Poetry Series

Tahlia Hilton

- poems -

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Tahlia Hilton (1994)

Teenage writer.

Absence

Negativity doesn’t truly exist. How can one prove something that is not there? It is really, just a measurement of absence. As evil, is the absence of good, sadness is the absence of happiness, and darkness is the absence of light.

Tahlia Hilton

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Blindness

oh, tragedy, it is as if in a world of poetry, one cannot rhyme..
as if in a world of musical tune, one cannot sing…
as if in a world of much natural beauty and grace, one cannot see..

although,
not all poetry must rhyme
and one can enjoy music, by listening alone
and one can enjoy the world, by all other senses

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Innocent Execution

That man was guilty.
Not of murder, or rape
Nor assault or forgery.
This man, was guilty of his skin.
His pride, his background; his weapon.

Is this a reasonable crime?
Is it some coward,
making an innocent man
His reliable scapegoat?
Now that is a crime in itself.

Now the committer,
Not only guilty of the committed
But guilty of an innocent execution
The persecution and the suffering,
He is now guilty of murder.

This is the way society is?
Is it fair?

You do not choose what you look like -
When born
You do not choose your identity –
When born

Exterior is no safe guard
Yet you think they'd realise with
The first puncture mark, or wound
We all have red blood.
Black, white, no matter

We all have red blood.

Now society,
Unjust, prejudice society
Is guilty of an innocent execution
The persecution and the suffering,
Of an innocent man,
For being different.

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Literary Magic

Poetry; just a magical way to write about ones innermost feelings, it a way that turns words into pictures.

Poetry; the closest thing to literary magic.

Tahlia Hilton

Photograph

Myth: a photograph will steal your soul.
Yet, if you stare at the picture at the end,
Into the wide open landscapes, the architecture,
the innocent child’s face, or one’s lover’s eyes;
you stop to think, yet if for just a single second,
realizing, you have captured a memory.

If a landscape; you have captured nature, how it was intended.
A building; you are in awe of mankind and its power.
A child; you are holding a piece of that one-time youth forever
And a lover; you are making a promise.
Photographs are visual memories.

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Slaughterhood

Never seen the light
Never seen the night
The pigs, kept in the dark
Tiny cages
eating whatever crap
They’re fed
Waiting for nothing
Struggling to survive

A stranger grabs one of them
Pokes the stomach
Drags him squealing away

The placid creature
Hypnotized by the stun
The pulsing electric shock

Pulling tugging hanging
Abused it’s ankles with chains
Holding the entire body; upside down

The evil figure thrusting the
Sharp rod; Metal, evil rod
Into the innocent animals throat

Out runs it’s life blood
Out pours out its feeling
Out pours out its chance

The gushing,
Almost as if a water fall
A red, river rushing to a pool
a pool of blood collecting on the floor

The animal, now a
slaughtered corpse
Murdered
Just hung there
Until it was
Cut down
Cut up
Cooked up
Eaten

Without a second thought
They deserve something

**

As soon as an organism dies, so does all the cells that keep you alive, and healthy. This means, as soon as the last breath has been breathed, the body instantly starts to rot.
I am not weird for being vegetarian. You’re the weird one for finding a rotting corpse of

a slaughtered innocent animal appetizing.

Tahlia Hilton

Time Changes Everything

Times changes.
It goes by.
So fast. Too fast.
The hands. Of the Clock.
In constant motion.
Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock.
Seconds past.
Minutes past.
Hours past.
Days past.
Weeks, then years.
Decades, centuries,
Lifetimes, memories.
Good times.
Bad times.
Everything;
Changes so, so
Changes fast.

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What is Normal?

How is it, in a crowded room of people? I feel so alone.
It's like being in the brightest room… and yet, still blindly searching for a light switch. The switch that only I can see and be affected by, as everyone else can plainly see there is no need for another light. Still, I feel like I am in a endless darkness, and it is as if everyone else who has no need of the light, is staring at me, watching me search, and rather than helping me and showing me where the switch is, they laugh at what they call my naivety; yet I call my alternative thinking.

To one, I may come across as no different. Yet my mind is a twisted tangle of thoughts that I cannot describe, so I choose not to. I think no one knows the complete true me. People know parts of me, yet I still have deep personal secrets that have no words that could describe them. And as time goes by, and people move on… the people who know me, become more distant… and I yet again find myself having to build up a new relationship with a new person, once again starting from the beginning. And im not talking about a dating relationship, I mean it as any human relationship.

Sometimes, I wish I could be normal, not so different. Although, what is normal? My life is a constant shuffle of ever-changing emotions; That no matter how hard I try, I cannot control. I have gained skill at hiding my emotions, but… I still am lying to myself.

Tahlia Hilton