

Poetry Series

Alexianna Brandhagen
- poems -

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Alexianna Brandhagen(None of your buisness)

Alone

Eyes of glass and heart of stone
She has always been alone
Challenges faced and troubled past
She expects no good to last

Alexianna Brandhagen

Beautiful Monster

Tell me again
Say it once more
that I am beautiful
let me know
that I'm not the monster
I see in the mirror
and reflected in myself
make me see
that I'm a wonderful creature
born with the ability
to cry
tell me again
say it once more
That I'm beautiful

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Blade

Blade meets skin
Where ice meets heart
and causes her no pain
she looks in wonder
at the smooth red
liquid
dripping down
and suddenly giggles
wondering if her blood
can atone for all the wrong
she has done
or if it is a waste
of all the good
she has supposedly done
maybe someday
the blade
instead of causing her injury
can relive her pain

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Burning

I cry
deep inside
does no one hear me?
I burn
deep inside
does no one see me?
I'm cold
deep inside
does no one feel me?
I sleep
deep inside
does no one care?

Does no one care
I can't take it anymore?
Does no one care
I want
to end it all
Right now?
Does no one care
at all?

I scream
deep inside
does no one hear me?
I'm flames
deep inside
does no one see me?
I'm ice
deep inside
does no one feel me?
I'm (dead)
deep inside
does no one care?

Does no one care
I can't take it anymore?
Does no one care
I want

to end it all
Right now?
Does no one care
at all?

Alexianna Brandhagen

Burning Sadness

She feels
the sadness
swirling
deep inside her
and tries to find
a way to be rid of it
to put it on paper
so she can
someday
burn it

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Claustrophobia

Bodies, walls
everywhere
closing in
caging her
panic starts
but really
it never ended

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Diversity

I'm not perfect and never will be
But that's perfectly ok with me
Because flaws create diversity
Diversity creates beauty
And beauty, to me, is perfection
So if you think about it
I guess I am perfect
In my own special way
I won't try to blend in
Or conform to what the rest of the world is thinking
Because if everyone was the same
There would be no diversity
And without diversity
Nothing could be beautiful.

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Dream

Reality
and dreams
mix together
the lines
between the two
become blurred
until she can't
tell the difference
between reality
and a dream

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Fire

She covers her heart
with ice
to hide the fact
that it's on fire
burning
smoldering
suddenly
she screams for help
but no one hears
someone, please
help her
before it's too late
before the fire
consumes her
and there's nothing left
to save

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Flower Petals

Who do the willow's branches droop?
They droop because the willow weeps
She weeps for hearts broken.

Why do the wolves' voices howl?
They howl because the wolf mourns
He mourns for lives taken.

Why do the bird's wings fly?
They fly because the bird searches
He searches for souls lost.

Why do the flowers' petals bloom?
They bloom because the flower hopes.
She hopes for the bird, the wolf, and the willow.

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Fly With The Wind

I want to be a bird
so beautiful and free
I want to fly like the wind

I want to be a swan
so graceful and pure
I want to fly like the wind

I want to be a hawk
with eyes that see the soul
I want to fly like the wind

I want to be an owl
wise queen of the night
I want to fly like the wind

I want to be a dove
bringing good luck to many
I want to fly like the wind

I want to be a parrot
with colors and wit
I want to fly like the wind

I want to be a nightingale
with the sweetest of voices
i want to fly like the wind

I want to be a raven
Darker than a starless night
I want to fly like the wind

I want to be me
and if I'm accepted
I will fly with the wind

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I Always Believed

I always believed
The world was a beautiful place
Filled with flowers and chirping birds
And everyone loved everyone

I always believed
Things could always be worked out
That when there's a will, there's a way
And nothing could ever really go wrong

I always believed
That with love, you could overcome anything
Men and women were equal
And no one ever died
But the world doesn't always work that way
And yet, it somehow still does

I always believed
that people never change
But I was proved wrong on that, too.
Things can change
For better or worse

I always believed
And I still do

Alexianna Brandhagen

In My World

In my world
I see others
On the outside
Looking in and judging me
Do you see
What it looks like
In my world
From the inside?
In my world
It's not all chocolates and roses
As I make it seems to be
Unless you've spent a day in my world
And realized it's more like
Thorns and roses
Don't judge me
And my world

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Inspiration

Between Dusk and Dawn
When the world sleeps
and the countryside is dark
shining the brightest
with an ethereal light
is the full moon
and as she glows
the stars glitter
and twinkle
and it seems
the whole world sleeps
save for the artists
who, like others before them,
find inspiration
between dusk and dawn

Alexianna Brandhagen

Keys

Live not in the past
For it is done
Live not in the future
For it doesn't exist, nor will it ever
Live in the present
and pay special attention to the little things
for they may be the keys to happiness

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Kindred Spirit

Eyes shine bright
with the joy of finding
a Kindred Spirit
Someone who understands
her music
her poetry
her silliness
and why she is
the way she is
he seems to know
what she likes
and dislikes
because he likes
and dislikes
the same things
he notices her hair,
her smile,
and her eyes
and likes them
but she is afraid,
afraid of getting hurt
because she always does
but she feels as if
maybe this will be different
because they understand
each other

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Make-Up

Make-up
to hide her tears
Black clothes
to shroud her uncertainty
Combat boots
to cover her weakness
Gloves
to veil what her hands
have failed to do
But does it
really matter?
Some look at her
and see a freak
Someone who can never
belong

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Mirror

I see her
In the Mirror
And she looks back at me
With eyes of glass
Stained with tears
Of her hate-filled past
She looks as if
She wants to say
Something
Anything
But she waits
For me to speak first
Then I realize
That she
Is me
That her eyes
Are my eyes
Her past
Is my past
Her tears
Are my tears
Cried because she can never
Belong

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Modern Love

What does love
really mean?
Today, it seems,
love is all about
who has the most money,
the nicest car,
the newest cell phone,
the fastest computer,
and the best plastic surgeon.
But what about the girl
who has the most compassion,
the nicest heart,
the newest charity,
the fastest understanding,
and the best virtues?

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Music

Delicate
intricacies
weaving subtle
melodies
such emotion!
such beauty!
yet no one
takes it seriously
they scoff
at delicacies
they talk
and drown out
the emotion
and blot out
the beauty

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Remembering

Memories

Swarm

surrounding her

choking her

her heart aches

with a familiar

yet alien

pain

it comes

and goes

but always

watches

waiting

for an opportunity

to hurt her

and maybe

someday

to kill her

but never to allow her

any semblance

of happiness

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Rosebush

Rose as red as apples
Beauty to which
None can compare
Closes up
For fear of being hurt
Or stepped on
And broken
And grows thorns
To find out
Who cares enough
To get a little hurt
And care for her
And nurture her
To let her grow
Into a rosebush

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School

Spirit grow dim
as she sits in her desk
with nothing to do
nothing to inspire her
dull classrooms
to deaden creativity
rules, rules, rules
to take away freedom
a full day at school
to take all her time
and act as a cage
allowing her no room
to move around
or grow
instead, it restricts her
until she can breathe no longer

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See The Soul

Eyes like a Doe
Hair like silk
Voice like a bird
Yet she wishes
it was not so
she wishes
it was not so
she wishes
someone would listen past
her voice
and hear the emotion
feel past
her hair
and touch her heart
look past
her eyes
and see her soul

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She Walks Away

She walks away
from the fight
where past and present war
She walks away
from her family
who thinks she's nothing more
She walks away
from everything
and finally ends the war
She walks away
from her life
And finds peace forevermore

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The Real Me

Look past the chest
and see the heart
Look past the face
and see the eyes
Look past the attitude
and see compassion
Look past the tears
and see the strength
Look past the anger
and see the anguish
Look past the violence
and see the tenderness
Look past the glamour
and see the real me

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The Void

Can you feel me?
Holding you safe,
Here in my arms.
I feel your heartbeat,
Your breath,
But nothing else.
Do you sleep?
Are you awake?
I cannot know.
Please wake up!
Can't you hear my cries?
Your heartbeat slows,
Your breath becomes more shallow,
And you seem to pass into the void.
Please don't leave me!
You are my conscious,
The only one I can trust!
Please stay with me!
I cannot live without you!
Your heartbeat stops,
Your breath comes to a halt.
I feel strong arms wrap around me,
Holding me and begging me not to leave,
And I feel myself become lifted out of my body.
And soon I realize that it isn't you who is dying,
It is me....

Alexianna Brandhagen

Time

We all say we know
what time is
but do we really?
Time is seconds
Minutes
hours
days
weeks
months
years
And at the same time,
there is no such thing as the separation
of time
to some,
it is an illusion,
something humans have made up to explain each passing moment
to others, it's the only thing that is real
It stretches on for all eternity
it always has been and always will be
and still, there is no future
no past
only the present
because the past is gone
and will never come back to us
and the future
shall never exist for us,
because the only thing
we will ever know
is the moment we live in
that disappears in the blink of an eye
and lasts forever, never to end

Alexianna Brandhagen

Try It

Nails dig into flesh
Teeth bite into skin
as she tries
to chase away images
of what she's frightened of
all he wants
is one thing from her
while she wants
something else from him
what he wants is vile
what she wants is a big brother
but he ruined that picture-perfection
with a single text
saying:
'I want you in my bed'

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Weeping Willow

She hides her bleeding heart
beneath a Willow tree
hoping, maybe
that someone will see
the Willow tree's tears,
look under the roots,
and find her
stitch her wounds,
and give her a place
to belong

Alexianna Brandhagen

Worthless

Depression
sinks in
and she knows
just how worthless
she really is
and she cries
because no one
contradicts her

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