

My Life in Poetry

Mysty Monroe



Presented by

My poetic side 

About the author

Hi there! I find the topic of my life truly fascinating, and I believe it could easily become a novel someday. For now, I invite you to explore *My Life in Poetry*, where I share the many interesting experiences that have shaped who I am today. Everything from heartfelt moments to not so heartfelt moments , just want to keep it real with you each piece reflects a fragment of my journey. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it!

summary

Breaking My Own Chains

Perfectly Imperfect

Enough is Enough

Free in Love

My true colors bleed differently than yours

Breaking My Own Chains

In a town that whispers secrets,
shadows paint the walls,
I walk these empty streets alone,
where silence softly calls.
With my head held high,
but my heart tucked away,
The echoes of yesterday
keep haunting me today.
I wear independence like a threadbare coat,
Each stitch tells a story,
each tear feels like a boat,
The sun sets low, behind the trees I've known,
Casting haunting memories in hues of amber and stone.
I count the stars as they flicker to the beat,
Each one a whisper of love, now just bittersweet.
I learn to dance with shadows, let them pull me close,
In the quiet solitude, I find what matters most,
But the weight of my decisions hangs heavy in the night,
A ghost of who I could've been, just out of reach, out of sight.
So, I chase the dawn with my fragile, open heart,
Yet the more I seek the sun, the more I drift apart.
In the echo of my laughter, there's a tremble, there's a sigh,
The freedom that I long for also makes me want to cry.
I'll raise a glass to freedom, to the choices that I've made,
But behind this brave facade, a part of me will fade.
In every step I take alone, there's a wish for company,
For in this independence, I'm still longing to be free.

Perfectly Imperfect

In a world of flawless facades, we strive for perfection
However, in the pursuit of flawlessness, we lose our connection.
For true beauty lies not in perfection
But in the imperfections that make us unique and blessed.
Embrace the quirks and flaws that make you who you are,
For it is through imperfections that we truly stand out like a star.
The crooked smile, the messy hair, the scars that tell a story,
These imperfections are what make us shine with true glory.
Perfectly imperfect, flawed yet complete,
We are a masterpiece, one of a kind, not to be discreet.
Our imperfections are what make us real and true,
A reflection of our journey, all that we've been through.
So let us celebrate our flaws, our quirks, our scars,
For in our imperfections, we find beauty that soars.
We are perfectly imperfect, a work of art in motion,
Embracing each flaw with love and devotion.

Enough is Enough

Standing for myself
Having a Voice
Having the knowledge
They don't listen to me.
Why don't you listen
I shout in silence
Oh Why
They hear like a whisper
I am standing up for myself.
With every ounce of passion
I fight through the noise.
U will hear me
I'm not to be ignored
I'm breaking down these walls
They say I'm crazy
I am a little insane
I see, I do feel, who even cares
My voice will be heard
They see, but don't feel
I know, I do feel, who even cares
My voice will be heard
Do you know where
I am from?

Free in Love

Softness

with every breath of words

Tenderness,

Touched with care

Calmness

filled the air

As she went up

the stairs so slowly

Thoughts swirling

One thought

One focus

the door to her future

Wind blowing through her dress.

Caressed every curve

Heart beating

Sad truth

No guilt

No debt to serve

The power of elements

Knocked out any Negative thoughts

That came her way

The closer she became

Intensely

Endlessly

Words in her view

Spinning in wind

moments of freeness

love rested upon her.

She became free

Free to be herself

Free to be Her true self in love

My true colors bleed differently than yours

**The slate is wiped
a clean white page
start again, another stage**

**We know the script, the final scene
This journey we all know how it will end, it's always been**

**Do I disappoint you?
Is there a flicker of regret across your brow?**

**Was I not the promise that you held so tight?
Not the sun you needed in the fading light?
Was I not what you thought I would be for you?**

Did my true colors bleed differently than yours?

**Every attempt, a clumsy dance
A heart laid bare, a vacant glance
Wrong turn each word that comes, a stumbling plea
How can each word be wrong?**

**I try to bridge the widening divide
But every sentence falls and starts to hide**

**Did my true colors not bleed the same as yours
a whispered fear**

**I search for meaning in your distant gaze
Start again, the endless loop
Knowing the end, the bitter truth
Wrong turn, each echoing sound
My words oh they fall short**