

# Anthology of K.T Williams

Presented by

*My poetic side* 



## Dedication

*I would like to dedicate this to the few people in my life that believe in me and push me to do better and be a better person. I think that everyone deserves people like that in their life. Without these people in my life I honestly don't know where I would be at today or if I would even be here.*

## **Acknowledgement**

I would like to express my gratitude to anyone who has ever read poems and those who can connect to them.

## About the author

My name is Kiana but I prefer to go by my pseudonym K.T Williams. The name is very sentimental to me, I created after my late grandfather whom I was especially close to. He was like a dad to me and meant the world to me; he believed in me when no one else did.

I am socially awkward. Sometimes I laugh too loud and too hard at things that aren't that funny. I'm taller than the average woman. I enjoy sports, good times with good people, learning through experience, cool fall nights under the stars or swinging on the porch, and the small moments in life. I am a sophomore in college studying something irrelevant in the medical field but I would much rather be studying literature and philosophy. I am an avid reader and I dabble in writing. I come from a dysfunctional family.

## summary

Where were you?

Why do you do what you do?

Anger and Despair

Alive

Depths

Disappointment

Strength and Weakness

The One Dearest To My Heart

Without Hope

My Greatest Regret

not over

Untitled

But I don't

breakdown

sometimes I cry

destiny or illusion

Imagined

our generation

Me

who are we

for reasons unknown

mine but not mine

Lust or Love

daily routine

dad

Wet Clay

Not a Damn Word

Remnants

Toy

We are Tired

## Where were you?

I wanted to know you...  
when I was younger  
when you were the man on top of the world.

I wanted you to hold me  
at night when I was scared of the darkness that tainted my dreams.

I wanted you to love me and be proud  
but I never seemed to measure up to the expectations.

I needed you.  
I needed you to tell me that everything was going to be okay  
to wrap me up in your arms as I cried at night.

I needed you. I wanted you. I wanted to know you.  
I wanted to make you proud.

But all I saw was disappointment when I looked into your eyes.  
I saw the love from a father that I would never know.

You were never really there, really, actually there.  
And now I'm all grown up.  
And I no longer yearn for the love I never received.

## Why do you do what you do?

You're a broken record spouting out the same lies and promises that hold no worth.  
They will soon be broken, broken like my bruised and beaten heart.  
The very heart that once yearned for your love and your approval but now it lurks in the shallows;  
hoping to go unnoticed and to be spared of any further heart break.  
Why do you do what you do?  
Continually lying to and hurting everyone around you, the very ones you say you "love".  
Are you so naive to think that your apologies, like band aids, will fix the broken bones that you've  
caused?  
You are so very wrong my dear.  
You cannot do the same thing over and over and not expect us to get tired of the empty apologies  
and promises.  
For my hopes are little but my disappointments are many.  
The unconditional love of a child for their parent has vanished.  
As have my hopes to ever actually know you.  
The walls I have built are tall and mighty.  
They can withstand all of your games.  
However my heart is still under construction.  
It is not as strong as I once thought.  
And I no longer wear it on my sleeve to be broken and used by you.  
But the touch and patience of a mother.  
My mother, has brought solace to it.  
She is the reason that I have not left.  
She and my brother are the only reasons I choose to stay.  
To take your beatings  
To be undermined by you  
She is like the tide, steady and strong.  
Stronger than I have ever been and ever will be.  
She has been my defender and protector  
When I could not defend myself she was there  
When my mouth was sewn shut there she was  
Defending me from your hurtful words and misplaced actions  
I try to be strong because it is the only choice I have, the only choice I have ever known.  
If I were not strong you would have crushed my spirit years ago.  
The resilience of a child has saved me



And because I have realized this is not how it should be  
My children will never know me or their father by empty promises and a cold heart  
They will be loved and spoken to with kind words and we will listen with open minds and hearts.  
We will be the ones they turn to  
Not strangers on the Internet and not alcohol  
We will be the ones that comfort them in the dead of night when they are over come with pain  
We will be the ones that love them  
I will love them with all that I am because I never want them to bear the same pain that I do and  
because that is the least they will deserve.  
They will know the unconditional love of a mother and a father.

## Anger and Despair

When I am angered I no longer use my words  
I no longer lash out and hurt those that I love.  
I have seen the pain that I caused them and it saddens me.  
I never realized how powerful words are  
They are as deadly as a gun.  
They can also be as radiant as a rose  
It is how you use them that really matters.  
Sometimes one does not even need to use words to express themselves  
Silence speaks volumes  
Sometimes it is the silence that can bring a strong man to his knees.  
I no longer use my words when I am angered.  
Likewise, I don't use words when I am despair.  
I am someone who thrives in solitude.  
I also am one who can tear themselves down in solitude.  
My mind and thoughts are more powerful than I ever imagined.  
When I am angered I write.  
Write down everything that I am feeling.  
Everything that comes to my mind.  
By doing this I am no longer hurting anyone  
Except myself  
I let those angered thoughts overpower me.  
Or I store them inside and save them for another day.  
When I am in despair I create art  
I draw or paint  
I draw a visual representation of what is going on inside my head  
Or how I feel.  
It is the only way I know how to cope.  
I have never liked telling others of my problems.  
I always felt like a burden to them  
Yet I open my arms wide to them  
And give them an ear when they need to talk  
Humans. We are funny that way.  
We are either destructive to those around us or ourselves.

At least I have found this to be true to myself

## Alive

We use to have an intimate relationship.  
But I haven't talked to him in what seems like ages.  
I think of him often.  
I wonder if he thinks of me too  
He made me feel alive.  
I'm not sure why I walked away  
No one in their right mind would leave a love like His.  
I was so on fire for Him.  
I yearned to be in his presence and to love Him.  
Somewhere along the way I lost sight for the important things and strayed.  
I haven't been able to find my way back  
but I really hope I do.

## Depths

I have spent my entire life telling myself not to cry.  
Not to show my emotions.  
Because showing them or acknowledging them means they are real.  
If they are real I can't ignore them.  
I would not be okay.  
I cannot hold myself together.  
When I show my emotions they all seep through the cracks.  
Like water from a flood that cause a dam to break.  
Showing emotion would bring me to my knees, and take me to the darkest depths of myself.  
I have bottled them up for so long I am not sure I would survive.  
I do not think I could recover from that and still be me.  
The entirety of who I am would diminish.  
I have bottled up everything that I have went through.  
I showed to emotion on the outside.  
I brushed off my sleeves and went on  
I never showed my anxiety or frustration  
I never let myself feel anything  
And I am paying for it dearly now.  
Now if I think too much or too hard  
I travel to the depths I have tried so hard to bury  
I have been numb for so long I wouldn't know what its like to feel emotion.

## Disappointment

I see the disappointment in your eyes and it crushes my spirit.  
You are were the only one that believed in me.  
I am human. I am not perfect. I make mistakes.  
But I suppose you only gave me so many chances  
and now its clear.  
You only supported me and believed in me when I was doing well  
and now that I am not you have pulled back from me.  
Cutting me off.  
The disappointment and my short comings are clear now  
looking into your hazel eyes.  
I have apologized countless times  
but I shouldn't have had to.  
You have made me feel lesser than what I am.  
You have pointed out my every flaw and flaunted it in my face.  
And now you expect me to okay.  
I am not okay. I have not been okay for a long time.  
You can only judge and criticize someone for so long  
Now the damage is done.  
I do not look into the mirror and see the good qualities  
I look in the mirror and see every flaw, every imperfection.  
You have controlled me like a puppeteer controls his marionettes  
I have forgotten what it feels like to live care free and to live my life as my own.

## Strength and Weakness

I feel like I am in a room with a double sided mirror  
I can see everyone moving on and living their lives  
But here I am watching from the outside  
I feel like I am watching my life go on without me  
I see every memory that's being made, every love, every  
heart ache.  
I see their happiness their pain  
I empathize with them  
but still...  
I feel like I am at a stand still  
I make no progress  
I am shut off from everyone around me  
I endure my life alone  
every bump, curve, and dead end.  
I have become so reliant on myself that I don't know how  
to let others in, how to let them help  
I don't like to burden them with my troubles because my  
troubles are small in comparison  
Yet without their help I'm drowning on my own  
I am my own worst enemy  
At times I am glad to have endured it alone but other  
times I wish I did not have to  
The path I have traveled has made me strong.  
It has brought me to my knees  
crying and screaming for help  
and kicked the breathe out of my lungs as I tried  
standing back up  
And I have been the one to stand victorious at every  
struggle  
Knowing I alone conquered it  
I am stronger than I could have ever imagined  
But I can also be weak

## The One Dearest To My Heart

She has always been strong.

Always taking care of her family and putting their needs before her own. Making sure everyone's tummies are full.

Her home echoes with laughter of her great grandchildren.

I know it's apart of life

I have dread many a year when this time would come

When her body could no longer keep up with her youthful spirit

When her bones would be brittle and her skin bruise with the easiest touch

I see her burning out slowly, like a fire.

I am not ready for her to leave me yet

I could not bare the weight of her loss

I need her

She makes my soul happy and my heart full

But when the time does come for her to leave

I will remember her in her youth

Full of fire and fight

I will remember all the laughs and tears

I will cry tears of sorrow

But I will also rejoice

For she will not be restrained by a weak body

She will be full of life and be free from pain

But as selfish as it is I will wish she was here with me.



## Without Hope

I want to change I really do.  
I don't like the person I've become.  
I cry at times because of the person I have become and how I've gotten to this point.  
I see things that I have been through and what I'm still going through.  
Sometimes I feel like a lost cause, not worth anyone's time.  
I wonder if there's hope for me yet.  
I left the church a long time ago.  
Since then my world has be in a downward spiral.  
It was my worst decision but I can't seem to get back  
Maybe God has given up on me too.  
I honestly wouldn't blame him  
I haven't been the best person these past four years  
I've done a lot of things I'm not proud of  
But still I'm trying to hold on to the tiniest glimmer of hope  
Because without hope what do I have

## My Greatest Regret

Confidence...

is something I do not possess or ever have

Not because others have put me down

But because I have put myself down

Thoughts run through my mind 24/7

Why can't you look like her?

You're so ugly?

You're fat! You need to lose weight!

If you looked like her people would like you better. You should be disappointed in the way you look.

After feeling about that about yourself for so long you start to believe it.

You become it.

You let it affect you.

I have never felt pretty or assured in the way I look

I do not know what it means to be confident

I don't know what it feels like to love my body and feel "sexy"

Society has set forth standards

Standards I have tried to meet but desperately failed

I wanted to feel about my self so bad

I tried losing the weight

But I couldn't seem to lose it fast enough

Time goes by and I'm still not satisfied

I skip the occasional meal

Then I skip eating for a day

A day becomes a week and weeks become a month

And so on

My mom catches on

Makes me eat

I started gaining the weight back

Slipped out as soon as dinner was over one night

Crying as my head hangs over the toilet

Trying to drown out the sounds with running water

Burning in the back of my throat

Left with a disgusting taste

Brush my teeth and head back to the den  
Mom is so happy  
She thinks I'm doing better  
But I never get better  
Months later I'm depressed  
There's a void that this so called beauty cannot fill  
I'm left with tear stains on my shirt and ruined mascara  
The thoughts have turned more violent now  
All I hear is  
You're stupid. Why are you here.  
Why haven't you killed yourself already?  
The world would be much better without you!  
You're ugly. You're still fat.  
No one could ever love you.  
No one would notice if you died  
There's not a night that goes by that I don't cry myself to sleep  
I have been sad before  
But I have never felt anything like this  
This sadness reached into my soul  
All I wanted was for this all to stop  
I wanted to end the pain I had endured  
This year had felt like 10  
How is it possible to feel so much pain in so little time  
My family is gone  
They went shopping but I stayed home  
I wrote down everything I wanted them to know  
Why, and that I was sorry.  
I wrote to my mom  
I told her that I was sorry for being a disappointment  
I told my brother that I was so proud of him and that I want him to be happy  
I told my dad that I wish I could have gotten to know you more  
I sat in the floor  
Contemplating on the bottle of pills in my hand or the knife in the other  
As I sat in the floor I cried my eyes out  
I heard this voice yelling inside my head for me to stop  
But all I wanted was to die

I was tired. Tired of living such a meaningless life.  
But I listens to the voice.  
To this day that is my greatest regret.

## not over

I didn't think it would happen again  
I didn't think I could reach this point again  
I thought I had finally made it out of the valley  
Or maybe that's the illusion I gave myself  
So that it'd all be "okay"  
But it's clear now  
I have ventured farther into the depths of the valley  
I can no longer see the light through the trees  
There's only darkness  
It's cold and frightens me but it's also comforting and familiar  
It's the only thing I've known for years  
I welcome it but also flinch when it draws near  
The fight is not over, not even close

## Untitled

Sometimes I feel fine  
And other times I feel like I'm suffocating  
Like someone is sitting on my chest and I can't move  
I'm paralyzed and I just have to sit there and wait  
Wait for it to end  
I'm waiting for the day that it doesn't end

## But I don't

I hate when people ask me if I'm okay.  
I hate it more than anything in this world.  
Because I'm not okay  
And one day I may break down and tell them that  
And then the dam is going to break and I won't be able to control myself  
I will over flow with tears and words  
I will say things that weren't meant for their ears.  
I will tell them things they didn't ask for and don't need to know.  
Some ask out of genuine concern but most ask to make small talk.  
My mom asks me everyday if I'm okay  
She asks out concern and fear for me  
She knows things but she won't let me know that she knows  
But every time she asks me:  
"Kiana, are you okay?"  
I almost tell her  
Every damn time  
But I don't

## breakdown

It finally happened

I figured scratch that i knew this would happen

Although i wish it would not

But thats not how life works

After bottling things up and keeping everything to myself i finally broke down

I always feel like such a bother to people

I don't wish to burden them with my "problems" so i keep to myself

Also because I'm not the best at putting my thoughts into words where others understand

This has always proved difficult for me

It was like any other day

I woke up, went to class, and came home

I helped mom cook and clean the kitchen up

Then it just happened

I was making lemonade and suddenly i felt water on my cheeks

I hadn't even known I was crying

She was in dismay

Not knowing what was wrong or how to console me

I tried talking to her for once

Not that i had a choice

But still i tried

She told me i need to talk to someone

A doctor. A psychiatrist.

She said you need to deal with this...

depression and anxiety.

I don't want you to take medication

I want you to learn to deal with it

I want you to get over it

Speechless. I was completely speechless and utterly disappointed at how cold she was towards it... towards me.

Ive never been one to depend on medication for resolution but to tell me to deal with it to get over it. How does one do this? How does one just stop being depressed and stop having anxiety?

Im not sure what sadden me more. That my mother thinks mental illness is something you can get over easily like a cold or that i finally allowed myself to publicly breakdown.



## sometimes I cry

Sometimes i cry  
In the dead of night  
When everyone is asleep  
Im never sure why  
And i am unaware that i am  
Until the wet salty tears roll down my cheeks  
Theres never a good answer why  
Other than this deep sadness i feel  
It feels as though it runs into my core  
Wrapped tightly and intricately around my soul  
It came slowly  
I could feel it creeping in day by day  
But i did little to stop it  
Ironically i welcomed it  
Before i felt nothing  
I was numb  
At least now i feel something  
Whether it be despair or pain  
At least now i know that i am still capable  
Capable of feeling something  
When you are numb  
Nothing fazes you, you feel nothing  
Its scary  
It frightened me at how little i cared  
About anything but more so how little regard i held of myself  
Still i have little regard but at least i feel something

## destiny or illusion

I feel confused a lot  
And sometimes there's this void in me  
Like I'm meant for more  
or that something's missing  
I feel empty like my life doesn't have meaning or at least not yet  
But what can I do about it now?  
I go to school  
Not a dime to my name  
And I'm scatter brained  
My life is a mess  
So what could I possibly be destined for  
I mean it's nice to believe that there's a greater calling  
But it's so hard to have faith in that  
Half the time I just want to give up

## Imagined

When I imagined my future  
What my life would be like  
Who I would be  
And who would be apart of it  
I never imagine it to be as it is  
Of course I knew it would be different  
But I never thought it could be like this  
I imagined myself happy  
I thought I would know what I want to do in life  
I thought I would sure of myself  
And that I would have someone beside me  
But that is not how it is  
It's quite the opposite  
I'm not really sure how I got here  
I wasn't even aware I was heading in this direction  
I'm not really sure of myself  
I'm not confident in me or my future  
Or who I am or will be  
I'm not sure about anything

## our generation

Superficial and fake  
Those are the words I use  
To describe people today  
They say they want more  
But when you give them more they run away  
They say you're too much  
That you're too deep  
Small talk is the new deep  
Apparently  
It's crazy  
Try speaking to someone about something that matters  
They will run away before you finish asking a question  
If it makes them uncomfortable or they are in unfamiliar territory  
They're gonna run for the hills  
It upsets me  
I want more with people  
Not just in a romantic way  
But in type of relationship  
I want to have people around me  
that I can talk to about the big things  
The things that scare me to the core  
And know that I'm not alone  
and that they're there

**Me**

I stay awake at night  
Pondering what is wrong with me  
I mean there must be something, right?  
I mean how can there not be?  
I feel like I give and give  
And I try to better myself  
But I'm still alone  
I was raised to be independent  
To not rely on anyone else  
To be self sufficient  
And maybe I learnt it a little too well  
Because now all I want is to walk the earth  
With someone whom I love and whom loves me  
Someone who I can open up to  
And be my true self  
Someone who betters me and whom I better  
But there has to be something wrong with me  
Because no man seems to want that  
At least with me  
I mean I have quite a few friends  
Whom are male  
My best friend is a guy  
But to others I suppose that I'm considered undesirable  
I don't understand  
Am I doing something wrong  
Is it because I'm not a size 4  
Or is it because my personality is too much

## who are we

I look around the room  
Observing everyone and their actions  
Like I do everyday  
It's how I learn about people  
Each person has their own knacks  
Something they love unconditionally  
Something that brightens their day  
Or someone  
What I hate about this world, this society  
Is that we put them down and taunt them for it  
We strip the happiness from something they find joy in  
Watch their eyes as someone bashes them  
Watch the light dim in their eyes  
Who are we?  
To think that we have that right  
Or to think we are better than them  
To put them down or make them feel less  
And all because they get joy out of something we do not  
Or because it may be considered "unusual" in our society  
Who are we to take that from them  
Who are we to diminish their happiness  
To make them feel self conscious  
And to make them think they are weird  
Or somehow undeserving  
Who are we to make them feel embarrassed  
Or to hide their love for something that gave inexplicable happiness  
Who are we

## for reasons unknown

last night i cried for two hours  
two solid hours  
for no reason other than i was in pain  
not physical pain  
not the kind you can fix with a band aid  
or a trip to the doctor  
my pain is something that you can't see  
until the after math  
until my defenses are down and i'm completely vulnerable  
my pain runs into my core  
i wouldn't exactly label it as pain  
rather that it's a sadness with a relentless hold  
and what accompanies it is pain  
i never know why  
there's no definitive answer  
i've done things to my body  
that have affected my mind  
but they are only one component  
the rest remains a dreadful mystery  
my mind remains clouded  
with nonsense  
and thoughts and voices that are not kind  
my body shuts down  
refusing anything but water  
all the life is drained from it  
i feel like a walking set of bones  
i have no energy no joy  
i have only my pain and the salty tears that run down my cheeks

## mine but not mine

my eyes would find you in any crowd.  
it would be impossible  
for my ears to not recognize your voice.  
the touch of your skin and riffs of your hair,  
my fingers have memorized.  
the musky smell of your skin after a long day  
is my favorite cologne.  
your laughter brings me joy  
and a smile stretches across my face.  
you're cheeky grin that makes you look five again  
makes me erupt in a chuckle.  
i love to see you happy  
you're so alive; filled with so much passion  
and emotion  
you're memory lingers  
in my head for what seems for eternity  
i don't want to think of a world without you in it



## Lust or Love

i don't know how i could've been such a fool  
to invite you into my life  
when all you were was a tool  
but in my back you jammed a knife  
lust or love i'm not so sure  
maybe there was something, it's unclear  
all i know is i'm crying on the floor  
after drinking one to many beers  
now you're off with your soon to be conquest  
while i'm at home starving myself  
something to this magnitude is hard to digest  
but in "love" it's every man for himself  
it's ill of me to think you cared  
how silly of me to leave my heart unguarded  
but i thought it was a illusion we both shared  
now i am bombarded  
we didn't know what we were  
you said "let's just have some fun"  
now it's clear you wanted her  
and i was no one

## daily routine

waking up in the morning is a chore  
i will myself back to sleep  
and fail miserably every. single. morning.  
i have bags around my eyes  
freckles in weird places  
and mountainous pimples cover my face.  
my thighs jiggle like jello when i walk  
my hair is disheveled  
i barely take the time to brush it some days  
looking at myself in the mornings make me want to scream  
mostly out of frustration but other times out of anger or disgust  
by society's standards i am fat  
and my mine i am unworthy  
it's not that i hate myself  
it's just that i wish i were someone else  
but i'm not.  
i'm just me.

**dad**

if my home was a hotel  
and only love was welcome  
it would always be vacant.  
the air is cold and bitter  
when it should be warm and welcoming  
beckoning us to come in  
but instead we want to crawl away  
and act as if we were never here  
because if we act like it  
then maybe we will actually believe it  
maybe we could forget  
all the fighting and yelling  
maybe i could forget how you made me mad  
how you took it out on your family  
because life wasn't going your way.  
maybe i would forget the furniture flying through the air because i forgot to put my laundry away.  
maybe i could forget all the hate and rage built upside me  
because you acted with no love and there wasn't an ounce of humanity left in you.  
but those are all maybes that i'm willing to happen  
where in reality it will fester and eventually blow up when one of us has had enough

## Wet Clay

My home is the lonely wet asphalt  
Under a black sky  
It steadies my shaking faith  
And wipes the tear from my tired eyes  
When my arms can't move  
The mountains surrounding me remind me of my mother  
How I resented them for years because they loved too much  
And now I'm ashamed because I did not notice their beauty and accept their love and guidance  
Heat from the sun warms my cold body  
But burns me before too long  
Like my father, the sun, tries his best but does more harm than good, at times  
Still he loves  
My brother like the trees I envy  
Tall and slender  
Patient and care free, dance in the wind  
Never giving more than glance at the pesky birds in his limbs  
The stones at the bottom of the ravine  
Stubborn like my grandmother  
Though her faith never moves  
Stuck in her ways even in a flood  
Though the hard exterior, her love is as soft as mud they lay on.  
My grandfather, the river.  
Even when it's dried up, it's legacy lays in the earth it's carved.  
The water of his words cool against my elastic skin.  
My throats is barren from the years of drought  
My ears yearning for the words of a dry river.  
I weep to the moon for guidance  
Like the wolves of my mind  
Who tear me apart like the game they devour.

## Not a Damn Word

It's been a week  
I still cannot rid my lips of you  
They taste like you  
I feel you  
your hands along my waist  
But you are not here  
I had waited so long  
I should have waited longer  
You are what I thought I wanted  
But I was wrong

Every night I scrub my skin raw  
Trying to wash your touch  
and taste from my body  
Just when I think I've scrubbed it all away  
I smell you on my favorite shirt  
It's drenched in you  
In the smooth smell of your skin  
The natural and earthy scent  
I cannot escape

Every corner I turn I hesitate  
Will I see your face  
Will you be the next person I see  
My body flinches at the thought

You didn't do anything  
You didn't hit me  
Or yell at me  
Or rape me

You acted on human wants

You made sure  
To ask me if I was uncomfortable

But I didn't say a word  
Not a damn thing

## Remenants

To the elderly gentleman in Walmart today  
I'm sorry  
I'm sorry for starring  
There was nothing on your face; not even a crumb from your lunch,  
Or a hair out of place.  
You did nothing to elicit my attention.  
But your spectacles  
tucked in your shirt pocket,  
They whispered his name  
Until I couldn't ignore them any longer  
The worn out watch on your left wrist  
With dents on the side of the brown leather  
Ticked in my ears  
Marking each minute I wasted with him  
With your Marlboro cigarettes sitting  
Comfortably in the pocket of your baby blue shirt  
Deja vu kicked me in the stomach  
As my memory dragged me back  
To the wooden swing on grandma's front porch  
My lungs filled with the smoke of his morning cigarette  
Although there was not a hair out place  
I couldn't help myself  
From starring  
From wanting to run a comb through your hair  
As I did his years ago  
Wild Country  
His aftershave  
He religiously bathed his face in  
It comforted me  
Caressing me in familiarity  
To the stranger I met in Walmart today:  
I'm sorry if I made you feel uncomfortable  
But I am thankful for your kindness

For the warm smile on your face  
And for the sweet, sweet memories you allowed me to relive  
If only for ten minutes in the checkout line



## Toy

I'm not going to lie  
Or act like I don't care  
Because you see right through me anyways  
You looked good today  
With you're faded jeans  
And fresh haircut  
I could feel you  
Touching me with your eyes  
Undressing me  
Then redressing me  
Wondering how  
How could you find someone like me desirable  
I  
I looked at you  
When you weren't looking  
I saw the trust I gave you  
The walls I let down  
The barriers I allowed you to cross  
You, took no prisoners  
Devoured my trust  
Laughed at my child like innocence  
I thought  
If I gave you what you wanted maybe you would stay  
Maybe you would want me  
Or possibly love me  
But you  
You had other plans  
I was cast to the side  
I'm no longer the shiny, new toy

## **We are Tired**

I'm tired of being tired...

I have slots where my eyes should be

My shoulders are heavy,

They have forgotten what it feels like..

to sit tall

With each step, I pick up the cinderblocks that have become my feet

My heart, oh my heart,

She is rattling in her cage, working double time

She shakes with frustration, not knowing what to do with pain within her

She's broken and bruised

Almost to the point of exhaustion

Still she pumps, waiting for my pity

The pity, the sign, that it's okay to finally give up

We are tired of being tired

But I don't think we know how to be anything else

Wave after wave crashing down

The pain

The brokenness

Heartache

Negativity

And doubt

Waiting for the opportunity

To finally pull us under

Tired as we are we still fight

Because the only thing worse than being tiresome is the relief of cold death