

Poetry Series

Aimee Woolford
- poems -

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Aimee Woolford()

A Great Feast

Of blood; of bones; of coursing roads and traffic
That runs through, holding our living tracks in its grasp.
I let you feast, for if you don't
It is likely you shall feast on yourself for
Satisfaction.

All I'm doing is preventing a suicide:
I can only prevent, and have prevented and will.

Blind me to what I once believed, and shall believe.
I have no intention of being given the view
Anymore - no-
it doesn't suit.

Aimee Woolford

Cement

Cement won't fix a broken heart:
By far too simple of a solution.
For by relying on man-made fails once more,
As does your reliance upon men.

Crying won't fix a damned soul:
A saline waste heals nothing at all.
One mustn't rely so greatly
Upon an infrequent weep, sob or bawl.

Moving on won't restore the spirit of a person so damaged:
By far much too great a feat!
Some may say you can only repair yourself,
Purely by accepting such defeat.

Do not dig oneself into the dirt,
As it's much easier to bury than uncover -
Thus do not allow your perfect heart
To be vanquished by a mere lover.

Aimee Woolford

Darkness

Stalk me through this jungle,
Depressed, stressed and death-obsessed.
Lengthy vines clasp my
Neck. I can't breathe.
They're winding, Father.

Save me with your Holy Hand!
For I am no longer mortal;
The shadowed ghouls have consumed me
And I have become one of them.
I fade.
You remain.

Aimee Woolford

I Don't Want To Be You Anymore ~

I don't want to be you anymore.
You, standing in the mirror, oh I see you:
You taunt me with your imperfections,
With your flaws and with your insecurities.

"Would you take a look, ladies and gentlemen? "
It's a mess! A wreck! It stares back at you.
Numb and cold.
The eyes glazed over could pierce glass, could shatter fabric. But she's too shy.
She's too afraid to break anything while she is being broken herself.
She's turning into dust, her beautiful brain disintegrating;
But it's fine, right?
Her illness has to be physical for it to be relevant?
Of course.

Aimee Woolford

She Walks Upon Feathers...

She walks as upon feathers,
Her stance of a bird; And I,
The unwitting weasel,
Never to be at her high-flying level.
Light on her feet, barely making a sound,
Whilst I, the herd of noise awakens her;
Bringing her gaze to the
Never silent grace of her admirer.
She glides as if upon ice;
Her poise as of a dance,
Whilst I, the clumsy fool,
Struggles to keep up a stance.
Her eyes of the diamond,
Glaze over the eager crowds;
And they search with a passion
For a man ever bowed.
And only then will they be satisfied,
With an unforgettable joy,
And only then will I realise that;
To her I am just a boy.

Aimee Woolford