

Poetry Series

Lydya Salas
- poems -

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Lydia Salas()

I Care

Just be yourself
You can never be
worthless
a mistake...
You are you
Nobody can be you.
Just the words...
I care
I'm here
Makes things better.
I CARE...!

Lydya Salas

Misunderstood/Mistake

Why?

WHY me? Why now?

I feel the world closing in on me.

What should I do?

Who should I trust?

Who should I tell?

NO ONE! !

I feel so scared

to let the pain flow through my veins

I want to live, but to see

how much the pain life causes me to feel

I wonder how deep the blade will go.

Do you know? 'cause I sure don't

I cry

I want to die,

but why must I feel this way?

I don't understand why pain hurts

NO one- understands what it feels

like to be called out of name

The person who really does

IS YOURSELF.

Do I give up? Let go?

I can't choose

I start to cry

Please try tot hide

but wherever I go

everyone already knows

Am I a simple piece of paper?

I know, I'm the escaper

Save me from myself

Protect me from the world

I watch the time pass by

I hear another cry

Is it coming from me? No!

It came from my family and friends

The sound of deep sorrow

They wonder what they could have done

Walk beside me, push me, hold me

I trusted you

YOU HURT ME

I try to hide

I cry

I see death right before my eyes

Do I let it take me under or do i try to stay strong and fight?

I needed you! !

Lydy Salas

Scared

I am scared
to go home
I am trying to stay sane
but I have to let go
I'm afraid of losing
My Friend
My friend I found
Crying for help
my help
I understand the pain
You must fight
Fight against the pain
DON'T LEAVE ME
PLEASE
I can't do this by myself
Alone
I wish I could stay
I wish you could come with me
but the time is running short
I'M Scared
Don't make me go.

Lydya Salas

What Do You Want?

Waht?

Am I your little slave?

Is that what I am to you?

Think again! !

'Cuz I'm not, but why choose me,

whne there's someone else you want

I am not your little friend, I am most certainly

not your play toy

What do you want from me?

My life?

My family?

My death?

If it's death then you're gonna need to try harder,

but don't think you're going to get it..

you can forget about that

Unless I decide to do it myself.

Why?

Why does it have to be this way?

Close me off and shove me away

like you don't need me

I've shut myself off from reality

It's too much for me to handle

I need you God, WHere ever you are?

Lydya Salas

When I Think

When I think about cutting
I think about death
I feel death
I know what it feels like
I've gone down that road before
and want to again
Because you hurt me
I need help, but I'm scared
I have no family to go to
They don't understand
Suicide
It all sounds good
How do I express my feelings?
I can't bring myself to get help
I don't feel comfortable with myself.

Lydya Salas