

Poetry Series

# **Rachel Weaver**

## **- poems -**

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## Rachel Weaver(11/13/90)

My name is Rachel Weaver and I've been writing since I was nine years old. Journals and poetry. Here are some of my more recent works..the picture is an edited picture of myself that I made in psp.

# A Ghazal

In eight lines I could explain my life  
I dont want to thou

He is up on a cloud watching  
'Sorry little brother I try not to do this often'

The water is so cold  
And the wine bittersweet

You were so alive  
Fireflys in your eyes

I'm a fetus still moving  
They dont know what in hell they are doing

Rachel Weaver

# An Epigram On Living

I haven't started living but I'm ready to go  
All I've learned has been stuff I don't want to know

Please grab my hand  
Take me to your opium wonderland

Rachel Weaver

# Brandyn

Your my heroine, one taste and I want more  
I'm in a coma inside of you  
Wake me up my love, I'm dying  
You are the cocaine that gets me through the day  
So obsessive, so compulsive  
I'm a disorder with no cure  
The medicine doesn't help me  
Just not anymore

Rachel Weaver

# Broken Dollie

I look at broken dolls sitting on the shelf  
No smiles left to gaze upon, I'll curl up on the window sill with a book of ghosts,  
hold onto broken dollie.  
I've grown so old and so has Dollie.  
The dusty curtains go right through my face.  
My eyes are just like the curtains, worn, thin, but still sane.  
My innocence is like tainted glass.  
I can pretend but it won't last.  
I can't erase the past. Dollie can't erase the past.  
Dollie wants to kill me, she's been in my attic for years.  
'I've been in his' I try to explain.  
But there really is no reason to abandon anything.  
Dollie tells me how she was stuffed in a dusty trunk. I tell her 'So was I!'  
'Well that's no excuse' she says 'Because dollies can't cry'  
She is right. I mourned in my dust-covered trunk.  
She sat there silently as her painted smile faded off.

Rachel Weaver

# Broken Insight

My words are broken and I write ignorance  
With feelings of apathy not knowing what reality is  
My smile never makes a persons day  
So it always fades away  
A key is a meaningful thing  
Im a lock with no key  
No reason to be. She said to me  
My echo speaks to me of my stupidity  
While my reflection screams at me  
My perspective has perspective  
With and insight to match  
I see what they cant but I'm not skitzophrenic  
When I am alone I am together  
And my shadow has friends  
Monsters make us run but angels are no fun  
What is there to do when there is no one

Rachel Weaver

# Damaged

Take the razor, pull out the blade  
Everlasting condemnation, bleed into a memory  
Damaging darkness, blinding reality  
Eternal mayhem, due to my stupidity  
So ominous yet so cunning  
Confront the violence and the demon spirit  
Crawling in the dark  
Searching for my life, ending up back at the start  
Fearing neither death nor pain  
Thoughts of chaos running through my brain

Rachel Weaver



# Dear World

Dear World,  
You really never had the chance to know me  
You never will get the chance  
Because these words they are the last

I never asked to be here  
In fact I dont recall asking anything  
But maybe I was more humble than I'll ever be

I suppose I could try and say that I loved my life  
But you wouldnt believe that if you saw the knives

Maybe I'll tell you a story about when I was a little child  
But oh god its been awhile

I might be able to get my point across if I do this simple thing  
I could pick up this gun and leave the boom for you to hear ring

Rachel Weaver

# Desire

The puzzle piece called you doesn't quite seem to fit  
Doesn't form the way I want it  
As a puzzle piece I seem to change my shape  
You don't want it to stay the same  
It has to fit your puzzle  
Does it?  
I want it to  
I try to cut the sharp edges off  
They just can't seem to get soft  
I'm sorry but my life kind of made me cold  
I'm still young but I feel old  
So fit me in your puzzle  
That's where I want to be  
In your life  
I'm not always right  
Neither are you, but it's something you refuse to see  
I want to be with you til the sky falls into the sea  
So fit me in your puzzle baby  
That's where I want to be

Rachel Weaver

# Disney Princess

Its a horror story in disguise  
Its inside his eyes  
My fairy tale  
My fantasy  
Price charming didnt slay the dragon  
He slayed me  
I'm not sure if I pricked my finger or ate the apple  
But either way its been a disaster  
I wish I could say that kisses solve everything  
But in my fairy tale they havent solved anything  
Cinderella could change her looks but not who she was  
In storys thou its all about love  
Rags and smudges to glitter and shimmer  
These storys are pointless  
I'm still an orphan..a love letter never delivered

Rachel Weaver

# Earth Journeys

The promise that was broken  
Holds no token  
Not in you anyway  
Not in anything we say  
Your supposed to be here always  
Looking out for me  
But you weren't  
Cause I'm still sitting alone  
Just being nothing again  
Writing some self pity lines  
On a paper about old times

Rachel Weaver

# End Of The Song

Stand still and hold on  
Dont let go its not the end of the song

A little tired now  
But I still hear some distant sounds

In the darkness, fading in and out  
Wishing I could always sleep

Stand still and dont hold on  
Let go its the end of the song

Rachel Weaver

# Forget Me Not (A Balad)

A woman stood on the subway  
Drinking her coffee and reading  
She was minding her own business  
In a skirt that was inviting

A man lunged forward  
With a box knife  
Threated her with it at her throat  
As he stole her virginity and her life

People acted as if nothing was happening  
Stared out windows with wide eyes  
Prayed he wouldn't kill her  
When he finished she fell and covered her thighs

She'll never forget that day on the subway  
People stood by and watched  
She looked up with tears in her eyes  
She said 'Forget me not.'

Rachel Weaver

# Hidden

Halloween is coming  
Put on the third mask  
Maybe you'll look more like who you really are  
Im not much of anything, but your not much of nothing  
Your surrounded but your alone  
I am just alone  
But I can see your face  
Its in the mirror, its on the floor, on the ceiling and behind my closet door  
I dont want you here, leave my heart, leave my soul.  
You dont care about me and I'm not sure I care about you anymore  
When you go trick or treating this year dont bother knocking on my door.

Rachel Weaver

# Its September

Lay the knife down next to me, it shines so nicely  
Lay the gun down next to me, it looks so inviting  
Now you lie down next to me  
I see no difference in these three things  
What are you? What is me?  
I'm a bullet and your my impurity  
Loving me isnt easy obviously  
Because I'm alone, stuck in this room  
A place I'm supposed to call home  
Its nothing but a cold bleak place.  
Nothing but a little personal space  
At least in here  
Im without you  
But you'll never see or understand what your doing to me

Rachel Weaver



# Karina

If we hold you tight and dont let go maybe you'll be alright  
If we chain you up and stare you down maybe you wont fight  
You see your mother being beaten up right in front of you  
You see her trashed  
You see her smashed  
You dont want that to be you in the mirror  
You couldnt be that weak  
'Im a sinner' In your mind you repeat  
No your not, I try to say  
We all make mistakes  
But dont believe the girl with the bandages on her arms and legs

Rachel Weaver

# Medicated

Through these prozac colored eyes  
I see many things  
But I don't see anything that makes me not feel misery

Through the buspar eyes I don't see anything  
The only thing it does is to help me not to feel until the razor stings

Then I put my lithium eyes on and I see everything  
But it's blurry and I get very dizzy  
I'm pissing all the time and I can't quite quench this thirst of mine

Benadryl is the only drug that I don't have eyes for  
It's over the counter and it makes me sleep the pain away  
At least until the morn

I just want my eyes  
Eyes that are mine  
One's that let me decide on my own whats wrong or right  
Ones that let me feel the razor sting  
Ones that let me feel what I'm supposed to be feeling.

Rachel Weaver

# Mona Lisa

So sweet and simple with a devil inside  
So perfect and pretty with those empty black eyes  
I see myself behind her looking through the eyes  
At the people with thier gaping jaws and amazed eyes  
Grin of sin, grin of sing  
You look at me over and over again  
Whats so amazing in simplicity?  
You always miss me, I always miss me  
Captured in a moment that never existed  
Not a single chance of resistance  
Listen, listen  
Shes speaking now  
Of a life she never had  
Thier all amazed, it just seems so sad  
The rain coming, it streaks her fair face  
After eachother, the raindrops chase

Rachel Weaver

# My Disguise

Im lost again in a confusing place  
I hear its called my mind..  
I dont want to be stuck in this darkness  
But I dont wanna step into the light

I look in the mirror..  
Now Im scared.. no one's there  
I run out of fear..the rain starts to fall, and so do the tears...  
The blood drips from my eyes.  
I wish so hard that mirrors lied.

Rachel Weaver

# Never Learn

I cant go down that trail of regret again  
Never..we are just friends  
Dumb as hell I was  
I love to hate I hate to love  
He said that once  
Its the only thing he ever said that stuck  
What you see is what it seems  
And now hes here..not the other  
And Im in tears, but not for the other  
I just cant just wont end up like my mother  
I cant go back to that time  
When safety contract after safety contract couldnt save my life  
So far I haven't been in a situation time hasnt healed  
But I am waiting..eyes shut and lips sealed

Rachel Weaver

# The Art Of Life

Everything in life is a question and I dont have the answers.

My innocence has betrayed me.

I pray to nothing that this will go away.

My dreamcatchers broken and the dreams are leaving quickly. Breaking the hollow doors to get out, quietly not making a sound.

With broken wings and shattered hope I'll try to fly but fall to the ground and wonder why.

Why do only sinners cry? Why do the nice ones get to die? Why arent they punished and left to linger in this hard life.

Life is an art and I'm all out of paint, maybe I can use some charcoal, that was a mistake.

Now life is black and grey. I fear living more then dieing, maybe because I was never taught about trying

Rachel Weaver

# There Is A Place

Words dont mean a thing  
Actions dont either  
What matters is what I feel  
What matters is the cure

Yourself is a mirror of a man I hate  
I didnt want you to be him  
But its too late

Theres a place I go when theres no snow  
A rock, it's relaxing and old  
That is where I pretend away my life  
That is where everything is right

Theres a place  
It knows my face  
Theres a place  
It knows my taste

Rachel Weaver

# Under The Carpet

I think I'm supposed to sit here and take it  
After listening to that they expect me to make it

I want to achieve what they want to see  
But I don't want to be what they want me to be

When we sit in the pew  
We look like a perfect family with no flaws or issues

I know they all know there's something wrong  
It just doesn't show

I like to look at the old pictures  
Frozen in time  
We look happy, everything seems alright

Even then I remember the arguments  
There was a lot of hardships

Now I sit in church  
Filthy and unclean  
Sitting here among the perfect and the pretty

Rachel Weaver



# Winter Beauty

The bleak of winter leaves me among despair  
Thier is only anger and chill in the air  
No happiness or laughing  
Just grey clouds and bleak white sky  
Dont let it all take hold of you for it has a strange beauty within.  
A cold beauty  
Like a beautiful woman with an empty soul.  
In the winter I walk the slushy streets alone  
I see the children play  
Making angels and happy as if it were May  
They seem to love the cold  
But oh how this changes when you get old  
Winter is still beautiful  
In that strange cold way  
Everytime it comes around thou  
I feel I'm going to fade

Rachel Weaver