

# 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

My angel, My baby

My new friend

Trigger warning Eating Disorder

## **My angel, My baby**

Why did this happen  
I'm in so much pain  
Mentally and physically  
It's driving me insane

My baby's been taken  
And no one understands  
That it's 6 weeks nearly 7  
You should be growing hands

Instead you're stuck  
It just isn't fair  
That once you were here  
And now your not there

Im sorry my baby  
I didn't want to say goodbye  
The doctors made me do it  
Because I might die

I love you my baby  
I still wonder the unknown  
My body should of been your safe place  
Somewhere you could call home

I feel like I failed you  
As everyday passes by  
I will never get to hold you  
While you cuddle up to me and cry

Receiving the pregnancy  
Was shocking news

We were not ready  
Deep down we had nothing to lose

Now I wonder do I count as a mother  
When I never gave birth  
To my beautiful baby  
On this scary earth

My body aches  
It's the ectopic pregnancy pain  
I love you my beautiful baby  
Until we meet again

## 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...



## 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  
Id 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 ill 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