

MISSFIT MEMORIES

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Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

*I am dedicated to writing and sharing my poems
which are based on my own personal
experiences and struggles that i had to face through
growing up.*

Acknowledgement

-I would like to Thank my \"Family\" because without them this wouldn't have been possible, as i would have had less to write about.

-A big Thank you to my cousin \"Antwon\" who always listened, and at first was the only one who did and never judged me.

To be continued.....

About the author

I'm Quirky and Can be an accident prone who trips over her own feet at times.

(I may even walk into lamposts also,which i have done)

I am socially awkward, and quite shy...(at first)

I am a Positive person..who tries to get through life having a Positive perspective on things.

I am someone who,not only laughs a lot but is always making other people laugh a lot too.

summary

SMILE

YOU THOUGHT WRONG

EMPATHY

SHOCK,SHOCK...REALITY

YOU WHO

*FORGIVE....IF YOU WILL *

MOM-R.I.P

MINI MELTDOWN

ARE WE THE SAME....?

A DIRTY MIND....Positionx1

A TOUCHING THOUGHT

I GUESS I'M NOT OKAY

My Illness Seeks REVENGE

HIGHER SELF

MUM - Feb/Friday/13th

TO MY DEAREST FRIEND....

FIX IT

YOU REPENT

POSITIONx2-A DIRTY MIND

I JUST CAN'T...

SMILE

I Just don't get it.
I Don't think i ever will.
I'm Sick of going over the same Shit.
In my head that is...
Most thing's i have forgiven.
Many thing's i have forgotten.
But you don't really care.
I know this by now....yeah...
(I convince myself)
I don't let it get me down.
For you i will never frown....
Or let you see my smile upside down.

can you see the "FUCK YOU" in my smile Today?...

YOU THOUGHT WRONG

-Yes.... I have questions.

Bloody good one's at that.

The kind of question's that i feel need answering to.

The ones i think about each and every day.

The ones i would never say.

You thought you understood, when really you didn't.

Maby you thought you did everything you could.

When infact you didn't.

No.

When it mattered you stayed hidden.

Of course you were there...To kick me when i was down.

So of course...you were there.Hold on maby i'm not being fair.

After all, i'm only seeing it from MY point of view.

I'm not pointing finger's at you...or you.

There's no one to blame here.It just hurt that's all....

When i started to see clear.

At the age of 16 realising that in my hour of need there was no 'F*****' near

EMPATHY

Do you see this empathy i have?

The sincerity i have?

The forgiveness i have chosen to give?

For not just my mistakes but yours, i'm willing to forgive. Sorry, that was a lie! I can't forgive.

Not for 'how not bothered you are of how little you have sid.

But maby the fact you have never wanted to even get to know me.

Never really knowed me.

I suppose i can never understand/get over just how quickly you disowned me.

Maby you could at least help me see your point of view, whatever it may be- It will help me to at least get a glimpse of me-

SHOCK,SHOCK...REALITY

-Part one-

I walked downstairs and into the living room where my parent's were,
while clinging onto a towel half wrapped around my arm.

Clearly exposing the Self inflicted bloody cuts. The weapon i had chosen at the time...
....A Razor.

I could never remember how or even why i started self harming.

At 14 years old i lived in a day dream.

Still do.

I didn't know what reaction, if any i would get when Saying "Look what i have accidently done"
holding my breath for the reply.

Which in the end My Father gave....

"YOU DO IT AGAIN AND I WILL CHOP YOUR ARM OFF"

YOU WHO

If i didn't say goodbye,
it wouldn't be real.
I couldn't say goodbye,
because for me it would never be real.

11 years later and still its not real.
But missing you dearly.
That's real.
Thinking of you every day that's real.
I found and picked up a Penny today.
Was that you sending luck my way?

What is happening to me?
I can hardly remember you anymore.
'Heck' i can just barely remember me,
or what day/month/even year it may be.

Even though your gone, i want to get to know you.
See if you were like me.
As i waved to a magpie, 3rd one this month.
I can't help but wonder. Yet again, as i shudder.
Then it start's to rain and thunder.
I smile... :)
Stealing my thought's.

Where was i?
Oh yes.. Rain&thunder Then i shudder.
Deja-vu as i wonder.
Tryin to remember, just as i forget.
More and more as i do.

Even my closest memories
My memories of you. XxX

FORGIVE....IF YOU WILL

This is me...

Drinking beer....

To make sure i don't see clear.

Will you forgive me Mom.? Staying indoor's.

No..I don't have any flaw's.

Taking "S***" drinking even more, you bet.

Will you forgive me Mom?

Please Forgive me for my Sin's. All my Negative feeling's. Please forgive me.

For clearly i did not see. I sure as heck wasn't being me. Will you forgive me Mom.?

For all the bad thing's that iv'e done.?

Not like your "Goody Two-Shoes" Son.

***MOM*-R.I.P**

She would dye her hair a different colour every other week.

The bag that sat on her lap had countless keyrings on it.

In fact there were more keyrings than bag.

She was someone you could talk to about anything With....However Quirky or emotional it was.

Even though i'm not much of a singer.

(After realising only recently)

She would encourage me and give me advice with the high note's i couldn't and still can't reach.

Not realising this at the time....my Mom lived for me and big Bro.

After being told that she probably wouldn't be able to have kid's....and more than likely wouldn't live past 25/30/35

It's no surprise that we meant so much to her.

Not having the chance to get to really know her.

Whether i had the chance to say good bye or not....i wasn't and never will be ready.

MINI MELTDOWN

I'm feeling so f***** anxious..
I dont know how i can release some pressure.
This suffocated feeling.
Is it possible without hurting myself?
I know that if i don't alleviate some of this soon then a "mini meltdown" will happen.
Feeling a little paranoid...
Kind of aggravated....even.
The same bad familiar feelings have crept up once more....
Once again.
How could i forget....
I should have known what was instore.
For me anyway.
I couldn't even begin to explain...
What was/is going through my mind...
What feelings i am rushed with.
That familiar feeling that I've had enough.
That attitude where i dont give a stuff.
The bitterness shows its head again.
Laughing at me for still living the same.
Trying to shame..
What a shame....F*** off

ARE WE THE SAME....?

When you were younger, did you used to draw the sun in the corner of the page like me?

Did you also believe that the world was once in black and white just like tv?

Were the thoughts in your head freely expressed,

just like the feelings you told them you had.

At least you said.....

Didn't you?

No, they never asked.....so you lied "I'm okay, I'm fine" instead.

A few years pass....

Was that when you realised that all that didn't matter?

Just like me.....

Was that around the time your not so perfect bubble popped, and your inocent childlike view started to shatter?

A DIRTY MIND....Positionx1

Well....For a start,
My legs over your shoulders hits the spot rather nicely.
Grabbing hold of my thighs you thrust your perfect shape further inside me.
Yeah...i gotta admit it feels rather nice.
Sometimes making me "cum" more than once,
even more than twice.
Do i have a dirty mind?
Yeah...Damn right i do!
As my mind is usually not far from a dirty thought.
Thinking of you now,and the different ways we can Screw.
I had been asked "what's my favourite position" by my
"Filthy-animal" Mr....Wouldn't you like to hear me sing!
It's hard to say....babe,
As I'm also quite fond of Riding.
But that poem is for another day...

-Am i going to write every position i like and why in seperate poems?
Yeah...why not
After all I'm quite fond of each and every "Protein Shot"
I have a dirt mind....
Yeah....So what!

A TOUCHING THOUGHT

I have a thing for hands.
Your hands in particular my Darling.
Especially when they are all over me caressing.
I guess this is just me confessing, that your hands when on me....
In a way stop me from stressing.
Stop me from stressing babe....
Will you?
Your wondering hands are like my
over-thinking brain.
They both wonder....
Will your hands touch me again...?
Yes, that's one of the things i wonder..
as once again we leave one another

I GUESS I'M NOT OKAY

"Are you okay" you may ask.....

For a change, I'm going to give you the answers that you never wanted.

"No, i don't think i am...and i don't know how much longer i can last"

A lot of my days are filled with feeling.....

Anxious....worried....

Overwhelmed.....

Suffocated.....Helpless...

all mixed of course with that limited but random sleep pattern.

"Any particular reason?...." you may then ask....

Well...scene as i consider my brain to be a scatty/patchy/blank...spiraling black hole....

Yeah a few reasons, which i had

written down....(Using an invisible pen)

On what seemed like an endless list..... Which is kept neatly away inside my chaotic mind.

My Illness Seeks REVENGE

My soul has been destroyed,
For which my heart you toyed.
When i was happy you made me sad.
You could never be glad,
to have me the way i am!
In fact - you could not give a Damn.
When we suffer in pain,you're not Sorry.

You fill my head with eternal worry!
In fact you make the Human Race,an unbearable disgrace.
Just set me free and leave me be.
To end this bloody misery!

And may you suffer in Hell,
for all your bloody Sins aswell.

HIGHER SELF

It's time to un-screw this fantasised head of mine. Wouldn't you say?

There ain't no one else to blame,

If through all the sunny day's all i see is rain. It's time that my higher self showed itself. Made an appearance.

Wouldn't you say.?

So show yourself.

Show me that i HAVEN'T been left on the shelf.(again)

Haven't been left to fend for my self. (again) My own fault i know..but as i am talkin to my higher self,

Whats my fault is also your fault.

Please show me That i am praying

for more than just myself.

MUM - Feb/Friday/13th

I decided to write this in Green

(your favourite colour)

It seems that this year has started off okay so far Mum....

I will continue to write to you even though your gone.

Just like.. you will continue to forever be in my mind and heart.

I know that your a part of me... who i was and who i will be... Who i will become.....

I'm grateful that a part of you is in me.

In a way it makes my life more worth living because your my Mum. I constantly think of you....

In whatever i do....

Just imagining what my life would be like/turned out like if i had you.

Until i see you again Mum i will Continue to try and be

as strong as you were....

So that one day when my kids ask....about there grandmother,

i can tell them about you and proudly say i was strong

like her.

R.I.P-MOMxxx

TO MY DEAREST FRIEND....

It's about being able to just originally be....
Be yourself...withought any worries.
There's no need to worry about what i might see.
After all I'm still standing beside you,
standing nearly 6 feet tall.

My dear friend i have already seen more of your soul
than you realise.
When your feeling so lost.
So empty.
All you believe is inside of you is a black hole...
What feels like it could go on forever.
At times you have felt that your soul is exactly that
inside and that you have been falling forever.
Are you still in that Rabbit hole?...

"Yes.." she answered.

The saying "Getting out of the wrong side of your bed" feels like an understatement to you...

-As you feel "Getting out of the wrong side of your Life is more accurate-

FIX IT

It is so frustrating.
While i am here slowly suffocating.
Quickly getting even more bitter.
There is still time to fix this.
There is just enough time to fix it.
FIX IT.
Get a grip.
Put your brain in gear and shift it.
Is there not enough time to fix this?
Maby just enough to claw back what i have lost.
Given up. Thrown away.
Scrapping the thing's i could never say.
But always thought.
Eventually (still) learning to bury it deep,
would be when they decide to finally hear me,
and to read these written word's which i Could not speak.

YOU REPENT

I suppose as long as YOU feel better that's all that matters.

To you anyway!

No.

I don't get a say.

However much/little your actions have affected me.

That part you could never see.

I hear your feeling better already.

With that high horse your leaning on to keep you steady.

Your not noticing the shit that's dropping so close to your door.

Not noticing as you try once again to settle that one last score.

POSITIONx2-A DIRTY MIND

Which position this time, who knows.

Who knows.....

Do you know?

Babe...You push me onto the bed and move in behind me.

Pushing your pulsating "Shapes" against my behind.

Teasing me....

Tempting me....

Making me....ting-alieeee...

Now...

You push harder against me....

To make me know how much you want me.

You wrap one arm around under my neck...shoving your fingers into my mouth.

With your other hand you grab firmly on my ass.

Your breathing is heavier now...

My darling ...

There is trembling when your moving..

I can always feel it when your nearly there..

Which you and i both lovee to hear so we share.

With each other vocally of course....

This is just number 2 of my fave positions of intercourse

I JUST CAN'T...

I can't say goodbye!!
I just can't bring myself to do it.
I don't know if i ever will be.
What little bits i have left of you are
All of me.
All i know.
And if i let you go, then i fear the stuff i will see.
I fear that i will be empty.
That i won't feel your courage and Hope guiding me.
I won't feel you next to me.

Don't you understand!
That without you i am doomed
Standing in quicksand, with no help...
No way out.
However much i scream and shout.
So Please Forgive me Mum for keeping hold of you...
As just the thought of letting you go...
Letting go of my memories of you...
Are/is the last thing on this earth i would willingly do.