

Poetry Series

Kierstyn Ouellette
- poems -

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Kierstyn Ouellette()

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

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Hidden

I'm so tired of hiding who I am

But also scared of my family's reaction

I know that they won't understand.

They will judge me.

Try to fix me.

They will tell me they still love me,

But their actions will say they love the girl they want me to be

The straight girl

The pure girl

The christian girl

They won't accept me

I've been hiding for seven years

And I have to hide for four more

It's tiring

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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

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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

Kierstyn Ouellette

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”

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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

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Scars

Everyday I see them

The ugly marks on 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!

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Stand

Stand strong

Don't let people tear you down

Stand for what you believe

If people challenge you

Don't run

Take the challenge

Stand up and fight

Don't just go with the flow

Stand up.

Standout.

Stand strong.

Be a Rebel.

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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.

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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

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