

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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amanda garcia(January 9,1997)

Well, I have been cutting for 4 years and just starting writing like 2 years ago. Because I felt like no one else understood me if I talked. So I decided to start writing poetry so they could at least try to understand me. Also I felt like I had no body to talk to so I wrote to myself or pretended like the paper was a person and just wrote everything that was on my mind. And I felt like the world was off of my shoulders. And I loved to share so I could be inspiration to other people to let them know that they are not alone. I stopped for a while, and my life went down hill, I started cutting worse and worse and I shut down whenever someone tried to tak to me about my problems. I am now 15 years old and about to turn 16 in January... And I fell like everyone is against me and I dont know what to do...

Anxiety

Anxiety
Racing thoughts
Demented minds
This happens all the time
Why me? Why now?
No one can ever tell me why or how.

Never know what to do,
So I never turn to you for
Advice or comfort.
You rejected me everytime
Because you could never read
Inbetween the lines
Of my hearts
Demented, Twisted rhymes

So why talk?
When no one wants to understand
Me and my rubberbands or my ice
I wish I could just take flight
And never come back down
I will sure die in the clouds
And I will never know
How...

Anxiety works
Through My mind
Inbetween my soul
And inbetween my lines.
Anxiety

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Faith Is A Hard Thing To Come By

Faith is a hard thing to come by

You only have but one chance in life,
To prove
No matter what you ave faith
Through pain or hurt
For bad or for worse
You still have faith
That pulls you through
What the devil s trying to take from you.
You gotta close your eyes
And let the faith
Breathe out
Let them know
Your faith really go es too.

Faith is a hard thing to come by
But once you've got it in you grasp
Thats the only thing
That keeps you aware
Of whos really there.

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I Want To But Never Can

I want to go far and beyond
But cant
I want to be free
But I am contained
I want to complain outloud
But I will be judged
By people who are
Worse off in life than I will ever be

I want to be created
But I am rejected
I have discovered that life
There are boxes that
You have to fit, To be accepted
They draw a picture
Then they want to apply

But I want to be free
To be me
But they never want to see
What I am coming to be
A demented human being

Trying to be what
Everyones picture is describing
But they are not realizing
That the true
Amanda Renee Garcia is dieng

Not able to focus
On what I truely want
I try to RUN
But their grasp
It gets tighter around my legs
I scream out in pain
Mine-as-well do what
Everyone else wants
Because Like I said:

If I talk, I will be judged
If I want to go far, I will only be able to take one step

I have discovered
That life Takes you where you dont want to be
I am Amanda Renee Garcia
And
Life is suficating

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I'M Blowing It To Smitherines

I am blowing it all
To smitherines
My lies have their own personalities
Wasting my energy trying to figure this shit out.
Never knowing what my lies are about!

So forget it leave it to me
I am the one being blown to smitherines
Self-destruction was their plan
Their words hit me like a grown man.
If they do the pain over and over again
Then why do I stay around
Waiting for the next hit?
Because I want to be blown to smitherines.

Feel the pain pounding through my veins
Make the red rain fall.
And bounce to the floor like a ball.
It splatters to the floor like broken glass

Nice to finally see me breake my fall.
Please keep your sympathy,
I dont deserve it!
My conscious tears me up inside knowing that
I will never change
Knowing I will die with a heavey soul.
Knowing I will never mean my apologies
So why even try?

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Life Is A Game I Can Never Win...

Why does the world go on without me?
I want to catch up[but it wont let me.
I am stuck in a never ending cycle,
I am still on phase one
And life has already won!

Then why do I continue to play?
Because I am determined to do
What I need to do to win.
To suckerpunch them in the mouth
When I reach the finish line
But the red line that
Is supposed to be a finish line
Instead I see the face I've come to beat
And the scars I thought
I left behind a long time ago
Then I truely see what I have come to be.

I dont want to see reality
So I blind my eyes with lies
To shield me from the truths'
Blinding rays.
Then all the people that were helping me
Fade away
And still they move on without me.

Why does the world go on without me?

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My Heart Is Somewhat Like Jail...

My heart is somewhat like a jail.
Locks all my true feelings inside
So I can never say how I truly feel
It let me lie to others and to my self
For all of these years
I thought I was true to myself
And to nobody else.
Well, I guess I got another thing coming
I am sorry I could never say
That I loved you so

I tried and I tried then I tried again
With so reply
From my hearts' command
I kept my mouth shut just in case
I would watch all my
Hard work go to waste

My heart is somewhat like a jail.

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My Life Is Not What It Appears To Be..

My life is not what it appears to be
I may look cool and I go hard
But on the inside
I hate life because I am in it.

I hit my mom
I lie to her
I tear her up inside
With my lies and manipulation
She never knows what to do
When I am gone because
I was her first born
Her baby girl
She never planned
For me to be a druggie or drink alcohol
And now she wants nothing to do with me
At all

My brother hates me for
Tearing our family apart he never calls
And now
He says all the time that
sissy did this to me
Now he shuts down from the world
Because he saw me
Do the same thing
It's okay is what he thinks but
I try to tell him that it's not
But he won't listen
And now he wants
nothing to do with me
At all

That's why I pretend to go hard
So people won't mess with me
So people won't find out the real me
And leave for eternity

My life is not what it appears to be

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Racing Thoughts, All The Time

These racing thoughts in my head
Wont let me have peace in my own bed!
I just want to sleep
I just want to die.
All these scary thoughts make me want to cry!

I just want to slice open my once
Beautiful skin
Now a catastrophe
I spread it open to sweet blasphemy
I know its a sin
But I cant stop once i start
Its like a spinning top that never stops!
Faster and faster as the time goes.
Deeper and deeper to rid of my emotional pain,

Feel my body go through much greater pain
Is just a substitute
To my thoughts this is exciting
But
To my heart it is homicide

But there is no other way to make
The racing thoughts subside!
People can never see how I actually
feel from the outside
A wall of the untrue blues
Is covering me completely

SO no one can see the true part of me...

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Reality Is An Unbendable Hoop

Sitting

Face blank

Mind in the phase of nonreality

I cant stay

I cant live this way

I cant go the go you want me to

I cant bend the hoop you of reality for you

Sitting

Face blank

mInd in the phase of reality

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Splattered Memories

If you knew my pain
If you knew my story
If you only understood my thought process..
Maybe then you would know why
I am the way I am.

But untill then
They are just splattered memories on my wall.
No one understands, So who do I call?

My hopes are basically unseen...
So low so disclosed
That even I can barely see what captivates me.
Sometimes I can be soo happy
But then my thoughts start to seep in.

Becuase of my disorders
Becuase of my mental pain
I will deal with ths true struggle
For the rest of my life
But I gotta put on show
Sp I wont be probed,
with questiions
And unwanted answers
Coming from me.

The mouth, I claimed to be
'Not even me'.
Turned up to be
The most true vulnerable
Part of me...

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