Poetry Series

Kierstyn Ouellette - poems -

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Blood Of A Broken Heart

Doors locked
Lights off
Tears stream down my face
Heart broke
Knife stroke
Blood drips down my arm
You scream out
You cry loud
Telling me to stop
One click you gone
I move on
I whisper a goodbye
Last wince of pain
I cut in deep and life fades away.
Kierstyn Ouellette

Butterflies

I lay there in silence
Tear stream down my face
I stare at the blade in hand
I listen to her telling me to do it
I look at my wrist
I see the butterflies
I remember the promise
I cant break it
Not again
Keep them alive and we'll be alright
But it hurts!
Its hard!
I put the blade down
Still wanting to die
But for them i stay alive
My little butterflies
Kierstyn Ouellette

Cycle Of Love

Once again I fell for love

The feeling that picks you up

Making you feel like you're flying

But as quick as it comes it goes

Dropping you lower than low can go

The feeling that once made you smile

Has ripped the smile away

Replacing it with tears and a sorrowful glare

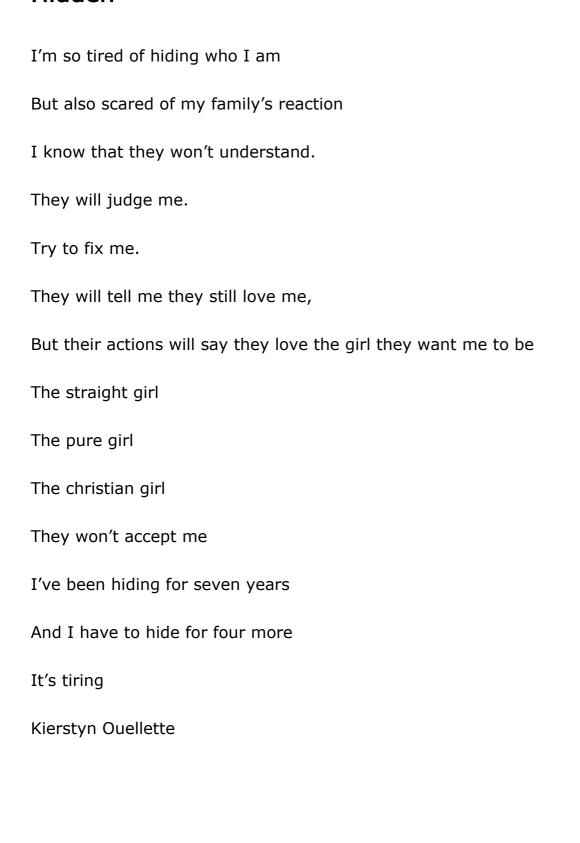
You feel the fall took your pride

Leaving you with nothing

But once again love comes back around

Pushing you in an unending cycle

Hidden



Love

Love
Its young
Its old
Its fast
Its slow
It comes and goes for some
And clings for one
Its long cold fingers wrapped around my heart
Holding me back while others move on
I've always longed for love
To be loved
I searched
But all i got was an allusion of love
That love was flaunted and tossed around
That love gave me sweet words in exchange for fulfillment of lustful desires
That love used me and abused me
Left me with nothing but a shattered heart
I no longer know what love is
Love is a foreign language
I long to love and to be loved

But i hate love

Its nothing more than a silky sweet demon

Masked

Once upon a time there was a girl that felt pretty

Over the years I've learned not all 'once upon a times' are happy endings

The little girl that spun around in pretty dresses without a care in the world

Now hides herself ashamed of what she sees in the mirror

Every night crying herself to sleep, but no one sees her or hears hers cries

She is now a professional at hiding her pain

She cries in the privacy of her room

then before she walks out the door she wipes away her tears and put her smile

back on

Her family thinks shes okay

That shes happy

When underneath its the complete opposite

Inside shes dying

Wanting to give up

Sometimes her friends will see, but only if it gets too bad

Most of the time she hides it

All she wants is her friends to be happy

And they cant do that if they are worrying about her

So she lives her life with a mask

A mask no one can remove

My Demons

I lay there looking at a dark ceiling Another sleepless night I close my eyes I see a bright light I see everyone I love Reaching down for me I feel their tears dripping on me I hear their cries I look around me All I see is darkness... Wait. No..there's blood..everywhere I feel sharp pains all over me Like something tearing into my skin I look closer I now see razor like claws pulling me down I also notice red eyes staring into my soul I look back up I can barely see the light The cries faded to nothing

Now all I could hear were the dark, smooth voices of my demons

"Go to sleep... just fade away.. it'll be okay"

Past Fixes

Cut out the flaws

Burn away the tears

Swallow the pain

And Throw-up the fears

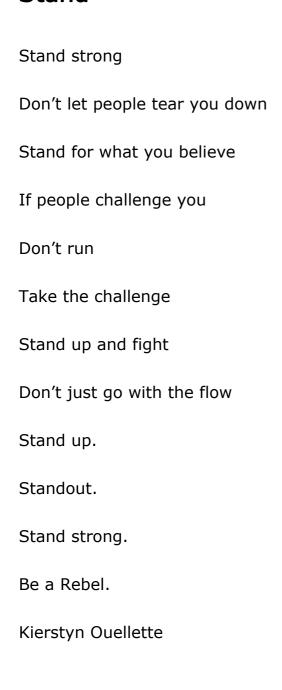
Hush little one

I'm right here

Scars

Everyday I see them The ugly marks one my skin I look at them and remember They aren't just marks They are stories, Chapters of my life Each one of them telling a different story People call them self-harm scars I don't I call them battle scars Each one showing a battle I survived Another day I fought to live These aren't just my scars These are me! Kierstyn Ouellette

Stand



The Cutter's Violin

There once was a violinist
He wasn't your usual violinist
He had no violin, but his arm
And no bow, but a blade
Ever night in the privacy of his room
He would play his violin...
Playing the saddest songs
Needing someone to listen
but no one ever did
So he played his last note
Deep and Sorrowful
Then faded away to the sound of his sad, sad song.

This Broken Heart

Broken, bruised, scarred, and torn
Is this heart of mine
Here a piece
There a piece
But some no where in sight
I curl up, heart in hand
Staring at the shattered remains
It's dark and cold
And I'm all alone
But when I think all is lost
A lighted figure takes my heart
And grabs my hand
Pulling me to a warm comforting light
When the light hits my heart it becomes one
Then I know things will start to get better