Poetry Series

Vanessa Kingsley

- poems -

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Vanessa Kingsley (March 16th)

Born on March 16th in Colorado Springs, Colorado, I love antyhing dealing with the arts. Writing, acting, singing....it doesn't matter. It's creative and a way to express yourself. I am a very compliacted person but once you admit to yourself that I'm just me it'll all click. I am an all around girl. Meaning I can survive in the city, country, suburbs, wherever. I am a very understanding person that can see all perspectives of life because of what has happened in my life. Currently, i have a few people looking at my writing for publishment so if that does happen everything here will be deleted. If you wish to know more about me please message me. ^_^ thanks for reading and i hope you enjoy something I've written

60 Seconds (part one=maybe)

To say how you feel
To see if it's real
You have only
60 seconds
To give yourself up
Permanently close up?
Only 60 seconds
To right your wongs
Make more mistakes
Create a new song
To write about what you wish you could've done
Pray to the morning sun
Breathe one more breath before its gone
You have 60 seconds
To tell us all goodbye
To finally die
You have 60 seconds
To laugh
To cry
To say your last words
60 seconds
The clock is ticking
Round and Round
Your muscles twitching
Pain is heightened
Or eases slightly
60 seconds
60 seconds
60 seconds

dedicated to my nana because towards the end of the poem I had a very de ja vu like moment about the two of us and a discussion we had. Love you

Vanessa Kingsley

A Life is A Life

Your mind unravels slowly
Your eyes are closed shut
You tremble because you're lonely
Your future has turned to dust

My life has started crumbling
My defenses not so high
My voice is horribly
My sense now are numb

Her secrets keep he rbound
Her truths and lies are portrayed
In every love she has found
She slowly slips away

He looks up at his ceiling
He is taunted by unshed tears
His body red with bruises
His mind is without feeling

We live our lives in fear
We live our lives in hate
Sadly we cannot escape our destiny
Our fate
We cry and scream
We laugh; we bleed
We want to love
We want to need
We want our piece
We want our lifWe ourselves at any price
We need our dreams
We need our hope
We need to love
we need to cope
Yet we can't
Te we won't
We aren't allowed to be us
A life is a life. So sad; it's true

Vanessa Kingsley

A Moment Like This

Every rose, is born with a claw
Every love you have, will hurt sometime
So what would you give
Just for one taste
For a moment when you think you can fly
For a moment that stops all time
A moment like this
Doesn’t happen all the time
A moment like this
It can’t be a lie…
To feel the way you do
To love someone who’s loving you

Vanessa Kingsley

A Single Drop

A single dropp as red as rose, is lying on the ground.
It stains the earth it’s fallen on and scatters all around
A few more slowly drip away and swirl in a sleepy haze.
It’s silently putting all into a sort of daze.

A single dropp that’s clear and blue slips down and then it falls.
Through the air and gaining speed that sadly betrays us all.
It’s followed rather hastily of others of its kind.
I wonder when they will all stop and who is left behind.

A dropp of chilling ivory is falling through the sky.
The thing I’ve come to see and think is these drops somehow fly.
They have to fall through space and time to get to where they are.
They lay there sprawled against our world; so close but yet so far.

Sadly we all sit and think of drops we’ve all let fall.
Some say that it may hold the darkest truth of all.
So more drops we shall continue to shed before the night is done.
But just because we shed these drops it doesn’t mean we’ve won.

Things we do not have to shed are being shed no less.
It’s odd because we find we are a silent crying guest.
Strangers to the truth inside these things they seem to make sense.
But the thing that’s holding all of us back is that giant picket fence.

Vanessa Kingsley

About Me and About You

I'm not mysterious
You're unobservant
I'm not naive
You're too arrogant
I'm not a welcome mat
You don't care about people
I'm not a game
But you should learn my rules
I can’t be fooled with silly rhymes
So try another girl next time
Think you can solve this puzzle?
Try to open the box
I’m not complicated
You’re just not used to thinking a lot
My secrets are not locked and hidden
They dance on my lips when no one listens
My eyes aren’t guarded
You just never took the time to see
You’re not really interested in me
You only notice me because you need me

Vanessa Kingsley

Alone

Alone
The wind blows hard as the sky grows dark. The moon shines full; a lazy halo surronds it becuas eif the swirling mist.
Lights are out, streets are quiet. I am alone.
The world is silent. The darkness moves. Nothing at all is here.
The raven crows and dark clouds pass over the moon.
The body lays motionless and leaks blood.
It is crimson against the black concrete and swirls in a puddle.
The wind blows harder, your heart grows colder.
The concrete seems to fill you.
Your mind slips.
There is nothing now.
The world is gone
Nothing is quiet.
The knife lies beside you.
everything is gone.
Black. Cold. Silent. Nothing.
Rain begins to pour.
The moon shines upon you.
The stars go out.
You are left to die. And you are now alone

Vanessa Kingsley

Angels All Around

Touched by a revealing light
I look into the setting sun’s rays
Serenity overwhelms me once more
So many words I want to say
But our conversation goes nowhere
I don’t feel like explaining it anymore
Looking for my angel
Where did she go?
Seems she left
Only for a while
I keep my mind at ease
Knowing he still smiles
Down on my frame
Up in that city of gold
Pain erased from his features forever
Suddenly, my problems vanish
The wind blows
A warm breeze caresses my face
Angels linger around me
Faith is so hard to keep
I sometimes don’t believe
How can I when this is where I’m at?
Then she comes and touches my hand
Though all I feel is resent
I let it go and sit back
We think our loved one’s are gone
But you refuse to look towards the sun
The moon’s glow is surely there smiles
The stars are there souls
Everywhere we look they linger
I know it cuts like a knife
I’ve been in that place
All I could do was stare
Into a space where no one could reach me
That’s where I learned again
That’s where it clicked
The angels around us sing
When the grass sways
And porches swing
When you feel that light of content
You’re angeled loved one is there
Smiling and laughing
Showing that they care

Vanessa Kingsley

Annoying (For Lack of a Better Word)

I poke you with a stick
I see you're not that happy
It was just a joke
I didn't poke that hard

But I see that the damage is already done
Sorry
Sorry
I guess you're not buyin' and that's kool
Trust me I ain't lyin' in this pool
I don't go where I am not wanted
Unless I have nothing to do

I think I annoy you
Do I suga?
I think you don't like me
Do you suga?
Would you tell me anyway
I don't think you would

I am used to the glares you give me
I get em everyday of me life
I am used to the hateful words you are thinking
I've heard em more than twice
I'll keep pushing your buttons though
If you don't tell me what's on your mind

I think I annoy you
Do I suga?
I think you don't like me
I'm fairly certain
I think you are like my friend Katie once upon a time
I think I really don't care
So tired of people being nice to my face
Then go and change
So tell me if I am annoying
Tell me if you don't like me to much
Otherwise you are being plain rude
And I'll keep doing this
Pokes so-and-so with stick

Vanessa Kingsley

Another Please

Another Please
She could use a cigarette
She says she’s not addicted yet
But I see it in her eyes
He could use another break
And I could try and take
Away all the pain today
Another down the bar here
Mister please, be a dear
The world is so hard on us

Listen now
To the sounds
Of the sad and depressed mounds
You call humans
Don’t hesitate
Just slowly pour
The rain is seeping through the door
That’s why I feel so cold

Taking the next train out of here
Taking the next few set of tears
To another city place
Leaving behind all my time
Leaving behind all the crime
They have ever let enter here

Mister please, be a dear
The boy down your way needs a beer
I’ll have the usual you know.
Sister please put it out
Or go outside and smoke it out
I can’t take both poisons in my blood

Crystal liquid
I know I don’t need it
I’m not addicted I swear you that
You won’t believe and that’s okay
You’ll shake your head and walk away
But you want another too

Oh Jesus please
Hear my cry
I think I’m ready for that time
Yes I know it’s up to you

All of these
Stupid songs
Keep playing all night long
They think they know about hurt
For what it’s worth
I’ll put this down

And walk back home
Because I, already know
That my story will continue

He’s slumped over his chair
The girl is fixing her hair
To cover up her puffy eyes
One hand down
The smoke curls
And with it
Her mind swirls
I wonder if she’ll ever be ok

I should feel dizzy
Maybe sick
I should want to go and quit
But everything’s clearer now
I want my drink
I need it bad
But right now I think that’s all I’ll have

For what it’s worth
I will be back
Another slap in my face
I knew he’d never come home
Another drink
He’d always say
Another lie
He always gave
The pain is too much to ignore

Mister please
Be a dear
I need you to listen
Come here
Can you hear the sound tonight?

Vanessa Kingsley

Army Wife

Waiting every night
For an ominous phone call
Resenting waking up alone in the night
Swollen with pride
Enveloped by fear
What will happen this year

Vanessa Kingsley

Back At One

DISCLAIMER: I own no part of the song Back at One by Brian McKnight. It wasn't in the lyrics archive and this song is beautiful so here ya go:

It's undeniable... that we should be together...
It's unbelievable how I used to say that I'd fall never
The basis you need to know, if you don't know just how I feel,
Then let me show you now that I'm for real...
If all things in time, time will reveal...
Yeah...

One... you're like a dream come true...
Two... just wanna be with you...
Three... girl it's plain to see... that your the only one for me...
Four... repeat steps one through three...
Five... make you fall in love with me...
If ever I believe my work is done... then I start Back at One (yeah)

So Incredible... the way things work themselves out...
And all emotional, once you know what it's all about babe...
And undesirable... for us to be apart...
Never would of made it very far...
Cause you know you've got the keys to my heart
Cause...

One... you're like a dream come true
Two... just wanna be with you
Three... girl it's plain to see... that your the only one for me
Four...repeat steps one through three
Five... make you fall in love with me
If ever I believe my work is done... then I start Back at One.....

Say farewell to the dark of night... I see the coming of the sun...
I feel like a little child... whose life has just begun...
You came and breathed new life
Into this lonely heart of mine...
You threw out the life line... just in the Nick of Tiimmmeeee.....

One... you're like a dream come true
Two... just wanna be with you
Three... girl it's plain to see... that your the only one for me... girl and...
Four... repeat steps one through three
Five... make you fall in love with me
If ever I believe my work is done... then I start Back at One.

Vanessa Kingsley

Bang

Smash! Crash! Screech!
I hear it in the street.
Bang! Boom! Clang!
There it is again!
Scream.
Blood-chilling, teeth clenching.
Scream.
Silence.
Blood.
Cries.
Screams.
Sirens.
Death.
Help.
What next?
Done.

Vanessa Kingsley

Beauty

The world of beauty, full, of hatred, evil, and lust. For beauty will consume all, that dare to use her dust. She is the talk of the town and wanted by all, though this thing called beauty, wants to kill us all. She will manipulate and twist, anything she can, so hurry, dear friend, hurry. Come and take my hand. Or has she gotten you? This foul and wonderful beast, this beauty that promises everything, but can not give a thing. To those that are beauty, they will twist your mind. Though society has a way of beauty and is different, so beauty can not take, that it does not have for we all have opinions that beauty can not grasp, so be careful what you say, for beauty may hear, and take you away.

Vanessa Kingsley

Birds Fly (Part One: The Beginning)

In the depths of something perceived we think we understand it
But in the end it changes and we are left confused
If the grass should turn an ugly shade of black
Then we must sit back and
Think about it
As the birds fly we have to understand why and how
We can’t just marvel at the spectacle
Notes of unspoken feelings
Littered in the trees
Glass bottles line the empty shelves
Broken shards of lives
Piled in the trash
Birds fly
Away and up
It seems we all want to fly
But we can’t
Gently
Cautiously
Unknowingly
What we know flies away
Our mind and soul slipping too
Purple essences falling through a boundary
What we’ve perceived was wrong
Left in broken shards
We’re filled with an emptiness we cannot erase
Looking out a blurry window
To finally see clarity.

Vanessa Kingsley

Birds Fly (Part Three: The End)

Steady as she goes
Altered mind set
The pill leaves a bitter taste
Dulls the senses
Drives the pain
Away
Bruises all along a beaten back
Invisible scars no one stops to see
Inside blood and tears keep her from death
Never asked for this
For the mom on meth
A prisoner inside the mind
Such a hard place to leave
The bottle lies empty and shattered
Why tell the truth if you think it’s a lie
Posters fall apart in the street
Not a second glance
Self-esteem low
Death a favorite friend
An ominous reminder
Shoes hit the pavement
Unregistered pain
Vision blurred
Mentally abused
Physically hurt
Sexually taken advantage of
Unaware of everything
Nothing to stay for
The permanent breakdown
A lighted candle’s blur catches the eye
It doesn’t really click as it burns out
Heartbeats resonate through the space
Empty shelves lined with glass bottles
Holes in the ground
Trapped inside the mind?
Or running through reality
Smoke and mirrors give no direction
One body is a million people
Sitting hopelessly
Looking towards the sky
Grass black as coal and ash
Skies purple and black
The moon and sun dying
Stars falling
The birds circle and enclose
Stealing souls
Stealing minds
Leaving the shattered shells strewn across the defiled land
Next lifetime
It will go better
Next lifetime
It will all make sense

Vanessa Kingsley

Birds Fly (Part Two: The Middle)

Light a candle
The day is warm
But the sky is dull
Problems bigger than what they are
You've wandered too far for help
Silence louder than noise
Materials start to take their real shape
Objects
Created
Destroyed
Detached from yourself
From the world
Lyrics from the next day erased and replaced
The flame makes shadows flit across the wall
Before you fall
Please close your eyes
Have you ever listened to a heart beat?
As you listen it slows
Swirls of reality become the smoke filling your lungs
How ignorant you are of it all
No reason to complain
When you dug your hole
Look around you
Through the mirrors and past the smoke
Holes everywhere
Some unknown
We all dig our holes
Only to die in them one day
Wasted hours
Minutes
Seconds
A wasted life
Fancy lines curl across your lips
Read the letters
Understand the words
Repeat the knowledge
Blow out your candle
The day is cold
But the sky is bright
Problems erased
Help is beyond your reach

Vanessa Kingsley

Bitterness

To remember the words you
said to me
Brings water to my eyes
Because the things you said to me
Were nothing but hateful lies
Nothing but a nursery rhyme
To make me feel secure
I should've known the whole damn time
That you were loving her
Actually, I figured it out
I knew it from the start
But I stupidly believed that in the end I would have your heart
Of course, I was wrong; I normally am
But the pain I could not erase
Especially the horrid part, that you loved my best friend.
I chose not to cry
I shrugged it off
I'll be happy if you two commit
I'll play the part if noble friend
Even when the truth creeps in
I harbor no ill will towards you
The pain's been gone for a while
Though, truthfully, I want you to know, this is a genuine smile.
Do not be mistaken, I beg of you please
Look beneath the emotions outside
Under all of these appearances
A touch of bitterness still lies.

Vanessa Kingsley

Black Opal

The air is almost clearly visible
A type of haze weaving through the tree
Tall and majestic with different shades of green
A smell of mystery stings the earth
Humidity sticks to the ground
Faint rumbles of a past storm churn the waters
Low growls of a coming storm play in the clouds
Blood stains litter the space
Invisible to our eyes
The music of battle deafens our ears
Vibrations make our sight blurry and red
Blind with fury
Blind with unknowing
How will this conflict end?
How will it begin?

Vanessa Kingsley

Black Rain

The rain 'twas black, and the stars were white. My face was hidden in the moonlight. A full moon shone and shadows were cast, what lurks beneath is very fast. Puddles of portals, and trees of wonder, wind that howled and was a blunder. Midnight held, fast as knot, and took me away, into my thoughts. Dark lullabies, lulled me to sleep, keeping me safe, and on my feet. The rain is a blanket, drowning my sorrows and pain, darkness, is a pain killer, and it will come tomorrow. And with a life long sorrow will open up the night. That kills all things in sight.

Vanessa Kingsley

Black Silver

Cumulus clouds
Cover the sky
They take the light off of my eyes
Slowly they are turning darker
It looks like rain again
And then it falls against my skin
The waves are turbulent
Smashing against the rocks
The wind is in turmoil
Whipping through this corrupted place
In the clouds, fear and death become alive
The raindrops falling
Are painful tears yet to be shed
A black silver lining hangs an ominous truth
Poison seeps through your blood and alters your faulty youth
In between black and white
The gray zone lies in wait
If only you knew
That’s where there is hate
The storm continues its rage
Never letting up
Until on all our graves
The light of day is erased

Vanessa Kingsley

Borrowed Time from the Stars of God. And a Whisper that gives Hope to and for the Hopeless.

We are impulsive.
Quick to judge.
Quick to hate.
Quick to love.
Quick to hate.

We are rebellious.
Never bending to their rules.
Never complying with ourselves.
Never complying with others.
Never understanding why.
Never understanding why we are rebellious.

We are belligerent.
Loud.
Annoying.
Voicing our opinions whether right or wrong.
Using ourselves as an object to dismantle everything around us.

They are compelling.
Persuasive.
Almost lovable.
Gentle.
Gripping; wondrous. A Mystery to us.

They are a document.
A collection of everything.
A Page of knowledge.
A Sea of lies.
A Sea of nothing and something.

There is a doctrine.
It tells of what we can do.
Of what we can’t do.
Of whom we are.
Why we are.
Why we do.

This is our Initiative.
To be.
Or not to be.
To love or to hate.
To smile or laugh.

We are trying to find our itinerary.
Where we belong.
How we belong.
Where to go.
Who to go to.

All of us have lost our levity.
Our joy. Peace. Happiness. Sanity.

We have moments. Of vanity mainly.
We have…something.
We have borrowed time.

Now we levitate.
Over what is a mystery.
We hang in the suspense of waiting.
We live in the hopes of everything.

We know we have borrowed time.
We know how short life is.
Yet we continue to do this to ourselves.
To wish and to hope and to love.
Some of us finding it only because of luck.

Some of us not being that lucky.
Some of us just hoping to stay a drift until our last moments.
All of us not realizing that we have borrowed time.

None of us watching as the stars of God collide or as a single song whispers hope to and for the hopeless. None of us truly understanding the real definition of love, courage, hate, disdain, flattery ad etc. But maybe its better we don't.

Vanessa Kingsley

Breathe

Two miles to go before I run out of sanity
2 hours left until I'm ready to scream
I'm not that pretty little apple
I'm that odd shaped leaf
4 whole years since I've seen you smile at me
All you did was simply cross a f*cking street
Can't stand the fact that you are away from me
Another song comes on
I almost thought I'd forgotten you
Made myself think
You were still alive
So it stung when I watched you with my own eyes
Disappear
2 miles to go before I finally let loose
2 hours till I get to look out my window
And watch the rain
I need to breathe
breathe breathe
but i can't see
see see
I need to sleep
sleep sleep
I'm not crazy
2 whole minutes before i pull myself together
I will myself
And think of something clever
I'm ok
Don't know why I showed this pain
I'm ok
I am right as rain
So i breathe breathe beathe breathe breath
And i see see see see see
You arent me
no no no no
So let me be be be be be

Vanessa Kingsley

Butterflies

Underneath a tree I sit
Warm death cascades from the branches
Orange, red, brown, yellow
Colorful wings blend in
Swirling and twirling
Black dots invading the orange
Up in the sky black wings soar
Gliding gracefully
The bat
The butterfly without a soul
I sit and stare at the two
Butterflies
Bats
Crisscrossing each other in the death of spring
Blood spills around me as the two escape
Moving the blood of spring and warms days

Vanessa Kingsley

By Myself

Sun sparkles and shines on the green jade leaves that look like gems. I'm left alone inside and I'm by myself.
No one looks for me
No one cares
No one sees me
Because no one dares
No one knows me because talk is cheap
Life is just a lie
Like out TV
I'm by myself
Just one alone
The world keeps spinning
On its own
If you cared
You'd read this too
But it'll be too late
Because it can't be soon
I’m left to rot
I’m left to die
Now you wish, you said goodbye
But sadly, you didn't
Because you didn't care
My body lay in a ditch somewhere
I screamed and cried
I kicked and thrashed
No one called me
No one asked
I’m not okay
I’m in the dark
Next time I'll know
To save my heart
From all the pain
And loneliness
I thought about it more than once
My heart has stopped
Its now a bust
And you still read
On and on
You still haven't called
I'm on my own
The sun is out
Go play right now
Before your life
Is smothered out
No you don't care
Because if you did
I’d be alive
Instead of in that ditch

Vanessa Kingsley

Candles

Little angel of mine
I can see the twinkle in your eyes
Listen to the gentle whispers
Can you hear the leaves swaying in the trees
Or the water singing?
Gently cooing of the midnight sky
The stars twinkle calmly
A tiny dance of light
Oh, little angles close your eyes
The autumn leaves have fallen
Landing swiftly on the ground
Silver flames light up the night
Liquid gems sparkle on the emerald grass
Candle light illuminates the mystical scene
A magickal night
Created for you
Created by you
Find images throughout the darkening moon
Blow out the candles
And dream something new

Vanessa Kingsley

Chasing the Wind

He said it was pointless
Pointless
Pointless

But I'll keep chasing
If there's hope
That I may catch it
Become one with it
Fading away
Watching you chase me
Unable to touch me

I play a pointless game
Dance a never ending dance
Step by step
Move by move
I try
Try
Try

I keep trying to no avail
Vain attempts at catching the wind
Vain attempts at following
A path that's long disappeared

He said it was pointless
Pointless
Pointless

But if you try
Try
Try
It will all pay off

It has to pay off
It has to be worth something
It can't
Just
Be
Pointless

If I do everything in the same style
If I write clearly
Easily
Simply

They'll all understand
Notice me
See me
And I will catch the wind
My path will come back

You won’t have to chase me
I won’t fade

But I know how this will end
This ‘princess’ will not be saved
This ‘princess’’ will be gone
Forgotten

Because she didn’t listen
To the pointless
Pointless
Pointless
Warnings

Vanessa Kingsley

Child's Play

He loves me
He loves me not
I hope that isn't so.
He loved me
when the days were hot
I remember watching him go
I love him
I love him not
My heart knows how it feels
It knows the love
It knows the nots
It knows if it is real
Ring around the little games
A pocket full of songs
Ring around the happy years
A pocket full of laughs
Flowers and warm grasses; remember that clear blue sky?
Rememeber how we fell and tumbled our way through the times
Candy and stories to frighten our nights
We fell into each other, laughing with all our might
I remember him
Does he remember me?
A best friend whom I knew was always there for me
I miss him
Does he miss me
I guess I'm still hoping for childish things
I loved him
He loved me
Together we cried and said comforting things.
He loved me
And I loved him
But now that I think; our love was dim.
So I'll sit here and smile
Writing his name
Remembering when we had our Child's Play

Vanessa Kingsley

Chocolate High

Skin against skin
The world seems to only be confined,
To the sensuous tendencies we will find
Cinnamon kisses tingle the lips
Senses heightened
The sky is brightened significantly
Can’t you feel the air start to shake
Something more than physical
More than emotional
Amazingly tangible
An aroma so tantalizing
Reaching another high
Flavors exploding deliciously
Sweeter than sugar
Such a chocolate high
The world passes by
Golden drops of honey
Coat the mind like dewdrops
Skin against fine skin
The best type of silk
Foreign spices take control
Another world starts to unfold
Better than a new surprise
Welcome to a chocolate high
Cinnamon kisses tingle lips
A new disguise
A better twist

Vanessa Kingsley

Clear Sky Cluttered Heart

Such a beautiful breezy day
Birds sing away
Clear and bright
A different kind of light
Inside I'm not there
Looking into a world that isn't mine
No sense in crying
But what else can I do
I was never truly whole
The one day it all seemed to make sense
Why such a clear sky?
With such a cluttered heart
Why a few moments of happiness?
Just to have it ripped it apart
Tears hit the page
Yet a smile lightens my face
So numb and nauseous
So confused and tired
I can't eat or sleep
Think or drink
Be careful with a rose
Its thorns will make you bleed
I'd rather have the cuts and scars
Than just be allowed to see
I'd rather feel the pain right now
Than have felt nothing at all
I won't pretend it doesn't hurt
But I'll smile and go on
Nothing much I can do
In my mind I still say I love you
I have to lock it all away
Even though the memories will escape
How can I possibly regret a beautiful thing?
It was like the song a bird would sing
Strange how it ended to soon
Sad, on the terms too
Never regret anything in your life
This I surely don't
I played with fire
And I got burned
It is all a lesson learned
But I'd do it all again
Oh, why, why, why?
Why would they give me such a clear sky
When they knew that I would cry
A broken cluttered heart
Left to fix itself
Time heals all wounds
After it lets them fester
No one said the tears were sad
I lost something I should've never had…
The sky is turning dark

The air is turning cooler
Above the moon shines
And inside we both remember.

Vanessa Kingsley

Cloudy Skies

Yesterday’s colour
Faded to gray
It looks like
Rain is on its way
Yesterday’s memories
Replay like a broken CD
In the end however
It all looks good to me
Life is cheap
Bittersweet
It tastes good to me
Missing you
There’s nothing I can do
But wait for a fitful sleep
Dreams of late nights
And peaceful closed eyes
Is all I can see
I wonder where you are
How’d you get so far
From what we used to be
Gentle caresses
Against my skin
Eyes wide shut
Remain unopened
What I’d give to have
Another token
Cloudy skies feel just right
Because if it were clear
Then there’d never be a fight
Gentle clouds of gray
Wash away the sorrow
I may not like
What I see tomorrow
In the end I know
I’ll always have your hear
And you will have mine
Until the end of time
As long as I can take refuge
In cloudy skies

Vanessa Kingsley

Compostion

The chandelier hangs above the polished ballroom
Figures in costumes and masks clutter the floor
Laughter pings against the sparkling walls
I stand in the middle
Faking a smile
Choking on a laugh
The champagne is too sweet
The mood too happy
Every movement in perfect synchronization
Beware the wolf in sheep’s clothing
Watch your back among your friends
Black velvet curtains open up our show
Candles set the ambiance
They give out a certain glow
The clack of heels against a polished wood floor
Taps a lever inside the soul
Eyes strain against the colors
For a distinguished movement
Piano speeches illuminate the air
Silver bells of sound
Against the drums of a loud, hushed silence
Don’t fall in love
With the seductive mystery
Dancing with the actors
Trying to change the scene
They’ve memorized their lines
You’re only meant to dream
Don’t fall in love with the final act
Only mingle with the unknown

Vanessa Kingsley

Correcting Chaos

Dormant with a grimace set in stone on her face, she looked down upon the world.
Never in her time had she seen such colossal disorder. Such hatred.
It was not to her liking though.
The human mind was so…cumbersome to her.
Sick.
Twisted.
Extreme.
Yes. She liked that but they'd always do the right thing.
And they could be so…so…efficient at times.
Working together.
Smiling.
Laughing.
And if she were to be so unlucky….kissing in love.
She was supposed to advocate insanity and though here it was.
It withered away and died.
An old rose left in the sun without water.
The dank abyss of what the human being was capable of needed to be augmented.
And so, completely coherent, the Goddess decided to avenge her rightful place.
Waving her hand across the scene, plucked a string from the world, and with a contented sigh sat back and watched the world unravel.

Vanessa Kingsley

Could It Happen to Me

I stare and read
Words unsaid
Words unread
And wonder…
Could it happen to me?
Happy faces
Joyful laughs
Iridescent love
I keep wondering…
Could it happen to me?
I guess I'm pretty
I guess I'm smart
I just have trouble
With my heart

So tell me…
Could it happen to me?
Will it happen to me?
I stand in my tower
Looking out the window
Seeing the world through
Tiny eyes

And I hope…
That it could happen to me.

Vanessa Kingsley

Cries of Life pt 1

Cries of Life Pt 1

Teardrops shimmer in the sunlight.
Fiery blue and hot.
My heart aches from the fight.
Pained, tortured, at the very thought.

A sky above is orange and pink.
Swirling with opaque clouds.
I try hard not to think.
Because the thought of you is a dark shroud.

Raindrops fall, slowly at first.
Cold, random, and soothing.
Eyes, red and sore, longing for a thirst of love I can not ignore.

Trees of emerald green and withered grass sway.
A breeze cold as ice whips around me.
Secrets and lies of the coming day battering down on me forever.
Never able to flee them fully. Completely.

Leaves of black and white. Yellow and gold.
People of hate and love. Sarcasm and confusion.
A world I do not understand. A world that still unfolds.

Hardening is my heart that always seemed open and hurt with fresh wounds.
Closed is the pathway of love which I allowed myself to feel.
In vain my tears go unheard for miles. Though you stand beside me and take no notice.
Away my mind. My soul. My everything, leaves this world behind for something new.
Something different.

Emotions forgotten. Sentences misinterpreted. A love that was so real it was fake.
Mind and thoughts in turmoil.
Life is worth living. Life is worth dying. Life is worth everything and nothing.
Burdens hanging over you; unfurling around you're, our, heads.

Spinning and colliding with a force unknown. A force that's powerful.
Twisting and turning in this oh so familiar kaleidoscope.
Screaming and weeping. Caring and teaching. Holding and hurting. Loving and hating.
Head banging. Noises clanging.

Gun shots. Knife slashes. Car screeches. Siren screams. Exploding feelings. Lives lost.
Loss for words. Words unspoken. A lifetime of regret. A second of everything
Full moon rises. Then disappears. Stars that glitter than fade and die.
Blood crimson red turns to dark purple. Roses fairer than God wither and die.

Ignored
Unloved. Confused. Hurt. Sad. Angry. Peaceful. Too many to count. Too many to care.

*To those of you who I've lost, those of you who have lost, and just...everyone. R.I.P

(love you and miss you)

Vanessa Kingsley

Cryptic Illusions, Delusions

Appeased and happy to have let it go. Gingerly, the truth and the lie float to the ground to be trampled upon and the stirred into the air once more. Only this time…we’re appalled to find we cannot distinguish between the lie and the truth. Somehow they’ve become mixed together. Neither truly making sense. We create these worlds and they become part of our chattel. A part of who we are so that we may escape the pogrom of which we call life; of which we call reality.
Stupidly, we try to enjoy the zeal of our fantasy. Our delusion. Conspicuously, we fortify that dream, that fake illusion.

Unabashed, we live as if it’s real. We live ostentatiously in a world that is not a world but rather a collaboration of different ideas and thoughts and delusions. So perhaps that is the real world? A world where reality doesn’t really exist. The only thing that exists is what we speak and write and think and express. The only thing that exists is what we believe exist. Sure we may be lying to ourselves, confusing and twisting the truth into a lie or a lie into the truth. But in the end…it exists. Right?

Vanessa Kingsley

Cynic With Love

Bias
Every word you say
Every thought you think
Every time you breathe
This ballad is so ridiculous
Your affections and love will wear thin
Those songs and poems so cliché
If only you could see it.
Write me an epic sonnet
To be remembered even when my soul has
Fluttered away
Into an abyss that you cannot reach
Use propaganda to advertise these stupid lies
When you see your love for me is singing gaily
All I hear is a personification
You'll tire of me soon.
Give me a limerick
No not that place in Ireland
But that one where everything is the same
As it fades-the lion's mane possesses fame
And soon I forget my name
Before it all becomes quite ridiculous and fun
So that all you feel is a warm sun
That would be a couplet
Then my heart goes BOOM, BANG, and CRASH
Ignorant onomatopoeia
Fighting for life so it'll stop dying
Over your ridiculous sonnets and limericks and propaganda and personifications
Sigh
Why are your loose lips so inspiring
And heart stopping
And you won't stop till somebody calls the cop
And even then you'll start again and just pretend
Like nothing ever happened
You'll say a meter and
then my heart will teeter
On the edge
Of giving into your enticing little happy love notes
No this is not a meter nothing is quite fitting correctly
But if you listen to a song
Then you just might get it
Well really only half of it because it wasn't supposed to be this
It wasn't supposed to go along with the song at the very end
And I'm running out of time your words are confusing
And hurting my mind
So we won't stop until somebody calls the cops and even then we'll start again and just pretend that nothing ever happened.

(some of this came from-and was inspired by-Loose Lips by Kimya Dawson)

Vanessa Kingsley

Dead and Alive

Head bangs I try screaming but nothing comes out
I see everything but blackness covers everything
Knowing everything
Knowing nothing
I can’t breathe
My lungs are being crushed
The lights are growing dim
Shouldn’t they be bright?
Why
Why
Why
The question pounds in my head
Strings play my life away
Who is screaming
Is that me
Why
Why
Why
When will I wake up
Will I ever be the same
It feels like someone is doing something
Something up there in my brain
Is this hell or heaven or Earth
I’ve felt pain since my birth
Who is screaming tell me please
Because I feel nothing inside of me
When does the road finally end
Will it continue going on forever
December chills
Linger in the August air
Why am I so cold
Keys of love
Sing throughout the land
Is the death or is this birth
Can you understand
14 hours of straight sleep
Only 3 in the past week
Is this here or somewhere else
The World is being unkind
New York City lies in Russia
China lives in Somalia
In every way I’ve lost my mind
Yet I’m more sane then you
Is this when it all comes together?
Before death
Before birth
The secrets of the universe are opened up
The mind cannot give up
Knowledge cracks and fills our minds
So much info in such little time
Are thee ready to move on
Singing something of a Shakespearian song

Fire lullabies are song
Watery graves become undone
Airy truths permeate the air
I wonder what the Earth will bear
Blood and toil
Sweat and Tears
The fruit of the land
The pain of the years
Secret trees whisper tales
Fireflies light the path
You stumble over the mass
That has become human ruin
I am living all alone
In this desolate place
Paradise and living Hell
Nights that freeze the air
Days that melt your face
Evenings as wild as the things you chase
Drive into madness
Or maybe back into sanity
Maybe Cannabis is healthy
Releasing us of the mind
We can explore through the times
No more sorrow no more pain
The future brings a certain rain
Stories told
Myths unfold
Into the quiet day.
Head bangs I try screaming but nothing comes out
I see everything but white covers everything
Knowing everything
Knowing nothing
I can breathe
My lungs are being crushed
The lights are growing bright
Shouldn’t they be dim?
Why
Why
Why
The question pounds in my head
Strings play my life anew
Who is screaming
Is that you
Why
Why
Why
When will you wake up
Will we ever be the same
It feels like someone is doing something
Something up there in our domain
Is this hell or heaven or Earth
I’ve felt pain since my birth

Who is screaming tell me please
Because I feel nothing inside of me
When does the road finally end
Will it continue going on forever
December chills
Linger in the August air
Why am I so warm
Why
Why
 why

Vanessa Kingsley

Death of the Sun Birth of the Moon

The road I'm on, it feels like hell
They that means I'm doing well
Black velvet dreams of nightmare thoughts
Have left us tangled and distraught
Silver bullets leave their marks
Broken hearts tear apart
Pink razors slices across the sun
It's essence colors the sky
Blue turned purple
White turned gray
Pink goes red
And so fades the light of day
Out goes the sun
On comes the moon
It peers into the gloomy gloom

Vanessa Kingsley

Decide to Hesitate

Just a quote
Slowly pick the flower petals
Watch them flutter to the ground
Only to be picked up by the wind…

Broken and cold against the starlit night
Flames from a fire barely bringing warmth
Such a silly girl
Such a foolish heart

Tired and exhausted
The game of love is an ever-changing one
Love me…love me…love me
Forget me…forget me…forget me

Naïve little heart that jumped into a sea
Again it forgot it could not swim and now look at me
Set once more to rescue the babe as it struggles to survive
Long ago I detached myself so I could live my life

Yet here it is
Sound in my chest
Causing emotion that I know I am over
Yet here it is jumping again

Frustrated mind that screams in agony
The logic of that heart is not right at all
It breaks the body down and slowly I must repair it
It will try to swim and stay afloat, knowing that it can't

Two ways to go
One choice to make
Should I try and stay afloat and swim?
Or keep safe at the shoreline and walk away

Listen to logic and reason
Or follow your instincts that have proven fatal time and time again

Vanessa Kingsley

Denial

Denial

Look in the my eyes and you'll see nothing's wrong
Look at my smile and think I'm a happy girl
Observe my past and feel suspicion
Read my words and feel the pain
Dismiss any hints or clues
Clear your mind of and doubts
I smiled
I'm happy
Nothing is wrong

Look into the mirror
I can fool myself
Hide the weakness
Now it doesn't exist
Reread my words
I was simply bored
Nothing is wrong
Nothing is wrong
Nothing. Is. Wrong

Alone with our thoughts
We try to escape them
But locked in a room surrounded by truth…
You can't run
You can't hide
There is nothing to be done
Something is wrong
Something is wrong
Something is wrong

No there isn't

Vanessa Kingsley

Denying it All

Retreat as far into yourself as you can go.
You can’t hide the truth from yourself.
Delude yourself with denials and lies.
But in your heart you know the truth.

Hide behind the flimsy curtain of your world.
But you cannot block out the sounds of the living.
Close your eyes but the wreckage is still there.
The remains of your life.

Yes; you built your world up again and it tumbled down.
Build it up again.
Yes; it will hurt.
But in the end what else is there to do?

Distract yourself from the pain.

Vanessa Kingsley

Don't Be Mad

Please don’t be mad at me
Please show me you acre
Why are you mad at me?
I’m trying to fix things
You hate me though?
Why?
Please don’t go away?
You’re the closest thing I have to a friend
But you don’t need me
Why do I need you?
Maybe I don’t.
Just….
Don’t be mad.
I did nothing.

Vanessa Kingsley

Dreaming: Death's Ball

Engulfed in a dark shroud
Left to find your way through the tunnel
You're never alone, and yet here you stand

Engulfed in a world so unfamiliar
Forced to play a sick and twisted game
The chess game of life

Every move you make is crucial
Every move you make, regardless, leads you closer to death
An intricate dance you are forced to participate in

Alluring and forbidden is the dance of Death
Fight his temptation but you will give in
So then you find yourself forever locked in his embrace

Surrounded by the shadows and darkness
The lies are discovered
Truth is told

Struggle to swim back to your place
Choking back the tears, panic, and fear
Sounds and sights blurring your vision

You can't scream
Why would you anyway?
The cries fall upon deaf ears

Your limbs grow tire and heavy
Why fight?
Nothing in that world is for you

The gentle touch of Death and the excitement of his dance is but a dream away

With him the pain, hurt, lies are gone
Close your eyes
And sink

Slowly the murky waters of life consume you
Dragging you closer to Death's intricate tango once more
Fall into the steps so easily

Then, open your eyes
Engulfed in darkness
Clothes stuck to your body

Stare into the impenetrable darkness
To see your death
You have to see another’s

Witness to the game of chess life is
Witness the energy of Death's dance

Witness the sorrow

Consumed by your own heart
Swaddled in the embrace of your memories
Hold yourself together

Quiet the sobs
Reprimand the tears
Force air into your lungs

To witness death is not a life experience
To feel the embraces of the contents of Pandora's Box is painful
Keeping it locked inside from everyone is excruciating

Let no one know
Let no one see
There are some secrets that should never be exposed

Consumed by exhaustion close your eyes and drift
Even in your dreams the taste of it all lingers
A light fog

Engulfed in the darkness of truth
You're left to find your way through the tunnel
Left to piece your life back together

Vanessa Kingsley

Echoes

I don't know if You can hear me
Or if You're even there
I don't know if you would listen to the words I bear
The nights are cold
And days are long
I cannot hear the birds' playful song.
This place is shrouded
In secrets and fear
I wonder if you're here
Outside the leaves turn brown and fall
They pile up outside the walls
I walk the shadows in dark
In the light I roam the park
Two different worlds
In one small place
So many dreams that have been chased

Vanessa Kingsley

Emerald

whisper little birdie
tell me what you know
tell me what you know
tell me what you know
whisper little birdie
Tell me the secrets
Tell me the lies
Whisper in my ear tonight
Whisper
Whisper
Whisper in my ear

Vanessa Kingsley

Emergency Room (pt 1)

One too many pills popped
One cut I made too deep
One more meal I couldn't eat
One more night I couldn't sleep
One too many movies watched
I guess my clock has finally stopped
I'm just waiting for my sandglass to be broken
So many bright white lights
Noises far and distant
faces blurry from my tears?
Or the medication
I feel my body trembling hard
Now I'm starting to see stars
Before I couldn't remember
Then before the dark took me
I knew why I'm on this stretcher
I couldn't deal with anything

Vanessa Kingsley

Emergency Room (pt 2)

Soft beeps woke me to a world
I do not know
Something inside of me stirs restlessly
Nothing is truly entering my mind
Except I've left something behind
And I feel more than wrong
Looking around, tears threaten to spill out
What have I done now?
Like a wave you're not aware of
Images hit me hard
Days, weeks, months, years
Float by like bright stars
Tears I've cried
Times I've died
Render me hopelessly lost
To the pain again
I have no regrets
About any of this
I've cried
I've tried
I've carried on
I've lied
I've died
And moved on
I've forgiven too many times
I've bought so many lies
I've talked
And preached
And tried to help out
Yet I'm the one who's turned inside out
You never know what you have until it's gone
I've been gone for so long
You've been just fine
Before darkness consume me once again
An image of a friend
Knocks me down

Vanessa Kingsley

Enchanting: Flames

Fire lights up the darkened sky
Exotic and forbidden
A hot Indian summer
Illuminating the mysterious peace of night
Wild and free
Pure desire pulsing and living
Destroying and creating a fantastical beast
Enraged and calm
It consumes
Heightens senses
Skin prickling with anticipation
Anxious for this lust of freedom
Cascading down walls of sin
Slowly the power
Dies away
Smoldering and hot
It waits
For lust
Power
Desire
Drive
To claim its place against the night sky

Vanessa Kingsley

Enchanting: Waves

Relentless and forgiving
Colors change and swirl
A kaleidoscope of images
Completely new
Different in every way
Rolling and crashing against itself
So many frothy white tips
Making the water clouded from sight
Then, resting
Peaceful
Only a gentle rumble
Soothing and loving remains
Blue0green and clear
Look beneath the glass surface
Multitudes of phenomenon
Swim back and forth
Being driven by the pull of the tides
Driven by the moon’s glow

Vanessa Kingsley

Engulfed

Engulfed in a dark shroud
Left to find your way through the tunnel
You're never alone, and yet here you stand

Engulfed in a world so unfamiliar
Forced to play a sick and twisted game
The chess game of life

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You can't scream
Why would you anyway?
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A light fog

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You're left to find your way through the tunnel
Left to piece your life back together

Vanessa Kingsley

Entertaining Torture

Such entertaining faerytales
Such enthralling fantasies

I humor myself with stories of you and me
I humor myself with the make believe

I know how you feel
Do you know about me?
I doubt it.

Such entertaining daydreams.
Such enthralling hopes.

I don’t fall.
I simply hover in the air.
Waiting for the signal to let go
Waiting for someone to be there

Laughing with you is fun
Talking with you is fun
There are no mixed signals
I just read too much

One too many romance novels
A love story watched so much

I taunt myself with thoughts of you and me
I taunt myself with ‘maybe’
‘Almost’

Because almost always makes everything better
Doesn’t it?
Please say it does.
Please…

Please

Vanessa Kingsley

Expectations

I didn't want a bouquet of roses
Jewelry
Or box of chocolates
I didn't want a romantic evening
Because with, you I'd be fine
But I at least wanted a phone call
Yo didn't have to buy a card
You didn't have to write a poem saying how in love you are
I at least wanted a message
Internet or otherwise
But maybe your 'I love you's'
Were just a bunch a lies
Honestly, I'm not hurt
Or mad
Or disappointed
Honestly, I knew you wouldn't
Call or message at all
Honestly, I thought you'd prove me wrong.
I thought you'd say those words to me
But then I laughed at the thought and how silly it would be
I hoped that you would prove me wrong
But even when we met I knew
That you wouldn't be the one
I never brought the subject up
Or dropp those annoying clues
I did what I always have
And left it up to you
I didn't ask for candy
Or a moonlit night
I didn't ask for flowers
Or for you to spend the night
I didn't ask for anything
I thought a message I might get
But, sadly, I got nothing
The same as every year
I should've never started hoping
Even if the hope was small
Especially if I had to ask
For you to at least call.
To show that you loved me at all.

Vanessa Kingsley

Fading

When the lines start to shimmer
I’m left choking back my weaknesses
Teetering on the edge of an unrequited object
Nothing seems real anymore
I see my life as the proverbial twisted gnarled tree
The one that has a beauty of its own
But is hardly noticed
Left to wither and die
My Time is an hour glass
Only it’s being flipped over and over
Instead of being left alone

Vanessa Kingsley

Fading and Changing

It seems the stars have lost their luster.
They don’t sparkle and twinkle like they used to.
The moon has dulled and hardly lights the way,
Hardly holds the same magic.

It seems the sun is not so bright.
The warmth is had is gone or light.
The clear blue sky is vague and dark.
The clouds are not white and fluffy.

The flame of life seems to be fading.
The flicker a dull throb and not as inviting.
Nothing is that exciting.
Nothing is that unexpected. All planned.

People seem more and more alike.
Love seems more and more fake.
Fate and Destiny feel as if they’ve disappeared.
The world no longer seems to spin.

Evil seems better than Good.
Nothing really that questionable.
Truth has warped into lie.
Lies more comforting as always.

Reality stranger than fiction.
Fiction taking replace of reality.
Order becoming chaos.
Chaos organizing into more chaos.

A mind gone oblivious.
Oblivion claiming more of us.
Insanity becoming clearer.
Sanity cast away.

Vanessa Kingsley

Fair Thee Well

Standing on the sidewalk
The scene is like a movie

Dark clouds; rain clouds
Gray, depressing scene

The melancholy tune of a bird echoes through the recesses of the world
Still and silent

Fair thee well
Fair thee well

Words, of course, are lost on the breath of the wind
Carried, unknowingly, across space and time

The closing of one chapter
Doesn’t mean the beginning of another

One walks away
The other unreachable through the shock of it all

Fair thee well
Fair thee well

Already gone before it all started to play out
Already gone before real pain could sent in

Solemn musical notes seem to drift in and out of the trees
The smile slowly fading away

The thunder rumbles and the downpour begins
A classic Hollywood movie

Fair thee well
Fair thee well

Words that flutter on the wind
Lost forever

Will mean nothing now
Will mean nothing later

Never to meet again
Never to feel it again

Fair thee well
Fair thee well

Soaked and unhappy
The melancholy song of the bird is ceased

Replaced in its wake is silence

Not tangible like most silences

It’s just there
A thing filling up the empty spaces

Fair thee well
Fair thee well

The downpour grows more violent
The sky a violent purple-black

The goodbye drowned in the darkened rain
The feelings washed away into the storm drains

Rushing down the street relentlessly
It carries the heart that was already gone

It carries the fair the wells’ of the heart
The fair thee well

So alone and dismayed
A figure in the rain

Everything close to their heart simply
Washed away

Quietly whispered
Strong and heavy

The wind cannot take it away
The mouth moves barely enough

We would not have heard it

“Fair thee well”

Vanessa Kingsley

Falling

If you don’t cry or feel pain you haven’t fallen.
If you’re laughing and joking then the pain isn’t there.

As you’re falling through time, space, life; waiting for that person to catch you…
Are you ever apprehensive?

Do you ever try and slow your stop?
Try and make it hurt a little less in case they’re not there waiting.

So you’re falling.
Falling

Falling
Falling

Perhaps you took to long.
Or fell the wrong way.

So you hit the ground.
And everything you missed as you were falling hits you as well.

But what happens when someone catches you.
It happens to fast.

We’re confused.
Incoherent about it all.

Then sometimes we fall.
Over and over and over again.

We can’t stop and it hurts after the first time.
Think about the 3rd and 5th time.

How can you love that many people?
Is it possible?

Maybe. But it’s never like the first one.
Your first love.

Some are lucky and after the first fall
We learn to float.

We learn to catch ourselves
To let people in….to a certain extent

Vanessa Kingsley

Feathers and Petals

The golden disk of light slowly fades away
Past the horizon and into the graves
Graves that are littered with flowers
And petals
A note to a loved one hides beneath
A rock that keeps it grounded
Somewhere in the cemetery, a little girl hangs a locket on a chain
Inside it holds a picture
Of her brother and sister

Vanessa Kingsley

Fighting Our Own War

Color
Race
It all comes into play in the war

Not Iraq
Not Afghanistan

Our war
When you can’t walk out your front door

When you need to protect your own
When you’re in the family

You’re in
No turning back

Running from the problems in your life
Peace of mind kept by a piece of steel

Is fear respect?
Is respect fear?

This our war
Our way

Hustle to have a place to sleep
Kill so you can walk the streets
Run so you won’t be caught

We never said we liked it
Never said we wanted it

You’re drafted
There is no choice

You’re in
Or out

Or dead

This is our war
We fight everyday
This is out war
And we will survive by any means necessary
Looking at the engraved words
Etched in stone

We fight for this
We fight for them

Don’t pretend to care
Be honest

Everyday we fight
Everyday we grow tired

You don’t know what its like
Instead of chastising us

Help us
This is a war…

Vanessa Kingsley

Fighting to Stay Alive

So delirious, her mind is unwinding and she doesn't know it.
Watch her eyes smolder as the drugs consume her body.
Supposedly, they will stop the visions that keep coming.
Wistfully she dreams of childhood memories and the haven of naivety.
Recurring dreams are keeping her from the conformity of a world she knows nothing about.
Under siege, her body fights to stay alive and dream its provocative dreams.
They come unceasing; pounding, screaming, yet her mind's still blocked.
They try to enter but they cannot break her crafty lock.
She wants to get better wants be normal but she doesn't know how.
She wants to be acquitted from this hell but it won't let her out.
The boozehound in her soul is drinking up the liquid gold.
Not man's liquor but another type all together.
Trying to divert the instincts in her screaming to get out, she shuts her eyes and bears the weather.
Fighting hell and heaven isn't something that is easy.
Fighting truth and lies is something that can be deceiving.
No one listens.
No one can reach out and give her what she needs.
They think they know what's best but they're the ones that caused her disease.
Nothing was broken.
So nothing needed fixed, but now she's torn to pieces.
Left to scramble and hurry before time runs out.
Time goes faster and faster she knows she cannot win.
Fighting heaven and hell will be the thing to do her in.
She wants to go to heaven wants to be safe from people like you.
She wants to go to sleep and never wake up so it will all be through.

Vanessa Kingsley

Finally

Near to summer in this town
Feels like autumn right here
On a bench in an active park
Heartbroken and feeling alone
Time unknown
The sun casts its rays on opposite trees
A hill of sparkling hues
Birds sing their melodies
The drone of people somehow audible
On a bench in the shade
An owl hoots above my head?
Or another bird I do not know
City sings sweetly in my ear
Taking me away to another time
Another place
Behind me a flowing creek
Soothing; it heals a part of me
So much anger and pain I hold inside
Suddenly
Washed away
The water a brownish-green
Storms all week

Vanessa Kingsley

First Kiss

Heart don’t fail me now
I know we can make it
Try to relax
Beat easily

Courage don’t desert me
Keep my legs from running
Hold strong
Please see me through

Eyes keep from wandering
Brain, please cease your talking
Lips pull him closer now
I am speechless, don’t you know

Lungs remember rhythm
I feel light and dizzy
At least he’s here to catch my fall

I never thought that this
Could be my first kiss
I never believed
In you
But now a dream’s come true

I’ve read so many times
But love was never mine
Though now I see the truth
My heart belongs to you
Too bad my alarm clock
Woke me up

Vanessa Kingsley

Fool in Love

Just a quote
Slowly pick the flower petals
Watch them flutter to the ground
Only to be picked up by the wind…

Broken and cold against the starlit night
Flames from a fire barely bringing warmth
Such a silly girl
Such a foolish heart

Tired and exhausted
The game of love is an ever-changing one
Love me…love me…love me
Forget me…forget me…forget me

Naïve little heart that jumped into a sea
Again it forgot it could not swim and now look at me
Set once more to rescue the babe as it struggles to survive
Long ago I detached myself so I could live my life

Yet here it is
Sound in my chest
Causing emotion that I know I am over
Yet here it is jumping again

Frustrated mind that screams in agony
The logic of that heart is not right at all
It breaks the body down and slowly I must repair it
It will try to swim and stay afloat, knowing that it can’t

Two ways to go
One choice to make
Should I try and stay afloat and swim?
Or keep safe at the shoreline and walk away

Listen to logic and reason
Or follow your instincts that have proven fatal time and time again

Vanessa Kingsley

For a Period of Time

Starbursts of flames light up the sky
For a period of time
Water runs cool and then turns blue
For a period of time
Then in the hourglass you see you’re world flash before your eyes
But only for a period of time

Your smiles are you tricks
But only till you start to run out
You know just how it fits
Until you start to fill it out
Then in the hourglass that sits in wait
Starts to help you paint
Paint a picture bright and clear
But only for a moment sooo dear.

The stars crash around you
But only for a period of time
The moon says she adores you
But she tells you lies
Then as the sun comes up and the sky turns bright
You don’t seem to notice that the whites of your eyes
Are gone
But only for a period of time.

You say you’re honestly ok
But only for a period of time
We see your mind drift into space
We fear it’s lost until you find what you can find
And then the hourglass cracks and the world is on its back once more
So while the sand pours on the ground you feel yourself slowly fading away

Starbursts of flames light up the sky
For a period of time
Water runs cool and then turns blue
For a period of time
Your heart stops its beating
Hopefully
For only a period of time

Vanessa Kingsley

Forgiveness

No matter how hurt I am
I'll always be able to understand
I'm not saying I don't feel hurt
But this could be so much worse
We knew this would end
Though you'll always be my friend
I'm not willing to throw that away
Things won't ever be the same
That is okay
Everyone has bridges
Here is ours
Just a little obstacle to get past
Maybe we can get past it?
I can.
Do you want to get past?
Even if you don't
I forgive you
But I think there was nothing to forgive.

Vanessa Kingsley

From My Heart to Yours

Would you do this to another?
Why do I get the feeling you wouldn’t?
Did I do something to you, you dislike?
Or maybe I didn’t do enough
Am I right?
Why am I apologizing to you?
Why do I feel sorry?
Shouldn’t you?
Please don’t lie anymore
Say how you feel
Please let it be real
So this puzzle can be complete
I don’t think you would do this to anyone else
I don’t feel you want me as a friend
I can’t find the right words to say
I am left fixing myself
Why aren’t you trying to help?
I don’t think you ever really cared.

Vanessa Kingsley

Gingerbread Man

Run run run
As fast as you can
But your legs will soon give out
Your resolve will become weary
Your body worn out

Cry cry cry
As long as you want
Though you'll soon make yourself sick
Hiccups will shudder through you
And you'll hear an incessant tick

Scream scream scream
As loud as you can
Do I have to explain this once more?
No one can hear you, no one will listen
Thay; d leave you lifeless on the floor

Forget forget forget
Or rather repress repress
Because you can only 'forget' so much
The confines of the mind are small
And we're captives in its clutch

So run run run
As fast as you can
Cry cry cry
As long as you want
Scream scream scream
As long as you can
Forget, repress, forget, repress, forget, repress again

Vanessa Kingsley

Give It Up

It may be a wonderful night for a moon dance
But her heart is breaking in two
A beautiful night for a moon dance
But she can’t stop thinking ‘bout you

She sits and she thinks to her sad self
She wishes the feelings would die
She knows your love is hopeless
She tried her best not to cry

The boy’s gone from her reach
On a level she can’t find
He disappeared without saying he was leaving
He disappeared without so much as goodbye

She prayed that forever wouldn’t be
She hoped in her heart for a while
Then she gave it all up
Because deep in her heart
She knew he wouldn’t walk so many miles

She knew she would walk so many miles

It’s a marvelous night for a moon dance
But she sits and she waits for a prince
Or a fellow that could soothe the aching
A guy that would make some sense

Oh a beautiful night for a moon dance
She just sits and picks at grass
It’s a magical night for a moon dance
And she’s given up at last.

Vanessa Kingsley

Go Ahead

They can say your name and show me pictures.
Bring up laughs and memories.
Quote lines you said and things you did
They can ask me questions and wonder
about how I'm doing.
They can be confused and try to figure it out.
You can think of me (and I doubt you do)
You may deliberate on what to say.
But I'll never be able to explain it to you.
I'll never be able to erase the thoughts.
What you've done to my life...
You've completely changed me.
Never can I look at life the same way
I can never make a comparison (without comparing you)
Forever I will doubt.
Forever you'll be the one.
You can read this.
But will you know its you I write about?
You can tell me, anything ad everything
But will it be true?
Because they can say your name and show me pictures
Bring up laughs and memories
Quote lines you said and things you did
But I'll never show you how I feel linside.
When I see your picture and look at your eyes.

Vanessa Kingsley

Goodbye

I will reminisce, and continue to cry
It was the right thing though
Saying goodbye
Never got a chance to tell you myself
But it still hurts like hell
I'm not acting ornery
Quite the opposite
The sides on which we fall
Are so majestic
No sense in being dumbfounded by it all
I had already answered the call
Soon I'll start to get impersonal
Again
I should've never felt anything more
My friend
Can I call you that?
Or are the ties completely severed now? [yes]
The profound defiance of my juvenile mind
Will always haunt me till the day I die
When I said stop
It went faster
Now look at this perfect disaster.
I winced as I chocked out the words
Though no one could hear me
I'm still aloof about it
But you can keep explaining
Maybe one day I'll comprehend
Till then….
I know what you'll say
I know what you feel
I know what you're thinking
Yes it's all real
Resignedly, please sign your name on the dotted line
You now have a purchase of borrowed time
Love is not an elite club
Enter if you choose
But at the end be ready to pay our dues
And take it from me
No beautiful prince will save you're innocence so gallantly
Say that word
Yes, goodbye, it will hurt inside
But soon the pain will fade away
Someday
Someway

Vanessa Kingsley

Happiness

written by my 9 year old sister. she came up to me and randomly recited it.

Happiness lies in our destiny. Like a cloud in the sky, begins the storm of tomorrow and destroys the dreams of yesterday and last week.

Vanessa Kingsley

Haunted

When the “pain” and “heartbreak” ended…I thought I was free. But I’m never free. When my dreams allow me to wander, I go to you. I lie awake in broken pieces, staring at the ceiling. Questions drown all parts of me leaving me exposed to the world. Everywhere I go, some trace if you can be found. Some miscellaneous item reminds me of you. Song lyrics and written sentiments seem to break my heart again. If it was ever truly whole.
Maybe what hurts me most is, I think of you and wander if you think of me. Knowing you’re not. Knowing you never will, accept by accident or something.

Vanessa Kingsley

Hesitation (2nd Time)

Three seconds like three years
Right now I don’t know how I feel
So mad
So hurt
So betrayed
What’s happening is so insane
Fool me once
Shame on you
Fool me twice
Shame on me
In the end I’m really to blame
I make excuses for you
I make excuses for him
I make excuses so I can keep playing pretend
You said you’d never hurt me
You know he said the same thing
So tell me why I’m crying
Your hesitation
Told me the whole truth
This is the 2nd time
I thought that you were –
You’re supposed to love another guy
Why’d you take mine a 2nd time?
A second time around
And nothing has changed
I will never be able to look at you the same
Trust has been broken
Our bond is disappearing
I am not fighting
You knew all along
So f*cking tired
So f*cking pissed
I can’t stand you two
At f*cking all
I don’t give a f*ck how you feel
Nothing you felt has ever been real
Lies and lies and lies I bought
Finally I saw through the smoke
I cannot do this any longer
Not the 2nd time around
Not the 2nd time around
NOT THE 2ND TIME AROUND!

Vanessa Kingsley

Hope

You could have a million dollars
Sitting in the palm of your hand
And still complain about something
And probably cry again
We always want more than what we have
Then when we get it we're not happy
I'm not saying we shouldn't complain
Because I know I do it too
Maybe we should take it down a notch
And just enjoy the view
Like when a bright day comes on shining through
We don't have to pay for laughing
Or singing our favorite tune
We all have at least one person
Who likes us pretty well
So instead of analyzing
We should enjoy the fairytale
Oh, suddenly your hopes and dreams
Have faded in the wind
You're mad at the world and trying to win
Really you should be happy
To have a voice to say anything
So maybe you should try speaking
About something good happening
Sickness over the land
Didn't we get over it once
Destruction at every turn
We should stop and try to converse
Death seems to loom closer
Be glad you had a chance to live
Because there's hope
We get up everyday
Hope it's better again
Because there's hope
We'll appreciate the little things
So we can help other people
They'll bring hope
Another reason to smile
A beautiful reason to laugh
A better thing to talk about
Now you have a million dollars
Take away something from this
And try to make a new start

(not the best poem but oh well)

Vanessa Kingsley

Hot, Cold, Numb…Gone

My blood pounds with a fiery passion for love, hate, desire. I can feel my heart pump for the satisfaction of letting go. Yes! There it is; an ocean of physical, mental, emotional, and psychological explosion, leaving my overheated and overworked body. It went from icy hot to scalding cold, leaving me numb. So very, very numb. Now my blood pounds with nothing. All emotion, all thought is gone. It’s floated away like a crow in the dark cold streets of London. Now I am that dark cold street. Hiding secrets, fear, and doubt. Horrors, blasphemy, hate, love, and passion. Yet I feel none of this. It is locked away deep inside the inner depths of my soul.

Vanessa Kingsley

How?

Somewhere down the road I lost my way
The bright colorful patches of autumn leaves disappeared
And in its place something new I can’t describe sprung up

So, like a fool I continue to walk the path
Turning back now would confuse me even more
Like a fool I somehow convince myself this is ok

Somewhere down the road I found myself crying
For nothing at all really
Just crying

I looked over my shoulder and could see the foliage
But, like the moon, it was farther than it looked
It wouldn’t merely be a sprint and I would be back in my safe haven

Somewhere down the road I was lead astray
Somehow I believed the lies
And ended up here

Somewhere through the depression and anger
Came someone new
Someone different

Naturally, I didn’t like them
Naturally, I wanted the old me back
Naturally, I came to terms with it

Somewhere down this road
I’ll fix it all

Somewhere down this road
I’ll make myself okay

Of I don’t fall for your lies again

Vanessa Kingsley

I Fell In Love to Fast

I seemed to get higher.
And higher.
And higher.

And as I grew higher.
And Higher.
And higher.

I tried to come back down.
Down.
Down.

But I couldn’t.
I was high above the clouds and loved it.
And then I remembered the law.

What goes up.
Up.
Up.

Must come down.
Down.
Down.

And so I started to fall down.
And I kept looking up.
And I searched for the middle.

I found it.
The middle.
And from there I slowed down.

I slowed down.
Down
Down.

And now I’m here
Safely on the ground.
But a little shaky.

Vanessa Kingsley

I Just Want You to Know… (Wings of Forgiveness)

Something's I've felt were not entirely correct
In the heat of the moment a person can feel regret
I won't apologize for what I went through
I do feel silly at what I thought about you
Reading back on the past I laugh to myself
So dramatic and in despair I couldn't see clearly
Now I can and it is beautiful
Flying high above the clouds
I let my soul go
Anguish and pain and hate and resentment
Is lost in the wind
I'm flying high on the Wings of Forgiveness
I just want you to know
I'm sorry for the pain that you've gone through
I just want you to know
I wasn't oblivious or mad at you (it was only 1 day)
I was so blind with me that I could not see
But now I can
I needed to forgive myself to forgive you
I'm hoping you can do that too
There is nothing you need to cry about right now
Dry your eyes
Try to smile
You will soon be out
Of that rut that has your head hung so low and down
Trust in me when I say true love can be found
No I never knew
But I think I will
And I feel for you
And I have sealed a deal
There is nothing that can keep me down for too long
The same goes for you if you'd sing a new song
So, I just want you to know
Tears of happiness can be shed
I didn't mean half of the things you've read
Hopefully the sun will shine down on you soon
You deserve the best in life
And you know it's true
I've been petty and self-centered I realize
I apologize for being so into that
But now my heart is open once more
I'm not scared to bleed
I just want you to know
I've forgiven me
I just want you to know
You have a friend in me.

Dedicated to my friend Brandee

Vanessa Kingsley

I Simply Don't Know Why

The feeling in my stomach makes me feel empty inside
Thoughts I do not understand keep running through my mind
Times I think I'll be ok
I end up mad and scared and hurt and end up fighting tears all day
Some things I'm not meant to understand
But the curiosity is killing me inside
I'll never be able to go back to how it was and it's making me sick
To know the hurt will always be there
And you'll be over it soon
I can't help but be more upset
I have to live with this pain
I have to have regret
You don't even care that much
I simply don't know why
All I know are tears
I simply don't know why
All I know is what I know

Vanessa Kingsley

Innocence

I’m not the girl I used to be
And that may be a good thing

I’m not girl you used to know
I left her outside in the snow

My mind’s been changed with silly things
My heart’s been changed by stupid dreams

I’m not the girl I used to be
I’ve lost my innocence

I laugh at dirty, perverted jokes
I’m the one who tells them most

I’m not that positive, I admit
I can’t find peace within this mix

I’ve lost my faith so many times
I keep asking the same question

Why
Why
Why

I’m not the girl I used to be
I’ve lost my innocence
Don’t you see?

My loss of innocence has condemned me
I can’t be rescued, this far out in sea

Just because
I’m not the girl
I
Used
To
Be

Vanessa Kingsley

Insane

Tick.
Tock.
Tick.
Tock.
The hands on the clock barely move.
The twitch and shudder but do not move.

Drip.
Drip.
Drip.
Drip.
The water hits the surface like a bomb.
Destroying. Disturbing. Chaos.

Pupils dialate. Mind spins. Sweat drips.
Calm. Still. Quiet.
The clock stops.
The drip stops.
It all stops.
Looking around for something.
Anything. A clock. A drip. A voice.

Cystal clear and easy to hear.
Loud as a gunshot. It is heard.
A voice. A word. A person.
Silence.
Silence.
Silence.

Again the voice cystal clear.
Turn around. They are there.
They are watching. Listening. Laughing.
Who is there?

No one.

Turn around. You are alone.
No.
Yes.

If you are alone.
Who do you hear? See?
If you are not alone.
Who watched? Laughs? Torments?

Turn around You are confused.
You see and yet the space is empty.
Turn Around! You are...

Tick.
Tock.
Tick.

Tock.

Drip.
Drip.
Drip.
Drip.

Silence.
Silence.
Silence.

Scream.
Cry.
Sigh.
Alone.

Vanessa Kingsley

Inspired By *Rebirth of Sick (Cool Like Dat) - Digable Plantes*

Drifting through the world in a dreamy haze
The notes a drink so smooth and enchanting
A new perspective of life colored in dark hues and light emotions
Creating a new generation of thinking
The music filling up the emptiness in your soul
Serenity and calmness enhancing senses
Redirecting your path
New and different
A change needed
No words to describe
Complete and legal; a drug that gets you high every time
Listen to the bass and the complex rhythms
Troubles gone; melted away
Sweet and addictive; honey in your tea
Speaking in a new tongue
Moving with a strange style
Inviting and appealing
Needing this to survive
No water
No food
Just the sensation of the melody flowing through you
Oh, this world is easier
Twisting and turning with blues and reds
You see the music in the air
Pulsing and thriving with the energy surging through you
Who needs anything else?
This is what it’s all about
Let yourself go
Release into the tone
Release into the melody
The music is your heartbeat
The music is you

Vanessa Kingsley

Invisible

A wall.
A clock.
The sky.
The trees.
You see them. You feel them.

Love.
Hatred.
Cowardice.
Adoration.
You don’t see them. You feel them.

Around you, people move. Life goes on.
Inside you. All has stopped. Nothing is left.
You cry out but no one turns around.
You scream and no one hears a sound.

Panicked. Unsure. In need.
You try to touch people.
Feel them. Make them feel you.
Nothing.

You wave.
You hit.
You try and try.
They don’t see you.

They can’t hear you.
They’ll never hear you.
Never see you.
Never want you.

I swim.
I try and stay above water.
You laugh and smile.
It’s not you.
Why get involved.
Why go through the trouble.

Suddenly.
You watch me give up.
You lose part of yourself.
Invisible.

You run through the crowds.
I drift sleepily.
You shout for someone.
I laugh feebly.

People move but do not see.
Again you scream. You scream.
They laugh as you swim.

You push and kick.

A movie. That’s how it is.
Surreal. Not right.
A dream. You can’t wake up.
The door. The surface. The light. That person.

You can never reach.

You keep pushing.
I watch unable to help.
But you don’t see me.
I’m still invisible.

At least these people watch.
They watch you struggle.
They see you.
Feel you.

Even when you looked down.
You didn’t see me. You looked at yourself.
You refused to help yourself.
I was invisible.
But you were blind.
You were nothing.

Yet they see you.
Feel you.
They couldn’t see me.
Feel me.

I was never there.
Yet I write.
Or maybe…
No.

The sun.
The moon.
The stars.
The sky.
You see them. Want them.

A person.
Beauty inside.
An unknown.
Life.

You see them. Dispose of them.
Hate them.
Don’t understand them.
Kill them.

But in the end.
It is invisible.
Because in the end.
You still only see yourself.

Vanessa Kingsley

Knowing

A ferocious premonition is released within me.
I cower under its ominous message.
Certainly nothing good can come of this.
Certainly all will fall when fate decides to deal her hand.

I cannot be optimistic when the truth swims before my eyes.
When the reality of it churns in my stomach and makes me cry out in pain.
If able to, I would relinquish my hold on this feeling and indulge in the bliss of ignorance.

The privation of this poignant inevitability is harder to endure than any torture man could dish out upon his fellow brothers.
Incorrigible as it all is, maybe I am wrong.
Maybe this…feeling is nothing.

Then again…maybe it’s everything.

Vanessa Kingsley

Leaving

All the same rules change
Everyone’s the same
Under cruel bright lights
I’m quieted
Forced to go on
I’m ready for them all to sleep
Head out in the middle of the night
Finally fly off and disappear
No one cared that much when I was here
Why should they, now that I’m gone?

Nothing will change
The same songs
The same holes
Fading into the cruel lights
Landing on the piano
Swallowing me in a ray of heat

Walking down the cold street
Summer could be here
And I wouldn’t feel the warmth
Little girl inside…
Don’t get lost
Though there’s nothing to follow
Nothing to hold onto
Keep on the path
Though it’s unable to be seen

I can hear you screaming
I feel you’re bleeding
We’re so close to being free
Under the shadows of the trees
It’s so hard to see
No matter, I need to get away
I need better days
I need to find someone new
Because I can’t hold onto you
I need to sing a new song
Because I’m tired of holding on
Ready to walk down this aisle
No bride
No groom
No smile
A dusty shadowed aisle

It’s time to go
Home
I think it’s time we show
Them that no matter what you say
I’ll still turn away
Because it’s all the same old tune

Little girl don’t get lost
I know the lights are bright
And it’s an unfamiliar song
Just somehow try and connect with me
Be careful that you don’t fuse with me
Slowly emerge
And fly like a bird
I think it’s time for us to leave
I think it’s time for them to see.

Vanessa Kingsley

Life is an Allusion

Life is an allusion.
She’s a wicked witch. He’s a nasty Grinch.
We can’t be placed into a genre.
We’re as unchanging as the seasons.
A basic simile.
The inference that we all make on a daily basis is not intelligent at all.
Completely different.
Everything we do is somehow a complete satire.
The opposite; almost like irony which we’re surrounded by everyday.
An incoherent, figurative language is spoken,
We never know what to say or do.
Is it literal or not.
Life is alliteration in the making.
Anxiously awaiting another annihilation announcing another abomination.
Life is assonance going on and on.
Slowly suppressing something sliding sullenly, sickeningly into our hearts.
The metaphors by which we live are incredulous.
She is the light in my sky.
He is the heart inside of me.
The idioms are even more surprising.
Jump off a bridge.
Take your bow.
But how we live by the hyperbole “Life is a never ending chess game”
Is the only thing that makes sense

Vanessa Kingsley

Like Every Other Year pt 1

Lightly caress the fancy invitation
Smile wistfully and supress a sigh

Smell the roses that came with the invite.
Place them in the crystal vase and set them by the window sill.

Walk up the stairs and run a hot bath.
Slip the pink-white liquid in with it.

Bubbles rise. A reminder of champagne that will later be had.
A scent that is comforting and foreboding as well.

Walk into my room and lie on my bed.
Stare at the ceiling singing along with the radio absentmindedly.

With ease, jump up and throw clothes onto the bed.
Wrap the towel around me and pick out the familiar ensemble.

Step inside the bathroom and close the door.
Draw the curtains on the window.

Slip the towel off slipping into the hot water.
Lay head back against the cool tub.

The heat soaking through my body releasing negativity so I can get through the night.
Wash and soak for a few minutes longer.

Dreading the alarm signaling for me to get out.
Reluctantly drain the fragrant water. Watch steam swirls rise from my body and curl around the room. Fogging up the glass

Wrap the towel around me again. Drying off my body.
Walk into my room once more

Switch on L-O-V-E by Michael Buble and rub lotion onto my skin.
Silently starts out: L, is for the way you look at me. O, is for the only one I see. V, is very very extra ordinary. E, is even more than anyone that you adored....

Smiles for no reason at all.
Slips on under clothes before the dark red halter dress that i sometimes switch up.

'Take my heart but please don't break it...'
Twirl around the room caught up in the song that keeps replaying and replaying.

Somehow putting in earings as well laughing with true content for the first time in a long time.
Stop spinning

Look in the mirror. Swipes hair out of face and goes on with the prepartion and continuing the playlist.

Vanessa Kingsley

Like Every Other Year pt 2

Sit at the vanity and toy with your hair.
Eyeliner, mascara, lipgloss.

Be plain. Be simple. Be that girl as always.
Remember the memorable.

Check for everything. Turn off radio.
Look at self in the mirror. Don't smile.

Don't frown.
It's not you...but you'll get over it. At some point.

Grab your purse.
Head out of the room.

Walk out to the car.
He's there as promised.

Laugh inside.
Always mistaken for a date when he's not.

Silence the laughter as you realize what you always realize.
Smile warmly at him and say hi.

Shut off phone as he's talking.
Think of the hour long drive ahead.

Enjoy the time spent in the car.
Think of nothing else.

Get out of the car and gaze at the house for a few mere seconds.
Its grandeur no longer mesmerizing like it was when you were a child.

Link arms with him and walk inside.
A delicious fragrance. An abundance of people.

Feel your throat close up.
Take a breath; walk away from him with a smile and a thanks.

Sit over on the familiar couch watching the kids play.
See people stare and point at you.

Talk to her? Don't talk to her?
She looks familiar. Who is she?

Count the seconds till they ask.
Polititely remind them.

Watch their eyes widen in realization.
Listen to their sickeningly familiar comments.

I thought you were this person.

You sound like this person. You remind me of your mother.

Look across the room for my parents. Spot them in different corners.
Daddy chatting with whomever, Mommy chatting with her clique.

Watch the gentlemen walk away without another word.
See the girls stare at you with a peculiar facial expression.

Smile back at them. See the, smile back.
It's forced and formal. They've known you for years.

They walk away whispering casting glances at you.
Shake your head and continue watching the kids.

Carefree. Happy.
Will they be doing this all their lives?

No. It's just you.
It's just you.

Look up as claps and cheers sound around the room.
The host and hostess have graced us with their presence.

Genuine smiles. One genuine love.
Despite her husband's affairs...

They thank us all for coming out.
We toast. I sneak some champagne.

The bubbles tickle my throat and make everything clearer.
For the moment.

They walk around.
Polite hello's. Controlled laughter.

Then they reach me.
Something glows in their eyes for a moment and then it disappears.

They each hug me.
Tell me words they tell me every year.

But they change it.
It throws me off guard.

Well, she says it.
Quietly in my ear; 'I'm sorry'

She turns away with her husband to look for other guests.
I drain my glass.

That wasn't like every other year.
Everything else will be.

Hours. And hours I am at this party.
I do not dance nor am I asked to dance.

Until he comes up to me.
A sad smile on his lips.

The song is slow.
The song is familiar.

He asks me that question I am never asked.
Do you want to dance.

I don't hesitate.
I say yes.

I feel odd as I'm led to the dance floor.
As he envelops me in his arms.

Then the moments over in inder two minutes.
We smile and go back to our positions from before.

I sit and play with the children.
That was not like every other year.

But the rest will be.
And it is.

It is.

there is a pt 3

Vanessa Kingsley

Loaded

Load it
Cock it
Anything to stop it
Say prayer
Tie the knot
There’s nothing they think they forgot
Silent tears
Whispered fears
Anything but another year
Unscrew the top
Fire running through your veins
He dies a little more every day
The bronze liquid quiets his fears
Cold steel against the skin
Sharp edge bites through
A knife through butter
A razor through skin
Red and Blue
Yellow and Green
Not one or two
Not three or four
They find the pills scattered over the floor
Loaded with danger
Loaded with emotions
So easily, we pull the trigger
Stand aside and wonder what happened
One life
Two lives
A packaged deal
Death is one thing that’s surreal
No white light is obtainable to us
They watch it through glazed eyes
Unreachable
They let go of the burden
Bodies unloaded
Ammunition strewn everywhere

Vanessa Kingsley

Lonely Lonely

Lonely, lonely little girl
All alone in her tiny world
Lonely, lonely child of sea
She moves the moon and tides with ease
Oh, lonely, lonely little girl; in a cruel and twisted world.
Close your eyes and drift away
From this lonely, lonely place

Vanessa Kingsley

Losing Love

The golden days of happiness
faded into the era of night
Laughs and smiles faded into
Sobs and grimaces
The uncontainable joy dissipated
into a consuming sorrow
Despairing and controlling
it fed upon me
Leaving me raw
Time seemed incomprehensible
It slowed and quickened
Until I quieted the sobs and manipulated the despair
I found a bright a light in the darkest of evening
Found joy in the mysterious beauty of despair
Slowly, but surely, I started to become…ok
Yes. I lost my first. My only love
But in return found it was ok
The moon became the sun
The stars became my lovers
The wind brought back my laughter
The clouds brought back my smile
And when the pain of losing love finally faded away
A new world came into view

Vanessa Kingsley

Losing Sleep

You kept me up
Haunted my dreams
Haunted my life
Just when I think you're gone
You smile and wave
In my dreams
In my mind
So close to this stupid edge
You're almost driving me to drink
Again
I went to rehab
Because of you
My disease was loving you
Never again
Not today
I told myself to forget
Sure the memories were good
But the burn like wood
I can't believe I loved you
Don't know what to do
So tired of losing sleep
I don't eat
I don't rest
My mind is
Like a long test
I have to be on my guard
You run in circles all the time
I'm wishing you'd just stay in line
So that way we could go separate ways
Leave me
Deceive me
You know you
Never needed me
Never cared that much
I let you go
I thought so
These feelings cause nothing but trouble
Oh when will you go away?
I'm counting the seconds
They quickly turn into minutes
And in no time at all
Hours
Then quickly
Its changing
Days to weeks and strangely
It seems to go back seconds again
It should be
Months
Years
Lies
Fears
In the end that's all you gave to me

I used to love
Losing sleep
Because you were all I could think
About
Now I’m ready to declare insanity
If you don’t hurry and get out
Seconds
Minutes
Hours
Days
Weeks
This is really strange
My thoughts are starting to make a little sense.

Vanessa Kingsley

Love

Is bullsh*t
Isn’t real
Lies too much
Corrupts
Deceives
Hurts
Kills
Destroys
Gives hope
Gives smiles
Is evil
Hates me
Wants to kill me
Is what keeps me alive
Torments
Pretends
Double crosses
Ends
Begins
Is good
Is a hypocrite
Is wonderful
Is Love
And there’s nothing that can be done

Vanessa Kingsley

Love Me Not. Forget Me....Yes

Quote
When your teardropp matches the ocean
With all its different colors
Then your heart is truly broken

Love her
Love her not
Love him
Love him not

Picking the flowers
A trivial game
Who shall give their heart first?
Watch the fire and its flame
Flicker in the dirt

Grow seemingly closer
Everyday
You thought you felt a bond
Until they slowly pulled away
Until you saw them gone

Vanessa Kingsley

Lovely

The sun’s glow starts to fade
It shutters and it trembles against the waves
Dark and invisible, are the water’s depths
When the horizon starts to blend in with the world

Quiet; time stands still
Is there ever really silence
In our will
The thoughts in our mind can become violent

Golden rays, disappear into the water
Clear are the ripples in the surface
As it shimmers with the fading light
Before being swallowed whole

The, suddenly, as the stars came out
And clutter the shy
A sound emits
So lovely and sincere

Enticing and luring
We never thing
Never ever the thing

Follow the sound
No fallacy could it be
Listen to the lovely
Listen to the lovely

The ocean’s call?
It has to be a siren
Watching us and planning
Our demise so plainly

But listen
How can this thing be evil?
When such good resounds through the air
How can we not go there?

The water
Can you see the surface tremble?
The picture of the night sky obscured
The moon and stars dancing wildly

To the lovely music
Lovely, lovely music
Deadly, luring music.

Oh no
The siren’s sing so sweet
Just watch the sailors start to drown

Their ship is going down

Oh no the water’s so deep and cool
I bet you anyone could drown
Anyone could drown

The ripples settle and disperse
All around, the water doesn’t move
Bobbing gently, up and down
Waiting for them to start again

Swimming in liquid glass
The stars are coming out
A loud silence is filling up the ears
Before the water calls again

Oh no
The sailor’s following the lovely thing
Straight to the bottom deep
Into the arms of the lovely

Oh no
The angel of the ocean
Decided to sing her lovely song
She sang it all night long.

Vanessa Kingsley

Midnight

There is no sun
Only moon and stars.
Magick spells of hate and lust
Float around like pixie dust.
Earth, wind, water, fire
These 4 things are love's desire.
Hate, lust, and misery
Each one of them love's company.
I wrote this all in two minutes time
And could not find a single rhyme
When midnight comes, though all seems fine,
Your mind will soon be lost like mine.

Vanessa Kingsley

Mirror Mirror on the Wall

couldn't find Two Souls Intertwined so here

Mirror, mirror on the wall. Sit and watch me take my fall.
Reflect the world right back to me and mock me against it all.
Mirror, mirror on the wall. It’s not as it should seem.
The truths are lies the lies are truth and I can’t even scream.

Mirror, mirror on the wall. You lie straight to my face.
Though the picture may be clear my mind you slowly erase.

Mirror, mirror on the wall. You’re complexion is smooth and cold.
But beneath that reflecting beauty lies something worse than bold.

Walls that see my every move; that hear my every word.
Can you hear my heart beat quicken like a tiny caged bird.

Windows that show the freedom. Out there beyond my world.
What you paint is like the mirror; deceiving at every turn.
Mirror, mirror on the wall. You see what’s in my hand.
Walls that know my secrets. I think you know my plan.

Windows that show my freedom. Shall I toss her out of you?
Face that reflects with a glimmer. Is this what you choose?

Eyes that stare back at me. I do not recognize.
The walls, the mirror, the windows too are all out for my demise.

Mind that’s been corrupted. Stare upon thy face.
If I destroy this ‘home’…shall I to be erased?
Mirror, mirror on the wall. You have seen me take my fall.
Mirror, mirror on the wall. You were never there at all.

Vanessa Kingsley

Misty

In the woods a dark mist covers all.
Chilling to the bone.
It seeps into my skin like water and makes my teeth chatter.
I can’t get warm.
I can’t call out for help.
So I lie to myself.
And I lie beneath the canopy of gray.
Trees loom everywhere.
Dark green, black, and mysterious.
Not knowing what lurks behind them I wait for my fate to be sealed.
No one is coming to rescue me.
No one is thinking about me.
The left me behind in the pursuit of something different.
And surely anyone else will do the same.
Unless I keep them all away.
At a safe distance so that I am like a mirage.
You think you see me but I disappear as you try and get closer.
Moving along in my caravan of secrets.
I keep you all at a distance.
I can see you.
Feel you.
Hear you.
Smell you.
But to you…I am merely the mist.
You won’t try harder to find me.
The distance is fine.
Why be troubled with it?
Sigh.
You see nothing.
I see it all.
But maybe I see nothing as well.
Seeing as how the mist covers and distorts.
By now I’m bleeding.
My lips dripping dark red, crimson blood down my chin onto the ground.
Where a process will begin.
My teeth bite into the soft flesh to keep from shuddering.
So cold.
So.
Cold….
If this is death it isn’t coming quickly.
I can feel the blood in my veins slow.
My heartbeat slowing as well.
At times I think maybe it is erratic,
Until I realize it is just the “silence” of the woods
Cluttering everything I see
Making me mad.
Waiting to swallow my cold, hard body whole…
With a shuddering gasp I release what needs to be released.
The blood flowing from my wound stops fro a second as a single teardropp intermingles
Before I leave the world of men
I almost think I hear someone call my name.
With a relieving sigh I give up hope

No one is coming for me
Then, my body lies and the mist becomes heavier.
Shielding it from any preying eyes.
Any light in the forest is blotted out.
The stars shut off.
The moon in concealed by clouds.
And nothing can be heard.

Vanessa Kingsley

Mixed Emotions

Everything that I have drained and used
Terrified of losing something I might've never had

Wishing that you would fight
That you would listen
If only, if only, if only… you would. You could.

Filling myself up with false emotions and truths
Just to get through the day
Just to make myself think it'll be ok

Knowing full well it won't; I break down
You never cared or wanted me
You say you hear me but you aren't listening

To look in my eyes and see nothing…
How is it possible?
I am not being fair

I'm so tired
So confused
So helpless

You can't be real
This can't be real
Slowly, anxiously; I wait for it all to end

Waking up and finding it was a dream
A long painful dream
Maybe they're all right

I guess I finally see
The resentment that I still hold on to
I don't mean to

I don't want to
But I can't let go of anything
It's confusing and hypocritical

None of it makes sense
To many missing puzzle pieces
To many emotions

Vanessa Kingsley

Neptune's Lullaby

The pale spring morning brings a light drizzle of rain. Splashes of gray are thrown to my window; the sun is covered by thick gray clouds. While the grass is wet with pixie water. The mortal world is thrust from existence, and I am plunged into the waters of fantasy. I am thrust into Neptune's lullaby. Magick and spells surround me with musical notes and strange symbols. A lullaby. A lullaby of fantasy and happiness sings to me a life of charisma and karma. This is Neptune's lullaby for those whose are fish. Those who choose to enter the lullaby will never come out.

Vanessa Kingsley

No One Else

Would you do this to another?
Why do I get the feeling you wouldn’t?
Did I do something to you, you dislike?
Or maybe I didn’t do enough
Am I right?
Why am I apologizing to you?
Why do I feel sorry?
Shouldn’t you?
Please don’t lie anymore
Say how you feel
Please let it be real
So this puzzle can be complete
I don’t think you would do this to anyone else
I don’t feel you want me as a friend
I can’t find the right words to say
I am left fixing myself
Why aren’t you trying to help?
I don’t think you ever really cared.

Vanessa Kingsley

No Questions Asked

From 8: 00 PM to 2: 00 AM
I cried and wrote
I laughed and choked
Before finally going dead
A numbing feeling made me sick
Each move provoked a tear
I tried to shut the open door
But discovered it was stuck
So I was left in a dark room trying to repress the feelings that I felt
Holding back the tears proved fatal
It sent me into panic
A few tiny blackouts
Vague awareness
And a clarity so surreal
No questions should be asked right now
I'll answer with a look
You'll see the light is gone from my eyes
I'm drained from head to toe
No answers will be given
I'm through with how I feel
After all, in the end, nothing's ever real

Vanessa Kingsley

Nothing

Leaves that sound like rain can you wash away the pain
I feel as if the world has turned its back on me and I can’t leave
Nobody
Even cares, about the words I write
The words I speak
I wonder if I should just die and leave
This cruel intolerable world that lays at my feet
There is nothing
Nothing
There is nothing
Nothing
There is nothing
Nothing for me
Anymore

I wonder what you think as you look into the moonlight.
I wonder how you feel when your heart is dead and cold at night
It’s a bust and so are you
Will you ever learn the bitter truth?
There is nothing
Nothing
There is nothing
Nothing
There is nothing
For you
There is nothing
Nothing
There is nothing
Nothing
There is nothing you can do but…
If the darkness falls
And the sun rises
If the world is shadowed
Will our people die?
Can we go on further?
Living an immortal lie
No one understands
The truth behind these eyes
There is nothing
Nothing
There is nothing
Nothing
There is nothing
For us
There is nothing
Nothing
There is nothing
Nothing
There is nothing
Nothing
For us

Vanessa Kingsley

Okay

Yes, no, maybe so
I don’t get a say
All I have to say to you is that I am okay
Speak up, listen now, say something to me
Fake a smile, look away and say that I am sorry
I’m okay
I’ll be fine
I say through broken tears
I can’t get him off of my mind
The signs were way to clear
All the cards in my hand
I simply dealt them wrong
A painful scar across my heart
This is all my fault
Don’t sympathize or dry my eyes
Don’t even think at all
You don’t know what’s happening
Or what is going on
Don’t ask me if I am okay
I’ll be fine
I always am
In the end that is
But for the few last miserable moments
Please just let me miss him

Vanessa Kingsley

On the Rocks

Phrasing what I mean to say
Is never that easy
So I'm gonna let it slip away
And feel a little breezy
Tired of wanting things I can never have
The ice in my drink
Hotter than hell
My heater is freezing my body
Nothing can soothe my mind
The clinking of the rocks against the glass
Is like a wind chime in a storm
Rain pouring down my window
The only love I've ever had
Was washed away
I tied up my feelings
And hid them away
Now I'm working to find it again
Sadly it looks like I'm not gonna win
Love on the rocks just isn't the same
It feels you up
Then leaves you empty again
Love on the rocks hurts more than the truth
"Cause in the end it all comes back to you
But I won't stop until I get what I want
On the rocks
A beautiful sound comes down
Why do I hear thunder?
The sun's out and the rain's stopped
Maybe it's my mind
Maybe it's time
One more drink
One more night
Of you feeding me lies
I keep believing
Why
To many drinks
To hard for the feeling to subside
My broken heart isn't alive
It's beating hard though
As she once said
The angel said I'd smile today
But who needs angels anyway
When my smile disappeared and drowned
Why do I keep believing?
Why am I still drinking?
The proverbial wine
Why do I still work
On a love that has no worth
At all
So sit back
And relax
You can't do much right now

Just sit back
And relax
You’ve already drowned

Vanessa Kingsley

One Outcome

Bright, hazy, patches of light swim in and out of her line of sight
Distorted images and sounds arouse the panic in her stomach
She is unable to move

The events take on a dreamlike quality
Slowly it turns into reality
Panic is easily tangible
A metallic taste

The voices become louder
Figures more recognizable
Names, however, forgotten in the deep abyss of her mind

Frustration mixes with the panic
The absence of knowing what is happening
The sudden change of tempo in time
Fast and slow

Aware of a dull pain in her head
On her arm
In her legs
Throughout her body

Throbbing all over it increases
Slowly, but surely
Then it clicks.

The pain is indescribable
Quick intakes of air make the room spin
Something warm and wet leaks out the corners of her eyes
Slipping into her hair

The dreamlike quality is coming back
The fuzzy images and sounds return
Coherency is lost somewhere between the third bright light and a door that pounds open…

She wakens to a dark room
A low beeping sound
And the scent of sterility
No one in sight

Panic rises again
Only to be quickly quieted
The monitor goes back to its original pace
Gingerly, she moves
Careful not to disrupt anything
Careful not to feel pain

Sitting up, the dim light does show something
Wires and tubes
Needles and blood

The few hours she could not remember return in a flash
With dread she lies back down
The cries she wants to scream out locked in the chest that is already in jeopardy

Threatening to burst
Her heart pounds and faster
Her air passage becomes more and more restricted
The monitor is off and away

Lights flick on
The brightness stings and she shuts her eyes
She is calmed and lied back down
A cooling feeling comes over

She looks over in time to see the needle pull out of the IV
She looks up in time to reprimand a tear
Before everything

Goes

Blissfully

Black

And she is in the dark once more

Vanessa Kingsley

Only Human

Self-righteous at times
Ignorant at others
Oblivious to the mind
And how you affect others
I make mistakes
And I admit to them
I overreact and act a fool
I'm only human
Just like you
I'm only human
You have no right to judge
Before you point out my flaws
Please examine yours
No bitterness is hidden
I'm writing this in calm
No reason to get upset
At someone who doesn't get it
I am not preaching any longer
I am not trying to butt in either
I am simply writing how I feel
No offense is meant from it
Acceptance and tolerance is needed
You are who you are
I would say don't change
Unless you are pushing everyone away
But I am only human
Just like you
I make mistakes
You do too
I am only human
I claim no powers
I am only human
I'm dying every hour
When I'm dead and gone
My body will return to the earth
Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust
I'll die knowing I have given enough
For I am only human
At least for today
Maybe its time you realize
You are the same

Vanessa Kingsley

Pain

When everything seems to go dark
I can see clearly
I can feel it all
Unspoken words bounce off the prison in my mind
An outside world so foreign to my tastes
Knowledge of things I can’t forget
Moments of hate and pure regret
Make me resent it al again
Physically, I may be here
But if you looked you’d see I’m not
Maybe I never will
I wonder how you sleep at night
How can you not hear tortured screams?
How can your nightmares be peaceful dreams?
How could he say he’d be back soon?
I never got to say goodbye
I still haven’t told him the reason why
Maybe I never will
Every night I tell myself lies
When will the pain go away?
Can I turn back from what I want?
Does the hurt ever truly leave?
Because, now I think I’m beginning to see
Life can’t be so insignificant
If it is, then it’s all been for nothing
Wishing for it to leave won’t do a thing
Praying hasn’t helped release me
Everything I do is swept aside
So, I make my fair thee wells’
Maybe one day it’ll be ok
But for now it’s not that way
Goodbyes are hard
Though you’ll hardly notice the pain of moving on

Vanessa Kingsley

Pain and Dying

Radiating throughout my body like lightning bolts
I grit my teeth and shut my eyes
One movement sends me gasping for relief
Ignore it
Get up and try and cope
Death is not at your doorstep
Yet
He ides down towards your home
It drives me insane
All these detours
All this stalling
make it stop
make it stop
Air moving down my throat
Liquid sliding around tormenting me
The lightning bolts do not stop
Head grows light and weary
An ailen sleep overwhelms me
Let me die
Let me die
Let me die
Why do you play God?
Watch me scream and cry
Watching me suffer
Let me go
From all of it
I don't beling here
Never did

Vanessa Kingsley

PeRcEpTiOn

I was the mutation. I was to be mutated into a monster that would dramatize everything; that would destroy her world and others, without realizing what I may have done or what I am doing or will do. To everyone it is perceived in a different light. I may be crazy, unstable, different, mentally handicapped. Some may have actually come to the conclusion that I am just a bad person and that is simply not the case.

Of course the optimists would contest that. No one can be simply evil; it's just impossible. No one can truly hate the world and want to destroy anything and everyone; though I wonder why couldn't a person become that mean and evil in perfect health, nothing wrong with them, just a 'normal' person with a major anger problem. I believe it is all perception. We want so much to believe in those fairy tales where good overcomes evil and evil is secluded to a spot to fester and die.

Our precedence, our priority is to shield and turn the other way. Not the other cheek.

Our monotonous, lives circumnavigate, around an anthropology that unsurprisingly make absolutely no sense at all. The only thing left to do is adjourn our perception of life and simply rearrange it so that it fits and comes together like this weird poem/paper thing.

Vanessa Kingsley

Performing

I do it becuase I love to
I do it because I can

Up there without a care.
Feeling powerful and happy.

I don't care about the applause
I don't care about the crowds

Thursday was amazing
The artists

The talent
The people

I do it for a good cause
I don't get paid

Don't think I want too
The money is for them

For the friends that I've lost
For family not here

For the drugs being sold
For the people being killed

I do it because I've seen it

Been there
Done that

Never sold drugs
Never got high

I do it for them
I do it because I can

Not for the money
Not for the fame

To me, the 'business' is just a game
i don't plan on being famous

I don't plan on being noticed
At all

I plan on doping what I love
Living in that moment

I plan on being me
Never will I be caged

That sparrow waiting to be free
That girl trying to be herself

Still trying
Failing, slightly

But when I'm up there
I don't care

Love me
Hate me

Whatever

Dance or Stand
Love my voice hate my voice

Just help them
You don't have to understand

You don't have to care
But you're here so you do

So thanks.
Because one day it might be them

Without a care doing what they want
Being who they want to be

And that's why I do it
Because it's just....

Me

Vanessa Kingsley

Piano Keys

Piano keys play quickly
I sit in my chair
Wishing I could play so quickly

Hands flying over it
I wish I could sing so cryptically
It seems everything I write is the same

A repetitive collection of thoughts
A copy of other words
I wish.
I wish
I wish

I feel like spring in Winter
I feel like the first fallen snow
I feel like the Autumn leaves

I almost sense
Something will happen
Somewhere down the road
It has to happen
I have to know

I write because
I don’t know what else to do
What better way to remember
Then doing what you do

I know it makes no sense
I know it all seems past tense

But I feel like cotton candy
I feel eight years old again
I feel like I can’t stop feeling
I feel this won’t be the end

I hope you’re thinking about me
Though I think you think about her
It isn’t that upsetting
My love will stay uncurled

Piano keys play quickly
I strum them effortlessly
Before moving to my guitar
To pluck gently at the strings
I sing so cryptically
My words are mine
No one has ever thought
It could be divine

This started out so different

So it shall end the same
Two stories that don’t match up to you
Match up inside my brain

Piano keys are playing
1
2
3
4
Piano keys are playing
1
2
3
4
I feel my heart strings playing

Vanessa Kingsley

Poetry

Rhyming words with feeling. Writing things you're not believing. Expression of the mind. Writing all the time. Wishing they would care. Knowing they're not here. Screaming for attention. Just to get detention. Writing poetry, releases everything. Until somebody finds, your elicit rhymes. Then you get angry. Because only now they care. You want them to leave you alone. Because they're not really there. You continue to write. But only in fear and fright. Only it's ok, to feel the way you do today.

Vanessa Kingsley

Point of View

She stares out the window
She prays to the listening wind
Hoping
Someone can hear

He sits with his guitar
Thinking and feeling
Hoping
Everything will turn out alright

In her mind a song wheels about
It jogs her memory
It helps her calm down

He writes about love
Yet not found
Hearts scattered
All around

She wonders if he’s thinking of her
She doubts it
She smiles
Completely undisturbed

He wonders what will happen now
His feelings make no sense
His smile
Not worth while

Two different people
Caught in trap
Two different people
That will be that

Two different stories
That stay far apart
They will intertwine
A work of art

She is the one they all know
A friend in the summer
A stranger in snow
She is the girl with a problem
Fighting to crawl away

He is the boy they once knew
His mind is askew
He cuts; he will bruise
She tried to help him get back
He said okay
But then stole it away

Oh
She gives up
On trying
To be
Something she’s not
She isn’t what fits into his category
She isn’t what he wants in his story
Merely a friend
Merely a helper
He knows she’d do anything
Because hope still lingers.

She stares out of the window
She prays to the listening wind
Hoping
He’ll let her in…

Vanessa Kingsley

Polluted Confessions

My daydreams spill out onto my page
The clean lines become polluted with lead

This thing
It grows
Grows
Grows
Steadily
I try to stop it

My daydreams spill out of my mouth
Into the dirty air
Clouding up the skies
Clouding up the clouds

My words are lost in a sea of paper
In the myriad of conversations

You do not hear them
See them
Notice them

All’s well that end’s well

I jump off the tightrope to land
Softly
Hard
Onto a cement pillow

It bounces up
Down
Down
Down
Into the ground before rising
Up
Up
Up
To throw me back onto the tightrope

Should I try again?
Pen a different dream
Sing a different song

Or
Should I erase all confessions
Swallow back the truth
I sit and laugh
Inner monologue my way through this
Swallow
Pen
Swallow
Pen

I’ll write and you will never guess
You will read the words and say
“Great. I liked it.”
Then you will think
Think
Think

I’m not sure what you will think
Think
Think
Only that you will not reveal
Your daydreams
Your words
Your pollution

Vanessa Kingsley

Poor Santa

Shot down in the middle of town
He lies there in the cold white snow
Look around
At all the children’s frowns
All their hopes and dreams out the window
No more holly jolly
No more ho ho ho
No more pretty Rudolph
With his surprising nose
We say;
Poor Santa we will miss you every year
Poor Santa; in our hearts you were so dear
Poor Santa you will live on
In every annoying happy Christmas song

Vanessa Kingsley

Positive Fatality

In the sullen creases of his face, a new world was exposed.
A bleak future is apparent in his dull, black eyes
Depression. Such a fiend
Infer that no good comes from it and implore for the pain to go away
Rueful of all the injustice, the man is gorged with anger and revenge
He eluded the reformatory, through luck
He released pain through a brown bottle
He’s indignant and relinquishes hope with a flick of his wrist
The gates of heaven will not open for him
So he makes his own heaven in New York

Vanessa Kingsley

Pretty Wingz

Petals of velvet float through the trees
The storm has passed
The wind has eased
A cry of shock echoes in the air
No one really stops to stare
Except for me; I'm looking up
And I see the moon turning to dust
I feel water hit my skin
Surely someone has sinned
But from the sky nothing falls
That's when some hear a call
Pretty wings emerge unseen
At some time we all must flee
Go past the mountains
Don't hit the stars
If you have gone to far
Unless you're headed somewhere else
Fly away and don't look back
We fly because we've been set free
The small caged bird can see and sing
Home to roam and spread her song
I guess I knew it wouldn't be long
Before the petals of velvet floated through the trees
And rain would pour even after it ceased

Vanessa Kingsley

Random Acts of Me

I pluck on my guitar strings
Then I press down on piano keys
I fiddle with my violin
Before I come back again

I sing a few notes
Before it’s time to choke
On the things I write
Because I can’t get it out of my mind

I read Spanish lyrics
Just to pretend I’m smart
I don’t know what it says
But at least I’ve got my heart
Inside the walls you’ve put up
Isn’t that right

I spin around
Till I fall down
Dizzy and tired
Butt sore head aching
I rush outside to do my bidding

I swing in branches
Then call to the birds
The green is so green
When the sun hits it
It sparkles like a diamond
In the rough

I am a piece of coal
If you could take time to heat me up
I’d sparkle and shine
But then you’d cut me up
Stick me on golden frame
Then put me on your lady’s finger
Say that you will love her forever
Only to divorce her and leave her
With two kids and not give her money
What happened to
“I Love You Hunny”
I guess it was all I joke
But now you will choke

On the piece of coal I call myself
This poem makes no sense
What the hell

Vanessa Kingsley

Raven's Crow pt 1

The quiet streets are filled with angst. Secrets, lies, and plots are kept silent in the still shadows. A little girl has lost her doll and there is nothing beyond an open door the young man has decided to open. Above these sick and dying people flies a watcher. His eyes are as black as the River of Death and his wings are like black water that curl around him in the coldest of winters.

Vanessa Kingsley

Realization

The night is cold and lonely. The day is just the same. It was only now I was locked inside my brain. I looked for refuge in a world that was all my own, but since I figured out me, I am now all alone. The empty void and space inside, I'd filled up with pretend; is back and cold and lonelier now, than it's ever been. Tears fall down my burning cheeks with a sad realization I am all alone forever and always and God is the only winner. I asked for a sign, I guess it's here because now I know the truth. What I thought was real is now truly fake. And what I thought was fake is very truly real. So now the joke is not on you, sadly it's on me. I fell into my own black hole and now the light I sadly see.

Vanessa Kingsley

Red Ribbons and Masks

Walk down the alleyway
Watch your step
Close your eyes today
Or else you'll fine that everyone sees you
Yes you will find
Everyone can see you
That is why I cover my face with a pretty mask
I tie it up with crimson red ribbon
The mask is old
But the ribbon is new
So how is the ribbon falling apart
And flying to the moon
Oh oh oh oh
It sails to the moon
Oh oh oh oh
My mask starts to fall to the ground
It hits a puddle and it makes and eerie sound
I am
Exposed to the world they've never seen me
I've never seen me
I touch my cheek and find that it is smooth
I run my fingers through my hair
I tear falls out my eye
Though I do not cry
What could this water be?
It is not rain
It is not snow
Oh doesn't anyone know?
It is not me
It is not you
Does anybody have a clue?
I want me red ribbon to tie my
Tired old mask up now
I want to run and hide
I want to fly away from here
If I am not welcomed here
The stars have died I see
The light doesn't get to earth quickly
A picture of itself
That's what I want to be
What I am
I need a new ribbon for a brand new mask
I need a new ribbon so I can run fast
I need a pretty red ribbon to hide my face
A pretty new ribbon to hide from this place

Vanessa Kingsley

Red Wine

Dark against the chandelier’s light
Alone in this big house
The truth is starting to seep through the walls
I forgot they had ears
Detached from everything
All I know is this room here
All alone
All alone
My anger cannot subside
Thinking it’d be alright
What a foolish lie
Throw another obstacle
I’ll catch it and laugh at your pathetic attempts
You see these walls
I’ll take them away
If you really want to play tonight.
Get up and show me a good fight
Until then
I’m drinking
I never loved him the way I thought
I think I need a smoke
Never have these feelings shone themselves
I guess this is what I asked for
Red has always been a fave of mine
So many things you can connect
Like..
Wine
Wine is such an interesting thing
You have a sip and you hate it
So you try to leave it
But the taste lingers on your tongue
So you take another
A bigger one
Soon its spell has been cast
You’re getting picky and you want to laugh
Oh no I’m getting off track…
Again
The night is quiet
What a strange thing
The moon is dying
So amazing
Lift this curse upon my heart
Boy you better not make me start
I still know a few tricks
I’ll put my bottle and my glass away
Then I’ll show you
How to play these games
So he wants to make my mind reel
Oh
He doesn’t know how to make a deal
When I’m through with this pup
I’ll take another sip from my cup

Some say the glass is half empty
Some say it is half full
I really don’t give a damn
I’ve got more of it
In the back room

Vanessa Kingsley

Regretting, Regretting Everything. Regretting, Regretting Nothing

The chances I could have taken.
The things I could have said.
The flame that you awakened.
That voice inside my head.

What I meant to say and what you thought it meant.
Tears I cried so I could forget.
Hurt inside I wouldn’t vent.

Wondering if it was true at all.
Trying not to become too attached.
Letting myself quickly fall.
Watching my life burn from your match.

With someone else and thinking of you.
Confused as to how this all works out.
Sadly I still feel like a fool.
Nothing I can do about it. No I won’t pout.

Memories and games burned into me.
Longings I thought has long past.
Wanting to run and flee from what’s coming.

Figuring out what I can’t possibly know.
Calculating everything and anything we shared.
Letting it all….go.
Hoping maybe I can get this flame to flare.

Vanessa Kingsley

Release Me

You say I can be anything and do anything
Then you turn around and confine my mind
Erase my thoughts
Shatter my dreams and make me blind
It's my fault, though, when I find it hard to succeed?
Somehow I'm not trying my hardest to be what I want to be.
I'm supposed to wait for instructions from you?
I'm supposed to do what you want me to do?
No.
I won't stand for it.
I'll keep thinking that there is no limit.
Because if you restrain my mind,
What is there left to think?
If you restrict my dreams,
What is there left to be?
If I follow in your footsteps
I'll lose all of me
Instead of asking what's wrong
Ask me what's right
And I'll explain it to you in the light of night
Don't erase my thoughts
Or try and cage my dreams.
Let me be what I need to be
Do not tie my hands
Or leave me in the sea
Just let me walk my path and start to think and see.

Vanessa Kingsley

Rivers Flow

So much green
Everywhere
I write with pencil
To create permanent with pen
Blue black ink bleeding on my page
Bo one wants a broken heart
But how can it break if it was never fixed?
Broken hearts hurt
Though they make you stronger
Let it flow
Away from you into an empty space
Into nothing
Don’t carry around the baggage
And learn to forgive

Vanessa Kingsley

Running

I'll keep running.
No stopping.
No walking.
I'll keep running.

Take a step.
Take a breath,
Take a leap.
Get off your feet.

I keep running.
From you.
From the lies.
From the truth.

I keep crying.
Because of you.
Because of the lies.
Because of the truth.

The wind is hard and cold.
My lungs are on fire.
My body screams to stop.
But I keep running.

I feel my head become light.
I keep running.
The blood is pounding through my veins.
I keep running.

My throat is hard and raspy from screaming.
My hands sore from punching the wall.
My soul vanishing.
My life crumbling.

I try and keep running.
From it all.
I keep running till I get to my place.
Till I can cry like I want to
Scream like I want to.
Sleep like I want to.
Fight like I want to.
Be me.

I push.
I run.
I scream at myself.
I can't move.

The pain hasn't kicked in.
I lay against a tree sobbing.
I want to run.

I want to run…

With effort I pick myself up.
And I run.
I’m going to kill myself.
The more I run.

Faster.
Faster.
Faster.
Faster

The more I die.
Die.
Die.
Die.

But I keep running!
Destination is close at hand.
I can smell the sea.
I can hear the waves.

In my mind I see it all.
In my mind I remember all.
And I run harder.
Faster.

Quickly my feet pound the ground.
The pain is seeping through.
My calves feel like they’re ripping apart.
My bones feel like breaking.

My lungs are huge in a tiny ribcage.
They feel ready to give in.
My heart is slowing.
The blood is stopping.

I reach the water’s edge.
I fall and cry.
Physical pain.
Emotional pain.

Mental pain.
It’s all I feel. Pain.
Pain.
Pain.

But I need to keep running.
What’s the point though?
Images and words and memories play like a broken DVD player.
Karma laughs in my face.

Faith looks down on me with sympathy.
God…who knows what he does.
Why do I still believe?
Why do I still hold on?

Nothing but Pain will it bring.
Nothing but disappointment will I have.
Nothing.
Nothing.

The water washes away the pain.
Night quickly falls.
I walk (why not run) to a place I'm familiar with.
I sit in that familiar place.

I work to get warm
I change my clothes.
I watch the stars shine over the ocean.
I don't have to run right now.

But I will keep running.
Maybe I'll stop for a breath.
Maybe I'll walk and enjoy the absence of pain.
But I'll keep running.

From you.
From the pain.
From the truth.
From the lies.

From everything.

And then….I'll die and run to whatever awaits me at the end of that long dark tunnel with the light at the end.

Vanessa Kingsley

Secrets and Lies

Can you feel the remorse course through your veins? In the pit of you stomach it lies there and settles causing you despair.
That intuition I had was vague and sadly correct. My capitulation hangs in Purgatory, liberated, I guess, from the onslaught, that you've caused to the world around me. It was all under false pretenses that you were even here. Laughing, smiling, whatever. It was only now that I realized you inarticulate every word and every sentence that you spoke. I could understand but only a little so that I let it go and did not care to venture any further beneath the surface of the lies and secrets that you held deep below the water. Next time I'll be more careful and listen and read and fight. But this time it's not worth it. Most of my energy is drained and all of my sanity is gone.

Vanessa Kingsley

Shaking (Inside of Me)

From rage
From hurt
From sadness
From pills
From sound
From madness
My body trembles and will not stop
I feel so lost
Tears warm and wet soak my face
I ground my teeth to stop them
They still come, never ceasing
Maybe this is why I am not sleeping
Maybe this is why I am not eating
Does she even care?
Why is she mad?
I should be mad!
She should want to talk to me!
She should be shaking and crying!
She should feel like sh*t!
Not me!
Yet here I am shaking uncontrollably
What have I done so horrible
That I'm in this mess
Why am I at the crossroad?
Why can't I be normal?
Why can't I really laugh?
Why don't I feel normal?
Why do I feel so alone?
Why do I shake so terribly?
What have I done?
To deserve a friend that could do this to me
MORE THAN F*CKING ONCE!
Why am I nobody?
Why am I useless?
I wish I was little
I wish we hadn't moved
I wish my dad was here
I wish I was good
I wish I was my sister
I wish I was nice
Instead I am shaking
Crying
Dying
Lying
Hiding
Fighting
Scarred inside
Scared all over

Vanessa Kingsley

Short Skirts and T-Shirts

I always thought that you
Would be the one who
Would be my all time love
Then we went to the house
I saw her run to you
And jump in your arms
I did my best to hide the hurt
I guess it worked
Because you introduced me casually
I smiled and hugged her as well
But she gave me a look
I knew this wouldn’t end well
So I left that afternoon
The next few days you called me and I didn’t pick up
I didn’t answer your messages
I needed to be tough
Because I can’t be friends
With a guy
Who has a girlfriend
I can’t
I won’t compete
When you’re done with her
You know where to find me
Because
I won’t wear a short skirt
Unless I can where my t-shirts
I won’t wear too high heels
Since I can’t run across our grassy fields
I won’t wear pink without the black
Even then it’s a stretch
I won’t giggle at everything you say
I’m not that type of girl anyway
It’s been 3 weeks
I miss you smile
I saw you on the street
And stared for a while
Then you turned around
You waved dramatically
I knew it killed your heart
When I ignored you and let you be
As I walked way from you
I heard that laugh and sighed
I took a glance back and laughed to myself when I saw
What I saw that night
Too high heels
And a mini skirt
With her hair up high
She kissed you and it made me want to cry
Her pink blouse made her look amazing
That is when I think I went crazy
A month since we’ve had a conversation
You still call

Sometimes
That’s when I bumped into you in the movie line
You smiled
I smiled back
You gave me hug
I returned it with lack
Of emotion
Waiting for her to appear
But
You said she’s gone
Too many girly songs
Too many fights
Her skirts were annoying
Her laugh was high-pitched
And she was always following
You kissed me and continued to say
I want a girl who doesn’t wear skirts
Unless she has a t-shirt
I want a girl without high heels
So we can run across the grassy fields
I want a girl who won’t wear pink
Unless it’s black in between
I can’t believe that the girl that I needed
Was right in front of me.

Vanessa Kingsley

Shut The Out II

I’m sorry
The burden I’ve put on you
But I can’t take it
They’re going to you
And me
The pain doubled
I’m sorry
I’m shutting them out
They’ll never leave completely
No
But the guilt I feel
The guilt I know…
I fail time and time again
I can’t correct it
Stop it
Every second, minute, hour, day
I saw felt, heard
I screamed, cried
No more
I’m sorry
The pain’s increased for you
And in that, the pain is still in me
But…I can’t
I’m not “alone” anymore
People will notice
What they don’t know
Understand
They persecute
I can’t feel that again
Won’t feel that way again
Exiled, lonely, fearful
And yet still I am
Still I fear
The guilt, people, screams, dreams
They mold into my life
But still…I won’t
I’m sorry

Vanessa Kingsley

Shut Them Out I

The people and screams. The lies; the dreams.
Shut them out.
The pain, the sorrow. No hope for tomorrow.
Shut them out.
Get away from it.
Turn your back.
Fatigue and dizziness let it come.
Shut out the images that are never done.
The truth of death and evil can be known to the others.
But I will shut them out.
Feeling their fears, crying their tears. Losing the little of me I have left.
Hope, lust, anger, doubt.
Take it away.
Give it away.
I'm shutting them out.

Vanessa Kingsley

Smoke and Mirrors

Glass mazes stretch across the waters
Black silver reflects the light
Slowly, surely, love shows its true nature
Dancing through the crowd of onlookers
Mirrors, reflect so many angles
Smoke distorts the mind

Vanessa Kingsley

Somewhere Down the Road

Somewhere down the road I lost my way
The bright colorful patches of autumn leaves disappeared
And in its place something new I can’t describe sprung up

So, like a fool I continue to walk the path
Turning back now would confuse me even more
Like a fool I somehow convince myself this is ok

Somewhere down the road I found myself crying
For nothing at all really
Just crying

I looked over my shoulder and could see the foliage
But, like the moon, it was farther than it looked
It wouldn’t merely be a sprint and I would be back in my safe haven

Somewhere down the road I was lead astray
Somehow I believed the lies
And ended up here

Somewhere through the depression and anger
Came someone new
Someone different

Naturally, I didn’t like them
Naturally, I wanted the old me back
Naturally, I came to terms with it

Somewhere down this road
I’ll fix it all

Somewhere down this road
I’ll make myself okay

Of I don’t fall for your lies again

Vanessa Kingsley

Stars

I watched falling stars hit the ground
I felt love that was real
Saying goodbye shouldn't have happened
Because, perhaps, hello was wrong.
Writing that song was so easy
Now it's in my head all day long
Across the skyway
Stars dance and play
But one won't twinkle like the rest
Maybe it's broken
Possibly dead
Or is suffering from something else
It's much, much easier to sit and watch
The grass is greener
The air is cleaner
Bu you wonder if this is real?
Is it a lie
That was created on a second field
You only get a few people in your life
So you better treat them more than right
Fix your mistakes
Right your wrongs
Life cannot be a love song
Dot your i's and cross your t's
Pray you leave out nothing
Close your eyes…
Do you dream of me?
Gentle music only nurses the cracks
That are deep inside of me
It'll be okay, that's what they're saying
If only I'd seen the signals
I sped up when I should've slowed down
Now my life is flipped upside down
No one to blame but myself
I already know that…
That star I mentioned, now is gone
I'm a little sad I can't see it
Maybe it's hiding from my eyes
Or maybe, like me, it has died.

Vanessa Kingsley

Still Passing

The first day had come and gone.
It was kind of strange to me.
The next day seemed so long.
And still you'd never speak.

The third day I was skeptical.
But kept it to myself.
Because there's nothing I could do.
Except sit and offer help.

The days turned into one sad week.
You were busy was all I thought.
But my mind would slowly wander into other things.
And then I think I lost.

The weeks they kept on passing.
A month they soon became.
My voice it kept on laughing.
My heart had grown insane.

The month passed into another.
And still I smiled like this.
My friends saw my flame smother.
But didn't question it.

I never went overboard.
About the sudden neglect.
The feelings I could not hoard.
My mind then went to forget.

So the months they still are growing.
And I wonder how you are.
The wind is silently blowing.
And I know that you are far.

Every once in a while I think.
I think of the things we said.
Every once in a while I sink.
Into a funny dread.

But then my time keeps passing.
And I never truly waited.
My smile is sort of laughing.
But sometimes yes I hate it.
So the seconds turn into minutes.
Which turn into hours at a time.
They turn into days.
Which turn into a week's rhyme.
These slowly creep into months.
Which creep into the years.
And from then life keeps going.
And so do all your fears.

Vanessa Kingsley

Strawberries and Wild Flowers

Let me know
When the storm is finally over
Tell me when
The clouds aren't swollen with resent
Oh, I still long for a world that's lost to me
Maybe it's still there
With that little girl who's scared and dreams of…
Strawberry kisses and wild flower wishes
Moonlight lullabies
Glittering fireflies
A sky filled with twinkling stars
Undisturbed by deep city lights
Teach me to laugh
Stop me from crying
Watch me fly on silver wings and dive
Into a crystal sky
Warm cozy fires
Some kind of loving desire
I only long for home
A ride through the woods
The creek singing softly
Warm sunrises and feelings of peace
The fantasy I thought life was
The dream I thought existed
Singing to the moon
Coals hot from use
Magical verses
Endless meadows
Get me away from here
Take me where I belong
Let me taste your strawberry kisses
I'll watch you make strawberry wishes
Fall in love with my childhood friend
Remember his hugs all life long
Remember the day I said goodbye
Oh why did I get lost
Every reason to go back
Wafts through my room
As I smell your skin
Feel my room
Love my aunt
Already past the gates and running to your arms
Home again where the stars tell a story
And the love tastes like strawberries
And my hair smells of flowers.

Dedicated to my aunt and her home in the country area of Colorado. Also dedicated to the first person I've ever been in love with....can't wait to see you again.

Vanessa Kingsley

Such a Cunning Smile I Sadly Fell in Love With.

Such a cunning smile I sadly fell in love with.
Somehow you can manipulate the situation
How could I be so vaguely aware of all of it?
It’s so bewildering to think you feel nothing.
Why did you do it to me?
Can’t take what you did to me.
You can act like you’re aghast
And say that it’s in the past
But time doesn’t always heal your wounds
You’d walk around nonchalantly
Like nothing happened
I can’t pretend
Anymore
You can ask why I act so contemptuously
I’ll just blame it on the weatherman
No more rain and I’m soaked to the skin
In the puddles I can see it all reflected back to me.
Loping through the dark green fields of misery
It’s the one thing that makes to me
My delinquent behavior might seem a little crazy.
But your incredulous behavior is starting to scare me.

Vanessa Kingsley

That Little Girl

Small, young and innocent
I wonder where I've hidden it
I wonder if I'll ever find it again
Playing hide and seek all day
Running through the trees to play
A game unlike the world has ever seen
Then I heard a song I've heard before
That helped my heart go and soar
Up into the treetops I couldn't climb
It was about a girl like me
Who dreamed she could fly and other things
Who dreamed to jump and land like a cat on her feet
Where did she go
That little girl
Who's smile helped light up her little world
Where did she go
That special heart that always seemed to tear apart
Is she gone
Or simply waiting
To fly

Now I walk these crowded trees
Searching for a playful peace
Searching for a bit of beauteous green
Sadly nothing in my sight
I runaway and try to hide
And find myself surrounded by my world
I heard no noise from outside
Just the creek and a birdie's cry
And the gentle whisper of the majestic trees
Then I could fly
Past the mountains and the clouds
Now I'm looking down
I can fly
That little girl flies

I find myself waking up
In my bed my day was rough
I feel the water pouring from my eyes
It was all a silly dream
One I had when I could sing
Of silly childish playful things
Not anymore
Nonetheless a dream it was
One that healed my heart and blood
One that made me feel safe again
So I walked to a tiny park
Alone in the frightful dark
I sat myself in a tiny swing
I kicked my legs and brushed the air
I felt as if I had no cares
So I closed my eyes and then I could truly see

That I was flying through the open air
Laughing loudly everywhere
Once again I was that little girl
With braids that were unraveling
And a smile that did some crazy things
And a heart that was as pure as gold

That little girl isn’t lost
The two of us we had a talk
She said she felt lonesome and afraid
But now I play with her all the time
We make up games
We play with rhymes and everyday we go outside and we fly
Yes we fly

Vanessa Kingsley

The Full Moon

Is the moon a hole in the sky?
Or is it just a silver disk that's here all the time?
The full moon shines with silver essence,
And fills my heart with a presence; I can not explain.
I looked up at my house, and there, shining.
Was the moon.
Casting a spell oh so binding it scared me.
But tis thy moon and thy moon it shall stay.
This is thou moon
And shall it be always.
Whether it be a crescent or disk or hole.

Vanessa Kingsley

The Page is Blank

The page is blank.
My mind is blank.
The curser is blinking again and again.
Waiting to line letters and words and feelings in line
But my feelings are not in line
They are scattered and dishonest and odd.
Once in a while it remains still and disappears.
But like most everything it comes back.
It comes back with more feeling then ever.
The clock in my head and voices grow louder.
With every pulse of that small black line my blood gets thicker.
It grows colder. It stops.
My heart speeds up my mind stops working.
My eyes are darting everywhere.
Any comprehension I had is gone.

There is nothing in the wake of this chaos.
My world is crumbling around me.
It’s stops spinning. Moving. Caring.
It falls and rebuilds falsely around me and there is nothing I can do.
There is nothing I can do.
They say it will be okay.
But what if it isn’t?
Did they lie to me?
Or was it simply a promise that could not possibly be kept.
Are any of my feelings for you; for them, for us? Real?
Were they a lie as well?
Were they a promise I could keep. Or couldn’t.
Was it my fault?
Or was it yours?

A second chance is something we all ask for.
But do we really deserve it.
Need it.
What I need is sleep.
What I need is security.
What I need is an empty love that has me coming back for something that isn’t there
What I need seems to be what you can’t stand or do not want.
What I need is no longer important.

Vanessa Kingsley

The Pawn

Is this the role I now play
This was supposed to my game
I should be the Queen in my world
How did I end up a lowly pawn

I trek across my universe
With everything inside my purse
That I made from seashells and secrets from the sea
I dance with the moon and stars
I laugh with the sun and clouds
But I always wonder where you are

Could it be that I am falling for no one
Am I loving the fact I'm not loving at all
Am I finally at peace with what I am
A seashell in the sand

This is the role I play
I'm loving it every single day
I realize that this was not my world
The world I have is in my mind
You may say I am lost in time

But I am happy finally
I see the things that I should see
I understand that there's nothing to understand
I whisper through the gentle trees
I speak into the salty sea
Then share my secrets with a playful win
I've finally given in

No more wondering
No more plundering
Through villages and castles everyday
No more cutlery
I speak how I mean to speak
Don't you dare try to bind me to this world

So what is the role you play
In this final chess of game
Are you a pawn
A knight
Or something else
You are not the king or queen
So don't say any of that to me
I know what you are but you must see
That in order for you to be set free
You have to become a lowly pawn like me.

Vanessa Kingsley

The Soul

Apprehension creeps into the soul like a midnight fog.
To relish the comforting memory of once upon a time is a fairy tale.
And halfheartedly trying to still the restlessness in a soul that is thicker than a bog.
Foreboding and gruesome are the details that are given to it in a twisted tale.

Bewildered at the very thought of the thoughts entering the mind.
Scattering common sense and damning the modest words one is supposed to speak.
To be dignified and sensible is hard to find, despite the fact it is easy to find.
The modest Val Kyrie rescues the soul that is worth more than any guilder and with such meticulous care that the world leaks.

Vanessa Kingsley

The Truth About Forever

Resolve the lies and the truths that spin around the room like an electric currant causing problems and heartaches.
With an intimate look into the past, reach for all that was not obtainable and jump through the break.
With a scowl in your heart and a vivid reminder of why; the world crumbles around you.
I realize that forever is absurd and that love is persistently always in the back of my mind. Egging me on to take a shot.
Uncomprehendingly, I take the jump. I was simply arrogant and you though competently understanding, postponed the emotions needed for this. For us. For you. For them.
And so now there is nothing. Nothing except the bitter raw truth. Nothing except the lies that glitter in front of all like newly polished diamonds.
And then it becomes clear. And then it becomes foggy.
The truth about forever….is never.

Vanessa Kingsley

The Twilight Poet

*HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH TWILIGHT! ! ! *

Watch for the poems; that flow to thee like words
Watch as the sun goes gently down, like graceful hummingbirds.
Watch as the woods, cast dark, enticing shadows
And watch for the pregnant doe, which hides down in the meadow.
A candle slowly flickers, wavering for sure.
As the twilight poet, writes her every word.
She glances at the full moon, and weeping willow trees.
She looks toward her paper, and imagines a giant sea.
The twilight poet drops, her favorite quill and sees,
Her own reflection, in that giant sea.
Teardrops fall from her eyes, but only she can see.
That deadly, treacherous, and evil, always knowing sea.
Picking up her quill,
She dries her weeping eyes,
And continues to write the poem,
Much to her surprise.
The wind it howls and groans
Her cabin, cries and moans.
Realizing she's all alone.
The poet goes to sleep.
As you read this poem
Think of the twilight poet.
And that twilight poet
That twilight poet's me.

Vanessa Kingsley

Tragedy

As the storm rages on and hope’s light is dimmed
The world carries on and doesn’t look in
Lives are lost and things are destroyed
Yet for some reason, help won’t deploy
Cries for mercy and screams of outrage are heard
So how is it we haven’t heard a word?
Why do we turn away?
Water seeps throughout our country.
Death is a daily routine on our streets.
But you just sit back and count your money
Tragedy can be hard to get over
But maybe the tragedy means it’s over
It means that the sun will shine
And then we can slowly appease our minds
It means that the good will come
That the fire’s done.
And in the end we’ve won.
Now we can learn from our mistakes
Then try to prevent it from repeating itself
Now we can look back on the past
And travel forward so that we can last
Sp child dry your tears and silence your sobs
The tragedy is almost over
Even if there isn’t a lucky clover.

Vanessa Kingsley

Tree Hugger

The sky may be gray
But the scene is beautiful
For a tree hugger
Blooming flowers and smells of home
Bees and animals emerging to announce the start of spring
Despite the odd weather
Despite the odd behavior
The deer wishes to be a cat
The cat wishes to be a bee
The bee wishes to be a fish
And the fish has a secret wish
While the flower wishes to be a tree
That wants to be a different kind of tree.
Well I'm the girl that wants to be
Everything that she can be
But sadly the time we have is way to short it seems
So I settle to be that girl hugging a tree
Breathing in the smells of forgotten homes
And forbidden lullabies
Laughing at the silly objects
That want to be something different
The sea wants to be a gentle pond
Which holds a fish that wants to be a big cactus
With a pink flower on it
That wants to be purple violet
With pretty yellow spots
But those spots want to be a green apple
So it can put a girl to sleep
Like Snow White
Who's still just dreaming
Of being a bird in the summer sky
And the bird wants to be a business guy
Who wants to be a gay man.

Vanessa Kingsley

Troubles

Blood runs through the streets invisibly
Violence seems to have a history
No sure way to get out and away
So the troubles in her life seem to stay
Undressed in the back of a Caddy
her body's covered in bruises, but she calls this man Daddy
Walking down the street
It becomes covered in glass
The boy's body is mutilated
In the hospital he couldn't last
A mother doesn't get a chance to say goodbye
Now she's at hgis grave with tears in her eyes.
Midnight and the streetlights are on
So why are these kids not in there homes?
They have to make sales today or their home will be taken away
hair mussed, and drained of emotion
He pumps into her and she hates the motion
She goes home and into the shower
Clothes still on, she's in there for hours
She can't seem to get clean
She wonder's how she lost sight of her dreams
So many troubles that they can't seem to change
They think about how life is so strange and if their lives will stay the same
But trouble never lasts for long
Trouble will always move on
If you can keep your head high
And try to look to the sky
All your troubles will seems so far behind

Vanessa Kingsley

Truth

The truth was first told slant
But somehow it was whole
The truth was found at last
And now it’s left me cold
Material girl
In a material world
Her plastic melted away
Nothing’s left but the blackened lies
Finally brought to life

Vanessa Kingsley

Two Ways

Just a quote
Slowly pick the flower petals
Watch them flutter to the ground
Only to be picked up by the wind…

Broken and cold against the starlit night
Flames from a fire barely bringing warmth
Such a silly girl
Such a foolish heart

Tired and exhausted
The game of love is an ever-changing one
Love me…love me…love me
Forget me…forget me…forget me

Naïve little heart that jumped into a sea
Again it forgot it could not swim and now look at me
Set once more to rescue the babe as it struggles to survive
Long ago I detached myself so I could live my life

Yet here it is
Sound in my chest
Causing emotion that I know I am over
Yet here it is jumping again

Frustrated mind that screams in agony
The logic of that heart is not right at all
It breaks the body down and slowly I must repair it
It will try to swim and stay afloat, knowing that it can't

Two ways to go
One choice to make
Should I try and stay afloat and swim?
Or keep safe at the shoreline and walk away

Listen to logic and reason
Or follow your instincts that have proven fatal time and time again

Vanessa Kingsley

Undefined

The Lightning overhead crashes and gives effect to her brother, Thunder, who booms in protection over her, and power over us.
The Rain pounds down on this life we call Earth, and tries to wash away our wrong.
The Clouds are opaque and purple. Their cousin, Lightning, dance in the fluffy pillows. Their sister Rain, still falling Anxiously.
Below Chaotic Sky lies a city. A flash neon purple light flares it out. Then…Nothing. All is Black excepting the reunion Nature above. The Nature below sings in Triumph. Thunder bellows. Daring the animals that live in the City to object.
They do not. Merely wait for their backup. Which does not come. The City remains in total darkness. It suits them, for all of their lives are full of darkness and violence. Yes. This suits them. Darkness for Darkness.
Above the Colorful Sky, the moon and stars can now shine. Though it may be difficult to see, for their friends, Thunder, Lightning, Rain, and Clouds block them at times. They quiet them. Though Rain continues to fall. Trying to reverse the Bad into Good. The Moon shines quietly. Overlooking her domain and sizing up the peace.
Rain in succeeding in her goal. The animals in the City stare, awe-inspired at the magnificent sight. All that was Chaos is now Calm and Safe. Two things that they rarely get to experience. Her Daughters, The Stars, twinkle with Beauty and Wisdom. A rare combination.
Then, Rain stops her Cleansing, Thunder and Lightning quiet. The clouds become gray fluffs that cannot cover their Friends. Moon and her Daughter, Stars. All that was, will never be again. The World is now Undefined and all is at Peace. For the time being anyway. How long until the City falls out of order and into War and Chaos yet again? Who knows? But, for the time being; all is right. All is Good.

Vanessa Kingsley

Understand

The crucial art of collaborating anything is difficult to understand.
It’s difficult to fathom the universe and any problems at hand.
We depreciate anything good that happens. Waiting for the bad.
There are fathoms among fathoms of decisions and answers and questions we want answered. We want explained.
The refulgence of finding out answers and finally understanding…is wonderful.
But then the brinkmanship of the world comes back. The lies and the bluffs and the uncertainty.
We believe in an omnipotent being. Something to make it better again. Something to explain, something to help us understand.
Our minds and olfactory are as strong and brittle as an adobe house.
With time they wither and leave us damaged and broken. There is nothing after a certain time except for ash and dust and broken pieces of our former selves.
Maybe this is why we have trouble understanding. Maybe this is why we never truly find happiness because of our questions and wants and needs. But one day we might understand. And maybe we won’t. It all depends.

Vanessa Kingsley

Untitled

Are my thoughts safe?
I don’t know.
Sometimes I wish for a padded cell,
Just to get away from the mind games.

Is there someone or something,
Listening to my thoughts?
If so,
Why?
Why do you listen?

Why do you play these silly games?
It does not bother me.
Though yet, it does.
When reality came, it took away me.

It took my Cinderella dream
My self-esteem.
Everything.
But it left me with my mind.
And now, even that is taken away.

So, I have no choice but to create a world.
A world for me and only me.
A world that is…
Untitled.

Vanessa Kingsley

Vicious

Though the mood is calm
Electricity swirls through the air
Emotions catch on flame
The anger’s ignited
Vibrant colors can be seen
Such a vicious cycle
How can no one hear them scream?
One is torn in two
Her heart lost in woe
The other oddly aggravated
Tired of it all
Tensions will rise again
The fire simmers down
Friends no longer to the other
But enemies till the bitter end

Vanessa Kingsley

Waiting

I sat for hours lookin’ at the street
He was still nowhere to be found
Never got a call
It never beeped
Deep inside, I knew it all
I should’ve known it wouldn’t last
In the end I guess I did
I didn’t think it would happen so fast
But in the end I guess I did
When he left he took most of me
In its place is a new reality
Lying in the holes
Is an imitation
I do it so well
I did it so well
Time flies by when you’re not looking
Time lingers when you least expect
Time was never on my side
It’s screwed me over and over again
Until I forfeited the win

No more
I said
But more came
In my head
I don’t know how I let it happen
He started it over
I can’t remember him sober
I bet it was a beautiful thing
The glazed eyes
All the lonely nights…
I never had a claim on you
I lied to myself
That’s how I got through
Sorry if I’m being weak
As the tears somehow fall
Into my drink

Look at what he’s left me
Nothing but bittersweet memories
A breaking heart
That is painfully beating
A shattered dream
That is bleeding
Supposedly, the dead aren’t meant to walk
I guess that’s right because I stumble and fall
I should’ve never given love a second chance
Because love doesn’t give a damn
About me

The finest red wine
Will give you a headache

Sure it’s good for you
But how much can you take?
Before it’s all you want
And it’s all you need
Maybe this love was red wine for me
Too many tears shed
Too much blood bled
Too many bruises to cover up

Physical
Mentality
He left me with hardly anything
In the end
Who’s to blame?
Shaking
With hatred
Shaking
With regret
I never blamed him for anything
Despite the fact
He raped me
Of everything
I see what she meant
When she said
You sound like thunder
But have barely spoken

Still looking out my window for your face
When can I get out of this God forsaken place?

Vanessa Kingsley

Wallflower

Won’t you speak to me
My pretty friend
You shouldn’t be hanging your head
Pick it up and smile
You’ll only be sad for a while

Won’t you sing
Funny boy
Come play with me
I’ve got a new toy
It sparkles in the sun’s light
I swear it never causes a fight
Won’t you sing
For me funny boy

Lovely girl you shouldn’t cry
I will pick you a wallflower tonight
I will help you speak to the moon
Then fly you into the starry night sky
Funny boy don’t frown at me
I promise that you’ll get the same thing
But there’s only one favor I ask

Put on a happy face
And beat me in a race
Come run through the grassy fields of joy
Throw a few flowers in the air
Take out the braid that’s in your hair
We’ll stick a wreath upon you’re pretty head
We’ll be wild, free, and tall
We’ll sing stories through the fall
And all because a wallflower said hey
Come play with nature today

Vanessa Kingsley

War pt 1

Color
Race
It all comes into play in the war

Not Iraq
Not Afghanistan

Our war
When you can’t walk out your front door

When you need to protect your own
When you’re in the family

You’re in
No turning back

Running from the problems in your life
Peace of mind kept by a piece of steel

Is fear respect?
Is respect fear?

This our war
Our way

Hustle to have a place to sleep
Kill so you can walk the streets
Run so you won’t be caught

We never said we liked it
Never said we wanted it

You’re drafted
There is no choice

You’re in
Or out

Or dead

This is our war
We fight everyday
This is out war
And we will survive by any means necessary
Looking at the engraved words
Etched in stone

We fight for this
We fight for them

Don’t pretend to care
Be honest

Everyday we fight
Everyday we grow tired

You don’t know what its like
Instead of chastising us

Help us
This is a war…

Vanessa Kingsley

Watching Them Filter Us

Living disgruntled. Trying to find refuge from the annihilation of creativity.
The raucous caused by being meticulously animated.
Forlorn and gaunt from the holocaust of life that’s left body and soul emaciated for so long everything seems to be transparent and hollow.

Vanessa Kingsley

Wats Up

I am standing on the clouds
Looking at the ground
And breathing in the sea
I never understood why
When I say what’s up people look at me
They say the sky
Or my ceiling
And I stare at them in utter fascination
Because I have no clue
Where they are
Because
In My world
The Ground is up
And The Sky is down
I walk through the Ocean
For endless miles
This is my odd world
This is my cool life
So when I say wats up…
Just tell me ‘bout your life

Vanessa Kingsley

Way Back When

Blinking lights in the distance.
Are they stars or street lights or planes?
I remember the look of stars.
Gleaming over death in the alleyway.
Shining on the blood that covered the sidewalk.

I remember the gunshots and tears.
The fights and arguments.
I remember the love and the lies that kept me sheltered from a world I'd already experienced

A hole in the sky is called the moon.
It shone bright on some days
Disappeared on others
Supposedly my protection from a fate I wouldn't escape anyway.

Normality is just a word
It cannot be obtained.
I watched; in the middle of the night
Lives pass before my eyes

I watched as people I had never even met fell to their knees shakily inhaling their last breath.
Call me a liar
Call me insane.
But I remember it all

I remember being able to see stars
Running till I thought I might die
Breathing the scent of freedom
I remember when I had to leave it all behind

I remember the stars
The moon
The meadow
I remember my fairytales
My adventures
My world

I remember when I had to leave it all behind
I remember the day it came back and claimed me

I remember being told I couldn't go back
But My World came back for me
I remember the stars
The Moon

Vanessa Kingsley

Why

Why
What if I don’t want to?
Just because I can, doesn’t mean I should
So, I do it well
So, I help out
But who said I wanted to?
I never asked for it
No, since I have it, I have to do it?
Embrace it?
No.
When I’m done with it
When there’s no joy left.
I’ll stop
Regardless of what you think

Vanessa Kingsley

Wishes and Dreams

I keep the secrets and lies of friends and enemies.
I allow myself to be caught in the riptide of emotion.
The Locked Door swings open for me.
All is Dark. All is Quiet.
I watch as Death swirls in around me.
Its touch is cold and exhilarating.
This is the End?
No. Merely a Dream.
A Dream that will never come true.
A Wish that will go unfulfilled.
Well, then, that is the Wish.
And or Dream.

Vanessa Kingsley

Wrongfully Right Anger

What I thought was cold is searing, blinding heat. My anger boils through me like a wave that's reached its peak. I thought that it would go away and yet it still grows strong. It feeds and breathes off the knowing truth that I am always wrong. I AM ALWAYS WRONG! It bites; the bitter truth. It sings and will dance behind my lips, and will dance on me and now I just feel sick. That all I hoped was real is only stupid fiction. So there is only one solution that fills me with hope yet. The beautifully delicious scent of a curing death. I will ride on his chariot as he takes me away. And then and only then will I feel no pain.

Vanessa Kingsley

Wrought Iron Gates

Wrought iron gates
Swing open

They permit me entrance
To see the past

It seems this place is always
Grey

Even when the sun comes
Out
To
Play

I kneel beside you
Though you sit beneath me

Gallons words and space
Echo inside me

I pat the earth
Hoping to warm your
Frozen heart

Perhaps your skeleton smiles
Your heart beats
For a while

Wrought iron gates
Swing open

They permit me exit
From the past

I step into the busy street
Of life

And dare to take
A
Glance
Back

I wonder if you heard my footsteps leaving
I wonder if your wounds are still bleeding

I wish I could lie
Beside you

But I must go on
Without you

I must carry the life

Inside you

Breathing so you can live
Sleeping so I can die

Vanessa Kingsley

Yesterday Was Wonderful

Yesterday was wonderful
The sky a perfect blue
Yesterday was wonderful
All because of you
The grass was green
Birds called out
Everything was okay
Everything that was going wrong
Slowly faded away
My smile was genuine
My laugh was great
But now I remember that it was only yesterday
Tomorrow is here
It brought an odd cloud
Now the sky is dark
The green is fading
The lovely birds have stopped their singing
Widn blows but the trees won't sway
I don't know how I walked away
I don't know why I forsake this joy
Why I longed for tomorrow ignoring?
But tomorrow is here and it's just as nice
Despite the fact you're not in my life
Despite the pain of my troubled mind
Tomorrow for me is perfectly fine
I just want you to know...
we can have a yesterday anytime

Vanessa Kingsley

You Don't Care (Ditch)

I know there are grammatical errors and I'm sorry for that. Hopefully I got most of them and you can still understand it

Outside the sun sparkles and shines on the green jade leaves that look like gems. I'm left alone inside and I'm by myself.
No one look sfor me
No one cares
No one sees me
Because no one dares
No one knows me because talkis cheap
Life is just a lie
Like out TV
I'm by myself
Just one alone
The world keeps spinning
On its own
if you cared
you'd read this too
but it'll be too late
because it can't be soon
im left to rot
im left to die
now you wish, you said goodbye
but sadly, you didn't
because you didn't care
my body lay in a ditch somewhere
i screamed and cried
i kicked and thrashed
no one called me
no one asked
im not okay
im in the dark
next time i'll know
to save my heart
from all the pain
and loneliness
I thought about it more than once
my heart has stopped
its now a bust
and u still read
on an on
u still haven't called
i'm on my own
the sun is out
go play right now
before your life
is smothered out
no youdon't care
because if you did
id be alive
instead if in that ditch

Vanessa Kingsley