

Mason Fennell Poem Anthology

Mason Fennell

Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

Id like to give an honor to anyone who reads my pieces. I try to write as close to my personal life as possible to have a real and first hand sense in my writing. I enjoy writing about taboo topics or topics in which people find uncomfortable to talk about and can relate to my work. I also post onto

Wattpad.com - <https://www.wattpad.com/user/MasonFennell>

Acknowledgement

I like to write about real world issues and my emotion.

Feminism

Culture

Emotion

Thoughts

Relatives

School

Friends

Future

Life

About the author

Im 16 Male. Studying: Psychology, English and Business Studies. Im also Learning Feminism and the different aspects and beliefs on it. I like to play computer games and show my emotion through poetry.

summary

Classroom

Masked

Breathless

Paranoya

The Eyes

Candlewick

Glass

Nothing

Lost

Classroom

I hate it, i despise it...

The other kids on the classroom,
all on podiums looking down at me.
Like a beggar in the street,
Carrying what I hate around me.

Pushed around all day, only if
something could make it all go
away. Laughter and shouting directed
at me. Makes my day a million times
worse than it could already be.

I come into school with glares
watching over me, like I'm the laughing-
stock that can't escape the torture,
pain, guilt and eventually I'm free.
I'll someday leave this world behind...

I go to the head-master's office and
open my jaw, he already knows what I'm
going to say. I hand in my resignation
and walk away...

Masked

I stand there, mask on.
They see me, but not who
I really am. I'm alone, afraid
And I have no one. Only me.

I can't take off my mask or
I will be judged for who I
Really am. My mask is apart
Of me. Forever

Only to show who I want to be.
Even the ones closest to me
Can't see me through the cracks.
I don't want to be unveiled.

Breathless

My mouth opens, I'm ready
To speak. My notes in hand.
Standing, breathing slowly.
My name is called and no
Words seem to appear .

My feet fused to the earth.
I'm shaking. As much as I
Try the words just won't come
Out of my mouth

Glances are watching over me
Sniggering in the background.
I feel their humour clawing at
My helpless body. My arms are
Boiling, shaking and sweating
With embarrassment

Words won't come out, I'm
Stuttering and the tension is
Growing over me. I break down
In tears and walk out.

Only my tears are left behind me...

Paranoya

Looking around, breathing shallow.
Their faces all looking at me.

I can feel the laughter entering the room.
I keep looking around.

Clock is
Ticking, gusts of wind through the
Blinds on the walls.

Quiet.

My palms are soaked.
I need to exit the room.

I feel the growth of panic and
Guilt taking over me.

I begin to shake vigorously.
Looking around more my breathing
Is out of control.

I wake up...

The Eyes

Your eyes. Daze in the sunlight.
Echo in the moonlight.

Staring at them is somewhat
Mesmerising. I can't look away.
We're lost in the labyrinths of
Her vision.

Your femininity casts shadows
Over my soul. Can you see that?
Your hair flourishes and beams
Spiteful looks at me.

I'm now alone. Staring into
Your eyes. I feel a slight
Growth of guilt and shame.
As I slowly harden and say
Your name.

Medusa.

Candlewick

I'm standing there. Withering.
My hair flails in the wind that
blows over my lifeless body.

I dance all night until dawn
pierces the skies. It's only me,
alone. No one to be seen or
heard anywhere.

I will always remember that
sudden chance, someday that
I'll be blown out and my torn
soul will rest.

My lifeless fumes lay.

Glass

I glimmer in the sun, my reflection
beams into the eyes that glaze
upon me. When I'm broken, my
shards can cut.

Deadly.

Smithereens of dust blowing
in the wind can catch and leave
a nasty mark. Scars can be left.
My blades can damage and pierce
and wound and break.

Wounded.

Like knife through butter.
Like the words you stutter.
I flow my edges like water
in the streams and rivers.

Glass.

Nothing

Eat me, you will die.
You will not have a second
try. Only once, this time.
Neither yours or even mine.

Nothing.

Rich people need me, poor
people don't. Drinking me
isn't an option. I won't fulfil
your quench for thirst.

Nothing.

I'll never be seen in the
light of day. But spreading
me will make it all go away.
Give me a chance, I am.

Nothing.

Goodbye world, I have no
use here. Only dreaded looks
and some of them are just pure
fear. I won't show my face.

I'm Nothing.

Lost

Weeks go by without hearing
A single word. The sound of
Your voice.
Sentimental.
Soft
Like silk.

Shallow.
Still.
Like a pain of glass.
Nothing to show,
Nothing to hide.
You're like a window.
Opaque.
Transparent.

We will never talk
Ever.
I don't want to see you anymore.

Goodbye.