

Anthology of Nine Ball ?



Presented by

My poetic side 

About the author

one soul drifting to their next home.

summary

I Am

I Am Not

Kindled Soul

I Am

I AM

I Am Beautiful

I Wonder If Others Can See It Too

I Hear The Sound of Angels Whenever I Enter The Room

I See The Light Shining As Bright As The Sun

I Want To Know If Others Can See It Too

I Am Beautiful

I Pretend To Be Strong When

I Feel WEAK

I Touch My Reflection As My Hands Shake

I Worry That Others Can See Me Through

I Cry When I Die Inside

I Am Weak

I Understand That I Cannot Be Perfect

I Always Say That I'm Just Not Worth It

I Dream A Dream That Is Filled With Hope

I Try To Remain Calm And Stand Tall

I Hope That I Will Not Fall

I Am ImPERFECT

I Am Not

I am not you
I am not me
I am something
that you'll never be
Someone strong and independent
Someone high but light-headed
Someone at peace

I am not you
I am not me
I am the mountains
and the trees
I am the snow
that falls onto the leaves
I am mighty
Powerful

I am not you
I am not me
I am not your toy
So please do not play me
I am not
I am not

I am not
a tv so quit trying
To change me

Kindled Soul

*We try to find the love in everything
Our faces, our bodies, our possessions, our kin.....
But we are never satisfied
I look in the mirror hoping that my soul will reach nirvana
My hips, curves
An everlasting bounty
Danced
So I too will dance
Alas my heart grew weary once I felt your presence
Intrigued
Determined
Hunger
Rage
My heart grew and yearned for something so painful
To mend, to break
To kill
Satisfy my urges with blood poring from within
Still I Danced
My heart grew thicker
My feet blistered
Rising
Pouring
Firing
You cannot tell me I have not found it
I lived
I breathed
Truly soaking in the beauty beneath me
Her blood spilled upon my grave
And yet I....
My body craved
I cracked
Red
Red*

Red

I bashed my head

I raked my thoughts

Healing as though tape would help mend the scars

Hiding my shame

But I'm not ashamed

My body was given to a world without tames

No bounds

No answer

No proclivity

Yet I Danced

It hurts

That I'll be glad when I'm dead.....