

works of robin jayne

robin jayne



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

*i dedicate all the writing i've done to this day to my dearest mother, who always seemed to find the
right words to say.*

summary

connection

whine

you

liar

exhaustion?s hymn

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law of motion

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connection

i want the loving with possibilities
the kind where i tease and he pokes
the kind where things come easy

it's the shiver down my spine
when presented with the thought
of losing someone that was never mine

i want less complicated, but
i want more than summer sweat
need a gentleman & maybe some respect

obsession, my all to somebody
loving with my whole being
just to gaze out windows and at my ceiling

nothing will beat the feeling
of seeing yourself in another
the leaving seems a bit too bittersweet

dating is so weird to me
can i grow with you for a little bit
and then destroy you by vanishing?

i want, it was fun while it lasted
overwhelming excitement and discovery
blessed with renewal

finding the divine within
something real in the connection
full of new knowledge and perception

whine

freedom is pure and utter bliss
the scent of summer and vanilla bean ice cream
cannabis at low tide and lush blooms perfume
and we were just kids

oh, but we were only kids
shit happens
broken condom wrappers and red solos
awkward tan lines and suspicious bruises
connect-the-dots freckles under red eyes

summer would never remain the same
to be only kids
hanging-out-the-sunroof-on-the-highway-doing-105 type of beat
empty spray paint cans and abandoned factories.
victories.

screaming at the top of our withering lungs
to an intangible voice
hoping, waiting, only to hear nothing in return
confirming our childhoods were over
and freedom came with a price

we were just kids.

you

why you

you never seem to leave my mind do you
lighting my neurons on fire
wreaking havoc in my brain cells

who do you think you are
you were supposed to be gone
but you beat the walls of my skull
like a child beats a drum
my head is much too sore

you're cancerous
you steal my good memories
and replace them with ones of you
you collect like the dust on my shelves

i wish you would go away
if i think about you for one more second
my mouth will leak with all the words
i wish i got to say to you
and we both know that would not be good

liar

my words remain tarnished until spoken aloud
do not trust the words i send between screens
or the notes scribbled signed to you
consider these messages undistinguished between truths and lies

there is absolutely no such way
that i could perfect the energy of these words spoken over text
just because i won first prize in my fourth grade spelling bee
does not mean my syntax will be pure

i cannot argue by typing words, it is actually very self centered
i need them to see the pain and anger in my expressions
i must look them in the eyes to know that i'm reaching them,
and i am not just another annoying notification

writing will never quite convey the same language
as connecting with someone face to face
i am a real human being, speak to me like one
i'm an exclusively honest person, but you shouldn't believe this

exhaustion?s hymn

i am tired of drowning under the weight of the sky above me
i am tired of pretending to do backstrokes against the current of the tidal wave
the strength of the world is pulling me backwards in time
fighting is draining so much energy from my fragile body
i am tired of battle
i am tired of pushing and pushing and forcing things that are just simply not meant to be
i am tired of putting energy into people that do not care enough to put energy into me
i care way too much about everyone else
i struggle to take care of myself often
i am tired of excusing my horrid behavior
i am tired of having to justify myself and my actions because they were too immature
i am tired of breaking down and humiliating myself in front of the people i love the most
mature people know how to compose themselves in stressful situations
i, as a forming adult, have yet to earn this badge
i am so tired of lying
to myself and to others
tired of hurting
myself and others
of crying
for myself and for others
i am tired of having the responsibility of living with myself
the responsibility of dealing with my mind on a day to day basis, that's tough work, not intended for
the weak minded
i am tired of self-comfort
i am tired of pity parties
i am tired of me, in this tiresome world

what i?ll do

i'll tease you, relentlessly
just short of mockery
i'll follow you like a pest, a bug
an invasive species, that's what i'll be
the itch on your back that you can't quite reach
i'll tickle your brain every waking moment
and even in the ones when you're asleep
i'll nudge, poke, prod your buttons
i'm disruptive, i'm reckless
i'll eat up all of your time
i'll grate away at your block of energy until your bones are too sore to move
it's just... too tempting to resist
i'll make you angry
i am the farthest creature from obedience
i'm annoying and manipulative
only sometimes
i'll fondle your patience like beads on a band
and wait for you to snap
i'll play with your heart like a ball of yarn
and your mind a scratching post
i'll make you run
all the way to the coast
just to be rid of me

my time

in my time
i make my room smell pretty
incense and candles and sage
i clean
i make my bed and i put away my sketchbooks
in my time
i get high
i disappear from myself for a little bit
i write in my journal
pages and pages about boys
i rest
i close my eyes and dream of italy
in my time
i create, i make music
i draw and paint until my hand cramps up
canvas and paper and walls of color
i imagine
a world dominated by peace and equality
and i put that shit down in pen
in my time
i dress up
i pretend i'm barbie and i try on different outfits
i pour makeup down my face and tear my hair out
i have a solo fashion show, stuffed animals an audience
in my time
i think, and think
i romanticize tragic things i've gone through and i create new scenarios
i believe myself more confident and beautiful and intelligent
it's my time
and i have so much of it

touch

i arrived to the party about an hour after it began;
everyone was already half-tipsy.
nonetheless, i pour myself a drink and i try to catch up with the crowd.
it turns out,
when everyone else is craving interaction as much as you are,
socializing becomes easy.
i never was a party person,
but being surrounded by people is what i've been thirsting for all this time.
i've been trying to connect for so long.
human touch.
it's funny what it does to people;
for me,
all of my problems dissolve when somebody touches me intentionally, gently.
it's better than any drug i've tried.
we are the real addiction in one another.
we are all party people.
ironic,
the way we all fight one another,
when all we truly want is to feel loved.

i don?t know you

i cannot tell if it is genuine infatuation
or you are simply just stringing me along
for i am none the wiser, a fool
either way
i am down for the chase
i can surely make pace alongside you
some have credited me with too much
they say i'm talented at the art of perception
but something about you feels wrong
you are difficult to read
they say
the eyes are the window to the soul
but i honestly couldn't tell you
what color yours are
and i've never been gifted at eye contact
yet i could stare into yours all day long

law of motion

i feel my organs pulsing underneath my cage of bones
law of motion until the fall where my lungs fill up with smoke
the music becomes whispers and wispy echos of unspoken words
and stars awake just to hide behind the clouds unheard
this is the time where my body sets down and craves it's beauty rest
where closed eyelids and soft blankets release the weight off my chest
but my mind and all my thoughts burst with late energy and say
let's think about all the things that we neglected to today
the ideas are made of glass and they slice and dice my brain
law of motion until the night where smoke blows pain away

burdened

sometimes i'm there again
and all i can hear is boots stomping up the stairwell and radio chatter
and my heart quickly begins to race with adrenaline
and my eyes begin to leak

sometimes it's something stupid
the theme music to a childhood movie i played religiously
the blinding white lighting of a purgatory waiting room
the smell of dirty january sleet

sometimes i'm right back
and i can hear my own voice shaking and shouting in my head
and there's an echo of police and ambulance sirens
and i'm hugging papa

and everything stops around me
it's just me
and the long gap between me and her
it all feels infinite
sometimes, i am so burdened by this

perfectionist

it's hard knowing when to stop
when to stop caring and when to stop painting,
am i adding too much gray or should i leave the sky as is?
will i achieve the mountains with two more strokes,
or has the piece finally reached it's peak?
stop there, i think,
yeah, that should be enough.
creation is a tricky thing,
is perfection subjective?
and how do i care the perfect amount
so as not to hurt when they stop?