

Written in the Stars - A Melodramatic Anthology

Mel Dixon

Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

To my dear mother, for being a friend like no other and to all who pushed me to keep going.

About the author

Mel Dixon is a young artist who carries a blunt attitude and devoted mindset that allows her to persevere through the tremors of life.

summary

Searching for Poison

Unrequited

Healing Maiden

Chromatic Succubus

Ash

If I Had the Strength to be Honest

Succubi Will Never Change

Maladaptive

My Apology

I Was Captive Before I Lived

Windows

My Ghosts Typically Ascend

Iteration Plague

You Wanted Responsibility, Now Take It

The Last Thing You Said

Do you strive to fix a fallen deity?

the subconscious banishes better than i ever could

awareness could save me (maybe)

my body is your coffin

who am i?

purple skies save bitter eyes

Let Me Be Lilith's Everlong Evergreen

Replacement No. 9

the last good day is sooner than we think

Blades

hear me out, i know you're tired too

broken fragments just fit so well, sugar

red string

Searching for Poison

In recent years, I've wondered why I cry
My loved ones only say my naiveté is sweet
And so at first, I gave them the blame
Because at the time, all I needed was their love
But isolation left my flesh beat
And hiding was my poison

When I eventually came into the light, I searched for new poison
Because even when I let my skin rest, I still seemed to cry
And then I feared hearing my own heart beat
So I'd reach for something sweet
And binging became my new love
My acts of gluttony only ended when my body turned into my blame

As I spilled out of my wardrobe, those who died took the blame
And the sudden way in which they left became my poison
For all I asked was one last day of their love
So I'd lay before their portraits and cry
Imagining them healing me, and whispering something sweet
That wouldn't leave my vision blood-soaked and beat

Somehow, this poison was yet another that I beat
And only God was left for me to blame
So my attitude became bitter, hateful, anything but sweet
And existentialism was my worst poison
Like a fallen angel, I would desperately cry
Now absent of "His" comforting love

When flowers bloomed, I had nothing left to love
And all of my options had been beat
When I tried to discover why I cry
I was the only one to blame
And I realized that all along, I was my own poison

A conclusion I found shockingly sweet

The screaming thoughts in my head turned sweet

And I learned it was myself who I had to love

And I no longer craved poison

And by my mind, I was no longer beat

So I stopped searching for something to blame

And now I have no reason to cry

Unrequited

Indefinitely

Broken and bleeding out now

Blood drips from my beating heart

Still you stare, silent

Leave me wondering if you

Will ever bleed too

And return my ardor vow

Or leave me to bleed and burn?

Healing Maiden

A veil of secret
Encompasses her deeply
Yet I can't help but marvel
At the way her voice
Whispers away fluttering
Pain within my soul
And makes me feel so complete
That I've truly smiled for her

Chromatic Succubus

Giving my body

Waiting for a sudden change

Though no attempt ever aids

As you taunt me with your eyes

Hiding the truth of your heart

Ash

The ash from those gone
Frightens me deeply, though I
Can't understand why
Because I was their static
And honestly, they were mine

If I Had the Strength to be Honest

**I tend to wonder
Why I can't just let you die
For we all know that
When the smoke clears from
Evergoing flames
I will be at rest again
Yet you still linger
And dwell in my fading mind
I'll keep calling out
And push you to cut the cord
As my strength died long ago**

Succubi Will Never Change

You say you forgive
Each time I promise to change
So tell me, darling
What is it you see?
Perhaps you're only
Returning what I've given
Or maybe there's still
A shred of love left in you
And honey, I know
Sometimes you can't bare to see
You may dismiss me
But your mask has fallen and
I let you take mine
Don't be afraid, sweetheart, for
Your eyes aren't all I've seen.

Maladaptive

Did you ever think
that you did not need my care?
Or did you accept
That me hurting you was best
As you still crave me
You resent what I've done but
Doll, it's all you've ever known

My Apology

**When I first knew of you, I wouldn't have called you free
And as we bonded through a rose
I never would have guessed later regret
But you filled me with such light
And I felt like I could fly
So I failed to let you still
I feel the same way still
But by my insanity, you're not free
And it breaks me to hear your pleas to fly
Because when you were once an uncrumpled rose
You didn't wilt from my light
And the way you cower in fear fills my heart with regret
Deep down, I also acknowledge your regret
And I see that somehow you still
Hide away and protect your final light
The way you beg to be set free
Lets me again remember that sweet rose
For I now know I am why you can't fly
So instead of asking why you won't fly
For once I'll learn from my regret
As the evergoing rose
Has my love still
And I want to set you free
But I don't have the strength to raise you like a chochin to the light
Perhaps I can become a dimmer light
And together we can fly
And together we can be free
And heal from our shared regret
Just because I want the best for you still
Doesn't mean you can't stay my rose
And I will cherish the last shreds of the innocent rose
Before it was blinded by lust's light
And I will protect you from myself still**

**And eventually watch as you fly
In order to save you from regret
Dear, sweet flower, let this apology set you free**

I Was Captive Before I Lived

My sweet thing still sleeps
One hour until she faces
This thing that traps her
Sometimes she says that it's me
But it's much deeper
I think she's been plagued for years
Blaming me is easier

Windows

When the light sleeps and all have washed away to rest
I walk along the many streets
Which scatter my past affairs
Like a drifting spirit, I take the time to see
Where each stray has landed
The strays may call this act stalking.
But most don't know it even occurs
Some of them still speak out against me
Screaming into their own personal voids
In a desperate attempt to cope with themselves
Others say nothing at all
And most forget
I, however, never forget
And possibly never will
As each rhythmic move leads to a memory
And I've never defied the urge to walk the infinite streets
I peer into the windows that haven't frozen over
Watching, waiting, wishing, wondering
They all seem so still
As if I were the hands that turned time
When I have finished observing
I tend to flicker
Unless, of course, I am observing those I fear
In most cases, I am met with darkness
Yet occasionally a stray flickers back
Leaving me waiting, wishing, wondering
I keep walking
And return to all that still is
Attempting to live my idea of a life
Though I will again find myself on evergoing streets
And yet again, I will peer into the aging windows
And when a window becomes enveloped in ice
I find myself wishing, wondering

**In such times, I pour my rations away
Pushing my heart onto another
When all else fails, I either take to paper or insanity
The latter occurring more often than it should
Still, either option allows me to forget my ties
So I only end up wondering
Wondering why windows won't wave
Why windows won't warm
Why windows weep
Why windows warn
Why windows
Why
Why?
Why.
Why is a question not enough asked.
Maybe if someone else would just once ask why
An answer would arrive
And I would be so preoccupied with such revelations
That I would forget to visit the sleeping streets
Giving my strays time to disappear
For all I really want
Is to catch a stray
Outside a window of my own**

My Ghosts Typically Ascend

I was never a stranger to obsession
I've always been a prisoner to my own enamor
Rope burn and cold concrete
Naturally, I started to indulge in such interests
Consciously at first
I'm floating up high, please bring me down
And they did
It took all of their breath to do so, but they did manage to pull me down
And it still haunts them
My young mind was pleased by this
Next it was helplessness not caused by my own actions
A pretty little victim
He held me down, he abused me, he did what I was afraid to accuse others of
But maybe he wanted to make me feel good?
One by one, another body
And one by one, my cellar filled
Hollow husks scattering my inner world
You, however, were different
I would keep you as far from the crypt as I could
Yet I unknowingly dug your grave
Trapping you behind my own back
Keeping you like a catacomb saint
Until I would only visit you atop the pile of deceased
Suddenly I was bleeding, crying, dying
And only you could save me
This time, the cure was more than just physical attention
I needed love, but you clung to it
So I took to your spirit
Feeding off of your own life
And you, too, clattered to my cold concrete
And your spirit is all I have left
Every move I make, I can hear your cries
As your apparition clings to my back

**I look around, desperate for someone to free you
But my past mistakes will cut into your delicate flesh for all eternity
And I may kill myself trying to kill you**

Iteration Plague

Distortions litter my skin
Yet after each deliberate mark
I've convinced myself they don't exist
Bodies soak my past
Yet every recollection
Has been burned
Eccentric spectrums surround me
Yet every onlooker
Fails to decipher the meaning
And each chromatic wall
Warps my own memory
Leaving me to wonder
Who has replaced the host this time?

You Wanted Responsibility, Now Take It

Eccentricity is too much for you

You, so predictable as always

Cannot fathom my ardor

So you run just because I once loved you

Yet your footprints leave me with utter disgust

The Last Thing You Said

The last thing you said
Was anything but direct
Yet I heard every word, doll
You want me gone so dearly
As you always have
And I'd bet your lips turn when you imagine
My cries of agony and pleas of desperation
Yet this time
I let out a sigh of relief
Because you leaving me
Means I finally have the strength to leave you.

Do you strive to fix a fallen deity?

It is the commercial idea of sin
In which the evil man takes comfort in avoiding
Yet if the material man is damned
There must be a deeper hell for the preacher
For the holy only have the power to decline
The archaic anarchy they choose to promote
With promises of ascension
Empty
Built to feed a fragile ego

the subconscious banishes better than i ever could

refusing to look me in the eye
you prolonged your departure for
as long
as possible
sadistic pleasure found in the way my nails
clung
to your back, begging you to stay
and i'll never forget the way brittle bone snapped
much like my mind
now, even in security
i have the tolerance of a man drunk with power
as i sit, legs crossed
skirt and heels

awareness could save me (maybe)

my spirit is an abyss
a profoundly dark void
a repulsive, filthy creature
miserable as all
and it makes my skin crawl
when i feel the stench of bone
rotting within

my body is your coffin

i have been possessed by a cruel, selfish spirit
this spirit loves me so
it took vacancy in my soul as an invitation to inhabit
and i rip at my hair and scratch at my skin trying to get it out
yet if it left, my cries of agony would ring out for decades
because as much as the spirit needs me
i need it too

who am i?

when asked who I am
I hesitate
for when I am not exactly as I should
all choose to see me as unhinged and nothing more
saying there must be something broken in me
because for me love is bleeding and hate is freeing
and I am so goddamn tired of being
told my ardor and my resentment are just psychological phases
everyone is waiting for me to grow out of my own existence
for every contradiction I propose is a hormonal game to them
and my melodrama couldn't possibly be a result of environment
no, it's my fault that I think black and white
that's why there's no sign of life in my eyes when snow falls
and why I am so vibrant that it suffocates them when the sun shines
and it makes them try and strap me down
teach me how the world works in their eyes
despite them turning into their own fears
they can't see that I'm here to change or die
they beg, who am I?
i am someone whose right to feel can never be taken
but such an answer is not yet safe
so I smile and I nod and I answer
with only my name

purple skies save bitter eyes

starlight is a myth
when I look out my window I see only abyss
and the pretty girl on the phone sees red
as she relies on distorted noises
to drown out disembodied voices
her delusions are as real as any
the metal to her right and the air to her left
is as real as she is
only a possibility in infinite realms
shriveling away before growing at all
she stares at me, eyes like daggers to my soul
crying out for my aid
for a place i have not yet seen
for a savior to free her from breaking chains
yet i am not unlike the voices
i am cruel, a liar, and will leave when i hurt most
but perhaps
i can save her tonight
show her that she can save herself
that it is not too late to remake herself
that she is not bound to these chains
that even the company of cold starlight
is better than that of bitter red
for i know the voice that whispers in her ear all too well
and rope burn still scatters my skin
so i will bring her the light and stars tonight
so she may see that they are not the end

Let Me Be Lilith's Everlong Evergreen

I wear a crown of flies when the sky darkens from my sin
They fly at me, begging to be let in
For my corpse will make a lovely home
As I rest in the mausoleum with a rusted dome
The flies know my every thought is a lie
Which is why I fear I'll die
Yet all I want is to be laid down forever
Above the dirt
In a rotting chapel of hurt
I'll find peace in the quiet
And eternal torment in my mind's riot

Replacement No. 9

I think the walls are shaking and
I just buried your name in the dirt
After stealing melatonin to have more meaningless dreams
All about you, about us
I screamed for you, please scream for me
I'll bound and gag myself for you
Pull my hair and cut my teeth
Pledge my soul, all for you
Be anything you need

the last good day is sooner than we think

i wish i could halt the world
to cherish each moment with you
as you gave your life being my sun
but you won't see me blossom
and i cry prematurely
wondering if each hug is the last
even when i know it's not
for you may have no regrets in this realm
but i'd give my soul to keep you safe in the next
then realize my own existentialism is a reality
and maybe i'd fear my own fate
in a desperate attempt to forget yours

Blades

I find it hard to believe in sonder, let alone higher beings
My loved ones are only hollow husks
Which makes me a shallow stray
A stray fighting for life in a world where there is none
An ethereal soul on a mundane plane
Only you have a fire in your eyes
A flame not unlike my own
The fight in your voice, the anger in your sobs
The serenity in your loneliness
And the willingness to ponder
You are not unlike me at all
You, too, have been pinned as outlandish
And perhaps we are?
But if I am truly out of my mind, so are you, sweet synonymous sister
We are blades in the rough and
I wouldn't change it even for salvation
For this realm will never take me alive with you by my side
I will share this heart with you until the end

hear me out, i know you're tired too

she's drunk off her mind and has this look in her eyes
begging to stay in love after tonight
can't keep the earth under her feet
falling and flying and fighting for you
a sacred sense of security
and she'd give it all away for you
you, who won't remember her after the morning light

broken fragments just fit so well, sugar

bury me in chains of sorrow, drown me in black
take my hand and fall from the floor to the moon
sweet suffocation filling our varicose veins
red seeping through our minds
whatever you must do to compensate for
your inability to take this wide eyed grin from me
this knowing smirk that you do not fit in
reciprocal vain ego begs -
do i enrage you when i see galaxies in the being you find so small?
you are a mirror for my psyche
a sick spirit like my own
yet i breathe you in
i would never sell my soul
i'd let you take it unbound

red string

love is like sugar rotting on my teeth
when salt turns to candy
before it rots
leaving a taste worse than before