

What the Raven Carried

Nevermore



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

To the one who resurrected the poet in me

*You helped me find the parts of myself I thought I'd lost. You gave me a reason to pick up the pen,
and in doing so, you reminded me that my heart still knew how to speak.*

These poems are proof that there was still beauty left inside me.

I hope, somehow, you find a little of your own within these pages.

Thank you

About the author

Raven writing as Nevermore, is a poet drawn to the beauty found in darkness and honesty.

When the world became too loud, poetry became home. This collection is the result of finding that home again.

summary

What He Promised Me..

Sunsets and Sins

At the edge of Us

Never the poem

Morning After

Unsent

Half Lit Hallways

Split in Two

The Moon still knows your name

I Can?t Swim

Pitcher Full of Love

Last Place

What He Promised Me..

I watched him love her in all the ways I begged for. Gentle hands, open eyes, words that once tasted like mine. Five years I spent teaching him tenderness, building a man out of apologies, swallowing silence so he could speak louder. Now he whispers poetry to the ghost of what I made. And her? my best friend turned confession, my shoulder turned secret. She wears my lessons like perfume, smiles in the sunlight I carved from storm. I wonder if they know that every kiss they share is stitched with my forgiveness, that the warmth in his laugh was born from my burning. He gives her flowers, and I remember planting the seeds. He holds her close, and I remember teaching him how. Maybe love was never lost? just stolen, refitted, and renamed. But I hope when he calls her "baby," she hears the echo of my name.

Sunsets and Sins

Sometimes I catch myself
Watching you in the way
People watch sunsets
Quietly, reverently
As if looking too hard might..
Ruin the moment

~

There's something so sacred
In that moment.
The instant before you realize you're being seen

~

The way your eyes catch the sun,
The curve of your lips,
The way your cheeks flush as you
Pretend you don't see me.
Watching intently as if your view has purpose
A purpose I ache to witness
A purpose I long to show you..

At the edge of Us

You say you want to **know I'm all yours?**
and something **fragile** in me leans toward you,
like a **candle** begging the dark not to swallow it.
I could say **yes**
God, I could say it so **easily?**
let the word **fall** from my lips
~I want to be **yours**~
in the **quiet** way your name settles in my chest,
in the way my hands **remember** you
even when they're **empty**.
~I **want** to be yours~
like a secret kept too **long**,
aching to be spoken
but **terrified** of the sound it will make.
So, I, **we**-
We **linger** instead-
Just at the **edge** of us
Or **of what could be us..**

Never the poem

I carve love into paper
like it might resurrect me,
like if I write it beautifully enough
someone will finally believe I'm worth keeping.

Each line a quiet offering,
each stanza a piece of my ribs
laid gently at someone else's feet -
hoping they'll call it sacred
instead of disposable.

But I remain -
a beautiful tragedy,
something admired from a distance,
something felt for a moment
and forgotten just as softly.

Written in ink that never fades,
yet never chosen to live
outside of the page.
Always the poet
never the poem.

Morning After

You stayed the night, soft as something almost mine, and morning slipped through quietly by the next day you had found your way back to them, like gravity calling you home and now you sit with me, placing small pieces of happiness between your words I hold them gently, careful not to let them break and even more careful not to show how quietly **I do**

Unsent

Sometimes I wonder
if you only reach for me
when your hands come back empty.
And I hate that the thought
even crosses my mind,
because loving you as a friend
has never felt difficult.
But lately,
I feel worn thin?
like I exist in the spaces
where everyone else leaves you.
I listen,
I stay,
I carry pieces of you
you never notice become heavy.
And I'm happy to be your friend,
I really am.
I just miss feeling like
you wanted
to be my friend too.

Half Lit Hallways

You've been speaking to me
like someone keeping a door cracked open
just enough for me to stand in the cold
and still believe I'm welcome.

Lately your words feel shorter,
your silence louder.
Like being your friend
became something heavy
the moment I started acting like one back.

And maybe I understand it.
I'm the bad part of your story,
the friend that existed
in the space between breakups,
the person who helped hold your heart together
just long enough
for you to hand it back to him.

But if that's true,
why keep calling my name?
Why tell me things
in that voice you know I'll answer softly to?
You know how I love people.

So why does it suddenly feel
like I'm being punished
for caring exactly the way you know me to?

I can handle distance.
I can handle space.

But being made to feel like a burden

for simply trying to be your friend
is the part that breaks me quietly.

Split in Two

I think you forget
what you are to me.

You arrived like candlelight
in a house I had already abandoned,
opened windows in me
I had nailed shut for years,
dug up the softer parts of myself
other people buried
without apology.

You made me write again.
Made me believe there were still beautiful things
left in me to say.

So forgive me
if I become too much sometimes?
if my voice shakes too hard,
if I explain myself like someone
trying desperately not to be left behind,
if my heart spills over the rim
of every conversation.

You hold such a heavy, holy place inside me,
and I am terrified
of feeling it go cold.

Lately everything feels split in two?
like I am either loved deeply
or easily replaced.
Like I am something to lean on
until softer arms reopen.

And maybe that is selfish.
Maybe grief always is.
But I cannot stop mourning
the version of you
that handed me poetry back
like it was my own heart
rescued from the dirt.

The Moon still knows your name

I wish you the kind of love
that finds you loudly,
the kind that never makes you question
if you are wanted.

I wish you friendships
that feel like home,
people who choose you
again and again.

I wish you remember
what a beautiful soul you are?
because I know sometimes
you forget.

I wish you learn to put yourself first
in all the ways your heart has been begging you to.

I wish you happiness
that feels gentle.
Health that feels steady.
Little moments that remind you
life is still worth loving.

I wish you the courage
to keep chasing the things you love,
even on the days they feel impossible,
even when your own mind tells you
to give up.

And more than anything?

I hope you see yourself

the way the people who love you do.

Because you are rare.

You care so deeply.

You love so completely.

And I hope the world is kind enough

to give some of that love

back to you.

I Can?t Swim

I am drowning.

Do you understand that?

I am not standing at the edge of the water
waiting for someone to notice I'm struggling.

I am already under.

My lungs are burning.

My arms are tired.

I have been fighting this current for so long

I don't even remember what it feels like

to not be exhausted.

And still?

I look up.

I look up because some stupid, hopeful part of me
keeps expecting to see something there.

A hand.

A life vest.

Anything.

Anything that says,

"Hey.

I noticed you were sinking."

But there's nothing.

Just water.

Just silence.

It's Exhausting

To be disappearing beneath the surface
and still making sure everyone else has somewhere safe to breathe?

I am drowning,

and I still don't want to be a burden.

Isn't that messed up?

I can feel myself slipping away

and I'm still afraid to ask someone to care.

I shouldn't have to scream underwater
just hoping someone notices the bubbles.
I have drowned alone before.
I know how to survive being forgotten.
I know how to put myself back together
with shaking hands
and pretend I wasn't falling apart.
But this?
This feels heavier.
Because this time I knew what it felt like
to hope someone might come looking.
I knew what it felt like
to believe maybe I wouldn't have to fight the ocean alone.
I thought maybe someone would see me sinking
and say,
"No.
Not this time.
I'm not letting you disappear."
But I'm still here.
Still fighting.
Still tired.
Still waiting.

Pitcher Full of Love

I want to pour love into you.

Not in whispers,
not in careful, measured doses,
but in floods.

I want to stand on rooftops
and shout until my voice gives out,

You are loved.

You are valued.

You matter.

You are everything good this world keeps trying to convince you it forgot.

I want to love you
in ways that others would call too much,

because to me,
this is simply the bare minimum.

I want to be the kind of friend
that stitches together
every place someone else left torn.

The kind that makes you believe
that closeness isn't always followed by loss.

That people can stay.

I know loneliness has built itself
a home inside your chest.

And every time I see it,

every part of me wants to gather you in my arms
and hold you
until your heart remembers
what it feels like
to not carry the weight alone.

So if you ever wonder
whether there's someone beside you,

look for me.

I'll be there?

arms open,
heart overflowing,

a pitcher so full of love
I'll keep pouring
until you believe
you never had to be alone
to begin with.

Last Place

There are only so many times
a heart can quietly ask,

"Are we okay?"

before it gets too tired
to ask again.

Not because it stopped caring.

But because every unanswered hope
becomes a little heavier to carry.

I don't need perfect words.

I don't need promises.

I think I just need to know
that someone would notice
if I stopped reaching.

Because there comes a point
where even the softest pleas
begin to sound like echoes?

and the silence
starts convincing you

that maybe
you were the only one
who heard them.