

Anthology of Ally



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

This is dedicated to my sister, she's the reason I am still here, the reason I write poems to work through my problems, because I can't give up on her.

Acknowledgement

But I can not forget about all my siblings; they are all the reason I still fight. I can not forget about my high school teachers; they really pushed me and supported me when I needed it most.

About the author

I am not one to give out where I live, where I grew up, but just know when reading these poems that I have written, you are looking into me, you're stepping into my life. It is perfectly okay to relate and agree, but this is my story.

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Melted

She's going to be the death of me
Softening me up
Like butter in the summer
I hate how she makes me feel
I hate how she knows what I love
I hate that she knows that's her
She softening me up
Like ice cream left to the sunbeams
I hate how perfect her hair falls
I hate how her eyes outshine the stars in the sky
I hate how she makes my world slow down
I'm not softening up
She's going to be the death of me
She's melting me
Like a candle left in a careful puddle
I love the way her smile lights up the room
I love the way she flushes when i look her way
I love how she melted me

The Eternal Night

She watches the buildings fall
as the world eats herself alive
and the rich stand tall as they stall the inevitable
While the poor's bones bare
Their greedy hand steal rights
From those who can't afford to speak
Her screams echo through the night
The night that never ends
The night just for those who aren't white
The endless night for those who fight like Jane roe
The night is eternal
The white king just controlling the pawns
In his game
His game only he knows the rules
The rules that benefit the look alike

Drowning in the mist

The clock ticks loud a heavy sound
She stares, unseeing, at the wall
Obligations all around, preparing,
For yet another to fall
Her book lays open, pages stark,
But the words just swim, a blurry haze
A fragile boat lost in the dark,
Through life's demanding
Endless maze
She needs to rise, she needs to play her part
To smile,
To serve,
To laugh,
To be a perfect grace.
But weariness has seized her heart
A hollow shell, an empty space
The pressure mounts a crushing weight
To keep her grades, to keep the pace
She seals her weary, anxious state
Hoping soon, to find release

Fall Fades To Winter

Fall Fades To Winter.
Over the last couple months I felt the chill in the wind.
I felt the crisp autumn air.
But it is barely spring?
The leaves changed now they are falling?
It doesn't make sense its April, not november?
But winter is coming.
Winter will take over my summer
Leaving the trees bare
And a soft frost overs the grass
Everything is backwards
Upside down maybe
Nothing is making sense
It's supposed to be this
Has to be that
I am confused
What am I to do?
Am I upside down?
Am I backwards?
When will I grow in the spring?
When will i be full for summer?
now I see the frost and the fallen leaves
My life has been spring and summer for years,
A beautiful bright yellow
A sweet soft lemon smell
But I remember the harsh winters
The freezing temperatures
The hazardous conditions,
Summer is safe
Spring is growing
But fall changes things and winter scares me.

Living On Eggshells

She walks on shards a silent tread
Across the floors, so cold and bare
A web of fear inside her head
A heavy weight she has to bear

His anger a dark, swirling cloud
Hangs low, a threat she can't ignore
Her voice a whisper, never loud
Afraid to open the door

Each step she takes a cautious plea
To not disturb the fragile peace
A yearning for tranquility
A silent wish for sweet release

The glass surrounds a brittle cage
Revealing sorrow in her eyes
She fears turning a page
Breathe the weight of the silent skies

Salem?s Secret

They taught you fear of shadows deep
Of whispers riding on the breeze
They showed you hags with souls to reap
And twisted takes to ill appease

You learned to dread the midnight dance
The cauldrons brew
The judging glance
Of those who watched the embers glow

For it was not the accused one's plea
Nor the spells they wove in secret nights
That brought the gallows twisted tree
And snuffed out innocent fridge lights

Fear those who piled the pyre high
Who claimed God's word with burning breath
Their righteous rage, a hollow cry
They were the architects of death

So tremble not for those
Who met a fiery doom
But fear the wicked souls
Who sealed them in a tomb

Gasp for Air

My world cracks, a fragile shell. The ground beneath me melts away.
Each wall around me turns to dust. A bitter, deep, corroding rust.
Nothing stays, it slips and slides.
My steady footing now evades. Familiar corners twist and bend. This chaos seems to never end.
I feel so easily replaced. My very purpose feels erased.
Any other could stand in my place, without leaving the slightest trace.
I'm breakable, like ancient glass. A whisper might just make me crash.
One touch,
I fear I will explode. Beneath this impossible, heavy load.
I mean absolutely nothing now.
No one cares to wonder how.
My voice is lost, a silent plea.
Invisible for all to see.
Just a pawn on someone's board. My destiny, by others scored.
I move where they decide I go. A puppet in a silent show.
This anxious tremor fills my soul.
My crumbling world takes its toll.
I'm breaking down, unraveling fast.
A shadow, not meant to last.

Ink-Stained Hands

Her heart, untouched, overlooked
Invisible thoughts in her head
A silent, unread, storybook
Pages unturned, a sheet of dust,
But within her pages unfold,
She sees the author she thought.
Facing the mirror, expecting
A monster
An evil soul, who had written her story
There she stands face to face
Not a beast nor anything evil
A soft soul, a desperate being
A fragile girl
Who wants what she wants.
Who is, who I am.
Her anger faded, leading her to the mirror,
She sees the jumbled mess of history
Pens of old, never new
The pages tell her story,
The horrors unfold once again
She looks forward
Ignoring the past
Plastered on the floor.
She lifts the pen, soiling her hands
She pays no mind,
She moves the pen across the paper
Tainted by past mistakes
She moves with purpose and dedication.
Giving a garnish to splatter
Shaping her past from pain to beauty
No longer a character
Now the author.

The Quiet Collapse

Struggling

Lots of people struggle

It's all in being human

But not how I am struggling

"Just breathe, take one task at a time."

But it's the feeling. Not the tasks at hand

The feeling of needing to breathe, but you're underwater

Your body is fighting for you to get to the surface

But you can never swim fast enough

The feeling of having just enough food to keep up alive

But your stomach is still stuck eating itself.

You're not dying, but you're never full enough

But you're not failing

Your school work is done

You're on time for work

But there are cracks

Subtle shifts under the surface

Not many see them

Not many care to notice the small things

But I do

I notice the way the air leaves my lungs

I notice how my nails are bare and bleeding

Did you notice?

Did you see anything?

Or did you choose to look the other way

Blind as a bat, you could say

But bat's eyesight is immaculate in so many words

So you did see

You did notice

You choose to look the other way.

The Shadow Of An Innocent Heart

in a house of laughter, where the walls can't hear
in a house full of love, but I'm frozen in fear
The sweet sounds of laughter fade like stars in the distance
I know I am loved, but it feels out of reach

Mommy says I'm a treasure.
Daddy says I'm his light
But the weight keeps pulling me deep into the night
I don't want to be heavy
I don't want to break their heart
But in my little heart, it's a storm, and they just see the rain.

I wanna fly to the skies up above
where the pain can't reach me and I feel the love
Only six years in, and I can't imagine the years yet to come
wishing on the stars
and whispering to the moon
longing for the answer they can't whisper back
I see the smiles on their face, but their smiles seem to lack
I'm stuck in the silence, just alone with my thoughts
This is the one thing where no one is at fault

Mommy says I'm a peach
Daddy says I'm his life
The weight is too much, I'm being dragged through the night
I'm breaking their heart
and it's shattering mine
My poor little heart, I'm losing it in the storm
They seem to think I'm lost in the rain
I just want to fly in the skies up above

where the pain can't reach me and I feel the love
Only ten years in, and I feel so out of place
I want to join the angels
leaving without a trace

Maybe in the morning I'll find my way to peace
in a world where the dreams don't fade and all my fears release
I hear the whispers of the world up above
where the pain can't reach me. And all I feel is love
to a place where I can smile way up in the sky
Maybe this is the place I can say goodbye

I'm flying in the skies way up above
where the pain is gone and the love is strong
14 years in, I think I'll stay
to see the storm through
The weight is heavy, but I'll make due
This isn't for me, it's for you.

Wishing on stars
and whispering to moons
Eighteen years, now in place
not having to fly
no matter how broken my poor little heart
Flying is easy when you just take part
don't whisper
nor wish
When life can be so rich
Take it from the girl who wished and wished
Living is worth it if you commit.