Poetry Series

Kirstie Duekett

- 38 poems -

Publication Date:

April 2014

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Kirstie Duekett (25/07/1996)

Born 25/07/1996

age- 16yrs

I was put on this earth for a reason, I am to use my deepest struggles in life to help others. I am to overcome my biggest challengers to be who I wish to be.

I have been through many difficult times some of them at a very early age. But one day I will hopefully learn to use them to create a greater good. But for now we'll just see how it all goes

All My Fault

It was my own fault there was no help,
I cried out but backed down and silenced my yelp.

So what if I was raped and bashed,
who cares if I had to walk over glasses that were smashed.

Why did CP even get involed,
everything just got worse nothing was ever resolved.

So what if I live in fear,
or if I give up on life and never succeed in a career.

I'm just a broken soul that no one cared about,
I will never live to any amount.

So what I give up now,
as all you use to say I'm a stubborn cow.

I don't care walk all over me again,
I'll come to your house you can just lock me in that den.

Kirstie Duekett

Alone

I walk around scarred and alone,
I don’t want to be around anyone I prefer being on my own.

Why would I want anyone around?
I would rather protect myself and never be found.

I love the quiet even more when I can hear nature,
My favorite little creature being the grass hopper….

But this is me we are talking about,
And this couldn’t be further from my life without a doubt.

I have been rejected, hurt, chewed up and spat out,
Often bashed until I blackout.

But you know what life goes on,
If you live you must remember not everything is gone.

You have been given hell yes but it was for a reason,
Some live, some die but all of us who have been hurt are here to make others take action.

Those of who can help hear of our stories receive motivation,
To help us, further generations, lead them to the right path and give them the option.

Kirstie Duekett

Child of games

Was I always your little girl of games,
worst of all starting with nasty names.

I wasn't perfect and I got that loud and clear,
but did I really have to live in fear.

Living in fear of your hate,
Like running from you and not being able to vacate.

I try to run for the door,
I just can't stay here anymore.

Pulled back by my hair,
'Naughty Little Girl' you say with that stare.

This just isn't fair,
All I asked was a portion of your love and care.

Kirstie Duekett

Christy Duckett - all about me

My past still scares me yes its true,
something's still confuse me, wouldn't even have a clue.

This poem is to make you all understand,
so you believe me I never for one second had it planned.

I was born in late July,
for me this was all the beginning of a confusing nasty lie.

Just lied in hospital sick as can be,
no one even wanted me.

But I believe I was made for a purpose,
to fix my family way down deeper than the surface.

A whole lot of my dramatic lies to get me home,
to a childhood of being alone.

I was given deep struggles early on to scar me maybe,
but I soon was to mature, grow and learn to see.

I learnt not to trust anyone in this life pretty quick,
maybe in better words to keep my family secrets whether they were ever so sick.

After all the kinds of assault,
I learnt it was of my own fault.

I was to blame,
whenever there was any kind of shame.

I gave up on trying to supress it all inside,
I learnt that from life I could no longer hide.

I had to learn that in the world of lies which I was beginning to loose count,
that I was a small child and should never put up with that amount.

I went on to drugs and was meeting people, who had their own lives to sort,
These people betrayed me and were capable of a lot more than I thought.

On the streets was no safe place,
and after a while I learnt that was what I must face.

I was to scarred to ask for help and help myself by learning to commit,
Put my life in good hands and on the dotted lines bring myself to submit.

I was going out of control inside,
nothing left I had lost all my pride,

Now I am around people who care,
I am learning to trust and I know someone is always there.

I don't want to let myself or them down,

but I try everything and still can't wipe this stupid frown.

I really want the help and need it so much,
but I can't just say that as such.

I need to forgive and forget,
Meet with my past and leave it where we met.

I am really grateful to all the people who are helping make this all clear,
so I can go on with my life free of fear.
Christy Duckett

Kirstie Duekett

Daily routine - in hell

She walks in the front door,
She runs for her bedroom, she is so unsure.

She questions wether or not she was seen,
has she to do anymore to make the house clean.

She comes out to cook her sisters dinner, being quiet with the door,
her brother sees her, he goes for her and slams her to the floor.

She is taken to the back room,
she is made to take off her school costume.

She begins crying,
he asks if she wants another beating.

She gets out trying to look strong,
gets her sisters dinner and sings her a bed time song.

Her sister finally goes off to sleep,
she goes to check on her mum and takes a peep.

Her mum is out of it again,
and for tonight there is no new men.

The girl trys to sleep for a while,
trys to dream of happy things and try to wake with a smile.

She wakes her little sister for school,
they leave before anyone wakes for that was the rule.

Kirstie Duekett

Enternal Pain

The pain inside,
the emotions they all need to subside.

These feelings and emotions,
need to stop causing all the commotions.

I hate feeling sad,
saying horrible that made me mad.

I hate feeling shattered,
thinking to myself 'when I'm going, would I have even mattered.'

I want to throw away my mask,
stop thinking of life as a task.

It shouldn't be hard to smile,
I hate that one step feels like a mile.

I hate that I hate me,
I hate that to e somebody else is what I wish to be.

Kirstie Duekett

Give Up or Stay Strong?

It hurts deep down inside,
to know that I have cried.

I've failed to stay strong,
couldn't handle everything for long.

I tried to smile everyday without fail,
Inside something is telling me not to bail.

I don't want to go through with this,
but I cannot go on with just a dismiss.

It's hard to know I tried and did not succeed,
that I needed help and I was in need.

I waited for so long,
just never felt that I belonged.

I just decided to give up,
I knew I couldn't do it I fessed up.

I will be strong,
I will walk the walk and sing my song.

This is my life beginning to unfold,
I misplaced my pathetic mask and mold.

But I am not giving in,
I know within myself that one day I will win.

Kirstie Duekett

Her Reality

She makes a run for it,
She can't live in the hectic life pit.
She is tied to the floor,
He walks in and slams the door.
He reaches for the belt attached to the wall,
He belts into her and she feels ever so small.
Then she is left there to think,
She dares to ask for a drink.
She is told she is greedy,
To think about the needy.
She feels so bad,
For the children and the things they wish they had.
But is it guilt or fear,
That she is to think about this for the rest of the year.
Why is she still in that house of hurt?
And why is she being treated like a piece of dirt?
There will never be an answer about that,
Because she never mattered and that is that.

Kirstie Duekett

How much

Ticket price on the street,
What disgusting old pervit will I meet.

I want to mess with my soul,
Sell my big fat hole.

I don't care if I get no money today,
It just is a way to painfully kill myself inside hey.

Go along all you tight hole dawgs,
Stuff me up I need a good flog.

Kirstie Duekett

In This Scary Room On This Scary Night

I can't sleep I can feel them around me,
I know it's only in my head its not real what I see.

But it's scary right here,
Rising is my bottled up fear.

I can't wake you up tonight,
It's making me worse giving me a fright.

I want them out of sight,
But I'm to afraid get up and turn on the light.

Lord help me on this very scary night,
I can only cut to help keep reality in sight.

Kirstie Duekett

INCY WINCY RAZOR

Incy, wincy, razor,
slice upon my arm,
out let the blood rush leave me sitting in harm.

Then comes a tear falling down my check,
incy, wincy, razor, everything feels so bleak.

you fill me up with good pain,
so tomorrow ill see you again....

Kirstie Duekett

Is Harming Really A Crime

Some people think that when the razor slides across your arm,
that it's a part of self muterlation or even harm,
but whats the problem when it releases the pain and makes you calm.

You want the pain to deafen it's tone,
you start wanting that long life dream of a happy home,
but instead your trapped with the razor all alone.

In your head there is a story hard to tell,
you just want it gone and to forget it, you start to yell,
it all becomes to much, it's your own personal hell.

The feelings that you had,
often leave you confused and sad,
is releasing these feelings really all that bad.

You can say to stop you will try,
but deep down you start to cry,
because you know it's just another lie.

Your really sick of the pain,
but trying to stop theres really no gain,
because you know when tomorrow comes so does the razor again.

Kirstie Duekett

It's All Over

Put a bullet to my brain,
put me down I'm going insane.

Pass me the knief to hold to my wrist,
you will not see a thing through the blood mist.

Teach me to knot for my rope,
I can't do this anymore I just can't cope.

Watch me jump and fall to my death,
Or is it better to O.D. on METH.

I don't care how it happens anymore,
Inside I'm already dead even though I still feel sore.

Just let me DIE,
I'm sick of you all saying it will get better I just hate the same old lie.

Kirstie Duekett

Jaimee-Lee

In this short time of knowing you, I have opened up to you,
but it wasn't all that easy, you have no clue.
It's like you put a nail in the brick wall around my heart,
the wall just fell down and I feel so much better now even though it's only a start.
You have taught me many strategies,
to deal with things that felt like tragedies.
I thought my life was going no where,
that in life no one would ever care.
I didn't understand that things were wrong,
it had been my life for so long.
I don't regret ending up here, it was suppose to be,
I think it was destiny.
Thank you for all the help during the night,
for turning things around into a better light.

Kirstie Duekett

Jennifer

You're like a flicker to a flame,
once someone has met you they will never be the same.
You're like a drop in the rain,
in life you give out so much for others to gain.
You're like the sun shinning bright,
you bring many kinds of delight.
You're like a little tiny snow flake in the cold,
you have given me a purpose that forever I will hold.
There are so many things that can be said,
but the main thing I want you to know is that instead of looking back you have got me to look
ahead.
Jen you are an amazing person,
and I know that for certain.
I would like you to know straight from me,
you have made me work hard to see I as good as I can be.
There are a million stars in the sky,
but there is only one you and I never want to say goodbye.

Kirstie Duekett

Life Game

The emptiness is getting quite severe,
you become numb living in fear.

Finding it hard to hold on and cope,
almost lost my last bit of hope.

I wish to find these magic potions,
to cure these horrible emotions.

To hold onto the past they say is a crime,
that everything gets better in time.

Sick and tired of feeling this confusion,
hate these emotional scars and bruising.

Want to guive up hand in hand, give up the key to it all,
but theres the risk someone will catch you from your fall.

Tired of being the one everyone seems to blame,
I give up on this so called life game.

No one really understands me, my life or my name,
forget judging from the cover it's driving me in sane.

Kirstie Duekett

Little girl don't cry

She walks in the front door,
She runs for her bedroom, she is so unsure.

She questions wether or not she was seen,
has she got to do anything else to make the house clean.

She comes out to cook her sister some dinner, keeping quiet even with the door,
her brother sees her, he goes for her and slams her to the floor.

She is taken to the back room,
She is made to take off her school costume.

She begins crying,
He asks her if she wants another beating.

She gets out trying to look strong,
she gets her sisters dinner and sings her a bed time song.

Her sister finally goes off to sleep,
she goes to check on her mum and takes a peep.

Her mother is out of it again,
and for tonight there is no new men.

The girl trys to sleep for a while,
thinks happy thourghts, maybe she will wake with a smile.

She wakes her little sister for school,
they leave before anyone wakes, as that is the rule.

Kirstie Duekett

Locked up in here..

I run for the door,
Hear my foot steps against the floor.

I feel the adrenaline run through my body fast,
I take a deep breath my oxygen won't last.

I can not get away,
If I run it only extends my stay.

My heart is pumping fast,
I'm kicked up on here because I cannot face the past.

I try and catch my breath I'm screaming ever do loud,
I have failed again, willl I ever be proud.

I want out of this locked ward,
Please just give me the rooks to walk foward.

Kirstie Duekett

Move on and prepare

Walls if grey and white,
Your always seem, always on sight.

Your not getting out today,
You must wait for what the doctors have to say.

You can scream and shout,
But the quieter you are the quicker your out.

Don't cry now young one,
Don't give in your not done.

You have to stay in here,
Get better and build a life with a career.

Kirstie Duekett

My Dear Friend

She is in her hospital bed,
slowly her tears begin to shed.

She thinks about last night,
about her actions in the fight.

She has had a break down,
after years of wearing this frown.

She wanted things to go away,
She just didn't know what to say.

She was scarred and confused,
but now it's another story of abuse.

Now the blame has no home,
and she is all alone.

The doctors give her more meds,
tell her for a while home is in the hospital beds.

She gets angry and sad,
doesn't know wether she should be confused or mad.

But that girl,
doesn't need to be judged it's just another life twirl.

Kirstie Duekett

My Greatest Fear

Your my greatest fear,
to keep out of your way I steer.

Your touch is like a poison to me,
To be free is what I wish to be.

You haunt me in my dreams,
Well if you ask me this is how it seems.

You follow me in my head,
by the littlest things my fear is fed.

I am scarred to face you,
can this be prevented is this really true.

I hate that you were the one I trust,
being my father was it a must.

Were you suppose to break me up,
make me bleed and spew it all up.

Wether or not you were suppose to,
you did and it really hurt me believe me it's true.

I'm sorry I gave you thoes urges,
I'm sorry your inner monster still emerges.

I am sorry your a junkie,
but I never wanted to be your little puppet monkey.

I know as I grow,
my past will explode and start to show.

But how would you feel,
if you were left as a child with no way to heal.

Kirstie Duekett

Never judge a book by its cover

She is quiet and has eyes that not many can read,
her soul has been to a dark pace and berried.

She cries only when she is alone,
she has hidden herself behind the walls of the unknown.

She has little left within her soul,
her heart is covered in a thick layer of charcoal.

She dreams of the day when her smile does not need to be applied,
when her happiness isn't a lie.

Kirstie Duekett

No More

I can't stand this anymore,
Inside I'm really sore.

I want it to all go away,
I want to tell myself to get over it and to obey.

I really do want a purpose too,
But I will never live upto it I don't think it's true.

I am loosing all control,
I have lost everything even my soul.

It doesn't matter what I do,
I always end up disappointing you.

I have lost all my pride,
I can't make anyone satisfied.

I practise my suicide note,
But you will all think I'm out for attention I vote.

Nothing inside is real,
But you all think it's no big deal.

I wonder what is to come,
But on the other hand I really am done.

No one else is there,
But in public it really kills when you all stare.

I have left more marks,
Last night when it became dark.

I am so ashamed of the scars,
I could just pack up and leave for Mars.

Kirstie Duekett

Not again, Please don't!

Laying quietly in my bed,
the tears I begin to shed.

The door handle turns with you on the other side,
coming in gleaming with pride.

It you coming back for you obsession,
at only seven I have to learn my lesson.

Sucking on my thumb staying as quiet as can be,
maybe tonight my guadian angle with save me.

I start crying when you begin your mates saying 'oh what a beauty',
couldn't you just teach me taking away anything but my dignity.

Only special little girls know this everlasting love,
didn't make me special even took away a girls dream getting married and setting loose that speacial white DOVE.

Years go by and yet it's my fault,
to young to know it was a kind of assult.

Kirstie Duekett

Run Or Stay

I will leave out of fright,
In this cold scary night.

Let it be known about the scary voice,
The one that will help me with my final choice.

The choice to be free,
To have the control within me.

I am going to die tonight,
Forever this stary night will be with you thanks and goodnight.

Kirstie Duekett

Scared of Life

As long as I am in here you will never know,
that tonight the scars and sores will grow.

You will never fully understand why,
at night I fight so hard not to cry.

You will never know why it's so hard at night,
or why I need many exits in my line of sight.

You will never meet the real me,
because I have lost that person, and what isn't real you cannot see.

I want to close my eyes and wake up from this dream to see,
A life without regret, I want to be free

Kirstie Duekett

Sorry Mum

I am sorry that perfect is not what you see,
And I'm sorry you could never say that you were proud of me.

I am sorry that the love was never there,
I am sorry you never woke up to my nightmares.

I am sorry that you never cared for my welfare,
I am sorry that you were the one to always swear.

I am sorry I was the one to have glasses broken on me,
And I am sorry you were always cranky.

I am sorry that your priorities were mainly alcohol and drugs,
I am sorry that you were not the one to chase away the bed bugs.

I am sorry that I was an ugly disgrace,
From the minute you saw me at my birthplace.

But I am sorry to say that I'm out of sorry's for you,
And I've left now to people that care that even give me a curfew.

I don't care about the hate,
This is because I have left your gate.

I want that happy life,
I don't need all the stupid not needed strife.

I am who I am,
And to tell you the truth I don't give a damn.

Kirstie Duekett

Tell Me You Felt Her Pain

Did you feel he pain,
as you layed her down for the power you intended to gain.

Did you hear her cry,
did you even ask yourself why.

Did you like to watch as she shook,
while you and your sick minded friends had a look.

Did you feel strong while you held her down for your own brother,
while he dominated and started to discover.

Did you mind cleaning the blood off of everything,
did you know you guys stole her spiritual wing.

I guess you never cared,
untill some of the facts of which she shared.

It doesn't matter now anyway,
because she is just a girl and no one listens to what she has to say.

Your secret is safe,
whild inside she is dying trying to go on and complete tafe.

Just know when she takes her own life,
forever in your mind you will keep the picture of her knife.

Kirstie Duekett

The little girl next door....

Do you really know what happens there,
do you even have enough time and energy to care.

Do you hear the screams everynight,
that little girl attempting to get help, screaming in frght.

The little girl you say is cute,
has been for her whle life on mute.

She is scared to tell the truth and learn to trust,
but really it's a lesson that the little girl must.

She is scared to sleep at night,
nightmares out of fright.

She feels like an ugly disgrace,
begins to hate the reflection she must face.

The little girl knows nothing else to be true,
why did no one ever dropp that clue.

She has dealt with it a long time yes it's true,
she begins to give up on life and is allways getting blue.

The poor little girl next door,
crying she will do no more.

Kirstie Duekett

The secret is out!

I sat in the wrong place at the wrong time,
You weren't going to listen to me saying I'm fine.

You caught me off guard I couldn't hide,
And now I'm trebbily scarred inside.

I saw the look in your face,
It was the same look if disgrace.

I'm not the same perfect little catholic school child you knew,
For when I told you the disapointment grew.

I was a screw up yes it's true,
The first time I was touched I wasn't even two.

Kirstie Duekett

The time will come

Everything is inside,
I want to leave this world and hide.

I loose count of the times I've cried,
catching up the scars I hide.

Everyone thinks it's for attention,
that towards help I show apprehension.

But I also think deeper than that,
my plans written in a descriptive format.

I do care what you all think about me,
what the coward way out would make you all see.

But the thoughts inside leave me scarred,
but ticking down is the clock to the event I have prepared.

The fear of how to say goodbye to you all,
but so you don't worry because it will be formal....

Kirstie Duekett

Used and Abused

Loved you so much I wasn't prepared,
for the future that layed ahead.

Sculling drinks back while bottles piled,
you only had had that one thing on you mind and you waited,
till I was drunk enough that I wouldn't just turn and go wild.

You spiked my drinks,
watched me so closely you could have even counted my blinks.

When I woke up from what seemed a nasty dream,
found out it was all but a dream shutting down I began to scream.

Crying so hard other things came to mind,
still mising the broken and torn sould inside.

No one is here when tears begin to fall,
no more will you be the one I call.

You think you have won,
but really I feel ashamed for the ones that don't know and still call you their son.

Kirstie Duekett

Wanting to die!

At fifteen I understand the feeling of wanting to die,
only for so long can a little girl cry.

Daring to overdose so you can make people give up the stupid silly show.

Events of the past bringing you as low as one person can go.

Apprehension like first stepping in the snow.

The feelings don't always disapear all in a row.

Help is out there they all say but what's the point if the tunnel has already lost it's glow.

Kirstie Duekett

Was It Only One Way

She use to cry for you,
she thought you cried for her too.

When she was young,
she always waited up for a be time song to be sung.

She use to sneak into your room at night,
see your man and run away out of sight.

You use to let them hurt her,
even being so young and as pure as myrrh.

But only you suffer for that,
no longer will you or them knock her flat.....!

Kirstie Duekett

What goes in, Will come out!

Some people have lost everything inside,
believe me it's hard to go on with little or no pride.

Some people have no one to tell,
they throw away the key to their own jail cell.

Some people have felt so much pain,
they begin to feel like they are going IN-SANE.

Some people always feel down,
they just can't wipe away their own frown.

Some people are stuck in a gloom,
it gets hard to hide in their own costume.

Some people ha experienced many kinds of assault,
they begin to lie to themselves, 'it's all my fault'.

Some people are fighting to stay strong.
they have forgot how, it's been that long.

Some people are going wild,
for so long everything has been suppressed and piled.

Kirstie Duekett

What's next?

She is sitting there trying to smile,
Things were happening ever so vile.
The cigarette is being held to her back,
She flinches - he hits her - WHACK.
Do what you're told he yells,
Why tell anyone they'll just think it's tails.
She screams so loud but no one hears,
The adults hurt her more with the glass from the beers.
She bleeds as his fist connects with her face,
She knows she needs to be put in her place.
SHe can't stand trying not to cry,
She lets out a sigh.
They are enraged,
She wishes she was never born and raised.
She feels the pain,
But doesn't understand how she was to learn or gain.
She is then locked in her room,
No food or drink to consume.
She weeps to herself for a time,
He comes in yelling about the crime.
She cops it again,
She tries to stay sane.
But she is also scared,
of what lays ahead.

Kirstie Duekett

Why

You held my hand so tight,
Everything felt so right.

You hugged me and held me for so long,
That I had no Idea everything was wrong.

You kissed me a seal to the deal,
It all felt so real.

You looked into my soul with your kind eyes,
How was I to know it was all lies.

Then you hit me once,
I made an excuse it was all apart of the balance.

You hit me twice,
For my words I had to pay the price.

You then changed into some kind of monster,
No longer were you my anchor.

I tried to leave you right then and there,
But I fell for your projection of love and care.

After everything love was still there but why did no one understand,
I fell pregnant but to abort you demand.

You made sure the life with our baby was cut short,
You booted into me until our baby no longer fought.

Kirstie Duekett

You are all wrong!

THey say I'm strong,
but inside I'm failing they are all wrong.

None of you know the truth I hide,
or how I lost my pride.

You all know everything gets to me,
but you don't hear the voices and see what I see.

You know I look for that risk all the time,
but you don't know it's only to hurt myself and I stay away from crime.

You all look at me and think I'm fat and ugly,
but you don't know that I ate for comfort in place of having a mum to be cuddly.

I get to close to people I know,
I am just looking for love so I can grow.

That's my story I guess,
Ask any counsellor to assess.

Kirstie Duekett