

Poetry Series

**Saxyn Schaffer**  
**- poems -**

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# Saxyn Schaffer(4/2/1993)

Dear friends,

Hello and welcome.. My real name is Saxyn Renee Schaffer. I am from Elkhart, Indiana but currently live in Gouldcity, Michigan. I have had a rough past. I am very breakable. And i am very hard to understand. Few people do understand me and I am thankful for them who do understand me. I write my poetry different from others. Mine tell the past and what I feel. They can tell how I feel and what i'm about to do. I play guitar to get my mind off of things. I am not the best but I try. Musik is my high. But please if you have any questions about anything, please ask and I will try to answer you.\*.\*.\*6-1-09.\*.\*.\*

xxsaxynxx

# Letters To The Dead

dear jack,

hey. its been a while. hows jail? life is different now. i have no meaning. the sky is mopre darker now. and i grow older each day. when will u come back? i miss u. i need u. its hard to breathe jack. everytime i breathe death comes deeper inside me. like its breaking me down more. come jack. please come back. i hear the voices again. jack who are they? will u help me? it rained today jack. and it was black. why is trhat jack? its been a month jack.. why arent u talking to me? i saw the newspaper today jack.. why? jack.. i love u.. where are u? why are u doing this? jack.. please cpome back..... i moved on jack. but u are my dearest forever and always. but jack.. why wont u talk to me? please talk to me. why wont u? u hate me diont u? please dont jack. i love u..... he left me jack. he said i wasnt the one. why is that jack? maybe i need to die jack. maybe this world isnt for me. goodbye jack.

Saxyn Schaffer

# What Is Love?

I do not know what love is. Love i believe is a mistake. A lie. A joke. A horrible thing people say to people that they don't mean it to.

Where is love?

I don't know where love is. It can't be in you heart. If it was you would feel bad when you shouldn't. Love is a mistake. A lie. A joke. A meaningless feeling.

Why do we love?

We love for self acceptance. A drug. It almost gets you off. Its like the feeling you feeling when you know your about to die. Its that voice in your head saying no, no, when you know you want to say yes.

So why do we feel it?

We geel it because its something we have to feel. Theres no reason to explain it except that its not real. Its only real when you know your about to break.

My dearest readers. If you haven't noticed yet. I play circles in my essays. I argue with myself in them. The reason being is that I am my own self and no one can change that. I am my own friend, lover, and mother. I am who I am. And you are who you want to be. Don't let anyone change that. It's a gift of you own. It's your life. Don't let anyone take you down with them. Be brave and live you life that way you want to and just.. well... Breathe and be happy. thats what life has to offer.

Saxyn Schaffer

# When You Walk Away

When your not looking, people see a side of me that you don't.  
When your not looking, I'm as happy as I can be.  
Maybe this should tell you something. But you don't see it.

When your not looking, I do things that you say are wrong.  
When your not looking, I count the hours we are part and make the best of them.  
They should tell you something. But your not ready to go.

When your looking at me, I fake a smile.  
When your looking at me, I do as you say.  
You think I'm happy. but your too stupid to realize I'm not.

When your looking, I kiss you with my eyes open while yours are closed.  
When your looking, I act as happy as possible.  
I'm just your play thing. I'm nothing more but a rag doll to you.

When you walk away, I don't count the steps.  
When you walk away, I smile bigger.  
This should tell you something. But you don't care.

You hurt me. And you expect me to love you? No. Love doesn't go that way. Your sadly mistakened.

When I smile, I'm happy becuase I know I'm free.  
Free from your abuse.  
Annd free from your lies.

Saxyn Schaffer