewn
Say I'm fine
Intertwine

Nothing left
Felt a theft
It's now gone
Sword was drawn
Wasn't deft

It's bereft

Just a pawn

Dark has spawn

Took it all

No one saw

Fake a smile

It's my style

It's the law

Need to thaw

Turn the dial

Lose the trial

I? not good

Thought I could

Guess we're none

They have shun

Here I stood

Knew they would

It is done

They have won

"Spilling Thoughts" Free-Verse Poem

I miss my creativity
Scared of rejection
I'm not that strong
To deal with persecution

I know everyone feels the same
Only some don't hold back
Guess I'm not one
I just give up

I'm being stubborn
I'm being stupid
That's my downfall
Stuck in the middle

I'm safe right here
Why risk falling
Because I could win?
Not likely

Nothing is real
All is just chance
Tired of standing still
But afraid to move on

They say just push through
Sounds easy enough
Can't get the courage
Something holds me back

I know I'm good at what I do
But there's more to talent
People don't have to be great

To win the spotlight

They just need courage
And people by their side
I'm a nobody
Who really doesn't try

Everything I've done
Was because of someone else
They forced me to see
That I can do more

The things I love most
Include writing and acting
Neither I strive for
They're not dependable

Acting is worse
You need connections
I was in drama
Didn't like the teacher

She made me feel like shit
I cried a lot that year
I never fit in
Partly my fault

I shouldn't have left
But I couldn't keep going
So I just gave in
To the fear that I held

Was tired of trying
Being ok with nothing
I wanted to scream
Pay attention to me

I know that is selfish
It's not what it seems
I didn't care for the spotlight
Just wanted to matter

I felt like what I did
Didn't make a difference
I could easily be replaced
My presence meant nothing

I was treated like a nobody
Guess that's what I was
People ignored me
No one wanted to help

I was the last
They put me aside
Didn't consider my feelings
Got tired of trying

I don't know what I'm saying
Just that I'm scared
I don't want to be stuck
Blending with the rest

At the same time though
I'm not like the rest
If you think about it
I'm actually behind

People moving on
I'm left right here
Too many reasons
That push me down

My mother is scared
She's lost enough
I can't even drive
It would be dangerous

How am I to grow up
If I'm not shown how
They don't let me experience
The things I'm supposed to

I'm constantly frustrated
I pretend it's not there
Nothing I can do
Just hope that it changes

Too much to say
Doesn't make a difference
You've heard it before
What's the point

There is no ending
Going in circles
What will happen
Just have to find out

Pathways... -Poem

Time moves forward, holding their breath
in silence, their mindful thinking, choices
Unlimited, struggling to find the truth.
They're waiting for a sign, something-
Anything to make them feel. They don't
Know where to go from here.
Choking on air seeming thin; they look
Harder for meaning & they
Know it doesn't exist in themselves.
How many times of falling apart inside
While saving face? The mask holds strong
Against the wind coursing through
& it doesn't make a crack. They hear of
Others who know, see, feel the same
As if making it less, going down,
Lost within, not ready to make
A change that could break what
Is known. They think that
Maybe they should have stopped,
Given up on the idea of
That which could bring pain & grief.
Knowing it won't help. They wonder
What's the point of life, this world of nothing,
The sorrow, the death, the believing they
Won't amount to much, the struggle of
Right and wrong, the tired of trying
When lies & truth are hidden, how they
Realize it doesn't matter, everything ends.

Jazz Age Vocab Poem:

The 20's were swell
That is what's thought
All was just goofy
Mind was for naught

The Flappers were peppy
While cake eaters prowl
Surrounded by giggle water
Making things foul

The main drags are full
With belly laughs abound
They're shouting whoopee
And no flat tires are found

Gold diggers are gliding
With hearts set on riches
They look for a big cheese
That will pay for their britches

Plenty of gatecrashers
Can always be seen
They're usually ossified
By the end of the scene

There's a lot of baloney
With events like these
Bound to be a pinch
When nobody sees

It? the bee? knees
And they?e having fun
Their dogs will be barking

When the party is done

The places are swanky

The women are keen

But at the end of the day

The men are just mean

"In Pieces" -Poem

Frying then prying
Hoping it works
Flesh tears apart
But the pain still lurks

Bleeding the truth
Written in skin
It's plain to the eye
But hidden with a grin

Realizing your fate
You run from the past
And maybe this time
It'll actually last

They tell you to stay
Don't go very far
Thinking they know
Forgetting your scar

They believe what they see
Maybe they're right
You've already lost
So give up the fight

You know it's the end
Yet you try to keep going
Drowning within
The hurt never showing

Screaming and crying
Waiting for more
Praying that one day

You won't be a chore

It's never enough
To just be you
So putting on masks
Will have to do

You want something different
But afraid to move on
Thinking it's pointless
They're already gone

So now all that's left
Is a broken soul
Pieced back together
But never really whole

Glass

*I'm walking on glass
There's so many cracks
Afraid to move forward*

*Why did I do it
I knew what it was
Yet here I am*

*What did I expect
I hear the slight shatter
Wait to feel it break*

*Looking down to see
I find something new
I've become the glass*

*They're stepping all over
They want me to break
I'm just letting it happen*

*I feel it's my fault
I broke them first
Rightly deserved*

*Now what to do
We're falling apart
Only blame each other*

*I guess that's just human
We tear people up
Leave them in pieces*

That's because we're broken

Not wanting to be alone

It's how we survive

Unreciprocated Love

There was a time when all I had was hope.

Hope that one day, I wouldn't be alone.

Did you know how much pain I was in, or did you just not care?

Maybe it was my fault.

Maybe I'm being unfair.

You didn't know the cost would be my faith.

Honestly, you thought you were doing the right thing.

Did you not know how much I loved you, how much I needed you in my life?

I guess I'm just pathetic, and I deserved getting pierced by your knife.

You were my everything, the one I held onto.

You must not have realized how much I needed you.

I trusted that you'd be there to catch me when I fell, because you were the one by my side, the day my dad made me cry.

He left without a word, disappearing out of sight.

If you hadn't been there, I wouldn't have survived that night.

I know it hurt you too, leaving me behind.

So why did you do it?

I guess you were blind, to the fact that without you I was a mess.

And what you didn't know, is that I became the thing you feared most.

I never told you what happened, but now I confess, that you were the very reason I left.

Bestfriend

My best friend is you
Who stood by me through it all
I couldn't be more lucky
To have you as a mom

My best friend is you
Who made me who I am
Helping me find my way
As your lost little lamb

My best friend is you
Who always told me the truth
Never letting me forget
The importance of my youth

My best friend is you
Who I never want to part
But no matter what happens
You'll always be in my heart

My Apologies

I'm sorry

I'm sorry I'm not who you wanted and all you can say is I'm sorry, because that's all I am to you, just a broken piece of a whole other other self that's missing.

I'm sorry

I'm sorry I lost you and all that is left is a shell of the girl I once knew, but I can never let go of the past.

I'm sorry

I'm sorry are the words written in my skin, for the one person who needs it the most is the one that never lets it in.

I'm sorry

I'm sorry for every hurtful word, thought, or action that pushed you to the ground and made you feel like trash.

I'm sorry

I'm sorry I wasn't strong enough to hide you from it all, and hold your hand till the end so you'd never have to feel small.

I'm sorry

I'm sorry that you're so beautiful, strong, and heartfelt but no one else sees it, not even me.

I'm sorry

I'm sorry that the world forgets you exist and the only one that matters thinks it's because you're worthless.

I'm sorry

I'm sorry I'm hateful and make you feel stupid for just being you, when I know that you're brilliant and braver than you think.

I'm sorry

I'm sorry for the lies ingrained in my mind that tell me you're ugly and you'll never be loved.

I'm sorry

I'm sorry it's me, who cries as you slowly start to drown, and I'm the one holding you under.

I'm sorry

I'm sorry is all you'll ever hear, because no matter how hard you try you'll never feel like you're enough.

I'm sorry

I'm sorry I'm you, the one person who should love you the most, yet stands there feeling sorry for herself.

Unwanted Feelings

I thought it was over
And I wouldn't feel like this
But nothing ever changes
So why expect bliss
When I knew

I was told that it's normal
To like those I shouldn't
But maybe there's a reason
It was something I couldn't
Ever do

Not by choice. Not by morals.
Not by anything right.
So what is my problem
I'm tired of this stupid fight
I ensue

Tell me how to fix this
Tell me what I need
Tell me it gets better
Tell me how to feed
This clue

I'm ready to be. I'm ready to see.
I'm ready to find the truth.
Just help me get out
And enjoy the youth
I view

I'm done with this crap
Or at least I want to be
But changing is hard

When all I want to see
Is you

I guess just forget it
And put it behind
It's apart of me now
Stuck in the mind I
grew

Born

I was born to be a writer
To show the world who I am
I was born to tell a story
And one you'd understand

I was born to let it out
The secrets within
A story never told
The depths of our sins

I was born to see it all
The lies and truth abound
Waiting in darkness
Never to be found

I was born to tell a truth
One we often forget
That we are not different
From those who don't "fit"

I was born. I was born.
As we all seem to be
Each with a purpose
That will set us free.

Relationships

Relationships are hard.
They tear you apart
yet make you feel whole.
They tell you their secrets.
They tell you their soul.
They rip your heart out
and stick it on a pole.
They cause such a stirring.
They let you be strong.
But they hurt in the end
And turn right into wrong.

Dreams

I was asleep and nothing felt real.
It never does. My dreams are not
Normal. Sometimes they even
Haunt my mornings. The only
Place I see you. I wish I didn't.
I like pretending you never
Existed at all, the darkness,
The light, all just a murky
Memory of something
Better left forgotten.

*

Forgotten. Better.
Something of a memory,
Murky. The light. The
darkness. All existed.
Never pretending like I
Didn't. I wish you see
The place. Only the
Mornings haunt, even
Sometimes, not normal
Dreams. Does it never really
Feel nothing? Asleep I was.

Working Mom

My mom, ever the hard worker,
Travels, lifts, orders, breaks her
Back for a company that she
Loves, but they ignore, forget,
Choose someone else to do a
Job she's way better at, and get
Paid more than she ever will,
Yet she continues to work,
Slave, carry on, for the place
That leaves her behind.

Nature's Memory

I'm afraid to go outside because
I feel him everywhere. This was
his home. The trees sway in the
wind, and I feel as though he's
listening. To what, I don't know.
I think of him as the sun reflects
across the water, and I remember
the times when I felt at peace,
the times where he was actually
happy.

What's The Point?

What's the point of trying when you don't really care? I only do things, lately it seems, for the sake of doing them. Like a robot who is told what to do; pick up this, clean that, then shut down. Persuaded to do what is considered right, wise, smart, expected. What would happen if I didn't? Not caring enough to find out, I choose the easier (actually harder) and better (is it though?) option, waiting for it to suddenly matter.

Golden Shovel?

First Line Golden Shovel of Joy Harjo's Poem *An American Sunrise*.

They stood there and laughed as we
told them the truth. They were
ready for more, yet running
from it all. They wanted out
of the pain they held. Scared of
Dying so they hold their breath.

I ain't mad

No, I ain't even mad about it anymore.

No, I ain't here crying about it on the floor.

No I'm just a liar and I can't erase it. My mind must replay it. I wish I could 'scape itt.

No, I ain't even mad about it anymore.

At least that's what I tell you while I'm at the door.

Now I am just waiting, pretending and faking, hoping that one day...

That I can say, I know you think that we're fine, but we have crossed the line. You keep wasting all our time, and now I know... that you are done with me.

Are you done with mee?

No, I ain't really mad about it anymore.

Maybe a little sad about it at the core.

But that doesn't matter when you're with a hatter, and serving his platter. I know he will scatterr.

No, I ain't really mad about it anymore

No, I am done fighting for this stupid war

You think there's a winner, of these fucking sinners, and now I must tell youu...

That I am done, waiting for something to change, I thought you would turn the page, but now I can see the wage, and you are through... being there for me.

Are you there for me?

You aren't there for me.

So I am done with thee.

I am done with thee.

Love and the Unknown- Poem?

I don't understand what's wrong with me. I try to be happy and sometimes I actually believe I am, but then something changes/happens and I'm back where I started. I keep questioning myself, wondering if I ever made progress to begin with or if I was just pretending the whole time. I feel like I'm hiding from myself, too afraid to find out who I am, was, or will be. I don't even know anymore. It's like I'm going in circles, chasing a dream that's always been bound to fail. The worst part is I don't even think it's my fault. Like the world just sucks so much that no one is fated for happiness. At least not like how they wanted, how they dreamed and ached for. Because the one thing I want in life is something I can't have. At least not the way it's supposed to be. Life shouldn't be this hard but everyone makes it so. It's like we carry boulders on our backs, trying to climb a mountain that never ends. Until there's nothing left but tears and heartache. What's the point? Fighting against odds that are only there to see us drown. I'm just so tired. Tired of pushing and pulling everything that comes my way. Hoping that someone will take the reins for me. Show me that I'm not alone in this headache of a universe. But it's always just me. The one who carries burdens that aren't even mine. Sometimes I think the reason I'm so nice is because I'm running away from my own problems. Like if I just help everyone else with theirs, then mine will fade away. But that's not how it works. I'm afraid to deal with mine because I don't honestly know what they are. I don't know what it is that makes me curl into myself at night hoping that no one sees me cry. I don't know what it is that makes me fake a smile when I've been given every reason to be happy. I don't know what it is that makes me feel less when (to be honest) I'm probably one of the best people you'll meet. I just know that I do. See, the weird thing about me is that I don't hate myself. I never have. I don't think I'm a horrible person. I just think I'm weak and not special. Someone that's only useful when they have something to offer. And yes there are reasons for that on the surface. But there is something in me that I can't figure out. Something that feels dark and hurt. Something that seems like it's the root of everything. I just don't know what it is, and I'm afraid of what it could be if I were to dig deeper. And that's why I struggle so much. I'm a coward who hides behind herself, feeling pathetic for never dealing with it. But the truth is I don't even know how. Where do I start? How do you find something that obviously doesn't want to be found? As the saying goes, it's like searching for a needle in a haystack. To be honest I'm afraid that what I'll find is worse than what I'm dealing with now.

I Don't Know- Poem?

I've lost. There's nowhere to go from here. Forever a blank page. Words unspoken used to be what was feared. Now I fear the things unwritten. It's all crashing down around me and I'm stuck. I lost my voice, and even when I find the will to speak it's nothing but gibberish. Misunderstood words and meanings. I'm not the same person I was. I used to write because it gave me freedom. It made me feel special. It was the one thing my family, well... my dad..., was proud of.

Now it just makes me hate myself more. I can't write like I used to. I had rhythm. I had style. I had structure. Now, I have nothing.

Nothing but the pain that I don't know how to express without feeling pathetic. And now not only do I feel pathetic but I feel like a monster. I became the thing I hated. The one who couldn't see the truth because they were blinded by their own wants or their own needs. Didn't care...

But I did care.

I tried so hard... in the end it didn't matter. It wasn't enough. It never is.

The more I write the more pathetic I feel and I don't know what to do anymore. I want to erase the page. The forever blank page is a wish. The truth is...

doesn't matter. It never matters. I... don't matter.

I'm the black abyss who apparently only sees rainbows and butterflies because my life wasn't so bad right???

Well therein lies the problem. I'm the black abyss where everything gets emptied into and because I go so far down that you can't see an ending (or is it a beginning?) Nobody sees me. You have no idea what's inside me and I'm so sick and tired of people saying I'm empty. Just because it's dark and you don't see it, doesn't mean it isn't there. I'm a well.

I'm everyone's fucking well!

So stop saying my life didn't mean anything and that I didn't go through shit and that it could be worse because you don't know what I've been through.

I don't even know what I've been through. I'm the locked closet that I don't even go into because I'm too afraid of what I'll find. But you get to sit there and say it's fine. The worst part is that I believe (d)

you. And now I am you.

I think I'm fine. So much so that my brain forgot there ever was a problem to begin with.

A blank page. Starting over from scratch. But I'm not a blank page.

I'm made up of forgotten memories and broken pieces, fit back together. You can erase the writing but the mark will always be there and I'm so tired of people making me feel like I have no marks. I'm nothing but marks. Marks I can't heal from because I don't even know what they're from. How do I fight in a room full of darkness? There's nothing but ghostly touches and eerie whispers that tell me it's all in my head.

How do I explain???

People make me feel crazy because they don't understand and I feel crazy because I don't either.

I just can't write like I used to. It doesn't make sense and I'm rambling on but...

But nothing. Nothing is what I have. Nothing is what I was taught to believe. I am nothing because... because what? I didn't go through enough trauma? I went through too much? I'm not smart enough? I'm not pretty enough? I'm not caring enough? I'm not selfish enough? I'm not strong enough? I'm not weak enough? I'm just not enough????

Well ok then.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry that I couldn't be whatever the fuck you needed me to be! I'm sorry that I did the best I fucking could and you sat there and laughed, pretended like you cared when the truth is you were the problem.

But now it's too late. I've become the problem. I've become you and it's sad really. Two sides of the same coin, yin & yang, god & Satan, good & evil, right & wrong. Doesn't matter. It's all the same damn thing. It's about perspective, and perspective is a shitshow.