Poetry Series

Laura Cummings

- poems -

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Laura Cummings (Friday 16th October 1987)

I've always enjoyed writting poetry and only seek to improve.

Works:

None.

A Poem By Steve Kimberley

I was snooping around my mates lap,
And his name was Jack,
What was found there,
Can only be described,
As two big biscuits and a shortcake.
The smell to each was distinct to its own,
And can never be replicated.
O Jack why did you leave me,
I thought forever we would be,
I only wanted a biscuit after dribbling on your knee.

Laura Cummings

A Vicious Cycle

Taking life and feeding death
a broken path, a fork in the road.
Screaming, beating, defeating,
not making any sense but still vital to life and death.
Whispering cruel thoughts, stealing breath
voicing once hidden intentions.
Taking life and feeding death.

Gentle heat, steadfast heart
killing death to take a chance on life every fourth.
Fighting, winning and losing,
not making any sense but still vital to life and death.
Encouraging and coaxing, giving life
pushing back the darkness until its turn to submit.
Taking death and making life.

Whipped around, a vicious cycle
full of life and death, each vital to survival.
Giving up, making a new start, taking a chance on something new
Still making no sense at all, but perhaps it's not ment to.
Degrading, crushing, Encouraging, freeing
Compromise, age, learning to wait.
Life and death, each vital to survival.

Laura Cummings

Bad Luck

Trting to be brave
bit by bit
piece by piece
broken promises
stir fear
hating the enemy
thinking only of yourself
doing things 'for the best'
doing things for personal gain more like
brushing my hair
combing out the lugs
the knots will always be there
looking at the enemy
facing my worst fears
kissing death on the cheack
looking at the enemy
staring at her straight in the face
as i glare in hatred
the glass shatters
another seven years of bad luck.

Laura Cummings

Bad W riting

“E-nun-ci-ate! ” screaming at the top of lungs,
Speak correctly or keep your mouth shut.
“Spell check! ” You’ve spelt that wrong what’s the matter with you?
Rips out the page before yelling to start over.

“What is this crap? It makes no sense! You can’t die at the hand of a thousand men.
Take it out, learn life and don’t come back until you’ve learnt something better to write.
Crying about death and loneliness, singing about love and sex, you haven’t lived….
This is bad writing- not to your full potential.”

Disappointment, angst… not what life is about? Love, marriage, sex, and war – all empty.

Where is the line? I try to see, but where it is, is never clear to me.

Bonnefide case of SSDD.

“Good writing? Bad writing? Stop writing random crap and write from the heart. Write from the soul. Still bad writing? Go away. Don’t come back. Try a hand at something else.

Laura Cummings

Behind The Steering Wheel.

Travelling too fast, feeling so free,
needing to go faster, and making love to the danger.
Tasting the fear in your heart as
blood pumps through your veins, only
breathing in adrenalin. Everything
passes past in a blur, not seeing
anything, not feeling
anything except the need to be free.
Everything is forgotten in
the race
to reach the end of the line,
daring fate to take
your life
now that you've made it so easy.
Nothings happening, you're
numb from the feeling of being all
alone in a world where
you're over-crowded.
The wind cuts your face and hands as
you suddenly have to pull on the breaks.
You're going to fast!
It's too late to stop!
Life flashes before you're eyes as
you recall the cocky fealing of thinking
you know everything.
You know nothing.
You haven't lived.
You know with absolute certainty that
you're going to die.
Life is a fast moving vehicle and
you're behind the steering wheel.
Drive safely.

Laura Cummings

Behind Tired Eyes

The restless soul of a well worn youth,
Storms of rage at those who waste,
The waves of love that come crashing down on unsuspecting people,
It all lies behind tired eyes.
The knowlege of generations past,
Emotions and memories that should live on forever,
But will eventually die,
It all lies behind tired eyes.
Storms of rage, waves of love,
None of this was ever enough,
Because behind tired eyes lies a saddness that no one will remember,
Lying and cheating left these tired eyes all alone,
No one to care what happens and where,
It al lies behind tired eyes that cheated,
And now must wait,
Untill those tired eyes,
Finaly close,
Blotting out what no one else will ever know.

Laura Cummings

BleedingWithHonesty

Is always being honest good or bad?
If someone who is obviously fat asks you if it's true,
Agreeing would initially hurt like hell,
But at least then the person could do something about it before they die of obesity.
So is being honest in this situation good or bad?
If your lover is painfully bad in bed,
Telling this person could psychologically damage them for life,
Or could give you both the opportunity to improve and rock each others world.
So is being honest in this situation good or bad?
Who gives a fuck,
Its not like i care,
Its not like anyone looks at whats really there,
I am who i am and so are you,
So fuck the world and just be you!

Laura Cummings

Cry

I haven't got alot to say so lets just end it here.
This is the end of the line my dear, don't cry
I don't want to hear.
Before you left me, but now I'm leaving you, This is all so unreal,
It can't be true, say it isn't true.
Listen to my laughter, listen to your tears,
This wasn't how you wanted it and yes I heard you beg.
Pleading for one more chance, you cried, this can't be all there is!
There's nothing left for you here now,
What're you going to do?

Offer yourself, To the Wolf's cry,
Live and die, right by his side.
Offer your throat to the Wolf's teeth,
Give your blood, sacrifice.
Offer your spirit to the Wolf's soul,
Give your last breath so you won't die anymore.
Give your bone to the Earth crumbling beneath the Wolf's feet,
You've lived now die, I hear shame in your cry.

Listen to my laughter, listen to your tears,
How do we know that this world is real and not a dream as I fear?
The dream world is the real world, subconciously tell the truth,
It'll set you free, I'll set you free, why live one more day with me?
This was how I wanted it, worked for it and created it,
Just so I could complain about it and then destroy it.
Open up your hearts apocolpse,
The end is near, it's you I fear...

Offer yourself to my cry,
Live and die, right by my side.
Offer your throat to my teeth,
Give your blood, sacrifice.
Offer your spirit to my soul,
Give your last breath, one more try, hurry up and die.
Offer your bone, to the dark Earth beneath my feet,
And feel glorious.
You've lived now die, the shame is mine to cry.

Laura Cummings

Dead To The World

Warm, and stinging it drips from my wrist
The blood he made
Amount to nothing, nothing to look forward to
Not going anywhere
A second of happiness a year of misery
Kill myself now and no-one notices that I'm not there
No-one to miss, missed by none
Drowning in the grief that you gave me
Everything will not be alright
He made me bleed tonight and I hate him so much that
one of us must die
I don't hate the blood
The blood makes me feel strong
The blood makes me feel alive
The blood makes me feel real
Not real, not alive, going through the motions of yesterday
Who makes you feel the way that I make you feel?

Laura Cummings

Desperation

Desperation, i've been told,
whilst waiting for a love to unfold;
fighting and dying at the hands of fate,
a fartherless child born not a day late;
taking promises, taking trust,
setting fire,
watch with a smile and a tear
as they turn to dust.
Burried in the silence.
Heart wrenched from one silken touch,
sometimes beauty is not recognised.
when it contrasts with what is felt inside.
To whom does the right belong to point the finger
at whats not understood?
Going to the extream, we are all mad.
Random acts of kindness flow, through rivers stained red, .
Its only when i feel your arms are wrapped around me,
that i see the world as it should be,
whilst desperatly waiting for a love to unfold.

Laura Cummings

Dont Bite Me!

dont bite me,
dont scar me,
dont take my life with your hands,
dont rip me,
stop hurting me,
im inside you,
stop falling,
you take me with you,
stop cutting,
stop hateing,
stop dispising yourself,
i am you,
when you hurt yourself,
you hurt me too.

Laura Cummings

Drowning

Feeling ashamed of the things that I dream as I flirt with the verge of obscene,
To the unknown I will go, this is a different place completely unknown.
I waited for you for ever and a day and suddenly you woke up and started seeing things my way,
But 'I love you' and 'bullshit' have the same number of letters and I don't know the difference between what's real and what's a dream.
It turns out the dream is a nightmare, an apocalyptic cycle where I live the same day every twenty-four hours,
It's a really really long way up and a long way down.
Declaration of unadulterated happiness whilst knowing in the back of your mind, waiting, like an intake of breath before a plunge into promised death, happiness never stays and love leaves.
Refusal to swim, refusal to get wet and end up in the deep end, no shed of a tear,
Understanding for the first time ever how blood really is thicker than water
An itch never goes away regardless of how much it's scratched
Red and angry, hurt and disbelieving, the swelling river behind a dyke ready to cave and do what's being demanded.
Blend in with the crowd, never standing out as different from the rest of the herd,
Following rules and instructions, doing as told, going through the motions, this story is one of old.
Does it hurt? How much could it really bleed?
Control without rejection, feeling the power of doing what feels a contradictory of right and wrong, feeling the power of not, showing strength, control without rejection.
Living in the shadows of my lies, knowing that one day the sun will move and I will be out in the light no longer surrounded by the darkness of my own fears as a run into my own destruction, a smile on my face,
Because not to smile brings about a river of tears, that only time can slow, a floodgate opened and I'm drowning in sorrow,
An arm is extended and witless I take it to find safety and warmth from the cold force of harsh reality.
For a short time only, for soon it will be tomorrow, and today will start over again.

Laura Cummings

Emotions Raw

Emotions raw,
i want you to touch me
one more time.
This love is an open door,
stay just a little longer.
Once you have left,
ill be alone trying to hold
your memory in my hands but
its like
free
flowing
water.
Not knowing what meanders around the river bed.
Wish i could swim in your waters forever,
but im bearly able to keep my head up as it is.
And i can feel your eyes on me,
i dnt even have to turn to know that you're there
watching.
Your touch stroking softly,
even though you're out of reach.
I'd love to spend my life without paying the price,
but no.

Laura Cummings

Ghetto

Being brought up in the ghetto
Washington DC
seeing murder on the streets,
people walking by,
registering no surprise.
Looking out your window and feeling like you could just be watching the news.

People doing drugs in full view
track marks displayed as a sign of strength.
Mothers sitting on needles,
waiting for their kids to come home.
Being told im spechial
worshiped like the hot desert sands worship the rain.
Being bullied for my name and race,
tar poured in my hair
clothes set on fire.
A useless father who amounts to nothing,
drinks himself stupid
throws himself down the stairs,
breaks his neck.
Mother grows insane
forgets why she loves me,
tries to poison my mind.
Being bought up in the ghetto
Washington DC,
how can i amount to anything
if this is the life handed out to me?

Laura Cummings

Glass Walls

Paranoid about the people I meet never alone when I walk in the street
Dark gazing eyes that pierce through my soul seeing you
You there in my heart making yourself comfortable
Never noticing that you're hurting me
But they see
Yes they see alright
Those dark piercing eyes see right through me
You don't even though your inside me
Look around and your sat in a room of mirrors
A room of mirrors in my heart with you sat in the middle
Reflected from every angle
I see you
I'm not in you like you're in me
Deeply rooted so that the idea of breathing without you there
The glass shatters
The glass walls of my heart shatters
Without you there to hold them up.
Oh open up your heart to me
So that I too can sit alone in a room of glass mirrors
Rooted deep in the depths of your soul existance
Love me like I love you
Maybe I wont die today
I'll think about it tomorow in my brick house.
No glass mirrors reminding me of you as I realise that I have to
Say goodbye
Forever
No more rooms of glass mirrors with only one seat
Im building a whole stadium in there
Better get in line if you want a ticket.

Laura Cummings

Hiding

i take a deep breath and close my eyes,
disappearing into the place I can hide if only sporadically,
deep inside my head away from disturbing eyes that haunt,
still my mind is full of people who listen in on my thoughts trespassing on foreign ground,
criticising the way I think the way I breathe and the way I live,
not understanding that sometimes you just need to vent your feelings,
never minding how they look on the page.

if I let you in my head and give you the keys to every locked door,
then please tread carefully,
each line and every wire is fragile.

i take a deep breath and go deeper into myself to the only place I am safe with only my thoughts to fear,
thoughts of suicide missions to fix the impossible, thoughts of murder just to get people to SHUT UP,
thoughts of giving up and just settleing with what I already have,
giving up the fight for more, giving up the fight for a full life.

can you truly be held responsible for someone elses actions if you knew what they were doing and they ended up dying?

just breathing deeply living in my head,
closing doors on people I once let in,
going deeper and deeper inside my own head,
closing doors on people I once let in,
going deeper and deeper inside my own head,
so that when I finaly give up the fight and die no one shall even notice and ill just be left alone with the silence of my thoughts.

But none of this really matters, one day I will grow up, and the hand that would have once clicked send without hesitation, will click
delete.

Laura Cummings

Humble Pie

Take a deep breath
Accept that you're wrong.

Not the end of the world
Scrape yourself off the floor and start again.

A little bit of faith from those who believe in you
Despite your negativity, spite and lack of sensitivity.

Have I met the real you yet?
Will I ever?

Eat some humble pie
Stop glossing over your failures.

Acknowledge your defeats
Do something about them.

It's not the end of the world
You can still scrape yourself off the floor and start again.

Laura Cummings

I Love My Daddy (Age 6)

Please Note that this both poem ants its partner 'I Love My Daddy (age 16) are purely from my immagination and have absolutly no conections to my own relationship with my farther.

I love my Daddy,
And sometimes my Daddy loves me.
Sometimes my Daddy hurts me,
And sometines my Daddy touches me so softly,
But that hurts to.
My Daddy say's that it's our little secret.
He says that everyone does it the just dont like to talk about it.
My Daddy says he loves me,
But that hurts to,
Because when my Daddy is loving me,
My Daddy is touching me,
My Daddy hits when i try to move away,
My Daddy yells and screams 'love me! '
I love my Daddy,
And sometimes my Daddy loves me,
Sometimes my Daddy hurts me,
And sometimes I hurt myself.

Laura Cummings

I Love My Daddy (Age16)

I love loving my Daddy,
I love it when he gives me love,
It started when i was 5-6 years old,
It used to hurt when my Daddy loved me,
But recently it started feeling good,
I love it when he creeps into my room late at night,
And reminds me as always that its our little secret,
And that everyone does it they just dont like to talk about it,
No wonder everyone does it when it feels so good,
I love it when he touches my neck,
To my lower soft spot,
He touches so gently yet firmly,
Slow then fast,
then he lifts my arms above my head while kissing me passionately,
Then he puts my arms around his neck and instructs me to wrap my legs around his waist,
Then hands on my bottom he enters me,
Pushing, harder and faster, he starts groaning,
I groan wioth him, my Daddy feels so damn good,
Then finaly we release, and my Daddy leaves me,
Always whispering,
Its our little secret.

Laura Cummings

Imagination

Fields of imagination with nothing to write but biographical one-liners that don’t make good reading.
Good poetry is all about the imagination, but how to open that door without revealing ones life story?
Jumping through meadows of hay trying to find a gate to the other side, where the grass is always greener.
The caterpillar that turns into a butterfly, no more or less beautiful when you look at life, and the world doesn’t always appear less harsh through someone else’s eyes.

Days, months… a year, without rain where fields of life so easily turn to fields of death, caught up in a wishing well of cholera inducing death.

Russia and America circle each other, the wrong words at the wrong moment said with no one intent but interpreted as something completely different, the difference between wishing someone were gone and wishing they were dead… one mind, a world of people, one button.

Who can honestly assess great writing from bad? Was Shakespeare truly great? William Blake… disillusioned and driven insane by his own imagination, or a prophet?

Dancing with disaster dancing with death not accepting that you love every minuet of its fatal kiss. Twisting and turning, coming back for more, a score unsettled, who could want more?

Laura Cummings

Its Always About You

I haven’t much of time,
So I’ll say this as honestly as I can in the 2 minuets I have,
I will always be around for you,
Whenever you need me,
But I feel like I need to back off a little,
And I think you feel this to,
Because I can feel you pulling away from me,
My opinions are really yours,
And I just want to be me,
And the best person I can be,
Yours truly,
One hundred percent me.

Laura Cummings

Jaxda

Jackie boi
Missing a wee wee
All the while playing GB
Theo and Steph argue
Who does Jackie boi love most?
We all know he loves Stephs feet,
Wants her to find his wee wee,
Which Theo keeps hidden secretly away
Theo took it after his plumber left him
And now Jackie boi must chose
Who is the girl for him?
Theo
Or
Steph?

Laura Cummings

Just A Guy Thing?

Rivers of creativity, running
dry through me in vein, long ago
I used to express my pain.
Everything's always about me,
Learning how to tell a story about someone else besides myself.
Self importance always tries to over-rule me,
but for once I'm going think about someone else,
while I sit here, picking cotton.
I pick as much as I can, and still the work load never diminishes
What am I attempting here?
This is a pathetic attempt and means very little to me. Bad.
I cried … I'll bet you never knew that did you.
Perhaps you did…. An over-emotional teen, first to reach for the tear bucket.
Fear overwhelms me where you're concerned, excitement courses through my body leaving me blissfully numb.
Was hurt before…. Never going to feel like that again, the
FUCK-TARD.
But with you, everything feels … different, and I'm loving every minuet. The bad, with the good.
I cant wait to kiss you again. To feel your lips on mine while your hands carefully stroke and tickle where you know it feels good.
Giving more than you ever take… I don't always feel you mentally, but perhaps that's just a guy thing?

Laura Cummings

LIfe

All that’s needed in this life of sin,
Is number one,
Look after number one and don’t let the necessary occur,
Look after number one and
Relax
Breathe
Take life slowly
It only comes once and it’s gone so fast,
Don’t waste your youth and innocent emotions,
Once its gone all that’s left are the regrets of what might have been but will never come to pass,
Life goes so fast,
I’m still young and already yesterday feels like years ago,
And the future is tomorrow.
Look after number one and don’t let the necessary occur,
It’s all that’s needed in this life of sin,
So while you can just relax,
Take life slow,
Breathe and think of who you are,
You have years to look after other people and to tie yourself down,
Take life slowly,
It only comes once and it goes so fast,
Don’t waste your youth and innocent emotions,
Once its gone all that’s left,
Are the regrets of what might have been,
But will now never come to pass.

Laura Cummings

Memories And Heroes

We had the chance
But it never happened
And now im left with the ghosts of memories
Saying whisper something nice and ill make you scream twice.
Thinking of all the good times we shared
Even though, the good times were never really there
Because we are walking on the graves of heroes
You left me broken searching for a hero
Until i learnt that everyone is a hero
We are walking on the graves of our heroes
The graves have our names chiseled into them
Everyone is a hero
Everyone is a God
Everyone is evil
Question.
Have i become my inner hero, God
Or have i become my inner evil?

Laura Cummings

Mother... You're Killing Me.

I thought that we'd become friends,
But you just dont want to have the courage to treat me the right way.
Nowadays no-one remembers when they were young and stupid,
When you finaly see through all your greed and selfish needs,
You'll realise that you're just as bad as me.

Why am I even trying?
The way you like it,
Don't think you can beg me to stay...
Look At Me Now!

Treating me inferiour like you live in your own perfect world,
Sometimes, I live in my own fantasy world all day long,
But I'm getting stronger,
Instead of picturing happy ever after dreams,
I turn you down and leave you crying.

There's so many people dying,
You complain about your own situation,
Maybe you can't understand.
I can not reach you,
Know that I think of you,
As you're killing me.

Why am I even trying?
The way you like it,
Don't think you can beg me to stay...
Look At Me Now!

Writting on the wall, love once strong now falls.
Lying awake at night with the knowledge we're not on the same side.
I know I'll never feel clean,
After each others acusations.
Burning flames covering up the scars of our love.

It's to late,
to make up for your mistakes,
Now I see,
I can not reach your heart,
You're killing me,
If I'd only known, theres so many things we could have done,
Maybe I'll rest with you someday.

Laura Cummings

My Old China Doll.

hugs, kisses, taken everywhere,
old and worn, left on a shelf to gather dust,
my old china doll.
glass eyes taht follow every move unblinkingly,
eyes that have seen cuts, scrapes, fights and tears,
laughter, fun, dreams of future years.
has been there for hugs and kisses, but now she sits, old and worn, left on a shelf to gather dust.
my old china doll cries tears that no other soul sees,
her heart sits broken as she sits,
at the back of a shelf, old and worn, left to gather dust.

Laura Cummings

Never Improving Always The Same

Looking for an answer but not listening to words,
speaking without thinking and unleashing a world of hurt,
asking questions and trying to improve,
learning to shut up and let others do the work.

Seeking an answer in deserts of words,
lashing out with vocabulary not intended to cause pain,
taking for granted the people who have always been there,
feeling like dying when they leave.

Taking the answers and keeping them to myself,
learning new meanings and paths to tread,
improving but still no better than before,
learning to shut up and let others do the work.

Laura Cummings

Nightmare In Truth

When the darkness creeps in,
And I can feel the cool wind breathing on the back of my neck,
I think of you to keep sane,
My life
My steady rock.
Then sleep overwhelms me,
And things are happening which I do not control,
Although being aware that I am only sleeping,
I can not force myself to wake,
I can not move,
The fear is overwhelming,
I'm frozen
Unable to move
Unable to scream
Unable to even close my eyes.
So I have to watch,
Unable to do anything to save you,
Blood once innocent flows free,
Suddenly there are other people around while all of this is happening,
But they're not helping you
They're not even looking at you
They're looking at me
Looking with dark accusing eyes
'How could you let this happen'
How could I let this happen
Again.

Laura Cummings

Nothing New

The same old topics over and over again,
each new word the beginning of a trend.
Write your poem as you feel it in the moment,
dont go home and try to recreate emotions now redundant.
PASHION AND FIRE!
BURNING IN LUNGS!
gone once you've managed to find a pen and a bit of paper.
How can you write what tou're no longer feeling?
You end up writting some half stumped 'poem'
that means nothing to anyone,
because it means nothing to you.
The same patterns in every piece,
dead as a rose mid winter frost,
lost the touch of a true persona,
murdered for lack of pen and paper.
The same old topics,
over
and over
again.

Laura Cummings

PINK

Feather light wings that float softly through the air tickled by specks of dust.
Bright white light inflamed with pink and laced with gold.
Raising flowers, changing seasons,
singing in high pitched voices that only children can hear.
Little tiny people in little tiny clothes.
Pink, White and Baby Blue,
Only innocent eyes can see.

Pink nail varnish, Pink lipstick, Pink eye shadow, Pink blusher, Pink clothes that reveal too much Pink skin.
Standing on street corners innocent eyes forgotten.
Long ago were the days when fairies were believed in.
Lost memories and lost dreams,
innocence killed, for a life of nightmares and love ripped at the seams.

Laura Cummings

Presuming Something That You Know Nothing About

Why is it so controversial for a girl to be best mates with a guy,
Why do people presume that theres more to the relationship than meets the eye,
Why do people with ignorance always have to make their opinion known,
Trying to uncover something not shown,
Why is it weird for a girl to treat all her friends the same regardless of sex, skin colour or disablity.
Why are people not open minded to a girl and a boy being really good mates with no sexual intentions are involved,
What do you do when your natural charisma is considered flirting blatently?
Why is it so controversial for a girl to be best mates with a guy,
Why do people presume that theres more to the relationship than meets the eye,
Why do people with ignorance always have to make their opinion known,
Trying to uncover something not quite shown.

Laura Cummings

Pulse

I can hear it again! The heavy, throbbing, pounding that only occurs at night. I cant remember the last time I managed to go to bed and go straight to sleep before it started chasing me. It stays at the same steady beat, never getting faster or slower and yet it always stays so close, no matter how fast I run… I can never increase the distance and yet that distance never closes.
I get into bed and pull my covers up and close my eyes, and there it is, in the pitch black endless night that stretches forth like an evil presence, eager to consume everything. It pounds one, two, three, four. One, two, three, four. One, two, three, four. One, two, three, four. I can feel it beside me, but I cant see it. I turn over so I'm lying on my other side…. And it's still right beside me. I sit up, looking down at my bed, but I only see a pillow.
I start to fear closing my eyes, maybe it can only get me when my eyes are closed. So I lie there, never moving, never sleeping. Just lying there with my eyes wide open, staring franticly looking for anything that might consume me, the moment I shut my eyes.

Laura Cummings

Rain

(Let the world know that Steve Kimberley gave me the title: P)

Sexual infusion pouring down,
soaking already hot and sweaty skin.
Joining together body and mind,
Searching for climax in the depths and thrall of love.

Two bodies throbbing and thriving,
twisted around each other, losing individuality as two bodies meld into one.
As rain pours down like a broken dyke
cold rain hitting hot sweat and steam rising.
Steam that can be inhaled, breathing in each other’s sweat.

Sexual infusion pouring down,
searching for climax now that wetness has been achieve both inside and out.
Screaming in passion and moaning in sexual ecstasy,
lying together panting, exhausted, naked
under an open sky.

Opening your eyes and not being where you were,
being alone in a room with the rain pounding against the window.
Learning that imagination can take over,
and understanding the touch of your hand.

Laura Cummings

Running.

Running away from adulthood,
Being chased by points of authority,
Not understanding,
Still seeing and hearing to much for innocent eyes,
Running away from adulthood,
Being rushed, being pushed into adulthood,
I dont feel ready,
Being chased by points of authority,
I dont know what I'm thinking,
I have no plan,
No organisation,
No hope,
Im just running away from adulthood,
Doing anything to push back the moment when,
I have to grow up,
I dont feel ready,
Being watched by over observant eyes,
Waiting for my ultimate slip up,
The slip that will give reality leave to,
Kick me in the teeth,
Nothing has changed,
I falter,
I fall,
As you can see,
Nothings changed at all,
I run from adulthood,
i get chased by points of authority,
Getting rushed, getting pushed into adulthood,
Being forced to 'grow up! '
Im not ready,
I dont want to take this step,
Its much to big,
And yet,
When i am being over parented,
Trapped by points of authority,
Trapped in situations that i cant be bothered with,
I welcome adulthood with open arms,
But im still not ready.

Laura Cummings

Self-righteous Suicide

the worst is over.
WE'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN.
this painful time has finally come to an end.
FASTEN YOUR SEATBELT, YOU DON'T YET KNOW PAIN.
sitting back at home, free for once to watch Saturday night TV.
HA! NOT YET!
i can't believe I got so stressed over nothing.
NOTHING?
yes, nothing. It's always nothing, I just get silly sometimes.
YOUR SURE OF THAT?
Yes! Would never set out to hurt me.
BUT HE DID!
would never deliberately try to cause me pain.
BUT HE DID!
but he did….
EVERY WORD WAS A LIE!
not a word of truth in all that time.
FREQUENTLY MADE YOU CRY.
crying myself to sleep every night almost became a hobby for me.
KILL HIM!
if only something bad would befall him…
KILL HIM!
i always wanted to drown somebody…
KILL HIM!
yes?
KILL HIM!
i'm going to kill him.
YES! KILL HIM!
if he's dead, he won't be able to hurt me anymore.
KILL HIM!
YES! I will KILL HIM!
KILL HIM!
YES! I WILL KILL….NO! I will not let him destroy anymore of my life!
KILL HIM!
no!
KILL HIM!
NO!
KILL YOURSELF!
…
DIE!
…
YES!
…
DIE!

Laura Cummings

Sex And The Weather

Its far too hot,
I'll never get anything done in this heat,
All i want to do is laze around like a cat.
Its far too cold,
I'll never get anything done in this rain,
All i want to do is crawl back into bed untill its stoped.
Look at all the snow!
I have a big presentation to do today,
How am i going to get to work?
Why complain about the weather?
It doesent matter whats going on outside,
Its whats going on inside that people should think about.
Touch me, Tickle me, Tease me.
Why are people so obsesed with sex?
Its all we ever want to think about.
Everything goes back to sex.
Its a good job Freud is dead,
Feminists would kill him.
If we love talking about sex,
And sex makes us happy,
And if we love talking about the weather,
But it makes us miserable because all we do is moan about it,
(Unless talking about the weather is all some people live for)
Why dont people just join the two?
Sex and the Weather, Sex and the Weather,
Make love out of the weather,
Make love in a field or on the beach or even in a room next to a window,
Feel the golden light of the sun falling down on you,
Suround yourself with its golden glow,
Hot and Sweaty,
Infused together.
Kiss in the rain,
Let it pour down on you,
Wash all over you,
As you soak in each others love and warm embrace.
Make angels in the snow,
Then in 20 years when your still together,
Teach your children to do the same,
Snuggle together to keep warm,
As the soft gentle flakes of snow brush over you,
Kissing your skin.
Why do people complain about the weather?
It has so many possibilities.
Dont complain about the weather,
Love it,
As you make love under it.

Laura Cummings

She Had No Choice

Cry, I would like.
Cry by the bucket.
I want to shed a flood of tears.
For us.
For me.
For myself.
Yes, for myself as well.
For I feel sorry for myself.

They are there, the tears.
They are ready.
A reservoir of grief I am, that you look at and
Think: how beautiful.
What a quiet overcoming mass that can't get away.

Open the floodgate and there's no stoping me till I'm empty.
Until nothing is left but sludge, a high wall and a gap like this.

Cry my heart out, I want
Cry like a baby that can't be hushed
Because thats impossible.
Because it doesn't want to be hushed.
Later.

Yes.

Later.
But not now.

The consolation will come later when all the water has gone.
The consolation will be there.
When all the water has gone, there is only consolation, I do know that.
But for now, it must flow, unstoppable, flow it must.
Without a reason because the reason is too big, the reason is
Too much, cannot be grasped, is colossal but not important.

And I try.
I'm standing right here, trying.

Doesn't work.
Because Fear is here.

Fear is bloody fast.
Fear rushes past me, as I'm trying and
When I'm finally ready, Fear is waiting for me.

"First" says Fear.

He is too fast for me.

Fear for that gap.
The yawning gap, after I've run empty.

And too high a wall.
A far too high a wall.
A mega wall.
A wall with a yawning gap and on top of it is your self-
Confidence.
You put it there.
Before. Too be sure.
But with all the water gone, you can’t reach it anymore.

I’ll never get there.
It is too big.

I stop trying.
I give up. I stand.
Just like that.
I stand.
I even smile a little and say that I love you.
Me too, He says.
He smiles
I smile.

We smile at each other.

He has a beautiful smile, I think, and I broaden mine.

Two smiles in our living-room.
One stands, the other sits on the couch holding a book.
They’re looking at each other and they both know that something
Has got to happen because you can’t keep it up lest they freeze
And die.
Smiles know that.
Smiles know that they can’t last.

So, one goes on reading and the other one keeps standing
And wonders if He also has a reservoir like that.

Laura Cummings

Sleeping Together

Today I woke up and for the first time my thoughts were not of you,
I got up and bit my lip until I could taste the salt of my own blood.
Maybe, just maybe I will wake up from life also
To find myself being reborn
The life that I knew just a vision
Of what not to do.

Today I woke up to a brand new day
Thunder and lightning fighting in the sky above
As the clouds bump heads.
Rain crashes down
Brutally washing the world of its impurities
Cleaning everything and making it new,
So that tomorrow will be a Clean new day
Afresh start full of hopefuls and possibilities
Aching to be broken as sin comes forth.

Today I woke up and although You are now on my mind
So is another.
Another who was forgotten when I was returned to you.
That’s improvement.
At least I won’t feel guilt when I leave now.
When I travel far away.
Gone for long periods at a time.
I can't guarantee that I'll write or even that I'll be thinking of you.
But when I return I know that the fact that I've missed you will hit me like
A wave of sorrow
Reminding me that although I think I'm changing and improving
I'm not.
I'm just going round in circles.

Tomorrow I'll wake up and go back to sleep
Tomorrow hopefully I won’t wake up
Tomorrow I want to carry on sleeping
Tomorrow I want you to carry on sleeping
Together we'll be dreaming
Together we'll be happy
Together we'll be in love
Together we'll be dead.

Laura Cummings

Stalked

Call me up and threaten me, how dare
I leave you, bully me, intimidate
me, trying to force me to feel
something I don't.

Once I was sorry, I knew what I
had done was right but
still I was sorry, sorry
to hurt you, sorry
to have lost what once upon a time
might have been a friendship.

Now your guilt trip follows me,
turning sorrow into anger,
destroying a third chance with
someone else.

First and second time they chickened
out, maybe the third time will do the
trick. Equal rights with the right amount
of dislikes. Talented touch that leaves a
trail of shivers across the surface of my skin,
leaving me cold and yet still I burn with suspense.

Dreams, wants, still stalked by nightmares.
Sharing secrets that should never have been told,
Leaving fear in a friendship that's starting to evolve.

Laura Cummings

The Best Laid Schemes O' Mice And Men

Drowning from the inside, suffocating when breathing,
Being naked whilst fully clothed, bleeding with no open wound,
Taking and still not receiving, beating and punishing.

‘The best laid schemes o’ mice and men’

Destroying and burning, eating and vomiting,
Cursing and screaming, struggling and fighting,
Living but not alive, evil with no sin,
Drowning from the inside, suffocating when breathing.

‘Stand oft astray, leaving nothing but toil’

All the time loving and burning for something not expected,
Something unplanned but wanted all the same,
Breathing, living, surviving.

‘The best laid schemes o’ mice and men’

Laura Cummings

The Healer.

I race to your side and press my hands against your warm smooth skin,
Our eyes lock I take a deep breath and the connection begins,
I see into your soul and wonder if you can see mine,
I feel our souls entwine as I get a rush of images,
Flashes of your past,
Images of how you see me,
And the strangest thing is that through your eyes I am beautiful,
I feel us pulling closer as a white light wraps around us tickling our skin.
Suddenly we're naked,
And I can't remember how that happened,
Our bodies are now so close that its almost like we share the same skin,
Our lips lock and move together in rhythm,
And for the first time in my life,
I'm healed,
I'm one not half,
I am whole.

Laura Cummings

The Song That Triggers My Memory

As she lay dying with the radio playing softly in the background,
The notes of a song so sweet tickled and triggered her memory,
Number one in the charts the week she was born,
Playing at her eighteenth birthday party as she floated and swayed in a glorious dance,
The first dance with her first and only boyfriend was during this melody,
Playing at their wedding as a song they claimed 'theirs',
Playing its gentle coaxing notes as she made love with her husband on their wedding night,
Had danced and spun to it with her children, spinning them in her arms until all fell to the floor in a dizzy heap,
Now it plays softly in the background as her life slowly trickles away from her,
As she loses that once firm hold on a life so dear,
Triggering her memory to a life that would end with the last single note of a now bittersweet symphony.

Laura Cummings

The Way The Wind Blows.

whispering in my ear,
secret thoughts for none but one to hear,
brushing against my skin with cold yet gentle finger tips,
a loving caress,
breathing, sighing, tousleing my hair,
caring my feet forward even when its difficult and im finding it hard just to breathe,
soft and gentle, coaching, teaching.
angry, harsh, punishing, forcing me onwards,
riping across my skin like a cold blade,
freezing my blood as it struggles through my veins.
angry, harsh, punishing, forcefull, urging me onwards.
soft and gentle, coaching and teaching,
the yin and yalng of the way the wind blows.

Laura Cummings

This Is My Last Goodbye

Who am I?
Please don’t just say my name with a silly grin,
I haven’t got the toughest of skin,
And my life is beginning to feel like a sin.
I thought that in my life I would only need,
One person to be there for me.
But now I look at you,
And you’re not the person that you used to be.
I don’t know how much longer this can last.
I need you to understand,
That I don’t want us to depart,
But if I do it now,
While my heart has enough strength to let others in,
I might not die,
When its time for you to say goodbye,
And when I wake up knowing,
Ill never see you again,
Even though I’ll still think of you,
With every passing day.
It’s taken a lot of time,
For me to say this to your face,
But now when I look up at you,
I realise I’m looking in a mirror,
And just talking to myself again,
Waiting until I’m strong enough to talk to you.

Laura Cummings

Too Much Free Time Now

Ok, so what.
It's in the past.
Not much to be done about it now....
What are you talking about?
You KNOW im sorry!
I've said it like a hundred times already.
Ok, so what.
It's in the past.
Not much to be done about it now.
Shit stirring!
Me?
I love you.
I only wanted the beauty i see in you to be seen,
whats the point? they said.
why let him get away with more than everyone else? they said.
I only wanted them to see the beauty i see in you.
Ok, so what.
It's in the past.
Not much to be done about it now.
I sometimes wonder if you ever had really trusted me,
Or if you had just pretended for fear of being alone.
I think at the start it must have been the later,
But now i remember tender moments when i could feel you letting me in,
Letting down your guard,
Showing more beauty within.
But I've ruined it now,
The hate in your eyes, the cool hard anger in your voice,
It's all i can think and dream about.
Ok, so what.
It's in the past.
Not much to be done about it now.
It's been over a week now,
It's been over three years since i went this long without speaking to you and before those three years i'd never even met you.
I cant seem to remember how i lived before.
When you dedicate most of your time to someone,
then you ruin it so that that person is no longer round,
your left with alot of free time on your hands.
How am i going to fill that time?
'Blood flows thicker than water'
O well, what can i say?
It was my own fault... i never should have told.
Ok, so what.
It's in the past.
Not much to be done about it now.

Laura Cummings

Typing To Hard

Thumping away with no remorse
Typing too hard
No need to take out anger on a keyboard
Scream at the wall stamp the floor
But don’t type away as if each key is a member of year 9.

They’re rude
They have no sense of personal hygiene
They don’t want to learn
Scream away at them if will
But don’t take your anger out on a keyboard.

Laura Cummings

VoodooLovePuppet

Touch me, Tickle me... Spank me.
Take me,
I'm you're love puppet,
Stick you're pins in me,
Torture me, Prick me,
Dig a little deeper.
Scratch me with you're nails, dig them into my skin,
I'm under your skin,
And that's where i want to stay,
Take me over,
Invade my soul,
Take my life,
It belongs to you,
Im your sacrifice.
I want you to touch me,
Burn me with the feel of your skin against mine,
So we're caught in the fire,
From where we shall never return.
Take my life with you're hands,
Swallow it whole,
I belong to you,
Dont want to hurt no more.
I'm you're love puppet,
Stick you're pins in me,
Torture me, Prick me,
Dig a little deeper.
Scratch me with you're nails, dig them into my skin,
I'm under your skin,
And that's where i want to stay,
Take me over,
Invade my soul,
Take my life,
It belongs to you,
Im your sacrifice.

Laura Cummings

Walls To Be Broken

When you breathe i feel you breath in my lungs,
When you run i have to catch my breath,
People dont see what i see...
But then, you dont either,
Sometimes i wonder exactly what you do see when you look in the mirror,
When i look at you i only see light,
When everywhere else is covered in darkness,
Even my heart,
So far only one person has broken that barrier,
But i need to let someone else through,
Hopefully you,
Because when that one person leaves,
Ill be left to die,
So ill slowly let you in,
While preparing someone else to keep me alive,
Once you dessert me also,
But no matter what i do,
One day i will be completely alone,
The blood in my viens running cold,
The thoughts in my head turning numb,
And your son,
Will walk over my grave,
Not even realising that he is walking,
On the love,
That you should have saved.

Laura Cummings

What Is A Poem?

What is a poem?
Is it a child running free without a care in the world,
With no idea of the tough times ahead.
What is a poem?
Is it bumping into someone in the street and knowing instantly that you love them,
But will probably never see them again.
What is a poem?
Is it a woman giving birth for the first time going through all that pain,
And still loving that beautiful baby in a way in which only another mother can understand.
What is a poem?
Is it experiencing the tsunami in person,
While other people watch it in their homes on the news.
What is a poem?
Is it discovering that an apple will always fall down when droped,
Is it asking why does it fell down when dropped.
What is a poem?
Is it dying and knowing that the person you once loved and touched is underground,
Is it knowing that someday you will also die.
What is a poem?
Its all of the above and many more besides,
And being able to express it in a way that others will be able to associate with.
All of this is a poem.

Laura Cummings

What's The Word?

When told to sum up the feelings I have for a person in
one word,
I found it impossible,
What is the word?
For so many different feelings all at once.
Both the best and worst person in my life.
Giving up your own happiness just to see this person smile
with sincerity.
Unable to withhold a giggle at the stupidest of comments,
It’s not that easy to make me laugh!
Yet everything said seems to hit the right nerve.
Untangling hidden thoughts with a few well chosen words,
not even realising how much I’m revealing.
At the same time being able to talk with total seriousness about things that matter,
Then going back to giggle at a silly sounding word.
Being able to be one hundred percent me,
like I’d always wanted to be…
Still, that’s not really true,
It's not possible to be one hundred percent you,
Because no matter the person there will always be some things better kept hidden.
Still unable to sum up this one word…
For loving and hating someone in equal amounts.
Feeling equal and yet helplessly falling below,
when other times you feel much higher above,
a much better person than that who you love.
No sound or sight for months and months,
both happier and sadder by this.
Though, most of the time it’s like a weight being lifted,
Able to walk with a bounce in step.
Being able to maintain this composure for only a week after friendship reunited,
Then back to square one,
a helpless cycle that can’t be broken.

Laura Cummings

While You Were Sleeping

I sat and watched as you slept on beside me, feeling an ache in my chest that made it painful to breathe,
Do you dream?
I'm sat in the silence with only my thoughts to talk to,
If only I'd been able to, perhaps you'd be sleeping with me right now, not my sofa,
I must be the only girl in the world who still feels like a girl and not a woman at 19…
Thinking about what you've done and what you could be doing,
It's enough to drive me insane, but it won't do that,
Because I'm already swimming in insanity, knowing that I'll never be able to measure up,
Not to anyone's standards,
I'm fat and ugly with no personality, all I can do is cry and recite to myself that I only need eight to become unconscious and not many more to die.
I crunch them down, enjoying the bitter taste in my mouth while you lie there,
Completely unaware,
That any of this is happening.
You wake up, it's too late, it all happened while you were sleeping.

Laura Cummings

Wish List

Walk barefoot through fields of grass on a warm summer day,
Get caught in the rain and end up kissing to keep warm as the rain soaks your skin,
Wear layers of jackets, coats and Wellington boots while kicking up autumn leaves in October,
Go to a club and not drink alcohol but drink in the energy and adrenalin and dance until you pass out,
Take a whole weekend to just sit at home sleeping and reading,
Sit inside in the warm whilst watching people run around in the rain outside crying out as they get soaked,
Laugh longest,
Cry hardest
Live for the rises and falls,
The cuddles,
The kisses,
The fights
The making up after the fights,
Live life to the fullest,
So that when you die
You have a smile on your face that will never fade.

Laura Cummings