

Sunflower Seeds

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Presented by

My poetic Side 



About the author

I'm 18, I live in Uk, I currently live at home with my mum and dad, I enjoy playing on my Xbox and writing poetry also I love watching true crime documentaries and anime. I study journalism in university hoping to be a radio presenter or a news anchor. I write poetry to help me express my feelings and sometimes just because I thought of a good story to write but I don't like normal books as I can never seem to write more then a page haha. This is me Evangalinefrances.

summary

A dyslexic poet

All these questions and you're still not happy

I love you

If you are reading this...

My new friend

Pillow talks.

Scared of myself

Trigger warning Eating Disorder

Your my favourite person

A dyslexic poet

I never got chose for a handwriting pen
My handwriting is horrendous I can barely see the difference between the letters n and m
My h's are always misplaced and work is always wrong
That's why I write my poems and it takes me so long
I double check and check again
And I still can't spell the word sustian
Grammarly becomes a habit to have on your phone
And a book becomes effort when you read alone
My friend has to check for spelling mistakes
Even though I'll scan the text trying to look for them until my eye aches
I get angry being corrected for misplaced l's
And I spend so long checking my poems I've ruined my eyes
I have glasses now and have been given orange paper so I can spell tae
But that's the bit that people don't see
The only bit they care about is how I get given stuff for free
What's it like to be dyselxic?
Well it's like all of the words jumble in your brian it's hectic
I will not check this poem so it's showed to you raw
Of what its like to have dyselxia and why I can't spell fuor
I turned off auto correct and Grammarly and hoped for the best
I just hope you can read this and it deosnt look like a bad mess

All these questions and you're still not happy

You sit thinking every night

About that

About you

But why do you have to question yourself when the relationship is perfect

But maybe it's not what you think

Maybe it's just not meant to be

But why do you keep holding on

Why can't you just let go

Is it because you feel like you won't be ok on your own?

Or maybe it's because your scared of being alone because he's the only one that's similar home

Maybe your scared of building up the trust that you made with him

Because you made a bridge to tear it down but sometimes that bridge just isn't right any more

Because one day that bridge will need renovating

Someday that bridge will need to be knocked down because it's fell apart because of the cracks that's it's got over the years

But you will be ok

I promise

It's only the unknown that is the biggest part of your fears

Your hurting because your scared but Is it worth hurting just for now or forever because you can't leave

A life is worth living

A life is for you

A life is not worth hurting

"But that one time"

That one time he was nice? That one time felt different? That one time is what you want all the time

Your clinging onto that one time thinking it's coming again

But it won't because he's not going to change and that's the truth you keep wiping off yourself every time your crying in the shower.

I love you

I know it's hard
But you're so brave
Don't you worry if you didn't bathe
Or that you haven't got out of bed to shave

I can see how your trying
And I'm proud of you
If no ones told you today that they love you I do
And I appreciate you too

I can see that your holding on
And I know your not speaking to anyone
Dance to your favourite song
Or maybe try on your favourite thong
Or make a favourite dish that you haven't had for a long time
Can you hear those bells chime

It's 12pm now you've made it through half the day
Look how amazing you look I've got to say

You can do this
You've got this
The rest of the day is yours
Do what you want to
And remember that I love you

If you are reading this...

If you're reading this I'm proud of you

If you woke up this morning I'm proud of you

If you have eaten today I'm proud of you

If you haven't eaten

I know you can do it

If you have had a drink I'm proud of you

If you haven't drank

Drink some water if you can it tastes a lot more special today

If you've been productive I'm proud of you

If you've done nothing I'm proud of you

If you've messaged someone today I'm proud of you

If you've kept to yourself all day I'm proud of you

If your feeling low today I love you

My new friend

2am in the morning
I'm still awake
Because of my friend depression
Who gave me a shake

He sits there staring
With a scary grin
That's when I know
My patience has worn thin

I'll sit there for a bit
I'll mutter "im in pain"
I'll talk to him more
I feel like I'm going insane

I can't do this anymore
He reminds me every night
And he always gives me reasons why I should give up the fight

He'll whisper in my ear
And he will make me cry
Until my heart feels empty
And I want to die

I gave up hope
Everyday an emotional scene
While people would judge and say
"She can't be like this she's only eighteen"

But depression knows no age
Or cares who you are
As long as you listen

And don't rise too far

Your a perfect victim for the man
Who sits on your shoulder and whispers in your ear
He's always around
And knows your deepest fear

A slice of my skin
Will pay my debt
Of being too happy
He won't let me forget

A feeling so empty
The feeling inside
Like I'm never good enough
Like something in me died

His sharp teeth covered in blood
The blood of hearts he's stole from
His eyes are thin and piercing and mean
Hes someone I can't explain to anyone

A monster, a devil
Something from hell
I need help from this creature
But there's no one to tell

My friends would be worried
They didn't understand
That a demon was controlling me
He had me in the palm of his hand

Depression is his name
That he wears with vain

Now everytime I can't get out of bed

Because there shackles and chains inside my head

And someone corrects me on my hygiene
And I tell them that I physically cannot get myself clean

That I struggle to get up in the morning
Because I'm dying inside
That everytime I go to bed I hope that by the morning ive died

But he controls everything about me
So what am I supposed to do
tell them about the little man and how he whispers in my ear
If only you knew

How he bullies me until I cry
And when he makes me want to die

Who do I tell when they don't listen
And the stars are bright and the moonlight glistens

When I just want to go to sleep
But he's always near
He's always there
...He is my worst fear...

Pillow talks.

Why does she cry on her pillow at night
Wondering if anyone loves her for her mind
Just covered in thoughts and fluffy pillow tassels
That's just how they were designed
Ripped at the seams and knowing too much too early
Why is she only 14 and knows why it aches between her thighs
The washed out fluff from inside the pillow
Is the only one that hears her cries
Coming home black and blue to a house she once called home
Drugs. They caused it. No that's her only resolution
To the thoughts that drown her deeper then her pillows wrapped up in her tears
So what's her solution?
Where does she go from a house that wasn't a home
When she's sick of running from her mind
Is there anyone out there to help her she wonders
Is there anyone that kind?
A crippled pillow on its last legs
A love that was once seen as someone who will care
But what happens when that pillow falls apart
It leaves a love that is lost and will linger there
But what's a girl that's only loved by her a pillow
The one who controls her dreams
A young girls life lost
By no ones love and attention and sickening screams

Scared of myself

Dear anxiety,

I'm scared of myself, you've done it this time you over analyze things you make me overthink you push people away and then I feel like I have no one! Why are you doing this to me? Why do you hate me? Speak to her, speak to her, speak to her you press repeat in my mind every time I step outside! You remind me I can't wear certain things because you don't want me to look like that because people will look but why do you do this to me? Why can't I be like her she wears everything she wants and she looks good. You tell me no everytime you wobble my confidence so it's undetected by any part of my mind so that there's no trace of confidence in my walk, in my voice and in my eyes. I just want to know why?

Kind regards

Me

Trigger warning Eating Disorder

Poems

Poem 1

A black hole swallowed me
I can't control my feelings or my body
Trapped in a loop I can never get out
Something with a stigma that's hard to talk about
"Just eat" they say with demeaning looks
While my heads over the toilet trying to purge out my guts
I feel skinny again
But here comes another day of pain
I'll wake up in the morning ignoring the feeling
Of my tummy shouting at me because it needed feeding
I ignore any mention of food
Because it's harmful to my mood
People look at me with looks that say it's easy
But what's so easy about being needy for food that I never wanted to eat
To go through recovery and try and beat
Me making myself sick
Because of words like "thick"
Because Instagram models stay a size 4
And I feel like an ugly whore
But I can't speak about that
Because only people who are fat
Can complain about their size
While I try and minimize
My disorder because I feel selfish for crying all the time
When there is more crime
When there is more deaths
When there is more theft
In the world so bleak
So why should I feel weak
While I eat less food everyday

And there is no place in my stomach for food to stay
While acid scarred my insides
And I would struggle to confide
Because no one understands
Unless they have had it first hand
An eating disorder is more than an illness
It makes you want to cry more and think less
I'd call it a disease
Because when I walk I have shakey knees
I see a scale and I smile
And I get urges to run for a mile
The skinnier I'll get the happier I'll be
Because who would want to be as ugly as me
My mindset changed after a&e
A second chance to break free
Of the eating disorder I couldn't say
But now I try my best to eat 3 times a day
Toilet visits become less frequent
And therapist sessions become a sequence
The scales hid from the bathroom floor
As I tried to eat more and more
Little portions in my dinner
Trying to stop myself from going thinner
I still purged at times but I'm trying to quit
But it's not that simple but I'm trying it

Your my favourite person

Your my favourite person
That I always want by me
But you can't leave
YOU CANT DO THAT TO ME

it's a personality disorder
But it's not. It's a monster living in me
And when I burn and I light on fire
It's fine I'm just angry

A happiness glows when I'm with you
Until you leave my side
A different person roams the house
It's better if you run and hide

The monster is nasty and she's really mean
She won't know what she's doing until she's done
She just thinks it's fun
Until she realises you've seen

Shell turn back to me
I'm too scared to lose you
I don't want you to meet her
Because she will run you away too

I have this bad habit of loving too much
Then it all falls apart
Because I build a home in you
Then you take my home and heart

It's a disaster
But it's just a personality disorder
But it's very real to me

Because I'll want to keep you and see you everyday like a sad little hoarder