

The child who was forced to grow up too fast

Dandelion

Presented by

My poetic side 



summary

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Out of Time

It started with the purest of love. We met on a winter day painted with sparkling white snow. I thought you were my forever. I'd think about you and my heart would flutter. You were my everything. Our calls ending in I love you. In all the rough patches, you were there. I was stuck in a love I would never forget. Time slowed when I was with you. It felt like nothing could pull us apart. Then the thoughts came. You were there at my lowest point. But were you the cause? I push away the thought. You moved to my town. My school. I'm stuck. But it's still in love, right? My heart flutters less. The "I love you's" just feel like empty words now. But I can't leave. You moved for me. The longer I stay, the more I resent. The hugs. Kisses. Your touch. It all makes my stomach twist in disgust. You always tell me how much you love me. How much I mean to you. If that was true, you'd stop telling me if I left you'd kill yourself. I can never leave. I need to keep you alive. If you ended your life, it would be my fault. I'm stuck, but it's no longer love that holds me. It's fear, manipulation, and your obsessions with me. Time moves quickly now. Especially when I'm with you. Is it me wanting to get away? The days blur. I'm stuck and running out of time for me.

My fault, all of it

My fault.

Your dying now. Not physically, just mentally. But you talk about how you want it to be both.

My fault.

This is all my fault. I ended things. I left you. Now you're alone and dying.

My fault.

Was this all a mistake. I put me before you, and will the price be your life?

My fault.

I thought it would help both of us. I thought staying was hurting you. But in the end, leaving hurt you more.

My fault.

I was all you had, and I left. Now your suffering.

My fault.

You're starving yourself. You're burning yourself. Because I left.

My fault.

You can't permanently leave. I still love you. I still care. I'm still here.

My fault.

You would be missed, despite what your thoughts tell you. I would miss you.

My fault.

You can't die because of me. I love you. I'm here.

This is all my fault.

Bad Guy

I miss you. Even after everything. I miss your touch. Your lips. Your hugs. The way you look at me. The way you talk to me. I miss all of it. I know I shouldn't though. Everyone keeps telling me I shouldn't. You hurt me more than anything. But I also hurt you. So who really is the bad guy here? I still love you so much. I just wish you felt the same. I feel empty and hollow. Like there is nothing there. Like I lost a piece of me. Why'd you have to go? Why'd you leave? Come back to me...

I'm so sorry

I broke your trust. I left again and came back. I got scared. I fucked up. You broke my trust. You talked to her. You went to her house. Maybe nothing happened. But you lied. It cut deep. But I left. I started all of this. You keep telling me you're thinking, and I know it takes time. But it's time I don't have. How do I tell you that, though? So I wanted to say goodbye in advance. I'm leaving forever soon. I can feel it. I never deserved you. You never deserved what I did. Why was I so stupid!? Why do I let my anxiety get in the way?! I'm just so fucking sorry and don't know how to convince you that I'll never leave again. That I truly mean it this time. Baby, I'm so sorry. I wish you'd forgive me.

Love

You look at me like I'm a goddess. Like I'm the only girl you see. You tell me that you love me. And I believe it. I wish I could describe how much I love you, but words don't feel like enough. Baby, I love you, more than anything.

Never Enough

She's the glue when everyone falls apart,
Smiling steady with a breaking heart.
They lean, they lash, they take their turn,
And call it love while they let her burn.
She's never enough? too big, too thin,
Too loud, too quiet, wrong shape she's in.
Her body's a topic, her worth a debate,
Measured in numbers she can't escape.
They say they love her
only when she's useful,
only when she's quiet about the damage.
They swear they care, but it's hollow, rehearsed,
Care that disappears when she's not at her best.
Still she stays, still pulls them through,
Dying inside?
Holding them too.
She will always be seen as the obstacle.
Her screams for help never audible,

Reflection

You sit here and yell at me for talking to him. You claim he's lied and deceived. You say he's hurt me. You sit here and yell at me. You tell me I am lying to myself. You scream I'm a disappointment. Well, here is the thing. You do the same damn thing. The only difference is that you call it parenting. How am I supposed to know what love feels like when I have never felt what it should feel like. I still talk to him because at least he loves me, even though he hurts me. You two just hurt me. You sit there and yell at me that I am in an abusive relationship. Yet all of my scars come from you. It doesn't matter how perfect I am; I will never be enough because I will never be you. I sat there and told you I was hurting myself. I told you I was so dead inside that I just wanted to go. What did you do? You screamed at me for it. He is the only thing keeping me here, and you are taking him away from me. I could never tell you that, though, because that would make me a monster. When I'm here no more, make sure you thank him for keeping me here that long.

Empty

You said forever like it couldn't break,
while stacking lies I chose to take.
You cheated once? then again, then more,
and I kept crawling back to a closing door.
You swore she was nothing, said it so clean,
while hiding the truth in places I'd never see.
You used me up like I couldn't feel,
twisted my pain into something unreal.
You said my trust issues tore us apart,
but you were the one who planted them in my heart.
You cut me deeper than anyone ever could,
left scars in places no one understood.
Now I don't cry, don't beg, don't run?
just sit here staring at what I've become.

gone.

The silence is louder than anything you'd say,
and numb is the only thing that stays.

A ghost in my body, cold and undone,
breathing, but feeling like I'm already

Broken

For years
I breathed through borrowed air,
a weight on my chest
that never lifted?
only learned my rhythm.
Pressing, pressing, pressing,
until silence felt kinder than truth,
until I swallowed my own voice
just to keep the peace you threatened to break.
You loved me in ultimatums,
in guilt wrapped like a gift,
in "if you cared" and "you're the reason,"
twisting my heart into something that begged to be forgiven.
You made me doubt what I could see,
rewrote moments while I was still in them,
taught me to question reality
until your lies felt steadier than my own mind.
And every crack you carved into me?
every fear, every second-guessing thought?
you handed back and called mine.
Said I was the one with trust issues
like you hadn't built them with your own hands.
Still?
I left.
I tore myself from your gravity,
unlearned the orbit of your pull,
but freedom came back hollow?
a sky too wide to hold.
No ground,
no name,
just the echo of who I was
before you bent me into silence.
Now I drift

through the ruins of my own body,
each breath catching
on the memory of your hands?
phantom pressure at my ribs,
tightening in places
no one can touch.
And I don't know
if this is healing?
or just the final part of me, broken at last

Are You Happy Yet?

I was the brightest star in every room. My smile would reflect. My laugh would fill every corner. The fire in me roared without so much as a flicker. Then I met you. You didn't shatter me, no, you were quieter than that. Gentle in the way you tore me. Started at the edges and slowly, all so slowly, tore me to bits. First, you took my certainty, then my love, then my trust. Took them and wore them like they were yours. Took these things and then blamed me for losing them. That's why you left, right? You pulled my laughter until it sounded so strained it hurt. You put words in my mouth that made me sound like the monster. You turned my words, my laugh, and my smile against me until silence fit me better than joy ever did. You made my fire flicker until it was begging to just exist. Piece by small piece, you made a stranger out of me....and I let you...because you made me believe that love was supposed to hurt like that. Now I sit in those rooms I used to fill. The ones I used to light up, and I wonder, are you happy yet? Now that you've taken everything that made me feel like sunlight, now that my laugh lives somewhere I can't quite reach anymore? does it feel like enough? Or do you miss the girl who lit up every room... before you taught her how to disappear? Before you tore her apart and then left because she was too many pieces for you to hold.

Living Ghosts

You start to realize that the less people show up, the less you want them to, because when they do show up, it feels like it's an obligation to them. Not like they actually want to know you and who you are.