

Anthology of ForeverAbi

Presented by

My poetic side 



summary

Existing

I love you so much, I almost hate you

Memories or Nightmares?

They were her all, and she was the "they"

Existing

Happiness.

When I think of happiness I think of you.

I think of when I'd smile and how I'd always laugh.

How they were both real and genuine and for once not fake

How I share more memories with you than anybody else

But then as I keep thinking I think of the times you weren't around

The times when I was choked with sadness almost like it was water

And I was drowning and falling deep deep down

Then when I finally reached the surface and I saw you, It was like all the water evaporated

Then slowly I started to ponder, What would my life be

If this didn't exist, us, you know, you and me.

I love you so much, I almost hate you

I love the way my eyes soften when I see your face
I love the way my arms welcome you into my embrace
I love the way my smile widens at the thought of you
I love the way my smile is always genuine and forever true
I love the way my face brightens when you're around
I love the way you're unique and recognisable in a crowd
I love the way you inspire me to be better everyday
I love the way you always understand even if i don't know what to say
I love the way you're always with me and if not, you're always near
I love the way that even if I'm scared, somehow, you always manage to wipe away the fear
I love the way we communicate without making a sound
I love the way you listen to me without me having to shout
I love the way we joke around but can be just as serious
I love the way your smile and laugh are so extremely contagious
But I hate the way I love you so much, sometimes more than me
But somehow, really, I don't hate it because you're my best friend, you see

Memories or Nightmares?

Memories.

There's only two ways to view them;

They're either a blessing or a curse, but only time will tell;

It's undeniable we wish we could only remember the good ones and erase the bad

But what good would that do us but only cause more pain and hurt

No one really tells of how memories cut just as deep and open old wounds

Where the line, between the memory

and the realisation you'll never experience something like that again, is drawn

Then after how you start to wonder, are memories really a blessing

Or are they just a curse in disguise, that we're too blind to see

So as one might say, memories, a sickly sweet term for nightmares

And a sense of comfort for those who seek it

no one ever tells you how those memories fade to dreams

and eventually what was once comforting becomes a nightmare

to relive again and again, over and over

Everyday until the very end.

They were her all, and she was the "they"

She was their refuge, yet no one was hers

She gave them what no one else could, and in return, they gave her much worse

She comforted them and made them feel safe,

They only took from her though, never even once gave

She seemed tired, yet no one seemed to notice

While she withdrew, they grew and rose like a lotus

She was too nice to say anything, they just took advantage of it

She needed her refuge, someone, who like her was ready to commit

Someone who was there for her, completed her when she was drained

A safe place, a person she could rely on, where their support wasn't feigned

She needed her person, a home she could retreat to

Everyone needs a place they seek refuge, you might not think so, but even you too

She finally found that person, she just needed to search deeper

And she knew it was not ever possible for this person to leave her

They were her shelter, her house, even more, her home

She knew from then on she'd never be alone

Her definition of refuge was no longer "A safe place or a sanctum"

It had been modified to "anything that reminds her of them"

Her smiles became real and her innocent laughs genuine

As you see, if someone's your refuge, they love you no matter what state you're in

This person now painted her past, present and future

And it would always be like that, just like centimetres on a ruler

It's funny, she sought her refuge, and it became a part of her

They gave her a unique feeling, had her wishing she'd met them sooner

She was their refuge, now someone was hers

She gave them what no one else could, and in return, they never gave any worse

She comforted them and made them feel safe,

they did the same, whilst they took, they also gave

She was her own refuge, she was the "they", she found comfort in herself

I mean, who better to make us feel safer, when only we truly know ourselves

We should complete ourselves, other people should be there to add

If someone else completes you, it's just hidden now, but you'll still always be sad...