

Anthology of Weep little lion girl

Presented by

My poetic side 

summary

Mother I Miss.

Old Life

Dwindling Numbers To Win The Contest

Rubbish Sacrifice

Understanding

Decisions

Regular sad

Rock bottom

Space girl

I float (prose poetry)

Mother I Miss.

» I have been with my mother her whole life Since her own birth Inside her, Patiently waiting Then, I sat with her, Patiently waiting, for affection o'clock Hearing, listening, and Learning About men and life and parenting She'd hold my head while I cry for an end She'd smile and nod And it was her turn She sat, patiently waiting For me to grow To understand what it is to be A woman, alive, scared. Anxious and sick Then, she told me About her burden, an heirloom Passed from her mother Gifted to me along with her love and her struggle to show it over the drone of illness that we shared I became fixated, fascinated Then, angry, I didn't want this, she must've known the pain she would give to us How dare she? Then, I was sad, and understanding, she too has and does experience the tournament of girlhood Her desire as well as mine for a coin-operated boy And I learned to appreciate all the love she did share with us, Though it is inevitable for a house filled with Confused scared children to be more toxic than a nuclear plant She persevered, enough that I know she loves us She never judged, only supported The ability to recognize others' direct impact on yourself Is nothing short of a hammer to your heart My mother, unlike other motherly figures I had grown to see Had never tried to change me Her hands bruised me, sure Her words confused me And her actions enraged me But she never stopped trying to do what was right. My mother and I share a mind, I will never be separated from her because of our bond, blood or otherwise. I love my mother because though I have witnessed her at her lowest, mentally ethically, parentally. I knew her enough to forgive, she, like an old friend, will never be stained. Like an old water bottle, she may be dented and scratched but she is clean, I pride myself on being my mother's daughter, Taught to be strong from the dangers in the world that sometimes included her and situations she put us in. She taught me to protect my siblings, love them as my own. I have missed my Mum my whole life Since my own birth I wait patiently for the quiet moments to love her all that she deserves

Old Life

I'm going to kill myself I say
meaning I want to leave
I need a nap
I want to erase my existence from this earth
I need to start again
I need to forget this place
Forget these people

Dwindling Numbers To Win The Contest

Clumps form between my fingers as I rake chewed-up nails through overstayed curls
No thoughts but the ones holding the doors shut on reason, I feel nothing, I am nothing, I resent
nothing, I love nothing.
My hands, the same ones my teeth graze when I'm anxious,
that is to say always,
do not tremble because I do not allow it,
and though my stomach twists like curdled milk I will not remedy it.
Float to the bathroom with spotted vision
Stand upon the podium and ask for my number
a validating digit blinks at me,
validating the pain to quiet the growls inside.

Rubbish Sacrifice

I think of you, and it scares me.
how often I speculate.
about how little I would sacrifice for you.
and how if put to the test.
it scares me.
that I might sacrifice myself

Understanding

I crave that comfortable touch, to be held in the arms of a great understanding,
a nap where time wouldn't pass me by, I could live there,
just for a while.

Decisions

it's suffocating
like a blanket held over your face
the decisions,
the option, of the two, is there
and, its encouraged
but hearts break
and my longing would not subside
though the object of my desire would,
as all things do.
to stay, or to go
it's an old story, with no end
a novel written by the suicidal author
he'll never pick the right choice
because there is no right ending.
only the blanket
firmly wrapped around his head.

Regular sad

There comes a time
when all the anger has subsided
and all the energy is drained
and all I want is to be sad
Just regular sad
I want to cry like a baby in a corner
only for a minute or so
Then feel better

Rock bottom

How am I to know I've gone too far?
Until I hit the rocks?
Too much of anything will kill me
so what a waste it would be
if I didn't need it.
Yet.
I wait till it's too late.
The clock resets and counts down again.
Without searching for a solution
the problem will continue
over and over and
over and over.
I callous
Each time the rocks cut me
it feels less
perhaps that's just retrospect.

Space girl

Oh, the stars, she reminds me of you.
Not meant for this planet
Her cries and silent tugging
Met with
Critique, disapproval
Girlhood hasn't been kind to her.
She sits with the nebula.
Tell sob stories to infinite galaxies.
Holding a hand
Small, familiar.
Begging to not be alone among the lights
Tiny hand floats, too many thoughts
She sits so patient.
Loving every asteroid passing through her orbit
Some leave craters in their wake

I float (prose poetry)

I have not sat in a room with you in years, I haven't been here at all,

I've been fighting a war in my head against the helium thoughts that have held me, kicking and suffocating, floating above ground since birth.

I am not my body, I am something much smaller, a distant yell or cry or scream. Barely audible and ignored.

My parents are aware that I'm sick, something that needs curing. They're so helpless to fix me.

Somebody threw up on my mother and she gifted her clothes to me, we are both disgusting and ill. I think she ignores the stench of us both. And I think she ignores that it doesn't work.

I've had a lot of time to think since she left, I think we are both cut from the same cloth, I think she didn't have much to spare and has been stretching her broadcloth sheet to make her children. Though our sheets are thin and small and torn, we were not raised to be ungrateful. We have suffered but so has she, so we cling to our scraps of dirty fabric.

My dad was born from utter reserve, unlike my mother. And though his cloth is clean, since my grandmother passed, I think he's been forgetting to wash it with soap. My brother tries to discard our father's cut, but he wears it in his suit pocket. I think I lost mine somewhere in our house.

I know I am not broken because I was never whole. I wore my prescription glasses for the first time and realized my whole life, I'd never seen clearly. It was the first time I realized I was being betrayed by my genetics. I was 11. I know my mother knew about the bats in my brain before I did because I have a vivid memory; a goodnight kiss, a confession of deep existential fear from an 8-year-old, and an Aerosmith song sung by my musically untalented mother. I am a polluted ocean sung to sleep by a dying mother nature.

I am the sinner drowning in the biblical flood,

I am Noah's Ark, and I am God.

I am the unbreakable Titanic, and I am the nonviolent iceberg.

I am not my body, but something much bigger,

I am the roar of thunder and a burning star.

But in a very human way, I wish to be clean, I wish to trade my putrid clothes for fresh ones. I wish

to hug my mother without needing a shower. I wish to sit in a room without being distant.
I wish to feel my body flat on the ground, present,
not floating