

A flower bed of feelings

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Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

To those who have helped me through my hardest days

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Dear grandad

Dear Grandad,

I look upon the skies tonight. Amongst the blanket of darkness , you light up my night. The brightest star takes flight.

Even though we never met.

we never hugged and never loved

we never smiled and never laughed

we never shared a precious second together

You took flight as a star into the sky to soon for our paths to meet. I still love you because I know you shine your brightest light for me.

Dear grandad , I hate knowing that we never met, never will meet.

i love you my brightest star in the canopy of darkness

My reflection

Beauty is not a reflection

When I was young I didn't have a care in the world.

I didn't need pearls and lace

To feel beauty's embrace

Because to me I was beautiful

No that beauty was not a reflection from a glass mirror all shiny

Because that meant nothing when I was tiny .

And then I grew

And lost the inner beauty that I once knew.

Because now I had pressure from society and my mind was filled with anxiety .

Beauty had captured a new meaning and the mirror became intervening . This object became my focus , and yet it was still just a piece of glass.

But society told different .

Because if you don't have a skinny waist

If you don't have

Curves

If you don't have

A thigh gap

If you don't have perfect skin and silky hair . Then your ugly right ? At least that's what everyone tells you . And you must have all

that

. But how does one maintain such a level of perfection. How does one improve there mirror reflection? So 13 years old and I starve myself because nothing tastes better than skinny feels.. at least that's what I was told. But try understanding that when your weak and exhausted and all you feel is emptiness...

And yet the mirror reflection looks the same. And some may feel like they have lost there game. But sometimes getting lost is the only way to be found. Because beauty is not about gems or pearls, it's not makeup , or the size of you waist, nor perfect smooth skin or a stretch mark less body. Because the word beautiful itself says be U tiful. Because beauty is not a reflection. Let's all make that correction . You are beautiful . You just have to believe it and then you will see it .

How depression feels

I feel depressed everyday

undeniably at some point in my day depression will overwhelm and capture me.

controlling my thoughts weaving them with darkness and negativity.

Depression can burn out even the brightest of my bulbs, shatter the hardest of glasses.

Tears never do spill down my face because the emotion is so strong it leaves me feeling almost emotionless. Imagine the emptiness your bath tub feels when you drain it of water. Depression drains me of emotions.

Some days I can smile living seems worthwhile.

some days I just lay there motionless , weighed down by my spiralling cascading thoughts.

Lets make one thing clear. I do not choose to feel this way. I cannot just switch on my happiness. So do not call people with a mental illness weak because we are fighting battles.

depression is my battle and I will not let it win.

Victim

She's just like you.
so why do you torment her
so why do you prevent her
from reaching happiness.
she's just like you.
Scared and alone
nobody calls her phone
You each share problems
burdened with a heavy load
yet while she keeps them imprisoned
you unleash yours and cope by making her the victim.
Why do you do it ?
Why do you hurt and tease her?
I think you are just scared that someone will find out that truthfully
She's just like you.

With the rope around my neck

What would happen if I were to delete my existence, would I really be missed.

Would my pale breathless body be kissed; as I slip into a care free afterlife.

As the rope closes in and my feet fall down .Will anyone express more than just a frown. Will I turn anyone's life around .

As my eyes begin to close and I'm greeted with the stars. My feet lift off the chair and leave behind the tortured past. I'm no longer trapped and weighed down by the world.

This world was not meant for me, it seems I was born in the wrong place at the wrong time .As though my life ending brings a justice not a crime.

As I look down from heaven at the blurred faces below I see the pain I have brought to the ones that cared.

My mum in a trance, emotionless and still

My Dad a mess tearing himself apart

My Bestfriend all alone left with a broken heart.

Because leaving this world would not end my pain . Would have no gain , would be insane because suicide does not end the pain it just passes it on to the ones we love.

The scars you left

you hurt me like no one ever could. Even now after months have passed your bitter words sting in my ears.

your terrific slaps bruise my helpless skin.

The marks are not leaving they are scaring. Each red lightning strike of a scar reminds me of the pain you inflicted.

I told you to stop. But the actions you pursued were more powerful than my words could ever be.

My cries drowned out by your forceful body pounding against mine. Perishing my fragile frame.

For a while i thought I could accept it, I could've stopped you if it were that bad I only have myself to blame.

As I lay here swimming in my bruises and scars I realise that you are the one to blame. For now the water will always be colder, lights always dimmer , and memories always haunting .

5 reasons not to die

And I sit there, drowned by the tears flooding my frame.

knife in hand ready to carve scars ; slash through my veins.

But my mum pulled me close as she throws the knife away.

I had no idea you were hurt my love, but don't leave you are not ready to greet the world above.

As I sat there grief streaming from my eyes. My mum tells me five reasons not to die.

1. You will never see another sunrise. Your eyes will never lay upon the radiant sun of hope awakening to greet light into the day
2. You will never share another laugh. The most beautiful kind of smile is the one that's struggled through the most tears
3. You will never get to make memories. think of all those memories you could've made. Marriage ? Kids ? Graduating ?
4. You will never taste the sweet taste of ripe strawberries trickled with cream. Or smell the sweet sense of fresh flowers
5. You have a whole world out there waiting for you. Why close your book when your only in the first chapter?

The sun never leaves , only hides

The sun,
As it illuminates cities so vast,
shines on moments of present: soon past,
brings hope to a new day ,
as it's rays dance upon the rooftops,
it's one lover the moon,
though they are sworn to a fate of failed love for the moon and sun never meet , never touch
The sun sometimes hides , concealing it's beauty
Clouds set an atmosphere for the hardest goodbyes,
But know that the sun is always there; through the storms and dismal clouds .
The sun never leaves , only hides.

I hate myself

I hate myself...

i hate the way i look, way i think, way I act.

i hate the things I do , things I don't do , things I let my Anxiety let me not do.

i hate the imperfections that carve a map on my body , the stretch marks , the burns , the bruises.

i hate the way my I look in photos, in person .

i hate how I do so much for other people , and get nothing in return.

i hate how no one will ever truly love me because there is always someone to easily replace me.

I think most I need to learn to love myself. But it's almost impossible when my own mind drowns me in negative thoughts , drowns me in what I believe to be truths so why do you keep telling me there lies?

You are loved

I want you to read this when you are down. When things get tough and life treats you rough. When you feel like drowning and no one will save you. I will

He will

She will

there is always someone who loves you. Maybe you just haven't met them yet

Hostage

I'm held hostage.

Not by a person nor a thing.

Im held hostage by my thoughts

my thoughts that dance around my mind tying me to each corner of the room.

Locking me in and blocking me out.

These thoughts that torment me , abuse me wear me down until I'm nothing but my shivering vulnerable frame.

It's these thoughts that created the scars on my body.

These thoughts that made it impossible for me to go out :not because I couldn't and not because I didn't want to but because I was being held hostage.

So I'm sorry I gave up on us but don't you see, I also have given up
on me

Deepest ocean of thoughts

I am sorry that I keep telling you that I want to die, but why would I lie. I know it twists and rings the words on your ears; how could someone you love want to die. So you shrug it off , take it as a joke. But it's not funny and I'm not laughing.

I'm sorry that I can't take a compliment. But it's only because I know there lies. I wish I could love myself but it's internally impossible when your thoughts surround you with crushing truths and everyone else reveals only lies.

My dad thinks I'm always happy. When I hint at the emotions that really burden me inside he's surprised. Because "Lottie you can't begin to imagine what sadness feels like , your only a child."
But at 15 I've met the darkest of nights, deepest ocean of thoughts , and drowned almost to death numerous times

Veil of pain

I screamed

but no one heard

in a room of a thousand

no one heard

I'm trapped. My scream got lost in the veil of pain lingering above my head

I don?t even love myself

I get it, I do : I would choose her over me too.

She's prettier and sweet , you don't have to take her out for food. See she's so skinny she does not eat.

I don't blame you for choosing her over me.

I don't know why I thought you could possibly love me , you see I don't even love me. So the idea that another person would is full of complexity. Maybe one day you'll see that I'm the one who loved you. I'm the one who cared. And you broke me so you could move on to something shiny and new. So don't come running back to me when you two are through. But I don't blame you , I would choose her over me too.

Paint brushed sky

A beautiful sky hides this worlds ugly lies.

It's not the world we should hate instead it is the people in it who are hateful. Who choose to match hate with hate.

Dont you see darkness cannot illuminate darkness : light can

Take a moment breath in the beauty of the paintbrushed sky ...

Our looks crafted by society

Because underneath our masks were all just clones. Clones crafted and formed by our society. The weight we should be , dictated by magazines. The clothes we must wear thrown at us from Instagram pictures. The way we must look , formed by society.

You must be as thin as those models. Those girls who isolate themselves from food ; creating an enemy. We must look like them because if we dare to maintain more weight , more curves then society will beat you down inch by inch. As if the measuring tape you use to control your weight slowly chokes you.

We are manipulated by the way we must look , formed by society.

Uneased

My anxieties climb up the walls of my brain like weeds upon a vine. Flowers of regret, worry , bloom with each passing second creating a cascade of vibrant flowers. Deseivingly alluring but I'm not fooled , I see the thorns.

A day washed away

I let the waves carry my day , carry my dreams.

I let it sweep them away carry out into the depths of the ocean.

So deep, so beryl.

They are masked by the unceasing laps of infinite salty waters.

Every dream and every hope drifts and intertwines with the litter in the sea. Polluting the ocean. My wasted days pollute the ocean.

The hope i could bring to the world masked by the lashing waves.

There goes another day, another wasted day....

I don't even love myself

It's such a mind boggling idea, that someone could ever love Me.

I don't even love myself.

Its not that I don't want to , I long to find love for myself.

To look in a mirror and not feel down; not feel drowned.

But I'm not comfortable with the body I breathe in.

Because I measure myself up to everyone else as if we are all in a competition.

one great societal expectation of a competition.

I think I've lost myself again...

It does it not matter how many times you tell me I'm beautiful. The words drown in my view.

Because to me I'm a nothing , I will always be nothing.

They tell you to be happy you must love yourself.

I can't find the courage to do so. Because loving yourself means accepting your flaws and I'm not ready to do that.

so I continue to cover them up , continue to diet . Because even though I know loosing weight or dying your hair gives temporary fulfilment , it's all I can manage.

I dont even love myself.

The darkness

I sit in my room in the darkness.

In the dark I can't see the demons because the penetrating monochromatic rays slices through them.

And so I became friends with the night.

But the nights lonely. I could be surrounded by 100 people in the day but as night falls I still feel lonely, like I'm lacking communication.

I could be told " I love you " before going to bed. And still lay in the darkness believing no one will ever love me; believing I will always be replaced.

I could be called beautiful that day but as the darkness draws in I will still lay there empty : feeling ugly.

I've made night and darkness my best friend and my enemy all at once without realising it , so now the darkness is in my day too. It never goes away.

All in a matter of time

A large blossom tree stood tall. The flowers fully blossomed; a pink as fair as an ill child's skin.

Through day it stood proud, boasting its emerald green leaves.

Through night when winds hit a new battle commenced. Ice cold blows of destructive wind sliced through the branches.

Off flew a petal. Lonely; scared it spiralled to the floor.

Lost with no direction, no path the petal lay for days upon days.

Decay and erosion ate away at the corners. A once cloud-infested white: now a murky mud-infested pink. The colour of lost dreams, lost hopes. Such a beautiful white decayed by the beating of nature.

But above the tree still stood high. Passers by distracted in a daze. Too preoccupied with human inapplicable issues. Stuck in a no-way-out maze.

So the leaves continue to fall, die, until the whole tree is cut down.

No one noticed...

Sensitive

Tears flood me ; drawing me up until I can't breathe. Drowned , captured and I still can't breathe.

Its nothing she's just sensitive. Is that so? Ill show you what sensitive is.

This is not a faze. Im not stuck in some sad daze.

sadness: An emotional pain

Depression: A mental condition

I am not sensitive mum I'm sinking.

Sooner or later my lifeless body will lay so far below help; to deep to be rescued.

A blood red rose

You could compare thy to a rose...

Not because I'm beautiful. Not because I radiate a sweet red.

I'm the broken rose. Once beautiful ; turned shattered. Petal by petal torn apart. Each segment picked off as though it won't matter. Individually a petal gone.

Has no impact.

But each petal gone , more bare I become. There's only so many petals I can loose before I become exposed...

So many fooled by my eye-capturing shade of blood red. Sobered by ones touch , unleashes a sharp thorn. I don't mean to stab : these thorns are here for protection.

I cant afford for any more petals to be broken.