

Anthology of Weep little lion girl

Presented by

My poetic Side 

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Did I hide too well?

I worry I've hidden too well for any love to find me. Sometimes I think I've escaped, I stand in the sunlight and feel the warmth of possibility, but each time I end up back under the stairs, I wonder if I ever really left at all, perhaps it was all in my head.

Smell

My home begun to smell again. A nasty rotten air worming its way into my lungs and I decide it's time to leave. I grab my keys, my love, my notebook and pen, my habit of wearing mismatched socks and my suitcase.

It's a long while in this new place before the familiar stench turns my stomach. I have to get away. Keys, love, notebook, pen, habit of wearing mismatched socks and my suitcase. When on the road you're exposed and unsafe, the thrill of clutching your baggage close as if it would save you. Every so often the wind would bring with it that smell. So swift it could've been a trick of the mind and I pick up my pace.

Soon though, new empty rooms begin to feel cold. I remember thinking how I missed my old home and began to unpack. Suitcase in lieu of a pillow I gather my little belongings to my chest and breathe. Inhaling the infected air wafting from beneath my head. I wonder how long I've known I was carrying it with me all this time.

In ten years...

In ten years,
I want to live in a house
with walls the colour of coffee stains
that I painted myself
so you can see the mistakes.
I say it gives character
and no part of me wishes I was better at painting the walls of my home.
I live in the middle of nowhere,
where summer could melt ice
and winter could freeze it again.

I have a desk,
it's tidy enough to sit at while I write,
and I don't think my first draft reflects the quality of my final one.
My shelves are filled with my hobbies,
each organised to be pulled out and packed away with ease
and I don't chastise myself for being a jack of all trades.
I have an art room where I paint and
maybe one day my children can paint in there as well.
The walls in here are splattered.
There's even some blue on the ceiling.

I live close by my family and they visit many times a week.
A hammock sits in my backyard
and large trees dapple light on the soft, cut grass.
My body is covered in art,
mine and others.
A star on my wrist tethers me to my siblings.
My degrees hang on my wall and work is only a few streets away.
My hair is long
and coloured in odd ways.
My clothes all fit me perfectly
and I'm comfortable in my skin.

In ten years,
I am not frightened to be made of flesh and bone
nor of my brain in my skull.

In ten years,
I'm everything I am not now,
though I try.
I try to be here
when ten years rolls around.

My Red Hands

I knew from young
I told my mother
I want my insides out
I want the organ that bleeds
To bleed itself to death
"Danger!" She warned me
To hold part of myself in my hands
And watch it bleed
It's not so different
From her arms around me after I fall
I bleed, and bleed again, forever and always
I'll bleed once
only once I say
And on my life
Written in blood
My red hands
Won't be stained
with the blood
of a new generation

My name is....

I hate my name
I hate how it sounds and tastes
Maybe it's because I wear tight clothes to compress my chest
Or because it reminds me of purple glitter
Perhaps my hatred boils from the knowledge of who chose it
Carelessly named after a film, a character
Expectations already in place
Or perhaps I despise labels
One word could not possibly encompass someone's entire being
And I'm spoiled
No word that falls from tongue and teeth
Could feel right to be called to.
So, furthermore I will dread
The pit in my stomach when introducing myself
And though I claim
Much love for myself
I can't bear to speak my name
Or explain
this shame

The women with messy hair

In the room of women
With messy hair
They talk of men
Who don't care
About the children
That they bare
With the women
With messy hair
The woman behind the counter
With skin so fair
Asks "what happened?"
"Oh I've been there."
These women with stories
Can do nothing but share
Involve the police
If they dare
Clench their teeth
Relive their scare
So here they sit
With a thousand yard stare
They're just the women
With messy hair.

Table (by the view)

I carved my name in the picnic table by the view
I'm hoping to be remembered
For more than my awkward tendencies
But they probably can tell
by the way it's cut into the wood
How my hands shake when I leave the house
And In every happy picture
My eyes will be heavy
No rest when you're treading water
Can't stop or I'll die

Diaries of a youthful alcoholic

I could never hurt you
But when I see you
Babysitting that 5% drink
I swear I could-a hit you right there and then
And maybe I'm jealous or maybe I'm just selfish
But baby it hurts to see
When your hand on my wrist tells me not to take that shot
And 40 is my number
And I'll kiss that dumb blonde right there in front of you
And I'll kiss our old friend to watch you cry
And darling I love you
But it don't sting right when your mouth is on mine and I can't stand and I'm blind
And I know there are others,
Just like me
But I know I'll miss my prime if I'm sober....
But I'm stuck in this body
And I'm stuck in this mind
And in the mirror my face is all blurry, broke and unkind
If they asked me on the wrong day
I could see myself
Writing my basketball diaries over again
I don't know when to stop
My dearest, they try to help
But I just keep saying
I don't need no one
And you don't need me
I know I don't look well
and I don't feel it neither.

Old wounds

I began to participate
Yet the pain lingers
Like a paper cut
Or a rolled ankle
Inconvenient and agonising
In opposition
To the blade that plunged into my chest
At the tender age of 8
And the blade broke off
And I grew around it
But the sharp metal
Still resides inside
I began to participate
And it didn't get easier
But I knew to dress my wounds
Instead of prodding
At the scar that protrudes over my lungs
And wondering
If I slice myself open
Once more
Perhaps it'd be the last time
I'd feel the breeze
On my insides

I?m only 10

I'm only 10
And her head rests in my lap
She cries
And I won't realise until much later
That what glows in my chest
and creeps up my throat
shallowing my infant breaths
Is anger,
The type that numbs you
I don't think of her hands
leaving red prints on my face and brother
Because I think I might choke to death on all the words I'll never say to her
I taught myself I was annoyed, not angry
And definitely not rightfully so,
Much easier to accept I am difficult to please
Than to expect more
From it all

Fish (Out of water)

last night i slept with an old teddy bear
i got when i was 12
the night before i slept with you
your arms wrapped around me
my arms wrapped around him
the very same way he's tossed out of bed
you pull me closer
my face buried under the covers
only to snuggle closer in your chest
and my lungs burn so blissfully as i gasp
like the child saving the fish from drowning
you pull me from my waters
only, i'm grateful for the foreign view
clouding my eyes with a haze of promise
nothing here hurts except the burning in my lungs

I won't let you touch me

im not sure why my heart dosent live in my chest
but when i'm around you it tends to visit.
though, unfortunately....
i dont experience love the same way you do
its more like you're squeezing my heart
so hard i cant breathe
i just want you to hug me gently
so gently i can push you off when i cant handle it
it's exaughsting having to wrestle you off every time
so i wont let you touch me
pretend that one day i'll be brave enough for it

(I can stay here) For a while.

The floor of my bathroom is a grave
I visit there sometimes to bury myself
Head under the water and I can finally breathe
No hearts to beat in this room of fantasy
Grimy tiles: so beautiful at the end
time will turn and the world will pass
And I'll have to return eventually
But for now I don't exist
I wait to be found
fretted over pointlessly
Warm tears in my mothers eyes
Make me smile
To know it's all over now.
I can stay here for a while.

Friendly with the enemy

i can never keep my lenses clean
my vision is spotted with dirt
i stomp on old clothes
and trinkets i promised to treasure
when walking from bed to wardrobe.
i'll tidy in a month from now.
i might even clean.
but 3 months from now
i'll be exactly here
all over again.
i'm not proud
to be friendly with my enemy

All by my own (how i like it)

In my own home i starve.
when mummy isn't home to serve me dinner
and dad cant shout
about all that's wrong with me
i sit in my little world
the apartment i paid for
with all the money i saved on groceries
no food in the fridge to tempt me now
it's not dangerous here like it is everywhere else
my only job is to wait
until tomorrow
to check the scale daily
and admire the stomach people want
the body they can love
and touch

Awkward (and queer)

I am not here
I am not here
I am not real
I am a symbol, art,
Something to be analysed
I long to glow, to be ethereal
Though I know what I am,
An earth worm or worse,
A teenager
Awkward and queer
Uncomfortable and insecure
Unsure of who or what I am or want to be

Romance is made up! (I swear to god!)

I had a story of you
made up in my head.
And though it's not true,
it got us in bed.
I keep them closed, my deceiving eyes,
so I won't see, that it's you I despise.

I'll admit I'm scared of the dark,
and big scary dogs that bark.
But I'll never admit I'm scared to commit
or bow or kneel. For you, I won't submit.
because if one day I decide I want to love you,
and I'll promise I really do.
you'll know I don't mean until we die.
i only know how to stare when you cry.

I'd bite your neck if you let me near.
You're the headlights and I'm the deer.
You feel something it seems I'm without
Something the storybooks tried to teach me about.

And you can kiss me evermore,
but when love creeps in to fill me with doubt,
I'll only point you towards the door.

What's your story, Morning glory?

I don't believe the effort it takes for me to do things. I wake up and clean myself, inside and out. I feed my hungry body and dress it in dry clothes. Then I drag myself to school, cold and bothered, to fill my brain with delicious education. I complement the teacher's shirt and make a point of speaking up when talking with my friends at lunch.

I don't understand why I do the things I do. or why it feels like I'm pulling a Mac truck behind me wherever I walk. Mum says it's genetics, grannie says it's my heart, doctors say it's stress and my dad says it's silly.

When it gets bad again I take a deep breath and cope. I paint, I read, I do my schoolwork. I cut, I punch myself, I tug out my hair.

Lately, I've been looking at spirituality and religion with morbid curiosity and slight jealousy. I wish, so badly, to have something to cling to, something to believe in. Though, if I thought we were all in the waiting room for something better, I would've left a long time ago.

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