

Anthology of DD.



Presented by

My poetic Side 

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Will you hold me in your arms at night?

Will you hold me in your arms at night?
In a cradle while I cry,
Hold me so I cannot breathe,
For breathings when it hurts.

Will you hold me in your arms at night?
To hide the truth from me,
The truth of the world in which I live,
Only makes me want to sleep.

Will you hold me in your arms at night?
Till the world makes some kind of sense,
Till death doesn't seem a better option,
Than getting out of bed.

But even if you do say yes, and hold me through the night,
In the morning I know you'll have to let go,
And I'll be alone again.

Okay ?

Most of the time I'm not okay,
And the world never makes any sense,
Most of the time I just try not to cry,
Alone here sat on the fence.

Between two worlds, to neither belong,
Just waiting for it all to stop,
It won't be okay, I know this for sure,
So can you please just not.

Anyone who can say they don't care they don't fit,
Is a very good liar it seems,
But there's no denying the sense of belonging,
That some only get in their dreams.

Some of the time, I am ok,
And the birds sing louder for me,
But I've learnt that by now, the feeling won't last,
And soon I'll be back to reali-ty,

I wish I could tell you that I am alone,
And the feelings I have, justified,
But the truth is they love me, my family, they do,
And I've tried to be happy, I've tried.

But if there's one thing I know, in this hell hole called life,
I love them with all of my heart.
But a someone like me, fucked up beyond belief,
Was only screwed from the start.

A Friend is better than Alone

Sometimes I feel like I'm dying,
In a world where I'm just sick of trying,
Life isn't something we choose,
It's a game which we ultimately loose.

So why do we play, If we know our fate,
What is the point when we visit the gate,
What can we say to the all knowing being,
All loving, All knowing, And apparently all seeing,

Maybe to please him we must be kind,
Treat others fair, with him in mind,
Be who we believe him to be,
But how is that possible when its him we can't see.

Here is a thought, at the back of all minds,
It's just some are afraid to give it time,
What happens if he does not exist,
Nothing more than a elaborate myth.

Something invented to give us a purpose,
To insure that reality never does surface,
That after our time,
At the end of the rhyme.

Nothing waits,
There is no fate,
Alone we will rot,
In a hole, on a plot.

So if this is true, its a scary thought,
Perhaps the myth is just more easily bought,
Because its not death we fear, not in the end,

Its being alone, without a single friend.

Sometimes it's not about shouting

Sometimes it's not about shouting,
It's about what I have to say,
Words filled with such emotion they,
Come out the wrong way.

Sometimes it's not about shouting,
Its then that I really need you,
My body limits the things I can do,
I need you just to get through.

Sometimes it's not about shouting,
It's just needing to be heard,
To know you hear every word,
I know that sounds absurd.

But sometimes is it about shouting,
An anger you just can't grasp,
When you have a brain that knows the task,
With a body that just won't do as its asks.

When prisons appear with your forgotten action, it is me that is left with the unfair sanction.
I ask not from want, but need, And I wish you understood what that means.
To watch the world spin as it does, and ask if only you could.
The life I have I can live, But I need you to give,
The time to me, only a little I swear, to prove to me that you care.
So I can live the life you lead. With the little care I need.

My life isn't just about shouting,
But sometimes its all I have,
The reasons behind my words you don't know,
I'm sorry, mum, and dad.

Emotions

There aren't enough words and there isn't enough time,
To put all that needs saying in a cute little rhyme.
But rhymes are a weird thing, they give words more meaning,
So I'll give it a go and see how I'm feeling.

Emotions are strange, Stranger than words,
They subconsciously control us, like the reason cats purr,
If you're asked to explain things, that emotions control,
I promise you this, your audience will grow cold.

Tired of waiting, for sense where there's none,
To find order in things, where order is gone,
But this involuntary fault, all humans possess,
Often leaves people in a state, depressed.

Anger will follow, when answers aren't known,
As this tends to make people feel more alone.
But as much as you want the answers you seek,
When answers can't be given. This doesn't make you weak.
To give you the answers, you'd have to know them first,
And not understanding them, is part of the curse.
When emotions control, the person does not,
And this is something that is often forgot.

If you knew the reason, you cried on you own,
I know that you'd tell me. No one wants to be alone.
But I'm going to tell you something you may have forgotten,
This line of sensible thought, doesn't exist when you're feeling rotten.

So when you and me are both in our mood,
I promise I don't mean to be rude,
But I will probably revert,
To the emotions so inert.

Anger and pain,
They will be back again.
But I promise it's not at you,
Just the things that you go through.
Because anything that hurts you,
hurts me to.

One of those days

You know those days where you have no control,
It's one of those days,
You know those days where nothing you seem to do is right,
It's one of those days.

You know those days where you feel misunderstood,
It's one of those days,
You know those days when you can't see the point anymore,
It's one of those days.

You know those days where the people you love hate you the most
It's one of those days,
You know those days where you hate you the most.
It's one of those days,

But on one of those days,
Where all hope is gone,
I'll tell you what else,
Is going on.

You know when new life is brought into the world,
Where the birds sing to the rising sun,
When the sun rises and sets all at once,
Where young ones find love, find hope, and light,
When a pup or chick, or kitten greets the world,
When a rainbow appears from nothing,
When the ground hums just to prove its alive.
When the world just exists.
And when that's just enough.

Well, today is also one of those days,
Where the good can be found in the bad.
When the strongest of people,

Can the point again.
Make no mistake,
this is not easy,
Today is a one of those days,
Where a great struggle will be had.

But sleep as best you can,
Get all the rest that's there,
For when you wake.
Tomorrow will still be One of those days.

Money

Giving value to something where value was not,
Making things worth nothing, appear to be worth a lot.
Making paper and metal the centre of our lives,
In our society, it's the only way we survive.

It makes us see things in a different light,
Blurring the lines between wrong and right,
Defining us differently, than if love were to try,
Shifting priorities, and it's all a lie.

We separate the world, by how much paper they've got,
The poorest of which don't even get a shot.
It affects the whole planet, ever little bit,
Even the parts where it does not exist.

From the world as a whole, to each individual person,
It affects everyone of us, of this I am certain,
On a personal level, my family seems defined,
By this paper and metal, enough of which they cannot find.

I get something for nothing, my parents believe,
But what I lose in exchange, I wish they would see.
I'd rather not have a penny to my name,
And be the me that lives in my brain.

Since I was 16, they have seen me as money,
A source of income, and it's not very funny,
They don't see me, their child, I'm a mistake, nothing more,
What my sister told me, makes me even more sure.

I wish they loved me, the way I loved them,
But it's not me they want, it's the me in my head.
But I am who I am, not this better me.

I just wish this was the me they could see.

I've lost who I am, with their lack of affection,

Trying to be there idea of perfection.

But I'm learning now this impossibility of this,

And how who they see will always be a myth.

Whether it be the money, or the chair that defines,

The choice hasn't really ever been mine.

I'm stuck in this middle, and now I'm just lost,

All because of this world and what it costs.

Who decided who I was?

Who decided who I was,
It certainly wasn't me.
My parents gave me this name,
They decided who I'd be.

Who decided who I was,
Who gave me this body,
A brain with intermittent function,
Really its just shoddy.

Who decided who I was,
Gave me a brain that over thinks,
Doubting everything around me,
Really that just stinks.

Did you decide who I was,
Is it you that gave me purpose,
If you know my role in life, I implore you,
Please, just let it surface.

Can I decide who I am?
Find my own path,
There are things about myself I know I cannot change,
But I thought I'd ask.

I know the answer to these questions,
But I ask them anyway,
Hoping that for someone reason they change,
And you say what I want you to say.

But I cannot decide who I am?
The decisions are made before birth,
Decisions no one can control,

Decide my place on this earth.

I cannot decide who I am,
The decisions were yours to make,
So I ask you all Mighty God,
Is it possible, you made a mistake?

Things we take for granted

We all take things for granted,
We do it all our lives,
What we have been through,
Defines what we need survive,

We all take things for granted,
Although others see it more,
Deprivation is relative,
In ways it's never been before.

We all take things for granted,
In this modern form of earth,
The level of deprivation you suffer,
Depends on your place of birth.

But as deprivation is relative
I mentioned this before,
You may consider a friend deprived,
For not owning an iPhone 4.

While you are focused on that friend,
There are people that do not eat,
Without a penny to their name,
Or shoes to put on feet.

Do you consider me deprived,
For my reliance on a chair,
Do I consider you deprived,
For the plainness of your hair.

We all take things for granted,
Become used to the life we live,
But so long as we live in this world,

Deprivation will always exist.

So now you ask how do we prevent,
The suffering of the most deprived,
Those who live day by day,
And are happy just to be alive.

There is no quick solution,
No Ctrl Alt Undo,
But to make a start on this,
You must decide what makes you you.

Do you need the latest phone,
The latest coat and shoes,
Every possible form of makeup,
The laptop you never use.

The answer to all above,
And to many more besides,
Is simply no. Contrary to belief,
We don't need these to survive.

Food and water, these are vital,
And should be had by all,
But so long as greed exists,
There's always be a wall.

Between the haves,
And the have nots,
The haves a little,
The haves a lot.
The walkers, talkers,
The mime's, signers.
Those whose biggest fights inside,
or those who are only just alive.

You know these people in your lives,
Or maybe they are you,
So why do we take so much for granted?
When so many muddle through.

Why do we take so much for granted?
Rhetorically I ask,
Because answering this question,
Is one God all mighty task.

Changing who we are is hard,
And will likely bring little effect,
Next time you queuing in a shop,
Try saying "You go next".

What is the point of fear?

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What is the point of fear?

When all it seems to do,

Is stop us from doing the things,

We always wanted to.

What is the point of fear?

To protect us from the pain?

But when fear shows its ugly head,

It's stop us playing the game.

What is the point of fear?

When so much of its irrational,

It can stop you in your tracks,

Could it be biological.

Fear is good, in small doses,

But it needs to know its place,

When you're afraid it can be so obvious,

You can see it on your face.

As irrational as a fear may seem,

To those it doesn't effect,

Do not judge the terrified person,

You don't know the reason yet,

Take my irrational fear of curbs,

They themselves cause no pain,

But this is of no consequence,

To the story that plays in my brain.

Take that friend afraid of crowds,

Even the grouping of a few,

You have no idea where in their head,
There mind is taking them too.

What is the point of fear?
I think that's up to you,
Personally, I try to take the fear,
And make me push me through.

My Disability Defines Me

My first attempt at an acrostic poem, my inexperience is sure to be showing.
You see the world from your own point of being, but it's impossible to know the reality your seeing.

Do you look, when you see? What confronts you isn't me.
I am here. Can you see me? Can you see past, the dis-ability?
Should you see beyond the face, beyond the idyllic human race?
At the same time, don't ignore, what keeps from living the metronomic live many endure.
Because my brain is slightly melted, vie lead a life far from sheltered.
I've had to face things that most of you won't, till you face resembles and old goat.
Learning the steps of how to make a cup of tea, watching from the Promenade, instead of playing in the sea.
I do things a little differently, in ways that often seem complex, the simplest of tasks for you, for me is a number of steps.
Taken at face value it is often presumed I'm stupid, but it's the viewers of my life that really need the clue in.
You see my life as if it happened to you, your experience would be completely different if that were true.

Doors I can't open and stairs I can't climb, getting around, sure takes its time.
Everyday someone will look and probably stare, you do the mature thing and pretend not to care.
From the outside, my life is exciting, full of strange gadgets, weirdly inviting.
In reality those gadgets aren't there for fun, they're essential to me, they make my life run
Now I get why my wheelchair looks exciting to you, but do you really need to know how I poo.
Every day I get up with help from someone, trust me not having to dress yourself really isn't that fun.
Shoes I don't wear, I haven't for a while, I've just kind of gone with the 'it adds to the disabled look' style.

My mouth, that works perfect, perhaps a little too well, give me a topic to spark my interest, my opinion I'll tell.
Every decision I have to consider my disability, it's the most important part of what makes me, me.

Wedding Fear

There she stands,
Afraid to speak,
Her dress trailing,
At her feet.

He looks at her,
And she at him,
Takes a deep breath,
And holds it in.

The longest walk of her life begins,
All eyes in her direction,
Hundreds of people in the room,
And she has all their attention.

As she nears him those by her side depart,
She is left to stand alone,
Her future staring back at her,
"This is what good girls do, when they are fully grown,"

With every step, she knows it's wrong,
This is a mistake,
She needs to run away and hide,
But can't, it's too late.

His smile shows his love for her,
Of this she has no doubt,
Her eyes they dart around the room,
"Crap there's no way out!"

Her breathing quickens, her heart stops,
The next 60 years go by,
The worst part is she won't be there,

It just makes her want to cry.

She looks at him, apologises,
And runs the other way,
For the wishes of those around us,
Shouldn't be the reason to stay.

UNTITLED

For a while, I've been numb, perhaps in avoidance.
Either way I have felt little passion to write, to be.
But right now, at this moment in time. I'd pray for the numbness.
Over the pain of a dream that can never be lived.

For what is supposed to bring joyment to live.
Only serves as to bring me pain.
So, let this show, that art in its beaut means much to many,
But not always what is intended.

Remember this

Remember this. What may have been an oversight,
A simple lack in judgement you don't even consider,
Starts a chain reaction within my mind,
Of things that you can't understand, which relevance I can't comprehend.
My mind it won't let it go. It just honestly doesn't stop.
We all make mistakes. Even I am guilty.
But it's what you do after them. After the mistake.
Well in all honesty. I don't know.
There's not a lot I do know. There's not a lot of things any of us know.
But there is one thing. One thing I do know.
The mistake I've seen, done and suffered from. More times than I can count.
DON'T DO NOTHING.

So what

The words I write frighten me, in case you think I'm just copying,
Like I'm just writing this because I just watched however many videos on YouTube of whoever
talking about the times they wished they were dead or the times they are glad they are alive.
And yeah, I just did that.
So what.

Does that make the words I write any less true, because someone has already said them?
The feelings I have any less real, because they are not original.
Maybe it does.
So what.

So what, if you've been here, or I am not the first. If you really want to be helpful, create some sort of
manual.

For the next person who's sees fat when they look in a mirror, give them these so called 'tools' to
see this feigned reality.

For the next person that see a brick wall in stairs, tell them how to fly, that will get them where they
want to be.

For the next person who is lost in an unbearable darkness, give them a lighter and a candle to burn.

For the next person who sees monsters that you say do not exist, leave them glasses to see what is
supposed to be there.

For the next person who finds people impossible, tell them how to make the kind of friends we all
deserve.

If you know it all, why do we have to find it again.

The shit you give becomes less of an answer, the more crap you are forced to bare.

And if it is as it is supposed, that I am not the first. Then why are we left to try again.

Was it not for the great people of our history that claimed such actions to be insanity disguised.

If the findings of such wizards of the mind are to be believed, does that not make those who proceed
to copy the actions of generations before crazed.

In other words, we are all crazy.

Where did it get them, for they are dead now, and for the most part, forgotten?

We will all one day be just a memory of the ones we love. And the generation after us in the same
position as we find ourselves.

And still we just hit rewind, and play, of the same old lives, the same old feelings and a kind of new time.

All has happened before, but still we try again.

All has been said before, and here I am saying it again.

So really I am copying, so really we all are,

So what.

UNTITLED

Everything has its blemishes, we all have our faults.
Ignorance of them can really be bliss, believing otherwise is a lie.
When I was 4 I was ignorant, and boy was it blissful.
Now I've grown, the ignorance is gone, and reality slaps my face.

Without the dreams, of what might have been, if things were differently.
The reality, that I face, would be a lot easier to take,
I see the dreams in real life, lived by others around me.
And all it does, is act as I reminder, for what I do not have,

I wish I had not noticed faults, that I can not change,
what does it matter, why should it matter,
And yet, that's why it does.

Have you ever looked at the alphabet?

Have you ever looked at the alphabet?

Looked at the sequence of letters in their first form.

Looked at the way they fit, to make words, from which meaning is derived.

Looked at the way they are placed, next to each other, akin to brothers in arms standing, on the front line of life.

Have you ever looked at the letters?

Nothing more than shapes, yet with so much more power.

Nothing more than lines, yet more significant than others, existing with so much more purpose.

Nothing more than ink, or as time progressed, program, and yet act as pathways, to uniting, the past with the present and future.

Have you ever looked at meaning?

Why the sequence of letters makes any kind of sense.

Why the sense that it makes, at least where most important, is always the same.

Why the same words written, can speak a different message, dependent on its receiver, the time and the place.

Have you ever not looked?

Just read what was there?

Just taken for granted its sense, and its meaning. Forgetting the hours, it took to remember.

Just believing the words, their first interpretation, as gospel. No consideration for intention. No authors underlying plan.

Have you ever given up?

On the language, you use without thought.

On the language, that mattered so much and yet so little, when you were young. Instead to focus

On the language you wrote, that made sense to only you, only to unlearn this to learn what the others told you too.

Have you ever tried to understand language?

Not in the way the scholars teach. Or the prayer books say. Or your mother told you too.

Not in the way that leaves the mechanics pure, or open to their faults, or primed to be criticised by those with greater intellect.

Not in the way that says what others want to read, putting the Prince's at the top, and the damsel in

distress. Making men strong and women weak.

UNDERSTAND LANGUAGE.

Stop trying. just do. In the way, the way that makes the most sense, if only to you.

For it isn't our place to change languages use. But to understand what it could be used for. And use it.

Language is not the key, words, letters, sentences. They are all mere components of the greater machine. We control, and should use for our own ends and means.

Communication is, or rather should be the answer.

Talk or write or sign or speak. Use all the tools of language, or none at all.

No two people see the world alike. No one will understand, if you don't tell them what it's like.

So, find your way, to transmit your message.

Use our system of language, if you like, as I choose to do,

Man-made and created by others. By me simply learnt.

But its message is mine, and my truth will be heard.

Self-Fulfilling Prophecy

You said it, so I did,
Commanded, so I gave,
And all the while, deny deny,
The truth, inside remains.

My desires, are hard to reach,
Yours somewhat, more insight,
So better than to fail at mine,
Is to see your face delight.

Comparision

The black and the white, The day and the night,
The warm and the cold, The new and the old.
Fear and delight, Whats wrong and what's right,
The birds and the bees. The yous and the mes.

All life is comparison,
A judgement against,
But is the grass really more alive,
On the other side of the fence.

Or is it as simple as what you have,
Will never amount to what you desire,
The world will still end, all life will be lost
In the final explosion, a burning rage of fire,

We all will die,
And in life will suffer,
So where is the value,
In the comparison of one to another.

Truth be told, and often heard,
Barely understood, but outcomes observed.

All comparison does,
Is make less of achievement,
Shows you what you want,
Never letting you reach it.

Many will know this and still choose to do,
Compare what you have with some less fortunate than you,
Fortune is relative, as is much of life,
So it can make you rich, if you look at it right.

Untitled

when you feel so much,
that something in you just snaps,
and it all just stops. at least for a moment there is nothing. nothing but the sound of your body,
existing.
existing.
existing for reasons you do not understand. and even worse do not understand why,
why you can't, don't, or won't.
feel the things you know you should.
And for perhaps slightly longer than the moment just passed, you wonder what it would be like to
feel again. and then,
as if cued by traffic wardens at a broken stop.
it hits.
as if you sweved to miss the one that did not look.
and drunk on something with similar effect, but that definitely is not liqour.
You hit the tree that stops the car.
And breaks the dam.
and in that second, as the water runs, fueled by energy created by its entrapmentent.
emotions return.
and you find yourself longing for the moments when their existence seemed imaginary.

Untitled (Again)

The half arsed promises and empty threats,
A life of pain and hopeless regret.
Pushing you away is easier than letting you in,
To the hopeless battle, I will never win.

Inner Fairytales

No one will want the real me,
The real me is impossible to hide,
But what if the real me was not me at all,
And in reality, Mr Hyde.
Mr Hyde, the controlling parts,
The parts we can't deny,
He has so much power over actions,
And I'm not quite sure why.
I sometimes wonder if there could be more, than just Henry and Ed,
Belle or Hook, D'evil or Cinders, many more besides,
All fighting for control of who we are,
All tangled up inside.
Separate enteties exciting within,
All adding up to me,
If I trusted the wrong ones,
Would I ever be able to see.
Does who I trust, inside myself,
Really have effect.
On who I am and what I do,
The creation of things to forget.

Doubt

I doubt the times you say you love.
Regret the things I feel.
Waiting in an internal, eternal pause.
Holding out for real.

A trap

A trap is set,
The bait is laid,
The fall is quick,
The dragon slaighed.
You asked to be caught,
Begged for the safety,
To be needed by someone,
It's all you've wanted lately.
And in the moments where you doubt,
The trap, that yourself set,
Remember love is more,
Than waiting for regret.

Layers

Watch an actor act.
In that role they are two people.
Watch an actor act an act.
And then they become three.
How many roles exist at once.
Version of the self, underneath the act.
Adding extra layers under what you see.
Under what you think you know.
How many layers exist.
How many hidden dolls.
All the same, yet subtlety different.
When will the core be reached.

Bravery

There is this saying people say,
You can have anything you crave,
There is this saying people say,
You just have to be brave.

So bravery can get it, right?
It can take the pain.
So bravery can get it, right?
Stop me feeling insane.

Mind over matter, they tell you,
Think and ye shall achieve.
Mind over matter, they tell you.
And you will reach your dreams.

Dreaming will not make it work. Will not place the impossible in reach.
My dreams lie far across the sea, across the open beach,
Sand and wheels do not mix, I learnt that the hard way,
The waves they taunt me, bringing dreams closer, but they never stay.

Alone

I'm nothing but the hurt and pain, I could swear it is alive alone.
Unreachable desires, I sit looking for what does not exist, and therefore cannot be found.
Internal worlds, that fight for my attention with forced reality.
I do not know who I want to win, I don't really care.
It's the fight that drains me,
From deep inside
And I am left,
Forced,
To be alive,
Alone.

Relationship Anxiety

I am not enough for me,
How am I enough for you?
I fail at my own desires,
Tell me how you hope I could meet yours?

I do not mean to doubt your words,
Or to call you out on lies, that don't exist.
But I find myself doubting what you say is your truth,
A truth so unreal to my mind,
my soul,
my body.

I seem untrusting of you.
But carnival magic plays with what you see, and what you think you know about me.
It's all in my head,
The cliché is true,
I'd swear by my life, and my last dying breath.
It is wholeheartedly me,
And was never, ever, you.

I am happy / I am sad / I am both

I am happy.
No you don't understand.
I am actually happy.
Right now in this moment, it's like someone switched me on.
I am awake. I am alive.
And for however long,
Happy.

I am happy.
This is rare.
I am actually happy.
Right now all the dark, it seems so far away,
I am here. I am present.
And I want to be,
Happy.

I am sad.
No you don't understand.
I am sad now.
I knew it was coming, from the moment I was happy.
And for longer than happy,
Sad.

I am sad.
This is normal.
I am comfortable with sad.
Right now it is dark, no light can break through,
I am lost. I am alone.
What is it to be,
Happy.

I am both.
Do you understand?
I am both, together.
In a constant struggle, between two conflicting emotions.
I am not sad, I am not happy.
Until the wave of one or the other hits.
Both.

I am both
All the time.
I am both together.
One never lives without the other, one simply stands behind.
I am pain. I am pleasure.
Fighting for a winner, but neither winning long.
Both.

Born to be Betrayed

I was born to be betrayed by you.
I was born to be betrayed by me.
And who's betrayal hurt me more.
The one you couldn't see?

But do you see how you betrayed me.
Do you know why?
You failed to live up to the you i created.
Failed not to make me cry.

And that speaks of my betrayal,
To judge before I knew,
To decide you were the same as them,
To not let you be you.

The decision has been made.
(I'm sorry)
We both have been betrayed.
(By me)
I created the game you played,
(My rules)
Your sentence is sustained.

My Game

I write not to be controlled,
To not be constrained by body.
My mind is free with the words i write.
I can trap you in terror or hold you in delight.

And many may tell you, with such power, comes greater responsibility.
But I will not listen, at least in my words, I will be who i want to be.

I write for me, and not for you, I'm afraid you'll just have to deal.
To me my words are not mere stories, to me they are real.

For toy to like the words i write, is a sheer bonus on top, not an aim.
I created the rules, set the table, placed the cards, welcome to the game.

Perspective

Perspective is important,
Unique points of view.
A lot can change the way you see the world,
Get a new idea of you.
Will you see yourself a new way,
You could try and see.
And if they see you one way,
Differently, who is it you will be?
Something as unique as you.
At some point split away,
Looking for it is important, but more so,
Try to make it stay.

As I sleep

As I sleep,
Push the knife in, let it slice deep to fix my problems.
As I sleep,
Rearrange my insides, so I no longer look human.
As I sleep,
Keep me sleeping, make sure I miss everything.
As I sleep,
Take advantage of the permission that I gave.
As I sleep,
Swear that I chose this and I knew the risk.
As I sleep,
Let me sympathise with what it is to be dead.
As I sleep,
Let me know that I will wake.
As I sleep,
I cannot be sure I sleep at all.
As I sleep,
I know they know, but I cannot seem to care.
As I sleep,
Know I love.
As I sleep,
Know I'm scared, more than when I wake.
As I sleep,
Know I fully intend to wake.
As I sleep,
Know I am not me, but a live experiment.
As I sleep,
Let me sleep.
As I sleep,
Be there,
Be there when,
Be there if.
Be there when or if I wake.

Be there.

Just be there.

As I sleep.

Ignorance

Ignorance is bad.

You should know everything about everyone.

Everything.

About people you've never even met. Situations you've never been in.

You should know it all.

Why?

Because you should.

You offend someone... making an assumption... a logical one... you deserve to be punished for being wrong.

Simple, you should know it all.

See me on the street? Never seen a girl in a wheelchair before?

Or maybe, Jennifer... Remember her?

You were 12, she was.... a little slow.

So you talk to me the way you talk to her... Should I be mad?

Am I mad? Am I wrong to be mad? Is it your fault? Is it my fault?

It's your fault, it must be!

Or is it mine?

I don't know, I don't know, I don't know.

How to react? What to say? Who to blame?

To blame someone, I mean, shouldn't I?

Someone is always to blame.

Maybe it's me?

It is me.

It must be me.

Panic Attack

I've heard it called drowning,
Like the whole world caving in.
Or falling into the depths of despair,
Deeper than you've ever been.

I don't feel like I'm falling,
I know exactly where I am.
The thoughts they just keep coming,
They don't give a damn.

After a few minutes,
The thoughts just suddenly stop.
It becomes impossible to breathe,
Like my body just, forgot.

A new level of panic is reached,
It's now I could swear I will die.
The thoughts so lost in panic breaths,
I can't even remember why.

What set it off in the beginning,
Does it matter? Why do you ask?
Just tell me it'll be over soon,
That it isn't going to last.

In the vice of this deep panic,
Nothing else seems worthwhile.
And yet minutes later I promise,
I can face the world with a smile.

Even if you knew me,
You'd probably never see,
How minutes earlier I was,

More panic than I was me.

When the panic did set in,
If you were unlikely around,
Be sure, you didn't see it all,
Years of practice, I know how to play it down.

So if the goals to hide,
Like it never did exist.
What's the point on telling you,
Something I really hoped you'd missed.

I really want you to understand,
It is as irrational to me as to you.
When the panic is alive within me.
I just don't know what to do.

I feel heavy

I feel heavy,
Slightly dizzy,
A little hazy,
Some say lazy.

It hit again.
My old friend,
Controls my actions,
Strong distraction.

22 words before this point,
Some, the hardest I've ever written.
My brain is screaming jumbled thoughts,
And I don't want to listen.

So I try to write,
To pick the topic,
Rhyming words,
Can sometimes stop it.

Different themes,
And rhyming schemes,
Pushed and mangled,
To make sense.

And yet this time, like others, failed.
My inner self, is lost, derailed.
And holding on for others sake,
I hope to come back, before its too late.

Bed

I stayed in bed,
"Don't." they said.
"Participate in life."

Play, it matters.
Face, the laughter.
Dance away the night.

For what is the point, without the joy,
The child chase the stolen toy.

They'll take it back.
It always leaves.
Left alone, to grieve.

To wait, its return,
So patiently.
In hopes, but secret doubt.
Hide away the inner voice,
Don't let the sucker out.

UNTITLED

I talk in words that vaguely explain,
Emotions I cannot understand at all.
You ask for reasons.
And sense in the chaos.
And all I can do is say Life.

Actions speak louder than words

Actions matter more,
Than words ever could.
But just because I didn't do it.
Doesn't mean, I didn't know I should.

Actions speak louder than,
Your words surely do.
But sometimes the actions that you take.
Aren't the ones you wanted to.

Sometimes its not as simple,
As following desire.
Somethings that you want to do,
You can't. you don't have what they require.

And in the moments when,
What you don't have sets the pace.
The fire burning within you,
Becomes the one winning the race.

The anger builds, and burns away.
At what you thought you knew.
The pain slowly begins to define,
What it means to be you.

So now I am more pain,
Than human being, breath.
And now my impossible dreams,
Are all that I have left.

So tell me again,
How my words are so weak?
When what I truly want from life,

Can only live in the words I speak.

I hate myself

I hate myself.

People as me why, when, what happened?

That is of course if they are lucky enough to see the fact that I hate myself.

I think at least perhaps to the people that know me and that don't.

I have mastered the art of hiding the fact

I hate myself.

It's the people stuck in the middle, the ones i sort of know, who run the risk of learning the truth.

The ones who know just enough, but i don't care about enough, to know that it would break them, if they learned, how broken I am.

They are the ones I almost tell, that

I hate myself.

I hate myself.

People ask me why, when, what happened?

And if you catch me in *that* kind of mood. I'll tell you "I was born".

But that of course is a lie.

Because I was happy. I was brought up well. By a family who care for me and made sure, intentionally or not, that I did not see the things I could not do.

It was normal for dad to dress me on the kitchen table, when I was seven.

It was normal to be carried by my mother, while my siblings ran bellow.

It was normal, my chair was normal. She was, she is, safe.

And now,

I hate myself.

I hate myself.

What happened?

That's the question I struggle with, because something must of happened. I was not born hating. No one is born hating. i was not born in pain, that developed, and I coped.

And the me now, might not believe that, for the comforting embrace of pain, feels like my mothers hug. When I was seven.

Because you see I am to big for her to hug me.

I mean she hugs me still, of course. But not in the way she did when I was seven. And sometimes, it's so clear, that that's my fault, for growing.

But something happened, clearly.

So what? Why do
I hate myself?

I hate myself.

Is it because, I saw the way life should have been,

And could have been had my brain not been starved at such a pivotal moment of my creation, of the vital source of life, of existence, that it now, so easily takes for granted.

Is it because, I saw the way he kissed her.

Or maybe she kissed him. Pressed together so tightly against that hidden wall, smokers corner, where the teachers know exactly what is going on, and yet life was in the thrill of the hidden secret, that was not so hidden.

A secret I was never part of, A world I could only watch. No one wanted to welcome the girl, with the teacher, obligated to stay. And by the time she could leave, friendships were cemented, and my confidence was shot.

And then, alone. With only the people that did not fit into the mould of the playground, locked together, to momentarily ignore the pain of their existence, to then be thrown back into it. To be alone, again, when the bell rings.

To once again hate myself.

I hate myself.

Because I hate myself. I hate myself more. I shouldn't hate myself. Because I chose not to go into those friendship groups. Didn't I? Did I? I don't.....

My parents are together still, no one hit me. I was fed. I am fed and clothed. And looking back, only now, I see how hard that must have been and is. And still

I hate myself.

I hate myself.

But why?

What is there to hate? I have a family, and friends, or at least people who i thing are friends, I am warm, and clothed, and fed, and educated, and free, to write, to read, to write, oh to write.

And yet underneath it all, the happy, the people, the words, the infinite worlds, unlocked by words, written on a page, that takes me to people who deserve to hate. And the things. The things that my parents, never even considered could exist, or that were distant hopes of a possible future, they never thought they'd be a part of.

I have it all. And still

I hate myself.

Confidence

Confidence is knowing that I will survive the fact you hate me.

But I will agonise for hours over the one thing I said, that broke the bridge of our friendship, in my eyes if not in yours.

Confidence is knowing that as I write the words on the page, they will always matter to me, if not to anyone else. And that's ok.

Confidence is being terrified to the point where breathing on earth is almost as impossible as if I tried to do the same in space. And still I do the things that make my heart wish it had stopped.

Confidence is believing I am right, when every fibre of my being screams that I am wrong.

Confidence is the pretence you want to see, in the person you want to work for you.

Fear is not an option. Reality is not compatible.

Because confidence is better faked. Than reality. Than fear.

And so with shaking hands I hope you cannot see. I pray to anything that should want to listen.

I count the seconds, the hours, the minutes. Not wanting my death, as many assume. But wanting to breathe and live without constriction, and constraints. Of the chains that squeeze my every breath out of me.

For breathing to be natural, it's supposed to be natural, right?

Confidence, instead of fear. Not a fake facade to drape upon it.

And how do I make what is fake real? I fake it until real becomes the only form it knows.

And then I will have it, won't I? real...

Confidence.

Words

There's a point in writing where we question what we write.
Just like in life when we question who we are.
Actually. That's a lie.
There isn't one point. There are many.
Too many times you doubt the world around you. The people.
And in those times, the only solace I have found is words.

Spoken. You tell me you love me, tell me you want me. Tell me you know it's not okay, but promise it will be.

Lyrical. The same lines. Translated one thousand different times. Meaning more to each one of us than the artist imagined. That one line of the song you can not forget.

Story. A world created. To be lost in, to escape. Someone else's troubles to distract.

Poetry. Poetic. My favourite. Spontaneous. And free. And all consuming. Controlling, And yet empowering.

And even as I get lost in my latest trance.
Of words that seem to write themselves.
I wonder what you'll think.
I'm ready to be criticised.
To question who I am, again.
For my question fuels my what you call, creativity.

So tell me you hate me.
Hate my words.
It will hurt.
But give me an hour. If I'm lucky 5 minutes.
I will write and I will feel.

And I will let the pain control me.
For by choosing when it controls me.
Surely i can at least have a little control?

For even when I'm lost, in words, I know exactly where I am.

Selfish

Tell me you want to die.

Tell me you want to die and I'm torn.

Because you know and I know you've said this a thousand times before.

And I know you are serious. Because I know, we all know, I think, at some point. What it's like to want to just to end. To stop.

But how can I know how serious you are.

When you've said it a thousand times before.

How can I know that tomorrow when I wake up, you wont. When last week, when you said the exact same, you did.

How do I know? How can I predict the future? How can I save you?

Tell me, please.

Tell me how to make you promise at the very least that you wont leave me.

Because in the selfish, darkest, deepest regresses of my mind. I know that no matter how lost I am, I am somehow surviving, and I could do that without you.

It can be like a flash. The urge to kill myself. An intrusive thought. I think that's what they call it.

Or it can be a long standing thought, burning within me, a small idea, and the more I feel nothing, the stronger it grows.

But I don't know what it is like for you.

I can never know what it is like for you.

Unless you tell me.

And the truth is, I don't know if I want you to tell me.

I don't know if I am strong enough to cope with the reality of you facing such an all consuming problem that I can't fix. That I am not enough to fix.

I am not enough.

But that is selfish. Again. I am nothing but selfish.

Because whether I can cope with your reality, should not control whether you let me in. It does not control the fact you are there. And I do not want you to be there alone.

So tell me.

Tell me the problems I can not fix.

Tell me how last week you took so many tablets that medically you should not be here. And how that was your plan.

Or how yesterday, you took the razor I lost a month ago, and pushed it deep into your skin more times than you can count. And how it didn't hurt, how it never hurts anymore. How it felt good?

Or how every time you shower, you put the heat high enough to turn that shade of pink, that is almost that shade of red you love so much, that you miss? But the effects will disappear quicker and so there is no risk of you being caught. So this is safer, though aggravatingly less permanent.

Tell it me.

Tell it me all.

I can not take the pain from you.

I would if I could, but I can't.

But maybe, just maybe.

If you tell me how you wish you weren't here anymore, explain it to me.

I can show you how I've felt the same, for longer than I can care to remember.

And maybe together, together. We can find a way to cope.

Maybe you cannot live for yourself anymore. But maybe we can live for each other.

Maybe....

Maybe....

Maybe....

There is no maybe.

Not with how selfish what I'm asking of you is.

But if my selfish need to have you here, can keep you here, I'll do it.

And if my selfishness can be wrapped up in some misconception that I'm doing it for you, well that's even better, isn't it?

I can save you,

Maybe.

And you being alive,

Will save me.

I am beyond selfish.

And you can't even see it.

But as long as you're here.

I do not care.

I will be selfish.

Act your age

Act your age.

Make the decision.

Answer the phone.

Do that revision.

Act your age.

Avoid the collision.

Watch your tone.

Did I give you permission?

Impressed

They were impressed, Overly so. That's not bad though, How can it be? Is it impressive? Am I right, Are they? We all cant be, Can we? Normality is to obtain a life of repetitive behaviour. To work, to sleep, to repeat. And in there, maybe, Somewhere to live. Or is to live, to do it all. Is that what makes you alive? And if it is so, I am alive, apparently. By definition I breathe. So why If I breathe. As you do, Am I impressive. I clearly am, For they see me so. So tell me, How to live with that? How do I be impressive, To you. To them. To me. i don't... I am the way I am, That's all i could ever be, Though that is clearly not enough, But for who, for them or me? It is what is, And it is.... Not enough. But none of that matters really. So long as they're impressed.

WE ARE REAL

If every move is predetermined,
Every decision already made
It is just possible, we are mere characters,
In a game, someone else wants played.

We lie to ourselves, so we stay numb,
Create decisions where there so clearly, are none.
Choices to keep us safe in a lie, the game, already done.
Then by our own, falsified reformation.
Purely because, we swear it to be so.

WE ARE REAL.

A Million Dreams

Every night I lie in bed,
A million dreams inside my head.
A world that I created,
Feels like home.

And in this world,
Are dreams of mine.
Hard to reach,
Flawed by design.
But holding on to them, has kept me sane.

I think of what this world could be,
If you could see what I could see.
A world better experienced,
With Love.

But to let you in, risks the world of mine.
Painfully crafted, over time.
To be the world,
Reality denied.
And you may call me crazy.

But maybe one day, far from now,
If confidence and fears allow.
I'll let someone in to see the world.
That somehow, saved my life.

But now at least know where I am,
In distant lands, no one understands.
Where I think, of what the world could be,
A vision of the one I see.
And, for now, holding on to this, has kept me sane.

I fell in love

I fell in love the way you fall asleep,
And talked myself out of it, before you knew I'd dreamed.
The nightmares played over and over again.
Stuck in my head on an endless loop,

I convinced myself you wouldn't want me,
Before I even asked if you did.
And on my assumptions, wrapped in my anxieties.
I pushed you as far away as I could bare.

Only then did I realise the hell of living without you.
What I missed without you in my life.
And so slowly, and with more fear than I know how to explain,
I let you back in. My anxieties, not yet tamed.

It was cruel of me to not think of you.
But I swear that is what I had thought I had done.
My graphic imagination, that you admire so,
Makes me believe in the reality of my nightmares.

And I don't want you to forgive me,
I don't deserve it, I know.
All I want, is for you to understand.
I've always loved you, even when I failed to say so.

Cartoons

On go cartoons, the mindless drivel.
With hopes it distracts me, just a little.
From the swerling verse inside my head.
The thoughts that leaving me wishing I was dead.

The characters irrelevant, the stories repetitive.
Tomfoolery and mindless violence, my legal sedative.
And as the early hours near, and I contemplate tomorrow,
The presence of The Belcher Family, instantly numbs my sorrow.

And then the brighteners of the orange, from Futurama logo,
Is tantalisingly more appealing than South Park, that's a no go.
And sometimes to switch it up a little, i watch Homer drink at Moe's,
Or appreciate the talent of Seth McFarlane and that spin off show.

It doesn't matter much, which of the shows are on,
Just that there voices catch me, before I'm to far gone.
Lost in my mind, these cartoons have the power,
And with the 24/7 stream, I can watch whatever the hour.

Rejection

I have an expectation,
Of society's rejection,
And without hesitation.
I beat you to the punch.

Daughter

You were joking,
So I laughed.
Pretending,
And I broke.

All the while,
Being buried alive,
By the guilt, the shame, the desire.
To be the daughter you imagined.

And the tears attempted to flow,
But I held them in, cos I had to.
Controlled my breathing, with everything I had.
And the deception worked, because you missed it.

I gave you what I could, what I can, of the daughter you deserve.
I give you all I've got, everything I have, to be the daughter you forged me to be.
I will give you everything I could be, every possible outcome of my life, to see you smile.
I will sacrifice who I am, to be who it is you need me to be, just for you to be okay with who I am.
For me to be enough.

6 or 9

I saw 6 when you saw 9,
The d depends where you draw the line.
And just because yours was forged from steel,
Does not make my perspective less real.

And for you to be right, does not require me to be wrong.
Like all the version of that one song.
Each can and should be admired as art,
And not criticised for how close they are to the start.

If I misinterpreted your intended desire,
Remember quite clearly, there's no smoke without fire.
As you are the one tasked to see me rise or fall,
Is the responsibility not yours, were you as clear as you recall?

If you think you are safe, would you ask for mercy?
If I was blind, could I tell the carpets dirty?
Don't completely judge a mistake, made without the right picture,
Just because you are *right*, doesn't make you any richer.

Anger

The anger burns so quick, so fast.
It is forgotten almost as quickly as it begins.
The damage left is filled by anger, for anger's existence.
And so the cycle continues.

And sometimes anger shows as tears,
Aimed at your inaction.
When really their true target lies,
With the need for your reliance... the inescapable reliance.

Anger

The anger burns so quick, so fast.
It is forgotten almost as quickly as it begins.
The damage left is filled by anger, for anger's existence.
And so the cycle continues.

And sometimes anger shows as tears,
Aimed at your inaction.
When really their true target lies,
With the need for your reliance... the inescapable reliance.

Obligation

Failed assimilation,
Forced accommodation,
Shunned rejection,
Denied extinction...

Existence is an obligation.

I don't remember

I don't remember,
and it kills me.
The worst part?...
You don't even know I forgot.

I want someone to love

I want someone to love who'll see the me I am, and the me I'm trying to be.

I want someone to love who'll watch Old fashioned Disney, from the 90s or so. And sit with me while I watch Notting Hill for the 100th time.

I want someone to love who'll see my insecurities are based in me and not in them. And who'll learn to tell me of their own down falls one day.

I want someone to love who'll see beyond the physicalities of a relationship. And who'll love me even when I fail my own expectations.

I want someone to love who'll have no expectations. But believe that I'm trying when I say I am.

I want someone to love who'll learn how to cook, or better yet already can. Because I don't want to starve and can't cook beans in a microwave.

I want someone to love who'll love my family. They're part of who I am, the good and the bad, my loyalties to them are strong.

I want someone to love who'll tell me when and if they don't like something in our relationship. I need it to be both ways. Tell me and I can try to be better for it. We can try.

I want someone to love who'll understand when I can't be touched, I still want to be. God do I want to be held.

I want someone to love who'll learn to understand the thing that most people don't. Wanting something, isn't the same as being able to have it, at least not for me.

I want someone to love who'll bring me a flower they found on the ground. That cost them precisely nothing and is for no reason at all.

I want someone to love who'll understand that trusting someone doesn't eliminate fear. I can't promise to never be afraid, but I can promise to try anyway.

I want someone to love who'll keep doing what they love, even if I hate it or can't be a part of it. Because I'll care about it because it matters to them.

I want someone to love who'll have as good a night inside the house as outside. And on the nights where going out is too much for me, I want someone I can trust to come home again.

I want someone to love who'll take it slow. Give me time because a love like ours will be new to me. It'll take some getting used to.

I want someone to love who'll be there even when I don't want them to be.

I want someone to love who'll never lie. I can take the greatest heartache the world has to throw. So long as it's the truth.

I want someone to love who is real. Whatever real is to them, just be it.

I want someone to love who loves animals and children. And maybe we'll have our own, and maybe we won't. And that's ok.

I want someone to love who'll laugh even when it's not funny. Because to laugh at the hardest times in life makes them easier.

I want someone to love who'll live in the moment with me, but who will put up with my irrational fears about the future. I know the world won't end next month, just because some post on Facebook, which seems perfectly logical to me, says it will, but I know it won't happen. But then again, what if it does?

I want someone to love who'll love me, the way I love them. With everything they have. Like it's the last time either of us will ever fall in love. And that way even if it isn't, and we don't last forever. We can say we tried our best and it just wasn't meant to be.

I want someone to love.

I want someone to love.

I want someone to love.

I'm not allowed to be depressed

Becareful now. Don't misread my words.
It's just a reflection of how I see the world.
I'm not trying say, that you're the same,
That simply choosing to get out of bed, will mean you've won the game.

I'm nearly saying for me. My world isn't in my control.
Right down to being depressed. I get no say at all.
I'm not saying I'm not sad, though that vastly understated.
Depression is misunderstood, everyone is saying it.

I suppose you could say I'm functionally depressed.
But I swear that's only, cos others get me dressed.
It doesn't change my head, the thoughts, the desires.
But I have no ability to sit and cry in the showers.

If it were down me, if I had the control.
I'd barely have a shower, or leave the house at all.
But that's the irony of, this old life of mine.
If I were capable of the task, I doubt I'd want to do the crime.

External relief is a far flung dream.
One I've had in great detail, I can vividly describe the scene.
I can feel the release of the blade at my skin.
I'd cut deep enough, to see why muscle begin.

I often wonder if, inability fuels my thoughts.
It's human nature, to do what we haven't done before.

So as I write these words, and i picture the knife.
Thinking of the ways that I can't end my life.
I have one favour to ask, the answer to a question.
Do I have, what you'd define, as this thing called depression?

Selfishly self preserving

I tried to say the right words.
To become the antidote to your poisoned mind.
And when I realised you were as much the antidote as the poison.
I tried to help you see that, to find it, so you wouldn't be alone.
And when you didn't try.
And as a result I inevitable failed.
And the poison moved closer to your heart.
I knew then I would take the poison, let it kill me instantly.
Not just to save you, but to selfishly cure my guilt.
As I failed you.
And as I will always fail you.
I knew then my only way, was to never reveal my poison to another.
Less they feel the guilt that consumes me, when they fail.
Or even worse are glad, or feel nothing when I no longer exist.
And then I know I placed my love, my pain, my heart in the care of the careless.
In writing this I realised, my self centred nature,
I act, always, and completely, for self preservation.
But don't we all?

Tired

Sometimes when things are really wrong,
Without a second thought, you just say "nothing I'm tired, that's all",
And it's not a lie, it's one of the only statements, like " I'm alive",
That can never be a lie.
If it's gotten to the point, where the question makes you numb.
Where you can no longer even comprehend the truth, to you or anyone.
Then you are tired. Tired of the question, tired of the answer.
Tired of the continued reality, you find yourself barely surviving in.
So just remember, when you ask how someone is,
And they say they're just tired.
Yes, they may be dodging your question,
But that doesn't mean they're lying.

Mistake.

Maybe one day I will write a piece without mistake.

Maybe one day I will make a decision without regret.

But if I were to reach the stage, where I truly believed in my own conviction, without such consequence.

Would my Writing, would I, be the same, without the mistake.

Would any of us?

Control

In the middle of the night, I spend my time lost in worlds that don't truly exist. Trying better to understand the world I live in.

These worlds are darker. Grimmer and down right more confusing. Alongside a hunderad other similies and metaphors I struggle to produce at 4am. Apologies.

But still for reasons lost to me, I favour them over reality.
Perhaps it is the control they give me, that reality starves me of.

Or the redo capabilities, we all wish we had, I'm sure.
Tell me now, does that fall under control.

Deep down somewhere in me, I know I can never obtain the control I desire.

So magic world's, that do not exist, give me the perfect place to feel.

To feel what I can never truly feel without it ever coming true.

And though words do put some of these realities into print.

Making them stronger, and somehow, at least feel, more true.

I haven't yet decided whether that is a good thing or not.

Writer

I wonder as a writer,
If the message is lighter.
For sometimes the words of another,
Touch you like no other.
Do my words, even once, have that effect.
Or are they simple something, a moment later, you will forget?
Does it matter, should I care?
Does your sight on the page, change what's there.
Do you hold the power of my words,
Now that thoughts obsured.
There I go overthinking it All,
Instead of just answering the writers call.
But they're must be a reason,
The words are taken as you see them.
Is it due to my intention,
Or how you befriend them.

I love my mind.

I love my mind.
Put my mind.
In a different body,
A working body.
And I honestly believe I could have a good life.
But then I wonder,
Did my wonderful, empathetic, crazy, twisted mind,
Come from my fragmented body?
The truth is, though I loath to admit it, probably.
So then I'm left with the question,
That will likely plague me till the day I die.
Would I trade in my incapacitated body,
For the cost of my enriched mind?

Tired

I'm usually tired,
And so I sleep.
Waking up I'm annoyed I'm still tired.
Frustrated I slept, like I let the world down.
And more often than not,
Depressed I even woke up at all.
My solution?
Go back to sleep.

Put emotions into words.

Put emotions into words, So they no longer feel.
Somehow in the letters,
The pain is less real.

Like putting heartbreak on ice,
Pausing the tidalwave.
The feelings are numbed,
When they exist only on the page.

It is only when you read them,
Or you hear them spoken in verse.
That you are able to feel the strength of the emotions,
Unrestrained, at their worst.

So why waste you time embracing someone else's pain,
Is your own not enough?
Truthfully reading the words of others, knowing you're not alone.
Makes the journey of life not as rough.

Happily Ever After

I met you once,
Only the lines of the web.
You stuck like glue,
Until one day you said.
"I must go,
Though I don't want to,
Because; my dear,
I will never be enough for you."
And though you were not wrong,
How I really wished I could argue.
Because I knew very quickly,
I was infatuated with you.
And yet, was it love?
I don't know if I am capable.
But more than anyone else,
You made me want to be able.
And briefly you returned,
By chance, after time past.
And I wasn't naive then,
To believe it would last.
But I hoped for a moment,
And so it only hurt more.
I wish, hopelessly, we could have,
What we had once before.
But you taught me one thing,
In the way that you mattered.
Is I am the only thing stopping my self,
From my happily ever after.

There's a reason they call love electricity.

There's a reason they call love electricity.
And it's not just for the fact that it powers the world, through the hearts of the nation's.
It binds to one another, in ways that with out, simply do not exist.
And segregates us from others, who do not know, who cannot feel it.
It leaves you burned and weak.
When missed connections fire,
Too afraid to try again.
Too a customed to life in the dark.
That to let in the electricity, Is to big of a risk for you to take.
There's a reason they call love electricity,
And here's just what I think.

Your life is not about me

Sometimes your success feels only like you're throwing failure in my face. But I'll smile all the same, and never let you see the most envious of my inner dreams.

I'll remind myself, "Your life is not about me."

The Fight

We fought not for the first time or the last time today. Once again I succumbed to the anger within me.

It grew quietly at your words,
And I held it off, clouds, that darken so before they burst.

And with fabled timing, like rain that starts at night,
With pointless words and a disguise of anger, I left the room.
Concealed in my actions, was final straw, you missed.
But I did not stay, I could not stay to explain.
What would have been the point? You wouldn't have listened anyway.

I didn't have the will, or energy to try.
And I had to leave before my body and emotions, united to betray me further.
You would continue to judge, this time for things you deemed to be in my control.
Control is not the same for everyone.

But you wouldn't know that.
Because you never tried to sit a while in my chair.
To feel the hopeless and anger, and down right disappear.
You were never part of the houses To do list.
And if you were, it didn't matter because you could leave.

Tick me off each morning, like a floor that needs to be cleaned.
Feed me, as if I am nothing but a pet that needs the care.
Scold me, when I boil over.
Be like everyone else on this planet, and equate my age to my needs, or what you need from me.

I am nothing more than a burden to You,
And if you knew me well you'd know, that
In this knowledge stems the reasoning,
I question the validity of all love I am ever shown.

Fridge Love

Waiting for something that is never going to happen is like staring at an open fridge and waiting for it to make you dinner.

Your longingly staring at the prospect of love, cold and tired. And if you wait long enough you... you realise you don't need the light to see the possibilities of what could be for dinner.

That even the silhouette makes you hungry and you know you should look away but you just can't.

Your hungry, tired and alone. But mostly fascinated by something that no one seems to understand.

Why don't you just order takeaway?

The moments truth

Sometimes I say things, in the heat of the moment, lost in the emotion.
And when I look back on what I said, I can't remember if it was a lie.
Like seeing something out of the corner of your eye.
I honestly don't know if my words were truth at all.
Make sense?
No. It doesn't to me either.
But I hope more than ever before, that to you I spoke the truth.

How in love am I?

You're on silent,
But I still jump when my phone vibrates,
Just in case.

Thaw

I wish I had the strength to rip myself apart for you.
But I have built myself in Ice.
Moulded into someone I don't recognise and don't know how to change.
Know this,
Though it may not seem much,
I started to thaw for you.

What I'd give

What I'd give for meaningless encounters, to be able to be a part of it all, without true consequence. To live in one moment, without the forced preparation of the next.

What I'd give to be able to feel beyond the boundary of limitations. To become one with another beyond all thought and reason.

What I'd give to not be defined by choices I had no part in. To experience a control of the life I am made to live, at least to some degree, then maybe, live it a little easier.

What I'd give to be the very definition of normal, though you mock it, I'd be overjoyed for my biggest concern to be the way my makeup shines in the light of your eyes. To feel a hand caress me and without hesitation, take the mutual desire of sexual exploitation.

To be conquest and the conqueror in equal measure. What I'd give to be desire. To be more than words. To be the words. To be freed by the words.

What I'd give to just be me.

All of this in Fear

I think a lot about emotions.
I'm someone who believes that everything we feel, we feel for a reason.
That doesn't make it easier to feel,
Just makes me strong enough to bare it, because I know it's for some kind of reason.

Lost in my thoughts, I think I've determined the strongest emotion.
And I don't think it's love, happiness or hope,
Because what an ideal world would that be,
I think it's Fear.

Fear. Is the strongest emotion.
Fear of feeling one thing, of being something or being without, of doing something or not doing something.
Fear of the unknown future, we know awaits us,
Pushes us in one direction or the other.
Both directions.

And emotion strong enough to take us both ways in life.
And what it seems it does most, at least to me, is hold me back.
I've chain my self in the basement so long ago, I don't even remember when.
And it's dark, and it's cold, and I don't know how to get out.
Fear makes me question if I even want to leave.

Fear makes me contemplate a very real, very alone existence.
Destroys my belief that I deserve the love I'm so certain everyone else deserve.
Won't let me believe I deserve your love.
Won't let me believe I deserve my own love.

Through the hazed, chained, eyes of fear.
I can rationalise an existence, I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy.
I can destroy any hope of a possibility at any other kind of emotional acceptance.
And all of this in fear.

So show me a stronger emotion?

All of this in Fear.

Part of me wants

Part of me wants to skip far into the future. Through all the bull, to where life has finally worked it's self out, you know what I mean?

Part of me wants to stay exactly where I am, out of fear of what tomorrow will bring, it's not that I particularly like where I am, just don't want where I go to be worse than here, who knows what I'm yet to have seen.

Part of me wants to go back to a time when things were easier, because it's only as life gets progressively more difficult, that you realise even though it wasn't easy, it was better then, don't you find yourself agreeing.

But there isn't one part of me that wants to get up in the morning.

It's all so painfully simple

It's all so painfully simple, until you ask me to explain it, then it becomes complex beyond what I know how to say. And because before you asked, I understood it all so well, I'm bored of how I feel, believe me. But please try to remember, that I can't run away from how I feel like you can.

Drowning

I don't know if the worst part about drowning is the lack of control or the fact you see others swim around you.

As much as I don't want to drown, I don't want to swim anymore.

Questions

I hate the question "Are you okay?", but "How are you?" is worse.

To answer both positively, feels so much like I lie, I can't even tell you if I'm telling the truth.

Key

To entrust you with my key,
I'm asking, praying, begging, you see,
What I locked away so long ago,
Never intending to let it show.
But you I thought were worth the risk,
Take the key, unlock the heart, find treasures missed.
Grant access just as to deny,
And you, my love, are my reason why.

Velleity

Logic states the improbability,
Though I still hold the dream in rigidity,
I must ignore the desire for my stability,
Adding true testament to serenity.
It will always exist within me,
The desire to be,
Who you can not see.
Frozen in a necessary, velleity.

Rain

Another point where I disagree,
With pain and what it makes of me.
The beauty of rain as it falls from the sky,
Leaves me cold and wet for a long time.
When it hits spikes a deep fear,
For reasons not innately clearly.
Like most of my life it's complicated
Love to rain, just love be-lated.

I'd love to do nothing but write

I'd love to do nothing but write,
Into the darkness of the night.
Scribble words down so fast,
Make an impression to last.
But the world keeps turning,
So I must start my earning.
And I can't quite sell my soul,
For the worlds reimagined gold.

And then the reality hits me

And then thr reality hits me,
Like the airs knocked from my chest,
I'll be mourning the life I could never live forever,
Instead of living this life to its best.

Can you really exist in this world,
When caught in the realm of desire,
Like striking the match against it's own cage,
And dancing in the flames of the fire.

The smoke consumes as the longed does crumble,
As you grasp at the world with new clarity,
Where once stood beauty definite and proud,
Now only lies ashes of vulgarity.

I'll stabilise myself in this world again,
Though I'd rather be anywhere else,
Scribble words of pure pain and pentup emotions.
Box up the agony, leave it back on the shelf.

The idea of me

We both fell in love with the idea of me.
Who we wished I could be.
I fell in love with the reality of you,
Everything about you, your honesty your truth.

My idea and your truth, combined and reacted.
A love over amplified, became anticlimactic.

I tried. As did you.
We both failed in our quest.
Imagination failed the situation.
Reality, did the rest.

My Mum Won\\\'t Come Home

My mum won't come home,
Because the house is a mess.
My mum won't come home,
Because it causes her stress.

My mum won't come home,
Because she hates this house.
It is my fault we are stuck here,
I know that now.

Moving out scares me a lot,
Mostly because of the help I require.
But it might be the only way to make,
All there lives a little lighter.

I don't know what to do,
I feel out of options.
My families in a living hell,
And it is my fault we got here.

Despair

Crushing waves of despair,
Come seemingly from nowhere,
I plead with myself not to care,
And you, so blissfully, unaware.

I'm always in pain.

I'm always in pain. Always. It doesn't stop.

But sometimes it does get worse. Sometimes it hits. And I can't breathe. But I can't complain, because I'm always in pain.

I'm always in pain. Always. It doesn't stop.

And sometimes it makes me cry. Sometimes it makes me shake, and seethe. But I can't complain, because I'm always in pain.

I'm always in pain. It feels like a requirement, to remain silent, always compliant, never defiant. To keep on existing, resisting, persisting, coexisting, because I'm always in pain.

So when I smile, or laugh or chuckle, no that in really fighting to buckle. Cos I want to brake, but where would that get me?

Still drowning in pain and your begrudging sympathy.

©DD.

Paper.

I've taken shards to my skin as if that would solve it.
Burning water, attempting to dissolve it.
Picked till I've bled,
Watched my blood run cold.
Only caught my breathe as the scars unfold.
And still, though it hurts, though I hurt.
I struggle to call it harm.

It's not the harm I want to inflict, the harm I wish I was capable of.
Another failure, a shortfall of mine. Why not just add another to list.
The list of faults that feels ten miles long, but it all comes down to one.
My disability.

I could fake pride for a while, if you like. I've always done that. Told complete strangers I am proud, I am surviving, I am in control, I am not.
The truth oh the truth, oh my truth, is not allowed to be existant in this world.
Every time, as the doctor says, facts are altered to fit the view. The view I am equal, included, allowed, capable, worth it.
The truth is so flexible, it works for those who need it, yet no one works for the truth.

Not even I, who lies in bed to write this, words most of the world will never see,
And those who see it, those who can feel the words burn through them, resonate within them,
Like a tuning fork at perfect pitch,
Will scarcely bring themselves to admit,
That they can hear the ring, the word silences.

The normals need their inspiration,
The disableds, they need motivation,
I ... I hold on to imagination, gasp, bold in destination, fight exacerbation.
And for what?
For what?
WHAT.....

What I really want is execution, in the darker moments, death would be my solution.
No more life lived for others,
To rejoin my sisters, my brothers.
For I was granted the chance to be, and yet all I could become was this pathetic regeneration of me.
I'm tired.
So tired.
And I would be done if...
Being done, were in my own gift.

It stops me you see, as ending my life is also on the list,
The list which combines that which I want, with that which I can never have.
Like an addict, I am addicted. I have an addiction,
To the perceived freedom of my imagination.
Where this list lies for safekeeping.

I say perceived, for good reason, I won't let naivety give me a beating.
Whos to say that were I able,
With this list of impossibilities spread out on the table,
The same topics would arise,
would I still want to die?
Is she only greener for those who have never seen her?

But until the day, which will never be, I cannot the answer,
Will I ever be free in this world? I doubt it.
So I take deep breathes and smile about it.
A joke to make the normals smile.
Oh, hush now, the printer didn't jam with you.
Sure, it printed you a little greyer, when the ink should have really been replaced.
But as you add a lick of paint, to hide this grey away.
Your page still lies straight, you can still hide. And though there's something to be said for hiding away,
The point is you can do it, you never have to say.

My paper crumbled, when I was drawn wrong, I was meant to be recycled.
A disease, I should have been deleted, demolished, religion would have you believe.
So why pull out this crumpled paper, nothing more than wasted leaves?

Tell me at least that it makes you feel better, admit the truth, please normals of the world.

Tell me my truth *is* the truth.

At least then I know where I sit.

Touch

I want to be held,
But touch makes my skin crawl.
I want to be held,
But the thought makes me cold.
How can I feel both?
The need and such fear?
That wraps itself around me,
Brings me to tears.
I can see all I want,
So far out of reach.
Like pebbles underneath the sand,
Protected by the beach.
Smooth to the touch,
Almost round in design,
The pebbles on the beach,
The dreams of my mind.

It's a novelty,

I live for the days where it's not a novelty,
Where intent is never questioned, just is.
Where a quota isn't needed,
Because it's not even considered.

Untitled

I'm not good at anything,
And my best is not enough.

Writing

I want to write so badly,

I have all the ideas.

But I often lack the motivation to work on my ideas, or worse the physical, or the emotional energy.

When I do have the motivation but I lack the energy,

I feel like my body has yet again betrayed me, or my emotions are betraying me,

In the only thing I feel I'm supposed to be good at.

The Dark

Most of the time I keep the lights off,
It's easier to see in the dark.
Turn the lights back on, and the pictures start,
A rundown of every mark.

The ones I caused,
Because of course it's my fault.
That's just how they build houses,
Adapt.

The ones I didn't,
When I warned you how,
But you knew better,
Smack.

Why lie

Why lie,
It's so insignificant, I can't understand why you'd do it.
And yet I ask you directly and you can't tell me the truth.

I know that you're lying, but if I push, it's a fight.
The things you lie about aren't important, and yet that makes the lie worse.
Worse because you won't see why it matters,
And I can't explain why it does.

But it burns, when you lie.
I can feel it.
And anger, that the person I have no option but to trust,
Would lie to me about something, so insignificant.

I just,
Why lie.

You seem very positive.

It depends on the day,
Or the minute,
But thanks,
I suppose.

Disability Problems

If it's on the floor,
It might as well be lost,
If I've lost it,
It's probably on the floor.