

metamorphosis

fearfulhope



Presented by

My poetic Side **P**

Dedication

To my friends who put up with me. And my parents, no matter how many I have had

About the author

when I got on this site and made this book I was 16
and in high school. my real name does not have
anything to do with my name on mypoeticside.
Fearful hope has to do with how I am afraid to be
hopeful....so when I do find hope I hide it, like its
fearful....Metamorphorsis means change,
throughout this process I have not only changed
who I am but what I do. I have changed the way I
treat people, ultimately that has changed how
people treat and see me.

summary

30 days ago

faded out

Real world

Dreams

Fearful hope

Knight in broken armor

Free Write #1

My Own

Enemy Within

Free write#2

Him

SCREAM

fallen king

how could you leave us?

face it

change...

17

The girl within.

Flame and fire

Battles

baby...

Good Enough?

30 days ago

30 days ago, You smiled your brightest smile. I held you while you slept, listening to your adorable laugh. 30 days ago, I felt your warm hands hold on to me.

30 days ago, You were peacefully asleep when you took your last breath. My worse fears be came true. You didn't come back, I didn't hear you cry. everything fell apart. 30 days ago i still haven't stopped crying.

30 days ago, i should have spoken up, I could have saved you. Rules were broken, asking for a price no one dares to give, now nothing is the same. 30 days ago who is to blame?

30 days ago, I felt my heart become stone again. I couldn't stop your untimely fate. Am I the one to blame? I'm sorry, I let you fall victim to carelessness. My world became dark. 30 days ago, I lost my purpose.

30 days ago, You turned cold. No blanket could warm you. You didn't scream for me. I couldn't find you. Now I can't breath. I fear the dark. 30 days ago, Who can save me?

30 days ago, I said goodnight, instead of goodbye. i didn't expect to lose you. My throat dry with words that should have been said, I whispered what should have been screams. My family paid the ultimate price. 30 days ago, that price was unfortunately you...

faded out

Dreams of tomorrow fading faster than I can remember them. Loving you should be a crime against myself. Falling for the wrong person, all for the right reasons. Now I got feelings so twisted that I haven't been able to decipher which are real and which are fake. crying in front of you was a damn mistake.

I don't write to find fame, I write to attempt to feel the same. Perfect people pointing out their imperfections. house of memories, faded pictures on the walls. I'm trying to hold on to you, but I let go and free fall.

crystalline eyes, beautiful words, spun into sickening lies. insults spit too damn sharp. cutting too deep into our hearts.

telling you everything on my mind. feelings for me is the one thing I try to find. tell me what it is you try to hide. Too proud to let go of your pride? Scared of trying to recall everything. hurt as much as it may, I just need to sing. feeling close to nothing for a second time again today.

crystalline eyes, beautiful words, spun into sickening lies. insults spit too damn sharp. cutting too deep into our hearts.

why do I try so hard to break you? it's not like I hate you. although you make me want to scream... wait hold up, haven't we already been in this scene. funny how history repeats itself. guess I really do need some help.

I'm looking into your crystalline eyes, hearing all your beautiful words. watching you spin them into sick and twisted lies. spitting insults that cut deep enough to scar. how did we ever end up this far?

Real world

Spaced out of the real world,
Hiding, so i don't have face the truth.
Finding out, i have gone mad.
Running to find reality.
Hoping, not all is lost.
Fighting to hear your voice through the static.
People who have never been able to know me, trying to show me who i am...
Are we all not just dieing to love someone, not just something, real?
Uncertainty, about who i should be, clouds my mind.
Wishing i had a stronger hold on the life i have been living.
Looking ahead never behind.
Figuring out my past my just be lies, only i still smile through it all.
Screaming for you to wake me from my dreams turned nightmares.
I have to find a way to save my sanity.
Before i find Alice's horrifying wonderland.
"Did we take a wrong turn at the rabbit hole?"
The voices ask me.
To Hear them clearer I have to go to the blue caterpillar.
Tempting me to haze with him.
I take a drink from the flask of a siren.
She showed me my future in this life if I continue to block out the real world.
The malevolent words spoken in a flow of beauty.
I start to lean towards wanting to leave this life.
Start a new one.
One without pain or misery.
Life with no one to know me.
A life better than the one I am leading now.
Only one problem.
I will always become spaced out.
My mother always told me not to talk to strangers,
But what about the ones in my head?
Again the voices speak their twisted, unclear words.
I am lost in the span of time.

Trying to get back to the life i was in.
The voices now have bodies.
They hold on to me as if I am a long lost childhood toy.
Their grasp is to strong for me to break through.
I wake up just as one goes to stab me in the heart.
Realizing this potion of mine is now poison.

Dreams

Staring out the window, into a field of dead flowers.
Listening to a song, saying how much I couldn't care.
When, in all reality, I do.

My heart grew cold to your dieing touch.
All of these pictures show me memories of which I don't remember, or could recall.
Happy moments, captured with a flash, then printed onto film,
yet not by heart, mind, nor by my soul.

Traveling throughout life, with nothing more than a false smile.
Almost as if it is painted on my face.
Am I alive?

I cannot see the world as I once did.
No luminous rainbow after the tornado.
Just the destruction after its fury.
The mess I alone have to pick up and assemble again.

The dreams we both had planned for each other.
Turned into nightmares
Or have they always been just that?
Scared to try anew.
Facing my fears alone.
Without guidance, without my leader.

I have seen people lose less than I have.
Yet I imagine their pain is significantly stronger.
I think about how they seemed to have survived,
So I shall survive,
Press on, live for her.
Be what she couldn't.
Be the person my mother should have been.
That is my honest to God biggest Dream and goal for my life.

Fearful hope

I wanna say the words ive been contemplating. Just trying to do this without seeming like im shading.

Social anxiety, causing fear to ripple through me. I cannot show you the real me.

The me before the catastrophic fallout. Feeling like an outsider in my own life.

People who have never been able to relate. Always sayin i cant do shit right

Feelings so strong, oh yeah sure like yall aint ever done anything wrong.

I remember that night i got taking for a long drive. Cussing, Screaming, and threatening harm to me?

Your how old, man i am only 14. I screamed at you back in tears, no more, no more.

Have you ever been afraid of whats in the dark? I never had all my parts.

Yeah, I get it i messed up. Time for me to straighten up.

Yep, i used to smoke weed. That dont make me weak.

I quit that shit on my own. now im 5 months strong.

I never asked for help. Dont wanna live my life upon the shelf. As if i dont exist.

Can i point out that you aint ever lost a damn parent. You werent 13 playing house.

I thought that should be apparent. I never got to have a childhood.

I tried so hard just to be good. have you ever seen my pain?

Trouble, trouble. Am i insane?

Never got to have my heart. Imma bout to fall apart.

I remember my 1st fight. You ignored me all night.

I said all I did was defend myself. You still gave me hell.

I will never be ashamed of who I am. I thought your supposed to defend your daughter?

And i still call you my damn father? this is why my name is Fearful Hope...

Knight in broken armor

Knight in broken armor (Fearful Hope)

Fall for the one without fear. The one who has the armor of which has seen through the battles.

Fall for the one who has risen for you. Im falling for the knight in broken armor.

Breaking me down.(Escape The Fate)

I wish that I could hate you.

I wish I could start by cutting you out.

I wish that I could hate you.

Because I know that deep down inside,

building you up.

is breaking me down.

Goodbye Agony(Black Veil Brides)

Heavens gone, Battles won, I had to say goodbye.

Lived and learned from every fable written by your mind.

And I wonder how to move on from all I had inside.

Placed my cards upon the table.

In blood I draw the line.

Casting out the light.

Living a life of misery.

Always there just underneath,

haunting me quietly alone, its killing me.

Dead and gone and what's done is done.

You are all I had become.

Im letting go of what I once believed,

so goodbye agony.

Free Write #1

sitting in class, bored with the subjects, talking about immigration. oh how it effects the political world.oh how im tired of hearing the same thing every other day.not learning much on law, but on your point of politics, or how your sick of being "ripped off" of certain contracts. Sir if i may, i dont really care about your personal problems. i came here to learn about Law not politics even though they do go together, i want to learn about the laws and why they were made. i wish i took a different class although its an easy A, i want a challenge not something to bore me to sleep.....

My Own

Call me crazy if you may. I wish to live out my life, my own way. Constantly telling me its my own mothers fault I am the way I am. I kinda get the feeling that you never gave a damn. So many chances you had, to actually buck up and be a dad. She has too much control. I wish I left you all on your own. You stopped being there for me at eight years old. Now our relationship has gone cold. Your raising and loving a child that isnt even yours. I can hear exactly what you say behind those close doors. I dont care or respect what you say? If you dont want me to be me, and to voice what I have to say then why did I come live with you anyway. For the past five years Ive been basically on my own. Waiting for you to come and help. At 13, I was raising my sister, 14, dealing with my alcoholic mother, 15, laying her to rest, 16, now im raising your son? Your only excuse is that youve lost enough. So please tell me how you dont want me to be alone. You left me at home, by myself, all day long, and you expect me to be okay? I was 15....Does it ever cross your mind how much you have done me wrong. I was fighting for you when someone had shit to say. Now you have shit to say?

Lieing, cheating, and stealing, Three things you say you can not stand. Yet the people you hang with the most, man you breaking your own rules. I have begun to realize I may just be better off on my own...

Enemy Within

Walking down these empty halls. Seeing I have the strength to fall. I go to reach out for you. I need to save you from the darkness. If I had the choice, I would never leave. But you did not hear my voice through the fog to find the one I have lost. Silence has surrounded me. The path I follow is for the unlucky. I am the few who refuse to become the one who falls behind. Missing where I came from. People who knew my name, don't remember why I refuse fame. They call my name yet I don't hear. For my ears forsaken me. I am the enemy within.

Free write#2

We have know each other for years, I liked you for most of them. I was just afraid you would ever feel the same. Now in high school, we talk one night, then my world changes. The words baby and darling sing in my mind. I smile when I get to hear your voice...I'm torn when I have to leave you...you took me broken and thought I was still beautiful....even if I don't agree....the things you say are a sweet torture for how bad I would love to be in your arms....the way you look at me like a burning desire to hold me... I have seen you stare at me then look away when I look...I see passed your flaws and you see past mine.....

Him

I can not say that I regret him, because if I try then my heart will scream for me to stop the pain. I want him, I want to lay next to him. Be intertwined with him. I want the safety of his arms around me. To think of how fast my heart went, then his kids, it slowed the pace...the I love you, my name, the pet names he gave me, the way they sounded in his voice...how can I find a better high? I can not say that I regret him, because if I try, I would be giving up happiness...

SCREAM

do you ever just have this feeling with in your chest, that one where there is a small rumble. your heart pounds in your ears, your breath is caught in your throat. and all your words no longer make sense?

are you in a situation you have no control over? the thought of you not having control brings a storm within. having people telling you to stay out and to mind your own? when whats going on is your problem.

do you ever just want to scream?

scream until your throat is sore?

until you no longer can scream?

scream until your a shaking mess on the floor.

until your asleep from a panic attack?

scream like your just hoping for someone to listen.

yet no one listens.

they all think your fine, because

i never scream...

fallen king

Remember when I was your little princess? Before I grew out of your lies.
Your a lonely king, in his fallen kingdom. And im the cause of your demise.
The castle you sit in doesn't have foundation. your falling to pieces before my eyes.
I'm going for domination. You build an army, its just me standing in this field.
My sword is pointed to the one on the high horse. getting ready for the crash course.
Do you even remember when I said I would love you no matter what?
Never once did you say it back. and you're the one who has been treated like dirt?
Guess I should have never shown how much it really hurt.

how could you leave us?

How could you leave us so unexpected?
We were waiting, we were waiting
For you but you just left us
We needed you, I needed you Yo, I don't know what it's like to be addicted to pills
But I do know what it's like to be a witness it kills
Mama told me she love me, I'm thinking this isn't real
I think of you when I get a whiff of that cigarette smell, yeah
Welcome to the bottom of hell
They say pain is a prison, let me out of my cell
You say you proud of me, but you don't know me that well
Sit in my room, tears running down my face and I yell
Into my pillowcases, you say you coming to get us
Then call 'em a minute later just to tell us you not, I'm humiliated
I'm in a room with a parent that I don't barely know
Some lady in the corner watching us, while she taking notes
I don't get it mom, don't you want to watch your babies grow?
I guess that pills are more important, all you have to say is no
But you won't do it will you? You gon' keep popping 'til those pills kill you
I know you gone but I can still feel you Why would you leave us? Why would you leave us here?
How could you leave us here?
How would you leave us? Why would you leave us?
Oh, Hey I got this picture in my room and it kills me
But I don't need a picture of my mom, I need the real thing
Now a relationship is something we won't ever have
Why do I feel like I lost something that I never had?
You shoulda been there when I graduated
Told me you love me and congratulations
Instead you left us at the window waiting
Where you at mom? We're too young to understand where you at huh?
Yeah, I know those drugs got you held captive
I can see it in your eyes, they got your mind captured
Some say it's fun to get the high but I am not laughing
What you don't realise and what you not grasping

That I was nothing but a kid who couldn't understand
I ain't gon' say that I forgive you cause it hasn't happened
I thought that maybe I feel better as time passes
If you really cared for me, then where you at then? Why would you leave us? Why would you leave us?
How could you leave us here?
How would you leave us? Why would you leave us?
Hey Our last conversation, you were sat in the living room
Talking 'bout my music and I brought you something to listen to
You started crying, telling me this isn't you
Couple weeks later, guess you were singing a different tune
You took them pills for the last time, didn't you?
They took you from us once, guess they came back to finish you
Crying my eyes out in the studio is difficult
Music is the only place that I can go to speak to you
Took me everything inside of me to not scream at your funeral
Sitting in my chair, that person talking was pitiful
I wish you were here mama but every time I picture you
All I feel is pain, I hate the way I remember you
They found you on the floor, I could tell that you felt hallow
Gave everything you had plus your life to them pill bottles
You gave everything you had plus your life to them pill bottles
Don't know if you hear me or not, but if you still watching ma Why would you leave us? Why would you leave us?
How could you leave us here?
How would you leave us? Why would you leave us?

face it

Stop avoiding the truth?
Show what really happened in my youth?
stop telling my lies?
Your begging me to tell you why I cry.
Am I sick? Or am I just not that slick?
On the outside I look strong, But you know better than anyone else that I'm extremely weak.
Its been about a week. Life is starting to look bleak? Because I'm refusing to face it?
Saying I'm ready to Quit? Take a step back. We all know that its not worth an attack.

~~~~~  
~~~~~

This is all from your point of view. I have grown ever since you gave me that cue.
I have never cried out of sadness. I cry out for someone to see my madness.
When I was young all I wished for was to be loved.
Now all I get is shoved, to the side, as if I should have never existed.
So I'm the one who is mentally twisted? I'm the one who tore the family apart? Never once did you ask about my art.
So now I'm sitting here with a broken heart. Rewind back to the times when I ment the world to you both.
When there was still hope. Did you ever think you could bring this much hurt? Asking me if I'm the one tried of getting burnt?
Stop blaming her! Stop blaming him! Your both at fault! Start acting like the adults.
Be the parents that we deserve. All this arguing shows what irritates your nerves!
Honestly, I'm done talking. just face it

change...

I believe that im the same as i was yesterday, possibly slightly different from last week, most likely im different from last month.

But heres one thing that i am sure of, i am completely changed from last year.

i fight for what i am. for who i love and who isnt strong enough to fight.

I will scream for those who do not have a voice.

I will change for those who are worthy. i am me.

but at the same time i am my parents daughter.

But i am different from them. NEVER forget that. i will not repeat who they were.

17

Remind me again, of where I came from. Not from money, not from fame, nor greed.

Show me who my parents are.

One too high to care for her own children.

the other?

Well apparently, he is perfectly fine with knowing his oldest daughter is in a foster care placement.

Knowing she cries almost every night. Hoping and Praying, that he would care for her. But no, he would

rather "love" someone who has torn his family limb from limb, with lies, hate, manipulation, and her chemically altered mind.

How much pain can one person endure?

Till that person wants and wishes to be six feet below the ground?

Till that young girl is so confused about who she is, that everyday there is a constant storm brewing in her brain....but now she is 17 she uses the storm as her weapon of war.

The girl within.

On the surface, 17.

Below, deep in this extremely distressed mind there sits an eight year old.

She doesn't speak much. But when she does, something breaks on the outside. she cries for what cannot be given to her.

She wants her life back in order. She wants her parents to validate her. Tell her she is enough, she is worthy of a family.

She is a force to be reckoned with, but with the attention of a man, she turns into a damsel in distress, begging for his approval, doing everything she can to be his perfect play toy.

When she gets hurt or thrown away by that man she feels worthless, useless.

The 17 year old tells her she is good enough, she is worthy, she is Everything anyone could want. She doesn't need validation from anyone but herself. She still struggles to accept herself. She is me. I am her.

Flame and fire

These last few months have been a dream. Brought you to my house. Told you my secrets no one else has ever known. Your kiss calmed the storm that was my heart, mind, and soul. Your touch re-lit a flame I didn't even know was snuffed out. You look into my eyes and you say you see the flame, you say it dances with the stories I tell. You can tell when I'm hurt, or when I'm sad because the flame is small. Happy or passion is bright and beautiful. Anger is the flames of hell. But when I look at you the flame stands still and is contained within your ocean of blue. The anger you hold within your eyes is awe inspiring. The stormy clouds of frustration when you can't figure out the solution. The beauty of a clear blue sky when you're happy. The almost midnight shade when you become passionate. To me you are the most calming yet you give me a feeling where I just can't sit still. To me you're perfect.

Battles

Months without feeling, days without a voice, years without knowing who I am meant to be. Hoping a substance can reawaken the person I used to be, someone without pain, without misery. The bottle never helps, in fact it makes it worse, believe me, I've tried to make it work. The smoke just makes me think more, so that makes it even more miserable...I would never try any harder substance, I'm depressed, not stupid, nor suicidal. I like living, I just want the darkness gone.

It's as if it is part of my DNA, I was born with this curse of looking into the darkness, being entranced, mesmerized, like its painfully beautiful to look at, Yet my mind desires to be a part of the bright gleaming lights of the world. The voice in my head tells me it's a lie. Those lights will burn out the moment I come out, how do I tell it to stop? I fear it may win over time, I'll give in, and I will become the darkness that lives within me.

I found one substance that helps. It cannot be swallowed, burned. The louder it goes the lighter I feel. Every pound of drum my heart beats along. Every note relighting what was burnt out inside me. Vocals breathing life back into me. Preaching of life better than what it is. The dark creature that lives within screams for me to listen to it, to obey, that the magnificent melodies playing on repeat are lies. That they will not matter once I go to my grave, no one will sing agonizing, tear soaked songs when I'm lowered into the earth for a final rest.

The self-righteous demon of hellish torture has sunk its claws into me, I don't think it's ever going away. I scream and cry for help, but the demon within drowns me out with the words I'm fine. It has taken over, I'm a prisoner here, and how do I get out? Curled up into a ball, panic ensues, crying, punching, while the demon is on the surface smiling repeating "I'm fine, I'll be okay, thank you for asking". The only time I come to light is when we are only at night and it lets me out to look at what I am becoming. I don't know the girl in the mirror. She isn't me. She's a lie.

I go back and look at my room, a safe sanctuary, the demon tells me, it's safe to be in here, go ahead be you for abet, it has places to be, just remember that it will come back, it's a part of me as much as I'm apart of it. I collapse, crying, scared. Its whispers won't go, repeating to me its malevolent words, of who I am, and who I will be. When will this torture end?

Usually pain isn't bad, I manage, push through it. That's all physical, things you can see, or feel, take medicine, put heat or ice, and it's gone within minutes. This mental pain of darkness, of fear (isn't that funny? Scared of your own mind? Ha!) It is bigger than me. I can't just soak and be better, the monster will say to drown in the sorrow it has created for me. Tylenol? Not a chance, I'd be in the nuthouse quick if tried.

Some days are bright, today is, hardly any darkness, but I know it's there, fuming to be released, maybe it is the environment at home? Maybe it's how I give in when at home instead of fighting like I do in public? Maybe this is who I am meant to be for eternity. Fight or give to the darkness?

I've read the studies, I know the percentage of young adults with depression, but I've had this monster for years. I know how miserable my family and friends would be if I decided to give in. Yet if so worried, if so caring, why wouldn't say something to me, or do I put up a believable front? Have I always had a poker face?

baby...

Ive never felt this way. the things you say, striking a chord within my soul each time. hearing the words Baby, Babe, my actual name, sweetest torture ive ever had. hearing you say you love me, sends chills throughout my body. the sound of your voice a heavenly mix of high and low, so amazing, so relaxing. your voices plays and teases my head and heart all day. waiting till you call, its like a drug, without it i crumble, with it im soaring. i dont think ive ever been this happy to have someone.

i tell you everything, even when i want to shy away, you push for more, i give in. without even a second thought. kinda scary, but im taking a chance, because in my heart it feels right. the day i can be held in your arms is the day i think my heart will explode. when you laugh, i cant breath for a second because i adore the sound. you have taken me broken, but each day we are together a piece is fixed, i fear the bigger pieces...those will take time, but thats one thing we have an abundance of.

Good Enough?

My hair is the same color...
Except I dyed it red.
My voice is the same...
I don't say the same phrases.
My eyes are the same.
They have seen horrible things, cried so many tears late at night.
My smile...the one thing that isn't the same...hers lit up a room...mine goes unnoticed.
Her laugh was contagious, mine isn't worthy.
to you I will never be good enough. im nothing more than a poor excuse of the daughter you once had.
Sometimes i wish it was me instead of her.

Other times i look at the love i have found.
At the people who only see me as a happy person.
They know and they see it.
To them I am worthy.
To them I am a Person.
They aren't Blood...They aren't my "family"
But they love me more than my real family.

I am good enough for a happy life.
I am good enough for someone to love me.