

Anthology of Brynlee



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To the little things in life that get you inspired.

About the author

Brynlee is an aspiring writer, whilst juggling her day to day with school and extracurriculars, she finds time for the thoughts she wants to make art of. They may be drafts or old writes she forgot about but each one is special. No matter their contents or their quality.

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This last dance

The sun dances across the stagnant sky
In a fair waltz with the moon and stars
I see it in your eyes in the moment
Sometimes I will see sadness in your sky
The type of sadness that everyone feels
But can never be akin to others
The type of sadness that i've always held
but can never think to ever speak of
But in this graceful waltz here and now
though I see that vulnerability
You seem to accept it unlike I do
I see you in my nights infinite sky
Every last star and moon in every life
That last dance in my this twilight

My heart full of Red Carnations

When I fell from the sky
You were my melted wax wings
Recklessness led me to you
So much hope only to feel my heart ache as I fell

I had fallen like this before
I had fallen for you
The same longing, the same desire
But I never expected to be falling like this
Falling like the ground won't hit me any second
Falling like I hadn't already fallen for you

One step pushed back

It's that shadow that moves as it pleases
lingering even on the darkest of days
That piece of hair that just won't tame down
no matter how much gel you use
Its like an itch to deep to relieve
Whose to say it's not karma
Karma for every bad thing I've done in my lifetime
but it seems no matter how much I try
It pushes me away, that rip tide I can't swim out of
My mind wanders back to it
The moon cries for me tonight
As my blood grows colder,
I seem to think about you again

Where are you in my future?

The future really scares me
It never crosses my mind very often
but when it does all I can feel is that impending sadness
I think of my grandparents,
will they see me walk down that aisle?
I think of my friends,
will they congratulate me when I'm promoted?
It seems to be more of who will leave
then who will stay
And that haunts my days
Will I come home from college
and be greeted by my dogs?
It's scary to think that those things,
those things I hold so close
may not be there at my best
while the future is full of successes
why should that matter if those I love
won't be there for me to see at those best times

An ode to Brown

Your eyes
Soft yet intense in your stare
Those eyes that I see when I close my own
My soul gets touched with every glance
With ever accidental stare
Within your gaze I see
Brown with whispers of green
Not blue but brown
The most common color
But not the most common on you
I've seen many brown eyes
But yours seek attention
yours seek
How mine yearn
I see you in every color
Not just brown but,
Green, Hazel, and Gold
Each color dancing with grace
With every stolen glance
Each color singing
With every dilation
Brown but still seizing my attention
Like blue or green would

Unlike my own
Blue and needy
Needy for that glow
My own eyes lack
Needy for that chaos
And fire present in your iris
My own eyes unworthy
To stare into yours

My own eyes ignorable
Like the spring breeze
I will cherish your gaze
Every second it meets mine
And will long for it
Every second its broken
See me in every, Past
Present and
Future
See me in every timeline,
Every universe, and
Every moment

For my eyes have always been seen
But never worshiped
My eyes sad like the moon
Deep and dark
But yours like the sun
Bright and golden
I wish to never forget
Those little joys
I see when I look into
Your golden suns
They say
Eyes never get old
So yours will never dim
Like stars do
Yours will never fade
Like memories do
I will always remember
That intense stare
But tender touch
You will never see my eyes
Fill with woe
As long as they meet yours
That stare gave me purpose

To seek

That stare gave me reason

To love

Am I disillusioned?

I remember it vividly,
that day I saw you in a different light
You were still the same person,
the same person who danced with me,
the same person who whispered sweet nothings into my ear,
the same person who kissed me so gently,
but why now did I forget about those things
my heart didn't beat like it normally did
I saw a line get drawn between us
and I couldn't erase it
my tears couldn't wash it away
no amount of affection would make it go away
thats when I realized why my heart didn't beat like it did before
why my eyes didn't dilate like they used to
why your kissed did land on my cheek the same way
I saw you the way you never wanted me to see you
and I made a mistake that will forever make my heart ache

I'll always be looking

Where did you go?
I swear you were just here,
not too long ago
We were together, weren't we not?
It doesn't matter which room I walk into now
but why is it always the wrong one?
I saw your shadow pass by
I Ran...
stopped...
realized...
Pain makes us see what isn't there
I looked back to see if you were following me
and now your gone for good
I look for you in the stars
in the morning dew
in every grain of sand
in the city lights
in the eyes of strangers
in the waves
and in the flowers
but why can't I find you?
Can't you come back?

Goodnight thoughts

Sing me to sleep
cover me with sunset kisses
lay me down softly
help me forget for a little while

Sorrow

I've realized you will never come back
But why not? The Hyacinth bloomed
Just for you today

The ballad of Jane Doe

Whilst exploring an old abandoned building I found an old journal belonging to a 16 year old girl. The year marked 2045, that was almost four decades ago. "There's no name...A Jane Doe."

August 3, 2045

The days go by now as if minutes ticking by on a clock. Each breath 1 closer to my last. Only 2 weeks ago I got put in this place. 20,160 minutes since my life became this bed and this room. The walls plastered with clean white, I miss my Ivory walls. I asked mom to bring some of my things but she says she's too busy, what could be more important in this situation!? Work? Irony isn't it always complaining about wanting a reason not to go in but then finally once I'm here she's too busy to even make me feel somewhat at home. So for now it's just walls of white and this bed. You'd think they would make the room more lively, no pun intended. The only decor being old motivational posters, some get well soon flowers, and a dead cockroach no one has cared for except me. I've asked them 20 times to get rid of it but it still sits there as if showing off that it doesn't have to suffer like me.

August 5, 2045

I seriously don't know how anyone gets any sleep in this place, constantly there are people walking through the halls, crying loved ones, etc etc. And I haven't been able to sleep a wink! One might think their final days would be peaceful and eye opening to your life leading up to this moment. But I would describe it as the final days before I am at peace for this nightmare they call a healthcare facility. Even the food sucks, what happened to our funding! I would like to at least eat something good before I can't eat at all! Some of my classmates came to see me...some of them seemed as if they were forced to look at me. I felt like a freak on display. All these tubes and wires attached to me make me feel almost like an experiment. They visited to make me feel better but it only made me feel worse. All of them think I'm going to be back in a few days but really I won't be back. I'm not supposed to know but I heard my mother and father cry when the doctors told them the news. Don't I deserve to know or are they waiting for it to be my time before telling me. I'm ready to go home, just get up out of this bed, rip the IV from my arm and GO HOME.

August 8, 2045

Today, it finally sunk in. I'm not going to get married, or graduate, or even have a family. I've lived for 16 years but it feels like I haven't truly lived at all. And I've always tried to live my life to the fullest but now it doesn't seem that way...I feel almost empty, soon nothing about life is going to matter, my passions won't be remembered, my laugh won't echo in people's hearts. No one really knows, all of my friends are still clueless. When should I tell them? What should I tell them? How would they react? What would they think? Would they cry? Would they even care? Maybe they will blow me off and finally say that they never cared for me, what if I was such a horrible friend that they would let out a sigh or relief that I'll finally be gone. Soon all I'll be is memory forgotten but still there waiting to be remembered. Maybe it's for the best.

August 11, 2045

The nurse read my journal...They're making me talk to a therapist. Like it will matter. And besides everyone does it, overthink until there is nothing to think about, think of every possible outcome until you are so prepared nothing can surprise you. And truly that pain of those possible outcomes made me desperate to actually fight, gave me a reason to reach for the littlest sliver of hope and relief, just

to make the future not hurt. My sister finally visited, she looked as if she had been crying. I wonder why? I don't understand why everyone has to treat me like a piece of glass, out of all the times, to treat me like a human now is the most important, I want to still live my life as if nothing has changed. I need people to stop tiptoeing around me as if any slight sound or movement might break me. I'm still normal...right?

August 13, 2045

Today my breathing got worse so now I'm wearing a mask for help.. It's uncomfortable, like when you can't itch a bug bite because it'll make it worse. Now the days go by like hours you don't pay attention and it's already the next day. I don't know how to feel truly, should I feel happy that the suffering will end or should I feel sad for the loss of all the joys in my life. What does death feel like? Will I know I'm dead?

August 15, 2045

Seems my health is declining faster by the day. Yesterday I was full of energy, today I'm not. My brother finally came to visit from college in Illinois, he was trying to hold back tears. I'll miss him the most though we never got along. I love him so much. Not to say I don't love the rest of my family of course.

August 16, 2045

The Doctor finally said it out loud to me, I'm going to die. He said at first they didn't know if i was going to truly die but now they are sure. At least I know I won't suffer for much longer. I'm waiting now almost with a sense of anticipation. This all feels like a fever dream...Am I truly going to die? Will I truly turn into a random thought in someone's mind one day? Will anyone ever read my words?

August 19, 2045

I can feel myself coming in and out of consciousness. I feel it is my time, the time I've dreaded but still waited for with almost open arms. I finally saw myself in the mirror...I cried. That reflection wasn't me, it wasn't me at all. I was once so full of love and hope. But now I'm ready to accept my fate in death's arms. I don't know myself anymore, what was my favorite drink, snack, hobby??? Now it's just one thing on my mind. Maybe it won't be that bad. I'll miss my family. I'll miss my dogs. I'll miss my ivory walls. I'll miss my future.

August 20, 2045

The doctors say I have a few more days but I don't believe them. My heart rate monitor has slowed down a lot. Who knows, maybe it's today...

And that's where her story ends. But how could it end that way? What happened to her? I searched around the office and found an old newspaper. The title read "16 year old girl found dead." Could this be her? It must be right? I continued to read it. Many who knew her believed she had died of her disease but her story didn't end that way. The doctors told her that she had a few days left but after a week of waiting for that relief, death didn't come for her. In an act of desperation to escape the world that had collapsed around her, the morning of August 27, 2045, a gloomy morning on that roof. Her fate was found. Plummeling into the arms of death to finally end that suffering. Many expect a happy ending, hell I expected a happy ending but where's the reality in that. She was getting better but that wasn't what she had wanted...But why? Her suffering was ending? Time has wasted her presence away. Her friends, her family...her name. As I set the newspaper down, I take in mind the room I'm in. The walls white but covered in a thick layer of untouched dust. Ripped posters on the walls. And an empty vase, flowers absent but still there in thought. The air is stagnant, no one has been here for awhile but these hallways still echo with constant footsteps and

tears. My condolences to the girl whose name will never be whispered. My condolences to the girl whose skin will never be touched. I take in the sunlight as I leave this place for good. It was never my business but at the same time I still felt as if she wanted her words read. As I let out a deep breath, "Perdi" escapes my silent mouth. A name with no meaning to others but so much meaning to me. A whisper of a name no one has heard for a whisper of a girl no one will ever know.