

Anthology of Roxanna

Roxanna



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

*Poetry has been a way to empty my mind freely on paper. So I dedicate this to my younger self,
who at times was too scared to speak up.*

About the author

I am a 18 year old student. I love Kpop especially
BTS.

I love the colour white. I enjoy writing.

My religion is Christianity.

I enjoy life sometimes and I hate it other times.

nothing much to say.

summary

Like A Bomb

Odd

Waiting

What If?

Wanna Be Yours

Time By Toriii

Wasted

LA DOULEUR DE MA VIE

Like A Bomb

Ticking like a mini bomb
So the seconds of life tick away in my head
Knowing full well it'll reach zero soon
I sit and wait.

The chair squeaks as I inhale
The very breath I take hurts
The skin that I live in doesn't feel like home
Not that it ever did

You can't see past the blood and tears
The ticking in my head has stopped
The chair sits quietly
It doesn't hurt anymore
And for once, I feel at home
I feel at home before the grim reaper.

Odd

Different from this world.
Exempt from your group.
That is the oddness of this life.
Ain't unity the whole purpose?
Still, I am treated as another.

I smile. I play nice.
I do everything right.
But still, it isn't enough.
It still isn't enough for you.

The light shines through the cracks
The dark breaks slightly
And without sight of the pitiful stars
I drift away in the sound of your cries.

The blood runs on the bathroom tile
The silhouette of death stands before me.
I smile a little, tasting my salty tears.
Different from this world.
Exempt from the group.
That is the oddness of this life.
The oddness that I got tired of.

Waiting

I enjoy waiting.
However long it is.
Minutes, hours, days
Even decades.
Maybe because it's all I've ever known.
Knees flushed to chest,
I sit on the stairs
Never looking away from the door
Because of hopes that I hold for the future.

The sheer curiosity of the future.
Luckily, curiosity kills time
Therefore time is useless when waiting.
Therefore I enjoy it.
All I think of is what'll happen, right?
Bright smiles and soft giggles
So is my mind while waiting.

But still, I hate waiting.
Maybe because sometimes even often
Hope masks great despair.
And I look hopeless and pathetic
Sitting and waiting in a timeless loop
And I think of how long it takes
For you to come for me.
It rips me apart.

But even so, I scream
Filled with either despair or hope
I scream at the moon.
And the tiny bright stars.
I beg for time to end
So I won't feel ridiculous for waiting

Because, sometimes I enjoy it.
But most times, I hate it.

What If?

I always wondered.
What would have happened,
If i didn't smile at you, that day.
Would we still have met?

What if I had taken a different route?
Would you still find me?
Somehow, somewhere in this pitiful world?
Sadly, I did smile.
And now, all I see is red.
The dark red dancing on the water.

The misty rain falls carelessly.
No idea of the mood it sets for me,
The pounding at the door gets louder.
Your desperation shows clearly in your screams.
I really hoped you'd shut up.

You deserve this.
You deserve this.
Because of a petty smile,
You pulled the world from beneath me
Now when the lock won't turn,
And the water overflows the bathtub
You care?
I wished I hadn't smiled at you.

Wanna Be Yours

With everything I have
And my chaotic love
And all my flaws
All my painful cracks
I wanna be yours.

I will accept all the pain
All the dirt.
And flaws just the same.
Because I wanna be yours.

Till the sun falls.
And the stars stop burning
Then I will stop longing for you
I long for you.
Even if the world ends
And we both die
Then I will pray onto heaven
That I be reborn
Right by your side.
And there I will stay till time ends.
And even then, I will cry to heaven
And ask for more time.

Time By Toriii

*Time has always been cruel
So the poets say.
It rips apart families
And lovers.
Rivers of tears and mountains of lies
Time has once again done its job.*

*Is ruin time's true fate?
Or have we caused it?
Was it fate for time to be an enemy?
Or is it punishment to us?
After all, we as humans are cruel
Millions of nights ago
We lived as we pleased in a timeless loop
Never worrying for anything.*

*Of course time would've become an enemy.
I think of time not cruel but kind
Time is a friend to all.
It reminds you to cherish her
Because she will be gone tomorrow
It preaches the act of doing good
Because at one point
When time has run out,
You will have to pay before him.*

Wasted

This is the end for me.
I've wasted my days
Searching for the non-existent being.
The desire to find it,
Overshadowed time.
And now, i stand on the sandy shore
As the water run to the meet my feet
I think back on everything I gave up for this.
And for it to be nothing but a figment
It makes me think of the wasted hours.
The hours I spent slaving away at the machine
The days that passed by and I still hadn't greeted the sky.
The time I spent locked away from oxygen.
Locked away from living, just for it to be nothing in the end.
My entire existence was based on a lie
And now, I am at the end of the lie.

LA DOULEUR DE MA VIE

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I have reached the end.
My days have been spent.
My hours alive were short.
My pale skin is wrapped in silk
And pretty diamonds that weigh a ton
My nails are painted.
My scars are drawn over.
And my hair weaved with the prettiest flowers.
Existing for years but only living for days
This was my curse.
Placed by the cruelty of men
And the chains of money.
My wings clipped and nails filed.
My wrist chained and my voice stolen.
The mud beneath sinks as you walk
The sky screams of unfairness.
The flowers bow their head in shame
The man in the hat kneels as I pass
Laying in white sheets
Closed in a box and thrown underground.
The shiny box is suffocated with the dirt
The eyes of men filled with regret and shame
And useless tears.
All my life,
I've seen the sky without sunshine
No moon to guide me.
Coarse winds and painful falls.
The plants have used my tears
And now my decaying flesh as substance.
The cursing lips of man trailing my body
Stole all my dignity
And the peeping eyes with hands in pants

Watched and watched.
The peeping eyes lower in shame
The hands that prolonged the abuse
Carried me to my rest
How kind.
All the air I stole ran short.
The smiles I sneaked in,
Have killed me now.
Indirectly cutting of my legs
Trapping me in the loop of feeling
Feeling everything and nothing
As a silent girl killed off by man.
My mother caressed my pale skin
She forces her guilt aside and stares
She sees the small child in me
The tears fallen at her hands
Were used to water the money tree
Now my cheeks are hit with salty mother tears.
How turned are the tables now?
Pity I can't witness it.
What a pity
They shout above my grave
She didn't deserve it, they said
As the maggots feast on me
How pitiful is your regret.
How shameful is your existence
To have ignored my pain
And walked me
Hand in hand
To my grave.