

# Anthology of kind.adolescent



Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*I would like to thank everyone who has entered my life, whether they have been a positive or negative influence on me. Thank you for making me a better person.*

## **Acknowledgement**

You know who you guys are, Thank you.

## About the author

I cannot express how I feel verbally, so I use writing as a way to express myself. I find that paper listens when people don't.

## summary

Mask

infatuation

Broken hearts

I miss you.

Change

## Mask

Everyone says that I'm always smiling.  
They think "She's a happy person."  
In reality, I smile when I'm sad, mad, tired or even when I just don't know what to do.  
People can only see what's on the outside, whether it's real or not.  
That fake smile plastered on my face...  
I almost believe it... *almost*.

## infatuation

He told me, "When you came into my life my depression subsided and now I feel happiness."

Little did he know he helped me too, I tried to become a better person.

In the time he was gone, I made mistakes. He was never gone for too long, but always came back filled with remorse.

Together we fought, cried, laughed and disagreed but it felt as if two wrongs finally made a right.

I don't know what love is, but I know what it feels like to be infatuated with him... and let me tell you it feels blissful.

## Broken hearts

Serene beauty pulling you in,  
only to push you away.

As the fierce wind whispers a serious warning... *stay away.*

Their atmosphere portrays love and comfort.

In the end they are always left with a devilish smirk, and just know that  
someone always gets hurt but this happens all the time.

This is just day one of the never ending cycle.



## I miss you.

*Eu saudade você.*

I remember why I would always be smiling... because of you.

You always found something stupid or funny to say.

You could always tell when I was sad, you didn't need to ask "are you okay?" because you just knew.

You made things better but you also made things worse.

Not a single day goes by that I don't think about you.

Even if you made me sad and cry, I would rather feel like that than how I feel now.

I feel like something is missing...

*Eu saudade você.*

## Change

Last year was not my year.

When I think of last year, I feel this hole inside me.

I feel this guilt gnawing at the pit of my stomach... I figured I deserved to feel like this.

I did something that is unforgivable, but just like the season's change so can we.

This year will be my year.

When I think of this coming year, I see myself feeling pure happiness.

I have changed my physical appearance, and now I'm changing my perspective.

I'm going to live life in a new perspective.