Poetry Series

Bailey Schatte

- 36 poems -

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A Blind Eye

Holding on to something,
Something that is already gone;
Will make the day mournful,
And a tad bit long.

Not seeing the clues,
That lie right in front of you;
Will make you lose your mind,
And become easily unglued.

So when something is missing,
Take it in and understand,
It might never come back,
No matter how much you beg.

What's done is done,
Do not let it fool you;
Look past its coat of lies,
Or it may consume you.

Bailey Schatte

A Field of Confusion

Jake awoke in an open field with the love of his life, Alora, by his side and stretched his arms as he woke her up to tell her it was time to go. Standing he dusts her off and takes her hand in his and began their journey through what they thought was a normal field.

In the distance they saw a deserted swing hanging from an outstretched branch. Alora took off giggling and filled with joy as Jake followed close behind with a smile from true happiness the girl brings him. Once they reached the swing she sat down as Jake pushed her softly back and forth. A few seconds past and Alora turned to look at him and tell him that she would like to get off and continue walking. Jake helped her off the swing and took her hand as they continued to walk. A few steps went by and then their vision began to blur and then they found themselves in a living room; hearing laughter coming from the other room two little kids come running around the corner and jump on the couch. Soon after two adults that seem very familiar come around the corner and join the two kids on the couch, and as a family they watched T.V. Alora's and Jake's vision blurred again and they were back in the field where they started.

Alora looked at Jake lost and confused and then he wrapped his arms around her to comfort her. When Jake let her go they continued to walk through the field with their thoughts now fogged, and soon she became woozy and fainted but Jake caught her and fell, fell right through the ground and on to the couch back in the living room. This time the two adults were on another couch and they looked a lot older. When Alora finally came to she noticed a banner hanging from the ceiling saying "Happy 60TH Anniversary" and then as everything started to click with what had happened to the kids and adults Jake and Alora find themselves back in the field. Now really confused the girl fell to her knees and began to cry; Jake knelled next to her and told her everything was going to be ok and they will get through what seemed like a dream that turned into a nightmare. Alora then looked up at Jake and kissed him on the cheek and Jake wiped the tears from her face; she said that she wanted to lie down and rest for a little bit so he lied next to her and they soon drifted off in the dream realm.

When they woke up they found themselves not in a living room but in a church room with people sitting in the rows dressed in all black. In the front of the room were two caskets that lied open to show the faces of the two adults they had seen the past two times. In between the two caskets stood a poster that read "We are gathered here today for the tragic loss of two true loves that through sickness and health stayed together, through rain and shine stayed together, and through thick and thin stayed together. There was nothing that could tear apart this happy married couple; they will now be together, not physically but spiritually, and forever shall they be happy now that their souls are set free. They both will be missed dearly, goodbye Jake and Alora."

Bailey Schatte

A glimpse of what could be

I had a dream and within this dream there sat her and I,
She, in my arms, looked up at me,
Then talked towards the sky.
'I think I found him, the one I love;
He has taken my heart and driven me blind,
He makes me happy, without even trying,
And to tie it all up, he is in fact mine.'

That being said, I glanced down at her,
Smiled, blinked and then kissed above her eye.
'You're talking about me, I surely hope, being the man you love,
And if that's true, ill love you till the very day we die.'

The longer we sat there the more we talked,
Believing that every word spoken was not a lie.
I grew happier sitting there with her in the open field,
Being accompanied by that of a breath taking sky.

All time seems to stop when we are together,
For the simple fact that every second feels like forever,
Because she is what brings a smile to my face,
And that feeling of joy is what lights up my day,
As if her and her alone is all I need to stay happy in this place.

Now at the end of this day I will go home and she will go away,
I will get in bed as she will wait till day,
And finally the past will repeat itself in such a brilliant way,
We will meet up again, be together, and maybe next time stay.

Bailey Schatte

A Life Story

There once was boy from Houston
And a girl from Jacksonville
One day they met and grew a love
Stronger than life itself.

As days went by
Their love never died
But soon they grew apart.
For what they had
Was to good to last
But boy was it a start.

Later in life
They met again
This time older
They each had friends
Their love was still there
They couldn't pretend
That what they wanted
Was to be nothing more than friends
Because deep inside
They both knew
What they wanted most to do
And that was to be
Both honest and true
Forever lovers
Through and through.

Bailey Schatte

A Moon Lit Night

Walking in an open field with nothing but the moon to light the night,
They walk with no path intended,
Just where their love shall take them;
The girl will giggle just as the guy will smile,
For they are full of joy to have one another's presence.

In the distance,
They spot a leafless tree with branches that spread out over the ground,
As they become closer,
The tree becomes filled with beauty,
It is a perfect piece to their calm moon lit night.

Now under the tree,
The boy takes the girls hand and drops to a knee,
And gazing into her eyes he can't help but smile,
His stomach is filled with butterflies while his heart races back and forth,
Finally he takes a deep breath and says,
"You are the one thing in my life I am proud of,
Without you I see no reasoning for my existence,
Through all the things we've been through,
I have stayed both faithful and strong,
And now I ask,
With your hand in mine,
Will you marry me this breath taking night? "

Bailey Schatte

A Path Lead by Fate

What once was love,
Has turned to hate;
It could have been by chance,
But most likely fate.

To wake up one day,
With all feelings changed,
Can have a huge impact,
And drive you insane.

It'll kill the relationship,
That you once thought was real,
Come out of confusion,
And then maybe feel,
That a separation,
Is both what you need,
And ultimately ideal.

Bailey Schatte

A Perfect World

This world was once perfect,
With only the kindest of people,
Caring for one another,
As if everyone were friends,
That is,
Until the sinners came.

Through the eyes of a sinner,
We would see,
Hatred,
Murder,
And anarchy all around us.

Through the eyes of a saint,
We would see,
Love,
Peace,
And tenderness within,
Every sinner's eyes.

Deep down,
Everyone is a saint,
But there will always be,
A coat of sin on every saint.

Every sinner has,
The brain of a saint,
The heart of a saint,
But a soul of a sinner.

So during the time of refreshing,
Every saint will lose their coat,
But every sinner will lose their soul,
Returning the world,
To the way it was,
When everything was perfect.

Bailey Schatte

Always and Forever

When I look into her eyes,
I see my whole life,
I see what makes me strong,
I see what makes me live,
And I see my love.

I feel warm inside,
As If I were sitting in,
A cradle of love,
With her by my side,
And as we rock back and forth,
The love we share for each other,
Grows.

I would give,
my very last breathe,
just to tell her,
I love her,
And without her,
I would be nothing,
As a plant without sunshine,
As a soul without a body,
Or as a bee without a flower.

So when the day comes,
That nature rips us apart,
I will be right by her side,
Holding her hand,
Kissing her cheek,
And explaining how much she means to me.

She will know that,
My love for her,
Will be,
Always and Forever.

Bailey Schatte

At My Limit

Here I am,
Lost in utter confusion,
Down on my knees,
Head hung,
With a puddle of blood below me.

She wouldn't listen;
I told her day and night;
She chose her fate.
I couldn't live with her anymore;
She burnt her bridges with me.
I'm all used up,
And it all because of her;
I couldn't take it no more.

Now she's in another man's arms,
And me,
Well let's just say,
This blood didn't come from nowhere,
Yes that's right;
The blood beneath me is my own;
I can't live without her,
But seeing her smile kills me,
So I'm leaving now,
And leaving nothing,
But my body in a pool of blood.

My vision is blurring,
My breaths are becoming shorter,
I'm losing feeling all over;
I guess this is it;
I hope she knows that this,
This was for her,
I'm doing this for her,
I'm dying for her,
Oh yeah,
One more thing before I go.

I really do love her.

Bailey Schatte

Dangerously In Love

As he looked into her eyes for the first time he saw nothing but love, he knew he wanted to be with her and he knew he couldn't hold back. He did everything he could to try to get her to notice him and it worked. They talked and talked and soon became close, very close. They started to go out and fall deeper in love every day, but one day, half a year down the road, something bad happened. Something in the girl's head made her do something very asinine, she cheated, bringing the boy sadness and heartbreak. He didn't know what to do, he was confused, and he continued to ask himself 'is it a nightmare I am in? ' He did nothing about it though, he bottled his emotions in and they kept going out because she apologized to him and forgave her. They started to talk a little less, but in a week they were back to normal, his love for her was too strong to let the problem get in the way.

So they are happy again and it's about a year of going out now, and it happens again, once again the boy is broken and depressed. This time he breaks up with her. A week later she comes crying back apologizing; he can't live without her, his love for her is too strong. He, once again, forgives her and they start going back out.

A little later down the road the girl starts to look sad and the boy asked 'what's wrong, sweetie? ' and she answered 'nothing.' She wouldn't tell him so he dropped it. Then he finds out that she 'loves' someone else too; she leaves him. Now he is left heartbroken and feels like he's barely living, everything he had and wanted just left. His life, heart, pride, joy, and love just left him. He cried himself to sleep a lot of nights and listened to sad songs over and over again till he memorized every word/lyric to them.

About 2 months after she left him she comes back saying she was stupid for leaving someone who cared for her and loved her so much. He didn't take her back, he wanted someone else, or so he thought, but after a while of being with her he couldn't do it and left her. Then he found someone else, someone he's known for a while, and asked her out hoping to forget everything bad in his past; she says yes and they go out. He thought he was happy again and wouldn't think of the past, but later, he soon started to become very sad again, hurting himself, and wanting to be alone; his love for her was too strong to forget. He started to talk with his love again, not going out just friends. But he wanted to be more than friends. He left the girl he was with and got back with his true love. He is finally one hundred percent happy again and she has promised that she will never do it again. She also said the three months without him broke her and made her realize what she had done to him and herself and that things will be different; she won't screw up again.

So now they are one again falling deeper every day, their love for each other is too strong to let anything break their love for each other. He will never forget everything bad that had happened to him, but he is willing to work on forgiving it. He loves her way too much to be apart, he will try to make sure he never gives her reason to leave again. He will treat her best, and talk when things need to be talked about. This time things will be different, he hopes.

Bailey Schatte

Depression

Distant from the truth

Everything feels lost; following the

Path of serenity is not always the

Right thing to do.

Every ounce of hope has been demolished; the bitter

Sweet aftertaste of regret follows the accentual

Swallowing of desire, for

It is all just an on going

Optical illusion forced upon ones' life that

Never set out to succeed.

Bailey Schatte

Father's Child

Sitting in the corner of his room was the yellow balloon;
His father had given it to him,
Just like the rose in the garden waiting to bloom.

Not much later than three in the afternoon,
In his bed laid the father's child and,
Sitting in the corner of his room was the yellow balloon.

One day in autumn filled with gloom,
Flowers began to wilt,
Just like the rose in the garden waiting to bloom.

Watching a tragedy in the darkness of the living room,
His father struggled then died, but he remembered,
Sitting in the corner of his room was the yellow balloon.

His father had passed away so very soon,
But he was ready, the son guessed,
Just like the rose in the garden waiting to bloom.

In the end it was all just certain doom,
Left alone with no one,
Sitting in the corner of his room was the yellow balloon,
Just like the rose in the garden waiting to bloom.

Bailey Schatte

Hatred

Ever have the feeling when you wake up,
That you wished you wouldn't have woke up?
Instead you wish you would of never woke up,
You wish you stopped breathing,
you wish it all faded away to a dark abyss of nothingness.

You ever cry your eyes out
Because you don't want to live anymore;
You want to just go away
And never have to come back?

Have you ever hit rock bottom
And it felt as if you were already dead,
or at least you hoped that?

Life has no meaning;
The only thing people know for sure happens is dying….
We will all die,
And I look forward to it.

That one person who did or almost ruined my life
Will rue the day he played with me.
He hurt me and her so very much,
The day he dies I will be smiling,
The day he dies I will be happy,
Forever happy because he does nothing
But make my life miserable.
I picture lots of bad things happening to him,
Very bad things,
Bloody things,
Gruesome things,
Things that'll scar someone for life,
Leave them terrified and traumatized.
I hope nothing but the worst for him.

These are the things I think of as days pass,
My mind is a very bad place to be,
And I feel very bad for the person who unleashes all of my thoughts, All my anger,
And all my sadness.

I would give the world just to see him suffer like I do;
I would do anything just to make him disappear forever.
The more I think about it the more it becomes so real;
I can almost taste his blood on the blade that slits his throat
And ends his miserable life.
I will never forget the things
He has done to me and my beloved wife,
He deserves everything to happen to him
As it happened to me,
He needs to have his heart ripped out,
His trust broken,
His life torn into a million pieces,

Where it is so twisted he doesn't know what to do in life.

That'll be the day.

To look at him and see him cry,
See him beg for mercy,
See him plead
And plead that he is sorry,
Make him regret everything.
But it is too late to apologize
For everything he has done.
When he feels worse than me,
I will be happy.
The day he dies I will be happy.
The day…
Oh yes that day will be perfect.
I smile and smile dreaming about that day,
I've played it like a movie over and over in my head,
So much blood,
So much screaming,
So much tears,
I didn't know it could come out of one person.

If you say there is something wrong with me,
Go through what I did and ask yourself:
Are you crazy?
Are you sane?
Is there something wrong with you?
Am I perfectly fine for acting like this after everything?
I think so,
Because everything I see will happen,
And it will be great,
I will laugh at his pain, agony, and sorrow.
I will dance on his grave,
I will sing for his death,
And I will be proud of my work.

His life will end
And it will be slow,
Painful,
And bloody, oh so bloody.

He better never mess with me or my wife again.
It's not long before I think I'm going to give up on life
And leave this cruel world.

Bailey Schatte

Hope

As the days turn to nights
And the nights turn to days
I wonder to myself
Will I ever get out?
Will I ever be rescued,
From this hell on earth?
I don't know all I have left is hope.

My family is gone,
My parents are gone,
My friends are gone,
And I am left with nothing but hope.

One day,
One day I will get out
And it won't be because I am dead,
It will be because hope carried me through
It carried me through the pain,
Through the agony
And through the depression
And at last
I made it
With nothing but hope.

Bailey Schatte

I Can't Go On

As I lay cold
Withering in pain
Starving
And dying
I think to myself
"I can't go on"
I've been beaten almost every day
By the devils that call themselves "officers"
They have stolen my ration of bread countless times
Because I have refused to give or do something.

I spit blood
As I lie here dying
I throw up my insides
Because I haven't ate in days
I grow ill, extremely ill
For I am dying and I think to myself
"I can't go on"

You can see my ribs and the skeleton inside me
For I am ill, extremely ill.

They tell me my time is coming to an end
It is time to give up
For I am ill, and I think to myself
"I can't go on"

I just wish they would kill me already
I can't move
It's hard to breath
And I am drowning in the blood building up in my throat
"I can't go on"

Bailey Schatte

Imprisoned

Heavy hearts
Trapped in shadows
Drown the silence

Bailey Schatte

In A Room With Death

Isolated in a room,
With nothing,
But the thought of death on the mind.

I long for the death,
Of myself to come soon,
Not later.
I would be happy,
If death came and touched my shoulder,
Taking me away forever.

It feels as if,
There is nothing left,
On this world to bring me happiness,
Because all I had,
Was taken away from me;
It was burned to a crisp,
And all that was left,
Was the ashes in the wind.
It happened so fast,
That in the blink of an eye,
It was done.

I wish for no tomorrow,
And for the yesterday to be my last,
I want to be stuck with no light,
No air,
And no people,
Alone forever,
In my dark room,
Of depression and isolation.

Bailey Schatte

Justice Lacks in The Back of The Bus

Filled with hate,
Are the oppressors of segregation,
Prosecuting those of a difference,
The difference of a skin tone,
Race.

Discriminating for an asinine reason,
It really is;
To hate based on color,
That's absurd.

Everyone has rights,
Everyone has the ability,
The ability to sit on a bus,
Eat at a restraint,
Go to school;
I mean really?
Is their money different?
Does the value of a dollar change just because it is in the possession of a black person?

The answer is no.
The value is still a dollar.

If a person got to a seat first,
They shouldn't have to get up just because they are black.

Equal rights.

That's what is needed,
People respecting each other,
People coming together as one,
People caring for others.
These are the things that can help stop the deaths,
The deaths of kids,
Teens,
And even adults.

Bringing peace to a world of hate.

That would change the way of life,
Put a different prospective in everybody's eyes.

Bailey Schatte

Life

Walking down the weary way,
I've lost the need to go and play,
So what I do is work all day,
Sometimes night, just for pay.
My sense of joy has seem to fade,
And happiness has drifted away,
For this is life and they all say,
"We all die and it'll stay that way."

Bailey Schatte

Life is a Mysterious Thing

It's an eye opening glimpse of time that is given to you for free,
So do not waste it standing there just trying to breathe.

Yes it can be crucial,
Sometimes thought provoking,
But it could also be availing,
Sometimes thought promoting.

Take it how you want,
Because it's all the same to me,
You cant change my thoughts,
That you will soon see.

So when the time comes,
That you trying not to bleed,
Just remember what i said,
And don't come crying to me.

Bailey Schatte

Never Get Too Attached

Never get to attached with someone in life
it always ends in
Tears
Pain
And agony.

You give your heart away
Just for it to be
Broken
Battered
Ripped in half
And handed back to you.

The person you want most will never want you most.
The person you want the most will
Break you
Hurt you
And kill you if you let them.

Life is meant to be lived alone.
No weaknesses
Heartbreaks
Worries
Or problems to deal with that way.

When you've hit rock bottom
You will realize everything I am saying is true.
But we all have to go through it before we can understand.
Some people don't live through it
They are the lucky ones.
If you continue to live
All you will ever think about
Is that moment you hit rock bottom
Because the one you wanted
Loved
And cared for the most
Is the one that you lost.

Bailey Schatte

On The Ballroom Floor

As the music fills the ballroom,
And people are dancing,
There comes to be a woman in a white dress all alone;
This woman seems to be swaying back and forth,
With the look of death on her face,
But no one tends to notice.

Her face becomes very pale,
Her blood begins to drip out of her mouth onto the newly white dress,
And her eyes begin to water,
For she is dying.
She falls to the floor,
The cold ballroom floor,
Yet no one notices her.

She lies on the floor,
The cold ballroom floor,
Weeping in pain and agony,
For she is dying,
On the cold ballroom floor.

People begin to leave,
As the night grows old,
For she is dying,
On the cold ballroom floor.

At the end of the night,
Everyone has left,
Leaving the woman,
Dead on the cold ballroom floor,
For no one had noticed her,
Weeping in pain and agony,
Dying on the cold ballroom floor.

Bailey Schatte

Reality

Life will leave you with,
A heart heavy with regret,
A mind that can't stand to forget,
And eyes that seem to let tears slip,
Or maybe even,
Hands that can't seem to get a good grip,
On the love that will surely be missed,
That at one point in life was the key to bliss,
But now causes nothing but true sadness.

Bailey Schatte

Recovery

Shattered like a broken glass,
You've demolished my last bit of trust;
Wondering how long this will last,
Cause you left me in the dust.

Moving on is your talent,
Having no sense of empathy,
Leaving others without balance,
Just like you have done to me.

Now I sit here all alone,
Pouring out my insides,
Given death is on the phone,
Might take his offer for a ride.

Sell my soul to the devil,
Burn my body at a 3rd degree,
Lose all hope and be concealed,
Forget the pain you brought to me.

He said to close my eyes,
And do not breathe,
So I did and then went on,
Doing the things he told me.

Now it's over without doubt,
I have lost all memory,
I'll go to town just to shout,
This is my recovery.

Bailey Schatte

Resolving With That Of Only A Memory

With his head buried in his hands,
Memories come flashing back fresh as the blood spilt on the floor;
He grabs his hair upon his head and screams to the high heavens.
His meaning for life has vanished, not by force but by choice,
He threw it away single handedly without turning around or thinking twice.

Now he sits alone in his room, life now over,
Thinking, watching,
Watching his life as if it were a movie;
Every blood stained truth repeats itself as if it were a scratched record,
And every heart stopping word spoken echoes from the back of his fogged mind to the front without fade,
The choices in which he made were only those of his consciousness.

Everything slows,
Reality comes to a halt,
And the answer is brought to attention;
The problem is not his choice but only that, in which he had no control over,
His existence.

Without him the situations he created would cease to exist.
With that knowledge acquired he takes the blade and makes a final slit,
That in which upon his neck to end it once and for all;
The last choice he made in a last effort attempt to save those who were left with their happiness.

Bailey Schatte

That One Person

Everyone has that one person,
That can make you feel,
Like you're floating on a cloud,
But the very next second,
Make you feel as if you fall through the cloud,
Through acid rain,
Through shattered glass,
And finally land on a pole,
That goes straight through your heart, and out your back.

Sometimes people will say,
That you are a failure,
And never will amount to anything,
Because you cant leave that one person.
But the reason you can't leave,
That one person,
Is love.

With love,
You can overcome anything,
Pain,
Hatred,
And even death,
Because that one person,
May hurt you sometimes,
But they'll always be there for you,
To hold you,
To love you,
And to comfort you.

Bailey Schatte

The Blood of The Innocent

Falling into a hole in space,
Can make you see,
And sometimes receive,
That bitter taste;
For it is laced,
With the spilt blood,
Of those who were chased,
Caught,
Cooked,
And served on a plate.

Bailey Schatte

The Clues of A Guy's Love

When a guy can look past
every screw up,
And every flaw,
That a girl has,
He is in love.

When a guy can,
Ignore everyone's doubt,
Erase his own doubt,
And feel nothing but happy around a girl,
He is in love.

When a guy will,
Do anything for a girl,
No matter how bad the deed shall be,
He is in love.

When a guy is in love,
He gives his heart,
Soul,
And love to that one girl,
The girl he trusts,
And loves.

For he is in love.

Bailey Schatte

The Coming

The last drop drips,
As the last leaf falls;
The last breath taken,
Kills the last of them all,
For now it's done and over,
With none left around,
So just close your eyes,
And begin to bow down.

You will call him your master,
You will call him sir,
You will never look him in the eyes,
For that would be absurd.

Stricken with fear,
You will shake and tremble,
Lose of breath will be oh so gentle,
Your life will end,
Just like those before,
So don't be scared,
Walking through his door.

Bailey Schatte

The Feeling Beyond Feelings

The feeling that makes all feelings go away,
Is the feeling of the ice cold metal,
Sliding across the skin,
With a blood trail following.

When you take the metal,
Away from the skin,
You see that the blood is now oozing down your arm,
Spreading the warmth of the blood.

When your vision fades in and out,
Is when you realize,
All your problems will soon vanish from existence;
You notice that you have lost too much blood,
And you are about to die,
And you close your eyes,
And say to yourself,
"The day has come to leave this cruel world,
And enter a world of forever happiness,
For I am done with this life."

Bailey Schatte

The Outcome

Love left crippled,
Emotion left lost,
My heart begins to crack,
Because everything was false.

You gave me hope,
Gave me desire,
But then turned around,
Just to set it on fire.

I lie in bed,
Both broken and battered,
Thinking of my regrets,
With a heart left shattered.

All my nightmares and fears,
Quickly became true,
And it kills me to say it,
But it's all because of you.

Bailey Schatte

The Path In Which We Walk

Those who are Ignorant to the change that goes on every day,
Avoiding fate like what happens is a big game,
Are the ones that run from the anonymous figures,
For they fear what is to come once reality comes into play.

Leaving nothing behind but a mere shadow in their place,
They run from their problems searching for an escape;
Endless closed doors on the path of that is wrong,
And every day there is a choice on the table that they have to face.

As days pass by another problem is in the way,
They are getting tired of the chances they are forced to take;
With a mind less fogged they see its best not to run away,
But they solved that puzzle too late and now have to pay.

Caught in the webs designed for those who have sinned,
They struggle to achieve what they once had before,
Once free they would promise to change their ways,
But all they achieved was death in the end.

Bailey Schatte

The Unknown Woman

She is,
Depressed with confusion,
While lost in the world of her own thoughts,
For she is desperate for the answers,
Of what went wrong in the past,
Because she longs for what she once had.

As tears run down her cheek,
She thinks back on all the good times she had;
She wipes away the tears,
And walks on with her head held high.

She regrets what she has done,
But knows there is nothing in her will power that she can do;
She stops and stumbles;
As her heart beats faster and faster,
Choking on her own blood,
Her vision blurs to a nothing,
And she falls to the ground.

Lying in the pool of her own regret,
She gasps for the air,
That is not,
And will not,
Come to be there.

Bailey Schatte

There It Goes

Torn from perfection,
Ripped out of hate,
It is on its way,
To find another mate,
To suck the blood,
From those who are sane,
And take the souls,
From those who are blamed,
Every single day,
For every little thing,
That will and has,
Gone wrong with its brain.

Bailey Schatte

True Happiness

Lost in a world of magnificence,
Surrounded by beauty,
I see what I am destined to love.

She seems so far away,
Yet so close;
Every breath I take becomes shorter,
And my heart feels as if it's beating a million beats a minute;

With goal in sight,
I take a deep breath and walk,
Walk down the pathway of affection;
Each second is another step closer,
And the feeling of being nervous begins to set it.

Now seconds away from being complete,
Butterflies fill my stomach,
Everything seems perfect,
Almost like it was fate,
Everything was lining up flawlessly.

Oh no,
Something is happening,
Everything is changing,
The beauty of the pathway disappears,
All things vanishing,
It was all a lie,
My world is coming to an end,
I begin to walk faster,
I begin to run,
For she is leaving,
She has left the pathway,
She is no longer in sight,
I fall to the ground in despair,
Everything seems as if it's a horrible nightmare,
But no,
Everything that I have just witnessed happened,
It was all real,
And nothing was false,
The perfection of my life seemed so close,
But now all hope is gone,
The worst has indeed happened,
I have lost her.

Bailey Schatte

Wallowing In Self Pity

When will the darkness swallow me whole?
I am begging,
For my end to come;
I want nothing more in life,
Than to just be done with it.

I don't wish to live anymore,
For every day holds depression,
And memories,
That will haunt me forever;
I can't close my eyes,
Without picturing the love of my life,
In his arms.

I cry,
As I hang my head,
With the razor to my wrist,
I wish for my blood,
To be nothing more than,
The blood that surrounds my frozen,
Stiff,
And motionless body, as it spills from my wrist.

I don't care what happens,
To me after I am dead,
Nothing can be worse,
Than the miserable life,
That I have to call mine,
Till my last very breath.

Bailey Schatte