

There are no poems in here

emilie

Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

My feelings, you always are there for me.

Also, Hubert.

About the author

I write for my soul. Sometimes I need to write to understand how I feel and to process what I am feeling. Some days I feel more inspired than others, some days I don't write at all. I can't remember when I started to write. It feels like I've been doing this since I was in my mother's womb. It was always something that came effortless to me. Now that it's a hobby, I wish I paid more attention in English class. I write to appeal to a niche community that also shares the joy of wallowing in their despair; the ones who dare not be afraid of their trauma and are learning to heal. I guess writing is my therapy. Since I started writing, I noticed the ways I've grown and matured. Things I didn't think I could heal suddenly didn't feel the same anymore. The heaviness, burden, sadness gone. I'm reparenting myself as I did 10 years ago. I hope my writings bring a sense of nostalgia that too will reach whoever it intends to reach. Anyways, it's just something I've been working on.

summary

Biology Class

Growing Pains

I want to go home

Sunday Mourning

Conjoined

Roaring Twenties

Biology Class

I wish I wasn't disgusted by the image in the mirror
Dissecting it apart like biology class
If only I was like the other girls
That didn't hate their image
Only seeing flaws
I imagine how I could rearrange my parts to make me more beautiful
If only I could cut the fat away
Shave all the unwanted hairs
Then maybe I might love myself more

Growing Pains

The sun was out
I was nine years old
We sat on the ground,
Making daisy crowns
The clouds came in
and we were playing musical chairs
Droplets of rain started to fall
And suddenly I'm seventeen
Out comes the sun
On the playground,
Grounders
An obscurity in the sky
Now in university
Nineteen with a dream
I felt so alive to be seen
Emerging from the fog
Suddenly I'm twenty three

I want to go home

I want to go home
To a place where I feel safe,
But what if my bed is uncomfortable?
I want to go home
To a place I feel loved,
But what if it's cold?
I want to go home
To a place I can embrace myself
But what if I'm all alone,
With my thoughts that drive me insane?
I want to go home
But I'm scared of uncertainty
I'm scared my bed will reject me the way you reject me
I'm scared you'll be cold
And it's driving me insane
Uncertainty

Sunday Mourning

When I die, I hope you'll be there too
In life or death,
I'm yours, and you are mine
Just like bees need honey,
A baby needs its mother
A life without you is not worth living
The world is dull, colourless
She is unforgiving, bitter
You are the sun
Your aura is bewitching,
Nothing as pure can compare
As you baptise us with remnants of your soul
I take a part of you, and you take a part of me
Sacramental bread and wine
You make me feel like God

Conjoined

you drive me insane in a good way
i feel like ripping my skin off
and sewing it to yours
so we could be together
forever

Roaring Twenties

Being a woman in your twenties
means completing university and starting your career
It means she can fly away from her nest and fend for herself
She is also a mother, wife, daughter in law
Being a woman in your twenties is a confusing time
We always thought about life being linear
Finish high school, enroll in university, start your career, then settle down and start a family,
but that's not true
Being in your twenties means freedom
Freedom to stray from the parallel line
Intersecting and mingling with all that life has to offer
Walking down the alleys and the road less travelled
She is free netherless
Free to become whatever she wants,
Free to become a mother,
Free to become nothing at all
Being a woman in your twenties
A once in a life time experience