

Anthology of Florence J



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To my inner child,

A healing process I wish I took many years ago.

Giving you a voice through pen to paper and documenting my evolution through my artistry.

A journey of becoming a better version of me.

summary

Please me

Through the night

The dance of time

This is a woman's world

Teeny tiny bubble

Ithaca

What if

Please me

I was built to please you.
from the way I pout my lips, to the curvy shape of my hips.
I lay on my back, eyes sunken below the horizon
and let you enter in.
does this please you, would you like me to twist and spin.
My lips become your playground and my body is now your colony.
I Lay back and remain silent, and let you enjoy your curiosity.
you see, I am no longer mine, I'm now made to serve you.
Subjected to me knees and my back, routine positions and nothing new.
stiff necked and teary eyed, are now the signs of my gratitude and love
A good job done is when I let you finish properly...not when I've had enough.
My body is a temple, the only occupant is you.
a glorious sacrifice I make, ensuring I keep a good view.
eyes rolling back and toes curling.
when can I stop? I ask.
sit back and enjoy this session girl,
I do so, and put on my mask.
I was made to please you and that's okay, but one day you will please me.

Through the night

Pillow soaked and cheeks sore.

It's at night the emotional turmoil is rife.

Smile a little, I tell myself. You have everything you wanted right?

It's true.

I'm surrounded by people I love and who love me...but I still feel alone.

I feel an ache of heaviness from within, like a missing piece from a puzzle.

I'm walking around empty inside, missing a part of me each day.

I try to smile and mask the pain with a laugh,

But at night I can not fool myself. I

I can not fake this happy life, I cannot pretend it's all going to be okay.

My pillow is laced with memories from my past. I lay my head on my pillow case, and I'm connected to a world of painful memories. Memories I had buried throughout the day to live a life of normality.

It comes crushing down, like a tide coming in from the ocean.

My body is embraced by a wave of sorrow, coming in much higher than expected.

There's no lifeguard to save me, or passerby to help.

I'm alone with my thoughts, and honestly she is drowning me.

I gasp for air, try to swim to stay afloat... but it doesn't work.

I succumb to this tide and let my body crash against these memories.

My cheeks are stained from the relentless tears, and my body ceases up.

Will life continue to be this way?

Will I ever be okay?

Regrets start to swirl; and my body becomes limp from the heaviness of my heart.

Sorrow takes over and I become a foreigner in my own body.

Pillow soaked and cheeks sore,

An ode to my bleak emotions I must endure.

The dance of time

Time passes by, but I'm stuck in a trance.

Lost in my head of thoughts and trapped by memories.

You see, you can grow and continue with life.

Whilst I'm trapped in the should haves, could haves and would haves.

The if's, but's and must's in life, that I refused to do.

The challenges that I never overcame, but in turn conceded to.

The clock is ticking, louder than ever.

People are marching ahead, but I'm at a standstill...swirling around in circles.

Regret has begun to court me and embrace me in her dubious arms.

She begins to romance me and I slowly melt away in her deceit.

Her lies become like honey, sweeter by the minute... leaving me craving more.

Time passes by, beauty fades and I begin to age before I even know it.

Has it been this long?

Have I been standing here alone, for all this time?

You see,

while you were walking forward in life, moving on and becoming merry

I was still.

Left here wasting.

My memories became my present and I lost touch with my reality.

The thing with time,
is that its continues,
even when you decide to be at a standstill.

I became a slave to my past... anchored to the life I used to live.
The future was a distant hope...something I could never achieve.

Time passes by and now my regrets have come to pass,
This gruelling dance is over, for once at last.

This is a woman's world

This is a woman's world.

We make ourselves big, In places that are too small,
Asserting our authority in all matters, so that we may stand tall.

We pass judgements about the other sexes and restrict their rights,
Through weaponising our femininity to win our fights.

We speak on matters that aren't our concern, just to have our say
Risking the mental well-being of everyone, all in just a day.

We rob jobs, just because of our gender and demand a rise for just that,
If a man speaks up about the injustice.. we just simply attack.

Your body, your choice? What a pathetic town cry.
We'll murder your bodily autonomy, without an alibi.

Street corners are our havens, we patrol them with no fear.
We enjoy this world freely, without a shudder of thought or care.

While you contrive sophisticated plans, just to ensure your safety,
We shout at you and demand you stop being hasty.

An Uber ride for you, is supposedly such an 'ordeal',
Well maybe you men should stop looking soo good, and just keep them lips sealed.

Sounds funny right?
But, this is a woman's world right?

Where we are treated equally in everything we have...
And where our opportunity's are endless, with no segregation gender gap.

I wish this was a woman's world, where we had all the power.

Unfortunately, that is just a dream...in a world where I am seen as just a coward.

This is a woman's world,
Where I am the second line.

It would nice to be the first line for once,
To finally live as a gender where my body is not a crime!

Teeny tiny bubble

Let's stay in our bubble,
Where time is still and joy is ever present.
Where loneliness is a foreign concept and sorrow is unheard of.
Let's bask in this love that we have created together
And bounce off our positive vibrations that fill the entire space.

Let's walk barefoot and connect with nature,
Let our toes wiggle in the grass...
Communicating with our ancestors.

Let's be still and just smile, not stressing about the outside world.
Composing odes to joy and becoming lost in our limitless dreams.

Let's stargaze all night and watch the sun come up,
Let's romanticise our lives where everything is Grammy worthy.

Let's dance like it's our last night and toast like it's a birthday celebration,
Not everyday feels like today... so let's not forget this sensation.

This is our bubble, tiny in size but it's perfect.
Our escape from reality
Where rules cease to exist, yet we simultaneously write them as we go along.

Where confusion meets understanding.
And love & peace abound endlessly.

Let's stay in our bubble forever.

Ithaca

ITAHCA.

Like Ithaca too Odysseus, you are my home.
My love for you is like the stars in the sky...
A multitude to the naked eye,
But in reality, the amount can not be quantified.
For It is far beyond human conceptualisation.

Like a collision in evening at the North Pole,
You are the wind that creates my Aurora Borealis.
I'm dancing with illumination, simply because you exist.

If my heart had hands, I'm sure it would cling to yours,
Just to be a little closer to you, to feel secure.

I am a part of you,
the proudest fact I can say to date.
He's my hero, isn't he the best, he's soo great.
I can lie at peace knowing that a little piece of you, proudly resides in me

You see, you keep me safe.

In a world full of uncertainty, crippled by fear
You are my constant reminder, that true love is always sincere
And true love will never, fail or tear...
For when a person loves you, they are always near.

Numbers may not be able to quantify this deep profound love
and words will surely fail to concisely articulate all of the above.
And I may not always text you, or even call your phone....
But to me you will always be my home.

What if

What if,
for just a day...
Minute
or even just a second,
You loved me the way I love you.

What if,
you saw me the way I see you.
What if,
you thought about me the way I thought about you?
Consuming your every waking thought about me...
allowing me to inhabit your mind as you have colonised mine.

What if,
you dreamt about a future with me, the way I day dream about ours?

What if,
I was the one you wanted to marry... instead of her?

Why can't it be me?
What is it about me that's not enough?
Is it my looks, because I can change them.
Or maybe it's my personality?
... you can mold that.
Whatever you need, I'll be.

But that's just it.
What you need, is for me to leave you alone.
To not fantasise about our future together. To just accept that this is the end.

If there's anything more painful than heartbreak, it would be this.
The '*what if's*' of unrequited love.

