

Suburban Epitaphs

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Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

to you, because art is universal as well as personal.

Acknowledgement

TONS of my inspiration comes from music I listen to, so half these poems wouldn't exist without Male Tears, This Cold Night, and Bat Nouveau. Much thanks to my friends for accepting my annoying quirks and letting me live.

About the author

Hayleigh is an American poetess who writes primarily within the Gothic category. She spends her free time watching South Park and listening to music.

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Enigmatic Individual

I met an enigmatic individual
writing off into the distance.
he waits under oak, bleeding onto paper-
but never for me.
why would he?

share your woes with me,
I am waiting for you-
you, the phantom who never wakes,
who never dreams,
the something in between.

snow melts into spring,
idly waiting under oak,
waiting for the enigmatic individual.

Texas Queen

vanquished and defective are our bodies,
our minds, our souls.
you wear your fleshly restraints,
I bear the key.

smoke clouds the room,
strobe lights over hazel eyes.
I'm not done with you yet,
nor my thinning mortality.

I'm the Frankenstein of the south,
the mammal beneath the monster.
for it is your blood between my teeth,
my wound laced with stitches.

cold and alone,
my eyes are wide.
bleeding poetry and prose,
your breath is scarce.

our mangled hearts lay
in adjoining rooms.

Gravel Road

the wooden steps to the door
of the mobile home,
aching and resisting
the pressure you apply.

windows boarded by the smoke,
because you could never quit-
not for your lust for life,
not for your savior.

I sat on a twin size bed
and contemplated our nature,
listened to the PSA
playing in the living room:

"two dead, no trace of the killer,
be cautious, be wary"
and I heard that,
but did not listen.

where were you?
in your room rolling a joint,
making phone calls to the county jail,
smashing bottles?

I'd take three hour long walks
just to breathe,
listening to music
instead of your bellowing cries.

The Lovecats

we of like minds
will never see eye to eye:
loved and lover,
tormented and tormentor.

your mind is a jigsaw puzzle,
your heart is a bird in a cage.
they'll say you're morbid, unhinged
when you're only a ghost to me.

to say that I'll move on would be a lie.
I've never met another soul quite like mine,
that avoids "I love you"s quite like mine.

I hang onto your every breath
because words are unnecessary
and they can only do harm.

it's not unrequited, undecided,
frantically divided
since we are like minded
and I'm just your belladonna.

I make love to Hate through poetry.
Hatred is a gentleman;
he lets me tell him everything -
the things that I'd say to you,
but I'll just let you live

Love Story

hold me in your chain link arms,
breathe your life into me.
the rose on top your coffin door,
placed there by me.

is it possible to love
from underneath?
they can't hurt you now,
you're safe beneath me.

I draw my breath and close my eyes,
sing me a lullaby
as I slip between the mask
of life and death.

Pen and Cob

fog obscured my vision as I rode up towards fate.
a restless little town;
not quite awake,
not quite asleep.
just whispering lines
from the poet before me.

it was quaint and ideal for raising a family,
but my own did not want me,
so what a silly girl I am for wanting my own.
and with whom?
I fear I know the answer.

the manor itself was stately
and held together only by portraits
that lined each wall -
portraits of Counts with notable scowls.
they would cling to arsenic green wallpaper
and link their faux gold frames
against each other.

I was a nomad myself,
I never settled, but took a typewriter
with me wherever I went.
this manor became my muse -
the watcher visited me every night.

from my room on the second story,
down the hall and to the left,
I would hear him play piano.
sometimes just for me...
jeux d'eau?

he'd leave trails of wild rose petals on the balcony,
he'd plant spider lilies in the garden.

then one evening, the music stopped,
and it broke my China heart -
shattered it until fragments of a wasted life
spilled out from my mouth.

my hands shook and quivered against the keys,
how did they get there?
if not for him, then for no one at all.

of that I was certain,
and I'll never be as certain as I was then,
yet never so diluted.

being the nomadic, discombobulated,
manic girl I was,
I burnt the manor to the ground
and left the poet's soul in ashes.

it's been years since I've thought of him,
and maybe that's why I struggle
to remember my place of origin.
my soul died with his, as it was meant to.

though, I'm sure,
that like the phoenix,
from the ashes
we will rise again.

Never Again

never again will I see
wild hazel eyes
fighting demons
with a single glare.

never again will I cry out to you
to save me from the monsters,
the problems,
that I created.

never again will I love you,
because there is nothing
left to love.

The Cry

I cry over nothing,
I cry over myself.
no other human has been
as pathetic as I.
I soothe myself for a while,
but spontaneous pains in my chest,
beat against the prison bars of my ribs.
there is no escape for despair.
I never turned on the faucet,
never wrinkled the duvet,
but smother myself to stop the screams.
I never want to think.
or wake.
or feel.
I hate you for this.
there is no other way to put it.
I hate you for making me miniscule
and so utterly worthless
in humanity's eyes.
you, you, you...
who are you?
what am I meant to do
when I feel everything
and nothing all at once?
I can only cry.
what am I meant to say
when my breath betrays me -
abandons me?
I can only die.

Shades of Cool

your eyes are overcast today,
the small thing I can notice
when you're about to break,
but never down, always up.

a stormy blue that pulls me in,
deep into the salty air.
I was never meant for anyone,
so California was a wise choice...

me; the dysfunctional, neurotic mess.
you; the top of the pyramid,
the chain,
the world.

you're my cold man,
and I'm your sepia tone.
my Chardonnay,
your way back home...

you're my cigar ash,
I'm your bottle on the shelf.
my loose fit clothing,
you're hurting me.

so what is she to you?

she doesn't ache like I do,
scream like I do,
know just what to say
to make you stay.

do you pray for dugs,

for lust,
for someone new?
for her?

I pray for mascara,
subscriptions,
a trip to Malibu,
but I'll settle for the backseat.

you love me more than her,
but your love is fixed
on Santa Monica,
her kilos.

I break down on the balcony
overlooking the vineyard.
I have everything.

your heart is fixed,
you are unfixable.

Hinton, Pt. II

surely it's you there,
standing in the field
over my family,
looking out on our nation
and on the crosses
atop the churches.

surely it's me sitting here
in a home I do not know,
next to the porcelain angel
and the oxygen tank.

I can see spiders spinning their webs
between the bars of the rails
on the front porch of that house
and hear the egotistical man
on the television.

the prettiest homes of this place
have paint peeling off the sides
and broken windows
and house incompetent grandparents,
and yet...

to us,
this was home.

you called me your spider lily,
your shooting star,
your mistress of the dark...

I tell my friends our stories,
with what friends I've had,

and I hate they'll never know you.
you at your best.
you at your worst.

do you remember when I told you
I'd eat the barrel if you ever left?
I lied of course,
but I hoped you had a kink
for desperation,
that you could see I'd change everything
for you.

I'm your damsel in distress,
you were my knight in shining armor,
I was the lipstick on your collar,
you're the rip in my tights.

so what right have I,
had I ever had one?

children we've never met,
let alone seen,
playing on our only swing set.

you know,
I can smell the butterscotch from here.
it wafts through the cracks of my memory
of this place.

it was a tiny pipe dream if mine,
become a writer,
do something that matters...
it was still big enough
to see my future out of.

but this place,

this is where dreams are laid to rest.
and where we met.
and where I hope to meet again.
and where wish I were right now.

the sun is golden
and casts his glory unto you.
you -
perfect, enigmatic,
and so utterly mine.

I wish you would read this instead of call,
you know my voice cracks
when you're upset with me.

I wish you would understand
what I mean when I say
I want that again.

hit me hard,
kiss me soft,
bring me back.

Differ

please.

please?

you don't know it yet,
but you're all I have.
all I'll ever have.

who else would me?
who else would put up with my crying
and whining and cutting.

please!

I'm weak and frail,
I weaponize my incompetence -
there's so much of me
yet little to offer.

unless...
you like that I hate
the burden of life.

the little nuns in the churchyard,
the orphan I loved,
the girls I did not listen to.

he doesn't love you.
he doesn't love me,
nor should he -
for I am a waste.

a whore.
a liar.

a selfish bitch.

you would say it's not about me,
I'm not special.
but I don't think I am,
so what's the point?
I do this because it makes me feel.

see, you'll get your wish
because you're a man
and you came from money,
but me?

no.
the only I'll be handed
are scraps of attention.
and I don't even want attention!

I want my life back,
and I want it with you,
or him,
or anyone!

I'm desperate!

I'm on my hands and knees,
crying at your feet,
clutching my rosary,
but even God hates me.

please.

love me,
hold me,
want me - no,
need me,

or meet me halfway
and smile.

I've never been so helpless,
so irrevocably destructive...

no one has ever made me want to cry
so hard
that nothing comes out
quite the way you do.

look me in my eyes,
eyes I haven't decided the color of
(blue, grey, green with brown in the left),
and tell me what you think I mean
when I say yes.

make me believe you, don't let me think twice.
I've been hiding in the cavity. of our love, the blending of
our souls, our nonexistent border.

Stay

I'm happy.
I'm happy when I see you,
but only when I don't.
I need to know the motive,
see past curtain eyes.
as soon as the door
to the party closes,
I cry myself
my very own Seine.
I'm scared and I hate this,
I'm raw and exposed.

I need the pill
that makes your screaming stop,
the brings the barrel to my jaw,
that brings the rope around my throat,
the knife across my skin,
the pressure against my plummeting body.
but I don't want it.
I don't want you to leave.
stay with me
while I'm still me.

Untitled

stop, that hurts,
it's not my skin.
this isn't "recovery",
it's repulsion.
GO AWAY
I can't listen to this anymore,
I'm shaking,
quaking,
terrified.
I just want you to hold me.
I'm alone in a hazy world,
and I'm done holding faith
in fire.
I'm not being dramatic,
I'm not writing poetry,
I'm crying and cracking.
whatever is left of my heart
has been thrown in a shredder
or tossed to ravaging lions.
it suddenly went numb.
I love you,
but you're not real,
and I am unlovable.

Cold Embrace

magnetized
eyes
calling out to me,
sweet and soft
with the edge of a blade.
you entrusted me with it,
your immortality,
and I slayed it with
my Renaissance tongue.
blood pours
over pale skin,
down the column of the throat,
and into yours.