

She Wore Her Scars Like Satin

Rebecca Miller



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

*To the ones who loved too quietly,
hurt too deeply,
and stitched their hearts back together
with trembling hands and ink-stained hope.*

*This is for every soul who felt too much
and spoke too little
may these pages echo what you couldn't say.*

Acknowledgement

To the ghosts I've loved
thank you for haunting me gently.
Your absence carved the verses,
your silence shaped the rhythm.

To my family, my web of strength:
you anchor me in the storm
and remind me that even dark things can shine.

To the ones who read between the metaphors,
who feel the ache behind the elegance
this is for you.

And to the girl I used to be:
you were never too much.
You were poetry waiting to be written.

About the author

Rebecca writes from the quiet corners of emotion, blending gothic elegance with raw vulnerability. Her work explores emotional detachment, metaphor, and the beauty found in darkness.

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Sealed Hearts

Do I love you or do I not
I think I used to but I forgot
I sealed my heart into a box
How will I feel once unlocked?
?
Memories wrapped in whispers tight,
Flickering shadows in the night.
Your voice, a ghost I thought I'd slain,
Now echoes softly, stirring pain.
?
I buried dreams beneath the years,
But here you are, igniting fears.
The laughter shared, the tears we shed,
A tapestry of words unsaid.
?
Do I dare to lift the lid,
To feel the warmth that love once hid?
Or stay within this careful shell,
Where silence guards my heart so well?
?
Each message pulls me, like the tide,
A bittersweetness I can't hide.
Do I embrace the past we knew,
Or let the dawn bring something new?
So tell me, love, what do you seek?
A fleeting spark, or something deep?
In this dance of what once was,
I search for answers, pause because?
?
The heart, it wanders, seeks to roam,
Yet fears the path that leads to home.
So here I stand, on shifting ground,

Where love was lost, but now is found.

So do I love you or do I not?

I think I used to, but I forgot.

The box I sealed remains intact,

A treasure lost, a heart abstract.

?

For in that space, there lies a choice,

To listen close, to hear your voice.

Yet wisdom whispers, soft and clear,

Some mysteries are best left here.

?

So I'll let time weave its gentle thread,

And keep the past where it has led.

A flicker of warmth, a fleeting thought,

But I won't open the box I bought.

The Last Ride

In the heart of the midnight circus,
Where dark truths and whispers surface,
Lies a twisted tale of love and fright,
Of a heart that's been wronged, ready to fight.
Once you led me through the halls,
Of laughter masked by carnival calls.
Emotional rides, up and down,
Lost in your circus, a broken clown.
?

But now the tables have surely turned,
The lessons given have been learned.
The ringleader now holds the reigns,
In this circus of haunted pains.

Step right up to the Endless Wheel,
Where secrets spin and truths reveal.
Mirror Maze of shattered trust,
Reflects a heart that's turned to rust.
?

The Ferris Wheel now moves so slow,
Each creak a whisper, a tale of woe.
Up you go, to the highest peak,
To see the love you dared to seek.
?

Clowns of sorrow, jugglers of lies,
Perform under the moonlit skies.
Cotton candy of bitter taste,
Memories lost, dry funnel cake.
?

Come to the House of Empty Dreams,
Where echoes of the past still scream.
Hallways of regrets and fears,
Wet with the sting of fallen tears.

The roller coaster's final scream,
Awakens you from this cruel dream.
The ride of losing me, your scariest yet,
A twisted ending you won't forget.
?
????

Chained by a Ghost

A love once warm now chills the night,
Leaving darkness to fall on memories bright.
You linger like shadows, sly and elusive,
Your malicious fun, tangling and intrusive.
Your call is like a siren's song,
Leading me where I don't belong.
Your voice, like honey, sweet yet untrue,
Luring me closer, then fading from view.
I check my phone like a moth to flame;
In every ping, I search your name.
But laughter lingers in the void you leave,
As you celebrate in hearts deceived.
I hate the trill of your playful tease,
The way you come close, then leave with ease.
You wield your power with a knowing grin,
Like a spider's web, I'm caught in your spin.
You know the hold you have on my soul;
Each touch a dagger, each kiss a toll.
Yet here I remain on the edge of despair,
A hopeless prisoner, caught in your snare.
Deep down I know, with each fleeting thrill,
The games you play only deepen the chill.
So I build my walls, although they sway,
And try to resist the pull of your way.

My Clucking Friends

When I hear the waddle waddle,
I take a seat,
In the sunny coop
Where the world feels sweet.
I hear feathers a-fluff-fluff
And hens a cluck-cluck cheer.
These plucky pals
Make my worries disappear.
Their little feet scratch, pecking at the ground;
In their chicken chatter, solace can be found.
With every soft coo, my heart starts to sway
Who knew that chickens could brighten my day?
They strut their stuff on a feathered stage;
In this farm theater, my stress starts to fade.
I giggle as they scratch; so silly I cry,
Like tiny comedians beneath the clear blue sky.
When I hear the waddle waddle,
It's time to unwind.
In their gentle presence,
True peace I find.
So here's to my chickens,
My feathery friends.
With their warm little hearts,
My joy never ends.

Trailer Park Trashy

If you're trailer park trashy
Then why does your mom
Drive something flashy?
She must be selling that hash, she?
Must be selling ass?she
Don't even know your dad-dy.

Yeah, we're broke as hell, can't even afford a lie, Mama's working hard while daddy's chasing high,

Brother's locked up, got a cell for a home,
Church kicked him out, said he's better alone.
They don't know the story, they just see the mess,
Judging from the outside, can't see the stress.
Daddy claims another kid, but won't give us a cent,
Sends her money, but won't even pay our rent.
?

If you're trailer park trashy
Then why does your mom
Drive something flashy?
She must be selling that hash, she?
Must be selling ass?she
Don't even know your dad-dy.
?

Every night it's a show,
fights echo off trailer windows,
Yelling 'bout the past,
throwing punches, broken glass
They choose me when they need to confide,
I got the weight of the word when
they demand I pick a side
Mama loves him still, but he's lost in his vice,
Shooting steroids, thinking it'll fix his life.
Both of 'em blame, but it's a twisted game,

Talking trash 'bout each other,
I love 'em, but it's a shame.

They don't see the struggle, they don't feel the pain,
Just a kid in the middle, trying to break the chain.
I'm tired of the judgment, of the whispers and the stares,
'Cause behind all the chaos, there's love that still cares.
So I'll keep defending, through the thick and the thin,
In this trailer park life I'm living in
?

If you're trailer park trashy
Then why does your mom
Drive something flashy?
She must be selling that hash, she?
Must be selling ass?she
Don't even know your daddy.

A Wave of Love

You are my lifeboat,
When the sea is all I know.
You are my compass,
When I don't know where to go.
You are my whisper
In the silence of the deep;
You are my melody,
When the sea is fast asleep.
You are my sail
When the winds refuse to blow;
You are my guiding star
In the night's endless flow.
You are my buoy
When the currents pull me under;
You are my sunshine
When the skies pour and thunder.
You are my beacon
When I begin to drift;
You are my wave
When I need a lift.
Thank you for sailing
Through the storms and tranquil seas;
With you by my side,
I feel at ease.
Together we will voyage
To horizons yet unknown,
Facing all the hardships,
Never alone.

?Unfelt ?

Someone knocked and asked the past,
A name, a time, a place.
I stood behind a quiet door
And didn't show my face.
It happened in a silent blur,
A moment lost in haze.
I stood there, but I wasn't sure
If I had lived those days.
The scene replayed behind my eyes,
Like film that skips and fades.
I watched it all, but felt no rise
Of fear or even rage.
A thunder struck, then silence fell,
No echo dared to stay.
I locked the sound inside a hell
And threw the key away.
There's a room in my head I skip,
I know what waits inside.
The door is shut, the lock is thick,
And I don't care to pry.
I pass it like it isn't there,
Though I can hear the sound.
A memory breathing in the air
That I won't let resound.
He hit me once and lights went out,
The floor became the sky.
I floated through a room of doubt
And didn't wonder why.
The ceiling cracked, the walls bent in,
But no one saw them break.
I smiled like nothing touched my skin?
A mask I had to fake.

They sent me from a house of pain,
No warning, just a ride.
To someone shaped by darker things?
A truth they chose to hide.
He carried ghosts they never named,
A past they left unsaid.
He showed me care they never gave?
But I still lived in dread.
No hand, no harm?but still I flinched
When praise felt like a stare.
His voice would dress me in unease,
Too tender to beware.
My mind's a house with shuttered rooms,
The curtains never drawn.
I dust the shelves but never look
At what I've moved beyond.
I leave the lights off when I pass,
The rooms I won't reveal.
Some things are safer left untouched?
It's easier not to feel.

Seasons of Love

Their love was like the first bloom of spring
fresh, intoxicating.

It was like sunlight warming the earth
gentle, life-giving.

Her soul was the forest after wildfire
scarred, but ready to blossom once more.

His touch grounded her
like bare feet on soft, rich soil.

His curly hair reminded her of clouds
caught in a whirlwind, chaos full of beauty.

His gaze, the deep hue of freshly tilled soil
was full of promise and life.

A love that felt like cool rain on parched earth
soothing, essential.

But as the days grew shorter
their love withered like the last blooms of summer

A fleeting beauty
cherished in the moment
but destined to be released

A love that faded like autumn leaves
beautiful in its decline
but destined to fall.

She didn't notice the moment it changed
only that winter had begun to speak
and without resistance
she stood in the frost where fire used to be.