

Poetry Series

**XX. EMO CHICK .XX MRT.**  
**- poems -**

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XX. EMO CHICK .XX MRT.(9/14/93)

# Bad Memory

HE HAUNTS MY MEMORIES,  
TAKES OVER MY HAPPINESS,  
KILLS MY SMILE,  
EVERY THOUGHT OF HIM HURTS ME,  
HEARING HIS NAME KILLS ME,  
ALL THE MEMORIES OF HIM,  
I WISH I NEVER MET HIM,  
HE RUINED MY CHILDHOOD,  
KILLED MY SPIRIT,  
I CANT FORGET IT,  
WHAT HE DID TO ME WILL ALWAYS HAUNT MY MEMORY

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# Friend

WHEN YOU WALKED INTO MY LIFE I WAS HAPPY,  
WHEN YOU BROKE MY HEART I STILL WANTED YOU,  
EVERYTIME I GET HURT I RUN BACK TO YOU,  
I CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON YOU TO BE THERE,  
YOU ARE A FRIEND AND SOMETIMES MUCH MORE,  
YOU COULD NEVER CAUSE ME TO BORE,  
EVEN THOUGH IT HURTS YOU ARE ALWAYS TRUTHFUL,  
IT IS SO HARD TO RESIST YOU,  
I LOVE TO HANG OUT,  
I AM HAPPY WHENEVER YOU'RE ABOUT,  
IT IS SO HARD TO STOP TALKING TO YOU,  
BUT WE WANT DIFFERENT THINGS,  
I WISH YOU WANTED MORE MEANS.

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# I Need Someone

When i cry myself to sleep,  
I just wanna cut myself so deep  
I want someone to care,  
Someone who will share,  
I need someone to be there  
I want someone to hold me  
I wish someone could unfold the mystery  
I want someone to know  
They need to show me that they can help  
They should talk to me and not yell  
I need them to be mellow and not turn yellow  
I want someone that won't bailer  
They need to be calm and helpful  
I just wish someone could be the way i need them to be and could say things  
that are useful to me.

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# Lost

I LOVE HIM SO MUCH,  
BUT DOES HE LOVE ME? ?  
DO I STILL WANT TO BE WITH HIM? ?  
I HURT SO BAD,  
THE PAIN MAKES IT SO HARD TO KNOW WHAT TO DO,  
IF HE LOVES ME THE WAY HE SAYS HE DOES...  
WHY CANT HE STOP TALKING TO HER? ?  
DOES HE SECRETLY LOVE HER? ?  
WHY CANT HE JUST STOP TEXTING HER? ?  
I DONT KNOW WHAT TO DO...  
SHOULD WE BREAK UP? ?  
I WANT TO BUT...  
AT THE SAME TIME I JUST CANT LET HIM GO...  
I DONT WANT TO LOSE HIM BUT...  
I CANT KEEP GETTING HURT LIKE THIS...  
I WISH I COULD FIND THE ANSWER...  
IM JUST SO LOST..  
I WANT TO BE FOUND...

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# Mom

she crys  
she yells  
she takes my arm  
she looks at the scares  
she sees the new cuts  
she asks 'why, is it me? ? '  
'did i do something? ? '  
'what could i have done to make you hurt yourself? ? '  
i dont answer  
i am quiet  
tears in my eyes  
i see her face  
her concern  
she is sad  
she is mad  
she looks disippointed  
she hates me  
she hates what i have become  
what i have done  
i ditched school...  
got caught  
she takes me to counciling,  
doesnt trust me any more  
doesnt believe a word i say  
hate  
lies  
dispare  
she cant believe a word i say  
i love my mother  
but...  
i wonder...  
does she still love me? ?

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# Relief

Every cut, Every scare  
a reminder  
bad memorie  
a bad day  
some bad news i had to hear  
relief  
blood  
i cut deepper  
it helps  
i stop,  
watch the blood run down my arm  
it drips  
its on the floor  
on the toilet  
on the stall door  
on my pants, shirt, everywhere  
i breath  
i feel better now  
i clean up the blood  
i hide the cuts  
and go to class  
with tears in my eyes,  
running down my cheek  
relief at last,  
well for now that is.

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# Sick And Tired

Depression, saddness  
hopes, dreams  
all things i have,  
two things i want  
i want to feel happy,  
feel warmth.  
im so cold.  
i cant get warm. nothing helps.  
blankets dont do any good.  
im cold inside, not out.  
my skin hurts  
my hands hurt  
they are sick.  
sick and tired of cutting.  
holding the blade  
making the motion to slide the blade into my arm  
tired of providing the presure, the pain, the blood.  
tired.  
sick.  
sick and tired of it all.

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# Take It Away

Pain, suffering, emptiness  
A lone, nobody to help me,  
to take the pain away, to fill the emptiness inside, to stop the suffering.  
i cry out.  
i need help! !  
i need someone! !  
i want someone, anyone, to stop it all! !  
no more blood! !  
i dont want the feeling any more! !  
just take it away please...someone please...take it all away! !

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# The Blade

The blade  
its like a lifeline  
it helps me breath  
really, truely, breath  
it makes an air hole  
lets out the bad  
the blood  
it holds bad things within.  
it holds everything bad in life, at school, at home, in my mind.  
the blade lets it all out, lets it all go, lets the bad feelings flow out of my body.  
helps me feel good  
the blade is like my friend.  
a friend...  
that hurts me and helps me both...  
at once.

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