

I'm Not Much Of A Poet

Daye Writes

Presented by

My poetic side 



summary

Three Thoughts ?

The Window She Sees

Star Dust

Waves ?

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People Like Me

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The Thing Is

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Aware

Little by Little

Forgive Them For Yourself

Just Maybe

Maybe Just Maybe

Three Thoughts ?

Probably friends, Possibly Lovers

But definitely, Not Nothing.

Those were the three thoughts

In my mind

The first time your path crossed mine,

I saw those eyes for the first time

I wanted you to be

mine.

Then I learned your

favorite color,

Realized how easily you could paint a smile

Across my serious disposition

I started practicing learning you,

Thinking about you a little too

much in my spare time.

not so, all the time

The Three thoughts changed,

Probably lovers, Possibly Friends

But definitely, Not Nothing

Then things started to change.

I realized the love only

went one way,

I started anticipating the feeling

of you pulling away,

Your sentences became shorter,

As my grip become stronger

on a love that was falling

through my fingertips.

You took my smile as easily as you had

given it.

**The Three thoughts chimed one more time,
Probably nothing, possibly friends,
But definitely, Not nothing.**

The Window She Sees

Looking at your eyes
I want to be the only one
those beautiful window sees
apart from the scripture
and the heavens of our forever
home in glory.

**You are the brightest star at night
not just an ordinary star
Far from the moon light
you don't need the sun
You've got
Plenty of energy entrapped
you can't be trapped,
I call you starlight
cause you are bright**

**You are your own light
at night**

**You are peculiar
I like it that way**

**Like a bag full of diamonds
all valuable but different in each way**

But you are beat of the heart
The rise of frequency and falling
Of amplitude

I follow your star dust cause
It leaves a trail behind to guide me
To you

Waves ?

Healing comes in waves
and maybe today
the wave hits the rocks

And that's ok,
that's ok, darling

You are still healing
you are still healing

It means the damage
no longer controls our lives
Daye

Ask One More Time

Are you ok?

I'm good.

(i waited a few seconds)

Are you ok really?

Yeah, I'm fine

(i saw her eyes getting glassy)

You know I'm your friend, are you okay?

(Tears rolled down her cheeks, i embraced her and we held each other in that moment)

i asked one more time

Are you okay?

I am now, I really needed someone to ask just one more time.

To Kiss a Wound

They say if you kiss a wound, it will heal
But I can't kiss your heart, so I'll
kiss your lips, your skin, neck and other parts.
and I hope that one day it will
sink and something inside starts.
Because where you see yourself worthless all i see is a work of art,
so I'll begin to paint your canvas with the stain from your lips and I'll trace your frame so gently
from your head to your hips,
I'll leave landscapes on your body and
there's not a place I'll miss
and I'll always be around to remind
you incase you forget
and if life ever comes between us
or mine comes to an end.
I hope that the very last when you
needed me i was a friend,
and i hope if i have shown you
anything is that every wound
can mend.
And that your life is far from meaningless
you hold universes within,
Know that you can do anything
you fathom
If you only would believe
and the gift of happiness awaits you
if you are willing to receive
and there's so much love around you
More than you can conceive.
I hope you find it yourself
before you leave.

The beauty of Becoming

This Is beauty

The flower sprouts overnight, the petals bloom

You are born, in a few, your teeth want to fall off

You were once but a micro but now you are a macro

You fall 8 times, you stand up 9

You trust, you get hurt, you hate then trust again

This is the beauty of becoming

You don't allow the negative to hold the real authentic you

You outgrow the hurt and say my heart won't hurt

I am the beauty and the becoming is me

People Like Me

Do not fall in love with people like me
I will take you to museums, and parks, and
monuments,
and kiss you in every beautiful
place, so that you can
never go back to them
without tasting me
like blood in your mouth.
I will destroy you in the most
beautiful way possible.
And when I leave
you will finally understand,
why storms are named after people

You'll Stop Trying To Run from These Things

Eventually, Actually

You'll stop trying to run from these things.

The heartbreaks, the messy life, the fading
friendships, the shedding off of things that you
thought served you.

You'll learn to prepare yourself when they come.

So that it doesn't hurt you anymore, and doesn't
change the real you, it finds the prepared you.

Even In Prose

If poetry was a house,
Then I'm a man running to it

The Thing Is

To love life, to love it even
When you have no stomach for it
And everything you've held dear
Crumbles like burnt paper in your hands,
Your throat filled with the silt of it.
When grief sits with you, it's tropical heat
Thickening the air, heavy as water
More fit for gills than lungs;
When grief weighs you down like your own flesh
Only more of it, an obesity of grief,
You think, *How can a body withstand this?*
Then you hold life like a face
Between your palms, a plain face,
No charming smile, no violet eyes,
And you say, yes, I will take you
I will love you, again.

My World End.

My world did end when I was sixteen. And again when I was 18 and again briefly in the morning when I couldn't move from my bed... So I don't have enough hope that it won't end again because that's the way it is, you know, life is riddled with endings, and change, insufferable pain. but the other truth about endings. is that they do come with a counterpart. everytime the world has ended it has also began So if i were to talk to 16 yr old me, i would look him in the eyes and say, I believe, that your world is collapsing, that you will never be the same, It will collapse many more times but the sun will rise the next day and you will do this again and again and again and maybe someday we won't speak so much about the end and say my world began when I was 16 and again when I was 18 and briefly this morning when I rose from my bed With the sun up ahead.

I Loved My Friend

I loved my friend.
She went away from me.
There's nothing more to say.
The poem ends,
Soft as it began, -
I loved my friend.

Aware

Aware

Before I love you
I have to love me
Love me so much that you become
Jealous and wish that a love this strong be passed
along
I will not be ignorant
But I will be aware of the beauty in me that runs
deeply.

Little by Little

Little by Little

Day by Day

Everything will be fine
one Day.

Forgive Them For Yourself

Forgive them for yourself.

One of the hardest things you will ever have to learn to do. Is to be at peace with everything bad that has happened to you. This doesn't mean that you have to move on straight away, or drop everything and run. It simply means coming to terms with whatever has occurred. Promise yourself that whatever you did to cope was okay at the time. Consoling yourself enough to realise that it wasn't your fault, and learning to gradually move on and letting go slowly.

Using that bad experience as an example, to show yourself that it's okay to be in pain. If you are not ready to let it go, then don't. If you are not happy to release the pain you have had inflicted on you, that's fine. But do not stay angry at yourself or them.

Forgiveness plays a key role; Forgive them for yourself.

Just Maybe

Maybe I just want to hold you. A little
longer. A little softer. Maybe I want this
entire year to be spent hearing your
laughter, helping with your makeup,
kissing your forehead, petting you while you
fall asleep on me through the slow night.
Just maybe, my darling, just maybe.

Maybe Just Maybe

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