

# Anthology of cerry



Presented by

*My poetic Side* **P**

## summary

TOMORROW

RUN

I'M BLACK...IS THAT SO WRONG?

PAST...

I WAS THIRTEEN...

UNTITLED...

PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME...

I GAVE YOU MY EVERYTHING

THE CORNER OF COMFORT....

IF YOU COULD MEET YOUR YOUNG SELF WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?

WHEN YOU GET "OLDER"

IF ONLY TIME COULD STOP...

PLEASE DON'T LET GO OF MY HAND

WHEN DID IT END?

EVERYTHING IS MEANINGLESS

THE BOOK OF REVELATION

THE NEVER-ENDING CYCLE

I LOVE YOU SO I HAVE TO LEAVE?RIGHT?

I'M SORRY...I'M REALLY SORRY

LOST WORDS

WHEN DID THE PREY BECOME THE ONE TO BLAME?

WHY DOES IT FEEL LIKE I'M THE BAD GUY?

OH, HOW THE TIMES HAVE PASSED!

THE POWER OF WORDS

THE CHAINS OF HATRED

WE ARE NOT MEANT TO BE.

IS THIS THE NARROW GATE?

FAITH WITHOUT WORKS IS DEAD

THE INFLATION IN MY MIND

THIS TOO SHALL PASS

MALADAPTIVE DAYDREAMING

THE JOURNEY OF A THOUSAND MILES

WOE IS ME

JUDGEMENT

FLAWS FLAWS FLAWS

THE UNSPOKEN WORDS OF A BROKEN PERSON, Pt 1

ME VS. ME

## TOMORROW

### **TOMORROW...**

*What happens when tomorrow is not guaranteed?*

*What happens when tomorrow is lost?*

*What happens when tomorrow does not exist?*

*All of these are some of the questions we tend to ask ourselves and yet...*

*I guess it has always been easier to not worry about a tomorrow we are not guaranteed!*

*But can we really help ourselves?*

*When everyday feels like you're in cages and far away from where you should be, or atleast think you should be..*

*Everybody's journey is their own.*

*Everybody's tomorrow is their own.*

*Just like how we don't know what awaits us in midst of our journey we are also clueless as to what tomorrow holds!*

*Tomorrow is a mystery!*

*One minute we look forwad to a tomorrow full of mysteries and wonders the next we detest what tomorrow brings..*

*Tomorrow is truly scary to some and exciting to others...*

*But to some tomorrow brings life....*

*A second chance....*

*Tomorrow is a treasure*

*I truly await tomorrow!!*

## RUN

*Why is it that you're always running?  
They asked...  
Cause it's the only thing I know  
I said.  
I suppose its always been easier to run...  
But what happens if I can't anymore?  
What happens if I'm not too sure anymore?  
What happens if my pain is far too deep to run from?  
To hide from?  
What then?  
These all the questions I can't help but constantly ask myself?  
Now what?  
You can't run from your problems...  
At least that's what they said,  
Normally I would have said watch me.  
But alas I've grown quite tired...  
I WILL NOT RUN ANYMORE!  
I thought I was running away from them...  
I thought I was winning...  
but then suddenly I felt stuck...  
But it wasn't because of them...  
I thought I was fighting them...  
All along I was fighting something bigger...  
Someone bigger...  
I was fighting myself...  
Funny isn't it...  
All this time  
my mind was fighting my soul for control!  
I was busy trying to run away from them...  
Hoping to feel better...  
When all along I was running away from myself!  
I was confused...  
I was lost..*

*My mind was in deep anguish...*

*There is a saying..*

*"Where there is no enemy within, the enemies outside cannot hurt you"*

*I guess I can't run anymore..*

*Now I have to stand up and fight!*

*Will I win?*

*Will YOU win?*

*I guess we'll never know unless we stay...*

*Unless we fight!*

*These enemies within stand no chance!*

*Don't give up you got this!*

## I'M BLACK...IS THAT SO WRONG?

*Black!*  
*Yeah, I'm black!*  
*And I'm damn proud of that*  
*Why is being black so bad?*  
*Is it a crime?*  
*Guess they decide that...*  
*We've been in chains for so long and I'm tired...*  
*"Black is me"*  
*The most powerful line I ever heard!*  
*They limit our education*  
*And then turn us into the bad guys*  
*Funny huh...*  
*They stereotype us day by day,*  
*And then make it our fault...*  
*"You're black so you are..."*  
*I'll let you finish that sentence!*  
*Yeah, I know not all black people are good,*  
*But not everyone is either...*  
*You don't like it if we put y'all in the same category,*  
*but it don't stop you from doing it to us huh...*  
*It shouldn't be about the colour of my skin...*  
*but do they care?*  
*It's getting tiring trying to be "acceptable"*  
*But that ain't enough for them either!*  
*I'm not trying to start nothin but I'm tired...*

**PAST...**

*It's so easy to focus on the wrongs you once did  
It's so easy to blame yourself for a past you can't change  
but even worse...  
it's so easy for people to judge you of a past they know nothing about...  
We all have regrets  
We all have things we wish we could have done differently...  
but what's the use of dwelling in the past  
A past we can't change...  
Maybe we went through what we went through for a reason...  
we might not know the reason but that shouldn't stop us from being at peace with our past  
We might not forget  
Some people in our lives might not let us forget  
But the past was history  
It was a lesson  
Alas, one should know that we can learn from our past but don't have to live in it!  
We all made mistakes  
But we shouldn't let the mistakes we made in our past dictate us  
Our mistakes are not us!  
Our past is not us!  
It might not be easy to let go...  
but sometimes maybe letting go is the wiser choice  
Remember this...  
Learn from your past, don't run to it!*



## I WAS THIRTEEN...

*I was thirteen...*

*I was thirteen when I came to a new country*

*A country that was different from my own*

*A country that I dreamed of going to...*

*I was happy...*

*I was thirteen when everything changed...*

*I was thirteen when I learned that I was different due to the colour of my skin...*

*I was considered a threat*

*A thief*

*A monster*

*Aggressive*

*Angry*

*I was thirteen when I realized that protection from the people that swore to protect us were not to be trusted anymore...*

*or maybe when they said to protect the people they didn't mean people that looked like me.*

*I was thirteen when I realized that my braids and curls are "unprofessional"...*

*but not on them huh...*

*I was thirteen when I realized I couldn't dress a certain way,*

*couldn't speak a certain way,*

*couldn't act a certain way,*

*I was thirteen when I realized that speaking up for myself was an aggressive behaviour...*

*"come down or we'll call the police"...*

*funny I didn't even say nothing...*

*I was thirteen when I discovered that my whole future was planned out for me by them*

*"She's gonna be a teen mom," they said*

*"She's never gonna graduate," they said*

*"She's no one," they said*

*I was thirteen and naive...*

*but I never believed them...*

*First forward to 2023;*

*I'm not a teen mom...*

*I'm at university now...*

*I am someone...*

*I am a child of God and a proud black woman!*  
*I'm not tryna prove something*  
*I'm trying to tell something*  
*a story perhaps...*  
*and this is the start of my story...*

**UNTITLED...**

*What do you see when you look in the mirror?*

*What do I see when I look in the mirror?*

*I wanna say I see a successful me*

*A happy me*

*a proud me*

*but I don't...*

*I feel like I'm a failure and due to that I see myself as one too*

*Damn I hate this feeling...*

*This feeling of one's own imprisonment...*

*I feel like I'm drowning and everybody is just watching*

*Waiting for my end*

*I see myself in the mirror and I can't recognize me*

*I want to feel something...*

*I need to feel something...*

*anything but that feeling...*

*I'm desperate...*

*but nothing...*

*I'm in an abyss of darkness*

*even my own shadow is unseen*

*I want to break free*

*but can I?*

## PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME...

*Please don't leave me...  
I'm running but I'm tired  
Looking for rest in all the wrong places  
They said they wouldn't leave...  
guess I was desperate enough to believe it  
and now...  
I want to find relief...  
but in this cold world where I'm I supposed to go?  
I'm like a lost shadow on a dark night with no moon in sight  
Lost and forgotten...  
A hurricane with no sense of direction  
A lost soul looking for purpose  
I was holding on to the one thing I never thought would leave me  
My dream...  
but it too seems to be leaving me  
It was my way out...  
What now?  
I wonder...  
What shall be left of me?  
I question...  
I'm drowning day by day  
Hoping for a rescue...  
A relief...  
I'm holding on to this dream of mine for dear life  
I'm begging and screaming for it  
Please don't leave me, you're the only one I have left...  
Is that too much to ask?*

## I GAVE YOU MY EVERYTHING

*I can't live without you...  
to me you are worthy more than the air I breath  
or so I thought...  
I gave you my everything and due to that everyday felt like my breaking point  
it was never your fault  
it was simply because I felt like you were the only one I had left..  
I guess making you my everything made me realize that perhaps you needed me more than I did  
you  
I wanted you and I still do that I can't deny  
but making you my everything was my mistake  
now I've realized that though I still want you my life doesn't revolve around you  
I am so scared of losing you  
but I know that what's meant to be will be  
doesn't mean I'm finna give up on fighting for you  
I'll just change my tactics  
I'll always fight for you  
but I won't give you the power to control my life  
someday I'll proudly call you mine  
but for now I shall live my life!  
Until we meet again...*

*cerry~*

## THE CORNER OF COMFORT....

*A broken heart with a broken soul  
A caged mind with no way out  
A spirit shattered  
A voice waiting to be heard  
You want to speak up but how?  
When the people that should be listening to you don't...  
What then?  
We all have demons we face be it in the past or the present  
We all wish for a break,  
a way out,  
and yet nothing...  
Every day feels like a void piling up  
Little by little I'm going back to that corner  
Crouching down for some comfort in that corner  
I don't wanna go back,  
It's scary and lonely...  
It's suffocating...  
but its all I've ever known  
The corner of comfort...  
cerry~*

## IF YOU COULD MEET YOUR YOUNG SELF WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?

*If you could meet your young self what would you say?  
I'm proud of you?  
I'm disappointed in you?  
What have you done with your life?  
We all have questions we would love to ask our young selves...  
Things we wish we could have changed...  
Mistakes we wish we never made...  
But then it takes us to that one question...  
If we could go back and change something, would we?  
There's a lot of things I did that I desperately wish to change...  
But would I change them?  
I guess we'll never know...  
But one thing is for sure,  
Without my past,  
My mistakes,  
My decisions,  
My present wouldn't exist!  
So in a way I'm thankful for my past  
It was a lesson...  
One that I will always hold dear!  
One that I will never repeat if I can help it!*

*cerry~*

## WHEN YOU GET "OLDER"

When you get "older"...

When you get "older" that's when you will know life!

At least that's what they said...

So when we were young what happened to us wasn't life?

Cause every time they say that, that's what I think about.

But maybe it's just the wording...

They say you don't have bills to pay, so why are you stressed?

As if money is the only thing that gets you stressed

It's funny really because it all starts at a young age...

the stress,

the pressure,

the mental breakdowns,

I wonder...

did they all even mean anything or is it me who missed something?

Life starts at birth

But life also starts at the age where you start to feel...

We know life is based on survival,

on what we went through,

and we all have things we went through

So no I don't believe that life starts when you're "older"

I believe that you gain new responsibilities when you get older

but you gain the strength to keep up from what you went through while you were young...

through the life you went through since young...

but that's just me though:)

That's what I believe...



## IF ONLY TIME COULD STOP...

*Rain comes and goes  
Dreams bring fear of the unknown  
Stress brings tiresomeness  
Love ends  
Loss comes and with it brings sorrow  
Time runs faster  
Pain haunts  
Being alone becomes a craving  
Eyes are closed and ears are plugged...  
you can't see and you hope not to hear  
but you can...  
and for some reason, it's relaxing.  
you can hear the tiny noises rain droplets make  
it's calming yet nerve-racking  
you want it but you don't  
make up your mind  
you want to make sense but nothing makes sense anymore  
it's not your fault it's just life.  
Paths are crossed  
there's no more left or right  
all that's left are barriers  
open your eyes  
but what's the point?  
It's no longer about what you want  
It's all about what NEEDS to be done  
Hope is lost and found  
You wish for time to stop,  
You wish for a chance to enjoy just for a bit...  
If only time could stop even for just a second.  
So I say...  
Smile more and be happy  
It might not be easy  
but this is the beginning of the journey...*

*let's start it with positivity.*

*Maybe then time might hit pause...*

## PLEASE DON'T LET GO OF MY HAND

### PLEASE DON'T LET GO OF MY HAND

*At first, it was me and them, then it was just me...I felt stranded and alone. I was afraid and didn't know what to do. In one single second, everything changed. Then I blamed you. There's no single excuse I could use to ease the pain I caused you... So then I ran away from you. I wanted to know you more but didn't know how to. Then it went dark. That single lightbulb that was holding my sanity left, and my world crumbled. Then you came. I apologized, and you forgave me. But I still felt alone; how can this be? Did you not forgive me? Will you also go? After all I did to you though you forgave me, I couldn't find it in me to forgive myself. I was so flustered that you just forgave me so easily and thought that maybe just maybe, deep down, there's no way you forgave me.*

*Then the weight of my chains increased, and the burden became heavy. I could feel the darkness swallow me. The little whispers of the lies of the devil telling me that you abandoned me too were becoming louder, I could feel you by my side, but all I could do was crouch down and weep, scared to open my eyes just to see that you left. I know you heard me cause you comforted me. Then I saw it. The key to my freedom. You. You didn't leave me. You stayed and reassured me. It was then that I saw that they never left either. I held your hand, and the whispers died. I smiled in the face of my enemy cause you had won my freedom. He cowered at your feet, and my journey began. The path is bumpy, so I ask you, Lord, please don't let go of my hand...*

## WHEN DID IT END?

When did it end?

When did I stop craving your attention?

For your care?

When did I start to distance myself?

When did I stop caring?

When did my walls go up? '

Facing grief due to division without wanting to let go. It's funny,

I used to feel your presence and anxiously wait to see you...

And now?

I disappear when you are around.

I dread this feeling!!!

Is it me?

You're my everything, and that will never change.

But for now,

Please let me fly.

I don't want to do this alone, but I want space.

Maybe then I'll be back to you. Maybe then things will go back to how it was. Wishful thinking, I know, but hey, a little wish never hurt anybody, yeah?

Things are gonna be okay!

*Cerry*

## EVERYTHING IS MEANINGLESS

*Everything is meaningless*

Rich or poor, we all have the same fate...

*Death*

Wise or foolish, we have the same fate...

*Death*

What good is being the wisest person in the world?

What good is being the wealthiest person in the world?

When we all have the same fate...

*Everything is meaningless*

I seek reason...

I seek answers...

I seek to understand...

Check out the book of Ecclesiastes!

What of my life?

What of my legacy?

What of my family?

Ecclesiastes!

Answer me, please!

~Cerry~

## THE BOOK OF REVELATION

Welcome to the Book of Revelation!  
Time is our new nemesis,  
depending on how delicately one treats it.  
Who was young yesterday is an adult today.  
Age has become faster than the flash.  
The future is progressively predictable yet unreadable.  
Welcome to the Book of Revelation!  
The wrong is starting to look right.  
The bad is the new good.  
Wars have become consecutive.  
And social media has become a plague,  
a poison,  
and some might even say a blessing, while others consider it a curse.  
Welcome to the Book of Revelation!  
The wise have become fools.  
We are enchanted by wealth and fame,  
things we will leave behind... Humorous!  
We are all left with questions we are afraid to ask,  
but this I must ask...  
Revelation, is it time?

~Cerry~

## THE NEVER-ENDING CYCLE

I take a breath in...  
It's a sign that I am alive!  
I blink rapidly and everything is clear...  
It's a sign that I can see!  
I thank the Creator for giving me a chance to live for another day.  
Time goes by, and I forget...  
I forget that the Creator has blessed me with yet another day,  
I forget that He has blessed me with sight to see,  
Auditory perception to hear,  
Mobility to use the rest of my body...  
I forget that God has blessed me with things others don't have  
Instead, I blame Him...  
For it is easy to blame Him than to praise Him  
It is easy to run from Him than to be persecuted by the whole world  
It's easy to tell myself how good He is than to share with the world as a whole...  
And then...  
Then comes regret!  
Regret of letting go,  
Regret of blaming Him,  
Regret of being a hypocrite...  
So?  
So I hide...  
From the pain,  
From the darkness,  
From the fear of abandonment,  
From the fear of rejection.  
And so?  
So I wait...  
For Him to come and hold my hand and lead me out of the dark...  
For Him to walk with me so that I am safe,  
For Him to turn my cries into laughter...  
Then?  
Then comes shame!

Shame of relying on Him even though I left Him,  
The shame of feeling so undeserving of His love,  
Shame of pushing Him away and only calling out to Him when I need Him  
The shame of being so shameless  
What next?  
The never-ending cycle repeats...  
Thankfulness!  
Forgetfulness and ungratefulness!  
Blame!  
Regret!  
Hiding!  
Waiting and calling out to Him!  
Shame!

~Cerry~



## I LOVE YOU SO I HAVE TO LEAVE?RIGHT?

Imagine falling In love...

That exotic yet ecstatic feeling of loving someone so much you feel like you don't deserve them...

and so you make a decision not because you hate them but because you're scared...

of how deeply in love you are,

of disappointing them,

of not deserving their love,

and so you leave...

but then you see them again

and they are with someone else

It hurts...

but it's your fault so you gotta look away

but damn it hurts...

Why did you take care of me?

Why love me even though I left?

Why care for me?

If I come back will you forgive me?

I'm selfish I know

I can't say I love you and then leave you

I'm fighting battles constantly within and it just feels unfair to pull you into my mess.

I love you, and that is why I can't make you suffer with me

I was bound to mess up anyways...

## I'M SORRY...I'M REALLY SORRY

I'm sorry...Of course, you are. It's funny how easily "sorry" comes out. I'm supposed to forget all you did cause you're "sorry." I've struggled so much with forgiving, but I also tend to forget that I, too, need to be forgiven. Living with the thought that maybe, just maybe, there is someone out there who I hurt so badly, but I can't even say sorry to them cause I don't know who they are or what I did...it's HARD! Just like that, I became one of them...one of the people who say "sorry"...like it's gonna fix anything. As a Christian, I've struggled with forgiving partially because when I see myself and how constantly I repeat the same sin, it makes zero sense to me why God would forgive me. It feels so lovely when you have been forgiven...But I wonder how many times will I be sorry? Will God forget? Will the people that I unintentionally hurt forget and find it in their hearts to forgive me? I pray that I never make anyone remember me for the hurt I caused them. I'm sorry...I'm really sorry!

~ Cerry ~

## LOST WORDS

and just like that, I find myself back here  
writing and wondering if I make sense  
wanting to find purpose but still lost  
here I am, searching for words to express what I feel  
it used to be easy then  
maybe it was because I felt passionate  
wanting to explore a new territory...  
I fell in love with writing, and then I lost the words  
I fell in love with the mysterious hidden figures in words  
but forgot how to use them  
and just like that, I couldn't express how I felt the only way I knew how to...  
with a paper and pen

## WHEN DID THE PREY BECOME THE ONE TO BLAME?

When did it become my fault?  
Smile!! You look unapproachable and rude!  
You're smiling at me. Does that mean you want me? Of Course, it does!  
Why are you always smiling? It's your fault they are coming to you like that!  
You're too comfortable!  
You're too easy!  
Stop smiling! You're giving them a reason!  
Smile! You look rude!  
Don't Smile!  
Smile!  
In the end, it won't matter, will It?  
After all, it's always going to be my fault!  
And then they wonder why the preyed upon stay silent!

~ Cerry ~

## WHY DOES IT FEEL LIKE I'M THE BAD GUY?

I am in trouble now  
You give, I take, I don't reciprocate, and yet you're still giving  
How ironic, if not comical  
You don't complain, and I guess whatever I do seems like enough to you...  
but to me?  
I'm like a gift you so excitedly want to open because of how I appear...  
but once you open it, nothingness is but an expression!  
I want to give you my all, but I can't,  
so I suggest you run and not look back!  
It's starting to hurt  
It feels like now I am the bad guy!  
I'm trying to fix it cause I'm tired of this sickening feeling!  
~Cerry~

## OH, HOW THE TIMES HAVE PASSED!

Oh, how the times have passed!

I was just 16,

Thinkin' bout graduating high school and looking forward to university.

Oh, how times have passed!

I remember being 10 years old and dreaming about being 20.

Imagining the freedom of adulthood...

Oh, how the times have passed!

It was only yesterday that I turned 17,

but now I'm turning 21 and wondering what I've done with my life so far.

I'm not so sure anymore, for in just one blink of an eye, I'll be turning 30.

Oh, how the times pass by once you hit your 20s!

~ Cerry ~

## THE POWER OF WORDS

*The power of words*

*Words can break you, and words can build you up*

*Words can shatter you, and words can renew you*

*Words can destroy you, but words can also restore you.*

*Words can empower you, and words can incarcerate you*

*Words can give you success, but words can take it all back*

*Be careful of what you say, but most importantly, be aware of who you say it to.*

*Though words can give you friends, words tend to attract snakes, too!*

*~ Cerry ~*

## THE CHAINS OF HATRED

Oh, how nasty hatred can be! Hatred kills. Hatred destroys? hatred traps. Hatred darkens. It's so easy to be blind once hatred takes over. All of a sudden, even heroin is no match. Compared to hatred, liquor doesn't even make you break a sweat. Only hatred can make you normalize pain but make you blind and numb enough not to notice the poisonous roots it plants within you. Only God can save you once that happens.

Hatred will give you so many reasons to justify. What are you, the judicial branch? Don't get me wrong, I know it ain't easy, and let's not forget that the culprit is pain...

Honestly, who am I to judge you? I be hating on things too. Maybe I am trying to convince you to be better than me. Or perhaps I'm telling myself. Either way, hatred won't fix anything, but it surely will bring you misery and, dare I forget, jealousy. It will bring you the type pain that turns on you. The type that imprisons you and holds you captive. The kind that makes you hate yourself. The type that makes YOU hatred! My dear friends, do not fall captive to hatred!

~ Cerry ~



## **WE ARE NOT MEANT TO BE.**

Maybe it's just me being tested. All the times I thought about you paved the way to distract myself. Whenever I imagine something with you, a puzzle is always missing, and I feel like the whole piece will always be incomplete. This feeling of wanting you but knowing it can't happen is sickening, and holding me by the neck. I'm suffocating, but you don't even care. I want to share my thoughts and feelings with you, but something is always in the way...maybe this is a sign. That we are not meant to be...

## IS THIS THE NARROW GATE?

It feels like I have so much to write, but the words seem to leave as fast as they come. My heart is in pain and relieved at the same time...I feel a little lost, but I'm okay cause I'm right where I'm supposed to be. Am I making sense? Like I'm trapped, but I'm free. I'm scared, but not really. I'm excited...not to stay but by the thought of returning. I thought that my calling was to be found far from home. I thought that only when I leave will I truly know...though I was right, I couldn't be more wrong. I know it don't make sense for now, but bear with me while I take you along this exciting journey God has made for me. Though scared of the unknown and clueless as to what's next, the words in the Book that give me answers to the questions I seek, I can cling to and hope I'm right. Matthew 7:14: is this the narrow gate?

## FAITH WITHOUT WORKS IS DEAD

Sometimes, I look at myself and feel unsatisfied with my progress so far. I fail to realize that it's God's plan and not my own. Every time I pray, "Let Your will be done," I become impatient and try to take it into my own hands. And, like always, I fail. You see, my over-ambitious attitude doesn't match my willingness to work for it. And this, my friends, is where everything goes down the drain. I have such big crazy goals that I want to achieve, yet I struggle with following em up with with crazy big works. "Faith without works is dead." Let that sink in...

## THE INFLATION IN MY MIND

I can't lie; I'm tired.

Every time I get closer, I realize that I'm further.

And yeah, it's a bit overcrowded in my mind, and I'm struggling to find my way.

I used to run to my mind for answers, but it has decided to protest against me.

Why?

Cause they don't wanna hear from me unless I pay a price...

I thought the inflation around me was wild, but the inflation in my mind, disrupting the little I have left, is insufferable.

I can't even afford a thought!!!

I'm tired, and all I can do about it is nothing; make that make sense...

## THIS TOO SHALL PASS

He said He will always be with me. I doubted Him. He said He will love me always. I disregarded His love. He said I can confide in Him. I chose to push Him away. He said, "Come to me all you who are weary, and I will give you rest." I chose to hide...ashamed of how I pushed Him away. I was embarrassed... ashamed of how I blamed Him... I thought that He could never forgive me. But you see, He already has. Every time I look at myself I see all that is wrong with me. My imperfections. My sins. My mistakes. You see, God has already forgiven me, but I have not forgiven me. This is so funny to me because if God said it is forgiven, it is forgiven. But of course, the devil can't let me know that I'm forgiven, and so he reminds me... of the constant shame of what I've done, which haunts me day and night. I'm lost in a daze and surrounded by nothingness. This feeling of not being able to amount to anything is weighing on me and crushing me to the ground. All of a sudden, I can't breathe. Yes, I've hit rock bottom, but after where God has brought me from? I know that this, too, shall pass.

## MALADAPTIVE DAYDREAMING

Maladaptive daydreaming...

The cool word that they call it.

As the days go by, my daydreaming worsens...

It used to be so harmless.

So easy.

So fun...

But now?

Now I'm trapped.

Now it's painful.

It steals the reality I am in...

It gives me hope for a fake reality that traps me and leaves me in shackles.

What once was a place of safety is now a place I want to escape from

Funny, isn't it?

The form of escapism I once held on to is now holding me and pulling me deeper into the abyss of darkness.

For the first time ever, I want to break free...

How do I do that?

## THE JOURNEY OF A THOUSAND MILES

Life.  
The journey of a thousand miles.  
The destination is unbeknownst.  
In times where tomorrow is not promised what are you chasing?  
Power?  
Fame?  
Love?  
Money?  
Dreams?  
Or perhaps yourself?  
I can't say I know for sure cause I too I'm in a race of my own.  
As I observe everyone else...  
Some are runners,  
Others are joggers,  
And others are walkers.  
But I see another kind,  
The seated one.  
They look relaxed and unbothered.  
Don't they want to reach to their destination?  
I thought that maybe they were resting but,  
No, instead they've made that their destination...  
Can't really blame them.  
Why run, jog, or even walk into the unknown...  
What if you fall?  
What if you fail?  
What if what you find only hurts you?  
Why won't you just stay put and comfortable?  
Why risk it?  
Because comfort doesn't always last...  
Because comfort only imprisons you.  
Because comfort delays you  
Because comfort is sometimes a disguise,  
So I will walk if needed be.

I will jog if needed be.

I will run instead of incarcerating myself.

I will be free from the 'what could've been.'

And maybe just maybe I will find my purpose.

I can only know if I go...



## WOE IS ME

Woe is me.

Nothing is going my way.

I have so much plans but no way of fulfilling them.

Woe is me...

For when I am near I am far.

Woe is me...

It's no longer easy

No one listens

No ones understands

Who do I confide in?

My dear friends this is no pity party.

You see its always been "woe is me" and never how do I fix this?

For as long as I can remember it's always been easier to feel bad for myself...

Yet I never could choose to help myself.

I realized then that maybe I was to blame.

The more time went by the more I wallowed in my sorrows.

I found comfort in my sorrows that I was entrapped by it.

But if I brought myself in this jail can't I let myself out?

## JUDGEMENT

The sins we made in the past have now come to haunt us.  
Should the sins we committed then be the cause of our deaths?  
The sins we made, thinking nothing of it, shouldn't be the reason for our persecution.  
I am not saying that we shouldn't be accountable for them, but all of you who persecute without reason. Who made you the judge?  
Are you oh so perfect that you should judge me?  
That you should blame me?  
That you should persecute me?  
How hypocritical of you!  
You like to push others on the edge, but it could never be you, right?  
But do tell us...  
Are you oh, so perfect?  
Have you never sinned?  
You might say, "At least mine was never as heavy as your own."  
But isn't every sin a sin, regardless?  
Or you might even say that "at least my own was not made public and is still a secret."  
Have you forgotten that everything done in secret will come back to haunt you?  
Has it ever occurred to you that maybe, just maybe, you persecuting me is really a way for you to feel better about yourself?  
Away to keep your own faults hidden by trying to appear as a righteous person who is a persecutor but never the persecuted.  
My dearests, repent and turn from your sinful natures as well.  
My sins have been made public without my consent.  
I am ridiculed and persecuted by everyone.  
But maybe this is my shot at redemption.  
This is my chance to humble myself and seek forgiveness from the almighty.  
My sins might not seem heavy to some but may also seem heavy to others.  
But one thing is sure: I am guilty and burdened by my sins.  
To those I hurt, I sincerely apologize. I do not expect your forgiveness, but I do hope you can find it within you to grant it to me...  
For your forgiveness is a gift.  
And to the judge of all judges.  
To the almighty and merciful Lord,  
Please have mercy on me, for I have sinned.

Cleanse me of my sins.

Help me stay away from my sinful nature and walk into the path you have in store for me.

AMEN.

## FLAWS FLAWS FLAWS

Flaws Flaws Flaws

How I detest you so.

You come at worst of times unexpected but expected

You're like a shadow I can't get rid of

And oh, how frustrating it is.

"Embrace your flaws" they say

But how does one embrace the very thing that breaks them?

How am I supposed to make peace with something that haunts me day by day?

We aren't meant to be perfect

but can we at least be good enough?

Can I ever be good enough?

Not for others, but for myself?

## THE UNSPOKEN WORDS OF A BROKEN PERSON, Pt 1

I used to be so confident  
or rather I used to mask my confidence so well it fooled everybody  
Now..  
Now I'm left with self doubt  
I am left in my feeling 24/7  
The girl who was once so brave and on top is suddenly so timid and hidden  
It used to be so easy to hide my flaws  
I would go out with a bright smile and nobody knew the havoc that was running through me.  
I had a routine you see,  
I'd shine bright and showcase my smile all day and then cry myself to sleep, easy right?  
But then,  
My smile faded and my tears ran out.  
I was left blank and insecure...  
I started binging on lies of what I thought people saw when they looked at me  
I chased after the wrong things cause in a weird way they made me feel seen...

## ME VS. ME

I have come to a realization that truly no one cares  
At least not in the regards I hold them up to...  
We give people too much power and credit that we fail to realize that it don't matter  
But I do appreciate positive criticism any day.  
Now back to what I was saying  
There's one line I heard that said, "No one can make you feel inferior, without your consent."  
That line ate can't lie  
SO I dug deep and thought,  
I can't remember people's opinions ever hurting me DEEPLY  
I mean yea, it probably hurt for a day or two  
But it wasn't my feelings that were hurt, but my pride.  
However,  
I found the culprit.  
The person that was really causing damage.  
It was me.  
It was me hurting me  
and if I'm being honest it's still currently a job I seem to do daily.  
Now I'm realizing  
I am the self critic  
I am the one hating on me  
I am the one that can't stand me  
I am the one that makes me feel inferior  
My question is now that I know it's me, how do I stop giving myself consent?  
How do I stop myself from doing the only thing I seem to be very good at?  
When faced with such a realization, how does one fix this?  
This is painful,  
The one person I'm supposed to rely on.  
The one person that is supposed to have my back can't even stand me.  
If I myself reject me,  
Who can accept me?  
And the worst part is I ain't even getting paid, like it's all voluntary.  
It's kind of funny now that I think about it...