

Anthology of littlegoat23



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

My family and teachers who supported me as well as my friends

summary

8-22-16

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untitled

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Lost

???

8-22-16

The world seems to be in fast forward, but I'm stuck in slow motion
I wish I could identify the cause, that way I could make a potion
That could fix whatever is wrong with me.
Because let's face it, there has to be,
Why else would I be the one facing these trials?
Be the one feeling stuck and numb trying to fix it, while
Continuing my life, trying not to look in the rear view mirror.
And tackle every situation without any fear.
I tell myself there is no reason to cry anymore,
To choose to be happy, it doesn't matter that your insides feel torn.
Fake that smile, do things even if it is hard to move.
Find the joy you used to in all the things you do.
I know it isn't easy, but you have to keep fighting,
One day it will pay off, just keep on writing,
Every time you feel down and need that release.
With each passing second the burning will decrease.
I promise in the future it will be better,
You won't struggle as much or feel tethered.

Maybe the depression will ease up, Or I will be able to manage it.
I will continue to think positive , in the dark, I will no longer sit.
The most difficult thing is I feel so empty,
And that I am constantly being pushed down by the enemy.
There is no one there to help me up,
To most I am invisible, or they don't see the feelings that I shove,
up to the surface for every eye to see.
They don't see how difficult it is for me to continue to breathe.
They don't know of the turmoil I face,
or that I feel like I'm losing this race.
They only see the strength I show...
for if I didn't, I'd fall apart this I know.
I guess I need to let myself know I'm doing a good job.
Because I am still fighting through the fog.

Day after day I understand myself more
I obtain power and stand back up with my feet firmly planted to the floor.
Every day begins with a clean slate,
No matter how hard it is to carry the weight.
I step back and remind myself of the good things I have,
And try to remind myself I shouldn't be sad.
That I am loved and have a bright future.
Where I will be the one who will love and nurture,
Any who are lost, trying to find their way.
And even the children I will have some day,
Who will look at me in amazement and awe.
They won't see any kind of flaw.
I will be what they strive to be like.
It is for this reason I continue to fight.
In those innocent little eyes they see perfection.
Maybe I should try and see that instead of question,
every compliment that I am given.
Maybe they are telling the truth, not those who made me feel prisoned.

I know the losses are hard and you feel that ache.
To try and fill that void after you remove the stake,
From your heart that still beats,
even though your loved one had to leave.
Instead of focusing on them being gone,
why not draw loved ones closer, as time passes on
The wound will heal on its own,
You will be left with a scar that will be home,
To the memories that now seem bitter sweet.
And when you think of them a single tear will run down your cheek.
Live for them, laugh to show them you still care,
I will, if I didn't that wouldn't be fair.

Now for the unspeakable terrors I had to endure,
the things that keep me up at night and make me feel like a failure.
Because I didn't protect myself
I didn't cry for help even though I should've

I took it, let it happen, didn't tell anyone.
Now I can't trust any male
I think they are all bad except a few.
My nightmares and crowds cause anxiety
I've gotten better but it's hard to think realistically.
Inside I'm still that little girl at times
Afraid, not understanding what happened or why.
Even as I write these words I want to cut.
Because I hurt so much
I feel like I'm trash, like I am just a tool for others to use.
I'm trying to see those are lies that I didn't deserve the abuse.
That I have worth and deserve to be treated like it.
Though I have been through a lot of shit
I will stand against all odds,
and prove everyone wrong.
I will surprise myself with all the things I will do.
I will shine, when I say this I speak the truth.
Watch me glow so very bright
Because to get there, believe me I will have to fight.
Just as I am doing now to find a balance
In my mind, that doesn't seem to make sense.
I can do this, of this I'm sure
Just trust me and help me aboard.
When I call on you to be the guide,
that helps me understand what we call life.

Hope

I don't want to break apart
I know the things I have to do to hold myself together.
So why don't I do them? Why does this numbness grip my heart?
Will I continue this struggle forever?
Internally I scream day after day.
Though there are moments that seem good,
I wonder if the rest of my life will be spent this way.
Going through this roller-coaster.
Forcing myself to have a smile on my face like I should.
Because I am supposed to be happy not depressed.
Perfection is what people seek and nothing less.

I try, yes I try so very hard,
But each time I get up it tugs me farther.
I don't even know why I'm sad sometimes...

Will there be a day where I look back on this and see I made things harder than they were?
Or forever will I be stuck with this curse?
I want to break free
That I can do I believe.
Maybe it will get easier to live with this disease.
Though I do wish I could rid myself of it with a great and powerful sneeze.

Even though I write of how frustrating this journey is and how much it takes out of me.
It is a lot easier than it used to be.
I used to believe there was only one way out.
Now I see that isn't true,
There are times I get tired of fighting,
but I do for my younger family members.
Just as I ended up in this unhealthy cycle I can get out.
The catch is it will be more difficult.

It's easier to fall than get back up,

But it will feel amazing when you do.
You will be so proud of yourself and know you made it through.

Once you get through don't expect no more rough times.
If you think this is what will happen, you're believing lies.
It is a process and you have to make the choice every day,
To stay strong and find a way.
To be happy and fight your demons,
Whatever shape and size they may come in.

I can do this and you can too,
To fight for happiness is the path I choose.
I hope you will find your way also,
Where when we are asked how we are doing we don't respond...so so.
Be brave my friends
I promise one day you will be happy and it won't be pretend.
Smile and make your future bright,
One day the sun will rise ending this dreadful night.

Bitter Sweet

For you are what I want to be,
But you I no longer will see.
I will no longer feel your embrace,
Or your sweet touches on my face.
I will no longer hear your voice,
Or go and get spoiled, never mom's choice.
But to me you are Grandma Millie this will never change,
our love can never be broken no matter the range,
that has been set between you and I.
Because soon together we will fly.
The tears I have shed are now gone,
So go with the angels and sing heaven's song.
I love you, goodbye, kisses goodnight
Until I go to sleep and come into the light.

Internal Cry

You continue to try and show domination of this household.
I'm tired of the tactics and the tone
You use against all of us to instill fear.
To bend our wills to do as you'd like.
Outside I look blank, but inside there is a match.
trying to figure out how to handle this emotional distress.
The words he uses cuts me so deep,
even when they are not being used against me.
Those weapons are the strongest...
The ones that hurt and belittle my family
And I can't do anything, I feel so **POWERLESS**.
I would rather it be me.
I feel like hurting myself because I feel so trapped.
I thought once I was an adult I would be free,
I wish this was the reality.
But instead it is starting to get worse.
He complains to my mother or drives off angrily.
Is the cause of this getting worse because...
Mom let him back again, or if he is back on the drugs.

I feel bad for my sister because she gets it the worst,
because of her personality it's hard for her to comply.
But she is his daughter,
so he feels he has the right to make her be what he believes is correct.
My sister doesn't see the issues he "sees"
I wish I could save her, but unfortunately I cannot.
My mother either doesn't see the way he acts
Or chooses not to fix it.
I'm tired of being here, but I have no where else to go.
Only a couple more years and I can get out.

Make him stop, make it stop please, I can't take the abuse.
It causes anxiety and makes me withdraw.

Reminds me of the things that happened when I was small.
I can't stand this evil any longer.
If it continues, I fear I will end up with more scars.

PaPa I know you have the power to make this change.
I hope it is in your will to no longer be this way.
I don't know what to do please make it clear,
because I will follow, and I'm willing to hear.
What is is you want me to do.

The River

There is a river that flows slowly
In many different directions and it is hypnotizing.
To watch the stream move slowly and cascade to different depths.
Watching this I intake a deep breath.
And make another path so all of them will join together.
It excites me to see them flow as one.

The canvas is my arms and legs, my instrument is a razor blade.
I tried to stop myself, but I needed the pain.
I am disappointed in myself I wish I could stop myself.
I have tried many different ways to express the havoc I feel.
But no one listens. I only can speak with this paper and pencil.

There are times I am strong and can ignore the nagging to do this again.
But eventually I always give in.
To feel that pinch and watch the river flow
and for some time escape this ache I know.
That twists my heart begging to be freed.
The smell of copper and feeling its slow descent,
down to the floor it drip...drip...drips

Tonight I fight to say no...
This river shall not flow.
I do not deserve this hurt.
I have been strong for so long, but I feel my forces getting weaker.
I don't know if I can battle any longer.
My warriors are on their knees and need reinforcements,
they are tired looking to me begging to retreat.
So what do I do now?
I am not sure,
but I will not add to the many scars.
That show of how I almost lost the battle time and time again.

Maybe I can paint on a different canvas, and make a different river that is blue,
and watch as it flows together into something new.

Confusion

I feel binded and it's all my fault.

I have done this to myself, made this my default.

To be a ball of anxiety, who curls in a ball not knowing what to do,
but always seems to find the one option I normally choose.

Then the cycle continues.

I will lift myself up and start going down the other path, until something bad happens.

Then I retreat back to the old habits.

I'm getting tired, but then I look forward to the future,
all the things I still have yet to accomplish.

I have ideas of how I will get there, the wait is what I am terrified of.
and in my mind that does seem selfish.

Yes I feel weighted down with the onslaught of pain that has presented itself to me.

But that doesnt mean I should give up on everyone who wants to see
me through this disaster that has wrecked my life.

I wonder why people act like this is all my fault, I mean I know I have made some rather shitty
choices.

But I do not choose to be sad all the time..sometimes I just am,
and believe me I try to make myself happy.

because I do not want everything to be depressing and crappy.

I would much rather be laughing with my head held high.

Regretfully sometimes this choice isn't mine.

so I just tell myself everyday I just have to make it until I can go to sleep.

maybe soon this won't be my reality, or everything won't seem so bleak.

Finally. Silence

The tumbling begins when all is silent.
One right after another rushes to the surface of my mind.
Millions of thoughts come, but I never find answers
This tortures me as I try to sleep.
They are like pesky flies that won't let me dream.
they race,
I can't grasp or make sense of one...
yet I hear the whispers every contemplation makes.
I wish my mind would just give me a break.
Instead it becomes a super computer,
searching, the screen flashes behind my eyelids.
I try to turn it off, but this is hopeless.
Eventually exhaustion will take over,
and I will gratefully embrace it.
to be able to rest,
I indulge in the fact that my mind for once is quiet.

untitled

Why is it this must attack me again?!
Why must I have this fight going on within?
I try to grasp for the strength I aquired over time,
And try using the tools to keep me from committing the crime.
I rip inside myself, dig for any sign of light.
But my eyes cloud over, and I lose my sight.
Hope depleats; I cant rely on my stubbornness anymore.
I collapse, my head in my lap, as I hit the floor.
I cant keep living like this...

I dont want to lose the progreso I have gained,
but I also cannot continúe living with this pain.
could it really mean that I should just give up?
I dont know anymore...

Unfortunately this must now come to a close,
im out of ideas and now have tears dripping off my nose.
this poem has reacher its end.
Goodbye I say to all my friends.

The Truth

What is this that I am contemplating, why can't I understand my own mind?
This is annoying, and I the thoughts that I have about myself are not kind.
I truly believe I am not special or beautiful, that I am a waste of space.
That I do not deserve anything, that I should leave this place.
I do not do anything but hurt everyone and I am such a burden,
That I can't create the change I want in this world, so I should just pull the curtains.
I may have positive thoughts and big dreams, I have the ambition that is needed...
But without confidence, I am left with a monster I created.
Now I live with the consequences.

I did this to myself...
Buried everything and left it on the shelf.
I couldn't stand against it, now it breaks me down.
It is now stronger than I,
The demon that tears me up from inside.
It tears at my skin, bruises my face
Laughs and has a party because it is now on the surface.
This creature now has me buried deep,
And cannot wait to put me to sleep.
I look in the mirror and am not sure what I see,
It isn't my face anymore...this is a stranger...
I'm terrified and can smell the danger.
Of the smoke that enters my lungs,
And I know the torture has only begun.
I still hold onto hope and I do not want to die...
So why does this creature insist that I try?
The sickest part of it all is it whispers to me, these suggestions circle in my mind.
Then I perform these acts...because I never can resist, not a single time.
But Why?

Because no one believed me
They did not recognize the truth on my lips, they just could not see.

Or is it the insults that continually grip me.
Encase me and just leave me be,
To drown in the darkness with no way out
And now it's too late. No one will hear me shout.
I no longer have a voice, I have lost my power...

Now I am just a shell
That this beast compels
To do awful things, has me do its bidding
So why is it that I keep on pretending?
Like everything is okay,
That I will find my way?!

When in reality I am not sure if I will make it another day.
I always say make it to where you can go to sleep.
Then when you open your eyes the day is brand new,
...but I know I am just kidding myself because that isn't the truth
I still feel hopeless, and I carry over the weight from yesterday...
Yes, I would put on a brave face, but now I just see it as a mask.
Like I said I am tired of pretending, I am broken!!! I am not afraid to admit it.
Because it is okay to feel this way.
I am not sure what else to say...
I don't think I can put myself together, I am full of pain...and can't handle the nightmares anymore.
My mind racing, just makes my head sore...
What do I do know that I have admitted this to myself?
I can no longer play the role of being a puppet,
And I will not return the power to the demon that lives within.

I can't handle this all at once...I don't know what else to do....
So now I guess I will ask for suggestions from all of you.
I know you all probably actually do not care,
That you probably think I am just seeking attention,
But you couldn't be more wrong.
I loathe myself for even thinking of posting this one.
But, I still have a small shred of hope and this is what I feel I have to do.

Frustration

People are so quick to judge and think I'm always so pessimistic,
But they do not see the battles that I enlist in.
They do not see the days at work where I fight to constantly smile,
Even though my negative thoughts could stretch for miles.

They do not see the tears I shove back,
Or the positive self-talk I use to keep myself on track.
All they focus on is when I'm having a bad day,
That sometimes I choose to let it stay that way.
That sometimes I don't fight to smile,
And they see this as wrong.
They say I need to learn how to cope better, and keep staying strong.

I guess they don't understand how tiring that can be...
or that it isn't possible.
Because sometimes you will be down,
and that is okay.
As long as you don't let yourself melt away.
And when the opportunity arises you lift yourself out.

By no means am I saying I do this well at all.
I know I still have work to do,
And sometimes I do need to be "woken up"
But I also know that I do not need people saying I'm not trying.
What I need is people asking what coping skills I have been using.
Or people that let me tell them about something good that has happened.
Who will take into account all the good times I have had and not just the bad,
and if I slip up, they don't like everything has burned and crashed.
Chances are I will be more open, and we won't risk having conflict.

When I feel judged I will withdraw and get defensive, because I feel like I'm being attacked.
I understand that you guys care and want to have my back.
But sometimes tough love or brutal honesty isn't the right step.

I know you went through similar things, but I am not you.

I have a different mind, I am more sensitive, this is a totally different experience than what you battled against.

I told you I wont give up, just give me time.

Sorry I know this one didn't really rhyme ;)

Pushing Forward

All around things are going great.
So why is it that my happiness is fake?
Forced until my mind believes that it is true,
and so does every single one of you.
I have no reason to complain.
All is good there is no rain.
But inside for some reason the hail attacks,
Leaving me with bruises that are black.
I feel the ache will never cease,
that I can only pray to be in one piece.
So the tears begin to fall down my cheeks.
I choose to be happy, so why can't I feel it?
Is there something wrong with me? That I don't fit,
into all of the positivity that I create.
If not what makes me feel numb in this space?
Why is it I have to strain to have a smile on my face?
When all around me there is joy, and pieces of my life are being put in place,
For my future, this I just don't understand.
And I don't know if I ever can.
I will continue what I am doing, maybe there will be a change.
I can start a new chapter, turn the page.
if nothing transforms after that I will have to try a different tactic.
Because if I do not then I will be giving up, and that I do not agree with.

The Encounter

I try to outrun him, but he always catches me.
Makes me see the hardest things that haunt me.
The memories that make me feel like I no longer want to be.
I beg for Past to stop bringing these things to the surface of my mind.
But sadly, he laughs and says, "There is no easy way out this time.
You have to learn how to handle the pain the correct way.
You no longer can shove it down until it bursts, or cut your wrists.
You must handle the pain the right way, or else the ache will persist."

"It hurts though, my insides are being shred and my thoughts won't slow down.
I am afraid, I want to hide and never come out.
How much longer Past? How much longer will you torture me?
When will you finally let me be free?"
His reply leaves me shaken, "You should be asking yourself the same thing.
When will you be ready to let this go?"
"I am not the one bringing the memories to my mind, I laid them to rest long ago.
It is you who constantly brings them to the surface!"

"Child, you could not be more wrong. I do not have the power to make you remember I am dead,
just let them go, remove those horrors from your head.
Those memories are gone, just lay them to rest. You have the power and always will.
I know telling you this doesn't make it any less painful,
And it shouldn't.
You have the choice to hold onto the pain, or turn it into something else, it is up to you.
But just from how we have spoken, I know which path you will choose."

Then he is gone, I am left all alone, perplexed.
I have the power, if that is true, what will I do next?
I no longer feel the painful aches, they have transformed into strength and authority.
I will not let those memories have control over me.
I understand now, what it is I will have to do.
I also know I won't always feel this clarity.

Sometimes I may still be a mess, but that is okay with me.
Now I understand I have the power to make it stop.
I just have to learn how to use it.
I finally feel free.
Past has saved me.

He taught me that he does not define me, or have power over me.
But he does help shape me, shows me my inner strength.
Now that I have found it I will not let it go.
I will wear it on my sleeve and let everyone know.
I have survived, and while it was painful, I found who I am...
And I wouldn't change it for anything.

Where is the happy medium?

I'm forced to deal with it all at once. There is no filter.
Between my emotions, it's like they are all stuffed into a blender.
From there they grind and churn inside my head.
Making me wish they would stop instead.
But then comes the numbness. Not knowing how I feel.
Then I beg for something real.

Questions left unanswered

Can't you see he is destroying everything?

...But he is trying you say.

No, he isn't, he only makes it seem that way.

In reality he is burning the bridges between you and your children, and eventually you will wonder where they are at some day.

He has hurt and tortured the, yourself as well.

You put up with it because he has you fooled by his spell.

You let him distort who you really are and I am not sure I will ever be able to forgive you.

All those years I looked to you for some sort of protection, and you turned a blind eye.

Leaving the two of us to question why.

Why would our mother not shield us from this pain?

And soon his daughter will wonder the same.

Why do you let this evil continue?

When all he does is use you.

We are all tired of his attitude and his abuse,

But talking and trying to make you see is no use.

You still defend him and push the rest of us away.

Leaving us alone with all of the questions and pain.

Creating a cycle that we are all trapped in.

Because even though some of us don't live there, we still feel the effects.

You see this is an infection and it spreads.

Slowly it will kill everything around it,

Until you are left with the broken pieces and shit.

I know this isn't what you wanted, but subconsciously you put yourself in this pit.

And I will not let you take me with you.

Lost

All around the room I hear conversations swirl
I'm alone, withdrawn in my shell.
Millions of thoughts lightly brush my lips,
but they never escape.
I feel all alone, and out of place.
Not knowing where I belong in this class,
Usually I am able to connect...maybe those times have passed.
So here I sit with my thoughts while I try to blend in,
with my one comrade who will be with me until the end,
My precious paper and pen.

???

I'm so cold. I shiver.
Internally I can feel the way I wither.
Even though blankets surround my body. Nothing warms me.
With each insult I feel myself drowning.
I try so hard to stay warm, but my flame is going out.
I hope you will forgive me, I wanted to make you all proud.
But I am worth nothing.
So in eternity I will begin trudging.
I will not give out any goodbyes which may cause some shock,
But the sand is gone, I no longer have time on this clock.
I have no idea what lies beyond, but there isn't anything for me here...except her.
I am in love, and want the two of us to build a future.
But it seems the world doesn't want that for us...our families either.
Daily being terrified you might lose the other,
And what we will do tomorrow because we don't really have anything.
Applying for work, making sure nothing goes to waste,
hoping you get hired soon so you can find a place to live.
Yes we are lost, but at least we have each other...
I hope we succeed, and the future will be everything we have wished.