

poems that have helped me breathe

laura over

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

*i dedicate my poems to anyone who has been through periods of turmoil e.g. heartbreak, grief and
mental illness and still get up every day and try*

Acknowledgement

love to speak my words from my experience as a healthy outlet for my emotions, its always been my dream to publish my own poems

About the author

hi, I'm Laura. I'm 21 and I've grown up in the city of Peterborough in England. I find myself quite drawn to poems about sorrow and despair, love, and lust. My teenage years were the most eventful I enjoy certain grunge aesthetics and I love art in the form of fashion and I love 18th-century romance books and films, I love to read I love the use of metaphors and I enjoy trying to create them. I would just love to create a platform where I can meet new poets and share my ideas and inspirations, my goal is to do this as a career and get a degree in creative writing.

summary

You know we can't talk because we wont want to say goodbye

Turning the page

The ideal picture of dating

My Deepest Regret

The drive home when i've changed my mind

stuck with endless over's

silent movies at late night drive-ins

waking up in my childhood bed

laying here with you

sanctified

Solitude

I wouldn?t love me either

You know we can't talk because we wont want to say goodbye

I guess love doesn't work when it's out of control
Holding on too tightly made you let go
If I hear your name, I suffocate, I wish you'd come home
Hanging onto your legs
Hoping you'd never forget
Clinging onto what we had left
I guess I'll never get to tell you, you were my everything and not neglect you
Said you wouldn't leave as the rest do
But I'm glad you didn't turn around
like water under the bridge, i rescued myself
rose-colored blind and choking on the mist,
your love choked me till I drowned when I'd tell you to 'get a grip'
when we were both hiding from the flames in the midst of it.
We burned out
Now liquor tastes like the sour end of a letter I'll never send and you'll never get
Convincing myself the silence is bliss
It's the way you'd make me scream and shout that I miss
I hope you think of us when it's someone else you kiss.

Turning the page

You see, I've been stuck on this page for months now
An old story Featuring an old me
I couldn't stop re-reading how the part before began with us and ended with me
Every word I wrote, typed... Deleted a thousand times
Was the same old character, same dialogue
Started to lose sense, always in the past tense
I became the narrator of a story that no one would read
It was time for me to cut out thinking about what the story 'needs'
what does it mean when your illustration is based on a depiction of
Winning a loser's game with a cheat?
I decided to leave the book alone, to cure my writer's block by saying goodbye
I held myself through every cry and every try
I had to understand that the words were all a lie
And in that instance, like the day, turns into night
I knew that a new story can only be written through new eyes
Ideas, words, a new metaphor or rhyme.
I counted down from ten, back too nine-
blinked from closed eyes to a new year and a new guy.
Just like my favorite bike - I was rusty, but I'd been waiting for so long to be taken outside
He presented me a new one, took the old one apart and promised hand on his heart 'I'll never leave
you behind'
Reminded me of the first time I was left to balance on my own, both sides (without stabilizers)
One pedal and I felt like I could fly... I remember my mother telling me 'don't go too fast, give it some
time'.
Despite feeling rusty, I brushed myself off, despite the risk of falling again (just too cry),
I found that the more times I fell down the grass was always greener on the other side
That holding on too new handles, following a new guide, didn't scare me in my mind
Knowing that either way, I and he can teach ourselves how you're supposed to ride
And realizing sometimes all you need is change
And maybe just to turn the page

The ideal picture of dating

Intoxicate me with the smoke of the flame you sparked in a good name
Let them believe you soldiered on through the pain
Quick too change your mind and leave the blame
blow the balloon up, let it fly, you never even gave it a try?
Let me fall for words that gave me miles and song choices that change with smiles
Give me the grey unknown
Make it seem black and white in colour but developed only from manic to panic
Hey, why the ring on the first date?
Why give me a taste on the second just to leave me on the third.
A cold night in January
Convinced of recovery from the anniversary
As if my life granted was only taken
The long nights with a dark cloud that never stops raining
Stuck in the game of life where only dreams are amazing
Everyone carries there own ghosts
mine is heavier than most
not too mention the separation of the clouds in the sky that gave me aspiration
or the way I clung onto your every word with desperation
there's some time where I can set my mind on a goal
while you play the field
revenge facilitates success from the frustration of him vs me
I guess we'll never see how I could have ridden you like a bike with no helmet, and make you weak
on the crushed velvet
feeling the crash of aging. knowing the years were wasted.
copy and paste it, tell me how to stop procrastinating.

My Deepest Regret

I was praying of a love that wouldn't end
I let the darkness drain the light in my eyes
I was blind when I needed to see
I was deaf when I needed to hear
I prayed for a heart that never beat for me
Resuscitated a lifeless form of my body in the mess
t thinking that the devil you know was worth the stress
and was better than being depressed
thinking that i found love between these sheets
fell straight from above, to down on my knees
I let myself get in a state, where I was betrayed with my knees grazed
I never would have been in it but I guess i was too late
I let the sun go down without seeing the sunrise
I never woke up and smelled the coffee brewing
thinking that my soul mate was you when you're nothing
thinking it's only me and you' that I'm wanting
for getting an ill brain from the blazing
for thinking being manic was amazing
being so extreme that i lost it
for not believing in the line when you crossed it
hearing you laugh in vain while I'm hospitalized and in pain
I'm not trying to play the blame game but you made me insane
having to repair by looking passed the frame our love was locked in
for giving my heart to a lame, following the flame of the shame that put me on a train straight back
to you
being the dame of a play, that you would disclaim as I read your script that you claim rang solely the
truth but the plot thickened in your love game
Cliffhanger
I wish I could've told myself to step down from the stage and let you take the fame when you shout
to the crowd 'how am I to blame!'
'Tell me Laura.. how can you live your own story when you're not the protagonist?'
'How could you hear the cars go past but not see the red flags?'
how could you be so naive and feel wealthy with a blank check you just cashed
for wanting to die faster and living life slow

the reality you've lived in paved a road to deceit
not hearing my mind tell me on repeat
that my biggest regret of all
was giving you a part of me
that made me incomplete

The drive home when i've changed my mind

When there's a distance, look up at the moon
when we're under the same sky is it hard to remove?
the speed of a thousand miles, drive here whenever you need
why do I find a home in the way you leave
Don't rush what you need I'll watch you float to the bottom
still, your love drowns me
in my tidal wave of emotions will you sink or swim?
is it the way you look straight through me with piercing eyes
when I flip the coin is it worth the dime?
we talk all the time and you call before I get the time
don't you mind? mind
you give and don't take doesn't I make you suffocate how do you kiss between choked breaths?
is it the way I've learned how to swallow my tears
throw your ball knock the pins my head starts to spin losing life as you lose each time you win
some days it's so dark I can't see past waking to the same battle scars
will you follow if I take the lead?
or tie me a noose and hear them scream.
I'm not really sure what it means
to want to be alone but feeling lonely
I'm sorry if I'm indecisive its just my mind

stuck with endless over's

Doesn't speaking feel exhausting?

and you hear yourself talking, about how the last time you walked in, she walked out.

if it was the silence that spoke more then

we would end up listening to our thoughts

which scream louder in your mind when you got that divorce.

maybe you needed to tell, exes are a learned lesson, not a life sentence.

it hurts to hear your heart stressing, to hang onto someone who doesn't think of you for a second and the number of times you were downing that poison to poison your depression.

you cant decide if these memories are the only thing that left after it sinks in that you're haunted by the past, and dead in the present.

you give the women this good 'impression', and matters seem less pressing when you don't say you have kids and pretend to keep forgetting.

you never forgot about how your problems were impressing, being hard done by really makes women feel like you need caressing.

maybe you were only messing every time you shrugged your shoulder and every time you couldn't meet us and be sober

that it was funny to drive us home when your limit was over

figuratively speaking, all you've ever sold us is false hope

we bought into your stupidity and now I hide behind sad eyes and what's left of my dignity.

maybe you're the addict and she's the sick in me.

silent movies at late night drive-ins

*yes my bedroom windows open but at least it's not my heart
and yes, I still leave the light on in case you see it in the dark
yes I know you have to pass it when you drive home alone
but I'm not so certain anymore if you're seeing someone
I wish I could pass my test just to lose my drivers license
over a drug-driving ticket that I got, just to say I broke the law
because with my feet on the pedal and my hand on the door
nothing will ever hurt as much
as losing the movement I felt when I was in yours
so ill sit pretty, in the passenger seat, just like I did before
yes, you'll touch my skin, and yes ill weep a little more
hoping in my head you love me and that I'll always be yours
because you fucked me there too many times for you to be unsure?
well, you ask me 'where to?' and I say 'to the stars'
because the destination is never enough, however far
yes, I'll end up in the back seat naked in your palms
because if I take my clothes off
you'd remember it ours
but as we come to the end
there's not enough speed in your car
for our final destination
til' death do us part
yes we are 'Bonny and Clyde' but more rogue
because you said forever now you're just a ghost
I hope you remember me that night when I loved you the most
because I took the steering wheel and drove into a post*

waking up in my childhood bed

Brick by a brick wall to wall, the little girl I used to be found it easy to crawl from as young and as small I guess the bigger you grow the harder you fall
The part of me you took hostage and the part of you i fell in love with
Will, it always be me in the wrong in the sight of my own eyes
Will, i still hate myself if I give up the secrets and lies and the baby inside who cries for a love she won't receive
Trust is such a small word with such a heavy feeling, why can't I trust myself to not like the bleeding
I can't hurt myself enough to rid the guilt that stops me from breathing just to look myself in my eyes and hear my inner child tell me to stop and to try
And we would dream of flying but the bird I longed to be already took its flight
Does freedom come when you are alone or in your darkest night
The clock ticks and my mind can't help but think,
When overthinking makes me sour who really traumatized me when I did it within my own power
Are they always going to be self-entitled to soak up my weakness and ring it out like a towel
Have you ever laid under someone and realized that it's just not enough?
And when the touch of others feels intrusive to give up a body you've never loved
Whose am I tonight?

laying here with you

The storm which unsettles
The lightning bolt
The rearing thunder
Holding each other's hand
Side by side, following the miles between

Where your feet bare?
Your clothes were gone but the rain was there
The softer pattering
A feeling I'm sure I once knew
The slow cessation of the storm
Echo your footsteps
My cheeks are still drowning in saltwater
Always too short

It comes on days I forget my umbrella
Wishing for light, but closing blinds from orange beams
The headlights of summers heartbreak
A lapse of extremes
A swan song
Multiple endings with no resolution
Seasons empty seasons

A love elapsed with an aging mind
Tracing pavements where my feet aren't unsure
Dark and wet, light and dry
If the storm sleeps, my cries climb along the glass
Its silence; heavier than a heartbeat
Sometimes the bad dreams spill over

They found me
Heart choking on damp ivy branches
From roses, you picked before

Planted to a tree; I once climbed
The one that taught me how hard it is to fall
Without grazing knees

Where time cannot creep or crawl
Knees unscraped, branches and weeds,
I hung on, hugging its trunk
Knowing I would stay after all of this
Knowing that the tree will soon die
If I was to tug or tie my rope too tight
It kissed me until I rotted too,
Reaching for me with its roots,
Like a heart screaming at a closed door
Attached; Unattached
The sweet unsettling
Of a trodden-dampened ending
Where fire meets flame
That cannot outlive the rain
And a soul, who love, will never meet again.

sanctified

We sit in silence
you twiddle your fingers and hide behind your hair
I try not to fight it
but this distance between us is choking the air
Nobody is talking
theres nothing to say
our love never lasted
but a part of me stayed

We're living as strangers
when we were so close
I've chosen the danger
of being your friend
but when I lie awake
when I lie with other men
the others have gone
theres still no reason for me to move on

i cry in the morning
when everything feels wrong
that there's no one there
I'm trying to fill this hole
but Nothing compares
and you really saw me
though every mirror I've stared

And it's something I've been trying to say
but nothing sounds the same
How much we use to talk
forcing words brought us pain
but I don't want to face
a life where we don't talk
and now that we're strangers

i hope you can see
that love really found us
and you needed me
just the same as I needed you

Solitude

There's a smile on your face I've never noticed until now
Your lips aren't any bigger but your teeth are just as white
And you can smile in the mirror and have no one miss you tonight
But can you try to smile in the morning when the sun is warm and bright
There's a calm like the waves on a stranded shore
Where a ripple made effects before
And there's still an emptiness that lingers when I leave you at my door
But it's harder to cry when there's nothing to cry for
I know that you said that the ceiling stared back at you in the lonely of the night
But those were the nights when I never wanted to be held
And never yelled for you to not leave
Because if it wasn't good then it wasn't right
And my broken heart won't have to worry
Where you are
Tonight

I wouldn't love me either

I watch the caress of the evening sun
warm and orange and endless
a sight for sore eyes, for those grieving and in love
for those in love but still dreaming
you've never been further away than you are now
I'm round the corner again
hiding behind my back gate
leaving it to fate
praying there's a god
is there love somewhere in all your hate?
maybe I'm delusional again
It's a blurred state that keeps me calm
chokes out the loneliness
gives me something to believe in
when god forgets to leave the latch on

cobwebs gather in the corner of the ceiling I stare hardest at
a reminder of how long I've been stuck here
there's still photos of us on my laptop that make me sad
there's still ways that we've touched and things you never meant that keep me mad
but hopeful
I wish I never see you again
or that if I ever do you never ever go anywhere else
I miss you more than I remember you
memories usher me to walk on your side of the road
their false hope holding my hand for a casual stroll
nothing dangerous about dipping your toes in
nothing certain about any given moment
the many and few we shared
haunt my every emotion
it's been easier sleeping palm to palm with other men
giving my heart on rent

sometimes the price is high
others make your bare minimum profitable growth

I'd like to hope that you love her ten times better
that sweet girl I can be soon turns bitter
thinking she has everything I broke brain cells chasing
I don't ever run the race
and you'll never see me naked again
I don't know if I fake it all the time
I probably don't actually love you anymore
I hope that's true
it would save me a spare thought
let's dance around being strangers for the rest of our lives
We'll ghost each other until we're dead
practicing for our inevitable embodiment
deterioration, menopause, marriage, aging
I shan't see you there
maybe you'll feel me
when you find a strand of her blonde hair

do you remember screaming at me in the car?
You didn't care how I felt
Just that it might change how I thought of you
I wish someone had told me then