

# Anthology of L.R.A



Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## summary

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A 16 word short story.

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## Reflection

As he sat there and reflected on the recent current events, he was suddenly overwhelmed by the utter nuisance of bitterness.

"The rage and anger I feel is unbearable"

He wrote.

He clenched his jaw as he spilled the meaningless words out onto the canvas hoping that writing would make him feel any better.

He was wrong.

For he knew that everything that he imagined had come true.

That it was all over.

His world became a storm.

The sky collapsed. Buildings crumbled. The ground cracked open wide spewing out bland colors and he stood there. Watching as the grey blackened everything out, clouding the sunshine and rainbows of what he thought was real.

The dark, dismal, dull grey clouded everything of what he once was, changing him and there was nothing else left except for the utter nuisance-- bitterness.

He stopped writing, crumbled up the paper, and muttered to himself,

"And it's all your fault."

## Clarity

As I lie here reminiscing on the series of unfortunate events that unfolded yesterday, I am constantly reminded of the words she spat at me.

"I'm bored."

When those two words left her luscious lips, the earth stopped rotating for what seemed to be forever. Time stopped. And in that undying moment, my heart slipped through my stomach, tears pummeled their way through the ducts destroying everything in their path.

"I'm bored" ripped the vocal cords right out of my throat, fractured every feeling I had left, and robbed my soul of this thing we call love.

Whilst packing my things, "I'm bored" was the only thing that played through the jukebox of my mind shattering all the glorious memories we shared, destroying every sweet nothing she had whispered throughout the past seven years.

In that forever moment, I glared at the mirror. Scowling and full of disdain, I took a good look at the man who made her so "bored" and gathered the little bit of courage that was left to hold my head up high.

Suddenly, the world spun again, the tears found their way back home, and the jukebox grew quieter.

Although what I thought was going to last forever had ended on a shitty note, I came to the realization that maybe, just maybe... It was time to love myself again.

## Miserable

I drag myself throughout the day with a smile plastered on my face but there is always someone who seems to ask the question

"Are you okay?"

I reply the same old "I'm fine" with the smile still plastered on my face and continue to go about my business.

The day goes by and at the end of the night I find that "fine" isn't even close to the description of how I really feel

Recently I've found myself always rummaging through the deep pockets of my mind

Blankly staring at the ceiling, painting pictures with my demons within those deep dark pockets

Naive to the fact that nothing will ever be the same anymore.

Still, I smile through the pain hoping that eventually, it will all get better

## Numb

Sleep isn't a good friend of mine anymore. So I became friends with my thoughts instead, but it seems they don't like me too much either.

When they hit you all at once and you just lay there and take the punches and you wanna scream but nothing seems to come out...

That's when you know you've become numb to it all.

When that time comes, just take a deep breath and hope for the best.

It'll all come together eventually.

## Changes...

When he gave her everything and she left him with nothing...

It changed him.

He who smiled most now seemed to smile the least.

His mindset shattered.

soul crushed.

His heart...

broken.

A Hypochondriac fueled by paranoia and anxiety.

An Insomniac bruised and battered by all the things he did wrong and could've done right.

Trust is no longer a word in his vocabulary.

Instead, he prefers the word betrayal.

Now he is nothing but a fractured-minded, ill-tempered pile of skin and bones marching deeper and deeper into the pits of despair each day.

The days are long and the nights are cold.

Colors aren't the same anymore.

And to him, the brightest star in the sky seems to have lost that glimmering twinkle that it once had

The worst part about it is it all could've been avoided had he just left her alone in the first place.

I would know best.

For I am him and woe is me.

## Depression

Like being at a party you didn't wanna go to and you can't leave because you didn't drive your own car.

So you decide to sit in the corner just hoping nobody talks to you. And that one person you hate most comes up and decides to be all buddy-buddy.

That's depression.

It is trying its hardest to be my best companion at this party that I had no business going to.

I'd rather be at home instead.

Im tired...



**A 16 word short story.**

I drive the long way to work just so I don't have to pass your house.

## Bereavement

Holidays aren't the same anymore.

The Christmas lights don't have that twinkle that they had before as a child. The house is quiet and christmas cheer is something unheard of.

See, when all your elders pass away, it seems as if the glue that once kept the family together has lost its stick.

What once was tight knit is now ripped and torn to shreds--strands and strings loosely hanging about--and we're supposed to sew and put it back together like nothing ever happened and that it will all be okay.

And I know that it will be, it's just that I'm not that great at sewing.

## Bittersweet

There is great shame in these words.

But God, is it hard when her eyes make me melt? Her hazel eyes--I can't seem to look at them for more than a second-- because I find myself drowning in the soothing brown, gasping for air, fumbling, falling, tugging on the different words that I want to say to her as she walks by, and all I can seem to get out is a smile.

The smell of her perfume as she walks by disrupts the drowning, and suddenly I'm in a tornado, swirling in the glorious smell uncontrollably, my thoughts destroying me as I bathe in the aroma of such a wonderful being.

And I know that she's staring now; I can feel it, and I'm just there, smiling. And I know she's smiling. And I'm just left there with these fucking feelings, and the words won't come out because we both know that it could never happen.

So I'm just left there, swirling, smiling, drowning in the aroma, in her eyes, in my mind, stressing, caressing, undressing, dying in my mind to say the million things that we both know we mutually feel. And I'm just left there with these fucking feelings, these thoughts--the kissing, the sex, and the texting, the lies, the secrets, the infidelity, and the pleasure...

And what is a man supposed to do when he's so utterly attracted to such an unattainable woman in all the wrong ways all the fucking time? It's bittersweet to ever think that we could ever be a thing-- you and me. And while that case may be, if it were up to me, we could do the things we think.

Bittersweet.

## Growth

And in the process of growth and trying to better myself, I've become a person I hate.

And I'm not too sure if that's apart of the process, but I am not enjoying this journey upwards.  
At all.

## Regret

Amidst the trials and tribulations of life, throes, sorrows, and woes, it is then that you realize you are the reason you sit in your own shit.

Sometimes, the only person you can be mad at is yourself. And it's up to you to do something positive or negative with it.

Don't just sit in it, bathe in it. Soak it the fuck in. So when you get out of it, you know that your shit stinks too. And it's an ungodly smell that you never want anybody ever to experience the aroma of.

I hate myself for the disgusting, foul, selfish acts that I've laid upon you, my dear love.

But when I spoke, nothing but the truth rolled off my tongue.

I love you. And because I can't say it to you, I spill my thoughts on paper.

My philosophy: regret nothing, learn from it.

But

The only things I've learned from this is how to hold myself accountable?that I never want any living being to experience any other feeling than anything positive from me while in my presence--

Love.

And that I regret what I did to you. Oh, how I regret it so...

You should be a page in one of my books, sitting with me in a photo on my desk,

Not a lesson on a fucking piece of paper