

Beautiful lies

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Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

Dedicated to myself, for proving I could do it.

And to Roberta, I may be the inferior Lucy but it turns out, the dyslexic, inferior me can write, who

knew?

summary

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what would it be like

do you ever wonder what it would be like if that one thing you're missing was here

if that slight curl in your hair was straightened

if the dull brown became luscious blonde

and the murky green became brilliant blue

do you ever wonder what it would be like if you'd got that A*

if you'd got that top job

if you'd made them proud

do you ever wonder what it would be like if it was you that was the true life of the party

if it was you that always had the last laugh

and what if it was you that all the boys wanted

and it was you all the girls envied

what if you were the one that everyone else wanted to be

but what if you were just you and that was enough?

A future Love letter

When I say I love you, I am not ashamed,
nor will anyone ever come close to intimidating or persuading me otherwise.

I wear you on my sleeve for everyone to admire,
I spread out my love like a peacock showing its tail feathers, I show you off in all of your glory and
magnificence.

I see you in every weather,
In the warmth of the sun and the beauty of the snowflake, I feel you.

And I hope that one day, I will find you and I will know. I will know that it is you and it will always be
you.

And we will look back on our first love letter, and we will smile at the youthful ignorance of my words,
but know now that I mean them, I mean them all.

A thousand delicious ill-advised ways

In a thousand deliciously ill-advised ways, we fell in love.
Softly, slowly, our hearts fell until they were
Intertwined. Colliding. Captured.

In a thousand deliciously ill-advised ways, we had our children.
Suddenly, intimately, they cried, but our hearts melted.
Boy. Girl. Family.

In a thousand deliciously ill-advised ways,
Our hearts went wild.
Silently, passionately, it broke. Our love broke.

Of all the illest most unadvised ways to die, you were the worst. The most dangerous. The poison in your eyes. In your smile.

An Atheist in Love.

I kissed a girl with a cross around her neck
A little silver cross.

Her lips didn't taste like Church,
They didn't taste of dust and forgotten souls.

BUT HER HIPS. THEY FELT LIKE GOD.

I wonder what her pastor would have thought if he could see
the way her eyes undressed me slowly.

I wonder if that cross around her neck,
that little silver cross,
Meant more to me than it did to her.

If it had meant more, would she have stopped my hand
as it crept under to folds of her skirt.

If she had truly remembered that little silver cross,
would she have whispered those deadly sins in my ear.

I THINK NOT

And that is why, that little silver cross,
was a sign to me.
A reminder of what I was taking.
Of who I was taking.

An ode to the arts

The fact of the matter is, I am a creative person. i was born to give my life to the arts, it is all i truly believe in. Love, beauty, colour, passion, feeling.

There are people in this world who are dedicated to helping others physically or to ensuring the future running of the world; but I know I can speak to people's souls.

I can give you the words that you cannot find for yourselves, I can give you a voice that may be heard only in a book or a song, but it will be relieving.

I give my life to the arts. Not like some people do, I mean I will always belong to the art of creation. I can write and that is what I will have to do because to me, writing is like breathing. If i cannot write, I could not live.

Autumn

He reminds me of Autumn.

He is beautiful; undeniably so.

Sometimes he is warm, bright and glowing,
but other times he is the coldest person I have ever known,
Sometimes I swear you could see the ice embedded in his heart.

Autumn is beautiful,
but it is a time of death.
Nothing survives the frost,
the animals sleep.

That is why he reminds me of Autumn.

He was beautiful,
but he was dead inside,
emotionless,
no feeling,
no nothing.

Being human

Being human is so fucking hard
And yet we pretend it's easy
Like we can all do it
So that makes it easy, right?

Wrong.
It's so hard.
It's the hardest thing I've ever had to do
Being human takes everything
All that you have is poured into creating a person so perfect that you lose sight of everything else

But it's all we have.
And I think sometimes it's the greatest thing we could be,
We will never be younger or more free than we are now.

And we all have abilities beyond comprehension
I can spin entire worlds with my tongue
With my hand
With my soul
Isn't that amazing?

And you, you can do amazing things
You can get up every day
And you can see the sun
And breathe the fresh air
And you can do whatever you want
That's wild

So yes,
It is fucking difficult,
But it just might be the best thing that ever happened to us

Children of the seasons

Some of us were born in the coolness of spring, a fresh beginning,
Born with the lambs and the chicks, a reminder that even the coldest winters will end

Some us were born in the summer, in the midst of the heat and the glaring sun,
Born in light dresses and shorts,
With laughs like the tinkling of the wind chimes bought in the gypsy markets

Some of us were born in autumn,
We were both to catch the leaves that fall and to save all from the melancholy of the season,
We were born to be the clever ones, to lead the way for the final season of hope

The last of us were born in winter,
Conceived in a passionate rage during the warmer months, we were born to bring families together,
to be the best present anyone could ever receive
We were born in flurries of ice, wrapped in blankets to shield us from the treacherous cold

Ciao

'Ciao' she said

And I fell in love with the idea of a girl who cannot decide between hello and goodbye.

'Lol' the text read

And I fell in love again with the idea of a girl who cannot decide whether she loves me or laughs at me.

'Maybe' she laughed

And I fell out of love with the girl who could never decide if she wanted me or not.

Days

The days are not enough.

The sun is not bright enough and the oceans not deep enough.

Every moment should be filled with magic, every precious second should be enjoyed.

The feathers of the birds are not soft enough

Their songs are not loud enough

The nights are not dark enough

They are not full enough

And so life slips by

Softly,

Quietly,

Like a field mouse

Not shaking the grass.

different

I want to be different
I want to wear red and gold at the same time
I want to dye my hair blue

I want to be different
drinking voss water
avoiding dairy and gluten

I want to be different
with the strangest clothes
and the unusual bag

I want to write stories, poems, beautiful lies
and call it truth
wouldn't that be so wonderfully different?

i want to be different
Just like everybody else

Direction

Today
I found myself in a muddle
Stuck in the middle
Not knowing which way to turn

And so I turned to the left
And then to the right
But the way still did not seem clear

The world seemed so lonely
And the road so long
I felt quite alone

So I turned to the crow on the fence post and I asked him;

'Which way shall I go?'
To the left, where nothing's right?
Or to the right, where's nothing left?

Evil

I met evil when I was only a child

I met him in the dark when even the stars couldn't shine
And he was beguiling

I met him in the winter while Jack Frost stole my toes
And he was terrifying

I met him in a storm
The waves were crashing and the cliffs were creaking
And he was dangerous

I met him at midnight
Alone, I waited for someone to come
And he was ferocious

But then I met him in the morning
And the sun was shining
And the birds were singing
And evil was still there

Friends

Once, when I was very young, I think I saw magic.

A ballroom, a slow waltz, a lady and a man.

At first glance, they seemed normal. He was dark and handsome, dressed impeccably in a neat suit. She had a deep sapphire ball gown and all the men stared.

But then I noticed that their eyes hadn't left each other's faces since they walked in.

There was so much that they wanted to say. So much that they couldn't use their voices to share it.

They looked at each other in the way that lovers do, but there was something there that was more than lovers. It was like they used to know each other, that they used to be lovers, but they never quite made it. I think perhaps they used to be, but now they're just them. Perhaps they used to sleep in the same bed and laugh in the mornings and fuck in the afternoon, but now they just smile and say that they are pleased to meet each other.

Those glances under thick lashes said that they were sorry for all that had come to pass, that they wish they had done more

but, at the end of the day,
when anybody asked,
the answer was always the same.

'we're just friends'

From me, a dyslexic poet

i've tried to write about my plight
of being a dyslexic poet

my words are wrong, my thoughts are too long
because i'm a dyslexic poet

i want to write, i long to write
but i'm a dyslexic poet

'you can spell!' you cry, and i reply, yes, thank goodness for spellcheck!
said me, the dyslexic poet

It's been hard you see, getting thoughts into words, but i did if for you one day, and here i am, and
my heads in a scram
because i'm a dyslexic poet

I've tried to make it good, i've tried to make it right, but what do i know about poetry? I screamed into
the night.

i wish for a life more straightforward, a world with not quite so many words,
but then i smile and sigh and thank the stars in the sky
that i'm a dyslexic poet

And sometimes, just sometimes,
i feel sorry for those that can't see the letters that float round my head, making long boring words
into beautiful song
thanks to me, a dyslexic poet

and i hope that one day, your thoughts may stray, to me
your dyslexic poet.

think of me in my room staring up at the moon feeling thankful i know not to call it a noom
and sit, with a smile on your face, grateful, that in the whole human race, there are poets that are all

kinds of shapes and sizes with big brains and small brains winning all sorts of prizes

and i'll sit, staring up at my noom, thankful that i know you too.

yours truly,

a dyslexic poet.

Grief

Grief

It hurt so much that you can barely breath
If feels as though the world cannot keep turning
Without them, surely there is no world

But who told the sun? For he keeps rising, day after day
And who told the moon? She dies every day to let her love breathe

Did anyone tell the rain cloud? If he didn't come then the world would cease but come he does.
And who warned the lightning? The oh so dramatic lightening that still strikes even when we do not hear it

Please tell me that you told the trees to stop growing? To let us all just suffocate in silence
Did no one tell the flowers that they mustn't bloom anymore? Why should there be beauty when they're not there to see it?

But Lord what about the elephants? Make them lower their trunks, and the birds, why must they still sing? Do they not know what I have lost?

The world keeps turning. New life keeps growing. The waves keep rolling. The earth stops for no one.

How could I forget?

I don't think they understand how
difficult it is for the Poet to forget.

There is no returning from the places we go.
There is no way to escape the darkness.

There is no way to take back the names we shouted from rooftops.
No way to escape the sinful truths we yelled across mountains.

There is no chance of repayment for the parts of us we have given away. We must learn to live with
our missing pieces.

People own books with us in now.

They have seen our chosen words and they know how we describe things and it is like a window to
the soul.

Because poetry is so goddamn personal that we share every part of ourselves and we give our
secrets away.

You can buy my secrets in a book, and you can read them if you like,
you may use them to escape reality. But remember your release is my life.

When i let go for the first time,
when i wrote with my whole heart,
I thought i would feel free.

But now i read it back and realise that the commitment to paper leaves me feeling as though i am
sitting in a bath for hours stuck in my own dirt.

Because, dear readers, when a poet commits themselves and empties their soul,
they have given all that they are.

And it is now that i realise, it's not long forgotten faces that haunt me, but my own poetry.

How do the peasants die?

'But the peasants...how do the peasants die?' - LEO TOLSTOY

Do they fall in battle
In fires of glory
And passion
Never to be forgotten?

Do they die softly
Surrounded by family
And friends
Loved forever?

Do they jump into it
To save their one true love
To protect all they hold dear
Forever a hero?

Or do they die
Like the rich
Cold
Alone

Instantly forgotten

Humanity

I am in love with the raw, natural, organic and real human state.

The bed head,
the yawns,
the stretches that pull up your shirt,
the way the wind blows your hair,
the laughing so hard you tear up,
the sleepy eyes,
the butterflies in your stomach,
the smile that turns into laughter,
the handholds,
the uncontrollable giggles,
the rosy blushes,
the stumbling sentences,

I am in love with the idea of humanity without embarrassment or shyness.

Only pure and raw and under-appreciated moments.

They make me fall in love with humanity without any reluctance, just a pure, unbridled joy of adoration.

I pray

I pray that you do not fall in love with me,
for I am falser than vows made in wine
I am a monument to all of your sins,
I am unfaithful and I am untrue

I pray you do not know me, not really,
because I am averse to all truth
No one can ever know me,
I will not allow it

I pray that you never believe my illusions,
although they are outwardly beautiful,
underneath are hideous lies

I pray that you believe the rumours,
of course they are terrible and cruel,
but you must know,
most of them are true

I pray you learn that the truth is rarely pure and never simple,
Oscar Wilde taught us all that,
you must remember

And finally, I pray that you never find out that there is my heart and there is you,
and I am not sure that there is a difference.

I was wrong

I stopped writing because I was wrong.

I was wrong about it all.

I thought I could make it beautiful. I thought I could tear myself apart and make a mosaic out of the pieces.

**I thought the sadness was temporary, that these words could be beautiful
When I didn't feel the same.**

**I thought I could have roses without thorns
But no painting turns out pretty when you're using your own blood.**

**And none of this ever occurs to you until you notice it all.
Until you're looking at the sunset ,
You're watching all the colours melt and everything seems calm in that moment**

**And you feel like you can actually breathe.
The stars start to appear and you can feel it in your soul.**

**You feel alive,
But you don't want to be.**

Isolation

If I could, I'd go exploring with you

Somewhere where we'd never been before and we could adventure together and it would be wonderful.

If I could, I'd take you out for a meal and we'd argue about whether to get a starter or desert and in the end we'd get both because we love each other too much to really argue.

If I could, I'd go for a walk with you

and I'd pack a picnic but forget the plates so we'd eat sandwiches with bits of grass and we'd laugh and go and get ice cream.

If I could, I'd spend lazy days with you, we'd watch poldark and laugh and in the end neither of us would really be watching the screen.

If I could, I'd make you go shopping with me so I never have to be alone again and you wouldn't complain even if you felt like it and you'd tell me I looked good in everything even if we both knew that I didn't and you might even come into M&S with me and not complain.

If I could, I would.

But I can't, so I can only offer you my words and bad jokes and a smile through a phone screen.

And that has to be enough. It isn't, but it has to be.

But one day, we'll wake up and the news will come that we're free again to go out and we will have the best time in the world; because we will finally appreciate our freedom. And it will be wonderful.

Message from the devil

In the daylight, there is joy
there is fun and there is laughter
but i am not there.

When you are alone
and the night draws in
that is when i appear

for I am a monument to all your sins
I am the one that you turn to in the darkness
it is my face that stares back from the shadows
it is I who keeps you awake at night

It is I who reminds you,
with a whisper of blood on my lips,
that some people are just born with tragedy in their veins

It is I who whispers that the colour of ambition is red.

And
at the end of it all,
it is I who will be there to welcome you home.

missing you

I think i'll miss you forever,
like the stars miss the sun in the morning sky.

I think I missed you yesterday when I made pancakes, and you weren't there to laugh when I failed to flip them

I think I missed you this morning when I woke from a dream when you were still here, and remembered that you weren't.

I think I missed you at lunchtime, when I had no one to laugh with at how badly I sliced the bread.

I think I missed you tonight, when I cried silent tears fell as the moon rose.

I think I missed you tomorrow, when I celebrated my final day at university.

I think I'll miss you forever. Because you were supposed to be there, and now you aren't.

My song

If I could sing, I'd sing you a song
A beautiful song
With all the word I should have said,
And I'd write it on the backs of the envelopes
Of all your letters that I still haven't read

If I could sing, I'd sing you the story
The heartbreaking story
Of how my eyes still search for you in a crowd,
And I'd end it with the apology,
I was too scared to say out loud

But I am no singer
That was the one thing that we both agreed on
So now all the words that you wanted to hear,
Are written down in a poem you won't read.

People

They call me observant.
That's not particularly true.
People are so easy to read,
We bleed emotions even in the way we drink our coffee.

Not everyone seems to notice though,
They're all too busy drinking their own
damn coffee.

Praise

For so long he had worshipped at her alter.
His hands raised, his lips caressing the hymns that spoke of her.

She walked in. He turned to confess his sins.

He confessed how long he'd been searching for a saviour and how she, oh how she was the one.
How she spoke to him in ways others can only imagine.
How she and only she brought him to his knees.

And when he sank to the floor,
he moaned
A quiet, low sound that shook the very bones of all of the saints and sinners that lay there.

but that moan spoke to her

She turned for him to see her
naked
honest
dangerous.

He rose from the alter, his cheeks wet. Wondering, if all God's angels, were quite so deadly.

She was poetry

I never quite understood why it was that no one loved her,
or at least, they didn't love her like I did.

I never understood why no one else saw the way her hair shone brighter than the stars or the way
her eyes gleamed like
the most precious emeralds.

I never understood why no one else saw that it was her chaos that made her beautiful,
it was the flame that burned within.

I never understood why she wasn't worshipped like the true celestial empress that she was,
stronger than any man.

I never understood why no one seemed to see that her soul was far too deep to be explored by
those
afraid to take their feet from solid ground.

I never understood why it wasn't noticed that she was far too full of life to be simply half-ignored,
half-noticed,
half loved.

I never understood why they didn't see that she wasn't fragile like a flower, she was fragile like a
grenade,
she was to be treated with the upmost respect.

I never understood why it wasn't seen that she was made for far more beautiful things and that
chaos is only understood by the wild, not the weak.

Only now do I see it,
she was poetry.

She was poetry in a world that was still learning the alphabet.

Strawberries

He'd never much cared for strawberries

He didn't like their sweetness

But that summer, her lips were so stained with their juices that they were all he tasted

And he'd never had a favourite fruit

But two summers later, another girl laughed with him and asked

'If you could only eat one thing for the rest of your life, what would it be?'

And he remembers how her hand traced the veins in his neck and made their way across his chest.

He remembers her soft breathing and limbs draped across his shoulders

'Strawberries.' He tells her.

'I could live on nothing but strawberries.'

Tell me I?m beautiful

'Tell me I'm beautiful' she laughed so you said
'Honey you are beautiful.'

She said 'why am I beautiful?' So you said
'Because of the way the light hits your hair and the way that your cheeks dimple when you smile.'

'Am I beautiful only in the light?' A shadow crossed her face
'You are beautiful in the day and the night. I see your face in the sun and in the stars.'

She smiled, not quite content with the final answer.

Tell me the truth, you beautiful liar.

So you take a deep breath and say
'You are beautiful in the way that a forest fire is beautiful. You're destructive and painful, impossible to hold. But there's a spark in you that makes me think that you might be a little bit magic.'

'And so that is why I am beautiful?'

'Yes.'

She giggled and pulled you close. 'Then you are beautiful because of the wicked lies that you tell.'

You start to protest but she holds a finger to your lips

'Hush now, don't protest. You are beautiful for your magnificent stories, for your lies and imagination. You are beautiful because you are the most treacherous darling I have ever met and even that is an understatement.'

'Oh.' You say. Because just like that, she's taken all your words away.

The Devil

You love him, don't you?

Him and his pale fingers
Tangled in your hair
Running down your spine

Him and His lips
Against your neck
Your jaw
Your chin

And in these empty halls
With him
Religion shifts and turns and blurs
His mouth is your confessional
And you sin,
You sin
You sin

And the devil, why, he never seemed so holy.

The way I write

I wish I wrote the way I thought

Madly

Passionately

Obsessively

Never pausing to take a breath

Never slowing

Never stopping

I wish I wrote the way I thought

With days spent wishing every hour away so that it would reach the night

So that the darkness could take away the sun and allow me to be free

I wish I wrote the way I thought

Every word would be enthralling

Electrifying

Terrifying

Every letter would be like magic

And I would spin such beautiful tales of sadness and woe and beauty and light

And I would write myself into these magnificent lies to the point of complete breakdown before I finally paused for a breath

And then when I finally do pause,

I would never write again because I would lift my head and see you and my thoughts and my words would melt to nothingness and every waking moment would be completely consumed by the manuscripts and the monologues of me and they would tumble off the table and grab the legs of my desk like tentacles, trying to claw me back into the world that I had created but I would drop my pen and I would see

Only you

In my head and on every page.

There you are.

Because if I wrote the way I thought

I would write far too often

Far too deeply

for far too long

And the words would become scrawls, illegible until the reader finally reaches the one word that is repeated over and over again and that, that my love, is you.

The Wild Gypsy

He wasn't particularly tall.
His hair wasn't quite black.
His eyes weren't green enough to show me the sea.
But he had a magic smile.

My mother didn't like him.
My father called him scum.
My brother threatened his life.
But his people said he was a king.

Lives travel faster than the truth
he smiled
and I cried.

He promised to love me like he loves his dogs.
The dogs he makes sleep outside, in the cold.
He said he'd love me like he loves his horses.
The horses that pull his wagon.
He told me he'd love me like he loves himself.
Harshly, Coldly, Perhaps not at all.

My love swore that his love would never die.
he told me that I was his.
but.
he forgot to say that he was mine.

There is nothing to declare

There is nothing to declare here,

He plays in the street, skirting the craters left by the ruinous bombs,
his red shirt flashing in and out of view as he laughs and plays with all the innocence that a child should have.

There is nothing to declare here,

The boy laughs and spends his first kiss on a golden-haired sweetheart at the fair
She promises to love him forever
The romance doesn't last the summer.

There is nothing to declare here,

His mother gently smooths down the shirt collar and pulls out her handkerchief as her baby boy makes his way to the front of the Church where his future-wife is waiting.

There is nothing to declare here,

A tear slides down his cheek at the sound of a baby crying and he wonders how he could love something so small with so much of him;
and then he does it again, four times.

There is nothing to declare here,

The father waves his boys off to school and tells his girls it won't be long before they get to go too, and then wonders where the time has gone.

There is nothing to declare here,

His arms is clasped firmly around his baby girl's as she walks down the aisle, the last of his four children that he had to let go; the tears fall thickly and fast that day.

There is nothing to declare here,

He laughs in delight as his grandson reaches up his little chubby hand and grabs a fistful of his silvery hair, his face may have aged but those blue eyes had never shone so brightly.

There is nothing to declare here,

Just a very old man with a very old woman with four beautiful children and eight bouncing grandchildren.

And as he looks around and remembers all that he has done, a tear comes to those old, weary eyes and the youngest granddaughter asks why he is sad and he smiles softly and says:

'There is nothing to declare, here, my love. I am just waiting now. But I was once young, oh,' he murmured and turned his face to the heavens, 'I was once unbelievably young.'

Tiredness

I am tired.

Tired of this state of waiting
Of being in limbo
Of nothing happening

Tired of the wasted days
Of the wasted youth
Of the wasted life

Tired of time continuing without me
Of being left behind
Of the sameness of every moment

Tired of being alone
Of the empty house
Of the silent walls

Tired of endless circles
Of the same music
Of the same films

I am tired.
Of Decaying.
Slowly.
Sadly.
Unnoticed.

To the princesses

I'm so sorry Aurora,
That no one saw the dangers of a sleeping sixteen year old being kissed by a stranger

My condolences Snow White,
That a man saw an unconscious girl, kissed her, and then took her away from her friends

Apologies to you, dear Ariel,
That you could see no other option but to sell your soul so that he may notice you

Please forgive me, Mulan,
That to be strong you had to pretend to be a man

My deepest regrets, Belle,
That a man wanted you so much that he thought it right to kill your beloved

And oh Cinderella,
How could anyone stand by and let you suffer the way you did?

Oh Rapunzel,
Sweetheart I can't even begin to explain how sorry I am for the cruelty of the lonely woman

Yes my princesses, your tales are terrible and cruel, but our daughters love your dresses and your princes. They love the sparkle and the love stories. They love the forced romance and the stolen kisses. They love the fucking rape stories that we tell them as they fall asleep.

Tragedy

I think we deserve a soft epilogue, my love
For we have lived and loved for so long

We deserve a quiet retirement, my sweet
For our introduction was too much, our prologue, it hurt so much

We deserve a mild evening, my angel
For our fight was so great, our enemies so strong

We deserve a good rest, my sweetheart
For our struggles, they were so vast, there was no escape

We deserve a happy climax, my prince
For our story was tough and we deserve a break

We've suffered enough, my lover
We are good people.
We deserve a beautiful ending

Untitled

I think I write because sometimes I don't know what i really think until I read what I wrote at 2am.

And you know it is one of the most delicious things in the world to write, to no longer be yourself but to escape into an entire universe of your own creation.

I write because it makes me feel like someone is listening, even if it's just me finally listening to myself.

Without you

And the nights grew colder
And the moon stayed longer

And sun stopped rising
And the rivers dried

But the oceans grew and the saltwater spat at the children on the shore

And the lions stopped roaring
And the elephants lowered their trunks

And the world stopped turning and the stars didn't shine

And your heart didn't beat in time
And the aching of mine couldn't rhyme
With the slow hum of the hummingbird
outside the window

Writing

Writing is the only thing that,
When I do it,
I don't feel like I should be doing something else

For to me, writing is magical
It holds mystery
I never know where it will take me
Oh the adventures we have

Writing

There is only one thing that should be known about writing.

It will inevitably lead you to the darkest of places, it will drive you wild with desire and mad with rage, because you cannot write about something if you have not lived it.

But the most important thing you must remember is that you are there as a tourist and must always remain one.

You mustn't fall into it's murky depths.

My dear, there was a very specific reason why you were blessed with the ability to translate your sentiments into words- it is to bring a voice to suffering and torment.

But I warn you, do not be too indulgent with your experience of these things- despite how addictive suffering can be- how easy it is to get lost down the twisted path of self-destruction.

Young one, you must emerge from your journey scathed, but victorious, and then you must write.

Tell your story.

You must write

You write because you need it to breathe,
because otherwise the thoughts and feelings would consume you and there would be nothing left
but an empty shell.

You write because you gave your heart and soul away long ago,
you belong to the art of poetry and literature and storytelling and it has become your duty to give
voice to those that are otherwise silent.

You write because without it you know there would be nothing left to live for,
without it you would be just like everyone else, there would be no special talent, no miraculous
artwork, just an ordinary person.

You write because it brings freedom, because it gives you a retreat from the world and shows you
the door to hidden realms of fantasy and love and hurt and passion and all you need to enter is a
pen and paper.

You write because it is you and only you who can write so beautifully, only you that knows what you
see and what it means to the rest of the world. Only you who sees the wonder in every rainbow and
every death.

You write, dear poets, because you feel as if you owe something to the world. You write because
someone, somewhere, gave you these words and you owe it to share them.

You must write and all that you are and all that you ever will be can be immortalised in the strokes of
your pen and your voice will be heard throughout the centuries and someone, somewhere, one day,
will find your words and it is then and only then that you will truly know why you write.

You write for the reader, my friends.

For the person who's life you may save, for the souls you may touch,
even if it is only your own.

Youth

22 years old.

What does that mean?

They tell me these are the best years of my life,

How Horrifying.

Is this all I am to expect from the world? As I watch my friends begin their lives in jobs they already hate. As I watch my peers drunk at the weekend and teaching a child the next day? Does that child know they are facing their own future? Does no one know how horrific this is?

22 years old. Disillusioned. Disappointed.

Perhaps it gets better, perhaps it gets worse. So long as it doesn't stay the same.