

The Wording of Nightmares

RainingHearts



Presented by

My poetic Side 

summary

Why?

Oneday

Hide

"Poem"

Abnormal

Sometimes-

Intrusive Thoughts

The truth of how we and I are - Response Poem To "how am I?" by Emmy Marucci

Year 13

My Secret Candle Jar

Easter, April 17th, 2022

2022

Pervading Laughs

Why?

Do you ever want to scream
at the unfairness of the world?
Why does *she* get a mind that isn't broken?
Why does *she* get two good parents?
Why does *she* get to feel happy, and light?
Why does *she* get to be effortlessly smart?
Why do *I* have to be the one that has
thoughts
horrible thoughts?
Why can't *I* be the one with the brain that works
properly?
Why does *she* get to be the one who
loves,
her,
life?

Oneday

Sometimes I want to drag glass,
across my skin

just to see

the skin split open (maybe there will be a sound?) and to watch the blood spill out of my arms, and legs, and hips and shoulders.

But I get scared, that I won't be able to *stop*

but what if I can?

What if it even feels *good*?

Oneday,

I will drag glass,

across my skin

just to see-

Hide

Let's play Hide n Seek!
I'll seek, you hide from the truth,
okay?
run as fast as you can
run run run
don't let it catch you
if you're caught you'll wallow in eternal grief and pray for your sins
repent repent repent
you sinful,
sinful creature
so run, hide,
don't let it catch you
repent repent repent
you disgusting,
vile,
foul,
sinful creature

"Poem"

I'm so tired

tired of typing

tired of reading

tired of writing

tired of standing

tired of talking

I'm so exhausted, it feels like I've been pummeled with a wave over and over and over for millions of years and I have just emerged,

aching

and sore

I'm so *exhausted* I don't even have the energy to put effort into this

"poem"

Abnormal

I'm so confused
why does it matter?
aren't I still me?
why should I have to hide my illness, mother?
why should I have to hide *me*?
you're words cause me panic
they cause me to feel unloved
to feel vulnerable,
abnormal,
crazy.
You say it's my *weakness*
and not my *strength* for having to deal with it
every
fucking
day

Sometimes-

Sometimes

I feel like I don't want this anymore

sometimes I feel like the world is caving in

and I don't know how to search for a way *out*

Sometimes I don't feel comfortable

in my body,

in my life,

in my mind,

Sometimes I'm scared of...

Sometimes I'm scared of myself and my brain.

But the thing is,

sometimes is quite,

often.

Intrusive Thoughts

For a time I thought I was going mad,
that the absurd thoughts in my brain meant I was losing my goddamn
mind

I was wrong.

The thoughts in my head that parade around and scream and might and make me shout
"help! someone!"

meant that my brain was *broken, dysfunctional,*
damaged

So now I live with the parading thoughts and pray and hope and wish the vile medicine will make it
all

go

away

The truth of how we and I are - Response Poem To "how am I?" by Emmy Marucci

no one answers the question

"how are you?"

because most of us either don't know or feel like we're drowning
in a sea of endless tears

there are some of us, lucky ones,

lucky enough to know, to enjoy, to smile and to laugh

but I, I am not the lucky ones

I, am the one they forget about

I, am the one who hides in the bathroom stall desperately trying,

and *failing* to gulp in gaps of air and cross two of my slender, long-

nailed fingers that nobody can hear the tears that form a puddle and flood the bathroom.

hope that I don't drag anyone down and suffocate myself as he did to me.

so how am I?

i'm gone. that's how I am.

Year 13

Birthdays,
the day once a year when we celebrate the birth of a being
year 1
year 2
year 3
and so on.

For most, birthdays end when we fall to the grave and die, but for some they are celebrated for years after

but why is one person more important than another?

a controversial topic and many will debate for centuries to come

however what if you don't want to celebrate your expected lifespan shortening
the miserable years you've spent on this planet?

What if you want to sit in peace and crack the spine of a book and delve into it's stories instead?

Why should you be forced to talk to people you're forced to like, and call family, or put on a big triangle hat with the words in bold,

It's My Birthday! ?

Why don't we mourn for the years spent and the years lost?

I wish instead I could grieve about having to stay for another year, and keep going and going till
death smacks me upside the head

year 4...

year 5...

year 6...

all the way to now a rip number of year 13...

Happy birthday, dear me, let's hope we make it till next year

My Secret Candle Jar

I enjoy the feeling of pinprick needles picking and poking at my skin
The sly feeling of hiding my needles in a candle jar in a less used drawer,
The holes in my skin that heal quickly, hiding my secrets
Oh how I smile as I dig in deep into my flesh, attempting to, and failing, to make it bleed.
Failing is an awful feeling, so when I tuck away my "sewing needles" I feel a hint of disappointment,
that I did not see the flow of red washing over my skin,
prick prick prick
I keep going and going and going
Before I get so frustrated that I unscrew a blade from a sharpener and attempt once more
"failure failure failure"
A voice screams in my head
This blade is no real blade, but simply dulled
And now I have obtained a stinging red mark on my arm,
that will not bleed...

Easter, April 17th, 2022

Yesterday, you see,

I did a thing.

I had a tremendously good day you see,

and that's what made it such an *awful day*.

The happiness would be fleeting, the cruelest kind of torture.

To give someone a scrap of their favorite food, one. last. time.

See, I felt "better" that day. Slightly happy.

It would go away and I would miss it with what they call, a burning passion.

That's why I did it.

It's why I ripped open my locket and took the blade out

-I had just unscrewed a new one-

and I sunk the blade into the flesh of my hips, and I watched for a moment, as nothing happened.

I have done this enough times for me to know that the red liquid is in shock, as it didn't expect to be woken. So it hesitates.

But it always comes. The blood always beads on my skin, and I always wipe it away and take care of the cut.

I treat it tenderly, as if it was a child.

I turn on my music and go read a book. My escape, you see.

And it occurs to me, I don't have to hurt myself anymore.

I could be happy.

I could... well... I'll do it.

I shove my face into a stuffed animal

-it was the length of my slashed hips up to my fucked up brain-

That day, yesterday, I tried to suffocate myself.

I tried to die that day.

Of course, my brain didn't let me and I had to gulp in air for my needy, spoiled lungs, but that was my first try.

And I assure you.

There will be many more.

2022

I'm done.

I can't do this anymore.

May 13th.

That will be the date that I become a *star*.

A star so I can watch over others like me.

So I can keep them safe.

I already have the pills underneath my bed.

May 13th.

The day I will be gone.

Pervading Laughs

It was her laugh, that finally killed me
the high-pitched sound of it ringing through the air
and the smile that appeared on the faces of those around her
but now it was the way her smile faded and turned into a disgusted sneer when she saw me.
I used to smile when I was around her
but then she called him a
demon
and I was done.
I had to leave, and now the sound of her laugh was no longer pleasant,
but a mocking taunt at all that I could have had,
and all that I had lost.