

Poetry Series

Gabrielle Plichta
- poems -

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Gabrielle Plichta(11/24/1991)

We all have an unspeakable secret, an irreversible regret, an unreachable dream and an unforgettable love.

I myself am made entirely of flaws, stitched together with good intentions.

Gabrielle. Karate. Volleyball. Sushi. Music. Shows. Parties. Car rides. Swinging. Long walks. Singing out loud. Making wishes. Gazing at the stars. Day dreaming.

A Passing Day

The sun rises and falls with each setting day
Yet my mind wonders and still is astray but about what I can't truly say

My mind is running out and dry it's in a haze...
such a haze medication can't phase.

What was real? What was fake?
I don't know these feelings I can not make.

As a day goes by and the sun falls I ask myself.....
Is life worth living at all?

Gabrielle Plichta

Damaged

I wondered so far away from your embrace that I forgot who I was.

This isn't me? What is wrong with me?
You are the only thing I can see.

What made me do the things to you that I did?
I danced with the devil and did nothing but sin.

Lust. Trust. Broken.
Damaged beyond all repair.

I did it for a reason and yes I still care.

Gabrielle Plichta

Emotionless

My days are long, my nights are cold, as they are spent silent, and alone. I am at the point where fanatic manipulators die to be. That happy medium between being traumatized and bereavement.

I am now at the point where my sensations are dry. The waterworks that once ran down my face are now dry. I am altering who I am, who I was, what I am. I am turning into someone else you will never know. The old me is dead and dry.

I am tired of dreaming and through with trying. Tired of living, yet scared of dying. Maybe things have now enhanced for you, but you never noticed at all that I've been through.

You swayed me to the point where you had all control. Oppressed. Dejected. I knew it was coming.

You were just different. There was something there, that I just couldn't get enough. High on love. Drunk on lies. Blinded by reality. Tripping on false hope. Slurring my apologies. Cringing on your lies.

Oppressed. Dejected.
I knew it was coming.

I will never speak a wicked word of who you really are and what you have done to me. For I still love you, but you never loved me....this will be easier for you, than it is for me. I will forever remain emotionless.

Gabrielle Plichta

Poison

The poison in this bottle brings back the memories of you and all the things we use to say and do.

They say 'move on' 'get over it' you're just a drug and I am the addict. And just like a drug, your memories course and run through my veins, leaving me cold and numb.

You used my heart and my mind to the point where I am dumb. No, not stupid just in love.

Everyone has problems that they need to face.
Drugs, boys, alcohol, or their mind is just in space. Some chose to get help and some chose to give up. But darling you are just a drug and I can't get enough.

Doctors, meds, nurses don't even assist
All I do is cry and it's you, my drug, that I miss.
What was the truth what was the lies?
All I ever saw was a void in your deep brown eyes.
Yet I stayed and forgave but my darling, you could never do the same.

So without you here I'll intake this poison and remember the good times we shared, boo boo just know that I always cared.

Now here I am gasping for air, screaming your name but you don't hear a sound.
Maybe it is just best if I am not around.

Gabrielle Plichta

Reality

I, who give so much and expect even more from those who give even less,
I am surrounded by negative souls
Your body holds me back from reality.

You, who does not see that it's your negative soul that has the most impact. You
are so blinded by other souls, you never see me. Your actions hold me back from
reality.

We, are broken. Damaged. Actions have been done that can't be dismissed that
left us both holding back from reality.

Gabrielle Plichta

Spiders

Fear is something that everyone can relate to. Everyone, everywhere, has something that they dread. What's mine you ask? Spiders.

He's a damn spider.. a black widow.. deadly, dangerous, and beautiful, charming but a complete killer.

He continues to spin his webs of lies and deceit and was quite about it and didn't make a sound. He had more eyes than me so it was quite easy for him to see, that I was weak.

Clever spider spins a thread.

To make a trap and catch me in his web. Quickly and swiftly he has caught me, time collapses as I struggle.

The bite full of venom makes my body weak. Numbness takes over, I am also finding it hard to breathe.

What does the spider then do with his prey? I wonder. Does he make them stay in his web forever, and suffer?

Or does he long for prey? Because well, that's his basic instinct anyway. This spider has ambition I must say because I am stuck in his web, numb, as I watch him hunt for prey. I've never been so scared.

Gabrielle Plichta

The Girl That Never Sleeps

I know of a girl that never sleeps. All she ever does is reminisce as she weeps. Her remedy makes her numb as her mind runs, and runs, and runs.

Where does it run? It runs into memories, sweet paradise. To have that in again in real life anything you would want she would sacrifice. 'It doesn't matter', real life that is anyway, because that paradise is something she can see everyday.

Then she gets into the flash backs of dark times, those seem to come up all the time. They would come with her poison, rum, and wine. That's when her mind then splits into two. Logic and reading emotion is just something she will always do.

Logical left brain remembers every little thing you said. Almost like an echo inside her own head. This side of her knows exactly what to do, demanding her to let go of you.

Here comes the internal war!

Right brain remembers the attraction, emotion and more. This side of her holds on tight to all of her love, sensation, and happiness that she had with you but left brain won't let her remember you. Remedy then comes into settle this once and for all! Then suddenly she is unresponsive to this internal brawl. It's almost like she has departed from the path that we once shared.....and you said I never loved nor cared.

Can you see why this girl never sleeps?

The poor soul deals with this conflict every single night. As her eyes grow heavy and remedy leaves her distressed. Through her window comes the sunlight, she will never rest.

Gabrielle Plichta

The Travelers Story

I learned of a new story today of two wondering travelers lost in their ways.

One to drugs, completely fell apart.

The second dying of a broken heart.

Both sold to their loves unknown.

What started as a path had sadly grown.

Into two.....

both dying and weak. Searching for the answers they seek. What they don't know or not understand is that their lives are in the palms of each others hands.

If they maintain sound on paths of their own

Both of their hearts will continue to grow....

That is when they will cross paths

Once again they will go together this time healthy and whole.

Absence makes the heart grow stronger

I wonder if the travelers will forever wander.

Gabrielle Plichta

Traveling Love

Where do I begin with this tragic tale about two travelers on a path, a path that crossed and both travelers knew it would fail.

One traveler was so wise, talented, and smart. He could analyze people, minds, and their hearts. He could read any lie behind green eyes. He was dreamy, poetic, charming. At the same time he was toxic and harming. There was just something about him that made all females want him like drugs they had to have in their possession. He was basically to all women was an obsession. What was it about him? His touch? His taste? Or how his arms melted my frost bitten spirit with every embrace.

The second traveler just wanted to walk, talk, travel, explore. She left her previous paths in the past and never traveled with someone else before. She always walked alone because she knew it was what she deserved. She kept a wall up around her and her heart on reserve. Flash backs of paths she took once before haunted her. She kept everything inside and there was always a void in her deep green eyes. She couldn't change the paths she chose to walk previous times; but this my friends is what led her to her demise.

As the travelers continued down this path they grew closer and formed a bond. A bond so strong my heart grew so fond. While traveling this path I came to know things about him no one else knew....so I thought.

I was so in love! I never felt this way before about anyone! I would do anything for him, yet somehow I could never win. Now don't get me wrong there were many challenges that came our way, yet somehow, somehow I managed to stay.

He was the first one inside my head. He knew my paths, secrets, and became my best friend. He tore me apart with emotional tourcher but darling that still doesn't effect our future.

That wall I built for years is now ripped down to nothing but rubble. Without my traveler all I see is black as I stumble, slur, and mumble. This agony just won't let go of me, he is all I can see.

So now here I sit in a room with pur white walls closing in as you continue your path full of hatred and sin. You say it's my fault and I made you this way but there is one thought that runs through my mind everyday....

You said you never loved before, then why, why, wouldn't you stay.

Gabrielle Plichta

Words

Words. Words. Words.

They effect emotion and everyday life. They could also cut you into pieces like a knife. Words can be true or fake, how is it you know what words can be trusted?

Some people have a problem with using their words for deception, compulsive deception. But why? Is it to hurt someones soul or is it to protect them? They call them 'white lies' but in the end a lie, is a lie.

I tell people I'm tired, but I am depressed. I tell people I will be fine, but I know it will only get worse. I tell people that I will be okay, but really I am dying inside.

I've had enough with my false words.

Gabrielle Plichta