

things that have been happening

Madds



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

To those who can't find the light

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January 20

Fleeting Feelings

A wish and a hop
A deer and a drop
The rain on the autumn trees call-
To me and thee
Forest of fields and spring
Glowing in trascuous freight

A trek and growl-
Of wolves ever so frightful
Come for me
Grains in the soul wait
Trying to reach you when ever so never
Will wait for you for while

Though always tired
And although troubled are you
The snip in scissors
Laid across skin in Wonderland
Where once is never and twice
Is always

These fleeting feelings
Are gone now
I wish for nothing
I wish for nothing - I swear
Do I? What's not to miss
For love is made of thorns and poetry

Father of Force

Whilst the wind carried me away
Not even letting me sway
The breeze of a hug I haven't had in years
Brings me far more than tears

For my Father
A man with much force
Who tells me what is right and wrong
Tends to burst out in song

Put me on a big, big cart
Where they will then carve out my heart
For the breeze that is taking me away
Saves me from the place I stay

For my Father
A man with much force
Loves to leave me in the hurt
My mind a place of hate and heart

The issues I have with my very own past
Attaches me to people too fast
I feel and feel and feel and feel
Until there's nothing left to even heal

For my Father
A man with much force
Tells me I'm wrong
Then dismisses me to the throng

The throng of people
With pasts not clear
Of people who don't love

And can't bring forth a tear

For my Father

A man with much force

Who tears me apart

And always breaks my heart

I'm a refugee

In the place where I'm most known

Labels surround me

I have none of my own

For my Father

A man with much force

Brings me to tears

In a place where I should have no fears

In a home of my own

When I am old

The children will be worth

Much more than gold

The Meeting With Someone I Once Loved

Take me home
You're my home
I see you next to me
But I can't seem to reach
Over, to you

I know you're there
I know you see me
I feel your presence
One of someone
I once loved

When did I say "I love you?"
When never is forever
And the clock strikes nine
With you I guess
I cannot dine

The table at which you sit
With people I now love
An outcast among your closest friends
See how you made me feel?
But I still love you

Watch me break
When your eyes meet mine
Those blue eyes so deep indeed
I know they know me
I've waited to see them for years on end

The surface level person I see
Might feel those feelings for me
But my time is up

And I'm due soon

Text me now or call me at noon

My I am From

I am from mountains and valleys
Rivers and oceans
I am from veins thick with the blood
That keeps us alive
I am from the hearts deep in our chests
The ones that care too much
The ones that don't care enough
I am from the sounds of airplanes at night
The roaring of many miles up
Keeping my imagination awake
While I try to sleep

I was from all those days and nights
Spent with you
I was from the cozy evenings
Watching movies with you
I was from the flame of your passion
Of your drive
I was from watching you draw
You were always such a good artist.
I was from the texts I sent you
Wondering if you were okay in the mildest of sickness.

And now I am from those empty thoughts at night
Wondering if you still care.
I am from those days I see you at school
Laughing along with those other girls.
I am from wondering if you still know I exist.
From laughing and cheering
To depression and isolation.
I am from wondering if you know what this has done to me.

I am from those nights

Sitting alone in my room
Trying to forget about you
I am from crying myself to sleep
Regretting everything
I am from the anger I felt towards you
After I got over the sadness
I am from the sadness I still feel now.

I am from the temporary happiness
That comes after anger.
I am from the times I felt I could laugh and never stop
I am from the nights when it only took five minutes to fall asleep
I am from the nights after, when it took thirty.
I am from the nights after that, taking hours to fall asleep.
I am from the nights
Where I didn't sleep at all.
I am from the nights
Where all I thought about
Was you

I am from waiting and watching
Wondering and listening
I am from wanting to come back
And from hating your guts
I am from feeling like I do not belong
I am from feeling like you didn't care
I am from wondering if this pressure I feel in my chest
Is normal
I am from knowing it isn't

But I am from everything else too
The world isn't just you
To me it was
To me it still kind of is
I am from knowing I have access to help

I am from refusing that same help
I am from finding family among new friends
I am from being depressed.
I am from you
And your love
I am from the emptiness you left
I am from knowing it was me
Who left you

I Fear my Scars

I fear the scars
On my arms
I fear the pain
In my heart
And I fear the happiness
In my head

I feel psychotic
Messed in the mind
I am
But no one sees
Who I can be
Just give me a chance
They judge me
With no second glance

The scars on my arm
And the stories they tell
My broken sadness
And the way I fell
The stories I write
Through the words in my throat
Sail around my mind
In a boat lit afire

The cuts on my heart
Show through my eyes
They see me fall apart
While I disguise my lies
And the happiness
In my brain
Makes me feel high
Even when I want to die

I can't escape this prison
That is my body
It entwines me
Until I'm blinded
By the darkness
I can't see
And I'm silenced
Beyond control

The torture I endure
For myself
By myself
I cut and I cut
And I cannot stop
Only when all the doors are shut
And my voice is gone
The tears can come

And it's like the vision unfolds
I see for me
A person I can't reach
And the person
I wish I could be
Believe what you see
But that is not me

Tell me who I am
And see how that affects
When all they think I am
Is a defect
But please have respect
Because you don't realize
What I've done for you
When you were at your lowest
What I hope for you

During your strongest

The person I wish I could be for you

Scars the heart I have for you

Makes me fear of me

For you

But I fear the scars

And weirdly not cars

When one could kill me

But when all I can see

Is how to be invisible?

A car makes me feel free

When there's nothing left to even be

Me

Those Brown Eyes

I look at you

There's those eyes

Those beautiful brown eyes

I step back

No

Get closer

So close

They intoxicate me

I'm obsessed

An addiction in the making

I see your smile

That smirk

Makes me think of all

The good

Now your eyes

They see my lips

I see your sweet brown eyes

Amber and chocolate

Whiskey and autumn death

A depressing and sad thing

And yet I never want to

Let them go

Hold my hand

your eyes

I can't get over

Them

Pull me closer

I need to memorize

The details

Of your face

Let me speak to you

The words on my mind

Let me share my love

And your beautiful brown eyes
Stare at me
Caressing me
There's no touch
I feel their warmth
Hold me close
Let's not be apart
Those brown eyes
They drew me in
I see you now
I can't let go
Must stay
You're here
Thank you
I see you now
Those brown eyes
The ones I love
I see your spirit
And your spark
I see you standing there
Waiting for me
I'm your one
And I can't believe it
I'm addicted
To those brown eyes
I think I love you
And I love
Truly love
Those brown eyes

The Way I Broke

Take me somewhere
Where you know I'll be fine
Because without you
I'll surely die

The harsh conditions
In which you left me
Tore me apart
And cast me in stone

The way I miss you
And the way you smell
As you walk by
Really makes me want to die

But I'll make it through
To this I have no choice
A choice of living
A choice I have to make

Oh
You want me back?
What happened to
"I don't have time for you"?

I loved you
In I way I couldn't comprehend
Then
But now it feels like it was all for show

A title of love
But a heart of regrets
With you it felt like

I was your pet

I let you in
I showed a side of me
No one else
Would ever see

I let you in
I don't let people in
You saw this
And you broke me too

You took me from me
A person I'd been healing
Throw me back into the missing pieces
Just to tell me it was all a joke

I needed you
And you broke me
I needed you
And you just left

The fate I had
To be broken forever
Seemed like a lie
But I guess it makes sense now

God, this is stupid
The way you made me feel
And yet
I'm still writing for you?

"It's not worth it"
They told me
I wish I had listened
The first time they asked

When I see you
I feel sick to my stomach
The place I felt safe
Now I'm lit ablaze

I guess I lied
When I said I wouldn't break
But I did anyways
I should have known

To feel ashamed
Is an understatement
Now everyone's asking
"Are you okay?"

But to be human
Means to live life
Part of life
Is collecting those broken pieces

You didn't fall apart
You didn't have
10 fucking breakdowns
Did you even love me?

What we went through
I screwed it up
It wasn't just me
But it sure felt like it

I'm just sitting here
Trying to figure out
Why everything happened
The way it did

And then everything throws us
Together again
The flame of pain
Igniting brighter

I like being alone
At least
I think I do
I'm better off that way

And then I met you
You funny asshat
You brilliant annoyance
The man I loved

You changed me
And then you left
And I was broken
Once again

What's Left of Us

My hands tremble when I see you
And my vision starts to blur
My world spins around in a whirl
I watch the way you smile
And the way it disappears
When you see me draw near

Your blue eyes drown
The person inside
Crumbling us both
And I hate
The way
We fear it - us pair

The little love
I feel inside
I can't decide
Where to hide
Hide behind her
Or behind me

Feel the thoughts
Coursing through my veins
Hear the blood
Pounding through my head
I fear your eyes
As much as my thighs

What's left of us?
Two people who once were
Two people destined
To be separated
I didn't see it before

But at that time I was just four

Two different worlds-

The worlds we live in-

They're just too different

I don't belong in yours

You don't belong in mine

I guess that means it's time to say goodbye

What Hurts?

What hurts is how I know it was me
Who watched as I broke
It hurts to know
That me
And my shitty coping skills
Were the only ones there for me

What hurts is when the people I've lost
Come back to haunt me
They know it hurts
They fucking know it does
I've told them as much
At least, in my head I did

What hurts is the way I think
When I overthink
When I do nothing but think
When I think of ways to harm myself
When I think of words
Worth someone else's love

What hurts is the way I look
The way I judge myself
The way I can't be like everyone else
And find the motivation
To change
I just can't, okay?

What hurts is the way
I leave
No words
Every thought
Poured out onto paper

How did they not notice?

What hurts is when I zone out
The only one to ask
If I was OK
Was the one who killed me inside
I was OK
But only if OK meant: self-hatred

What hurts is the way
I know I'm a selfish asshole
I hear what people call me
And I know what they think when they see me
But it's how they make me feel
Like I really am a selfish asshole

What hurts is the way I fall
Every time someone leaves me
I break
And it hurts
It fucking hurts
And people expect me to just move on?

What hurts is the way I can't cry
The expectation put on me
"You're a big girl now"
Can an adult not have a good cry?
I guess not
But it's whatever

What hurts is the way
I'm hurting inside
It's just the way I am
The person I can't be
Is always happy
But I guess now it's time to leave

I'm Fine

Do you remember
All those years ago
I went to your softball game,
You lost, and you cried.
On the way home,
Your mom tried to make you feel better,
Which didn't really work.
But I think it was the fact
That I was there,
That made you tough it up and quit crying.
I used to feel the same way.

But now that you're gone,
That feeling is too,
Because now,
When I cry,
I don't have you there
For me to tough it up.
Instead, I scream,
Dying from the inside out.

But I can't let that show,
Because everyone would laugh
They would say I was overdramatic
That I care too much
That I can't let go
Even though I was the one to cut the rope

And sometimes I don't regret it.
I have new friends now.
Friends that I am confident love me for me
And I love them too.
So much.

But sometimes I still think about it -
Who we would've been
Would we be better than we were before?

I tell myself that I'm okay,
That if I just swim hard enough,
Fast enough,
I'll make it to the surface,
That I'll be able to breathe again, even without you.
But I know now that that will never happen.

This world is a constant nightmare.
Without you, I fear I will never wake again.
Without you, I fear I'm going to die any second.
Sometimes, when it gets bad,
When everything is crushing it's every weight on me,
If I were to die,
I feel I would embrace death like an old friend.
Like I would you.
Because you are my death.

But I know I can't turn back.
People would call me envious,
Psycho,
Weak.
No matter how much I tell myself
That I am not weak,
I know that without you,
I will always be weak.
But this loss
Is a loss of which I know
Will make me stronger.

When I go to bed at night,
The first thing I think about is you,
Those cheery laughs,

Those happy sleepovers,
The times we practiced softball in your massive back yard.
I think about how,
Even in the middle of my worst spike of depression,
When I couldn't get off the couch,
Or brush my hair,
Or socialize,
You lifted me up.
You gave me a rope to cling to
When I was falling off a cliff.

Those days are gone now,
And no matter how much I love my new friends,
I am back in that dark spot
But this time,
I don't know
If I will be able to swim fast enough.
But I'll be fine, right?
Right?

I Fell in Love With the Dark

I've spent so long with the dark
That eventually it was all I knew
And it was the only place I felt comfort in
I began to fall for it
And I fell hard

Where did Love go?

It's gone

It all gone

I was broken before

But you broke me more

And I'm trapped in this silence

Again and again

It's a cruel cycle

That spins me around for fun

Love isn't real anymore

I'm Sorry That I Loved You

What happened to us?
You were there before
And then I wanted you more
You gave me your more
Because you wanted me, too
And then everything happened

No more texts
No more flirting
A summer of travel
And we were no longer able
To be who we wanted to be
Oh I wish I knew the reason
Because everything happens for a reason,
Right?
It's not just from the season,
Right?

It sucks because I know
I loved you
I still kind of want you
Do you ever get over your first love?
I know you still chase after me
I watch your eyes drift to me
I know because I watch you, too
Should I still be this attached?

I have another,
Another partner,
Another person,
Another us
I have the most,
But I still want you

I want cozy nights by the fireplace
Singing *Country Road* on road trips
I want you
Even if you don't want me

And I'm sorry
I'm sorry for loving you
I really shouldn't be trusted to love
But I loved you
I love you
I love you
I know I do
I love you as much as I love the moon
As much as I love romance novels
As much as I love the sunrise
I love you
I really do
And I'm so,
So sorry for that

I Love You

I wobble when I look at you
I smile when I hear your laugh
The butterflies
Come alive
When you hold my hand
And the lovebirds start a band
And so it must be true
That I love you

What did you think?

What did you think
When you saw me?
What did you think
When I reached out
To hold your hand?

What did you think
When you walked into that room
And saw me
With my head down
And a tear falling down my face?

What did you think
When you sent that text message
When it was over
When my world crumpled
When yours moved on?

What did you think
When I threw those cookies
At you
And handed you that note?
What did you think?

I know what I thought
When we did karaoke together
I thought, "I love you"
I did
I did

I know what I thought
When you became mine
When I became yours

I thought, "I will love you forever"
I did, I almost did

I know what I thought
Every time I wanted to hold your hand
I thought "I've got this"
I didn't
Because I was scared

I know what I thought
When I sent that text
I knew it was over
I thought, "I can't do this"
I did. I wished I didn't

I know what I thought
When you ghosted me
On that date
I thought, "does he really love me?"
I guess you didn't

I know what I thought
When the concerts stopped
I thought, "what's happened?"
I thought, "does love stop happiness?"
I guess it does sometimes

I know what I thought
When you asked me out
I thought, "this boy loves me"
You did
I think you did

I know what I thought
When I threw those cookies at you
And handed you the note

I thought, "this boy's gonna be mine"
He was

I don't know what you thought
I wish I did
I wish I do
I just want to know what you thought
When you saw me fall apart

You and Me

I'm zoning out right now
But can't you see?
It's just you and me, baby
The sun on our bodies
Love in our bones
It's you and me, baby
This is the way
It's supposed to be

Fat Girl

I see
And I can perceive
The perfect they know
But that's something my body can't condone;
And I walk these halls
Quickly, before one of us falls,
Because it will be me who breaks

And these headaches,
They take over my body,
A result of starving oneself,
Trying to be
That CoverGirl pretty
That all those who are skinny
Have it so easy

And now I'm stuck in this rhyme,
But this is a ladder I must climb,
Trying to get to the top
Before I am forced to stop;
Because I am that fat girl

And those eyes like pearls
Watch me break
Under the pressure I face
When I can't lose weight,
And I start to procrastinate;
Laying in bed 'til eventually
It's as if that provides immunity
To the harsh words I hear
From everyone I held dear

Because I am that fat girl,

Which seems to give reason
To commit treason
To a code us ladies hold close,
But now it is gross
To get too close
As if a breeze carries the weight
And I am just the bait.

And these stretch marks
On my stomach
My back
My thighs
Tend to verbalize:
"Not pregnant, just eating good"
And
"Oh you gained ten pounds?
Just go to the gym
You'll burn it off on a whim"
But girl,
That's not how it works

See,
Motivation is key,
But I never seems to be
A possibility I can reach
So I breach,
And I break

And these jeans start to feel tight,
But I smile through the pain,
And my stomach is gaining fame,
And everyone's looking,
But I keep on going
Because I am confident,
And I knew what it meant
When they said I was good "enough"

And although my journey's been rough
I am tough

Because I am that fat girl
And they don't know
The diets I've put myself in
And the people I've been
To get this far,
Because it's like walking through tar
Where progress is slow

But I know
That one day,
I won't be that fat girl
And I'll be able to twirl
In a dress that flatters my curves
Maybe my thighs won't touch
And I won't be as much
Maybe I'll go to the gym
And look so slim
Maybe the boys will fawn over me
When I look so pretty
Maybe I can count for beautiful
When I am not that fat girl

Here With You

I think I'm in love
And No one can fix me

It feels like a Hurricane
To Love you from a distance

You were my Home
And Those eyes of beautiful brown
Intoxicate me still

I see This side of paradise

And If by chance
You still want a dance
And you want that romance

I won't just be
Mr. Forgettable

The Grudge isn't real
And I'll still love you as much

It's Ok
It's Ok
K?

Just be Here with me
And I'll be with you

Sky Blue

The sky fades
And the deer draw close;
I feel numb,
But in a good way,
High as that Sky Blue

Don't count the sky as gray-
I will fight you on this;
The first star appears,
My guardian angel,
While my heartbeat slows.

Yes, sunsets are cool,
But have you ever watched the sky fade?
That high Sky Blue
To that low, low tune:
That fire burns for you.

Oh how I love you
Down by the green sea coast;
Watch the sky for me
As it's the same one I see;
Find that Sky Blue.

It must be a dream,
I can reach the sky-
And the sea,
But how I love that Sky Blue
Just because we are born to die.

The poet's pen parts
From the sky it sees:
That blue Sky Blue;

And she sits upon clouds,
Looking up and you and I.

That Sky Blue,
I love it as I love you;
Failure is impossible now,
Because I watch the sky fade
As your face lights up.

Now the stars converse,
Admiring from afar;
You hold my hand
As the sky grows dark-
My sweet blue as sweet as you.

The riptide in the rive
Tells me you love me;
The water reminds me of you
And that lovely Sky Blue-
I'm clinging to the butterflies you give me.

The piano shouts its joy
And the radio is on blast-
Driving through the country side,
Watching that Sky Blue:
Take a piece of my sky.

The sky lightens
And although I will miss
My perfect Sky Blue,
I have you too.
I have you.

That Which Seems True

At this point,
What is true except the fact of pain?
What is true
But the promise of love failing?
At this point,
What is true at all?

What had happened
And what happens now
What is true?
Is it true
That all us humans do
Is hate?

Hate defined is hate itself
But when not,
Goes unnoticed.
So which is right inevitably?
We go about
Hating in such ways

Truth is that which we love
Be warned:
Truth is not always what we see
When all we see is hate
Define truth to define
Something that does not exist

The Silence in my Voice

The silence in my voice
Speaks its truth:
To dare and die
Is such a wonderful thought-
How lovely is the quiet?
Every never is holding me back
While it holds an attack
On my sanity.
Can you please
Leave me be?

Losing Her

Losing her,
It felt like living hell.
At first I thought,
"Oh, this should
Be good for me".
But was it really?
Then I couldn't breathe.
I couldn't breathe without her.
I still can't.
I felt choked,
Restrained,
Empty.

It got worse
 And worse
 And worse.
It got so bad
That I slipped under
The mountain of sadness
And didn't resurface.
That's when I started cutting.
I cut
And cut
Every damn night.
I was
 Addicted.

Man, it feels like years ago,
But has it really only been one?
One year,
One fucking year,
Killed me.
Almost literally.

Shit was tough,
And there wasn't really
A way out.
Not until he came along.
 I almost forgot about you.
Almost.
But how could I forget
The birthday
 Of my first love?
How the fuck
Could I do that?

You really thought,
Didn't you,
That you would be relieved
To see me go?
Yeah, I thought that too.
Trust me,
I wish it could've been
Just like that.
But fuck!
I don't have a fucking
Manual for life.
I didn't expect that you,
My love of
 Five
Fucking
 Years
Would just
 Disappear.

I'm sorry.
I'm sorry
You had to deal
With me and my shit.
Fuck,

I'm so sorry.
I shouldn't have clung on
Like that.
I shouldn't have
Kept my guard down
Like that.
But I should have
At least
Told you I was leaving.
I'm sorry.

I'm so sorry, Cheyenne.
I love you.
I love you,
Okay?
Because right now
I'm retreating back
Into the deep
Dark
Shell
I have in place,
And I'm not going to lie,
But I could really use
One of your hugs right now.

And these
Past couple of months,
I've been having all these
Flashbacks,
Specifically those of hugs,
But also all the hello's
And the unspoken goodbye.
Flashbacks of
The blinking
And all the laughter.
Flashbacks of

Behind bars
And sleeping
On air mattresses,
Your head on my knees
And your feet by mine
As I fall off the edge.

Goodnight, dear love,
But I cannot
See
You
Tomorrow morning,
As once again,
We become strangers
That
were once sisters.
Strangers,
As all friends return to.
Like life after death:
Failed,
But continuous.
Goodnight, Chey.

My Binding Secrets

My secrets bind me
To the person I hate,
And I wish I could escape
And see
Just who I could be
Without these burdens I bear,
Because maybe I'd float in the air
Without this weight on my shoulders,
For it feels like a boulder
That I carry around,
And nobody seems to notice
The scars on my arm,
Or my grumbling stomach,
Or the way
I sleep through the days

The Burdens of an Insomniac

I'm too old to be afraid
Of the monster under my bed
But there's this person in my head
Who tells me
I should be
Awake
To defend myself from the demons
But the silence speaks too loud
To where I'm in my shroud
And this evil creature
In my mind
We are entwined
Bound to one another
Until the darkness takes over
And the nightmares come
Dreams I can remember for years
I shake and tremble
Scream and cry
Try to find the light
But I feel I'm about to die.

I Gave You Me

I told you my thoughts
And gave you my heart
I cut myself up
And tore myself apart

I let you have me
All of me
I showed you
What I could do with a pen

I warned you about me
About who I could be
I warned you I could be cold
I warned you I could kill

I gave you a chance
A chance you broke
I gave you another
And you broke me more

You told me
"It was an accident"
But was it really?
Was it?

I lowered my standards
To give myself to you
The fictional characters
Sound far more appealing now

I told you about me
I gave you who I was
And you threw it away

And took out the trash

Metaphors are shitty

So let me just be honest

I loved you

And I really shouldn't have

The Girl With Swords in her Eyes

I watch her smile
When she talks about books.
ACOTAR
Is our favorite series.
I watch as she lifts her pen
Above the paper.
A leftie, unlike most.
Her perfect handwriting
Is like the ghost of time,
Once there,
The next, never.

But there's something
In her eyes
That tells me
She would rather
Have a sword
In her hands
Than something more suitable
For mine.
Something in her eyes
Warns me of the
Demon that lurks:
One I myself find
In my own mind.

There's something there
That drags her steps,
And that spark in her eyes
Only shows
When we talk about books.
But something else tells me
That her laugh is true,

Her spirit real,
And her dirty mind,
A place of joy.

What's Left to say

What's left to say
For neither here nor there
Was there one to say
Goodbye?
I felt love's touch, but
It only left me in despair

What's left to say
Because when you pushed me away
Every thought turned
Into a dagger;
Hold my stare
And do the dare

What's left to say
When all you do
Is force me to stay
I can hold my own
Don't force me down
Because I will never drown.

What's left to say?
Just take my thoughts
I don't have to show you
The way
For there is a straight path
Down the center of my brain

What's left to say,
There's nothing left,
You took my thoughts
And left nothing

But dust
In the old attic

The Forgotten Letter

There is a letter
With words of regret.
The pen has dried up,
And the ink has spilled
And stained.

The stains of the
Pain
When the writer was
There before
But there's nothing left

There is a letter
With forgotten words.
A fancy font
A loving caress of
Literature

The pen once held
A ballet
Upon that parchment.
Now it's just a forgotten
Letter.

There is letter
Which someone once
Spilled their thoughts upon.
Now there is a letter
Where the thoughts are all regrets

I felt those regrets
I felt that pain
I felt those stains

And I felt the love
Of which the author wrote

There is a letter
Which you once read.
It is now hidden
Beneath a dresser,
Beneath a dusty memory.

The blanks in their mind
The letter once was
Is now gone.
Forgotten,
Just like the rest of us.

Five Lies Depression Told Me

The sadness in my head
Makes my body feel like
Lead.

I can't let myself feel;
I can't let myself heal.

He lied to me,
That demon in my head,
He told me I was worth
Nothing.
And I believed him.

He spoke to me,
He wouldn't leave,
He told me that I
Couldn't be loved.
And I believed him.

I felt worthless;
Unloved,
Like I can't trust
Them,
Or even myself.

He told me then,
That demon so dear,
That I was nothing
But broken.
I believed him.

He warned me of myself,
As if I didn't know
The dangers of me

Were the dangers of him
Embedded in my body.

He loves me now
That demon so near,
He tucks me in at night
And kisses me under
The reading light.

He whispered to me,
That demon so powerful,
That I was just a child,
All weak,
Although worn.

I cried that night,
The first night he came,
I felt his demonic presence
Laugh with me
As depression invaded.

I felt him every moment after that,
The dry eyes studying
The zoning out during class.
He told me if I killed myself
People might love me more.

212 days after I attempted suicide,
With scars on my arm,
And a butterfly on my hand,
I feel the demon still,
Cackling at the sight of his child.

To The End

I love her like I do the throne of lies I sit upon.
I love her like the tapestry
Draped across my bedroom wall.
I love her where the sky meets the sea
And all is right in the world.
I love her like the flower who died in summer
And bloomed in winter.
I love her like the back of my wrist;
Like the way my scars criss and cross;
Like how I love them regardless of everything.
I love her like a man does a dog;
The way the witch loves her broom.
I love her like a simple,
Deep thing,
One of grace,
Of beauty,
Of a wholeness of which
I was never capable of before.
I love her like death itself;
The way she crumbles,
The way I fall.
I love her as her,
and as her Lover,
I will do so for eternity upon eternity.
To the end, I am for you.

Suicide Note

They surround me as if I was important, those
Fake mourners,
Those dry tears.
The roses given after death, not during life,
Were for me, for their regrets.

They spoke then,
Words so clear:
"They were good."
"They were kind."
"They lived."
Did she? Or was she hidden by a curtain, one
You put up, not to protect, but to
Shun and shame.

"They loved."
I loved, but not you. Never
You.
"They were happy."
Living with you? Hearing the things you
Said? No, I died inside, much
Like how I am now.

"They spoke up."
Not when you yelled. Not when you
Drowned
My voice. I was silenced, but not silent. I
Was punished, but never the punisher.
Not when you told me
To change my mind on who
I loved. On who I
Was.

"They read so often."

I read to escape, to leave. I read
To avoid the yelling.

"They smiled so much."

Maybe I did, but don't think
That smile reached my heart. I felt none
Of the laughter inside.

"Thank you."

Thank you for what? Thanks for the flowers
I will never hold, and the
Love I will never have. Thanks for the
Hate in my heart, and the sadness in my
Head. Thanks for the future you made me
Take from myself. Thanks for the friends
I never saw, never held. Thanks for the
Confidence I never possessed.

So when you read this letter,
This letter that took my life,
Feel the pain and the
Regrets. Put those flowers by my coffin,
But not inside it.
Watch the rain fall, and the way
My body lies so still. Tell her I loved her,
Not my mother, and as you read
This suicide note, remember who I was,
Thanks to you.

Scars and Memories

You know I can't take it alone
When these memories flood
My mind
And these stories
Remind me
Of her;
You know it will only be me.

Like two fireworks
Tied to rollerblades,
I am unstable:
Uncontrollably,
Chaotically,
Irrevocably,
Helpless.

So when the scars from
My childhood,
And the scars I knew
Were my fault
Return to haunt me,
Promise:
You will stay through it all.

When I Kill Myself

When I kill myself,
I will fly above the clouds and
Soar through hearts;
An artist's muse.

When I kill myself,
I will fall through the
Deepest grave;
A lover's remorse.

When I kill myself,
I will swim past the wars
and the violence;
A father's abuse.

When I kill myself,
Remember the poems
Explaining how much
I love you.

So love,
When I kill myself,
Remember it was you who
Tried to toss the light to me.

My dear,
When I kill myself,
Remember it was your smile that
Wrote it's signature on my heart.

I put your name on a bullet
So everyone knows
You were the last thing to

Go through my head.

Stuck in the Cycle

I can't think
I can't breathe
I'm trapped in a space
Of timeless memories

There's a smack here
A kick there
A blade here
A pill there

I can't feel
So I make myself feel
I try to find that pain
And I pay in scars

My father is sitting next to me
But the only thing I
Can think of is how
He used to hit me

And the voices fill my head,
A drowning sound,
Demanding me
Dead

I hear the jokes,
"Go kill yourself"
And the words,
"Abuse"

And when a girl punched another,
I started shaking and never stopped.
I saw my past and wished

Every moment was my last

I cried my eyes red,

But look,

Hey,

"You're leaving on Tuesday"

And it'll all be over soon

I'll feel normal again too

I'll laugh with my friends

And hope my life never ends

My memories seem to invade

And block my lungs from air

And I try to escape,

But life's just not fair

So, I tried to kill myself,

So many times,

All because my memories

Are how I'm defined.

Screaming at a God who Doesn't Listen

I scream all day and night,
begging for a place,
free from sight.

"Why? Why me?"
"It could've been anyone!"
"Why me?"

My scars crisscross
my body everywhere,
A line here and there

I remove a layer
of clothing and all I get
are whispers and stares

my thighs are begging to be
covered with
a blanket

my belly a pillow,
and my arms,
a jacket.

my life is defined by 48
pink little pills.
I shake when I hear the name.

my life is defined by a
man who couldn't keep
his anger in

my life is defined by

a woman who talks softly
and a stuffed bear I've had forever

and here I keep asking,
keep begging,
to be free of these burdens

I don't know how
to survive like this
much longer.

My throat is raw
from screaming at a god
who isn't listening.

Nursery Rhymes

Your wounds are
Deeper than your skin;
Your scars litter your body
From brain to heart,
Head to toe.

(Head, shoulders
knees and toes,
knees and toes.
your child self dances
to this song, the sweet
oblivion towards the bruise
on her arm from
her father hitting her.
the teacher
has no clue.)

Shoes of Changing Seasons

I'm wearing a
pair of shoes to
my brother's
jazz concert.

they're a light brown,
with an inch-yall heel,
and they sit a little
too loose in the back.

a year ago I
wore these shoes
to a wedding,
my aunt's.

I wore these shoes
with a reddish pink dress
and my hair in a
slick back braid.

I'm wearing these shoes
with leggings, and
a green tee-shirt
that my mom gave me.

I wore these shoes
with 23 scars on my
left arm, able to say
I tripped and fell.

it's funny how day by day,
nothing changes,
but when you look back a year,

everything has changed.

The Weight of Silence

I look back at my
Childhood self and ask
Where I went
Wrong.

What did I do to deserve
Such harsh treatment?
Bullied and abused;
Cutter and suicidal.

Ignorance is sweet
Bliss; I cannot stop
Thinking of the days I spent
Weeping over my past self.

My inner child is dying
To be let out, and I can't
Bother listening to what
She's trying to say.

I'm so tired, tempted to
Close my eyes and rest
Until I'm fired, dying in a
Dreamland.

Being dragged by the ankle
Is exhausting work, just let me
Be and do not lurk;
I'm crying so I don't die.

I'm the elephant in the room,
The secret always told;
I'm the sadness on my mother's face

And the regret on everyone else's.

I'm the anger in my chest and
Clenched fists, I am pain,
The epitome and definition,
Undeniable and uncontrollable.

I've been screaming
At everyone and
Everything since I was
Ten.

From Surviving to Living

I haven't seen my room
In 83 days.
I panicked the first time I saw
it, forcing myself to
Breathe, work on the skills
you've spent so long perfecting
1, 2, 3, hold, 1, 2, 3, exhale
Fucking breathe.

I left with no more than
a suitcase, a blanket, a stuffy
and a little blue shoulder bag.
I walked out with so much more,
Six new stuffies,
A long list of skills,
And a lack of addiction.
I walked out with a life.

The only thing I can
hope for now,
is that all the effort,
all the work, blood, sweat,
and tears, were worth surviving
to live for my future.
I can only hope, and luckily,
I have that spark.

I See God in Her Eyes

I see God in her eyes,
In the way she wants to
die,
I see God in her eyes,
In how she speaks her
lies

I Can't Stop Thinking

I can't stop thinking of
What they'll feel when I'm
Gone. When my bones are
Laid in the Earth, and my
Time is done.

I can't stop thinking of
Their grief; of the way they
Might fall. Or maybe their
Guilt, because what if they
Could have stopped it?

I can't stop thinking of
The words I'll never
read; the Love I'll never have,
Capital "L". Of the sunrises I'll miss,
Or a violin's sweet harmony.

I can't stop thinking of
The memories,
The moments,
The crying
The laughter.

I can't stop thinking of
Long car rides, and
Music so loud you can't
Hear anything
Later.

I can't stop thinking of
My mama, and how maybe
She'll cry harder than

The last time, when her
Parents died.

I can't stop thinking of
My brother, because I think
A lifetime is too long to
Go without your sister and
Buying Safeway corn dogs together.

I can't stop thinking of
How maybe it won't be
Worth it in the end,
How all my work will
Be for nothing.

But I can't stop thinking of
How maybe it will be.
Of how I'll get my green
corduroy couches and my
black-and-white tiled kitchen.

I can't stop thinking of
How I'll get my air fryer,
And my succulent-filled
Apartment, and two
Maine coon cats.

I can't stop thinking of
Local coffee shops and
Hot chocolate, writing a
Book in my
Spare time.

I can't stop thinking of
Going to college,
Eating without guilt,

Not hating myself,
And bubble baths.

I can't stop thinking of
The chick-flicks I'll watch,
Of the pizza I'll eat,
All the sunrises I'll see,
And the Love I'll have.

I can't stop thinking of
The dogs I'll pet,
Of the job I'll have,
Of the music I'll
Listen to.

I can't stop thinking of
Spending time with my Mama,
Of eating corn dogs with
My brother in the
Safeway parking lot.

I can't stop thinking of
The music I'll create,
The February snow,
The hope, and the
Future I'll have.

I can't stop thinking of
How maybe, sometimes,
Life might actually
Be worth
Living.

Collateral Damage

Park at your own risk,
Fly or foul balls
May strike vehicles.
We are not responsible
For the damage.

(just as we are not
responsible for losing
yourself, for hurting
yourself. you are the
collateral damage of
your own actions. We
cannot help you.
Only you can.)

Things I Heard at an Audiology Appointment

i'm sorry, i lost
myself
this morning.

and it got me thinking,
don't we
all?

i lost myself in
my drowning thoughts,
in my dissociation.

i lost myself in
a book about a girl
with more courage than me.

i lost myself in
my depression,
in my tears.

i lost myself in
your ocean-blue eyes,
in my love.

i lost myself in
conformity, in trying
to stay with everyone.

i lost myself in
the inner workings of
my own mind.

i lost myself in

the blade in my
own hand.

i lost myself in
food, in the number
on the scale.

i lost myself in
my father's eyes,
in the hurt.

i lost myself in
drowning my sorrows
in alcohol.

i lost myself in
the 48 pink pills
I used to try to die.

i lost myself in
a pool of blood,
in the bathtub.

i lost myself in
gym class the other
day, reliving my past.

i believe i find
myself lost fairly
often.

but
eventually,
after

minutes

hours

days

i find myself again.

January 20

It's crazy to think
That on that Tuesday,
I didn't want to even
say goodbye.

On that Tuesday,
I sat there thinking,
Wondering if I'll ever see
Any of them again.

I sat on my bed and
I couldn't breathe,
The yelling so loud,
I was begging "please".

And then I did it, I
Swallowed them up,
Three at a time, and hoped that
Tomorrow I wouldn't wake up.

I was angry and sad,
And I felt so bad,
So instead of tomorrow,
I'll do it today.

And then a week later,
They all found out;
They wanted me to talk,
But I wanted to shout.

But even then I didn't cry,
Not until August,
And the more I lied,

The more I died inside.

So they sent me away
For 83 days, and hoped
Maybe I could come back,
Not so astray.

And for awhile after I was,
With a healthy brain,
My problems gone away,
I didn't feel that empty buzz.

But now it's later,
And there's no more support,
I'm feeling bad again,
So much hurt.

I've shed my blood
Sweat and tears for this,
But now I'm afraid;
Where's my sweet bliss?

It was supposed to be
Better, but look at this,
I'm back where I was
When did this slope become so slippery?

It's back where it was,
The second-to-last Tuesday in May,
January 20, that date
Won't sway.

But I don't want to die,
Do I?
But I keep hurting like this,
My hands clench to fists.

I don't want to die,
But like this
I don't think I can
Survive.

I'm trying to find the words
To fight the hurt,
I'm trying to get my shit together,
To beat the bad weather.

But I don't think I can do this,
Don't think I can
I don't think I can
I don't think I can

I want to die
I want to die
I want to die
I've been speaking too many lies