

Compendium of CassFate

Cass Fate

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

To anyone who decided to give this a shot. I wish all the luck I can provide.

Acknowledgement

I\\'d like to acknowledge my younger self first of all, who really decided all of a sudden that she had an interest in writing. And now, here she is, years later, sitting in front of a computer, typing this when really, she should be asleep, and taking way too much pride in creating a little e-book of the few poems she has on here. Next, I\\'d like to thank Taylor. You don\\'t even know it, but you gave me some major inspiration by just being you. Thank you for that. I would also like to thank my parents, for not saying that I would never make a living off this no matter how much you wanted to and how right you were. But this is way too long winded. So thanks to Sam, Emily, Emily, Nati, Dash, Kat, Bell, and Lynx.

About the author

CassFate is sort of my actual name, technically Cassandra Fate, because my parents have a horrid sense of humor. I am still in college, and admittedly, have had a bit of a rough time in certain spots of life. I think that writing is a great way of self-expression for that, and I\\d like to one day have an actual book out.

summary

On the Edge

Love

Right

Will to Survive

Captive

A boy.

Learning

Apology

Thinking

The Battle

On the Edge

Teetering between,
On the edge of the cliff,
40 feet below
are jagged rocks.

I could turn back.
Turn around,
Safe from harm.
But,
No progress.
Back to the start.

Beyond the rocks
is a city.
Of wonder, and beauty,
Of love, and success.
Jumping.
Falling.
Living.

Love

Love
is the tone of speech,
the breath of a sigh,
the voice of a whisper.
some don't believe in
Love.

who can blame them?

Love
cannot be described,
it is immeasurable,
unconquerable,
and often ill-fated.
why would anyone
want to believe in it,
that's the real question.

they want

Love
for the second
between jumping and falling.

Love
for the minutes where
you're on a roller coaster,
and feel you could either crash
or end beautifully.

Love
for when the moon shines
so bright, you forget
that in day it all falls.

Love
so powerful,
for a second you
pretend it's for forever.
Love.

A word.

One syllable.

To bring men and women to their knees.

To drive people to madness,

for just a taste of what could be.

Love

for a child.

Love

for a wife, a girlfriend.

Love

for a husband, a boyfriend.

Love

for a parent.

Love

for a friend.

Love

for a place.

Love

for a pet.

Love

for a thing.

so many degrees

the word feels inadequate.

it is.

but it's

Love,

so it's enough.

Right

What is right?
What is wrong?
Feeling like falling,
Feeling like flying,
Is this the
Thin line everybody
Talks about?
Feeling bad,
Feeling good,
Walking along
That line,
Like it's a
Balance beam.
Back & forth,
Back & forth.
Which way
Will the fall go?
The pennys,
On it's side,
And rolling.
The penny stops,
Holds itself,
Perfectly still.
I fall.

Will to Survive

What is life?

Is it full of hard truths,

or stocked with bitter-sweet lies?

Is it the certainty that life is so short,

That makes it so tantalizing?

Like the last drops of a desert sea.

Life of Death.

Death of Life.

The unknown is what we fear,

what we try to find out.

But do we ever really know?

We act like we live forever,

But, in truth, we could die in a day.

We will always fear death.

Always prefer life when it comes down to it.

For ingrained in us

Is the Will to Survive.

Captive

Striving for adventure,
But only earning a lecture.
Yearning to be free,
And yet a cage is all I see,
Trying to pick the lock,
Hearing the tell tale tick-tock, tick-tock.
Time is running out,
Succumbing to another bout.
Not provided food or water,
Can feel myself growing hotter.
A desperate beg, a frantic plea,
Yet no escape for me.

A boy.

Heart full of cracks,
Veins full of fire.
All emotions,
a flickering desire.
Chaotic leaning stacks.
A mind full of turmoil.
Pulled two ways,
worked to a frothing craze
over love thought eternal.
But he never wanted.
Boy, heaven tempted.
Demon hell relented.
Fair mind, dark with sin,
mischief eyes, dance with promise,
Please be wary, please be cautious.
Going past to what's within.
To the boy beyond the mask.
Cruel puppeteer playing with his current toy,
Bringing to yourself nothing but joy.
Wrought with experiences, long since past.
Tangle no more,
Boy beyond the mask.
Nothing you say, shall come to pass,
Soul torturer,
from a place unknown.
Return from our hearts forever.
Let the bonds sever,
In favor of leaving us alone.

Learning

Boredom beckons silverhanded,
An enticing alternate.
Classes last
Too long.
Cramming things
into my head only
to come spilling
out seconds later.
Headaches set in,
Making words swim
Hardly being seen
The first time
Through. I
Guess this
Is learning.

Apology

You walk in,
And I see you saying hello
to that smile on your face.
People smile back at you,
Everyone knows you as
The happiest girl in the world.
Silly carefree and beautiful.
I wonder what they would say
if I told them all I know about you.
I won't though, because a promise
is a promise regardless of whether
You or I believe in truth.
Even some of the ones you are closer to,
don't realize that your smile is fake.
I'll admit, it's carefully constructed.
Sometimes I wonder at how long
you must have labored, trying to
make it perfect. It worked.
You light up any room you walk into.
But still, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for it all.
I apologize for being your friends
and for still being too selfish to break it off.
We're sorry, we took your happiness to replace
our own everyday and forgot to leave any for you.
One is sorry she let you in her house. She didn't
expect you to take the blow for her.
Two is sorry she told you about the bullies. You
didn't have to get involved. You don't have to feel
like prey too.
Three is sorry she told you she didn't
remember happiness. She didn't realize you'd give her
your own to replace it.
Four is sorry she can't be anything

but cynical. She cries over the fact that she now knows
she tore down your positivity, till you were left a shell.
Five is sorry she didn't notice sooner. Five berates herself for
not taking her part in it all, for not helping you carry yourself.
Six is sorry you can't touch her for more than ten seconds.
She knows it kills you when you can't hug or kiss her.
Seven is sorry that she was the first one you helped.
She'd rather have stayed broken than be watching you fall
down the same rabbit hole as all your friends.
She knows more than any of the us what it's like at the bottom.
I am sorry.
I'm sorry that I never realized you broke yourself
each time you fixed us.
I'm sorry I can't even tell you this
to your face.
I'm sorry none of us can stop leeching off you.
I'm sorry you gave up all your friends that would have known
what to do when you broke down yesterday.
I'm sorry.
None of us know what to do with you.
You gave us a taste of beauty.
But now we're either too scared or just don't know how to give it back.
I'm sorry

Thinking

Thinking thoughts
sudden snap
light bulb burning bright!
Rushing.
Working to beat time, and
Hoping against all crushed hopes.
Picking up the pen to write!

Alas the moments gone,
And clarity leaves with it.
Yet still the pen quivers
against the papers
waiting to be used.

The Battle

With M-16 rifles
and nuclear bombs,
going to finish the battle.

With stone-cold heart
and screams of hate,
going to finish the battle.

With lies about God
and poison for all souls,
going to finish the battle.

With cruelty in head, heart, and soul,
holding guns to pick off
even their own, they're
going to finish the battle.

With paper shields
and pencil swords,
off to start the battle.

With close-linked arms
and open hearts,
off to start the battle.

With bright-popped colors
and matching t-shirts off to start the battle.

With lives gone
and those yet taken,
we go with our own
off to start the battle.