

Anthology of DepressedMess24

DepressedMess24

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

I'll'm gonna dedicate this to someone who is like a brother to me, Dakota.

Acknowledgement

Thank you everyone for being there for me, it means a lot

About the author

I\\'m pretty new to poetry, but it\\'s been a really nice way to vent and let out my feelings

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fuck you

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Hiding Beneath a Mask

I hide under a mask
To make sure no one sees
The person I hide
The me inside of me
I put on a bright smile
To conceal my pain
But when I'm alone
I look at myself in shame
I won't open up
Afraid to be a bother
People expect me to be perfect and smart,
I hate to disappoint
But I'm not like that at all.
I'm just some stupid mistake
Far from a work of art.

Help me

The blood flows down the page
My eyes tracing the droplets as they fall
A deep red
Staining a pure white
The shiny blade catches my eye
Hoping for one more slice
I know it's wrong
I know I'm not okay
But it shuts up the voices
That cloud my brain
Making it so I can't focus or hear
An endless cacophony
Sighing, I grasp the blade.
Someone....

Help me

Addicted

I love the feeling of hunger
As it courses through my veins
Begging, pleading for me to eat
What if I don't want to?
I know what I'm doing.
It's oddly fulfilling
To see the numbers go down
"I'll eat later"
Is a lie we've all spoken
The world teaches us to look a certain way
But others teach us to stay the same
Who do we believe?
It's all so confusing.
I don't eat to try to please people
Then I get yelled at for it
Because they say it's not okay
They say I'm not okay
I know that.
But I want to do this on my own
Leave me be.

Sorry

Sorry, it's all I ever say
It doesn't matter what I was doing
I'll say sorry then run away
Anxiety floods my mind
Is this voice even mine?
If someone says I'm weird?
Sorry.
If I make a small error?
Sorry!
If I do anything at all?
SORRY!!
Sorry, sorry, sorry.
It's all I ever say
I can't control it
My mind was built this way
I'm sorry!
Please don't hurt me
I was only passing by
It was just a simple mistake!
Why do I want to die?
I'm so sorry for everything
Goodbye.

Loving you

I'm sorry for loving you
More than I should
I know you don't feel the same
I know you're better than me
But I still feel this way
I don't know how to stop it
I shouldn't love someone
When they will never love me back
I shouldn't be loved
When I don't deserve it
You say you love me
I say it back
But we mean it in different ways
And I don't know how much more I can take
I'm not very strong
I'm sorry for loving you so much

Do they even realize?

Parents don't realize what they do to us,
Force us into a mold,
Destroy our creativity.
When they take away our devices,
They take away the people we can talk to.
The safe spaces we have.
They say they're helping,
But how will yelling change anything?
You want me to stop hiding in my room?
Stop yelling at me for everything I do!
Stop blaming me for your mistakes.
Stop getting mad at me because I'm alive.
They split our lives in half
Without thinking about how divorce Affects anyone but them
They criticize people
Without realized their child is one of them
I'm sorry for loving who I want to love
I'm sorry for wanting a normal family
Where everyone is happy
Where things are okay
Where we aren't broken
I know I'm a mistake.
I don't need to be reminded.
Sorry for being so imperfect
Sorry for being a disgrace.
Sorry for existing.
I should just leave,
Right?

Selfish

It's sometimes funny to me
How no one ever notices
The way I truly feel
If I think about it
That's my fault
I'm too good at hiding it
I'm so weird
I want help
Yet I keep it all inside
What's wrong with me?
Why am I like this
It shouldn't be this way
And it's so hard
To know the no one
Knows how I truly feel
I'm stupid.
This poem is stupid.
Life is stupid.
And it's all my fault
Cause I can't be selfish enough
To let others in

In order to be myself

I don't sleep enough
I stay up till late every night
Cause it's the one time
That I can be myself
Without worrying about judging peers
Without worrying about overachieving parents
Without worrying about younger siblings tracking my every move
Waiting for me to slip up
Waiting for something, anything
That they can use against me
Instead of dealing with all that,
I'm a coward
I avoid it
I wait till no one's awake,
Then I let all my feelings out

Coming out

How is fair
That we have to hide
Who we love
If we feel feminine, masculine, neither, or somewhere in-between
Why do we have to be afraid
Of being ourselves
Why do we get bullied, shut out, and abandoned
For saying how we feel
We shouldn't be
This is a problem
Why do we need to be scared about coming out
Telling our parents
Shouldn't be something that can leave us with no roof over our heads
Telling your classmates
Shouldn't give them reasons to bully you
Telling your friends
Shouldn't make you afraid of losing them,
You shouldn't have to hide
You shouldn't have to be afraid
You are perfect no matter what
And that will never change

The battles we all fight

We battle our whole lives
Never stopping
Never getting even a second to relax
Some of us win our battles
Some of us don't
Some people's battles are easy
Others fight to the death
Everyone's battle is a struggle
No matter how strong they are
And the only way to win these battles
Is to get stronger
 Some of us need help getting stronger
But it's hard for us to open up
Others are just tired of fighting
Tired of living through hell
So we give up.
We welcome death with open arms
Many see death as a punishment
But we see it as an escape
But when we leave
We realize it was never like that at all.
It was a mistake
And we carry that regret with us forever
No escape
There is no escape
From this cruel reality

Fire drill

Flashing lights
Loud noises
The ringing fills my ear
These drills are for our safety
So why do they leave me in tears
The sudden noise
The lights brighter than the sun
I curl up into a ball
Waiting for the hits
The pain
That follows the yelling
But it never comes
Everyone staring at me
Awkward moments
"I'm ok"
Am I?
Or am I just a mess up
Someone who can't even deal
with loud noises and bright lights
And now all the attention
Is on me
Please help
I hate it

Misunderstood

I feel misunderstood
Is my foot tapping on the floor really that disruptive?
I can't control it
Why do you blame me
When in reality
My mind is the one to blame
I reach out for help
Pills
Fidget toys
Nothing works
You don't understand
Teacher, may I draw whilst listening to you read?
"no"
I'm sorry
I'm sorry I was born this way
I wish I wasn't
But that's not up to me

Maybe another night

I'm crying
It's almost 11
In the midst of my despair
A belt catches my eye
I grab it
Fasten it around my neck
And hang it in my closet
But then I chicken out
I can't bear to live
But I'm too scared to die
Gathering my last ounce of strength
Before I see nothing but black
I untie the belt from my closet
My neck hurts
It hurts to breathe
It hurts to speak
It hurts to drink
It hurts to eat
Everything hurts
Bruises are already forming
My legs feel so weak
It's only Monday
I have school tomorrow
What will the kids say?
What will they think of the bruise?
I should've given this more thought
And done this another day

Roses

Roses

Red, white, yellow, purple

Many more

So many colors

But like people,

Perfect at first sight

Take a closer look

And you will see all their thorns

A girl who doesn't eat

A boy who can't love who he wants

A parent struggling with finance

Deep down, we all have thorns

In all different ways, shapes, or forms.

But we only see the burdens we carry

Next time

We'll look out for someone else

Instead

Go Team!

My eyes travel around the gym
Following the ball
It's headed my way
Quick!
I bump it up
Aiming for the setter
My teammate sets,
Another spikes
It's in!
Yes!
We got a point.
We can do this.
I'm up to serve.
All eyes on me
I ready my hands,
Trying to stop the shaking
The ball goes up
It's over!
But it's coming back
It's right there.
So close
Thankfully, my teammate has my back
We're at match point! So close!
I serve once more,
It's over again
Suspense
They reach for it
They hit it
It goes out!
Yes!
Our team won!
High fives and hugs all around
We did it.

Friends to lovers (can we be just friends?)

I told you I love you
One night, not special at all
It was around midnight
I texted asking if you wanted to call
I wanted to hear your voice
I built up the courage
To show you my feelings
You said you felt the same
We do our best to figure out how this'll work
Because of the distance
We try our best
The first few months are awesome
We seem to be perfect
But sooner or later
We drift apart
Both too busy to talk
It's hard
I think I've lost feelings
But I don't know how to break up with you
Because I do love you
But as just a friend.
And I don't know what to do

Tired

I'm tired
I'm tired of not understanding
I'm tired of hiding all this
I'm tired of moving
I'm tired of self harm
I'm tired of not eating
I'm tired of life
So why do I keep living?
Cause I'm too scared to die
Why do I not eat?
So I'm not seen as fat
Why do I keep self harming?
To stay in control
Why do I keep moving?
So others question nothing
Why do I hide it all?
To not become a bother
Why can't I understand?
That I do not know.

Acceptance

Will society ever accept me for me?
Or will I be an outcast
For all eternity
"You look sick, are you okay?"
Come on, I just didn't wear makeup today!
"Why so much makeup? Cake face!"
I just wanted to be pretty like Grace..
"You're so flat chested"
"Are you stuffing your bra or something?"
I was only trying to fit in
"Your thighs are too fat"
I know.. I look like an overfed cat
"Why don't you shave your legs?"
"You're such a nerd"
Am I not allowed to answer questions?
That's absurd!
"That hair makes you look dumb"
I just wanted to be someone..
"You should eat less, you're getting fat"
"Why not starve yourself?"
"You're just an anime loser"
"No one cares"
Stop all this!
I wish I wasn't this way
But I don't know how to change myself
To fit everyone's wants
Should I really try this hard?
No.
This is wrong!
No one should have to change
But if I don't, everyone will hate me.
So I might as well.

13 or 31?

Sometimes it can be hard to tell

If I'm 13

Or am I 31?

Why are three kids my responsibility?

Why am I the one working my ass off?

I rush around every day

Trying my hardest to please everyone

They come first

I'm low priority

But in the end

I still fail everyone,

Because I don't have

The physical

And mental

Strength

Required to do everything

In order to please people.

I don't feel in control

And before I realize it,

I've been made into an adult

I've grown up too fast

And I can never go back.

Did it have to end this way?

Words left your mouths
That you never meant to say
A friendship
Falls apart with just a few words
As fragile as glass
And I stayed out of it
That was a mistake
Where did we go wrong?
What started all this?
We promised we'd never leave each other
Yet here we are now
Just yesterday
We were having trouble
Fitting everyone at the lunch table
Now it's so lonely
We went from 8
To 7
To 5
And it's so sad
The table is so empty
We miss you guys
Why did our friendship fall apart
Over something this stupid?
And now, it's seemingly impossible
To fix this
It's all a big mess
Fuck.

Is that-?!

I feel sick.

I had to do it,

I had to eat

This way they don't worry

I rush to the bathroom

Shuddering, I stick two fingers down my throat

Again

And again

And again,

Until it's all out

But wait..

Is that-?

What the hell.

What. The. Hell.

Blood???

I.. threw up blood..

This isn't good.

What's gonna happen now?

Deal with the devil

I can't stop
The feeling is addicting
Blades.
They taunt me
Begging me
To tear myself apart
Thirsty for my blood
And what do I do?
I give in.
I made a deal with the devil,
Sacrificing my blood
For mere moments of peace
Where I don't have to deal
with the thoughts
Swarming my mind,
And clouding my senses.
Will I ever be okay?

It all sounds so nice

It sometimes scares me
When I ask myself
"Do I tie the noose?"
"Or is it better to leave it loose?"
"Should I take my final breath?"
Too often, I think about death
When I'm on a rooftop,
"Will I fly if I drop?"
"Or will I crash into the ground?"
"With a sickening sort of crunchy sound."
"If I slit my wrist,"
"Will the world fade out and turn to mist?"
"I could drown myself in a flash,"
"It'd be just like taking a bath."
"I could... Take some pills and die alone!"
"In my room, in my home."
It all sounds so nice to me,
Don't you see?

Get out of my head

Get out of my head
You're not welcome here
Shoving your way into my mind
Making me think
Thoughts that aren't mine
Grab the blade
And it'll all be okay
The voices will stop
No. They never stop.
They keep coming back,
More cuts.
More blood spilled
In a futile attempt
To silence my thoughts
And then I find out it was all for naught
What do you want from me?
What have I done to you,
To deserve this torture?

Useless

I can feel their stares
They say nothing,
But I can tell.
They're disappointed
Disappointed in me
Because I'm useless
When it comes to soccer
I can't kick
I can't guard the goal
It just slips past me every time
I feel terrible
I'm sorry
I start crying,
Clawing at my wrist
Apologizing over and over
I can't help it.
I'm sorry

Too many people

I arrive at the place

It's scary

Why are there so many people?

I should have just stayed home

Why am I here again?

Oh god

Everything is blurry

I'm crying, silently

My chest feels tight

I can't breathe

Am I gonna throw up?

I feel nauseous

What's wrong with me?

The Boy With Hanafuta Earrings

The boy with the hanafuta earrings
He wasn't anyone special
Til something dear to him was taken
He trained and tried his hardest,
And did his very best.
In the forest with wisteria trees,
His courage put to the test
He worked to save his sister
So she wouldn't be put to rest
He met two friends along the way
They'll help him to the end.
His journey is still unfinished,
But he'll make it.
He'll keep fighting.
Til every last demon has lost it's head.

It shines

While washing the dishes
Something shines out of the corner of my eye
I'm curious
I look over,
the object is a knife.
My wrist tingles and twitches
Wondering how it would feel
If I just...
Sliced.
What would it be like?
To bleed out.
Painful, probably
But it might be worth it.
Am I willing to take the chance?
I don't know yet.

Dead inside

I'm pretty dead inside
Should I commit suicide?
Or should I be left wondering
If I was raised by someone loving
Would I be better off?
Or would people still scoff
Scoff at this pathetic life form
Who's heart is forever torn
My life is such a mess.
Honestly, the only option left
Is death.

Just a Dream

I open my eyes
Shaky breath after shaky breath
Tears running down my face
..It was a dream...
It was just a dream.
Then why did it feel so real?
I reach for my phone
It's childish,
But I have to know he's ok.
I frantically tap out the letters
"Are you alright?"
I hold my breath
Every second he doesn't reply
Feels like a minute
As my anxiety levels rise,
My phone dings.
He's ok.
It's all ok.
I was worried for nothing.
I feel silly,
But it doesn't really matter.
He's okay,
And that's what matters.

Restless but tired

I say it a lot but I'm tired
It's like the gods conspire
To leave me restless
But tired and helpless
I feel sick, my stomach does flips
It feels like butterflies might spill from my lips
I don't know what's going on,
My mind is too far gone
I try to sleep
But instead I weep
I cant hold on any longer
How much do I have to suffer?

8th period (version one)

I walk into 8th period
A bright smile on my face
I'm excited to see you
I glance over,
Trying to not look weird
Our eyes meet
I give a soft grin
You reciprocate.
A few light-hearted words
Laughter
We talk.
I'm not sure what exactly we have.
But, you give me butterflies
And I kind of like it
As the bell rings,
I smile and walk away
"Can't wait to talk tomorrow!"
Today was a good day.

8th period (version 2)

8th period

The class where I see you

8th period

The class that makes me less blue

8th period

The person who makes me smile

8th period

The person who makes coming to school worthwhile

8th period

We talk and laugh as the butterflies rise

8th period

When you say my name I swell with pride

8th period

You make me feel more than a little gay

8th period

The highlight of my day.

Liars

I look in the mirror
A cloudy haze over my eyes
Friends say I have no need to worry
Worry about my appearance
Worry about my weight
But how do they not see?
Or maybe they see.
They're just lying.
It doesn't work
I'm fat.
I weigh too much
Way. Too. Much.
Even my face looks fat.
I'll fix this though.
I'll starve myself until I'm skinny,
And I'll hide my face.
Beauty is pain, right?

A blank canvas no longer

Blood flows down the blank canvas
Known as my body.
Although,
It's not really blank anymore.
It's covered in thin red lines,
Caused by the metal blade in my hand.
There are blistering burns too,
Caused by the lighter
Kept in the kitchen drawer.
Some patchy spots
With missing skin,
Caused by the nails
That are attached to my very own hands.
Scars on my knuckles,
From when I force up my dinner.
Each and every night.
These scars I hide so well,
The secrets I'll never tell
The scars that cover my body,
Which is a blank canvas no longer.

Replaced

I've been replaced.
I walk through the door,
Only to see
My mother
Doing the things she only does with me
With this bitch.
I don't give a fuck
If she's your boyfriend's daughter
It doesn't change the fact
That you chose her
Over me.
Your own goddamn flesh and blood.
Hey, I wanted to hang out today
Oh.
You're busy with her.
I'll stop trying, I guess.
I mean, you never wanted me
I was, and still am, a mistake.
I guess I've lost a mother.
Cause she left me
For someone better

Hairtie

A hair tie on my wrist,
Normal, right?
To most people,
It's an item with little to no significance
In their day-to-day life.
For me,
The hair tie is an outlet
A way to harm
Without looking obvious
When I slip up in class,
Snap.
When I get a bad grade,
Snap again.
When I say something someone doesn't like,
Snap!
No one questions it,
I've close to perfected
This façade of mine
It's just another hair tie.
An ordinary item
That everyone owns

My last day alive

I walk to the store,
A soft smile on my face
I think about my plan
I buy some helium and a drawstring bag
No one should suspect anything
Surely I'm only planning a party for my friend.
Right?
But inside I know
Today's my last day alive.
I go home from the store,
the drawstring bag and helium kit in hand
I walk up to my room,
Saying that I'm preparing the ballons
When I'm really heading to my demise
I secure the bag around my head,
And then I insert the tube
To fill it with helium
My head feels fuzzy
I'm dizzy
I start to fall over
My eyelids feel heavy.
I hear someone calling my name
But it's faint.
I couldn't care less
It's dark now
But I see a light
It's calling me.
I think I'll check it out...

Women's Struggles

Boys walk by
Ill intent in their minds
Grabbing, touching
Crying, makeup smudging
It's just because he likes you, they say
Why does that make it ok?
"Wear something prettier,"
"Damn, you look like a stripper"
Whore,
Slut,
Stupid hoe.
Am I a toy? Just for show?
Fuck this, honestly.
I don't know.

Inside

Blood spilled,
Hearts broke
Lies in my eyes
So nobody knows
Knows how I feel
Knows how I think
Knows how things work
Inside of me
I'm falling apart
But it's all in my mind
I think I can't feel,
I feel I can't think
My mind's a mess
Am I even me?

Downwards Spiral

A downward spiral towards madness
Never-ending self-harm
Cuts upon cuts
All over my arm
Faking a smile,
Faking my charm
Hide how I feel
So we all get along
I don't give a shit,
I know this is wrong
Honestly,
I just wanna fucking belong.

The day of lovers

The day of lovers,
The day of dates
The day of hearts,
The day I hate.
I don't hate the people,
I just hate the idea
Cause I'm alone,
Though I want to be with Leah
A day filled with heartbreak,
Disappointment and tears.
Loneliness and silence
Fills all with despair
Why celebrate love,
When some have none at all?
Just the idea makes me feel small.
Fuck today, Fuck you all.

Wish I was young

I wish life was different
So I could have fun
Cause now I wanna end it
Why not a gun?
My brain's been broken
Their words fill my ears
Never failing to leave me in tears
I wish I was young
With the freedom to smile
Then maybe I'd be happy for a while.

Silence

I feel nothing,
No thoughts, no words.
What's going on?
This is absurd
I don't cry anymore,
Just fake a smile and hide
No one knows
What goes on in my mind
I talk and I laugh,
But don't say what I mean.
Wondering when I'll wake up
From this bad dream.
Til' then I'll just sit here,
As the blade gleams.

3 mental breakdowns away

I just realized
I'm 3 mental breakdowns away
From going to a hospital
To spend all my days
Some scars on my neck
Add to the package
Along with grippy socks
And emotional baggage
A blue-greenish gown
And some coloring books
Some fellow gays
A bendy pencil I took
I'm missing my shoelaces-
It's zip ties instead
I feel like soon
I'm gonna lose my head

Dream or Reality

Do you ever have a dream,
That made you realize
Life's not what it seems?
I remember being in my house,
Living my normal life.
But one thing was different.
I was eating, cutting food with a knife.
Soon, I woke up in a cold sweat.
My mind knows food is a threat.
My first instinct was
To force it up and starve
It kind of made me realize
How fucked up I am.
Just a shell of a person,
Not a woman
Nor a man.

Snapped

A belt in my closet
Closed around my throat
All this shit's blurry
Blacked out, comatose
I can't see, my body's tingly
My nose hurts,
I smashed it on something
I can kind of see now,
it's still really blurry
I'm on the closet floor,
Half a belt round my neck
The other half is still tied to the bar.
I think I almost died.
But it snapped,
Goddamnit.

Laughter hides tears

Laughter hides tears,
A joke to hide trauma
I can't stop this,
Even if I wanna.
Using humor to cope
Hides all my fears
No one suspects me
When a chuckle meets their ears
Seen as the class clown,
The weird one of the group
When inside I want
To grab some rope
And tie the loop

Little bird

Oh, little bird,
Have you the answers I seek?
Knowledge of how
To be content with me
To not stare in the mirror
And wish I wasn't here
To not constantly wish
For life to be fair
I wish I was free,
To fly like a bird
Though even the thought
Sounds somewhat absurd.
To spread my wings
Would be a beautiful sight
To reach out,
So my demons I may fight
Oh, little bird
Your life seems so sweet
Yet often I wish
That life was for me.

Ocean Depths

The ocean intrigues me,
It draws me in
Making we wonder
What's beyond those depths, within
Filled with mysteries, secrets, and fear,
What better place to be than here?
What does it feel like to drown?
I ask myself
To have water fill my lungs
As my life flickers out
Sounds of crashing waves fill my mind
What secrets beneath may I find?
As my vision blacks out, I lie
I'm fine.

People are like flowers

Some people are like flowers,
Breathtakingly beautiful
Bright colours and smiles plentiful
Others are like weeds
You want them out of your life
For all they do is cause you strife.
I'm the exception, the one inbetween
My petals have holes and brown spots,
I'm fucked up, I mean.
I'm jealous,
Jealous of their beauty, their life, their colors
I wish I was like the others,
But I've never been loved,
not even by my mother.
For who picks the broken flower?

Scar

I'm tired of all the hurting
I'm tired of ropes never working
I'm tired of being alive,
so maybe tonight's my time.
I'll grab my blade
And cut real deep
Pour out the blood inside of me
It'd be such a pretty scar,
From my wrist to my elbow
But I can't right now,
I have school tomorrow

Let me Leave

I've tried so many times
But I never get far enough
I feel so much pain,
But it never stops my heart
There are so many people around,
But I can't hear a single one
All I wanna do is pull the trigger on a gun
But I still have friends so I pretend to have fun
I wanna fucking die, yet still I'm alive
Scars on my wrists, stomach, thighs
I think I've finally lost my mind
Do I overdose next or make some vertical slashes?
I can barely see through these teary lashes
It's too late now, I've gone too far.
Let me leave, world, I'm tired of being scarred.

Slowly

I'm slowly killing myself
Each night is 5 more deep slashes
To slowly bleed out
Over the course of a week or two
I'm constantly dizzy,
It's getting worse each day.
If I even move my left arm,
Pain.
Pain
Pain
Pain
Pain
All this pain.
My wrist looks like a checkerboard,
Lines up and down
Slash the same place 3 times,
Move to the next cut.
You may wonder, why do this slowly?
Why not end it at once?
Cause deep down,
I don't know if I want to die.
And this gives me more time.
Time to be saved.
Someone, please help me.

My Dearest Pencil

My dearest pencil,
Could you draw me a life
Where I'd live without fear, sadness, and strife?
My sketchbook paper,
May you provide me a place,
To smile, to laugh, to draw and erase?
My favorite pen,
Could you write me a story
Where I am happy, and live without worry?
My vibrant watercolors,
Can you paint me a spot,
Where can I go, but others cannot?
My pencil, My sketchbook, My paints, and My pen.
You've all stayed here, with me, to the end.

Get out of my meadow

Welcome to my meadow,
A place for me
And me alone
A place for my thoughts,
Dreams, and woes.
Trying to get close
Will keep you on your toes
Get out of my meadow.
Where my fears and feelings echo
Get out of my meadow before I show you what's in it
Get out now, I mean it
But if you decide to stay,
I guess that's ok.

I Lie

I lie.

I'm full of lies

Around my friends I act happy

Around my parents I'm obedient

At school I'm quiet

So what's the real me?

I don't know anymore.

Who am I?

What am I?

Where am I?

Why was I born?

Why am I here ?

Why can't I just die?

I deserve it, after all.

Drawings

Ever since middle school I've loved to draw
I drew all these things and made sure no one saw
My drawings were best late at night,
In my bedroom, out of sight
From 7th to 8th my gallery grew
A secret well kept,
I'd make sure no one knew
My drawings were different,
No paper, no pen
And required a bandage
Every now and then

Thorns

I am the thorns
That prick your fingers
While holding a rose.

I am the weeds
That you work so hard to get rid of
I am the rotten tomato,
That no one cares for.

I am the ignored,
The thrown out,
The pain.
I'm the one no one wants.

So I prick myself
On my painful thorns
I destroy myself
So you won't have to
I'll throw myself
Off a bridge, building, cliff-
Whatever makes you happiest.

Speak Out

"Why won't you speak out?"
Their condescending mouths hiss
Well why do you think?
All you speak is bullshit
I've tried, I try,
All it does is make me cry
I try to voice how I feel,
But you cold eyes tear me apart,
Like steel
My thoughts are shut down,
Can't get in a single word,
Still you say I'm the problem,
Now that's what's absurd
When I talk all it causes is trouble
This family has fallen,
Just pieces of rubble

Today I fell

Today I fell
I fell hard, harder than ever before
The weight of my emotions
Pressed me down to the floor
Now I've fallen before,
But not quite like this
Down I went,
Deep into the abyss
I'm not quite sure why I fell so far
I guess my thoughts were bottled up,
Like a wine that's subpar.
It was dreadfully cold, icy, and blue
You should hope that this fate
Won't fall upon you
Everything's dark- I shivered with fear
Nothing to look at,
No one to hear
I'm left with my thoughts,
Just me, all alone
Someone please help me,
I'm stuck in a cyclone

I'm Done

You know what?
I'm finally done
I gave you so much,
And you gave me none
I tried to be sweet,
To be oh-so sincere
But my words went straight past your ears
I stayed for so long,
Despite the abuse
So many times I almost tied the noose
I was there, I helped out
But then you cut me with a shout
I never truly realized,
Just how toxic you were
Until I felt the fire
From those words of yours

Courage

I'm proud of you,
Cause you had the courage
To come out to millions of people
And here I am,
Not even out to some of my closest friends
And family is out of the question
I can't be myself most of the time
But thanks to you,
I think I'll try
I'm proud of you, boo.

Unwanted

Just by living,
I'm hurting them another day
All these people crying
Cause of things I say
A million lives left unchanged
Once I'm finally gone
Wait a few days,
I know that they'll all move on
I'm unimportant, unwanted and unneeded
Dear God I really hope that I've succeeded

Easier

What do I do?

What the fuck am I supposed to do?

I don't wanna go

Please tell me I don't have to go

How the fuck do I hide this?

I can't go to the beach

Everyone will know

It can't happen

It can't fucking happen

Maybe it's a sign

Maybe I have to

Maybe it's time

Should I just kill myself instead of going on vacation?

Probably.

It would be way easier.

A pretty picture

I'll paint you a pretty picture
But this picture has a twist
My paintbrush is the blade,
My canvas is my wrist
I'll paint you a pretty picture
In a color that's blood red
Though while using this sharp paint brush
I might just end up dead

A mother's day gift

What better gift could I give,
Than one of my death?
You'd love to see me gone,
Watch me take my final breath
So I tried,
And I tried once again
But for some stupid reason,
This world doesn't want me dead
I was so close this time,
I could feel it too.
All I wanted was to give this gift to you
But still, my tie broke,
Should've found something stronger
If I had actual rope I'd for sure be a goner
But now I'm here once again,
Half dead on my closet floor
I bit my tongue oh so bad,
Now it's awfully sore
I don't even know if I can taste anymore
Why can't I just die?
Give everyone a great gift,
They'd finally be rid
Of this worthless piece of shit.

A Porcelain Doll

A porcelain doll,
Cherished by all
For a little while,
So long as she held that perfect smile
But soon it slipped
When her mask was chipped
And many left her alone
No friends and no home
A few more cracks and some mutilated limbs
Now no one cares how sad she's been
Abandoned and broken on the side of the road,
She cannot be fixed, or so she's been told.

Burnt-Out Former Gifted Kid

I'm just a burnt-out former gifted kid
My work as a child was overrated
I live to disappoint now, it seems
I'm tearing apart, ripped at the seams
All I'm doing is becoming less impressive
I'm tired of this, it's becoming excessive
I thought I was having so much fun
But really I was dying, much too close to the sun
Am I a burnt-out former gifted kid?
Or just a fucking narcissist?

Third Time

It's the third time you've seen this,
Clearly, you have no clue
What you do just hurts me,
Broken and blue
Yelling and screaming won't do shit,
This doesn't help, you dumb bitch
You took my fucking doorknob,
What's that supposed to do?
I'm tired of life, fuck this! Fuck you!
I'd think you would've noticed,
All this does is kill me sooner
You make up these lies,
You must like spreading rumors
You blame my friends,
Say this is their fault,
No, you're the one who makes me lash out
Lash out on my thighs,
With a silver sparkling blade
If you love me so much,
Why do you make me wish I was never made?

I envy you

I envy you, butterfly.
You're oh so free
To soar through the sky
You're colourful and pretty
I'm plain and petty
Though most of all, I envy your time
It's short and it's sweet,
Oh how I wish it was mine
I want to be free, die soon, look pretty
For life I live now
Truly is shitty

Roe vs Wade

Why are our bodies being banned
Before a gun in someone's hand
My fam's pro life all the way
And that just kinda ruins my day
Men don't get to control us
For our bodies and their lust
I think we should make our own choice
Each be given our own voice
Cause shit right now is not ok

A gap between thighs led to a gap in my heart

I see a gap
A gap between my legs
Not a large one, but it's progress
I see my collarbones
Barely there, but still visible
Ribs starting to stick out when I stretch
Keep going, you'll be beautiful
I can touch my pinky to my thumb
Wrapped around my wrist
Just a little while longer
A friend said my hands are bony
Almost there
But still it's not enough,
I need more.
A bigger gap,
Bones showing more prominently
Wrap my hand around my upper arm,
Not just the wrist
Though still I have this gap in my heart.
Eating at me, cause of what I haven't eaten

Some flowers bloom

Some flowers bloom,
Others wilt
But the ones that are healthy never feel guilt
It depends on your upbringing
Depends if they care
This way of life is awfully unfair
Fuck this garden's caretaker
For neglecting these flowers
You think he'd try to do shit
If he claims to have godly power

Dear Ana,

Dear Ana,
I met you late 2020, I think.
We were inseparable
But then Mia came along
I'm sorry I neglected you, Ana
But she seemed better
She was my friend for a few months
But it didn't work out.
I wasn't allowed to hang out with her anymore
They said she was a bad influence
So I came back to you.

Dear Ana, pt2

Dear Ana,
You're a great friend.
You helped me lose all this weight
I look so much better
Still fat, of course
But less so.
I've been getting tired lately
And dizzy when I stand up
That means it's working, right?
Thank you, Ana.
Love, Tess

Bleeding Rose

A pretty rose bleeds
The vibrant red trickling down
Staining my pale wrist

A Feeling

a creeping, crawling feeling
these thoughts that I'm concealing
"she" and "her" both feel so wrong
it makes me feel like leaving

fuck you

I've asked you to wait
about a million times
but I guess your feelings
are more important than mine
I'm really fucking trying
but you haven't done shit
I don't have any options
this really might be it

fuck you

you say he made us perfect,
but then tell me I'm not.
you say he loves us all,
but then leave me out to rot.
if he's so gracious, kind, and forgiving,
why does he make life so hard to keep living?
if he was so perfect like you all say he is,
I wouldn't have these scars on my thighs and my wrists
I want to believe you, I really really do
but I asked for forgiveness, and all he said was fuck you.

Hanahaki

petals in my hand-
they came from my throat
I'm coughing up flowers,
this i can't sugarcoat
pink roses painted red
from a blood that will stain
a deadly disease-
which stemmed from my brain
thorns in my lungs
choking me out
I'd rather die than confess-
I'll say that without doubt.
seeds of love were strewn deep
but left there to wither
honestly, fuck cupid
with that dumb bow and quiver.

Congrats.

today's your big fucking day,
i hope you're happy now
You've lost your eldest kid,
exchanged me for that cow.
I'll say congrats,
with a fake smile on my face
knowing inside
all love for you has been erased.
you made your choice clear
chose her over me
you're not welcome in my life now,
on this we agree.

Academic Validation

The validation I need,
The attention I crave.
My worth is based off
Some dumb letter grade.
I'll study my ass off,
I'll do what you ask.
I'm totally worthless
If I just barely pass.
Keeping up, though,
Is no easy feat.
I can feel it coming...
Soon, I'll be beat.

lifeboat

the future is coming-
it's nearing,
it's here.

time is moving to quickly
that much is clear

I'm trying,
I'm running
I'm staying afloat

i don't have much longer
you sunk my lifeboat.

Alone.

I'm so fucking lonely.

I'm tired,

I'm cold.

All I need is a hug, or so I've been told.

So then why do I tremble,

When people get close?

I have a disease,

One they can't diagnose.

I want to be loved,

Have fun,

Have friends.

I can't relax, though.

I know this'll end.

So I'll keep my distance,

I'll stay on my own.

It's a simple fact-

I'm better off alone.

summer

the summer is coming-
I'll finally be free

yet here I'm preparing
for endless agony

yeah, school is tiring.
it's exhausting, it sucks.

but it lets me escape
from my terrible luck.

i know I'm complaining
over such a small feat

still, this divorce really hurts me
I'm left incomplete

no more than a weapon
to be used against the other

I'm just a toy-
for my father,
and my mother.

void

I'm stuck in a void,
I'm detached
I'm alone

I'm scared to go back
to the place I called 'home'

I'm going through motions
a perfected routine

thoughts and feelings
like those of a machine

am i real anymore?
am I just an empty shell?

summer is becoming
my own personal hell

i don't owe you anything.

I didn't want any of this.

I didn't wish to be born.

I didn't ask you to care for me

I didn't want you to mourn.

i don't owe you anything,

I live just for me.

I'm tired of your bullshit,

and all your self-pity.

Promise.

you broke your promise.
i don't know why i expected anything from you
it's turned into a cycle
where I end up broken and used.

i gave you my trust
you snapped it in half
i won't fall for it again, though
this time was the last.

I'm sick of trusting, and loving, and feeling.
i want this to end,
my patience is leaving.

I'll scream, I'll cry,
as you rip my heart out.
but in the end, I'll thank you.
cause I still love you, somehow.

rain

I love the rain, which falls from the sky
it's fast and it's fleeting-
but it catches my eye

it's fun while it lasts,
but so dry without
i end up aching for more
and it ends in a drought.

i miss it,
i want it,
i need it,
i know.

I'm becoming dependent,
I'm lost in love's flow.

Pebbles

I found a pebble, on the beach
it was shaped like a heart.
it made me think of you,
and how you make mine fall apart.

I found a pebble, on the beach-
it reminded me of you.
It was Caramel-brown, like your eyes
the ones you see me through.

I found a pebble, on the beach,
and I was drawn to it, somehow.
I don't know when, i don't know why.
but I'd like to keep it close, if you'd allow.

Attention

I crave attention,
it sounds bad but it's true.
I crave attention,
because I never got any from you.

I won't tell you I cut myself
but I'll drop a few hints
because maybe, somehow
you'll notice how I wince.

I won't tell you I starve myself,
that I purge and restrict,
but I want you to know
about the pain I inflict

I want to be comforted,
be told it's okay
I want to be held,
though I push you away

I need this from you,
Though I won't ever say.

Personality

School is upon us-
We all know what's to come.
Those pointless personality sheets,
They really aren't fun.

It sits there on my desk,
Blank and untouched.
It's a simple assignment,
So why'd I get stuck?

It keeps me up at night,
Thinking about this stuff.
I can't tell who I am,
Or if I am enough.

Self-Worth=Schoolwork

Reviewing my notes,
The night before a test
Checking my grades,
Each week a new best

The teacher's regards,
though that's not what I need
I need you to praise me
For expectations I'll exceed

I hand you my paper
An A+ written in red
There's a frown on your face, though.
My gut feels like lead

Am I not good enough?
Am I not worth your praise?
I'll be better, I swear.
I'll work days upon days.

Please, I'll study more,
I'll be more impressive.
This desire for praise is becoming obsessive.

love ?

aren't my cuts pretty?
i carved them just for you~
the star, and the heart,
our initials there, too.

I love it when you cut me,
when my blood stains your hands
it's just our thing, it's special,
what only we understand.

take me apart,
tear me open, my love.
I'll spill my guts for you,
I'll give you my blood.

bite me, then kiss me,
my blood on your lips
you're my dearest, my darling,
my favorite part of this ?

My Paperclip

A paperclip holds my papers together,
keeping them safe.

Sometimes the paperclip slides off,
a paper or two drifting to the floor.

It's no matter, though, and I take a second or two to slide them back in the clip.

A paperclip holds my papers together.

Most would argue that staples are more efficient,
and long lasting.

I don't care if I need to repeat the action a couple of times, though.

This works for me.

A paperclip holds my papers together,

Sometimes it bends the corner a little.

And when papers slip out,

they return somewhat damaged.

I try to hide the imperfections.

Someone always notices in the end.

My teachers don't like it when my papers are messed up.

It never bothered me, though.

A paperclip holds my papers together,

And I realize I'm quite like the papers,

in a way.

For a thin piece of metal is all I need,

to keep myself together.

The Fridge

Papers and pictures cover the fridge,
stuck to the surface by magnets we probably got at goodwill or Walmart.
A-plus's and those photo strips you can get at the mall,
Book reports and essays written last fall.

It filled me with pride when my works were displayed.
An honor, a right, something that told me i was worth *something*.
The pictures of me with my friends having fun,
A picture of when my freshman year had begun

I stopped by the fridge this morning
All I had wanted was some form of snack
I looked for my pictures, or my classwork, or *anything*.
Anything to make me feel like I had a *place* here
I searched and I searched, praying something would appear

My pictures are gone. My assignments, too.
Thrown in the recycling bin, cast out, they're as worthless as I.
My siblings' work is still up, photos of them smiling hung up with care.
I hardly exist. I'm not on the fridge, not anywhere.

burning

I am burning. there is a fire inside of me, but I am not the fire. I am just the kindling that the fire uses to keep itself from going out. I am the oxygen that the fire takes when it needs to burn bright. stealing my breath, and draining my life it needs it more than I do, so I let it. I am the flint chipped away at until the fire sparks I wonder what will happen, when too much has been chipped away when I am no longer a good rock to start the fire. and you, you are the fire. hurting me, yet holding me close just the same you need me but you have never wanted me. the logs get replaced as the fire licks at them, turning them to coal and ash. the oxygen is consumed and burned away The flint rock is broken until it's no more than a pebble and what becomes of me? after I have given away everything that I possibly can? I won't be of use anymore the fire has burned me until I am nothing more than ashes swept aside when the fireplace is cleaned

pomegranates

I slice open a pomegranate
picking at the jewels of red
reveling in the popping sensation
when the seeds are bitten into

I slice open a pomegranate
taking in the foamy white of the rind
that surrounds the seeds

I slice open a pomegranate
and the red drips down
staining the countertops
I can't wash it off

I take the knife,
ready to slice open my pomegranate,
to satiate my hunger

and I discover I've run out of pomegranates to slice
all that remains
are the marks that my knife left
when they exposed the white flesh
and the bloody red inside

Family Jewels

My house is always loud.
The colors, the sounds, the people.
Everything is so loud,
All the time.

And despite all the noise,
Despite all the people,
I have never felt more alone
Than when I am there.

The laughter that rings through the halls is not mine.
The pictures on the walls,
Do not have me in them.
The people in this house-
Act like I'm not even there.

Watching my mother interact,
With her new husband and his kids
Is like watching a perfect family,
One that was meant to be.

They don't need me.
I am not a part of her family.