

confessions of a teenage girl: vol 1

user_38219775



Presented by

My poetic Side 

summary

Abuelo

when you grow older

claudia

How does one lose a best friend?

Confession of a deranged man

trauma

willow

Abuelo

Alma de ojos oscuros y brillantes
hundidos en el terreno
de tu cara
Nariz afilada, pico de cuervo.
Me cuesta escribir--
tengo la cabeza hueca--
pero cuando se trata de ti
mi mano se mueve sola.
Alma de palabras torpes
y gestos bruscos
Me contó mamá
que compraste manzanas del súper
para dejarme las de pueblo
cuando venía.
Yo te guardaría todos los minutos del mundo
pero se escapan
cada vez
que voy a pescarlos.

when you grow older

everything is unfamiliar
and lonely
you reminisce on what seems like your golden past
when you were younger
and carefree
look back at the smiling faces
in the rearview mirror
the people you loved so
you wonder if you can go back;
throw what you have out the window
the grey cityscape
the strange people
this empty feeling of longing
play your old songs
shut out the world and just sit
in the basketball court
after school on Friday
live day by day
watching sunsets on a skateboard
sweet purple bubbles on your tongue

but it wouldn't be the same anymore

you don't have what you used to
and you don't have anything here yet
so you have nothing

going back feels like the right thing
and a failure, a step backwards
at the same time

claudia

back straight, legs crossed
ears dripping gold hoops
rich dress fluttering in the wind
cigarette held between your fingers
with poise and elegance
like an accessory
you're fake, paper thin and boring
gaze flittering
won't even look at your friends for long enough
like you have better things on your mind.
as if.

the picture of grace
make me feel too big
but you're just a skeleton
you don't eat

i search under my organs
and in my veins
trying to find sympathy?
feeling sorry for you changes nothing
you wouldn't acknowledge me
if your life depended on it

How does one lose a best friend?

How does one lose a best friend?
How am I supposed to rub your name
off my list
if I'd written it in pen?
Is it like cutting off a limb?
You cut it off just for the sake of it
You?who thought of everything,
who used to think circles around my thoughts?
didn't think about my phantom pains
My nervous system is used to your presence, don't you understand;
it reminds me every now and then.

Your face was an open book once
I could see the thoughts
dancing around beneath the surface
like that time
we waltzed in the empty basement
Why did you close it?
Now the Sun doesn't shine through, it reflects off a hard surface.
It put a up a majestic fight
that afternoon in the park
it stained the sky with fire
in its final, desperate throes
before it went under.
I wonder
if it ever crossed your mind
to fight like that.
Or even
to just
stay

Confession of a deranged man

oh darling, darling
it's alarming
your beauty is multiplied
with each stride
away from you
i take, i tried
but it's no use
you leave me senseless?
i'm tied,
rope around my ankle fastened to your fence

tus calles
estrechas y altas?
como el arco de tu cuello,
o tu espalda cuando?
laberínticas
me enredan en tu pelo, mujer
ese sentimiento cuando te miro
quiero ver el amanecer
contigo desde tus techos

estos putos transeúntes;
no te confundes,
les quiero matar.
A veces les suelto la navaja,
o les destrozo la cara
porque se paran a mirar.
Como pueden andar por tus calles
tan tranquilos?
como si no supieran qué somos? Amor

tus ruidos íntimos
por la noche y la mañana

cuando te tengo entre mis brazos
entre mis labios
y dientes
sangre, pero tu no
no huyes de lo oscuro
vive en tu sur
en la sombra del Sol

mujer, o ciudad, que te llamo?
nadie te quiere como yo
and no one knows me like you
no one's seen all you've seen;
i've looked around and
few bodies fit like ours
as if someone drew you up just for me
answering some holy question
my beautiful heaven
back in 1857

trauma

didn't think i could still feel it
thought i'd moved away,
thought i'd grown up
but i felt 12 years old again today

even after all these years
i still know what it feels like.
trauma comes,
and it stays
sitting in its castle on the outskirts
waiting for the city gate to open

willow

my whole life
like a willow bends to the water
like an overflowing sink
i've had so much love to give

like a child
like a drowning man
i've searched for places
places to put it

plastic toys
paper books
then people?
alive and breathing, warm in their skin

more complex
more difficult
but once i've tasted
i cannot forget nor replace it