

# Atoms

Cassandra Jane Curtis

Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*Dedicated to my mom, who knew I felt this way, and supported me in my journey to find an outlet.*

## **Acknowledgement**

Thank you to Emanuel, my dedicated advisor! Love you and your doberman!

## About the author

Hi! I am 13 years old, and I have been writing since kindergarten. For majority of my life, I wrote small, meaningless stories that I joyfully showed to my family. IN around 3rd grade, I found myself inspired to write poetry after receiving my first poetry book, \\\"Where the Sidewalk Ends\\\", by Shel Silverstein. At first, I wrote stories in the form of poetry, my favorite being \\\"Pet Store\\\", where someone walks into a pet shop and is met will all sorts of exotic creatures, and instead goes to a hardware store and buys a pet rock! My work has become much more intense and emotional since then, and it no longer tells an easily followed story.

## summary

I?m not religious

black hole (old one from years ago)

Fuzzy (TW! mention of self harm, eating disorder, misuse of drugs)

I am sorry

i want

rain

skulls and flowers

sometimes

## I?m not religious

To be infatuated  
Truly, deeply attracted  
Not for a short period of time  
Not a fleeting attraction  
But to be infatuated forever  
Looking and longing  
For eternity  
When I look at you  
I feel like the lord has blessed my life  
We will stand together  
Hold hands  
Link arms  
Tie loose ends  
And stare the sun down  
And look at its glory  
Wonderful, joyful brightness  
All for us  
Let me stand beside you  
And feel happy  
And free  
And feel tears glide down my skin  
So pure and pale  
While I hold your hand

## **black hole (old one from years ago)**

Black holes are exploded stars  
Sucking everything in  
No matter how hard you try to escape  
Its seems you never win  
They have had enough  
Of the airs brutal breeze  
So they cry and they puff and they lie and they huff  
Until they fall on their knees  
It may seem abrupt  
And come out of thin air  
But if you really look closely  
You see a hole forming there  
That expands and expands  
Until there is nothing left  
No light, everything bright  
Sucked away  
Hanging in space  
Bleeding out all the life  
It steals all of it  
Until there is none  
Everything gone  
We can give them more light  
But it just disappears  
As the hole has been getting bigger  
Over all these years  
All the little signs  
The small little clues  
Leading to this grievance  
This disaster  
This problem  
That never seems to be fully solved  
More light, more light!  
They feed some more in

But it only lasts so long  
Until it is engulfed within  
The planets spun their rounds  
And the comets flew away  
And the star kept shining bright  
Until that fateful day  
Where all the rot is exposed  
That has been held in  
By fake glowing  
All while knowing  
This will never end  
So, spare me great moon  
The "how are you"s of that kind  
For you were aware  
And never seemed to care  
Of what's been taking up my mind  
I have fallen to the black hole  
Like I told you I will  
If you had just stopped spinning  
Like I needed you to  
If you had just listened  
Like I screamed you never did  
If you had just cared  
Like I said no one could  
Then this all wouldn't of happened  
Like I told you it would  
And now it has  
So spare me the surprised gasps  
And the "Are you ok"s  
Because you knew it was likely  
You knew that one day  
You're fake reality  
Would come to a cease  
Just like my glowing  
The star is deceased  
You knew that soon



The black hole would reveal itself  
In all of its destroying glory  
And leave me and the broken star here  
Telling this sad, sorrowful, starry story

## Fuzzy (TW! mention of self harm, eating disorder, misuse of drugs)

why do i do this  
it doesn't make me happy after  
i don't truly believe i deserve it  
but to see the cut  
turn a deep red  
satisfies me for the moment  
i smile when i do  
i grin as if this is the best thing that's ever happened  
looking at the layers of skin  
revealed by my hand  
popped open, like a balloon  
filled with blood instead of helium  
A grotesque scene for sure  
but a scene that makes me feel better none the less  
A fuzzy feeling swallows me whole  
it fills my nose with cotton  
burns my throat with its smoke  
clouds my eyes with a thin layer of milky white liquid  
its comfortable here  
not enough to be happy  
but enough to be slightly less sad  
yes, its comfortable here  
but something nags at me  
low in my body  
at the bottom of my heart, the bottom of my stomach  
i know somethings not right  
but i dont care enough to try to find out  
instead i lay down  
and wait for it to fade once again  
I'm hungry  
my legs carry me to the kitchen like clockwork

carry me to help, on autopilot  
it makes sense, right?  
im hungry, so go eat  
but once i open the cupboard  
and see the food that i so desperately want  
im suddenly full  
im good, thank you  
I feel like a raccoon  
collecting, scavaging  
saving up for the winter  
for when they find out  
collecting shiny, sharp objects  
pills, any color or kind will do  
stow them safely in my stash  
just in case  
in case i need to escape, run away  
flee the scene of everything i leave behind  
don't help me, i dont need it  
im doing just fine on my own

## I am sorry

When you looked into my eyes  
held my hands firm  
and really looked into my soul  
did you not notice the spark was gone?  
did you not see my heart was not there?  
not in your hands  
or in mine  
but with her  
and it seems it always will be  
and im sorry

## **i want**

i want someone to make me feel the way music does

i want someone to numb my bruises and cuts

i want someone, anyone

## rain

Sitting on the window  
Little pitter-patter  
No reason or rhyme  
Just lack of sunshine  
So the black hole returns  
And my stomach churns  
At the thought of the rain  
Returning again  
pitter-patter  
rain falls  
ruin crawls up my skin

## skulls and flowers

Eyes

Seeing and observing

Darting from one item to another

Absorbing information

Reactions

Crying, smiling

Emotions erupt

To be alive

Not to be a living thing

But to truly, be alive

Is such an extensively fundamental thing to happiness

## sometimes

sometimes, i cant help but smile  
sometimes, i cant help but laugh  
whats the point?  
looking the iris's of everyone around me  
so diverse, so beautiful  
sometimes, i cant help but be happy