

Anthology of Melancholic~Onion



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

To the inner minds that torment themselves with provocative thoughts.

Acknowledgement

The only person I can acknowledge for this whole ordeal is one other than myself, and you might think that's narcissistic. But who else wrote these thoughts if not me? And who suffered the brunt of them? I think you know the answer to that.

About the author

A 16 year old who grew up too fast for the world

I won't say 'hello' cause frankly, the word irks me
Instead, Welcome, and enjoy my amateur poems
If you can stand the words of an angsty teenager

summary

SongsThatMakeMeFeelAlive

I Forgot The Way You Were

What Is LOVE? Part.1

What They Omit

Angst

Introduction - Who Am I?

Antlers

Weight of Depression

I Wish

Songs That Make Me Feel Alive

*Have you ever existed in a song?
Filled so full of its sounds and charisma
You lose yourself so completely
In that feeling of elation
Euphoria
That thing where you just know...
This is it*

*How did I not know this existed?
Why have I missed so much
Wasted so much
Time
Energy
Brain power
When I could've found this?*

*I'm not good with words
I flit through the despairing library I call a brain
But nothing ever compares
Has never compared
To that state of completeness*

*Even, I scold myself now
Words are fickle
Never enough, not enough
These sounds and instruments
Are beyond the confines of human letters and symbols*

*Undefinable
Unexplainable
Irreplaceable
Forevermore
Is what they are*

I Forgot The Way You Were

*I forgot the way you were
The words that defined you
The anticipation in your chapters
The feeling behind the characters*

*I forgot the way you were
The sacrifices that leaves you bare
The sorrow that comes with the choices
The decisions that lead to your pain*

*I forgot the way you were
My dear old fantastic friend
Now I remember you well
I read you twice, and I won't forget*

What Is LOVE? Part.1

*What's the overuse surrounding the word LOVE?
When it's only a bunch of emotions stuffed into four words
Care, likeness, worry, support, trust, respect
Many a letter trapped inside that single entity
And I've barely scratched the surface*

*Humans should learn to subtract their feelings from it
To say, with conviction and assurance
Exactly what they mean
Exactly what they feel*

*Not, I love you
How about trying, for a change
I like you
I've become obsessed with the sound of your voice
I trust you many a bunch than I trust myself
I would do absolutely whatsoever it is
To keep you safe with me*

*Did we lose ourselves in the safety of a single word?
To utter blatantly without hesitation
Covering up the other pleasantries
Words that would've meant more
Than a four letter syllable
Words forgotten in the new generational era*

*Fellow Humans
Why do we overuse the alphabet we claim overly important than our lives?
Really, what does LOVE stand for
When all we do is advertise it?*

What They Omit

*They don't tell you how difficult it'll get
They graze over the experience
Pointedly lying through their teeth
Eyes averting to avoid a certain gaze*

*They don't tell you of your struggles
Struggles you soon realize are beyond your abilities
You claw and rave at the unfairness
Searching and hoping there's a solution at the end of the problem
Almost like a mathematical complication
We all know how that ends
With more complications*

*Personally, I wasn't told
And I envy the souls that had the privilege of knowledge
And I sympathize with the ones like myself
So naive of the goings and comings of the universe*

*They omitted to tell us
That life had its ups and downs
Sharp razor teeth and scalding breath ripping through your fragile world
It hits differently I think
Being aware of the razor*

Or

*Unaware of the pain and damage you'll eventually be forced to go through
Just like taking that spoon of hot food you know will burn indefinitely
Acceptance, a bit of hurt, then acceptance
Why?
Because **you knew**
But fully decided to go through with it*

*But when you're unaware
When you're caught up in yourself and fail to identify the temperature
Unjust, betrayal, close-to-tears
Why?
Because you **didn't know**
And that hurts more, not knowing*

*Ha ha ha
Pain inflicted by your own familiar hands
I wonder, in this moment
Typing these insidious phrases in print
Am I convincing myself that I'm not to blame?
Placing it where it's least hurtful*

Or

*Are they truly accomplices in my naivety
Are they to blame for my lack of comprehension
For consciously choosing not to give this adolescent
Information that could potentially live on as elderly advice*

Or, am I being delusional?

Angst

*If someone told me to describe
The pesky emotions trapped in my quivering body
Threatening to bubble up and spill
I would simply call it **'Angsty Feelings'***

*They're like a vice
Gripping your very being
Twisting till all you feel is **heightened**
Prominent
Terrifying*

*And yes, I am terrified
Of the actions I make
When it reaches a boiling point
This overwhelming feeling to **do something**
Sometimes bad
Sometimes good
Sometimes freaking unexplainable*

*I hate when I feel like this
It comes and goes in waves
Each one stronger than the last
And it takes a shitty amount of restraint
To make my decisions
Not what **it** wants me to do*

*Unexpectedly, suddenly, it stopped
And in its place grew weariness
Exhaustion like I've never experienced
The need to do nothing
Absolutely nothing
In any case
It's still my Angst acting up*

In a different form

Who am I freaking kidding?

I've lived with it my whole life

I'm confident in identifying the unidentifiable

And angsty feelings are the top of it

We teenagers know

Don't we?

Introduction - Who Am I?

*I am all things at the same time
As we all define ourselves with
Distinctive voices differentiating each body
Bringing a uniqueness to every life*

*As for me, I am deeply layered with doubt
Questioning my very existence
Judging the crafts I make with my stalks
Overthinking decisions to the point of exhaustion
An introvert through and out*

*Peeking out of my layered skin
Are thoughts I argue consistently with
Juggling around an onion of human descent
By bringing them to life here
Might be the only reprieve I'll forever see*

*That's to say
Hello and Welcome
To my humble Abode
I really hope you stay*

Antlers

I saw a photo today
It resembled an antler
The hands were styled with care
The artist portrayed an antler

I mostly enjoyed the idea
And also the white outwear
I saw an antler today
And liked the image portrayed

Weight of Depression

I'm falling again
To the abyss of membranes
Filthy thoughts clouding
My skull and now it's loud and
Banging every now and then
To be let out again

A smoke seeping into the cracks
These feeling overwhelm my heart
Heavy is the weight upon
My bones and everything undone
Bringing to the precipice
A urgency to be a freak

I-I don't wanna let it win
I don't wanna be a freak
I'm a weirdo just enough
I don't like this back and forth
I'm exhausted in my mind
I can't shake it all the time

It clings to me like mice and glue
Unimaginable kg too
Sinking positivity
Bringing negativity
Feeding off my sufferings
I know what it wants from me

I can't make it stop
You win just let me drown
They call you depression
You're me, just more pronounced

I Wish

*I wish I was an atom
Floating around aimlessly
No responsibility or care
Free of life & its living*

*I wish I was the invisible air
You'd breathe me in and I'd disappear
Ceasing to exist entirely
The moment I fill into your being*

*I wish I were the unspoken
The hundreds & hundreds of avoided things
Might be words or happenings
But then I'd be inconsequential
As not a being would mention a hint of me*

*I wish I was nothing
A ceaseless non-existent [It]
To be abandoned to an abyss
So I'd be free of watchful colored eyes
So I'd be a mindless... Heartless
Body-less mass of absolutely nought*