

Poetry Series

Brittany Quail
- poems -

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Brittany Quail()

I write. 'tis all.

Almost Dying

Her reflection scares her
Her disbelief impairs her
Her hurt consumes her
The spotlight pursues her

In the darkness
She is hiding
And in the darkness
She is crying

Silently crying
Almost dying

Brittany Quail

Better

so much better
it's inconceivable
how i don't feel
heavy...
and
sticky...
with black and tears and hurt
it's like this realization
this new something
of somethings
for something so bad
to turn into something so good
so much better
i don't feel
tired...
and
slow...
the sun twinkles a little more
especially in his eyes
i breathe a little deeper
i soak in that sun
i soak in those eyes
oh god it's better

Brittany Quail

Confessions Of A Leaving Husband

Sell them for food
send them off with a lie
attached at the side
'you're all i need'
I'll abandon them now
They'll never notice how
I look in your eyes
They meet their demise

Forget what I knew
for now there is you
forget my old life
they never meant much
never meant much

Beauty is pain and beauty's a lie
so pain is a lie and they'll never know why
I left them on their own to live out this life

I'm sorry my love
That I didn't give more
but I'm out the door
and now she's with me
and now you will see
That life was a lie
life was all a lie.

Forget what I knew
now there is you
forget my old life
they never meant much

If Beauty is pain and beauty's a lie
then pain is a lie so So they'll never know why
I left them on their own to live this life

Forget what I knew
now there is you
forget my old life

they never meant much

You're all I need
and now you're with me
we'll leave them here now
alone now to drown

Brittany Quail

Crying

Silently Crying,
muffled tears in a pillow
for days on end hiding,
dim lights and stale air
forever denying
not believing or understanding

In her head crying
but nobody knows
her heart is slowly dying
she cant take it anymore
so there she stays lying
telling everyone she is fine

in her dreams she is crying
everything hurts her a little more
once her spirits were flying
but now her wings have broken
and she is still crying
always she is crying

Brittany Quail

Ever

My face is sticky
and my nose is running
and im sick of feeling this way
especially considering it's never REALLY stopped
I wonder what she's said about me
and what people i don't even know think about me

I wonder why they talked about me
like I was the least important person
so insignificant.

I should know I'm not...
or am I?

I feel like the weakest person to ever walk the earth
I'm sick of trying to pretend like nothing happened
I'm sick of looking at myself and wondering what I did wrong

I don't want to think about it anymore
but I still read every word and hate it
I look at every picture and hate it
I waste every second and HATE IT

I throw things.
it doesn't help
I cry
it doesn't help
Then I come back

I read one more thing I never knew
That I hadn't noticed the first 100 times
and it starts again
the dizzying, spinning, sickening
aching, crying, shouting
biting, kicking, scratching
ripping, tearing, bleeding
frightening, disemboweling, blinding
screaming, gripping, unending
vomitting, deafening HATRED.

Bury my face in my knees
SOMEHOW gather myself
before someone walks in the door
and asks me what's wrong

If I told them
they'd think I was jealous

I am.

They'd think i was angry

I am.

They'd think I was wrong

I am.

They'd think I was sick

I am

They'd think I was crazy
But most of all they'd think I was bad to him

and I'm so afraid I am
and that's so much guilt
too much guilt
to ever bear
ever.

[May 22 2008]

Brittany Quail

For Me

I used not to think
I was bad
There was a time
when I would've thought
she was wrong
now...
I don't know
I don't do what I do
for me
I do it because of what I am
insecure
lonely
afraid
out of love
everyone tells me
I'm wrong
and that I'm
irrational
insane at best
I don't know
why I am this way
I know I love him
I know she can't be right
It can't be all my fault
she doesn't realize
it's all hers
I spend my time writing
and I don't even know
what's coming out
what words I'm
creating
I didn't MAKE him do that
I have never MADE him
do a thing
I ask
Sometimes beg
because I'm afraid
and then
those girls

with their agendas
make me out to be
something I'm not
people I don't even
know
hate me
people I've never
spoken to
think I'm messed up
They all hate me
all because of her
because she
has nothing
better to do
then defame me
make me look bad
slander my name
I won't take it
I'm sick of this
But...
I will take it
because It's over
for now
at least
and she
will take my place
for now
at least
and I can't handle
this
I can't sit by
and say
okay
I want to tell her
that she's
worthless
to him
because it would
do her good
to know
and it would
make me laugh

if it hurt her.
I want to
tell her
she's the ugliest
thing
I've laid eyes on
because
I'd laugh
if it made her cry
I want
to swallow
pills
scream
cry
yell
tell everyone
I want to do
anything
to make people
remember
that I'm
still here
i'm not
going away
that I
will not be
alone
anymore
I want
everything
but there's
nothing
I'm just
alone
I'm
afraid
of every sound
paranoid
ansy
there isn't
anything there
but yet

i know
there must be
i love you
i'm sorry
i don't want
this
i don't want
to see
you
with
her
she's
not
even
human
why don't
you think
she's ugly?
why don't
you?
more
importantly
why do
you think
i am?

Brittany Quail

Gripped

once again I find myself
in this sad state
a few minutes
an hour
a day
i don't know when it will end
everything's blue
grey
static
shaking
twitching
spinning
dark
foggy
angry
silent
i'm alone
i don't know where i am
i don't know what i'm feeling
except for Her
i feel Her
that is certain.
She is standing over me
breathing on my neck
She's pulling my hair
She's digging her nails into my shoulders
She's tearing me apart
She's laughing at me

[May 25.2008.1: 27am]

Brittany Quail

Haiku (On Love)

Should you forget me
I will still remember you
Love is forever

I'm holding your hand
Looking out onto the world
Only you and me

Excuse me my dear
But did you know that you are
Everything I could want

Parsely, sage, and thyme
He is a true love of mine
Parsely, sage, and thyme

If you did love me
Would I be the first to know
Oh would you tell me?

Nothing left to do
But wait for you to tell me
You love me again

The magic is gone
The shining love is lost now
What are we to do?

Is it true my friend
That this could be the ending
Of love once so pure

Will you break my heart?
Promise me you never will
Nothing else matters

[4-25-07]

Here

i'm all alone here
it's kind of dark here
there's no one else here
i'm by myself here
i'm pretty scared here
i've never been here
i'm all alone here
why aren't you here?

Brittany Quail

Holding Back

Holding back tears as I think of you
Holding in anger and hate for myself

Holding back laughter at some of the things we used to do
Holding out for some hope

Holding Back from screaming as loud as I can
Holding off the greif as long as possible

Holding back harsh words as I see you walk down the street
Holding on to my sanity

Holding back the feelings I still have for you
Holding my own hand as I try to guide myself through this

Holding out for anything
Holding up my entire life, all because of you

Brittany Quail

Hollow

this unspeakable feeling
is more or less
this

empty
hollow
surrounded by something
but nothing
everything's touched by the weightless
heart-in-your-throat feeling
of freefall

and my eyes
don't focus
my lips
don't move
I'm barely awake

A slow intake of breath
and a weak trembling
heartbeat
sit at the threshold
of that solitary door
to death
and that little heartbeat
and that slow lumbering breath
fight and fight
and somehow
they keep the door closed

while they fight
their good fight
others look on at me
others judge me
others take things away from me
and I'm ashamed

it is hollow

I Can'T Feel My Face

i would really like to let Her go
i would like to forget Her
even though i want him to talk to Her
for my own enjoyment
for my own emotional self-mutilation

i would really like to say 'no more'
to Her lies and manipulation
even though i get some sick thrill
from what She does to me
from what She says about me

what i really like is to feel worthless
and i really don't know why
but She's there and God She helps
by throwing me on the ground
by kicking me out of conciousness

what i really want to know
is why She came around
it's because She's beautiful
IT'S BECAUSE SHE'S PERFECT
IT'S BECAUSE I CAN NEVER BE LIKE HER
I'LL TAKE THIS ALL OUT ON SHIA LEBEOUF
BECAUSE HE'S THE WORST ACTOR EVER

okay...not really shia
i won't take this all out on you
but yes, you are the worst actor ever

[may.25.2008.2:]

Brittany Quail

I Could Tell You

I could tell you about my face
it's a miracle, really
I'm fifteen and it's unmarred by acne

I could tell you about my shirt
it's a bit baggy
it's wrinkled and loosley clings to curves

I could tell you about my hair
it's a bit dissheveled
and has flattened out since I teased it this morning

I could tell you about my hands
they're typically ten-fingered
There's a ring on my left hand and my nails are black

I could tell you about my pants
they're a little shorter than capris
they were longer, but I hemmed them myself today

I could tell you about the wall
it's a green-grey color
It has some cracks, and the brushstrokes are very obvious

I could tell you about anything
but you wouldn't listen would you?
It wouldn't mean a thing, because I'm just fifteen

Brittany Quail

I Don'T Know

I don't even know.
What I want.
Why I want it.
Where I want to be.
Why I want to be
Her.

I don't know
Why I say things
Why I do things
Why I can't stand
to see other people
achieve what I can't
Or be what I can never be

I don't know
Why I can't be good
be happy
be carefree
be able to accept her
and her
and her
and her
as people
only because of something that I THINK they did wrong

I don't know why
I TRY AND TRY AND TRY
and nothing changes
I still want to be her
look like her
act like her
live HER life
I still want not to exist sometimes

I don't know why
I can't accept that I CAN do, , ,
a few things
only because the fact still stands

She is better...
and so is she
and so is she
and so is she
A bitter truth that I may NEVER
come to terms with

I don't know why
I TRY AND TRY AND TRY AND TRY...
and her picture
every word of hers i've ever read
her presence in the back of my mind
CONTINUES
to sit there and say
you can't
you aren't
you will never be
you are worthless
and it will NEVER go away

I don't know why
I spend time thinking about it
letting it be part of what makes me scared
of people
of the world
of living
of her
and yet I'm still too stubborn to give up
the want
the need
the longing
for the presence of people in my life

I don't know why
I TRY EVERY DAMN DAY
to get past it
to be okay with it
to not be
jealous
a bitch
angry
controlling

afraid
whiny
AND I TRY
AND TRY
AND TRY
and nobody can tell
because SHE won't go away
and neither will she
and neither will she
and neither will she
but especially not HER
and it's NOT fair

I don't know
what I want
or why I want it
or who I REALLY want to be
whether it's her
or me...

I think I'd like to stay myself
even though I don't get 22 comments
on all my pictures saying
'bbydoll you're gorgeous'
and I really don't have any friends
outside of my one favorite person in the world
Even though I'm the worst person I know
and there's nothing I can do to change it
I think I should still WANT be me.....right?

Brittany Quail

I Don'T Want To

My hands are cold
my face is hot
every sound chills my spine
my skin tingles at the slightest touch
my palms start to sweat
and then i cant take it anymore
i want to run away
and hide from you and your strange and twisted ways
as soon as i leave i begin to feel sick
and my blood runs like a poison through my veins
making every inch of me ache
with the hurt of knowing you're gone
I cry out the poison
I sob and it robs me of my strength
My muscles tighten with each new wave
and I shiver as they pass
I want to say I'm sorry
but know that its too late
I wish i could actually see you
instead of this picture that i have in my mind
but then i start to think
and hate myself for wanting to love you
and hate you for not loving me
i still need to love you...
and i shouldn't...
but i want to...
and it kills me...
but i do.

(May 24,2006)

Brittany Quail

If I Should Choose

If I should choose
To model myself after the only girl.
The only girl I know to be perfectly beautiful
The only girl I've seen that has no flaws
physical or otherwise
If I could just be a good enough person
to speak to her
to be near her
to be like her
to be her friend

I'm afraid of her
but without a doubt I secretly adore her
secretly worship her
secretly model my life so that I may be worthy
to inhabit the same earth as her
to feel a trickle of her beauty
drip down like rain off a leaf
to touch my pale lips longing
to quench a thirst that will never be satisfied

Good God why won't you send me
her voice, her smile, her very flesh
so that I may look at it, copy it
perfect myself using it as my mold
forming each feature so that is nothing short
of an exact replica of her darling beauty
every angle, every color, every dropp I would ever bleed
should be like hers
And only when that it acheived
will i look at myself
and for once
smile

She's hideous
she's ugly
she's bad
she's not as good as you
repeat it to yourself

repeat it to me
she's horrid
she's fake
she's not worth the pain
she's no better than you
chant the mantra one more time...

and then tell my WHY
tell me what makes me better than her
tell me you're telling the truth
you can't
you can't tell me one thing
that makes me worth your time
what lets me deserve to be alive
when I could be Her?

She's always there
she never leaves me
and I say I want her gone
But if she left I'd want more
I'd want to see her
I'd want to be thrown on the ground
and beaten senseless by every thought
every feeling i've ever devoted to her
every useless tear I've shed
willing myself to become her
willing myself to become something
I simply can never be
Every moment I've spent
trying to hide
In shadows of the deepest blue
from the world
and from her
O, God I'm afraid

Looking out upon a midnight sky
I would never see a star
that would grant this
my one and only wish
that I truly want
and I can tell
that I will spend my life looking

for anything to erase her
for anything to make me her
for anything to help me be her

Brittany Quail

I'LI Be Gone Tomorrow

i'm not sick
don't feel it
don't look it
don't act it

why am i here then?
ha.
diabetic?

you sent me flowers?
cards?
get well soon?

why?
i don't need them.

cohabitating in this building
with floors upon floors
of sick kids
dying kids
kids with cancer
kids with disease
kids so unlike me.

it makes me sick
it smells like piss.
i'll be out tomorrow
sure i'll be back
but i may never again
spend a night
in this...
this.
this is their life.
god, how do you live in this?

'don't die tonight sweetie.
wake up in the morning.'
such a sick lullaby.
but that's the best they can do.

and i'll be gone tomorrow.

Brittany Quail

Kiss

He touches my skin
I tremble
with each lengthening second
each deafening heartbeat
each butterfly
anticipation grows
and the inches
disappear
just fractions of a second
til there's nothing
in between us
and two souls
spill out to become one
and in this last second
til his lips touch mine
i feel nothing
but the world fading
into black
insignificance
in a moment
the distance is closed
and like the perfect glove
the forms fit and mold
into one continuous
body
feelings flow
love fills the void
that thoughts once occupied
a feeling designed
by God himself

Brittany Quail

Lemonade Makes My Tummy Hurt

lemonade makes my tummy hurt
it's curious how that works
it makes me nauseous
it makes me cautious
not really
cautious just rhymes with nauseous

Brittany Quail

More Or Less, This Is Me

more or less
this is me

i'm generally lonely
anxious
typical

i want attention
respect
SO typical

i have cool hair
but i'm ugly
typical

i stay up late
then i'm tired
VERY typical

i'm kinda chubby
no one thinks so
typical

i hate pretty girls
i'm jealous
TERRIBLY typical

more or less
this is me

Brittany Quail

Nothing Else Matters

Promise me forever
and nothing else matters
promise me a lifetime
and darling I'm yours

Promise me we'll stay together
and nothing else matters
promise me it'll be ok
and I'll promise you too

Brittany Quail

Picture This

she's alone
she's scared
maybe she's crazy
maybe she's ill
maybe she's a ghost
all wrong

she's being watched
by someone better
someone smarter
prettier
worthier

she's being devoured
she's being beaten
she's being killed slowly
by this unseen
beautiful
demented person

what's this

she's lying down
she's accepted defeat again
there she lays
hours pass
days pass
and then she gets up

again it starts

Brittany Quail

Pitiful Poem

Too many days
too many ways
too many things i can't bring myself to say

Never enough time
to see your smile so divine
never enough time to see your face shine

So many options
to tell you the truth
yet this pitiful poem shall be the one i choose

So tell me now friend
can you spare the time
to tell me if your real feelings are the same as mine?

Brittany Quail

Sleep Etc.

sleep is thick and heavy
it's the best thing God invented
it soothes
restores
but it robs me of those precious moments
when i could be writing
awake and concious
i could be writing
about how it feels to sleep
about how it feels
to have words coursing through your body
to feel the flow
to hear the rhythm of those keys
the lack of rhyme
because you don't like the mechanical
da dum da dum da dum da dum
feel of it
the motion of every syllable
pouring out of your fingers
that one mood that strikes you
the one mood that makes you do all this
over and over
writing and writing
for the pure REALEASE
THRILL
ADVENTURE
THERAPY of it all
when you find yourself
no longer knowing where the words end
and you begin
you don't even know what you're writing anymore
it just flows
so nicely
it flys
so easily
it makes you smile
but you have to sleep
you have to stop
especially when it's two

in the morning

Brittany Quail

Something To Think About

At least I don't look
act
talk
live
breathe
like all of....
them
and if there's ANYTHING
I could be proud of
shouldn't that be it?
Maybe I should stop
WANTING
to be one of them
and start being
THANKFUL
that I'm not.

Brittany Quail

Surrender

Surrender.

All that I am -

All that I'll be.

you're going to break me anyway.

Surrender.

all of my heart -

all of my being.

you're going to break me any day.

surrender...

everything I know,

everything I dream

If you promise never to break me again...

[April 25,2007 - 10: 01 PM]

Brittany Quail

Tomorrow

tomorrow's one step closer
to the rest of my life with you

today draws out much longer
than a normal day should do

a glowing future greets me
oh how i see it shine

and on its surface glisten
pristine visions of your eyes

oh how you make me smile
with every move you make

i'll make my life with you
i don't care how long it takes

Brittany Quail

What We Said

What he said was:

'I love you'

What I wanted to say was:

'If you loved me would you have lied?
would you have talked to her like I was nothing?
would you have pretended that you didn't
talk to her anymore?

would you invite her to your house?

(in secret of course)

did you think it was alright because I didn't know?

would you have told her she was hot?

NOT just pretty (that's bad enough alone) but,
'seriously hot'?

would you have sat there and spent time with her
knowing that I was somewhere, CRYING?

knowing that it made my heart BLEED?

knowing that I wasn't just jealous,
but TORN APART?

would you let me stay here now,
aching and sore from hours
of crying,
throwing things,
punching walls?

I AM SICK OF YOU! '

What I said was:

'I love you, too.'

Brittany Quail

When Stars Fall Down

When stars fall down
to crush my fragile heart
and the bright, shiny memories
create a sad, sad work of art
All the colors of the rainbow
look like black and grey and white
as I close my eyes to everything
and dream of you tonight

[September 9,2006]

Brittany Quail

You

wiped my tears
opened my eyes
brightened my day
gave me light
opened my heart
showed me love.

Brittany Quail

You Make My Heart Bleed

Who am I
and what have I become
where have you been
haven't you seen
what you've done to me
I may look thirteen
but you've hardened my spirit
and given me wisdom beyond my years
but I still act like a stupid little girl
keep coming back for more
you've changed so much
and I never know what you have in store
I can't take it anymore
I can't even breathe
I can't even see
what you're doing to me
you make my heart bleed

Brittany Quail