

Poetry Series

divinely sensitive
- poems -



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pretentious silly little poems about girlhood and so on/ gemini sun/ infp / average Fiona apple enjoyer.



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On Girlhood

Rockbottom's a girl wearing boots in the summer telling white lies about boys who don't love `em. Perfume bottles full of wine. Wine and more wine and free verse and late night crisis'. Girlhood was my mother. My worst enemy and sickest feelings. Guts full of pills and pills that are made of psychotic magical thinking. No one saw Joan D'arc dreaming. Thus, finally I recognize that girlhood was only the beginning. The end's beginning. Dead poets looking over us, mediocre young writers and scrumptious people. Mostly them girls that stay awake and write and write and write their guts full of pills into the paper and the pen becomes ten times thinner and I don't know how much of a dreamer I'm; all I know is that my troubles get only bigger.

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Solitude

it is winter that brought me alone today

god knows what will be
it's excuse for the next days.
we rather to keep the uncared for,
the unbothered by essence,
than to live days with a
peaceful mind, yet silent;

no echos whatsoever,
mind would simply
give up being unfavorable
unwanted voices, thoughts
would go and never see
daylight again.

shall me just let the human
absorption get me while
i still learn what solitude just is

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Alice In (Wonder) Land

The rabbit will keep entering the hole over and over because his anxiety cripples him to do so. We are servers to our diseases and so is he. Schizophrenic Alice got a syndrome for herself and she sees talking animals and a kingdom of her own where she didn't kill a dragon but got stuck in it because of cake crumbs. She shrink and fell into a pool of tears of her own and almost drowned.

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Dread

I wonder if one of my angels can sing/ if my bona fide tendencies is who i am/
not who i've been/ and if this is love/ i can feel it running through my throat/ the
caterpillar that's soon to be the butterfly in my stomach/not a moth/ not a
thunder/ but grace and wander/ finally, my sharp pains are gone/after taking a
thousand painkillers; / the powder in it is made of lavender/ and i'm composed
by rhymes/and runners./

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Moonchild

because maybe, i was made to be shaped like the moon, and in a catalyst way, i become more like her each day; little by little.

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Elements Of Being

Air is loose
Air is what it shall be;
Free, presented how it is
It is cold and lingering
It is cold and Saturn
Hot and a bow that is a shotgun
And surrounds the anatomy
Of Earth.

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Astrology

Under construction of a draft/self

During the planetary rising-
I try to write a poem.

'If this is the end,
Should I feel free? '

I am certain there is nothing new under the Sun-

But, Pluto, maybe?
The lightbulb.

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The Garden Of Eden

Perhaps Adam and Eve weren't interested in salvation; Maybe today they were restructured to wander about Jupiter's size. Or Saturn's alluring rings. Adam possibly is planning on reaching out for one of them and asking Eve out. Taking a less abstruse narrative; Potentially The Garden of Eden didn't exist. Neither Adam and Eve. Perhaps we have been cycling and going through Mother Earth or Mercury or Uranus before we were taught how to breath. Perhaps there's no Doomsday or a day that never ends. Perhaps the bible was right; we are all little divine demons.

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Touch The Stars Someday

I wanted you.
I wanted you for what you were.
I wanted you for what i wished you were.

June never felt quite so far
I could touch the stars someday
Maybe kiss you someday

We were children, unbearably young and
Too small to, perhaps, let each other be.
You were diamond-like to me.

That rush of feelings comes and goes
Just like autumn leaves my stomach and comes with the snow.

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Stupid Stupid Cupid

I've failed twice with this one
I failed, I don't want to face
the failure and I wish I could
cry on command I seem to
only cry at the wrong wrong
time I see time as torture-
I'm consumed by torture.

I feel tortured, I feel tortured
by cupid/ cupid only arrowed
my heart not his stupid stupid

cupid in this format I write better in this format I blame cupid. Horrible literature
boys boys boys who eat horrible literature and drown stupid cupid's arrows in the
river the love love love river.

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