

# things that have been happening

Madds



Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*To those who can't find the light*

## summary

Fleeting Feelings

Father of Force

The Meeting With Someone I Once Loved

My I am From

I Fear my Scars

Those Brown Eyes

The Way I Broke

What's Left of Us

What Hurts?

I'm Fine

I Fell in Love With the Dark

Where did Love go?

I'm Sorry That I Loved You

I Love You

What did you think?

You and Me

Fat Girl

Here With You

Sky Blue

That Which Seems True

The Silence in my Voice

Losing Her

My Binding Secrets

The Burdens of an Insomniac

I Gave You Me

The Girl With Swords in her Eyes

What's Left to say

The Forgotten Letter

Five Lies Depression Told Me

To The End

Suicide Note

Scars and Memories

When I Kill Myself

Stuck in the Cycle

Screaming at a God who Doesn't Listen

Nursery Rhymes

Shoes of Changing Seasons

The Weight of Silence

From Surviving to Living

I See God in Her Eyes

I Can't Stop Thinking

Collateral Damage

Things I Heard at an Audiology Appointment

January 20

combination

C-PTSD

Hope

Trauma Steals Your Voice

Shambles

The After

Empty Promises

Chained

## 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

**combination**

maybe it's slightly odd  
that my favorite  
candy is my  
ex best friend's

or that my favorite college football  
team is the Huskies,  
because my dad loved  
them too.

or that i bought a new pair  
of shoes, because someone  
i love has  
them too.

or that i love the color green  
because my  
brother made me feel  
seen.

or that i play my violin because  
when my mom played,  
she said she felt  
so free.

but i am a  
combination of  
all the people I have  
ever know.

## C-PTSD

I hate the way he  
flips his cards  
and the way he tends to walk.  
I hate it when he slams  
the door and often  
how he talks.

no, this is not a love poem,  
although your father  
is often your first love.  
but I wish he had my  
Mama's tenderness,  
instead of creating more traumas.

-an angry daughter  
*(p.s. i missed my childhood because of you)*

## Hope

I've been fighting this  
Battle for so long,  
So much,  
I sometimes feel I can't win.

But I know I can,  
I've seen the leaves in the trees  
And the laughter and  
The honeybees.

And sometimes I feel  
Like there ain't no hope;  
But man,  
Just look around and feel.

I tried to die three times,  
Took some pills,  
Thought I was flyin'.  
And it sucks.

But when I look around  
I can feel the warmth on my skin  
And the breeze in my hair;  
Nothing like the feelings I'm in.

There's nothing important in this world,  
Just gotta go around,  
Tryna live  
For my girl.

Just dancing and laughing  
And singing and crying,  
Lying and dying

And feeling those feelings.

Nothing's gonna last in this world,

So you gotta make it count.

You may not have hope to get

But there's always some to give.

## Trauma Steals Your Voice

Trauma steals your voice  
In the most subtle of ways.  
A whisper here, maybe there,  
And a pinch of "I can't cope".  
Guilt surrounds, an endless  
Ocean to bask in,  
Drown in.  
When you're drowning,  
You don't usually die from the water,  
But the lack of air.  
I have inhaled enough of the ocean  
Without having the breath:  
My father's hitting,  
My mother's screaming,  
A slap on the cheek  
And a cut on the wrist.  
Maybe a lack of food  
For a day or two.  
The hate and hate and hate,  
But I don't want to hate?  
I can't help but love, but God,  
I am ever so angry at them.  
My childhood stolen,  
My tears hidden,  
And my everlasting trauma.  
I couldn't ask for help  
When I was drowning,  
My voice muted and cut out  
By the endless waves.  
Trauma grasped my voice  
And told me I imagined him,  
That I was a liar, a bitch,  
And a horrible daughter.

Carving 'Bitch' into my shoulder  
Was my way of staying afloat,  
A raft of sorts.  
Maybe proof that it was real,  
Proof that I was real,  
Because my constant dissociative state  
Couldn't handle my emotions.  
My throat is raw from screaming  
And my eyes are red from the heavy salt,  
Even now the memories hurt;  
I think I need my inhaler but  
My prescription ran out.  
I can feel the fluid in my lungs and  
I am losing my voice, so slowly,  
And no one is noticing.



## Shambles

Things were fine  
Until I started to remember  
*Everything.*

And  
I  
Am  
In  
Pieces.

## The After

I want to cut it out,  
Let it all free,  
Come back to my body,  
Come back to me.

I am the side effect  
Of sadness;  
And embrace of pure,  
Sweet darkness.

My wrist is my canvas,  
My blade is my pen;  
Let me go,  
For I cannot mend.

The tears don't fall,  
Unlike my face.  
I starve myself to death,  
Hoping I find my last breath.

Rehab worked  
Rehab worked  
Rehab worked  
Rehab worked

I tried so hard:  
I cried a river,  
Screamed in pain,  
I bled out my fucking brain.

I want that sweet  
Release again,  
Blade against

Skin.

The only thing is,  
If I go too deep,  
Can I come back?  
Can I come back?

## Empty Promises

Feel the silence in the back  
Of your throat,  
A burning cough from illness,  
Mental, not the regular  
Because I'm just lazy, right?

I'm the background character in  
My own motion picture,  
A film starring the dark and I  
Just reside in it, it's my  
Home now.

Talking with the devil, crying,  
Begging for a sweet release  
Into a different form of pain,  
Maybe one with less pain;  
I hate this game.

I'm writing poetry to find peace,  
But I am in pieces, a shattered  
Mirror, multiplied and scattered  
Everywhere, build myself piece by  
Piece but I'm broken again.

My lungs are filling with my blood;  
I'm breathing in my scars and and  
Exhaling my joy,  
I'm embracing my silence and  
Basking in the warm tides of anxiety.

I let the drugs wash over me,  
Two antidepressants and a  
Couple more,

Accept the numbness and  
Stay away from the hurt.

If I feel no emotion,  
It sends the bad ones away  
But the good ones too.  
Is the sacrifice worth  
The emptiness?

## Chained

"Dissociating for ten hours  
A day is not good"  
"When you feel a lot of things,  
It sometimes seems easier to  
Numb them"  
"Try explaining your emotions  
As an author would".

Fine:  
I am drowning in my grief,  
My heart is slowly breaking in two?  
I can feel each minuscule tear,  
Moment by moment.  
I am a shattered mirror  
And a blanket stained with wine.  
I am the embodiment of fear,  
And my guilt is overwhelming.

My tears could take up an ocean,  
If only I could summon them,  
My eyes are dry as the  
Deserts in Arizona;  
And there's this scream in my throat  
That is begging to be released,  
A sound so broken it's pitiful,  
But it's suffocating me, I can't  
Breathe.

I am filled with the anger of  
A thousand hornets,  
Hot and heavy and intense;  
The sweltering state of a day  
Down south.

My anger is silent car rides,  
Red faces  
And raised voices;  
Of men's calloused hands  
And little girl's terrified screams.

I am vulnerable,  
A sheep without its wool,  
Every thought pulled and picked at.  
I am fragile as the  
Porcelain dish I broke  
Several weeks ago:  
They keep saying they'll fix it,  
But they never will.

I am empty as the  
Hot cocoa mug sitting on the  
Table from last week.  
It was full at one point,  
But now it's just the shell.  
Wash, rinse, repeat.  
I am empty as my stomach,  
No more than 500 calories,  
Exercise more:  
The weight won't lose itself  
And I become lost in an  
Unimaginable field of guilt and  
Wilted flowers

I am weighed down by  
Bricks in my shoes,  
On my back,  
In my hands.  
Every day adds more  
And more  
And more

And more.

I am as lonely as the raspberry tea  
I made this morning;  
I haven't taken one sip,  
It's probably cold now.  
I do not like raspberries.

I am falling into my pool of  
Grief,  
Trying to find all of the pieces  
I've lost along the way;  
Maybe I can find the joyous child  
In me again.  
Maybe I can go back in time  
And find her,  
And hug her,  
And tell her everything will change.  
I miss her.

But I am embracing my  
Numbness like an old friend;  
She's been with me forever  
Either way.  
I can't remember what it's like to feel,  
But I know a could,  
I did,  
Just a couple of months ago.