

# 2021-2022 poems of Screaming Goat147

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Presented by

*My poetic side* 



## Dedication

*To my siblings for beating inspiration into me.*

## About the author

I am still in school when I write this, so it is not gonna be in any way professional. This actually started as a gifted project, but I got attached and continue writing even though I'm done with the project.

## summary

guilt or loss

Missing

Let me help him.

Chest still breathing

Old, Dirty Classroom.

Just Another Dream

Fallen Floodgates

Gotcha

Protagonist

Blue

Carefree

Goodbye

Heart Attack

Only One Left

## guilt or loss

Which is worse  
loss or guilt?  
You hurt me  
now all I want  
is to see your healthy face.  
Nothing can keep me from crying  
you into my mind.  
Your gravestone  
will forever haunt mine.  
I'm sorry  
I never forgave you earlier.

## Missing

"Missing"

Such a strange word.

A nonexistent speck  
screaming to be heard.

You can only see it  
when you're not looking.

I see my mother cooking,  
but I know she's not there.

Just for that, I pull my hair.

There's blood on the carpet.

She'd yell at me for that.

Not by weapons or combat,  
but a little girl

pondering the word, "missing"  
just too gripping.

I want to be my mother,  
and my brother,

just anyone but me.

I wish I had the right  
to say, "we."

I will always be here  
counting the days

until I stop thinking,

"missing."

## Let me help him.

People thrive.

You survive

on the last crumb of bread

he gave you.

He too

has his problems,

but you're not one of them.

Snip the stem,

cut the rope.

You've lost all hope,

please just let me

help him.

You'll thank me later

when times get greater

and when you stop

thinking, "missing."

## Chest still breathing

You said  
you bled  
just to see  
my chest still breathing.  
Floating through space  
a blissful place  
just to see  
your chest still breathing.  
You never bled.  
You never tried.  
Because of you  
this noose I have tied  
nothing is as it was.  
Now I will never see  
the wonderful sight  
of your chest still breathing  
in the bed at night.



## Old, Dirty Classroom.

The old, dirty classroom.  
Eyes bright as day.  
I walk down the halls  
Children molding like clay.  
Happy and gay.  
Schoolhouse on the hill  
In the grass  
The dead lay.  
Fought for what?  
So we could obey?  
No. Get out of the way.

## Just Another Dream

My feet are weary  
Here comes the enemy  
Them a distant memory  
Making me fall  
down the dark hall  
Into the abyss  
Such bliss  
I can only smile  
As I stay awhile.

## Fallen Floodgates

Let the floodgates fall  
Tell all  
Who makes you smile  
Trust me,  
You'll be happy for a while.

## Gotcha

Down the hall,  
To the right,  
Candles shining bright.  
Never look down,  
Or you might drown.  
Swing the noose,  
Cut me loose,  
Three more steps and  
Gotcha.

## Protagonist

The main character  
loses value.  
The side one  
always dies.  
The sequels get worse and worse  
built on endless lies.  
Hollywood,  
Bollywood.  
I'm too far gone.  
What has the world come to,  
this ground I stand on?  
Children on drugs,  
adults being thugs.  
Big men with swords  
taking from the weak,  
feeding the strong.  
It's all so bleak.  
The bird with it's song,  
but a tied beak.  
Outside the movies  
Beyond the screens  
What if the actor's screams  
were real?  
To the critics  
that would appeal.  
But to the rest?  
Don't test  
until the day has come.

## Blue

Blue like the sky  
Blue like the sea  
Doors stay closed  
The windmill won't move  
TVs are off  
Blinds are closed  
It's just you and me  
You quickly run  
Only thing now  
Is me and this world  
Always haunted by past mistakes  
Trust me, you'll catch up.  
**Swing the noose.**  
**Cut me loose.**  
**Three more steps and-**

## Carefree

Carefree,  
eyes of envy.  
You run through  
a field of many.  
Oh that sweet sound  
of a child,  
carefree.  
Sins invisible,  
in a trance.  
There is no romance.  
Oh to be a child,  
small and carefree.

## Goodbye

You don't know  
how much I've cried.  
I know  
how much you lied.  
Either way, now we're  
both dying.  
You keep flying,  
just out of reach.  
I will see you  
when you stop fighting.



## Heart Attack

"Not a heart attack.

He's fine."

"Are you just gonna whine  
like a child?"

"He needs to rest."

No more hugs

No more games

What if the perfectly healthy one

Was the one with the heart attack

## Only One Left

The loved ones leave  
Now just you and me  
Please don't go  
You leave me alone  
The last one  
Only one left  
My father thinks he's so great  
My mother is now late,  
and now I'm alone.  
The last one  
Only one left.