

Poetry Series

Anisa WagnerFair
- poems -

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Anisa WagnerFair(7-05-1999)

Hi :)

I don't know what to write soo..

Bye :)

Dear You...

Yes you... I love you... Don't leave me... Don't overdose on those pills.... don't let her get to you... You are my best friend... If you leave, I leave too, you know that. She is just... I don't know, not a good person. A good person wouldn't leave someone as hurt as you to try to do this over and over again.

I'm sorry I keep refusing to get help. It scares me so much I don't even know why... It just does. Don't kill yourself. I love you too much. So many people care about you... you can't tell. What about your little sister? You're such a good big brother. If my brother was half as sweet as you are to your younger sister than I probably wouldn't hurt as much as I do. I'm so sorry you are hurt. If I could take it all away in less than a heartbeat I would... no matter what. I would take it all away. At school, sitting around anywhere, all I do is wonder 'is he okay? ' 'Is he...? '

I get really attached to people too easily and I'm sorry. I just... I've never met someone who has felt this way, felt just like me... There is no easy way... I know... But please. Don't leave me... not tonight, not tomorrow, not next week, never. You want me to live to be over 80 right? Well if I have to suffer that long, then you will be right next to me. I can't live without you. You mean a lot to me... I just, I'm so so so sorry that all of this pain is being put on your shoulders. I can't help it. I just want it to go away. I feel like it's my fault. I could help you.. I want to... So bad. I am just so stupid and helpless. Instead of helping you I just sit in shock and cry because I don't know how to help you.

How am I supposed to help you?

I want to help you..

I Love You.

Yes, you.

I always will love you. Forever. You are the best thing that has happened to me and I don't mean to be selfish by asking you to stay... I just, can't live without you. I can't live knowing that you're just buried in the cold ground. So close, but so far. Too close, but too far. You live ten minutes away from me, but you seem so far away.... Just too far for my lazy ass. You say you will follow me into the dark. Well, I will follow you anywhere. The dark, the light. From Bangkok to Calgary... Don't leave me. I love you... So much.

Love,

Your lost friend who never wants you to leave her...

Anisa WagnerFair

Empty~don't Read

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Life Story

After you've been to bed together for the first time,
without the advantage or disadvantage of any prior acquaintance,
the other party very often says to you,
Tell me about yourself, I want to know all about you,
what's your story? And you think maybe they really and truly do
sincerely want to know your life story, and so you light up
a cigarette and begin to tell it to them, the two of you
lying together in completely relaxed positions
like a pair of rag dolls a bored child dropped on a bed.
You tell them your story, or as much of your story
as time or a fair degree of prudence allows, and they say,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,
each time a little more faintly, until the oh
is just an audible breath, and then of course
there's some interruption. Slow room service comes up
with a bowl of melting ice cubes, or one of you rises to pee
and gaze at himself with the mild astonishment in the bathroom mirror.
And then, the first thing you know, before you've had time

to pick up where you left off with your enthralling life story,
they're telling you their life story, exactly as they'd intended to all along,
and you're saying, Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,
each time a little more faintly, the vowel at last becoming
no more than an audible sigh,
as the elevator, halfway down the corridor and a turn to the left,
draws one last, long, deep breath of exhaustion
and stops breathing forever. Then?

Well, one of you falls asleep
and the other one does likewise with a lighted cigarette in his mouth,
and that's how people burn to death in hotel rooms.

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Love Me Little, Love Me Long

Love me little, love me long,

Is the burden of my song.

Love that is too hot and strong

Burneth soon to waste:

Still, I would not have thee cold,

Not too backward, nor too bold;

Love that lasteth till 'tis old

Fadeth not in haste.

Love me little, love me long,

Is the burden of my song.

If thou lovest me too much

It will not prove as true as touch;

Love me little, more than such,

For I fear the end:

I am with little well content,

And a little from thee sent

Is enough, with true intent

To be steadfast friend.

Love me little, love me long,

Is the burden of my song.

Say thou lov'st me while thou live;

I to thee my love will give,

never dreaming to deceive

Whiles that life endures:

Nay, and after death, in sooth,

I too thee will keep my truth,

As now, when in my May of youth:

This my love assures.

Love me little, love me long,

Is the burden on my song.

Constant love is moderate ever,

And it will through life persèver:

Give me that, with true endeavour

I will it restore.

A suit of durance let it be

For all weathers that for me,

For the land or for the sea,

Lasting evermore.

Love me little, love me long,

Is the burden of my song.

Winter's cold, or summer's heat,

Autumn's tempests, on it beat,

It can never know defeat,

Never can rebel:

Such the love that I would gain,

Such the love, I tell thee plain,

Thou must give, or woo in vain:

So to thee, farewell

Love me little, love me long,

Is the burden of my song.

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The Cutter

She went to sleep closing her eyes beginning to dream of broken butterflies
tearing her lovely monarch wings on faithless love that angels sings...

She finds shiny metal in kitchen sink in an evening absent light she finds peace in
cuts of pink watching crimson blood flow feels so right..

Starlight shines upon her tears I whisper darling, you cannot bleed all of your
suicidal fears at night when you begin to cry I'll sing you a lover's lullaby..

My love do not wish that you were dead dreaming of an absent pulse laying on
silken sheets bleeding red I will offer love so do not bleed give me your knife I
am all you need... ~ ~ ~ ~

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