

Anthology of jennas

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

For the ones who feel isolated, know you're not alone.

About the author

I'm just a 22 year old who is trying to find a place in the world.

summary

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Life's toll

Mother of God
Bless my soul.
Mother of God
Life's taken a toll.
Weakness washes over me
Riptides drag me away
In this ocean full of tears
Pain is the price I pay.
Being pulled under
By the heavy rocks
They're tied to my ankles
Mother make the pain stop.
I have no energy
To fight to the shore
Please make it go quick
No suffering anymore.

Nightmares

You hoard the things
That matter the most,
Then kiss me softly
You come real close.
You whisper to me
That I'll be alright,
Then tuck me in bed
And bid me goodnight.
You leave me with dreams
Of great, tragic sorrows
Of little kids screaming
And no tomorrows.
But when I scream back
It's just what I fear,
No one is listening
Only the devil will hear.
You soothe me to sleep
Tell me I'm okay
But can't you see
I can't live this way.

Conscious addictions

You stab me awake
With the vile word
Yelling in my ear
Until you are heard.
If I sit still
Let you take over
Will you grant mercy
Ane allow me sober?
But you're too strong
The pain builds inside
Taking your pill
Swallowing my pride.
Mane again I fall
Into your hole
Where darkness resides
And I lose all control.
I pray you'll stop
And let me be free
Because what you do
Is ruining me.

Everything you thought

The sun set east
The grass turned blue
I jumped that rope
And you did too.
The city is empty
We lived in the sea
Amungst the fish
You and me.
The trees grew down
The waves were flat
The water felt dry
Oh, imagine that.
Sugar tasted bitter
Salt tasted sweet
And rich doesn't mean
Working on Wall Street.

It's no sacrifice

If I weep,
Will it ease your pain?
If I drown,
Will your problem remain?
I try and make you happy
To release some pain
By sacrificing myself
To you once again.
However many cuts
Appear on my wrists
You still have complaints
That clearly still persist.
Your tears are open,
Your feelings are heard
But behind my doors,
I don't speak a word.
I suffer in silence
Because you are hurting
The weight on my shoulders
My open wounds returning.
Nail me to a cross
So you can be free
Live the fairytale life
And forget about me.

Subconscious comfort

If there's ever a time
Where you come to me
With blood in your hands
In a cold white sheet
I'll give you a hug
And stroke your back
Because what you did
Will fade to black
The marks that you made
With no such care
Will not be forgotten
Because they're still there.
So hold on tight
Let's go away
To a better place
Tomorrows another day.

Inside voices

She runs to the woods,
To her cottage of peace.
Where she is alone, and
All conversations cease.
She passes the lake
That babbles too much,
The trees join in, and
Chime in as such.
The birds start screaming,
Why don't they stop?
Shoot them down
And make them drop.
She reaches the door,
Opens it, hurry.
And realizes it then.
Her eyes go blurry.
For as silent as it can be
In her cottage of peace,
The voices in her head
Will never, never cease.

The Foggy Mirror

Here's another meal
It's not a big deal
But how can I feel
Any comfort here.

How can I eat
When you only speak
Of my defeat
And what I fear.

Because all I see,
Warped versions of me
Count at least three
Let two disappear.

Then leave me with one
As true as the sun
With no imperfection
And a world crystal clear.

The Empath

Swallowing my words
Quiet like the herds
No flight like the birds
There's so much to say.
I'm feeling your pain
And with it your shame
You've driven me lame
My feelings at bay.
Listening to you
I must follow through
Empathy turns blue
You need me to stay.
But I can't feel me
So whom shall I be
Emotions are key
Oh, so much to say.

My sound wave

I lost my signal,
Reception is gone,
You were convincing
Me that I was wrong.
Your voice went fuzzy
On the other line
Bad communication
Most of the time.
My receptor's old
But my faith is new
So no connection
From my end to you.
So I mis-dial
The number you gave
Hoping to find him
Sharing my sound wave.

A textbook heart

A textbook heart
Varies in pain
The sweet sorrow
Of another's shame.
Reading those words
Hot as the fire
Burning in my soul
A strong desire.
So in your hands
You hold my textbook
Reading its pages
Changing your outlook.
With each passing word
You back away
For my textbook heart
Leaves one with dismay.

My Reflection

She's like a porcelain doll you see
Always staring back at me.
Wide eyes that hinder my cloud
And haunt me when she's not around.
She speaks the words in foreign tongues
And criticizes heavens' guns.
Her actions show no mercy
To her or to humanity.
To her I want to console
But she threatens my light soul.
Convincing me to tell lies
Seeing the world through her eyes.
Reflecting the dark
Leaving her mark
Her mirror reveals
Terror in the fields.

The Color of Difference

I was never a fan
Of flowers at all
Until I saw a Rose
After the rainfall.
Its red peddles
Shown among the daisies
Bright as the fire
In all its rarities.
How did it grow?
The only Rose here
Speaks hushed tones
But all so clear.
Her story has passion
Of anger and love
Deep stories reflect
Thoughts from above.
But among the daisies
So innocent with cheer
Joy illuminates them
But leaves Rose unclear.
The mystery remains
How one Rose grew
In a world of purity
The Rose clearly outgrew.

My Person

Diving in a pool
Shades of pink, green and red
The shrewd emotions
Manifest in my head.
The water is warm
Love with the first touch
A gentle kindness
That means so much.
Swimming eyes open
Looking around I see
All the vibrant colors
Gently hugging me.
Inhaling the new air
The world seems so clear
Because you are here
And so very sincere.

My Up in High

Walking on water
Looking for words
The blue waves crash
My language is slurred.
Tripping in thought
And feet as well
Falling into the dark
My own personal hell.
Searching for control
Of my mind and space
Riptides drag me to
A very cold embrace.
The water can't baptize
Or clear me of sin
Once again failing
My harmony within.
My old soul can't
Socially conform
The drugs kick in
And so do the storms.
I can't resist the dark
Swallowing me deep
To myself these
Promises I can't keep.

Modern day Heros

Be patient and calm
Dive into the dark
Breathe your way under
For hell leaves its mark.
Open wounds bleed out
To leave the deep scar
But you kept swimming
Your joy was not far.
For heroes emerge
On a cloud of peace
with Hercules' shield
Helping the pain cease.
Sharing this great gift
With people like me
Helping me fight these
Problems you can't see.
Modern day heroes
Fight the silent wars
Their stories live on
I want to hear yours.

My meditation

Have you ever been
Bitten by a snake
Poison in your veins
And pain too much to take.
It will run its course
Unless you cut in deep
Release the venom
In one sharp sweep.
And as the bad blood
Drains and stains the ground
A feeling of relief
In me has been found.
Now it's my practice
It frees me from pain
When cravings and wants
Come around again.

Simply chaos

It's easy to create
Some sort of chaos,
The universe eats it up
And spits out anxiety.
Pulling and thrashing
At your mind and gut,
An unbelievable
Sort of wave rushing
Above your head
Unable to be controlled.
But just as easily
As the chaos came
It can simply vanish.

Depression Pill Commercial Script

Take one tablet by mouth
Daily as directed,
To help quiet the mind
Help thoughts become non subjective.
Get rid of anxiety
And OCD and patterns,
Exist in a world
Where nothing really matters.
Side effects include
Many suicidal thoughts
And actions that follow
There are a few caveats.
You may experience
Fogginess and fatigue,
Internal suffocation,
And low self esteem.
Talk to your doctor
If night terrors persist,
Or if you experience
Making your death wish.
So if you suffer
From being human
And want long term relief
From all this confusion,
Ask your doctor about
The depression pill today
To be without hurting
And live numb day by day.