

# poetry from another side

lizzie reese



Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## Dedication

*for anyone, whos every been bullied, suicidal, depressed, angry. needed to talk to someone but  
couldn\\t find the words to express. these are voices. voices for the once who didn\\t have a voice.*

## About the author

I struggled at the age of 7. that's pretty young, too young to know what struggling was, some say.

I've been down and up so many times like a roller coaster, and I wish someone had made a voice for me. I'm currently 20, and aging. I express myself in writing poetry, books, songs. I also express myself with painting. you make your own success, you write your own story, don't you dare let someone do it for you.

## summary

im sorry

pain

love is a plant

snowstorm

forbidden

him

miscarriage

to surf

ghost letter

beautiful death

i waited

trust me

red

when i met you

confusion

infertility

broken nature

quote

Him

when they ask me why i cannot clean the home that you invaded

## im sorry

im sorry its not him and its you that i want to highlight my feelings id speak in a different font im sorry  
its not me and its her that you want my heart cries who knew true love could haunt i see through you  
you see through me i forgive you way to easily ill always be there for you, care for you but she  
always wins she wants you too

**pain**

another day in prison. another night in hell. cant seem to fight the dreams, that make life look so real. where did the times go? when happiness was the key. now we go to sleep at night alone in misery. the nightmares constantly come, and don't seem to want to go. they use to be rare, rare just like the snow. now they come more often, like raindrops on a rose. hopefully one day we can look back, and say im glad we didn't lose control.

## love is a plant

How dare you make me fall so easily for you? I thought I had this wall built sturdy. made out of bricks, with a time bomb field, and bob wire at the top. how dare I for planting a seed right next to this wall around my heart? How dare I unconsciously, and unknowingly water that seed? how could I not have known; that the roots of that seed would plant it's self into this wall, and grow like ivy. Clinging to the rocks as it climbs, and digs itself in, until finally a bud sprouts on the other side; and starts wrapping around what's left of my heart.

## snowstorm

you were my snowstorm when my world was crashing down. you were the snowflakes that touched the ground. i grabbed every bit of detail i could possibly get, you were my snowstorm how could i forget. the distraction that kept me breathing, despite the cold feeling. i didn't notice when my heart began to freeze, in fact, i didn't notice it a bit. snowstorm, snowstorm, come again; come distract me once again. hurry now before it rains, before it washes you away. I didn't see the warning signs that always comes with snow, and so i slipped on ice and found myself falling in the cold. i welcomed the cold feeling, not caring if i got sick. i was to excited to watch, and see if you would stick. you brushed against me like you would a flower, little did i know you weltered and cowered. you were soft and gentle at first like a child, but in the end you left me in exile. i loved you, even as you finished solidifying my heart with ice, and even then i let you pry in from my eyes. you took it gladly, without a second thought, and shattered it on the ground; letting the rain melt it from the spot. still i loved you snowstorm not caring what you did, for you were the snowstorm i never had, even as a kid.



## forbidden

in the beginning he was sweet, but the moment i had a taste of the forbidden fruit he held to my lips. my soul belonged to Satan, and honestly.....it wasn't as bad as i thought. for i was in eternal bliss.

**him**

i didn't need this shit. i didn't want this shit. you said you loved me and i was dumb enough to fall for that shit. you said "baby i love you" just trust me on this. so i finally said okay, put down the guards of my domain. took down the walls i had up, protecting my brain...my heart. told myself i wouldn't get ripped apart. i had a feeling that yelled at me to stop. i just pushed it down, and let the feeling drop. i should have ran.....or listened. i should have created some fucking distance. i should have seen the signs when you would no longer listen.....should have left when the marks you left wouldn't go missing. but i didn't. baby i had hopes for us, dreams for us. then you had to go and destroy all of those things that created us. im sorry. not that i didn't realize sooner and try harder to make you stay. im sorry that i wasted my life thinking that you'd change. i know ill be okay, i got people that will stay. i got a life that don't need you, so goodbye cause im fucking.....yeah

## **miscarriage**

the pain you feel isn't just physical. its emotional. and its also mental. you feel like you cant go on with your life. sometimes you feel like a failure as a wife. the reactions from others sometimes are what set it off. are you sure? are you positive? i don't think that you did. who would lie when it comes to having a kid? who would lie about losing a baby inside? everywhere you go the pain is still there. it sometimes lasts a day. that seems easy. but sometimes it lasts for 3, im sorry about the feeling. i know exactly what goes through your mind. was it something i ate? something i drank? exercise to much? didn't do it enough? was i depressed to much? was it the stress? honey there wasn't anything you did wrong, or possibly could have done. you just have to tell yourself it wasn't the one. it wasn't the right time. just go on with your life. it'll be hard i know that's true. but baby girl remember you do you. don't let life bring you down, but let it build you back up. and next time life will surprise you with one more gift of love.

## to surf

when you surf. when you feel the water under your fingertips. when you feel them breath you in, and exhale you out. when the waves whisper your name as they lap against your body, and roll against the sandbanks. as you swim out and wait. wait for that perfect wave that will make you feel alive. most of the time you may be sitting there for hours, then again most perfect waves don't happen on a bright sunny day. no, the perfect wave is always created by the most beautiful storm. a storm that screams its feelings, and loss, and sadness into the water. a storm that creates waves of destruction. that creates waves of destiny. only then will someone truly understand, what its like to surf.

## ghost letter

Each day I waited for your letter.

I don't know if I was waiting for you to write me back,  
or if I was waiting for the same letter that I sent you to be returned.

I don't know if I was writing you because I missed you,  
or if I just needed some reassurance that you were still there.

there's a part of me that says I don't care whether you got my letter, and just didn't care enough to write me back;

or if your just not here anymore to get it.

then again there's another part of me that cares enough to still go out to that mailbox every day,  
and apparently I still care enough to feel a little disappointed;  
when I don't get a letter from you.

## beautiful death

skin....

Pale skin as white as the snow on the ground.

Beauty so rare,

Almost as rare as that snow.

Hair,

Brown with a hint of red;

Almost as if it had been dipped in the blood of the innocent, and dried.

Those eyes,

Golden brown flecks as if the sun itself was dancing in them;

Only in an instant they return to dark brown, just as if that sun had died.

That smile....

Oh that smile,

so many words unspoken by it.

Most seem scared by that very smile, and the out stretched hand reached out.

Me?

I welcome that hand,

I welcome the calmness,

I welcome the beauty,

I welcome all that she is.

I grab that hand,

And step into the arms of a home I know I will meet;

I welcome death.

## **i waited**

I waited on the little blue couch that's on the porch, And I waited  
I waited for the clock to turn time for the mail  
I waited until I heard the mail truck come down the road  
I waited until I saw it stop outside my house, And I waited until it put the mail in and drive away  
I slowly got up, stepping down the porch as I took a deep breath  
in....Then out.....  
I tried not to run out to the mailbox  
I tried to keep my nerves down  
I kept telling myself that your letter was in there  
I reached the mailbox and I waited,  
I waited and stared at the box urging myself to open it....  
I finally did  
I pulled out the little mail that was in there.  
I closed my eyes and I waited  
I waited before looking through the four letters that were in my hand.  
Telling myself it was there  
I breathed in  
I breathed out  
I then opened my eyes and looked down  
I looked at all four letters  
I stood still not moving  
It wasn't there  
I breathed in....then out...  
I slowly closed the mailbox and walked back up the driveway  
The whole walk back I told myself that the letter was coming  
That it was just late  
But deep down I felt another wave of disappointment  
Because I didn't get my letter from you.

**trust me**

He calls me a Angel  
But I'm a demon in disguise  
He calls me sweetness  
But it's hidden in these lies  
He calls me the light  
when darkness alone consumes me  
I can't do this  
Somebody please help me.  
"everyday I  
watch and wait,  
For u to realize  
I'm not the one to take.  
your blinded by what you see,  
you don't see past the beauty.  
you see an angel,  
When I am the devil.  
you see a star,  
but Im a broken heart.  
you see the smiles,  
But not the scars.  
you hear my laugh,  
No matter where we are.  
Baby;  
I'm warning you, Stay away  
if you know what's good for you.  
Trust me,  
you don't want my past.  
Trust me,  
this is a fake laugh.  
Trust me,  
you don't want me.



**red**

red... the color of love they say. little do they know its much more than just love. for me? it was the color in your face when i told you no as a child. the color of mine after it had been struck, and molded in your own selfish way. the color it turned the water after you were done. it was the anger in your face, the embarrassment in my mothers, and the hurt and confusion in my small 5 year old face, for you had destroyed me with just a simple color.....such as red.

## when i met you

when I met you,  
I had no idea what I'd go through  
Just to be with you  
To be near you  
To love you.  
When I met you,  
My sadness  
My pain  
My depression  
My hate  
It all went away.  
When I met you,  
I laughed  
Not because I was making fun  
Or because you had something on your face  
It wasn't even because I was bullying you  
Because that's something I just don't do.  
I laughed because you sparked my soul and slowly got my emotions back on the right track  
For once When I met you.  
When I met you,  
My angel giggled  
And the demon that once controlled this emptiness  
Was silent once again.  
But.....  
When I met you....  
I told myself not to love you  
Not to want you  
Not to have you  
Because.....  
How could someone so perfect  
Possibly want a broken toy like me?

## confusion

i thought you were a willow tree  
for all i did was weep.  
then the leaves that had me  
turned to teeth.  
and i caught myself in a rose tree.  
the vines had thorns that tore my skin  
i dreamed of love since i was a kid.  
you took that love  
and ate it up  
just like a venus fly trap would.

## infertility

Dear baby ill never have.....

I love u so much even though well never meet

I love ur giggles and ur smiles

I love ur tiny little feet

I love ur smell and ur eyes

I love the feel of ur hair

I love the way u look at me with love and care

I love ur little hands holding my pinky so tight

I love it when u sigh as I tuck u in at night

I love it when u laugh everyday as u play

I love u so much u don't even know baby..id love you everyday

but

I'll never see ur smile...or hear ur cute laugh

I'll never see ur baby feet or watch u wave ur hands

I'll never smell ur baby smell or feel ur soft feather hair

I'll never see the color of ur eyes as u watch everything everywhere

I'll never hear u talk or take ur first step

But know that if i ur mommy could have u and watch u grow

U would b the happiest baby in the world you wouldnt even know

I love u baby boy/girl...always even if we never met

## broken nature

i cant love you like i loved him  
for he took the willow when he left  
but i can love you some type of way, and hope its oak instead.  
but the seed that was planted wasn't oak  
it turned out to be pine  
and so i grabbed an axe to cut you down  
for i knew you weren't meant to be mine.  
i chopped the pine tree down, for it wasn't oak.  
and the smell of home hit me as the branches covered me like a cloak.  
but it was to late to fix the damage that was done  
for it was never oak, twas a pine tree, my heart had simply won.  
so ill keep on planting seeds  
till i get my oak  
and hope the love will survive the storm, my pine tree hadn't took.

## quote

a man who lets snakes into his garden  
is a man who will stand by while his fruit trees rot.

## Him

He was beautiful....

I would never admit that to his face for I know he would have laughed.

Although seeing his smile as he laughs and playful tells me I'm retarded would have been worth it

I catch myself admiring him as he sleeps next to me.

I wouldn't dare stare while he's awake, he doesn't like that.

I am his, but he is sadly not mine.

He's so peacefull when he sleeps, so calm, so relaxed.

Almost as if he feels safe and comfortable with me.

Almost as if I'm his home as much as he is mine.

His eyebrows are the perfect shape and I'm jealous of there natural arch.

The slope of his nose is straight, no turn up at the tip. Perfect just like him, no damage ever to befallen it.

His lips....oh those lips that use to kiss me, too long to remember now but somehow I do. Soft and thick, as they glided across mine. How they turned and molded when he smiled a genuine smile.

Makes me sad as I think of how long it's been since we last kissed...since he last kissed me. makes me guilty for the times I took his lips for granted, and didn't relish in them as often as I should have.

His cheeks...rough by stubble that looks good with or without a shave. I long to run my fingers across the roughness of that stubble along his jaw line before they get lost in his perfectly trimmed goatee.

Then you make your way up his cheeks to his cheekbones...oh....those cheekbones would put a Cherokee to shame.

His eyes, even though there closed, I know the color by heart. brown, a little lighter than normal, and oh how they shine. Perfect eyes I once got lost in, surrounded by the perfect set of lashes that I'm also jealous of.

He doesn't see how I see him, he sees a broken down thing but I see a strong man.

For all of these things make him who he is, and what I love.

## **when they ask me why i cannot clean the home that you invaded**

when you broke into my home it no longer felt like mine  
so when you left it felt hallow like roses without its vines  
I cant even have guests in without feeling sick  
I lose sleep after the first date  
I lose track of time  
hours turn to days that soon turn to months  
what is the point of watching time when I did it with you.  
I lose my appetite  
so when someone asks "when did you eat last?"  
I have to stop and think  
and when I force myself to eat  
my stomach crawls back up my throat and strangles my tongue  
for eating the food it did not want in the first place.  
I forget to breathe  
so every night my bedroom becomes empty halls  
and my panic attack forces the screams from my body that echo on every wall  
every lover I try to find after you  
makes me long for you even more  
because their touch is not yours nor is their kiss  
I close my eyes and try to form pictures in my mind until they are no longer they  
they are you  
and I am so tired of feeling this way  
of explaining myself when people ask  
"why can you not clean the home that he invaded?"  
because it was you who made my house into a home.