

Poetry Series

# Unknown Ever

## - poems -

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# Unknown Ever()

# Another Lost Friend

Another lost friend, another memory spent trying to forget. Rather it be I unknowing to myself or them not seeing the same they leave me and then wonder why I do the things I do to try to heal.

In the time it takes me to make a friend, learn their customs and abilities as well as their disabilities, they have found someone who has fooled them enough to think that they can give more than I.

In the beginning I beg and plead for forgiveness but now it is a routine I have seen too many times. The friends who stay are the ones as broken and as lost as I.

So next time when you ask what I do or why I do it I'll answer quickly and swiftly, Another friend lost, another memory spent trying to forget.

One day I will meet that one person who will be a friend, just a friend, nothing more than a good friend but until that day I use the same routine of fake promises and used up wishes.

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# Death

Death is good for saints and lovers. Death is bad for some others.  
Some say death's the beginning. Some say it's the end. I will let you depend.  
Some say they've been to heaven and back. Some say to hell. As for me I may  
never tell.

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# Don'T Cry For Me

As he lay there I remember all the times we had together and then all of a sudden it was 'Please don't cry when I'm gone.' I thought I could stay strong so I hid my tears until finally the sadness sword had cut through my shield and I could stay strong no longer.

I realized that he'd no longer try to make anyone and everyone feel special or show love. He said don't cry but for his family, we disobeyed. Not because we wanted to but because we tried so hard but in the end failed.

seventy years gone in an instant and there's nothing a human like me can do about it but mourn and wish I had spent more time and love just to see him alive one last time. As I sit in the pew at the church I reminisce in the good and hate myself for any bad I may have caused to a man that fought for more years than I have lived.

My crying was a mixed drink of seeing his body left behind and the rest of my family crying as well with a straw of memories that could last decades. I pray to see you in a matter of seconds, minutes, hours, days, just to see or here or feel you.

I miss you

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# Freedom

I count the hours of the day wisfing I was done. Not just with the counting but with my hopes and aspiration

My life is like a ruler I want to break in half. End it before the true pain begins.

As i wake I look at all the smiling faces and remember when mine wasn't painted. Then again we're all in the same circus. The clowns being the outcasts, lion tamers being the big shots, and acrobats being so suicidal sleep is a dream.

Soon the hours turn into days that turn into weeks, to months, to years and all that is ever wanted is freedom.

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# I Can Hear You

As I lay in my room with you thinking I'm dreaming of the day gone, I hear you cutting into oneanother with words, screams, shouts, and insults. You both smoke because if you didn't let anger out on eachother or let it out in a cigarette you'd probably explode or going into a tear soked, pain induced, hatred caused, depression.

When I finally do sleep and you have run out of razors I dream of a world where war was a nightmare of politicians and never existed. This world is where a smile meant some thing and the only four letter words were hope, love, care, and glad. Sad and hurt were feeling you got only when you fell but you went home to your mother and father and everything became alright. The only tears shed were tears of joy.

I'm awake and you're at it again with the razors you found under the bed throwing them at eachother. Some you missed and others were direct hits.  
PLEASE JUST STOP.

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# Just Breathe

Inhale

Feel the oxygen pass your lungs and capture the demons by the heart.

Now exhale

Let the air flowing out of you take the wretched feelings with it.

Inhale

Notice you have more space to be free in your own skin

Now exhale

Create a barrier on the crease of your lips to halt the hatred from cracking your teeth

Inhale

Let the air weigh down your body to calm the shaking nerves and the troubled soul

Now exhale

Understand that this is just a moment and it will pass like the sun giving way to the moon

Just breathe

No matter how hard the time, you are a rock covered in diamond so you will redefine that disastrous word.

Just breathe

and place your mind back on the ground to meet up with your lost body

Just breathe

You will be okay

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# My Best Friend

I gave you my trust in your hands the day we became friends and you blindfolded it so that I couldn't possibly know what you were doing until it was too late. I spilled my soul to you and the one time I leave a minor detail to save the friendship of us it consumes you and you look for answers of the detail that in the end broke us. Instead of apologizing and giving me time to think you badger and badger and say I'm over reacting and that I'm the one on trial for wrong doing but in the end I sentenced you and made you give me my trust back. Even though I can forgive I can never forget How you tricked and deceived me like a two year old who wanted a cookie before dinner. I had my moments where I thought I made the wrong choice and maybe I should give you a second chance but humans never change so you'd take my trust but this time hide it so far I could never find it. For a person is one thing but how evil does one person have to be to do this to a friend and all because of one detail that wouldn't have changed your life that you hold on a throne while treating everyone else like servants that have the worth of a two ten year old running for president. You are a bad person.

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# My Soul

My soul is is full of demons wondering about. My soul is full of demons that want to get out.

My soul is pure evil I don't have a heart. My soul is pure evil the devil tore it out.

My soul is so scary I won't tell you about. My soul is so scary I don't have a doubt.

My soul is cursed for many years. My soul is cursed my mother's in tears.

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# Red Tears

You're silence means nothing because I see the pain in your worn out eyes.

You've been crying again.

You cry red tears and your skin soaks them up on the scars on your arms from words turned to razors ever so discreetly do to names behind your back and even the ones who say it to your face.

But they can't look you in the eyes. If they did they would fall over dead.

You have been a fighter since day one. Don't give up now, don't give up tomorrow, don't give up ever.

If you need ears I will listen, if you need eyes I will look, and if you need a voice I will try.

So even though you cry red tears, just know that red is my favorite color

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# Thank You

Thank you for loving me when I thought love was a four letter made up word for people who like to lie to themselves or people who thought it was real.

Thank you for lying by saying your name was everyone when I said no one cared about me.

Thank you for being there through every fight in my mind that you ended through a heart democracy.

Thank you for comforting me through the darkest and coldest nights by just speaking life and wisdom into me even though you couldn't hug me every time you wrote it on a keyboard.

Thank you for being the water when I was thirsty to the blanket when I am cold and tired from a day that I wanted to end when I got out of bed every morning.

Finally, thank you for never giving up on me even when it came to the worst of times and we thought we couldn't make it through. Thank you for everything

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# The Game I Play With Myself

You know you would  
But never you could  
If you ever got the chance

To use the knife  
That ended my life  
And end our little dance

But you couldn't bear  
That one harming tear  
That'll steal me from my friend

When you used the knife  
That ended my life  
And let me see the end

This is how it is each day  
From each morning to each lay  
As I look for the tallest shelf

I think of the knife  
That ended my life  
The game that I play with myself

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# What I've Lost

It wasn't always this way, the way of sadness and aloneness. I used to be happy and comfortable with everything about myself. It turns out once you get older you lose yourself to the point where you forgot the warmth of comfort or the joy and happiness that used to come naturally.

It starts with love. You know, the kind of love that makes you feel like you and that other person are the only humans alive and you have a bond of nylon rope wrapped in diamond that could never be broken. By the time I thought I knew what love was she was gone out of my life forever and I had lost love. I kept looking for it though through time and time again I thought I saw it in other girls but I have come to the reality that it's gone out of my life forevermore.

Next I lost care and sense of responsibility. I broke all the rules unknowing that trouble lie with each broken one. I had traded in my common sense for a fun time.

Finally, I lost blood. Either by a razor blade across the skin woven together so careful or an eraser burn down my arm to prove that I can take the pain. I am now left with emptiness, worthlessness, and hopelessness.

I hope someday to buy back my common sense, to dig far enough to find that long lost sense of love, and to get in trouble enough times to where someone glues my care and responsibility back in my brain.

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# Who I Am

I'm not a risk taker. I'm the one who stands in the background encouraging others to shine and giving them love leaving none for myself without them knowing it.

I'm not a loud person. I am the one sitting in the back and suffering in silence as the terrible days pass but no one can see my invisible tears and scars and the ones who do don't care.

I'm not mean. I love with the passion of the sun but can't find anyone to share it with even through miles of searching.

I am not an attention seeker. I cause pain to myself because without it I am left numb and abandoned by what I thought was the goodness in my soul but turned out to be fakeness built on deception and lies.

I AM ME.

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