

things going through my head.

razlin

Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

for those i have loved,, and for those i have lost.

i love you all beyond comprehension.

summary

my black and white nightgown

untitled

Fading Scars

untitled #2

the last words i'll say to you

again

Why didn't you stop me?

Untitled #3

Too much, too early

I envy you

Attaching too soon.

I don't want to get better

I've stopped caring.

my commitment

my weight?

i wish,, i wish,, i wish.

my black and white nightgown

the white and black flowered nightgown sticks to my skin. open wound pouring out blood, seeping into the white cotton fabric. my legs trembling, but the feeling of ecstasy creeps it way up my body into my brain. the mania slithering its way up to my brain. forcing me to act on my intrusive thoughts. the ones i've tried so hard to suppress. but i love the feeling of ecstasy shooting through my body as i complete these tasks. it everything i want. everything i need.

the white and black flowered nightgown is tumbling in the washer, cleaning the freshly stained fabric. i tried so hard to suppress the urge to cut my pretty porcelain skin, but i just couldn't. i couldn't pass up an opportunity to hurt the person i hate most. as i take my white and black nightgown out of the dryer, i feel the heat the fabric places against my body. just like the heat i felt with him on top of me. heaving as i throw the nightgown off my trembling body. remembering how it felt be suffocated by his cologne as he forced his way onto me. i can't stand it anymore. i need to forget.

its time to put the white and black nightgown back on.

just to stain it with my blood.

again.

and again

untitled

the anxiety ripples its way through my body, creeping up from the back of my brain just to fuck me over again and again. strangling me, choking and suffocating me until all the air has left my lungs and has escaped from my grasp. it creeps its way up from the depths of my soul, day after day, until i try and suppress it. but to no avail, i do not succeed. i never do and it seems as though i never will. i try and try, again and again, until the anxiety creeps back down to the depths of my being.

as i lay there, blood seeping through my black and white flowered nightgown, i contemplate if i'm truly needed to the people in my life. the only answer i ever get is no. again and again. this question plays over in my head, and i always receive the same answer.

i take the cold blade in between my trembling fingers and drag it across my white scarred skin. watching as the air stings my open wound, watching my hand ever so carefully. i take a washcloth and wipe away the blood that seems to be bubbling on my skin. i wince as the cold water on the cloth douses my skin. this. this is what its like to live when all you want to do is die.

Fading Scars

fading scars are more of a trigger than setting a blade in front of me.
the scars that have proven my self worth for months on end, are leaving me.
and my sense of identity leaves with them.
i can't help but want to add more, more lines to my pale scarred thighs.
just so i could see the red substance pour from the wound i created.
just so i could feel something again.
i just need to feel.
i can't keep going through the motions with no feeling or emotion.
its killing me...
its making me want to cut over the fading scars that are placed strategically across my arm and
legs,
ruin the progress i've made,
just to relapse with whatever i can get my hands on.
my scars are always what gets to me.
forcing me to no longer have cuts that are healing,
but cuts that are bleeding...

untitled #2

i want to cut the fat off my arms, so i try everyday.
i want to scream out my lungs, but i have nothing to say.
i want to rip out my hair, just so i'll feel the pain.
i just want to die, so i'll end up slitting my veins.
watch me fuck this all up, just to feel okay.
i'm losing my mind, by feeding it hate.
i'll end up screaming at my friends, because i feel as though they'll never relate

the last words i'll say to you

i've always wanted to die clean and pretty,
without an ounce of pain in my heart.
i've always thought you weren't the type to have pity,
but it seems as though i thought wrong and you are.
i see the pity you have in your eyes,
and for that i absolutely despise you.

again

i let you touch me, again.
just because i like the satisfaction it gives you.
and then you do it again,
and again,
but this time without my permission
slowly, your touch is what begins to fuel my nightmares.
every piece of me screaming for you to stop,
but no words come out.
how did i let this happen?
again...

Why didn't you stop me?

I know that I ended it,,
but why didn't you stop me?
ending us was like ending my life.
my question is,, why?
why didn't you stop me from bleeding out?
instead of helping me,, you just left me out to die.
so I'm closing my eyes.
and fading away .
letting the cold air nibble at my skin.
letting my tears be dried in the wind.
im ending my life,,
and saying goodbye.
I don't care what you say.
its my time,,
my time to die.

Untitled #3

All I can do is lay in bed and stare at the ceiling,
wishing you were still alive.

I stare at the ceiling with tears in my eyes,
clenching my fists and biting my tongue,
not letting the screams and sobs escape.
because if they do I don't think they'll ever stop.

I get my blade from under my mattress and cut so deep a river of red begins to flow heavily from my
open wound.

the stinging pain on my thighs and wrists repeats day after day.
never stopping for anyone or anything

Too much, too early

His hands on my waist.

his hands on my face.

i think this is going too fast paced.

how do i stop it?

heaven knows i tried.

After it happened, i sat there and cried.

he was planning on this all along

he did it though he knew it was wrong.

I envy you

I'm jealous of the way he could laugh with you
im jealous of the way you could joke with him
the way you could be comfortable with him
why couldn't i have that
he was **my** big brother
not yours
i envy you and your whole being

Attaching too soon.

Repeat to yourself, "he's not really gone."

keep listening to the playlist he made you,,

and keep yourself wondering where it went wrong.

why did i get so attached and how?

act like everything is okay .

act like you didn't cry over the texts he sent you.

why would you be sad about this?

its not like he was the only person making you happy, right?

You know you'll never tell him the truth about you staring at your phone crying because of how much it hurt to hear those words.

You know that he'll start to feel worse than he already does,,

and you know he doesn't deserve to hurt

I don't want to get better

I don't want to get better

because I've made friends with the dark and all of the negative thoughts that come with it

I don't want to get better

because the depression has become my comfort, my sense of safety, because i know it will never change

i don't want to get better

because the manipulative personality I've adapted has becoming a warm blanket that coats my being.

I don't want to get better

Because I'm afraid the sense of stability in have created will simply fade away once i start to heal

im afraid i will become nothing but shell of what I used to be

I've stopped caring.

I've stopped caring about how I look.

I've stopped caring about what people think of me.

I've stopped caring about my self and the people around me.

I've completely shut down and begin to shut out everyone and everything around me.

I've become lost in this depressive state. waiting for someone to come and pull me out.

but nobody comes.

my commitment

everyone has a commitment.

whether it be to a partner, a job, or their phones.

but my commitment is something only for when I'm alone.

my commitment is the red running down my thighs.

uncontrollable sobbing and my head feeling itself with lies.

i become severely attached to the feeling I get when the blade is dragged across my skin, the relief I feel when I no longer have to pretend.

i know it's not healthy.

and I know it's not fair to the people I love.

but i just dont care.

my weight?

170

166

161.4

im beginning to lose myself and so much more
eating less and less everyday
i hate it,, but this is the only way
the only way to lose the weight
the weight on my body i so obviously hate
i hate myself and who i've become
what i've been doing is so fucking dumb
starving myself as punishment
i feel myself becoming distant
distant as in not myself
i think i really need some help

i wish,, i wish,, i wish.

i deserved a better goodbye.

i didnt deserve to be left in the dark,, contemplating the days that led up to you leaving.
spending days,, months,, even years,, thinking about the days we would spend fighting.
the days where i said unimaginable things because i knew they would hurt you.
but then again,, that was all we knew.

from such a young age,, we were taught to spew venom with the words that we knew would hurt others.

i knew that it was wrong to say those malicious things.

i knew it would destroy you to hear such hurtful things like that,, especially coming from someone who is suppose to love you.

i did love you.

i do love you.

and i always will.

i just wish i had told you before it was too late.

i wish i had told you about the resentment i held towards you for the things you did to me.

i wish i had let you know that i forgive you.

i wish i had reminded you about how excited i was to spend our birthday together for the first time in years.

i wish i would have taken 10 seconds to say the words that you so desperately needed to hear.
those simple words that now so effortlessly flow from my mouth,, because im afraid of what might happen if i dont say it enough.

i wish i had just said,, " **i love you.**" one last fucking time.

i wish i had done something that compelled you to throw that tear stained suicide note into the trash,,

said something that might have persuaded you to put the extension cord back on the shelf.

i wish i had done and said so many things,,

things that might have made a difference in the commitment you made to take your own life.

ive spent 2 year beating myself up for what i could've done to prevent you from doing this.

but in the end i know that there was nothing i could've done to change your mind.

you had decided your fate as soon as you tied that noose.

you decided it would be best if your life had come to and end.

you decided it would be better for everyone if you weren't alive anymore.

but you never took into consideration how it would feel for someone to walk into that room and see someone they loved so dearly,, hanging from the ceiling.

body cold,, skin pale,, and face emotionless.

you never thought about how it would affect us.
in that moment you cared only about yourself,,
but i guess you felt it was necessary
because you felt as though no one else did.
-razlin.