

Poetry Series

Kate Brossman
- poems -

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Kate Brossman(December 13,1995)

All They Are Are Words

I remember when,
I was twelve years old.
And there wasn't much,
Behind the story told.
It was a summer night,
And god, I felt so alone.
But nothing could of prepared me for,
When I was told that my mom would never be coming home.
I walked to school,
With my head held down.
I refused to smile,
Or even make a sound.
I felt hollow inside,
Like I was made of glass.
I was already cracked and ready to shatter,
Awaiting to be swept up and thrown away: hidden behind a transparent mask.
The kids at school,
Said I didn't fit in.
Decided to tell me,
To just give in.
To end my life,
Because I had no worth.
Because I was different,
And god...Did it hurt.
I cried every night,
My own tear filled lullaby.
And screamed into the silence,
Always asking why into the bleak, starless sky.
As I got older, I had enough one day.
I was tired of the pain.
So I jumped from my seat,
And began to scream.
'Who are you to say,
That I'm worthless?
Who are you to judge,
You are far from perfect! '
They looked at me and laughed,
Little dark inklings they were.
It only made them smile,

And I can't even describe the agony and sorrow that occurred.
But I would never give in,
To their demands no matter how much they hurt.
Because no matter what they say.
all they are is words

Kate Brossman

Behind The Cover Of My Book

Wanna know the real me?
Then take a closer look.
There is more behind the cover,
Of this newly tattered book.
Please take the time,
To read each and every page.
I know its hard to see,
Since the words have begun to fade.
Please ignore the wrinkles,
And the inky stains of the past.
Please ignore the diamonds of sorrow,
That fall from beneath my transparent mask.
Please look past the singed pages,
Yes, i know its hard to believe.
Since the adhesive that held me together,
No longer binds me.
Please understand the reason,
That I have you take a closer look.
Because there is more to me behind this cover,
Than a old, torn up book.

Kate Brossman

Caged Bird

The rain keeps falling,
And the pain goes on.
Your name; I try calling,
But the words are finally gone.
You won't remember me,
Cause' I'm just a lost memory.
Always walking down the same forgotten road,
A story of the lonely; Still left untold.
'She is not important, '
'She is lost in the dark.'
It's not my fault that I had fallen,
Believed the shadows within my heart.
'She's a freak.'
'A monster, if you will.'
Why do they say this?
Why am I considered 'ill'?
I am a person,
Just like you.
Hate me because I'm different?
Well, that's nothing new.
So hang me from the gallows,
Repress my words,
But I refuse,
To be your caged bird.
Burn my spirit,
Stitch my lips.
Bind my hands,
But I'll never forget.
You're the weird ones.
The ones who need help.
I am perfectly normal,
And I'm content with the cards I've been dealt.
I will speak my mind,
I will be heard.
No matter what you say or think,
I am no longer bound, no longer you're caged bird.

Kate Brossman

Hero

The darkness is closing in,
and I'm slowly beginning to slip.
I'm stuck in a dreamy state,
And I can't seem to get a grip.
I keep drinking lies,
And breathing in doubt.
My diamonds of sorrow,
Are slowly bleeding out.
I can't see through,
These jaded lines.
Slowly, I'm fading,
And soon there will be nothing left to find.

So I carve and carve through,
My forsaken dreams.
Fighting my self,
Because nothing is as it seems.
I'm lost in a land of hate,
And I can never get away.
I need a hero,
someone save me!

I'm barely awake,
And I want to leave.
I can hear you calling.
But I can barely breathe.
Its getting harder to stay alive,
Harder to stay the same.
But with every moment of dreaming,
I'm slowly going insane.
I can't see through,
These jaded lines.
Slowly, I'm falling,
I'm running out of time.

So I carve and carve through,
My forsaken dreams.
Fighting my self,
Because nothing is as it seems.

I'm lost in a land of hate,
And I can never get away.
I need a hero,
Someone save me!

There is a light at the end of a road,
But I can't move.
I'm blinded by the pain,
Of the fact that I always lose.
I struggle to stay awake,
as you finally find me here.
But I'm the only one to blame,
Cause I'm everything you have ever feared.
I can't see through,
These jaded lines.
Slowly, I'm dying,
And there's nothing left to find.

So I carve and carve through,
My forsaken dreams.
Fighting my self,
Because nothing is as it seems.
I'm lost in a land of hate,
And I can never get away.
I need a hero,
Someone save me!

So I carve and carve through,
My forsaken dreams.
Fighting my self,
Because nothing is as it seems.
I'm lost in a land of hate,
And I can never get away.
I need a hero,
Someone save me!

someone...
Save me.

Kate Brossman

Mistake

Where is my guiding light?
The one that you had said was here.
Wheres my knight and shinning armor?
You've finally made it clear.
Your a monster,
Through and through.
And I was the ignorant kid,
Who dared to believe in you.
I was the one,
That would have died.
Only to save you,
To make sure you would be alright.
I gave you my heart,
My entire world.
But you threw it in my face,
and called me a worthless girl.
I trusted you,
With every bit of my all.
But you laughed and tripped me,
You watched me fall.
I tried to be perfect..
I tried to be everything you wanted.
But now that its over,
I'm forever haunted.
By what used to be,
And the person I thought you were.
The memories that you've burned,
And the pain that has occurred..
You left me here,
Crying and broken.
Silently gagged,
By the words left unspoken.
Bleeding out ink,
onto life's torn page.
Never fully able to erase,
Your pasts mistakes...
But that's all I was,
Your fatal mistake.
Cause you know that I know your secret,

That your a horrible fake.
You made me believe,
That what we had was love.
That you were an angel,
Heaven sent from above.
But you are no angel,
Just a monster in disguise.
And now that I'm finally free,
Its your turn to meet and untimely demise.

Kate Brossman

The Nothingness

The cascading numbness,
Slowly consumes me.
The desolate darkness,
Wraps its icy tendrils around my blackened heart.
I wonder, simply pondering,
The reason I'm still alive.
I have no true reason for breathing,
For my heart died years ago.
I will always be alone,
For this world is so cold,
I tear myself open,
Just to feel something,
But in the end,
Its always the same, unrelenting pain.
Sown together by my hatred,
Clinging to what I can never grasp.
Enduring the sorrow that grips me,
Leaving me nothing,
But a hollowed, empty mask.

Kate Brossman

Till Death Do Us Part...

Ah, Yes...

Parting is such sweet sorrow.
Such a depressing thing,
As one could lose their life by tomorrow.
I could write a thousand and one love letters,
And promise you the moon and stars.
But what would a promise do,
If death tore us apart?
So instead, take this ring.
And promise me your hand.
I do love you more than life itself,
Which for you: in front of a bullet I would stand.
Love is not written on stone,
For stone can be erased, broken.
Nor is it inscribed on paper,
for paper can be ripped and stolen.
However,
It is engraved into a heart.
Where it shall forever stay,
Till death do us part...

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