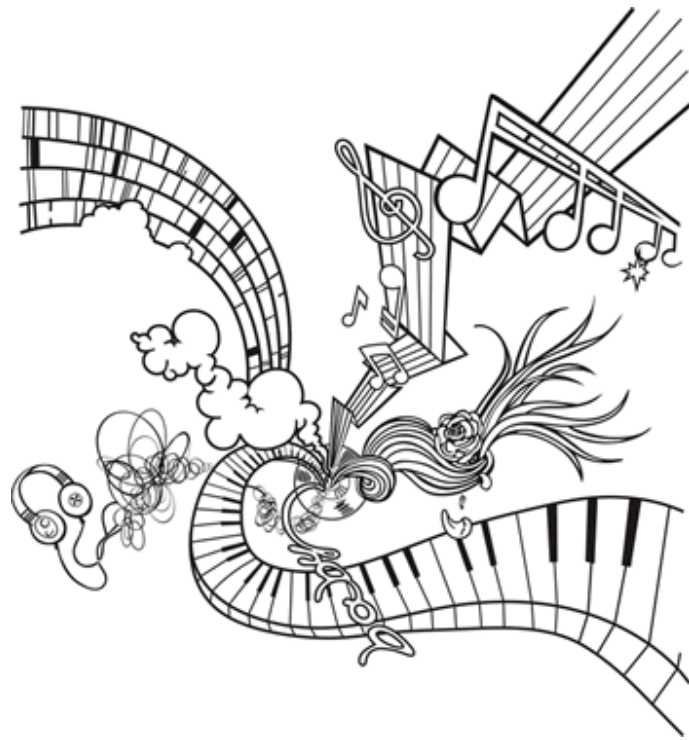


The Stories That Make Us

SweetOdodoGrass43



Presented by

My poetic Side **P**

About the author

I'm a humble author who likes to show the beauty in the world.

summary

Soft Singing

The Thing That Dies

The Unknown Battle

Ghost's of Enemy's Past

What Lies Inside

Time

Ignorance Tears at Skin

Blossom

What Makes Our Bones

The Scourge

Adapt

Lies to Children

Death Inside Me

My Will

Worry

Truth Hurts

Not Those Kind Of People

Words that define

Lying in wait

One with myself

What could happen

It is what it is

Worth

Soft Singing

I feel the soft wind whisper of the past
Past wrongs, good deeds, and sorrowful love
The Wind tells of the tragedy and coldness of vengeance
How many stories does it hold?
How many lives told?
Can the singing complete it all?
May the song tell of my story too?

The Thing That Dies

Hope was a simple being
She searched for nourishment
She found a mate
Hope loved to fly
UP HIGH, where the endless clouds gave the heavens that **earthly glow**
As Hope flew, she wished to never come down
The tales of her flight and how she soared spread
When one day, her wings spread ten-fold
Her pride led to the hubris that encompassed her soul
Never to stop
Fed on the nectar of clouds
IMMORTAL
The pain came suddenly
Her wing throbbed
She fell from the heavens
Hope felt the wind pass through her wings
-Dropping air pressure
The impact of the earth, that **GROUNDING** force
As the shadow stood after her
She was lifted
Too tired to move
No longer able to imbibe the nectar of the clouds
Hope's head hung low
Before the heaviness sank in
The color of the words spoken drifted in the air
"A nice catch that bird is, quick-footed with grace, but too distanced with reality to hold fear. It's one in a million, for they fly drunk, starved, and crazed."
And the words were **RED**

The Unknown Battle

The battle is not fought with guns or weapons
The conflict is not sought by the many
I stop and think for a second
For the battle is still going-as always not friendly
With words that shatter the frame
The atmosphere reeks of shame
How many will take their lives
For the everblooming words turn dark inside
The lights will guide
The thunderous words of things denied
How many more lives will be fought with words?

Ghost's of Enemy's Past

The enemy has haunts
The tiny pricks of needles at the delicate skin
Every syllable crawling in the skin
Unbearable
Intoxicating
Energy never disappears
It only takes another form
Sent to another source
Another output
The pain is never gone
Never to disapate
Hate always lingers
Peace requires war
SPEAK
HOLD IT IN
Ghosts of the past pour out
Never-ending

What Lies Inside

I suppose the air should feel graceful
That pedestal of light
To feel the joy wafting from loved ones
Yet the falseness of this smile corrupts my heart
I gasp in sudden reminiscing
-The embarrassment of it all
Can I be so shallow?
Can I be so selfish to believe it is all about me
Reminded of the people with less
Gratitude must be my emotion
-But the feelings of being incomplete still permeate
The uncomfortable incessant laughing
How long has this been hiding inside?
How long has it lied inside?
-But yet- Gratitude is what I should feel

Time

It's running out
The work piles up
The social visits
The overpowering pressure
The pot that boils over
Don't make me choose
The harder route I take
Still young
So sad
Don't make me choose
Don't let me cry
Time drifts
It moves on
The wave
The sand
Even the mountains
They all move on
They wait for no one
Time is a cloud
Time never stops
Time-You make me choose

Ignorance Tears at Skin

Assisting in the cause
Going beyond
Yet they choose to ignore
Reality is always there
A cloud above the head
The vulture always circling
I set up
I prepare
I try to help
They ignore
I don't understand
They know of the coming war
They see the dark shadow that they can overcome
Instead choosing to die
To afraid to even try?
Why are you here?
Those conceited sounds pour out of my mouth
I organize
I prepare
Why don't you?
I pains me to see others leave
But I also feel the absence of thought for them
I lie unsure
Why did you choose to fail?

Blossom

The cornucopia of new things
Flowers at my feet
Basking in the innocence of ignorance
May the world be free
Little problems forevermore
The heaviness shed
Nevermore to be jealous of the snake that sheds its skin
May the world blossom

What Makes Our Bones

Our bones, made of seemingly soft material
They hide their strength and the weakness
The outline of the skin and sagging flesh that hangs
We nurture
We crave
That perfect tone
How the flesh forms
The only way to appreciate
How can the skin hurt so much?
How does the flesh define us?
Inside lies the bones
Their job; to hold everything inside
To keep it together
Stop it from falling apart

Can it be true?
Can outward complexion define our inner bodies?
When does the sadness the bones hold stop weighing us down?

Bones keep us together
And in the end are the only thing that is left

The Scourge

The illness takes
Wailing screams
Children that pray
Yet they keep their head up
Don't look down
Raise the buildings above the pollution
Raise the children above it all

Let the child test your food
As they cough on the blood
Don't let them stain that sickly white uniform
When mothers outlive their children
When the teachers all leave

The emotion gone
No one left to rage
No one to cry
Plain
No oxygen left

The masks we all wear
The illness hurts
The illness takes
A single misdeed breaks the veil
All sympathy gone
Selfish by nature
Illness cannot stop
Multiplies like pests
They know the end it coming
The illness ignores
The illness is **US**

Adapt

Focused on the view
What makes me
My body
My soul
Don't lie
Please
I must try
Thoughts
Feelings
Don't get caught
Uncomfortable
I don't want to change
Why do you?
Can it please-
BE TRUE
Must I change
Must you?
Anger only to always-
Turn to love
Terror-
It turns sour
Don't change
Adapt

Lies to Children

The clinking of the glasses
The laughter
The low roar of gossip and women dressed stylishly
A sea of tan skin
Unending
They rise
One
by
One
Onto the podium
The tipsy walking and the laughter that follows
They speak words so foreign
Violence
Peace
Suburbs
Ghettos
Equality
Obedience
They speak humorously
With no repercussions
As they all leave with the ominous sound
"For the children"
The children that stands in the corner
Dressed like a doll
Plastered smiles
Ornaments to the evening
Those who defy
Are left behind
A pleasing figure
To sate the guilt
They lie
Gazes cast upon those:
Holy

Blessed

Sanctified

Dedicated

Divine

CHILDREN

Dresses graze the floor

Comedic acts occur

Wandering beyond the party

Left is an empty hall

The children left behind

They smile still

Intended to please

Clacking heels finally leave

Funds raised

They served their purpose

So now they part

Labor awaits them

Even though they were the ordained few

The last statement uttered

"For the children at last"

Death Inside Me

A happy day
The time is slow
The sky dark
Enter the day
A single task
Below expectations
Satisfactory
But not good enough
More work to do
The water overfills the cup
One more thing
Failure
The sinking pit in the stomach
Failure
Failure
Failure
The next section of the day
I feel better maybe
One goes smoothly
The next rageful
Anger at myself
Focus
Focus
Focus
Can I not be better
TRY HARDER
DON'T GIVE UP
My mind won't work
I feel broken
Sorrow
Self-pity
Anger
Not enough

The ride home
The quick walk
I can't function
Hunger
Fulfilled
Relaxing never fulfilled
Music helps
I play
I practice
A rare commodity
Soul cleansed
I rest
Emotions still lying there
Eating inside me
Just packed
Condensed
Kept inside
They would all pity
They would all cry
They would all leave
My emotions and me
Tucked inside
Compartmentalized
The emotions lie
Secretive
Inside
Death
The Death that lies inside

My Will

Can I talk?
-Just for a minute
Please- don't walk
I know this might be my limit
You interrupt me without a second thought
I might as well be an ornery object-maybe a pot
I'm wrong
You are wright
I'm sorry.
Right?
Yes
Never mind that is your name
Makes me feel small all the same
"You gaslighted fool"
- I whisper in the night
May I speak
Or, will I give you a fright
I always accuse you- Somehow I sneak
Can I not-
Can I-
...Speak?

Worry

Why
Can't
I
I've finished my task
Yet I worry
For the future
Uncertain
Is clouded
In a dark rain
Not light
Full of quietness
But loud
And cold
Full of fears
I don't want to drown
Or be laughed at
The plane sinks
As the wing is struck
Never to be mended
Screams
Future never met
Stories never told
Can I be
-broken?
Sitting in the corner
Forgotten
Drops
On my head
Bringing the water higher
Slowly
Disappointment

Truth Hurts

You ask
I answer
Honestly
Without hesitation
No remorse
You sigh
With such mournfulness
-that I shudder at the intentions
How am I guilty
Why am I guilty
For something, I did not cause
Should I have let the whispers spread
Let them talk
To tarnish you
Only for you to return
With the realization of the truth
Yes the truth hurts
But would you rather be lied to?

Not Those Kind Of People

"We are not those kinds of people."

Words that my mother speaks

I constantly feel like I reek

Of the sadness that clings to my body

Full of little comments hidden inside

"Not those kinds of people."

Slowly turning into you

All the little things

Matter most to me

Words that define

Words that define

The hero's ambitions; spurred

We live in a short lifetime

The wind kills the hero's words

Or crushed by the now crumbling stone; the sad lovebird

The misunderstood villain

Undone by words to the bone; spitting out their watchwords

No cure to this disease; no penicillin

Do you think words don't hurt? Lazy like a bovine.

Do you think I would walk around like a drunk, with my words slurred?

Did you think the words would cause me to create a shrine?

Or use the letters to create a dedication in the foreword?

The words you speak are not a password

You are not one in a million

My mouth will not put in a good word

Please go ahead hero, kill him

Lying in wait

Why is it, the cage never feels like a cage 'till we were set free?
To encompass the fanciful notions of a world free
Freedom is such a blessed word
Not applied to the Bloodbound, who only cause injury
That does nothing for that pounding sensation in the chest
Not to fuel with flutter
Not to make it burst with pride
But the crafted, sleek moisture
Sticking to my lungs
Harder to breathe
The glassy eyes hinder sight
But I don't pause
Feel guilt by suspicion
Don't breathe too hard
Or else you'll break
Remember your place
For when the fire-lit stage that fuels rage is done
They proclaim "Your sins will be undone by none."
But still you ponder
On a wretched night
Still blind to the onslaught of twined mysteries
"Where do I draw the line?"
Waiting for the years to pass
When will the time run out?
When I can finally escape?
Sapped of the honor I once held
When can I leave?

One with myself

Sometimes it hits me like a bolt
An arrow shot out of some archer's loose grip
When I reminisce
I can't help but flinch
Why are these memories so painful
A searing heat that moves across my brow
My body
Then I reason
Try to make sense
To be my own friend
When I desperately don't need one

What could happen

Sometimes I wonder if I can change it all
Cloaked in shadows and false light
I wonder if this future
Forged by destiny and screwups
Can all be changed by a thought
By an action
That will never happen
Why do I spend so much time?
So much time.
On something that will never happen.

It is what it is

This real
Not made of paper
Nor wisps of imagination
The train does not stop
It isn't golden flaxen
It does not shine
My actions have consequences
Cannot distance my condolences
I cannot wish away
Pain may ache
Filled with regret not mine
My emotions may fill the lake
but
It is real
and
It is me

Worth

Maybe it's not worth it
That mistake
That shot
It all makes a wound
Not worth the pain
Not worth the "sorry"
Picket fences
With a white I'll never see
Feet that get out of bed
Dragging
Maybe I'm not worth it