

Sky and her star

Moonchild



Presented by

My poetic Side **P**

Dedication

*To my brightest star,
hope to see you soon, my love.*

summary

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Soulmates who were never meant to be

Once upon a time there was a hopeless girl who fell in love with a boy who was universes away.
All the constellations supported their fondness.
The world himself shifted just for them to touch.
The brightest stars shined luck on them.
The mystic moon herself smiled crookedly as the boy leaned in to softly peck the girl's lips.
The wind was a messenger for their late night whispering.
The rain appeared as a bewitching background written before the description of the characters.
Nevertheless... despite all the celestials' efforts, there were destined to break.
Their love wasn't strong enough to defeat the laws of Time.
A golden strand of her hair as a bookmark, Fate too, a fine-point black ink pen, continued writing two different books, adding more sorrow to the blue cover one. I'm sure if the girl knew about it she would beg Fate to create a happy ending for the black bound book. Even if this meant an epilogue without her.
Consequently as Time flutters its transparent wings, the girl meets the boy at the end of the world once and for all. A poignant goodbye is slowly being written on a gold-coloured page. The moon leaves me. The stars don't shine at night and the black and white world continues tormenting his inhabitants back again.

Unknown

UNKNOWN

People are scared of the unknown...

They are impatient-feel need to know who might blow them off...

They are afraid of the future, but hold on to the past
and eventually the present has already passed...

They say they want to die at last;

after that being said, knives are misused fast...

they don't know-that's why they are still in this hurt...

what will happen if they'll get covered with dirt...

what if nobody brings violets, red roses;

what if it is not quite the place they thought of;

what if it turns out to be worse then before...

what if they just dissapear, without a trace...

Then accordingly the following question is asked-

"what's the point of their existence?!"

Their first steps on the narrow beach...

the warmth of the blinding sun...

beauty of the choppy ocean

and how it's easy is to fall in...

...It always ends...

What's the point then?!...

That's one of the life's mysteries, need to be revealed

before the hurricane comes,

ruins their shelter,

drops them into the restless, gray ocean,

full of angry waves breaking devotion,

and sinks them into the depths of abyssal,

unknown

ocean....

Forever....

When I was five, I witnessed a murder

TW: blood, suicide, dissociation

When I was five years old, I first witnessed a murder.

It wasn't the usual murder of an individual or a mass shooting;
none of that kind.

It was a soul suicide.

Something in me died on July 22nd and I observed it from outside of my body.

It's proven psychologically that when one has a traumatic experience in life,
they tend to disconnect from their persona and overlook their mechanical body hurting.

When I was five years old, I first realized how pretty I was.

I looked down at my body and forgot all about my insecurities.

My imperfections made me who I am.

My miniature frame softly planted on the cold bathroom floor,
my brown hair wet from the water I had spilt earlier.

My hazel eyes, two empty looking glasses, and my sewn mouth.

I tried to reach out and touch my fingers, but I didn't feel them.

They simply went through them like I didn't even exist.

When I was five years old, I first welcomed the idea of nothing being real.

I didn't feel my surroundings.

I couldn't control other people's thoughts,
and I felt locked inside my mind,
an endless maze of millions of wasted opportunities and black-and-white dreams.

It was an invisible, metal cage not letting me keep on living.

When I was five years old, I first regretted being born.

I didn't ask to be born in the first place.

I didn't consent to being born.

My young brain could analyze it that my parents violated me by giving me birth.

When I was five years old, I first thought of dying.

The thought stabbed my mind and made it bleed.

The blood dripped along my arms,
my stomach,
my thighs,
my knees,

my feet.

It was warm.

I put my red fingers to my lips.

It had an addictive taste that actively corrupted the maze I had built in my mind.

When I was five years old, I first committed murder.

Used knives

Slight TW: topics of self harm and numbness

Pain shares home with you;

Hurt so familiar,

it's odd Ignoring broken pieces;

Don't offer me to see world in its colors-

I would rather stay blind;

Our lives're different,

You do not stab yourself with used knives...

If you want to see me shine bright once again

Give me an answer

To this firm question-

"Is it better to create the deepest oceans

Or fly in the clear sky endlessly?!"

Moonchild

It was a night of a wolf moon.
I was alone and
The stars rescued me again.
They tenderly and softly flew me up
To the Moon herself-
Graceful, unfaltering and perfectly flawed.
She looked at me, studied my face
As I found comfort in her silence.
She reflected my sorrow
In a more acceptable way.
She and the Universe intertwined fingers
And calmly smiled at me.
"Nothing's gonna hurt you baby"
And that moment- I believed them
And transcended into
Their infinite beauty.
They caressed me, healed my wounds
And told the Stars to take me back-
But only temporarily.
Stars whispered in my ears on the flight
That I would return to them in Time;
That one day I would even be one of them.
Maybe a fallen star that kids wish upon.
Maybe a heavy cloud before a downpour.
Maybe a blue sky holding them together.
Maybe a part of the Moon, her child if she pleases.
One day I will reunite with my true family.
That's what they said.
The Stars.
And the Stars never lie to me.
They slowly placed me on my bed and
Planted on the night sky lovingly.

Lipstick stains on Calvin Klein

Just your touch is heaven
Open map explore me
I saw you at the bar looking sweetly
You seem charming, but
Can you talk with tongue?
You know the only way to greet me
Is kissing me up and down...
Because I know you'll like the taste of it -
Every drop, you won't waste of it.

I'm wearing a nude lipstick
And I need you on my lips now,
Leave stains on that calvin klein,
Howl you creature of the night;
Touch my soul with yours
Speak your love language,
Undress me like I'm your doll
Wrap your hands 'round my neck
While pain turns into pleasure.

Hide and seek until you plead the fifth
Get you naked with a french kiss-
Boise moi
Because once I get on top of you,
Face to face until you feel me too...
Your voice is a sweet melody
So baby, let me be your conductor
Red cheeks and red sheets-
mark your territory.

Labyrinth

Other day found out, that I am torn by many places,
Also got lost in the endless maze of many faces.
Still stuck in the entrance, no sight of staircases,
No one to follow, have not seen any traces.

Are you willing to be my Ariadne's thread,
Lead me into unknown places full of dread,
Caress all red roses in the garden ahead,
Pay for it later with little bit of bloodshed.

I wonder if I'll survive Minotaur's fight,
Rescue the maze and shine with the light,
Turn daunting maze into the town of the night,
Repaint all these red roses into white,
And finally learn about so well-known flight.

Am I really a poet?

Am I really a poet if I don't feel anymore?
If I flew up in the clear grey sky
and have been flying there aimlessly for seven full moons.
If words don't escape my mouth
and my mind has fallen silent;
If sun has packed their bags and left its palace
giving an example to impressionable humans.

Am I really a poet if I sit in front of a computer,
candle crying tears on my dried skin,
stars whispering in my ears to pack in
when I can't seem to cut myself deep enough
to bleed words that knit themselves into the screen,
and build a mirror for others to look into,
point their finger and say "shit, that's so you".

Am I really a poet if emotion is a language of the soul
and I need him to teach me how to speak it;
If I have tried to belong my whole life and the only thing I have truly tied with is the winter floor, I
have melted into asking cracks in the ceiling foolish questions like- Am I really a poet?

Moon talks

Sky welcomed the Snow Moon tonight,
so I sat down by candlelight,
looked up and embraced her motherly care.
I told her about my darkest mind affair.
"If I had a soul to open up my heart to...
I think I'd break."- I told her.
"Break like a porcelain doll,
break like a turquoise tessarae,
fall into their everlasting arms
and let myself become a storm
of past regrets and hot tears".
"But you can't?"- said she.
"But I can't"- echoed I.
"Please tell me, my dearest child"- said she,
"which cloud painted you shameful of your own rain?"
I refused to speak.

Poetic dawn

My heart forever longs for poetry;
bathe me in rose petals scribbled with red rhymes,
blanket me in deaths of poets forsaken,
drench me by the rain poured on Dickinson,
tenderly peck my forehead like it's the end,
honor soul mine when I get into the carriage,
plant lilacs over my withered frame,
recite Poe to my engraved nevermore said name,
and light white candles as I am reborn-
the darkest cat with the brightest eyes torn,
walking tiptoes on Shakespearean prose.

Tell me Mother

Which death is less painful, tell me mommy-
choking or thirst?

You hold me in your arms,
my hair leaves traces in your palms,
you press me closer,
afraid for my mood to change.

I ask you to heal my inner child
but you don't, because I'm mute.

So just don't tell me it's dark outside
and we need to rest our beautiful minds,
for the next day I will close the gates again,
let out only my vanity
until you forget my humanity;
until I'm safe in my own head,
alone but safe,
maybe a little more than in your arms.

Hide-and-seek with death

I'm playing hide and seek with death
barefoot in the wildest winter;
I touch a red rose grown up
from an ice-frozen ground,
crimson drops paint the marble floor,
my lips put on a natural blue lipstick
and I let out a cold smoke,
tears on my cheeks dry into icicles
while I step my numb feet on the glassed lake,
disturbing temporal sleep of the sea residents,
I take a last look at the shameless trees
as the ice cracks, pulling me into an endless void
pushing out the voices of the mourning birds
I'm touched by their solicitude
coming home earlier to cut my solitude;
I let out a goodbye bubble to them
and sink to my demise,
finally winning the game.

The first fall of snow

I knew my childhood became a single wildflower
grown at the edge of a falling cliff,
when birthdays lost their ability to highlight the year.
It has rained on the last two birthdays,
the ones I have a memory of anyways.
But today it is snowing.
The sky, loyal companion, making the best present she can;
snow crystals glisten in the air like the most expensive diamond,
hard to get a hold of, before they marry the noxious ground,
not even staying for supper,
that's how they are-
unpredictable, angelic, nobody doubts that,
and never staying, not in the place I live after all.
I try to catch the flow of their falling
as I think "I want to die in the snow."
What more could a blue poet wish for?
A haunting ending, worth writing prose about.

Flowing river inside my mind

I am sitting by the broken window, listening to the clouds sobbing like a quartz candle melting next to me. Dark purple lilacs are letting out their last breath as I'm watching people walk their dogs, loyal likewise their friends. Carving poetry on wrinkled pages with my blood-stained nails, longing for peace of some kind, not an eternal silence in me, no; Instead a river flowing inside my mind, setting roots in my hemispheres, isolating myself from plain-minded people with everyday worries and ascending me to a tall castle filled with knowledge, forevermore.

Mirrorism

TW: self-harm, violence, torture

I take a step towards the full body mirror,
I tear myself from being her,
and I lock her up in the glass tower,
starving her by the hour.

At night I try hard to polish her
in a charcoal loft of a punisher,
even an ingénue there could go mad,
and get lost in a red maze of plaid.

I claw on her throat,
but it still can't tune to a song;
I am brutal, I don't spare the inutile,
I use biscuit tin, to store her zigzag skin.

I grab my sharpest brush set,
and paint a thousand horizons of sunset,
sand blends in with the color of crimson,
waves drown out cries of the creamy sun.

She asks for mercy, speaks "this can't be me",
bringing me the memory of her brain back.
I grab the ax and crack her head open;
I scowl at her neurons and blood blanketing them;

I take the scissors,
dry-bloodied next to hair wrapped guns,
I cut some nerves off,
replace them with the yellow ones.

The needle nearly slips my metallic hands
and gets united with a golden thread,

I sew her head halves home to their lands,
spend hours on picking every strand.

She grows her eyes back while I untie the ropes;
I stroke the new self softly as she hopes,
not to force the redness of her knuckle bone,
as I return to my eternal place on the glass throne.

She smiles at me then.

I smile at her.

She waves.

I wave.

Happy tears spill from her healed eyes.

Joyful tears wet my glued cheeks.

She ceases to breathe and starts to live.

And I promise to mirror her every belief.