

# Anthology of cerry

Presented by

*My poetic Side* 



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## 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!!*

## CATCH UP

*Why is this so hard?*

*Every time I feel like I'm catching up...*

*Every time I feel like I took a big step forward...*

*Reality strikes and I realize that I took two steps back instead.*

*I feel so close yet so far and this is a dreadful feeling..*

*I aim for the stars but do they really want me?*

*Burdens of these exceedingly expectations weigh on me day in and they out!*

*I feel lost...*

*Did I lose?*

*Is it time to give up?*

*I ask myself God why me?*

*I want this but does it want me?*

*I know that what is meant for me will always be mine*

*but its starting to feel like I can never catch up*

*Alas is it time to give up?*

*Giving up seems like the easiest option but it won't give me happiness*

*this dream of mine is one that gives me peace and hope...*

*what do I have to do?*

*what more can I do?*

*How can I catch up?*

*Lord I'm tired!*

## THAT TIME OF THE YEAR

*A cold snowy night...  
Windy but peaceful...  
and lonely....  
It's that time of year!  
Christmas is near and the loneliness is getting overwhelming....  
Nobody to hold on to on this cold night, whilst you seek warmth.  
Looking outside and making movie scenes in your head..  
Memories swaying left and right.  
Family is around and you're happy...  
but there's something missing...  
Or rather someone...  
Maybe next year I won't be so lonely...  
Maybe next year I'll have someone...  
Funny that's what I told myself last year....  
But hey it's that TIME OF THE YEAR!  
One that brings joy and happiness!  
One that brings families together!  
One that brings people together!  
One of the most memorable time of the year!  
One that celebrates the birth of Jesus Christ!  
Christmas is coming...and this is the time of the year I look forward to the most!  
Merry Christmas!!*

## 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 some of us can't help but constantly ask ourselves?  
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 run away from them...  
Hoping to feel better...  
When all along I was running 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!*

*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  
Damnn 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!

## 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