

Poetry Series

# **Crimson Reflections**

## **- poems -**

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## Crimson Reflections(07/03/92)

I am simply a teenager mature beyond my years with many thoughts that even many adults refuse to say.

# Assisted Suicide

Dig deeper, you have yet to reach my soul  
Push harder, the blood barely flows  
Cut further, I still feel whole  
Stab faster, the hourglass runs low

Bury deeper, the blade is still seen  
Hit harder, I still don't cry  
Beat further, my voice won't scream  
Leave faster, don't watch me die

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# Crimson Love

The blade digs and the pain spreads  
I grit my teeth and bear it  
The choice is mine to feel as dead  
Though my body still inhabits

Crimson pools of crimson love  
form upon the floor  
tears of angels from up above  
shed red as pain, as sore

Deeper, deeper the lust attacks  
My mind careening through clouds of black

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# Cutting Edge

Pain  
Relief  
Pain  
Relief

Simplicity or complications  
The risk is worth it  
Not that I have a choice  
I am my own slave

Blood slave  
Pain slave  
Tear slave  
Relief slave

Rolling down my cheeks  
The agony of years  
Flowing forever  
Quenched momentarily by physical pain

Mental conquered by physical  
My red, glistening arm  
sore for a week  
scarred for eternity

Love  
Pain  
Love  
Pain

Causes vary  
Results are consistent  
Blood and pain  
Tears and screams

Healed for a minute  
My mind yields  
The darkness conquers  
Twisted forever

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# For Me

Cry, cry, cry for me  
The tears won't fall from my eyes  
Scream, scream, scream for me  
The terror from my throat won't rise

Bleed, bleed, bleed for me  
My black heart won't pump it through  
Fear, fear, fear for me  
I'll live my life through you

Beg, beg, beg for me  
Humiliation I do not know  
Die, die, die for me  
For it's not my time to go

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# Kill

Steady is my hand  
though my heart's flutter distracts  
The metal sears my skin  
as my fear and anger reacts

Empty eyes stare from my skull  
seeing, not being seen  
Hands twice grip the kill  
as blood explodes the scene

Dripping from ebony on my head  
Crimson pools form the dead.

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# My Mask Of The Dark Deep

Agony and pain writhe in my stomach,  
threatening to burst from my mouth,  
burning my tongue as it passes by.  
Betrayal and unrealistic hatred squirm within my lungs.  
Can I not have a moment of peace,  
a second of calm?  
Must feelings control my life;  
constantly disrupting my happiness?

Tears fight my will.  
They wish to flow freely,  
but my mask shall remain unshattered.  
It rests upon my face in calm, uncaring stature;  
assuring those who care of my seemingly stable well-being.  
They only see the surface,  
but the fatal currents of the ocean lie beneath what the eye digests.  
And those currents are fighting hard to drag me under.

The face upon my face remains the same as always  
while mine screams,  
eyes wide in terror.  
My soul,  
the controlling current,  
pulled me deeper and deeper into darker and darker waters.  
I've been in this Hell many times before.  
It never fails to consume and subdue me,  
my feeble attempts at freedom hardly leaving a mark.

I see the menacing wall of liquid bricks.  
It draws nearer and nearer.  
The color a deep burgundy,  
the wave crashes upon my head,  
snapping my neck back and dragging me down further.  
The blood of my past has taken water's roll:  
to crush my spirit in the hands of my vengeful, broken soul.

My gaping mouth makes room for a shriek,  
but oozing blood fills my lungs.  
Desperately, I try to cough,

but the damaged soul has the power of revenge.  
It wraps its angry fingers about my throat  
and prevents the suffocating liquid's escape.  
Tighter, tighter, tighter.  
I hear my neck cracking,  
muscle tearing,  
hope drowning.  
Pain has all but vanished in my desperate attempt to escape.

I close my eyes.  
I think.  
I let my mind wander,  
taking me away from the agony of depression.  
I reminisce.  
A hand about my waist,  
lips pressed to mine,  
murmured words of adoration.

Slowly,  
reluctantly,  
Soul's grip around my broken neck eases.  
Its fingers seep through the skin and grabs a vertebrae.  
Gently it repairs my broken and mangled body,  
its touch reassuring now,  
no longer harsh and threatening.  
The crimson liquid turns to pure oxygen  
and the opaque water around me turns sapphire and calm,  
shallow enough for me to sit and breathe.

Were you watching me?  
Did you see any of that struggle?  
I cam so close to losing yet another war against my battered past  
and you had no idea.  
I drowned,  
broke my neck,  
and died  
within myself,  
and you just continued talking to me with that taunting, carefree smile.  
Are you aware how many times this battle has been waged?  
Can you see the scars on my shoulder and wrist  
where my soul's bloody nails slashed my skin using my hand?  
Of course not.

You just see the surface.  
You see my mask.

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# Red Revenge

Pumping through my veins  
like the substances unknown  
Loathing courses through arteries black  
filling me head to toe

The blade, warm against my palm,  
humming it's deadly tune,  
dripping wet is the revenge,  
bringing lives to ruin

Crimson reflections wink at me  
Through eyes that no longer see.

Crimson Reflections

# Religion In The Middle East

Wet eyes of every color  
always cry, never dry  
The guns, the violence, the fight for power  
all the lies flying by

Young hearts freezing in the heat  
the sun screams through their dreams  
Sire gone, the war's defeat  
the life streams between the seams

God crying for the peace of what's amiss  
Not knowing he's the cause of this

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# She

She bleeds.

Ruby droplets pool upon the earthen floor, forming a  
reflection of agony

She cries.

Sapphire spheres caress her face before jumping to their  
death from her chin

She screams.

Amethyst chords break through walls of teeth and  
shattered dreams

She sighs.

Opal hope bleeds from her weary heart through her  
beaten tongue

She stares.

Emerald orbs blink away pain and  
surrender their lives

She dies.

Diamond innocence fades darker and deeper until it's nothing but a  
cold lump of coal

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