

# a strange kids anthology

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Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*I write poems to express my pain. I find that it is hard to express my feelings verbally but a lot easier when written in ink. I was never really taught how to write a poem properly, but I find that there is not a wrong or a right way to write out your pain. Most of these I wrote when facing the trials in my poems so they are heartfelt and genuine. I hope that my poems relate to your own self.*

## **Acknowledgement**

To my sister who always listened to me when no one else would.

## About the author

I am a student in high school just trying to make it through.

## summary

Defeat

The Dark Hand

seven kinds of death

blood mixed with water

my ex

how I received peace

## Defeat

Defeat. A sour taste in the mouth.  
Defeat. Knowing you've lost.  
Defeat. Where you decide to stand up.  
Defeat Where you decide to stay down.

Defeat. Defeat. Defeat. Defeat.  
It chases after me like a predator.  
No matter how fast I run it knocks me down.  
Defeat. Defeat. Defeat. Defeat.

Is this how i'm supposed to feel?  
Pushed to the ground, breathless?  
Is this how i'm supposed to feel?  
No hands reach out to pull me up.

Defeat. How sweet it seems.  
Defeat. In the end it's bitter.  
Defeat. It still chases after me.  
Defeat. It knocks me back down.

One event after another.  
Defeat. Defeat. Defeat. Defeat.  
Lost friendships and relationships.  
Defeat. Defeat. Defeat. Defeat.

Is this how my life is supposed to go?  
Maybe if I stay down...  
Is this how i'm supposed to think?  
I have to stand up....

Defeat. It's cold eyes stare into me.  
Defeat. It may chase me forever.  
Defeat. I stare back into his eyes.

Defeat. It disappears when I stand up.

## The Dark Hand

The dark hand stretches over in my mind  
it stretches more and more each day  
the hand takes my thoughts day and night  
it smashes my happiness to pieces

the hand takes hold of my dark times and brings them back  
it breaks me down just like the day before  
the thoughts overpower everything else  
it is just too much for me

the tears help sometimes  
it feels like flushing out the negatives  
the hand is still grabbing my thoughts  
it just won't give up

the trauma, the tragedies, the tears of the past  
it takes hold of them all  
the fear of the future  
it is the worst of them all

the hand takes hold of anything  
it twists and turns all of my thoughts  
the thought of my death  
it terrifies me and brings tears

the death of me  
it could be painful or painless  
the hand goes even deeper  
it chokes the air out of my lungs

the night has crept through my fingers  
it caused another restless night  
the same one just the day before



it tires me just like everyday

## seven kinds of death

seven weird kids in a row  
one jumped there are six to go  
six strange kids in a row  
one put a bullet in their head there are five more to go  
five sad kids in a row  
one put their head in the water there are four to go  
four angry kids in a row  
one didn't eat there are three to go  
three miserable kids in a row  
one took a pill there are two to go  
two depressed kids in a row  
one wore a necklace of rope there is one to go  
one suicidal kid left in a row  
she slit her wrist cause no one told her no.

## blood mixed with water

I sit in the shower, contemplating life or death;  
I rock back and forth,  
trying to see my worth,  
I tremble with each breath;

can someone please come to pull me back to earth?  
I feel as if I'm flying,  
while I start bleeding,  
the feeling fills me with mirth;

my blood mixes with the warm water I sulk in;  
the water, like my mind, has been taken over,  
no one comes to her, to rescue her,  
not only do I die physically, I've died within.

with my few moments left I grab my paper and pen,  
ink bleeds into the paper,  
my wrists bleed against the razor,  
what happens when they see a corpse in the tub? what happens then?

will my death be considered selfish?  
will I even be remembered?  
perhaps my death will be misrendered.  
perhaps my death, people would relish.

the water, like my mind, is no longer clear,  
I couldn't find a way to escape from this world,  
now this dreadful world looks whorled,  
just like my blood mixed with the water.

## my ex

I should kill my ex  
so he can feel the pain I felt  
to feel when your heart stop beating  
to feel the stab in the back

I should kill my ex  
maybe he will feel the pain I felt  
I can feel my heart beating  
as I imagine the blood on his back

i should kill my ex  
he is going to be tortured like I was  
maybe rip the heart from his chest?  
"maybe I shouldn't do this..."

I should kill my ex  
I don't remember who I once was  
my heart rate rises and falls like my chest  
"maybe I shouldn't do this..."

I should kill my ex  
his chest rises and falls...  
the chest falls along with the knife  
"how does it feel now..."

I killed my ex....  
my heart rate rises and falls  
there is blood on my hands and the knife  
"how does it feel now..."

## how I received peace

I've always wondered what it felt like to fall,  
but now I know and I regret it all,  
I've always wondered what it felt like to jump,  
I jump cause my failures were their trump,  
Now that I'm halfway down,  
my mind has gone lown,  
I've finally achieved peace,  
but it wasn't how I wanted it in the least.