

Bruises

SadPoet64

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

To my ex boyfriend, my mother, and the girl who deserves better

About the author

Vanz, 17 years old, trying to express how I feel through art.

summary

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Keep

No

"No" was a whisper,
stuck in my throat.
A word, a scream, a note.

"No" was what I screamed
as I ran for the door.
"No" was a word you knew
But chose to ignore.

No, no, No!, NO!

When I pushed and shoved,
you held my arms down.
"No" is a word I don't struggle to say now.

No. How dare you?
Don't say,
"Boys can't be raped" too.

Because, yes
I am a boy, 100%.
And **NO**,
I did not consent.

Bombs Away

Last night held fear so strong, not even Hercules himself could hold.
For the weight of it all, would be too much on anyone, young or old.
The pain was a rock, pressed down on my chest, so deep.
So heavily unbearable, I could not sleep.
I thought I was screaming but no sound came from my throat.
Comfort came only through a note.
"My dear, Ann
I'm sorry I haven't written you in a while.
I wish I was closer, wish there were not so many miles.
Take care of your sister, Jane, as she will need someone to hold.
Not sure when I'll be back...but do as your told.
Tell Maria I love her
And soon, this will all be a blur."
I knew what he meant by he wasn't sure when he was coming back.
Father wasn't coming home...because they were still under attack.

3 Deep Holes

Ooh baby, do I love your silky smooth surface.
And you're so immersing, pure bliss.
Stella, I could stick my fingers in you all night long,
I'll make you shine if you let my hands are where they belong.

Here we go!
You make me scream, I make you want more.
You give me 10 every time, a perfect score.
I'll be the judge this time, just look at your curves.
Stella, your colors are a jolt of lightning to my nerves.

So before we end tonight, let me penetrate you one more time.
Because you like how I send you rolling, and I love how you're all mine.
So here's a lucky kiss,
Let's fucking make this.

Love Me For Me

The toughest person to tell is you
Not friends, nor strangers...
Because, it's your opinion I care about
I only care what you think.
When you say "I still love you"
Who are you trying to convince?

Do you love me for me...
Or what you expect me to be?
What about the price to pay to be like this-
How do you say you still love me?
I don't even know if I still do
So tell me...what do you mean?
Do you love me for me?
I want to tell you what it's like-
So
Dear Mother,
I'm sorry I'm not perfect.
But mother, please, love me for me.
Do I have to beg, down on my knees
Just for someone, who already should already,
love me for me?

A Collection Of Short Poems

Insomniac lover, take me away.
2:00AM is lonely and I'm so sick of feeling this way.
So dissolve into a pill and let me swallow you whole,
Then maybe I'll have a place for all this darkness to go.
It's 4:00AM now and the darkness is back.
Try as I might, my walls will still begin to crack.
I'll turn the music up a little bit louder now...
Still can't sleep. but eventually I will, I don't know how.
Hello darkness, my old friend!
Back to fuck me up again!
Here awake, I shall stay!
Wanting just to end my day!
Finally, it has come, a time of rest.
In this yard of death...
Slowly fading away, sleep, she lives today.
I've got secrets nobody knows.
I'll tell you them all, show you the ropes.
I know you've got secrets too that you won't tell,
But I'd pay to hear em', baby.
I'll throw a dime in the fucking wishing well.
Let me paint you a picture so clear.
You're a nightmare, look in the mirror.
I hear you telling lies, so many lies, and now it's time.
Sweet girl, I see the look in your eyes.
Tell her the truth; don't you know?
Lies only cause trouble.
So lead her on, here we go, 'bout to make it double.
Cut the shit; she's a bitch but you're a dick.
Break up, fuck around, and make up.
It's a pattern and you know it well.
So long, Dave. PS. GO TO HELL
I knew a boy who loved the air,
the moon, the sun, and everything else in the sky,

So much that he became a part of it.

The first time I looked at the sky, was the first time I felt at home.

Black with mixes of dark blue and sparkles of white.

I've been obsessed with space ever since.

I want to be so close to the sun, my skin starts to boil.

I want Jupiter to be my name, and I want to scream so loud,

It will echo throughout the Galaxy.

Relapse

Last night, I visited an old friend.
He told me to hold out my arms to him.
When I did, his sharp lips left marks,
Ones I will wear forever, that turn into scars.
I've been holding off on seeing him for weeks
It's my sad language, we've learned to speak.

My arms became his canvas,
To which his brush added red.
Sometimes I pray that he'll make it end,
That one day I'll finally be dead.
When we talked for the first time in months,
He told me how much he missed my touch.
I told him the same, even told him,
"I think I'm going insane."

You see, I fight with my depression a lot...
And usually I can win.
But last night,
I decided it'd be best not to fight.
So, I invited my razor back to my hand,
And told myself I won't do it again.

But, I know it's not the last,
That I will do it more...
Because I've said it again and again,
Yet, Relapse still knocks at my door.

Perfection

Perfection.

That's how I describe her.

She does not believe the words I speak,

Nor does she she the things I see.

Nothing is as beautiful as her

Nothing is as gorgeous

It's crazy we've only known each other a few months

but I know,

I could spend a lifetime with her

Her laugh is like music to my ears

Her smile is a blinding light

Her eyes-oh, I love her eyes

Perfection...

That's how I describe her

Baby Bird

I knew a boy once who loved the air, the moon, the sun,
And everything else in the sky so much that he became part of it.
Like a baby bird, sick of it's nest, he wanted to fly!
He wanted to see the world...
Travel through the sky!
So he opened his scarred wings and with one step, he...he fell.
Not quite ready for the world, he just jumped!
And so at his funeral,
Where no one else but family showed up,
A little birdy told me,
"this is for YOU."

Through my pathetic tears,
I read the baby bird's letter that he'd left in his nest.
I learned that this time...he wasn't trying to fly.
He'd given it up.
Instead he wanted to go "skydiving" but without a parachute!
Instead he wanted to learn to drive but with no brakes.
That bird's name was Ian
My Ian.
My boy who loved the sky and became part of my sun and moon.
My boy who became the brightest star in the fucking sky!
My boy who became the air he loved so deeply...the air I breathe and feel on my skin.
HE is the shiver down my spine when I feel a breeze

Broken Into

Scared.

Vulnerable.

That's what I was when you came in.

Lost.

Stolen.

That's how I felt when you left me broken.

The point of this poem, is truth...

Relationships don't make you safe,

Significant others can **RAPE** too.

I didn't feel fear because I loved him.

What I didn't know was that he was no friend.

But now that we're through,

I feel nothing...except broken into.

Him vs. Me

I understand your tears after,
I understand the lack of complete trust;
The things I would give for normal love too, but...
Those things just aren't in the cards for people like us.

What he doesn't get is how hard it really is,
What he doesn't feel is the weight behind the kiss,
What he doesn't know...because you don't let it show;
Honey, I get, because I've been through it.

I know how it feels to fall asleep scared,
I know what it's like to always be feared,
I know the weight behind each kiss,
I know the pain caused from all of it.

I have the nightmares,
I have the panic attacks,
I have the scars,
I hold the facts.

He doesn't know the first thing about this,
About people like us...
Two broken pieces go together,
It wouldn't work if it was just one.

Burned

I'm beginning to place 'love' under the same category as 'pain'.

Why, you ask?

They both burn, both ache, sometimes in a good way.

Often, I feel this burn, this ache...

Other times, I think, what's the use?

I'll never be good enough for you.

I think of the many fights we've had and I wonder,

If I were to end up in the hospital with 3rd degree burns,

Would you be there?

Would you blame the flame or yourself?

Maybe you are the flame...

Maybe I'm the flame...

Maybe everything is a flame.

I don't remember who or what burned me, anymore...

I believe I did this to myself, but I don't remember why.

I'm starting to think it was you that made me ache.

Were you the reason I got burned?

Were you the flame all along?

Homes for the Heart--Pilots

As I stare out the windows of the hospital,
Gazing out at the lights below,
My heart slows at the calming of the glow.
The room is quiet and dull,
like the lack of traffic from the vehicles,
so oddly and satisfyingly peaceful,
Pulling away from minds so full.

Occasional shrieking of ambulance sirens,
Helicopters landing on the roof is silence,
And the view so beautiful and timeless.
A place of safety, away from violence.
Nurses and doctors to rid the virus,
That often rises from deep inside us.
Minds so secluded but empty like islands.

Strangers

We were so close...
So intimate, your lips...
I've kissed those lips before.
8 months is a pretty long time.
We had a book of written love letters
Now, we are strangers.

We are strangers with a 6 foot distance
But 6 feet is nothing compared to how alone I feel
I knew you.
I believe I still do...
Though knowing your name is not the same.

I used to wave or cry when I saw you
Now I just look away.
Now I pretend I never met you at all,
While you pretend to not recognize me,
While you pretend you have forgotten me.

Maybe you aren't pretending...
Because,
You already have...
Haven't you?

Witch Hunt

*I've grown used to running...
Always chasing someone,
who is chasing someone else.
I'm a professional at hiding
Never showing how I truly feel.*

*I'm a monster with a pattern...
Liking them but loving you.
I'm human but feel like a Witch.
Hunted for having many regrets.
I'm being thrown into the ocean with my hands tied around my back.
I'm drowning in confusion;
Loving you is easy, so god damn,
Why am I going the hard way?*

*I'm being burned at the stake by my own self for loving you.
But this is not your fault, no.
I knew not to chase you...
I just couldn't help myself.*

*I'm in a witch hunt.
Trying to find you, but only finding someone else.
You are also on a witch hunt.
You are chasing someone you love,
While I am walking backwards in the opposite direction.*

*Im just a witch...**so let me be hunted.***

Another Sad Story

These arms have never been less than scarred,
And never been more than artwork on a canvas
I could tell you I've been raped.
I could tell you I've seen my friend blow out his brains...
But these would all be excuses.
I do not have a sad story, because I am not a sad story.
I am not broken,
Only cracked.
I've never been less than lonely,
And I've never been more than happy
Because since I've met her,
I see the sky again.
Since I've met her...
I've been able to feel the sun again.

The Glass Vase in my Chest

I
was
born
of
bones
and
flowers
and
grass
only
to
be
ripped
apart
by
skin
and
tendons
and
glass---Watch me shatter.

Keep

Flames.
Burning.
Heart-hurting

My work was not good enough
I could not please you
But I am not sad
I am tough

My words were perfect,
My story unheard
Why didn't you love it?
This is absurd!

I will keep writing,
Refuse to give up trying,
I am not dying,
Keep on prying.