Poetry Series

Danielle Baxter

- poems -

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Danielle Baxter (10-13-1991)

I started writing around the age of 12-13 years old. I started writing early because it was the only thing that could take the pain away from the fact that my best friend Margret(I wrote 'A childhood forgotten, a childhood lost' in her memory) had comitted suicide.

So I basically write depressing death, morbid, evil, and depresson pieces.

Works:

None Yet

A childhood forgotten, A childhood lost

A childhood forgotten, a childhood lost By: Dani B.

I can't remember,
Skipping rocks on the pond,
My childhoods forgotten,
My Childhoods lost,

Going to the lake,
Sitting on the beach,
Playing with friends,
or dancing in the streets,

I can't remember,
The crash in the fog,
My childhood was forgotten,
My childhood was lost,

The doctor doing surgery,
Me getting pills,
I can't remember any of it,
None of it's clear,

I still can't remember,
How it is gone,
My childhood forgotten,
My childhood's lost!

Well I'm gonna end it right now,
I gonna kill myself off,
A childhood Forgotten,
A childhood lost

Authors Note:
Written for a friend who forgot her childhood, and comitted suicide because of it.

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Danielle Baxter

A dream out of hell

Can't close my eyes,
I don't want to sleep,
I don't want to lie down,
I don't want to sleep,

It always starts out the same old way,
Me getting angry,
And trying to run away,
The farther I get,
The more I get scared,

Now then there's a car,
I know it from somewhere,
I get in and turn to the driver,
Then there is no one there,

The I jump out,
Everything changes,
I go from the country side,
To a place with strange faces,

A court yard of a prision,
Is where I found myself now,
Wanting to escape it,
But not knowing how,

Now there is a man in the shadows,
And he gins,
and then says to me,
'Come with me if you want to live'

Now walking down a corridor,
Dark with cells on both sides,
People are reaching out to get me,
And there's something that hides,

It looks like a shadow,
It attacks like a lion,
I look in the cells,
and there are people dying,

these 'shadows' are eating,
On those people and their souls,
The shadow man walk in front of me,
And his dagger shines light and shows,

Shows the faces in horror,
And their being devoured,
Screaming and wailing,
and I am scared,

Then something hits me,

I black out, I'm unconsious,
Then when I come to,
I'm sorrounded by darkness,

Darkroom with padded walls,
And the shadows are creeping,
their coming for me,
closer and closer their creeping,

I begin to run towards the light from the doorway,
But the door gets farther back,
With every single step I take,
Then the door closes and everything goes black.

Danielle Baxter

A memory I want to forget

This is a memory,
I want to forget,
I wish I had forgotten it,
But it lingers,
Each time I open that drawer,
Each time I see that razor blade,
it has stains of blood on it,
I cry,
I was almost dead,
I almost died because of it,
That stupid, Stained razor blade,
I almost gave my life away,
To that stupid stained razor blade,
But now I have to throw it away,
and move on,
That is a memory I want to forget,
but can't,
it's all his fault, no,
it's all that razor blades fault,
that stupid, stained razor blade,
That is a memory I haven't forgotten,
That is a memory I want to forget

Danielle Baxter

A 'plastic surgery' tale

She lies down the lights above her are hot and bright,
She's scared to death that she might die,
But the bigger they are, the better he said,
So they put the mask on her and she closed her eyes,

But what she felt next was a complete surprise,
But she couldn't move her hands or open her eyes,
She felt each cut and wanted to cry,
But she couldn't because her tear ducts went dry,

She couldn't tell anyone about the pain,
After that day she ran away,
She died six months later trying to tell me about it,
Truth is her left implant was infected,

But she swore to me sitting right in that chair,
She wouldn't go back in, not for fresh air,
She'd been locked up in a loony bin,
Where they let all the crazy people in,

But she never got out, She's still there to this day,
And she wants you to come in and sit down and stay,
I sit in that dark damp cell and feel her soul,
Still wondering restless, to leave nevermore

Danielle Baxter

Emo Child in an Emotion World

I was born and will be,
An Emo Child in and Emotional world,
But you can't change me,
If you don't like what I write, they're not your words,

I will be dark,
I will be sad,
Lots of stuff happens,
That doesn't make me glad,

But how can you judge someone you don't even know,
When they have pain and suffering,
That they can't let go,
And when they try to let it out, all you do is scream and shout,

I am a non conformalist,
A non comformalist am I,
But you can't tell me what to think,
especially when we don't see eye to eye,

I am rough, I am tough,
When I fight, I bite,
Only start calling me a disgrace,
if you wanna get punched in the face,

I was born and will be,
An Emo Child in and Emotional world,
But you can't change me,
If you don't like what I write, they're not your words,

Danielle Baxter

Fall Out Boy

Fall,
Love, Cold,
Disturbing, Subtle, Crazy,
Colorful, Beautiful,
Out,
Inside, Window,
Help, Lonely, Bitter,
Dead, Fake,
Boy

Danielle Baxter

Flyleaf- I'm So Sick Lryics

'I'm So Sick'

I will break into your thoughts
With what's written on my heart
I will break, break

I'm so sick, infected with
Where I live
Let me live without this
Empty bliss, selfishness
I'm so sick
I'm so sick

If you want more of this
We can push out, sell out, die out
So you'll shut up
And stay sleeping
With my screaming in your itching ears

I'm so sick, infected with
Where I live
Let me live without this
Empty bliss, selfishness
I'm so sick
I'm so sick

Hear it, I'm screaming it
You're heeding to it now
Hear it, I'm screaming it
You tremble at this sound

You sink into my clothes
This invasion makes me feel
Worthless, hopeless, sick

I'm so sick, infected with
Where I live
Let me live without this
Empty bliss, selfishness
I'm so, I'm so sick

I'm so sick, infected with
Where I live
Let me live without this
Empty bliss, selfishness
I'm so (I'm so)
I'm so sick (I'm so sick)
I'm so (I'm so)
I'm so sick (I'm so sick)

Danielle Baxter

he laughs-bobbie

The raven torments me,
My ears are burning,
From the blood he has spilt,
The blood is not mine,
But I have to clean it up,
As though it's a chore everyday,
And he sits watching and Laughs,
Slowly my mind begins to fade,
Black takes over me,
And I'm lost in a sea of misery,
and blood

Danielle Baxter

I lost my heart, but you lost a toe

Knives,
Cut off fingers,
Guns,
Blow through heads,
Bloody messes,
Bloody mess,

Suicide,
The pussy way out is,
Suicide,
Emo bitches need to die,

Creating a world of morbid death,
People dying,
Trees are dead,
Absolution,
Saint or sinner?
You Choose,

Crusify me as a saint,
Saint Satanist,
Thats what your worst nightmare will be,
Your worst enemy!

Scream with me,
My Demented FairyTail,
From a black book,
I created in my mind,
Full of lies,

Laugh all you want,
Sure I lost a heart,
But you lost a toe,

Danielle Baxter

less of a heart to bear

I have no less,
Then much of a heart to bear,
But I feel so empty inside,
I can't help but try to die,

I missed out on love,
Because of what love has made me,
A fool,
And a fool to walk these steps I dread,

For now and eternity,
Till death do us part,
That can be ended with a stake in the heart,

Missing out on everything,
Because of what you have made me,
Trapped in a web,
And no one can help me,

Not anymore,
I'm lovestruck!
I'm sick!
Please dear god help me,
Help me quick,

In the shape of a dagger,
I'll take my aim,
And we'll hold hands again,
But next time it wont be the same,

In hell
anyways

Danielle Baxter

My mind

My mind is like an endless book,
A new sentence with each look,
Never stopping, No never,
Never want to end it ever,

My mind is like a peice of paper,
Awaiting a pencil to draw a picture,
Always creating a new one,
never old,

My mind is like a music video,
Always changing and never really matches my tune,
Bight and colorful,
But fake and full of hate,

My mind is like a circus,
All these weird people crowding for a show,
Always teased always tormented,
Never says a word,

My mind is like my poetry,
Random and meaningless,
Always full of fake smiles,
and always full of hate

Danielle Baxter

Needles and Pins

A needle I need to sew up the pain,
I pen I need to write it away,
Wishing to live another day,
I needed him to push it away...

This needle is burned and bent,
Like my life has always been,
This pen has tattooed and leaves a scent,
A scent of death and destruction,
that wont go away,

Needles and Pens,
To hide all my flaws,
And new paint and wood,
to hide these holes in the walls,

Pain is nothing next to,
the agony that is love,
And so I'll keep on stitching,
till I've been all sewn,

Morbid and smiling,
I've got my stitches stitched,
I've got my fixers Fixed,
and I'm ready for more,

Bring On The Pain

Danielle Baxter

One of my cousin Bobbie's poems

In my dark medow,
Of dusted angels wings,
She brings me roses,
Only to see them wither in my hands,
Just like her heart

Danielle Baxter

The Funeral of Absolution

This is the system,
Key of self destruction,
Our Minds rot with dark,
And our hearts are wrapped in Barbed Wire,

Bleeding Tormenting Killing,
No one around to hear your brutal screams,
And you cry out in pain,
And wither in agony,

A pentagram couldn't protect you from,
What I'll do to you,
Soul sucker from hell,
With a body that kills,

Words are like rope,
They wrap your throat,
and kill you,
Making you choke and bleed,

Death is a blanket,
That will suffocate you,
Until you can only see,
The darkness of the sheets,

My mind bleeds for the lost protection,
The savior couldn't give,
So I shun myself,
And Cut off my big toe,

You think your dark,
Just try and figure out,
The point of this poem,
Emos think their are but aren't,

Danielle Baxter

The 'Queen card' killer

He got past me again,
Right under my nose,
How could this have happened?
No one must know,

I can't let him slip away,
Not this time,
No way,

This guy is a killer,
He isn't my friend,
All I have to do is,
cuff him and turn him in,

The clock is spinning patrick,
Times running out,
Does he have another victim?
Did you strike out,

I don't think so,
Get up, Get up,
You can get him while he's down,
Come on Patrick,
No turning back now,

Turn him in,
Don't let him get to you,
He's guilty,
He's out to get you,

How could you be struck?
Recieve the last blow?
When you go out patrick,
No one will know,

Shoot him,
Die with honor!
ready? Aim,
FIRE!

Shouldn't have listened,
Should have died,
Cuz now your on trial,
and he's gonna testify...

Danielle Baxter

The Suicide note or a suicide butterfly

The suicide note

the suicide note,
is hardest to write,
because you have to,
 say goodbye,

Now this girl was stressed,
with bullies and boyfrineds,
she hate to burn,
but her life was a thread,

now it's time to snip it,
here and now,
she wrote the note,
she didn't know how,

it said:
To my mother,
I love you so much,
To my father,
you too,
To all the haters,
Keep on hating me,
To my boyfriend,
Laters,
and this is a silent cry,
of a mistaken,
suicide butterfly,

will she see you in hell?
because her final trip out,
is leave the station...

she wants to give you a final good-bye...

Danielle Baxter

Waiting

Sittting, Hoping, Waiting, Wishing,
Needing to shower because I can,
Needing to read what will be at the end,

Sitting, Hoping, Waiting, Wishing,
For him to return the favor and say,
That he loves me the same way back,

Sitting, Hoping, Waiting, Wishing,
That I knew why he left so I could help,
Help find him and bring him back,

Sitting, Hoping, Waiting, Wishing,
Talking to him and being in his arms,
Making us love again and turn off our gaurds,

Sitting, Hoping, Waiting, Wishing,

Sitting, in the same place I was before he left,

Hoping, Hoping they find him and bring him back,

Waiting, For the phone to ring and I can yell 'It's him! It's him! '

Wishing, that he knew what I'm doing, what he's doing to me,
and wishing he knew, I'm still...

Sitting, Hoping, Waiting, Wishing,
for his safe return, in my heart once more....

Danielle Baxter