

Anthology of neckymonky



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To everyone I met somewhere along this journey of life, you?ve shaped my mind, put me through things, and all of it led to this. Oh, and I should also give a big thanks to my weed dealer.....

About the author

Still new to writing poems, but for me, it's a way to lift the weight off my chest. Like they say, better out than in. These words carry the thoughts that pass through my mind, and the emotions I feel as I face whatever life throws my way

summary

Embracing Change: Moving Beyond Fear

Free from the lies

I May Not Be a CEO

In every shared moment, we truly heal

Am I a Automaton

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Nothing Is Certain, It's All an Illusion

The Ladder and the Ghost

Still Here

Still Breathing

Better Than Love

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Embracing Change: Moving Beyond Fear

Things that once made me tremble and shake
No longer hold power, my fears to break
The monsters that hid under my bed
Are now just memories, long gone and dead
The darkness that once made my heart race
Now brings me a sense of calm and grace
The shadows that lurked in my mind
Are now just illusions, left behind
I am changing, growing stronger each day
Leaving behind my childish ways
What once scared me, now brings me peace
A new perspective, a chance for release
The world is vast, and so am I
No longer a child, but a being that flies
I'll face my fears, and chase my dreams
For I am the one in control, it seems
So bring on the darkness, bring on the night
For I am no longer afraid of the fight
I'll embrace the change, and hope for the best
For a brighter tomorrow, is what I request.

Free from the lies

In the digital world we traverse,
Where words are mightier than swords,
Beware the ones who spin a tale,
With honeyed words that never fail.
For even the craziest of minds,
Can write in ways that tantalize,
With artful prose that's meant to sway,
And lure us down a twisted way.
But do not be fooled by their ruse,
Or be consumed by their abuse,
For if you don't challenge what you hear,
You'll find your truth replaced by fear.
So question all that comes your way,
And sift through words with care each day,
For in this world of screens and clicks,
The line between truth and lies can mix.
But fear not, for you hold the key,
To know what's real and what's debris,
Just listen to that inner voice,
And make a choice that's filled with poise.
So in this digital world we roam,
Let's use our wits to find our home,
And craft a path that's true and clear,
Free from the lies and filled with cheer.

I May Not Be a CEO

In the quiet moments of everyday life,
Where grandeur seems absent, and routine is rife,
There lies a beauty, subtle yet profound,
In the small acts of kindness that abound.
Not all are destined to command the stage,
To be the CEO, the star, the sage,
But in the gentle hands that remove harm's way,
Lies a hero's heart, humble yet gay.
For the one who clears the glass from the path,
Who offers a sweater, a meal, or a bath,
Who pets the cat, or holds a door,
Their worth is immeasurable, forever more.
So here's to the unsung, the quiet, the meek,
Whose actions speak love, though they seldom speak,
For in every small deed, they echo the call,
That to save one heart, is to save us all.

In every shared moment, we truly heal

In life's grand, unfolding play,
We learn to cherish the light of day,
For when we laugh, the world joins in,
A symphony of joy, a collective grin.

Yet in the quiet of the night,
When sorrows grips,
We stand alone, our silent cries,
Beneath the vast, uncaring skies.

"Keep to yourself," the world implores,
"Your heavy heart and closing doors."
For burdens shared are burdens doubled,
And who would want to bear someone else's troubles?

But let me offer a gentle plea,
For a world more kind, a world more free,
Where laughter shared is doubled delight,
And a hand is held in the darkest night.

For though it seems we cry alone,
There's solace found in a kindly tone,
And hearts that care, though few they be,
Are lights that guide us through a stormy sea.

So share your joy, and yes, your pain,
For every loss there's much to gain,
In connections forged, in love that's real,
In every shared moment, we truly heal.

Am I a Automaton

**I don't mourn for the dead,
Losses don't burden my soul,
I've forgotten the art of connection,
Attachment feels flimsy,
Commitment seems like squandered time,
Behind a mask of myriad faces, I hid the fact that, I've become automaton.**

To the Universe

I don't ask for much.

I don't wish to be transformed into an unfeeling vessel, adrift and uncaring.

I just long to be my old self again.

Not a version improved or refined, just that battered, whimsical soul lost in a world of fantasy.

Is it too much to ask for? To return to that damaged, delusional dreamer who finds solace in imagination?

Do Not Assume

Don't take my kindness for weakness,
No one knows the violence it took to become this gentle.
Nothing is forgotten, nothing is forgiven, just ignored for a better future.
No one should test the boundaries of a fantasy land that once was a misty swamp.

Near Edge

Feels like a bot,
just missing a body to match it,
soulless, distant, and devoid of emotion,
needing only a shell to complete the form.

Lost in a haze

I stand in the shadow of the unseen, Waiting for a presence that won't be.
This hollow ache, this silent scream, A yearning for something that can't set me free.
My heart heavy, a gaping hole, Longing for what I do not know,
Embracing the void as it takes its toll, Lost in a haze, no place to go.
Yet in this stillness, whispers speak, A hint of solace, though faint and weak.
Perhaps in time, I'll find what I seek, Until then, I breathe, endure, be meek.

Nothing Is Certain, It's All an Illusion

The nevers you once pushed aside
Will return to claim a place inside.

The path you chose with steady hand
May lead to lands you never planned.

There is no law, no perfect thread,
Just lies that keep you warm, then dead.

The Ladder and the Ghost

I was a ghost once,
quiet in corners,
dust on the soul,
hollow in the places where music used to live.
for years,
I wore silence like armor,
turned my back on songs,
on sunsets,
on the way two hands can find each other in the dark.
Then she smiled,
and for a moment,
I thought maybe the dead could breathe again.
I peeled off the rust,
grew back pieces I had buried,
spoke the language of warmth
I had sworn I'd forgotten.
I gave her the keys to a world
I'd kept locked behind frostbitten ribs.
Changed the way I walked,
the way I saw myself,
started believing I could be more
than just a shadow in passing.
But I was just a ladder,
held steady till she reached the sky,
then left leaning against nothing
but the memory of a climb.
Now the music hurts again.
Love is a joke with sharp teeth.
And I'm back to sweeping the ashes
of someone I almost became.
But this time,
I wrote it down.
So even if no one reads between the lines,

at least I have.
At least I know
what it cost
to feel again.

Still Here

I made a promise, not just words in passing,
but something stitched into the softest part of me.
Even now, though the silence stands tall like stone,
I still speak in ways that don't need sound.
You walled me out, and I don't blame you.
We all build when we're hurting.
But I've stood quietly at the edge,
not to break through,
but to remind you,

I never walked away.

This care I carry, it's not a trick of the moment,
not a flame that flared and died.
It's the thing that cracked me open,
showed me how to feel again.
Before you, I only knew happy or quiet.
Now I know the ache of love
that asks for nothing,
but still stays.
I could shut it down, turn myself cold again,
but I won't.
Even if it hurts,
I won't trade the light I found for a numb kind of peace.
So if you ever look back,
know this,
I didn't stop caring.
I just stepped back
so you could breathe.
And I remained
right here,
heart full,
arms open,
still loving you
in the gentlest way I can.

Still Breathing

i didn't move,
but am i the same?
the voices wonder, soft and strange.
are you the same?
ask the dear friends
who watched the light leave,
then return again.
i wore a smile,
thin as mist,
and whispered to myself
not quite.
i was a shipwreck,
splintered and sinking,
but i found my lighthouse.
late,
but just in time to pull me
from the waves.
through haze and howl,
its flicker reached me,
not clear,
but enough.
am i still surviving?
did it change me?
did i lose
the piece that made me me?
yes.
a little.
i had to.
some things must be let go,
or they drag you under.
you never really escape the storm,
the trauma clings like salt on skin,
but you learn to breathe with it.

the pain dulls,
the tides settle,
and the world's turning
doesn't cut so deep.
eventually,
this becomes the norm,
you, alone,
but living.

Better Than Love

*A shower at 3AM,
steam curling like ghosts of things unsaid.
It held me better
than hands that swore they'd never let go.
No promises, no pressure,
just warmth that didn't ask for mine in return.
The water ran,
and with it, the ache.
Love said, "I'll fix you."
The shower said nothing
and still did more*

The Relapse

*I fed the silence with sweat and steel,
But your name still echoes louder than my breath.
I thought I buried you under bench presses and soreness,
But today you smiled in the group chat,
And the ghost I buried came home to feast again...*