

Anthology of Hannah Gray

Hannah Gray

Presented by

My poetic side 

summary

The Darkness

Freedom's Ring

BPD

The Darkness

We meet again on the path of self destruction,
somber skies reveal *The Darkness* drawing closer.

Vulnerably consciousness under gray clouds,
paralyzed by the rain that showers down.

Accepting defeat in this pitched battle,
neglecting optimism for a familiar road traveled.

The Darkness and I, we're rather old friends,
hiding in the shadows from the moment life began.

Infallibly by my side, embraced with open arms,
coexisting with *The Darkness* conveys a warmth.

Secure in the chaos that burdens my psyche,
a prisoner of war seduced by melancholy.

Freedom's Ring

Captivated by romance while wearing rose colored glasses,
being predominantly intimate, a family is crafted.

Uncharted roads with lethal love as the driver,
a baby arrives in the midst of disaster.

A beautiful boy born in November,
flourishing rapidly despite the frigid winter.

Mom and dad constantly at battle,
leaving holes in the walls causing collateral damage.

Dad lays roses full of thorns
in every crack and crevice of the house he transformed.

Mom is drowning, fights to survive,
walks on eggshells with fear in her eyes.

One hot summer day after dinner was served,
a thorn pierces mom worse than ever before.

Baby by her side, nothing to her name,
the finale of this cycle,
she hears *Freedom's Ring*.

BPD

"i'm not an evil person,"
i whisper after the split.
i have have always been misunderstood,
crying out for help.
no one there to guide me,
it's been every man for himself.
i truly love so deeply,
my entire heart and being.
caring, thoughtful, and nurturing,
everything i've ever sought for.
value others more than myself,
intensely understanding.
hypervigilant,
wearing a mask,
personality mirroring.
like a chameleon,
i blend with my surroundings.
peacemaker,
caretaker,
even the devils advocate.
finding beauty in the pain,
until darkness engulfs my body.
tearing me apart piece by piece,
black is all i can perceive.
rage, hate, resentment,
i hate you.
i hate me.
who am i?
an answer i'll never apprehend.
searching for the will to live,
feeling everything in the void.
self destructive habits,
numb the pain,

numb my brain.
aware of what i'm doing,
but too far gone to evade.
watching myself slipping,
yet no energy to defy.
furthermore,
darkness,
has always felt like home.
the only place i've ever felt like i am not alone.
so once again i slip,
into the comfort of the shadows.
cradled with melancholy,
tightly in its arms,
unable to detach,
a slave to the somber it brings upon.
those not kissed by the merciless demon,
cannot fathom to understand.
they say,
"suck it up, life isn't that bad,"
but all i see is black.
there is no light where i am,
the only way out is death.
demons live inside your brain,
they tell you horrible things.
kill yourself,
you're unlovable,
unworthy to breathe earth's air.
if you try to tell me differently,
they will not allow me to hear.
instead,
i'll make you believe every word,
being repeated in my head.
waking up in the mornings,
with only the demons by my side.
i cannot say i'm sorry,
i don't know how to feel.

i warned you of my demons,
always out to kill.
if only you understood,
this disease of the brain,
then you'd see i'm just a child,
that has never been saved.