

Whispers From The Abyss

Fae Bear

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

These poems are for people who think they're alone in this awful and dangerous world we live in.

We are not alone, and our minds keep forgetting that our life is precious. We can make ourselves

into someone we love by following our moral values and learning in life that people will be there if

they want to be. You're not alone in this, keep fighting that war in your head until you dominate it.

Acknowledgement

I'd like to acknowledge my dad, who never stopped believing my artistic ability and my survival skills. My fiance for helping me see that I have so much more worth than I thought I had. I love you guys so much and wish you could have met. You're a blessing to my life, thank you.

About the author

Fae Bear is a young adult who always got the short end of the stick. Having been neglected and abandoned by her family, she found her free life after 21 years. Fae has seen and been through a lot, she empathizes with all of her readers on a deeper level. She does have a lot of mental health but that helps her keep writing and drawing everything that you guys love.

summary

I See

Before I Killed Myself

After I Killed Myself

Defeat

See You Later, Angel...

Forgive & Forget

Voices

Mask

I See

In the mirror I see a girl...

A girl who has scars across her chest, bruises on her thighs, stitches on her wrists, and burns on her calves.

A girl who is lost in a world where everyone is breathing and she's drowning.

I see a girl who's family is broken up into pieces that don't fit together anymore.

I see a girl who doesn't want to fight her demons anymore.

Oh wait, that girl is me.....

Before I Killed Myself

Today is the day Imma do it. I woke up with those thoughts and immediately started planning my day. I go get my supplies and shove it into my pockets. I walk out the door with my backpack on, my supplies in my pockets. When I walk into school, I smile and wave at people. Even the ones I don't know so that it seems normal for me to do so. I'm going to do it at lunch time, just so I don't worry anybody. 1st hour goes by, then 2nd and 3rd. Finally it's lunch time. I hurry myself to the bathroom without going to get food. Once I get in there, I check the stalls to make sure nobody was in them. I take out the aspirin and benadryl and start counting 50 of each. Before I head into the stall i look at myself in the mirror, "See you on the other side." I say. I go in and take 10 pills at a time. I feel all woozy from the drugs. I sway side to side, the room swirling around in my vision. Dark flashes close in as i close my eyes. I hear someone scream, people running in and out of the door. I smiled for the last time that day...

After I Killed Myself

I wake up, thinking it didn't work. Suddenly someone is next to me and I stand up quickly to find that it did. I look behind me and see someone crying, bent over my dead, overmedicated body. I watch the scene in front of me. Paramedics rush in, putting my covered body on a gurney. I walked next to my body and see my family crying, getting angry, and looking disappointed. We go outside and i see the whole school and my friends outside, talking to the police. I go over to my friends and gives them a hug, even though I'm not with them anymore. I look around and right in front of me, i see a bright light. I move towards it and stop to look back one last time and wave goodbye to everyone....

Defeat

She cuts, she burns, she twists, she turns. All around her stomach churns. She pukes, she starves, she checks the carbs, crying as she takes off her garbs. she died inside that little tub, always thinking that she was a scrub...

See You Later, Angel...

When the night whispers your name, it drives me down memory lane. The laughs, cries, and car rides. Flooding in like a tsunami. Your child is safe and sound with C.D's parents, looking just like his mama. I wish mental health wasn't the cause of your tragedy, life is fucked as an adult. I'm just glad my angel isn't suffering anymore like I am, and knowing she'll be waiting for me at home heals my heart and soul... I miss you dearly my sister from another mister...

In Loving Memory of Leslie A. Walker??

Age:21

1/31/98 - 10/28/19

Forgive & Forget

Forgive and forget... A simple phrase easier said but not easily done. Forgiving is the easy part, saying it out loud hurts a little less. Although the heart and mind on the other hand, they hold on to our trauma and pain that you've caused. That trauma and pain slices our wrists, having us puke after every meal, forcing us to stay silent... Whoever said forgive and forget is easier ...Can go fuck themselves beyond the ninth level of hell...

Voices

They don't stop... The ache in my chest, the crimson red dripping from my wrists, the throbbing pain in my head from my abusive past... As she lifts my chin to look up at her, the voices increase to yelling, begging me to end it all and it will be better for other too. They go silent as she speaks, " We are stronger now. We have hope." She cups my face and we hold our heads together. Then they whisper, "Do we...?"

Mask

First the primer, then foundation, concealer, setting powder, bronzer, and highlighter. It's not complete yet though; three eyeshadows blended with eyeliner, mascara, and if you're feeling confident enough, lashes. You put on the lipgloss for a final touch and take a good look in the mirror... You don't smile or giggle, yes you spent 3hrs of your morning doing it to as close to perfection as possible, and it looks amazing. You don't smile because you're behind closed doors and nobody knows that it's a mask...