

Poetry Series

Ashley McC
- poems -

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Ashley McC(June 23rd)

haha, little sister.

40 Below

Christmas time, up here.
Frosted trees and buildings.
Christmas lights lighting up the
city.
Me just walking through town with
frosted hair and eyelashes.
It's only -40, it's not that bad.
Well, maybe for white people but
only because their skin isn't as thick
as Natives.
Dark brown eyes, light brown and tougher
then a *****,
Well, the weather here.
It's only getting up to -50 not too soon.
But we know how to dress.
Ain't stupid as y'all either ha ha ha.

Ashley McC

6 Am In The Morning

She sits on her chair, just
thinking about anything.
She could sit there for an hour
just thinking of things happening
in life.
Asking herself question after
question.
Everyone wakes up at 7.
That's when she can't do anything
what she wants.
She needs her piece and quiet,
but nobody ever could.
Why can't she mute the people
around her?
All she need is some time alone.
She's being pulled by everyone
around her.
All the pressure and frustration flowing
through her, is making her
sink in a dark hole.
She can't exactly explain where that hole
leads.
Can't predict what's gonna happen,
but senses something is gonna happen.
But what, where, when and how?
Life is nothing but a bunch of questions
thrown here and there nowadays.
Answers pop out of nowhere,
like an atomic bomb just blowing up
right in front of ya.
Most of the time, when you try hard to
find something.
Usually you wouldn't find it, but when you're
not looking for it.
You find it.
Life's funny in ways you can't explain.
Like for example, the past.
Once it's done, it's done.
Researchers and scientists are looking

for answers for the past.

But it's hard to put the pieces back into the
puzzle, because you would need to live it
to understand why the people then did it.

Your puzzle is never complete till you accomplish
it.

Work on your obsession and smile.

Whatta phrase her old brother says.

Ashley McC

A Poem

It's funny how people read other
people's poems.
And think it's about their life,
most of the time it's not.
It's just them typing their thoughts.
most of the time.
But if you read this, not all my poems
are my life,
so quit pretending to feel sorry.
Quit saying my life is sad, cause guess what.
My life is the sh*t.
so F*** you.
My bad, just typing my mind =]
Your comments aren't knives mmkay people?
And and that just because you work something
like a president of this.
Doesn't mean it's your life, it's a label on
you.
So don't go ape sh*t.
Laugh out loud, again speaking my mind.

Ashley McC

Bio

This 5ft girl may be short,
but she has the heart as big
as a building.
people think she's small minded,
but they don't know jack.
looks can be deceiving.
mess with her, make the ambulance
stitch ya tissue or have a bag stuck
on your hip to crap through.
shown you once, show it again if
she gotta.
she only respects those who are
respectful to her.
she loves to meet new people,
her mind is set on her obsession.
her old brother tells her to just smile
and win your obsession.
live life.

Ashley McC

Birthday Snow

15 years ago, i was born.
the day i was born, was the day
the city got a blizzard of soft snow.
15 years later, the day before
my birthday.
the city got our first blizzard.
it's strange.
my mom is religious, she truly
believes in god.

Ashley McC

Can Or Want To

Most times, people don't exactly listen
closely what other people say.

Like 'Would you like to go for lunch? '
and the other person 'Yeah I can go'
but then the person who asked thought
about what they said and said 'Well, do
you want to? '

I always think if the person really connects
and just act like nothing happened without
the words that could imply.

I really wished she knew what I gone through
and she understood me.

But I guess I'll be like my brother.
Just a jacka**.

Ashley McC

Cancer Sticks

It's funny how most smoking people say
they're going to quit but they just forget
and continue smoking.

They watch the commercials but they do
not stir or say a word.

Smoking that cigarette feels like you
could breathe better then before.

But each one is the next step to the death
bed at 18 years old.

Forget the smell, let's smoke tar and other
chemicals stuck in the cancer stick.

I said to the commenters, but hey.

It's not your life, so keep that nose down eh.

Ashley McC

Chest Pain

As my body shakes,
my heart beats faster and my chest
is killing me.

Hope these pills work, quitting
cancer sticks cold turkey.

Starting now.

As I'm typing, my hands are shaking
every time I try not to, it shakes even
more.

Going up 5 stairs is like running a mile,
sounds like hyperventilation.

Ashley McC

Confused

her old brother doesn't realize
his little sister follows every step
he takes.
all the pain he caused her,
no matter how hard she tried
not to end up like him,
she ended up like him anyways.
while he caused pain, she caused
pain for everyone around her.
her old brother was nothing but
a stranger who just happens to be
her brother.
she can't figure him out,
he's lying to himself all the time.
now she lies to herself.
she just can't figure whats
happening in 'life'
she can't even get the right words
for this poem.
no matter how many times she repeats
herself, she can't find the problem.
but not everybody can get the answer
to an unexplainable question.
anything that involves with life,
you can't really say anything,
because life is unlimited.
he's the closest thing to her in her life,
she only tell the truth if she was drunk
or high.
she hated to tell the truth sober.
Drugs n' booze ruled over her,
she can't control.
Let's leave town, and forget
this sh*t happened.

Ashley McC

Dear Notebook

this drug,
it's like being in las vegas and
just spending and winning money.
It's so addictive.
Cannot be stopped, whatsoever.
Adrenalin rush is like taking a pill of
extacy.
Teeth clenching, sore backs and
stutters.
Consequences right after.
Death is right around the corner.

Ashley McC

Do You Mind?

Thinking out loud in your head,
without speaking a word.
Could scream the loudest you
wanted without hurting yourself.
Could travel across the world
without stepping a foot off the ground.
Sometimes, you think you speak out
loud.
But you noticed nobody heard.
Just thinking to yourself 'out loud.'
Whenever you're mad, scream the loudest
in your mind and blank.
The human brain is weird,

Ashley McC

Drank Him Away

i think back to the moments where it plays
like a movie.
trying to push it away but shoves back and play
over and over again.
the sounds of him resistin arrest, his friends
yelling for him to stop.
i'll take this shot of vodka straight and numb my pain
away.
forgetting what i did to stop thinkin bout you,
regretin the days i were sober.
waitin for the day i will cough up blood,
knowin my life is gonna end soon.
as well as the pain i've been through.

Ashley McC

Dreams Into Reality

Every time I fell asleep, not knowing if I
fell asleep or not.

Cause, I can remember a dream clearly
and it seemed so real but then dreaming
something like falling 100 ft. I wake up
with my heart beating faster than a cheetah.

Other times are like remembering dreaming
but can't remember what it was about.

But in reality, I take a look at something random
and it rings a bell, like I already knew it was gonna
happen.

Sometimes, when my right ear rings.

Like for example, my friend and I were waiting for
someone and that person hid and my ear rang.

I was like 'dude, he's here. he's hiding! '

But I didn't know he was hiding behind a car.

This poem doesn't sound like a normal poem.

Question mark

Ashley McC

Drunk

I can` t explain any emotions anymore
without being drunk.

wishing you would save me from this
nightmare.

whoever wants to help, please help me,
i can` t decide over drugs or booze.

i wouldn` t mind a word or two from a stranger
or someone i knew.

i just need help from this dark hole, i` ve dig myself
into.

all i need is the words ` i can help you `

all i need is the words ` you dont need to be drunk anymore,
i could help you through this nightmare & the littlest things
could mean the world to me `

Ashley McC

Earth

Let's ban electricity and build windmills.
Let's get gasoline and destroy it.
Make marijuana legal, make paper out
of hemp.
Save the trees, save our breath and beauty.
Old things work better than the new.
Quit killing animals, as we are the worst
predators on earth.
Eat organics, burn the junk food.
Except for Taco Bell, I need my Taco Bell.
Maybe A&W, maybe.
However, I wish most people see the actual
problem at the moment.
Most people are blinded by the money and
technology.

Ashley McC

Earthlings

Life goes pretty quickly when you're
a kid.

Cause you don't quite understand
life until you reach that day.

Being the baby sibling, there's a lot
of pressure and depression.

I was always blamed for things I didn't
do.

I just forget the past and live for tomorrow.

I have quite a big list if i ever could change
the world.

First, i would kill electricity.

Secondly, i would stop cutting down trees.

And last, i would end gasoline.

Oh, one more thing.

Legalize marijuana for hemp paper,
trees are our oxygen & ancient.

Destroying the world with something God couldn't
even think of.

We're the worst living life on the earth.

Well, only if I seen a shooting star and wish for
a better world.

Ashley McC

Fallen Through

She drank herself to sleep until
she woke up in the drunk tank
with another drunk.
she didn't care what her family
said or did.
she kept drinking till she ended
up in the emergency room.
that didn't scare her.
but her sister had a baby girl,
who she adored to death.
when she found out she couldn't
see her again, she was heart broken
to hear that.
she thought to herself, i need help.
i cannot live without my niece.
she went back to school, quit
drinking.
she had the family in one room
to apologize what she has caused.
everything worked out.
she knew she had no choice but to
stop or she couldn't see her niece.
after a year, she went on vacation and
got a tattoo on her right ankle with chinese
lettering saying 'family' and her niece's
initials under.
she's back on her feet.

Ashley McC

Heartbroken

i hate you.

Not you, him.

He broke my heart.

Revenge isn't gonna help it,
just leave it.

If he comes back, he's yours,
if not he never was.

A memory like his, i will
never forget.

Everyday I'm stronger, I know
my heart will mend back together
someday.

Ashley McC

I Want To

Every time I stand outside,
listening to the city and people
outside.

Just living life like every day.

I want to live life like nothing happened
at all.

I want to make a huge difference in the world
for tomorrow and make the earth
more realistic.

What everyone else created, is just like a
plastic jewel and saying it's a real diamond.

Drugs grew natural plants and people couldn't
get enough of it so they made drugs with
chemicals just to numb their mistakes.

But cannabis isn't a dangerous drug,
I don't really consider it a drug.

I want to yell to the world and just make
life a lot easier.

We are to blame ourselves for turning to such
creatures that God cannot recognize.

Ashley McC

I'LI Paint You A Picture

What would it take to be a
favorite poem?
tell me a short story, I'll
sketch it out for ya.
then I'll add the color.
any story could be a picture,
a picture says a million
words.
the expression of the eyes tells
the whole story.
action speaks louder then
words.
here's a story to tell ya,
this story is about this one girl
who writes poems to tell someone
her expressions.
people only see one point of view
of the person.
only because they haven't been through
whats she been through.
she may not be a carmen electra,
but looks aren't that important.
she heard what people said about her,
she didn't go back out for a while.
but she missed out on a lot,
only because her fears were
controlling her.
she doesn't give a flipping flap
what you people say about her.
she doesn't need you to tell her who she is.
She is who she is today for a reason.
She doesn't fight, cause she finds it
not worth it.
She would fight if involved her family,
but then.
She can't get them involved cause you
can't really show love here.

Ashley McC

It's Winter In September

Wake me up when the winter
is gone.
I cannot stand the cold in
September.
You think about the last time
you thought about things passing
by.
Life goes pretty quickly when you
live up in the north.
Long winters and short summers.
I find that pretty lame.
More layers added on and then
less layers every season.
Nothing here is amazing, unless
you're a tourist.
Which I can't understand which tourist
wants to come up here in the cold
to see something for a short period
of time.
The northern lights are up in the sky
on cold nights.
It's pretty amazing.
Living somewhere for a long long time.
You could picture the whole city in
your mind,
every building, house, trailer and apartment
building.
You could walk through the city in your mind,
and imagine what might be happening in
that area.
Well anyways,
the cold up in the north.
It's unbearable.
But after a month, you're used to it.
When it comes to January and February,
make sure you don't go home a popsicle.

Ashley McC

I've Seen It All

HA HA HA HA,
I laugh at people a lot.
Because, they don't know how NWT
really is.
You gotta experience to know what i'm
talking about.
I've been on every single road, some new
and a lot of old.
NWT is new old school paint.
Keeping the tradition in a new way, can
be acceptable.
But, why can't life be the same.
Been almost every house, apartment building
and trailers.
Been to every hotel.
So, tell me something I don't know.
I hear ghosts here and there.
But i keep my mouth shut.
Speak no evil.
Now, show me something i haven't seen.
I'll give you my eyes and let you see,
what i've seen.
I'm your map/

Ashley McC

Just Sick, Sick Sick And Tired

I won't reply your messages,
I won't reply your comments
and I won't go to your page.
I am sick sick sick and tired of
getting messages saying 'hi,
please add me on MSN'
i won't.
So, don't bother messaging me.
I won't reply. I'll delet it immediatly.
But hey, I don't mind comments.
Although I will delet the weird ones?

Ashley McC

Just Throwing Away

Had my voice loud for a while,
just a couple of words followed laughter
to bring me down a step or two.
Need to throw my 'feelings' on this just
so I could live another day.
Always hurting myself to find my purpose.
Wishing I had a little black book locking all
the anger / sad away until another year or two.
Keeping the enemies closer, keeping it clean.
I'm not my big brother, quit judging me by him.
Bob Marley said 'before you point and judge me,
make sure your hands are clean'
Wondering if people stopped after that.
Don't worry, I'm just throwing away.

Ashley McC

Let's Say

These two people, a girl and a boy.
Typical story, right?
Been friends since 2002, and the
girl had a crush but got rejected twice.
she didn't give up, but the third time.
the boy asked instead of the girl, once
they reached high school.
we know everything about each other, kinda
in sync most of the time too.
but the girl is scared, because she doesn't
want to fall in love without hurting herself.

Ashley McC

Memory

i remember the last time i ever saw
you living life.

you were happy and living life
as if there was no tomorrow.

i just don't understand why it was
you that passed away instead of
that guy.

you were at the wrong place at
the wrong time.

i want you come back home and
stop this pain tonight.

i miss you.

i miss hearing those three words
you'd tell me every morning and
night.

your hugs and kisses i can't
forget.

you'll always be in my heart till
my death.

i love you and don't forget that.
rest in peace.

Ashley McC

Music

Music is life,
the earth is the melody,
we are the lyrics
and the chorus is birth
and death
what an odd band.
every melody is different,
it changes everyday.
the lyrics are different
stories each and everyday.
the birth and death is happening
all the time.
can't you notice music is life?
i find it pretty amazing.
each type of music is like
everyone around us.
The gangsters, the preps, the
jocks, the asians etc.
Each genre is different, it's either
reality or an idea.
Could be cultural or passion.

Ashley McC

Nobody Could Replace Him

Her brother is her life.
She's lost without him.
Everything he does/did,
she always looked up at him.
Even though she knew somethings
he did was wrong.
Monkey see, monkey do.
It's something you try to avoid but
ended up doing it anyways.
He came a poet, artist.
She started to write poems about
life and drew complicated things.
Cause that's what life is usually about.
Complicated.
But live through it, get the embarrassment over
with and continue your passion.
Smile, think positive.
But he only said that cause she was his little
sister.
Little sister...
Everytime she says that, she thinks...
She's bottled up when it comes to little sister.
She can't explain any further at the moment.

Ashley McC

Numbness

here she lives,
up in the northwest.
where the cold air lives.
every breath she takes, makes
her heart grow colder.
the touch of ice makes her
body go numb.
this drug numbs her physical pain,
but her emotions are flown in a wrong
direction towards life.
she's lost control because of this drug.
she breathes cold air, she is the cold air.
she doesn't get what she wants,
she'll hunt ya like caribou.
her body is skin and bones.
everyone wants her overdosed then
to live.
she's that out of control.
she's dragged into the coldness
where she's numb to the core.
but in that core, there's always hope and
love beneath.
she could make winter into summer if she
wanted.
but she likes the life the way she is.
everyone learns by their mistake.
but sometimes, if you gone too far.
i'll see you in the graveyard.

Ashley McC

Off Topic

I wish I could cut off my nerve system,
so I couldn't feel any pain.
I guess the drugs and booze aren't
working.
People's words were knives, now I
think it's just bull.
My way, is just like everyone else's
way.
If you respect me, I'll give you my respect.
It's seriously that simple, if you don't like
it then don't bother.
Just wasting your time.
I hate 12-15 year olds, sick of their bull
and labels.
But I guess that's the new generation of
kids nowadays.
Wishing the old days were the same.
No electricity or vehicles.
My poems go off topic after a while,
not sure how that happens.
Guessing that when I type something,
something else pops up.

Ashley McC

Pass The Candle

my momma keep tellin' me to
clean the place up
and do some dishes.
you only do that cause,
you live on your own, who's
gonna do it?
nobody is gonna baby you all
your life.
so being pissed off at her
is not worth it.
keep your chin up high like
you have a nose bleed.
pass the candle around.
'chuckles' momma says.
she tell me i done well, but
the test isn't over.
could you do it by yourself or
you gonna fail and disappoint
her and yourself again? .
it's not acceptable.

Ashley McC

Past Tense

i remembered whenever i thought
about what happened before.
but i just can't bear the pain,
that you can't go back whenever
/wherever.
why would God create life, if you can't
get rid of the pain and just be happy.
i felt the evil presence, close by me.
watching everything i do.
reminding me of my pain from the past.
if we were multiple, like a sweater.
i'd shoot my painful past.
but i guess you can't do that.
just forget the past, live for tomorrow.
i thought about that quote,
all the things i've done.
i can't regret.

Ashley McC

Pencil Shavings

Imagine just picturing pencil shavings,
floatin in the air and somehow involved
into butterflies flying away.
Blue butterflies and one yellow butterfly.
i couldn't explain any further.
That moment, frozen until you understood
what it meant.
But once you thought of pencil shavings...
you think you'd just throw it away, right?
So, why did they become butterflies? and
why only one yellow one?
Could never really get an answer to this, not
with just one point of view.
I'll be stuck on this page till I finish this off.

Ashley McC

Rain, Rain

Feels like this storm on top of head,
isn't going away.
Drowning in my pain and my sorrow,
trying to put my head on top of it.
I'm trying to get some air into my lungs,
cancer sticks live there now.
Once I get up from the pain and sorrow,
it hits me again without a warning.
I'm getting physically tired of swimming
to the top.
I can't tell if I'm emotionally tired,
cause the pain and sorrow has numb me
cold.
I've watched to movies where someone
could actually live a life.
I just can't get over that I don't have a life
like they do.
But, not everybody's story is like that.
Is it?
You can make a story, most of the time
it's already happened.
Nothing exaggerated.
So, please.
Help me from drowning in my pain and
sorrow.

Ashley McC

Reset Button

As we continue living our life,
the world diminishes from the pollution
and much more junk.
I guess that most people don't think the
world is gonna end.
But hopefully God will destroy what he created
to make a better life.
Will you stop electricity, gas and all the
harmful chemicals to stop the end?
I guess my words aren't big enough to stop the
end of the world.
I'll always hope someday that I could help stop
the world ending so quickly.
God is pressing the reset button.

Ashley McC

Sad Anger

Most of the time, when someone is
angry.
They're either broken or sad inside,
instead of being sad.
They just throw anger around, just
hurting themselves.
Wasting their time about something or
someone.
Either way, it won't make a difference.
Anger is like, aspirin for Life.
Sometimes holding it in for the longest
time.
You could spend as long as you want to
bring out that anger without anyone caring.

Ashley McC

School

school,
one thing that kids hate the
most in life.
most parents don't really know
what happens in school.
schools sometimes can be a
discreet place, only because
they're hiding something.
so most of the time, kids are usually
blamed for something the teacher
did.
that's crazy.
teachers only could be teachers if
they were students, they should
know what it feels like to be in school.
but the years have past and rules
have changed.
so it's hard for schools to proceed
success most times.
kids nowadays are most into
'21st century' things.
nothing old school.
i'm not quite sure if this poems make
sense.
but hey, it's what happens when you
dropp out in Grade 10.

Ashley McC

Shapeless And Formless

Life isn't so predictable nowadays.
Life could be like clouds, any shape
and create storms.
Pretty ironic, premonitions only happen
because you cause them.
No matter how hard you try to avoid you,
it's two steps a head of you.
What's there more to say?

Ashley McC

Sharpie

We all write our stories with a permanent
marker on a brick.
It's impossible to erase it.
Which really sucks, cause the lil things that
mean so much is usually wrecked.
Pretty chaotic.
All i want to know is.
What happens after this?
I'm writing my life in black and white.
I just let the world spin and spin until
we end.
But, a lot of things bug me.
Wishing electricity didn't exist and
legalizing Cannabis.
I hate the world for cutting down our oxygen,
one day.
The world kills itself.

Ashley McC

Small City

She lived in a small city,
where the streetlights turn off
at 3am.
Where every store is closed except
for 3-4.
Sit outside at midnight, it's completely
quiet.
You could hear your breathing.
Everyone knew each other, gossip
rushes around quickly.
Groups of different kids around,
they're easy to spot when you
drive around.
But living in a big city like Winnipeg,
there's never any quiet time.
Wishing to move to a big city,
just makes you miss the small city.
Whatever you really want, usually
it's like everything else you have except
newer.
You sit outside, you could hear everything
in the air.
Just complete silence, maybe a car or two.
Everyone here is family. Sort of

Ashley McC

So I Sat Here

Here i am, sitting in this chair.
Sharing my thoughts and thinking.
I've lost myself in my own thoughts and
pain.
I tried to get back to the surface, but I
guess i wasn't strong enough.
So, I'm drowning in my pain.
Wishing someone could pull me out.
I'm just going to have to wait for time to tell.
I'm done searching for love and just let it
come to me.
It's hard for me to say that i can't stay.
I'm moving on, if you come back.
I'm not taking you in, you've caused nothing
but pain.
So i just relax and sit in this chair.

Ashley McC

Sober Is My Kind Of High

i understood life, but i wanted to grow up
like my big brother.
who happened to be a drug/ drunk kind of guy.
having parties on school nights,
coming home drugged up.
i promised myself i won't end up like him,
but i met this girl and we snuck out partying.
slowly driving myself down his road,
slurring the words 'i'm not like my brother'
staggerin across the streets, smoking joints
getting high.
when i woke up from blacking out, hungover
like hell.
wantin another shot or joint, to stop this sickness.
but if i had to stay sober a day or two, i felt fine.
smoking a joint or two without any booze or drugs.
but when i stayed sober, i was so high on life.
i forgot how beautiful life was without any substances.
i could picture myself sittin on an island thinkin for days
bout things in life.
cryin or angry, i couldn't have been more happier with life
sober.
i can't exactly tell you the feeling cause,
everyone has a different point of view of the beautiful life,

Ashley McC

The Haunting Presence Roars

I'm sitting outside, i could hear
everything.

The lights are humming, could hear
every breath i take.

I could hear the haunting presence
roaring.

I take three deep breaths,
hoping everything will be okay.

Don't say a thing or move.

I can hear them, getting closer
and closer.

It's just a raven walking on the solid
ice.

Hearing each scrape from their claw.

Ravens are pretty ominous during
late night.

Ashley McC

The Works

So she was on the net at
3 am in the morning.
She's bored outta her mind,
she's inspired by her old brother
with poems.
She googled 'poems' and found
Poem
She signed up and submitted a poem
or two.
Her poems started out as an introduction
to the actual core of the heart.
She'll never stop till she takes her last breath.
Till then, she'll continue making new poems
each and everyday.

Ashley McC

This Feeling

Everytime i think back into life,
i think about this one thing and
i just can't explain what that feeling
is.

i can't stand it, i could cry.
Every thought makes me angry,
that's what makes me stronger
everyday.

Learn by my mistakes back in
the past.

Each day, part of me dies.
The old me, which i call the 'ugly'
part of me inside.

I hate that feeling.
Everyone thinks people about their
looks, but it's more about personality.
Who cares what someone looks like.
That's like an artichoke.

Ugly on the outside, but sweet inside.
Most time i keep everything to myself,
till the point i break it out to someone
i trust.

i would do anything to get outta here.
not literally but metaphorically.
Each day more of my story adds on.
I can't tell you the whole story, cause
i'm still here.

I still can't figure what's going on,
i could only find out if i keep going
forward.

just going back to something, you're wasting
your time with something that can't come
back in life.

this isn't a movie, visually yes.
but you can't edit, delet things in life.
time was well wasted, but girl it's time to
grow up and lose the pig tails and throw
on the uniform for your job.

Ashley McC

Throwing Away

There's too many things rushing
through my head that i cannot think
what to throw away..
So my mind keeps going blank.
Why does the world have something
banned that God made?
Cannot kill what you did not create.
i wonder if God made our palms like the
way it is now, for a reason.
Questions after questions i'm left without an
answer.
How can the world process without any mistakes
and still be themselves?

Ashley McC

Ugly Is An Ugly Word

So she looks at herself in the
mirror.
she stands there, wondering
why she's ugly.
why she wasn't pretty like every
other girl.
she's the ugly duckling.
but guess what, she doesn't give
a flipping flap about that.
people can say what they're gonna say.
but words won't break me down anymore.
so please, leave her alone
and get back to your 'so called life'

Ashley McC

Wake Up From This Nightmare

Every time I go to sleep,
I always hoped I'd wake up from this
nightmare so called Life.
Dreaming that someday I will live
the dream I always wanted.
Moving away and starting a brand new life
without making any of the mistakes I
have now.
Wishing that people didn't care about the
little things in life, cause every little thing.
It's going to be all right.
But I guess the way God made us,
was meant for a reason.
Although, i don't believe in God.
I just hope there is a God in this world.

Ashley McC

Weird Feeling

I can't look at people's photos without
thinking that they're watching even though
it's just a picture.
Being alone, doesn't feel so alone after all.
I get this glimpse of someone standing watching
every move I make.
I take a look, it's nothing.
Is seeing really believing?
I hate the feeling of being watched without knowing
it.
Listened to this song once, Dance with the Devil.
True story and the rapper said
'the devil follows you, wherever you go. it could be beside
you without even knowin' it. '
Felt so uncomfortable after that, but whoever watches..
Keep watching, but you can't touch.
Sometimes I wonder, if seeing is really believing.
Why can't we figure out the problems we see in this world?

Ashley McC

What Puzzle

Everybody thinks life is just like
a puzzle.
Putting pieces together to complete
it.
But life isn't that easy,
life could be hard as gold bricks.
It could be melted into many shapes
and sizes.
A puzzle is for entertainment.
Life is indescribable,
let's just keep writing our stories.

Ashley McC

You Only Live Once, Maybe Twice I Don'T Know

love life to the fullest,
even if you gotta bend the
rules a bit.
if fears control you,
you won't see the world like
Criss Angel.
but he is only an illusion,
but he's not afraid trying.
doing something you love
like bungee jumping off a 10
story building,
you have the intensity in you
and you freak out but when it's
done with you're okay.
everything seems okay.
doing something a bit risky helps
a 'boo-boo' in life.
you'll forget the past, cause you can't
go back no matter how hard you try.
you're writing your story with a permanent
marker.
you could only cover it up, but it's
always there.
forget the past, live for tomorrow.
You keep letting your fears control you,
you'll be mad at yourself for not doing
anything about it.
Something bugs you,
do something about it.
Don't let nobody walk over you like a
door mat.

Ashley McC