

Anthology of morgenw



Presented by

My poetic Side 

summary

the poet as the poem

today's society failed me

How I see you see me

my best friend is withering away

the poet as the poem

it was only recently i started sharing my writing
who knew it only took a few kind words from a beautiful soul to not feel embarrassed about the
years of words written down in a little app on my phone
explaining my heart in ways no touch could ever come close
i can explain feelings in metaphors all day or compare emotions to galaxies
but the artist is never the one painted in the stars
always the poet, never the poem
maybe no one writes about me because i don't amount to much in their brain
but it's always someone else's story
never poetry about mine
the poet as the poem from a different perspective than my own is all i long for
i've turned everyone i've met into art
and they don't have the slightest clue
i can't help im a girl that loves to write about people she loves
i just hope one says someone loves me enough to turn the poet into a poem themself

today's society failed me

there is just something about today's society
something about who they want you to be
you can't even be who you want
without everything throwing a fit and being so blunt
who cares what you wear or what you believe
there is two different lives, there's a difference between you and me
heaven forbid you wear less clothes
you're a slut, a bitch, or just another hoe
but you can't be covered up
you're too uptight, too modest, you need to know how to loosen up
why the fuck does it matter, it is what is inside
you should be able to dress the way you want and flaunt it with pride

i wear crop tops and short shorts too,
does that make me a bad person, even though i'd take a bullet for you?
my body is shown and that's my choice
but because of your opinion i have no voice?
the human body is beautiful and i cannot lie
but because my stomach is out i have to pay a price?
of you calling me names and criticizing my life?

everyone thinking i want attention, whether it be from men or not
i am expressing self love and my inner thoughts
sexual assault victims have it hard.
it is all what we wear, that we were asking for it, it was only fair..
so what about the ones who don't dress up
the ones who look like they've just woken up, or the ones without any make up
what is the excuse
there is none
i was wearing basketball shorts and my hair in a bun
a practice jersey with sweat dripping down my face
he looked at me like i was wearing some fucking see through lace
right after practice, smelling so bad

tells me hes proud of me like hes my fucking dad
making moves on me like im his fucking wife
when his wife is at home with his three kids, showing them how to write
he would be driving past my road taking picture of my house
and every time it would happen i would scream so loud
scared he would come over and me not know what to do
I would lock the doors, call my mom, just sit in my room
wondering when the next time would be, for him to assault me
not wanting to go to practice, because he would hurt me
he would say "id never do anything to hurt you"
and make me say it too
cut back my playing time if i didnt do what he wanted me to do

making me wear certain outfits
to please his eye
made me lose all faith in all other guys
I woke up in a hotel with him under the sheets
having a panic attack so bad that i could barely speak, trying to just act like im asleep, so nothing
would happen to me
All of this, while another coach was in the room
I cried for help
he sat in the chair as if he was glued, watching my abuser in bed with me while it was rising his
mood
he tried to get me a separate room with his own money, so he could abuse me
over and over
time again
making me sit by him on the bus and not with my friends
brain washing me to think i was all my fault
that i was in the wrong when he got caught
whats the excuse?
i was covered up
what does society have to say about the way HE fucked up?
somehow it always gets turned around on the victim
saying they wanted it , they started it, and then some
its a crazy world
that is so unfair
but out of all things

it doesn't matter what you fucking wear

-mw

How I see you see me

how i see you see me
i laugh too much and i'm really tall
i'm an attention whore, another booty call
i'm nosy with feelings and i hug too long
i'm the happiest person among us all
i'm never upset and i smile all the time
that i turn heads from every guy
that i am ecstatic to even be alive
that my body is beautiful
that my confidence is top tier
that nothing could bring at my deepest fear
that im so sexy and im an amazing friend
that there will never be a day my friendships will end
that ive never experienced trauma in my youth
but little do you know none of this is the truth

my best friend is withering away

let me tell you a little story about my bestfriend, mariah
5'6, blonde hair, but she's a little tired
a little tired of her build
tired of the body she's in
she was ten years old duck taping her stomach in
body dysmorphia is serious it's a real disease
it's not something she can stop, its truly what she sees
she was walking around high school damn near starving herself
she hid it so good no one knew she needed help
it all stemmed from sister
not that it was her fault
mariah wanted her body, she wanted what she saw
softballs the only reason that she even ate at all..
she knew exactly what she needed, to not pass out, to keep her little secret
starting the morning off with some oat meal and coffee
coffee takes away the hunger so that she can keep starving
getting the body she wants down to skin and bones
feeling perfect in her skin when she doesn't eat anymore
some peanut butter and a banana is really all she needs, to be awake when we go to practice at 3
it's not really fair that she has to live this way
eating only a few bites of her scarce dinner that day
then moving in to college with it still in her thoughts
she told her boyfriend about it and he was pretty shocked
he didn't tell anybody about it, didn't help her with it
just told it would pass like the coward he is
if I would have known about it, i would have helped anyway i could
not use it against her like her boyfriend would
meanwhile starving herself would soon come to an end
it started out at party on some random weekend
she got pretty drunk and her boyfriend did too
they said they were pretty fucked up, isn't that what college kids do?
mariahs stomach was hurting
i didn't know at the time

she had a lot more hurting
going on inside her mind
that of a matter of time
i'm damn near holding the knife
i made the mistake that would haunt me the rest my life
"stick your fingers down throat you'll throw up and you'll be alright"
"get the alcohol out" i thought i was right...
but little did i know i really started a fight
she would binge all her food
shed eat like normal all day
we saw her eating something so we thought it was ok
but we really didn't know the food wouldn't stay for long
its about to come up, go to the bathroom, 1st stall
she stuck her fingers down her throat, now it's resolved
all the food she ate meant nothing at all
once it came up she continued to dissolve