

Poetry Series

Melissa Joy Chesky
- poems -

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Melissa Joy Chesky(1/27/92)

6 Am Flight

Dreadful,
awful hour to
be awake.
But, alas,
the sunrise makes
the blame displaced.
Rainbows streak the east;
a kindergarten art
prodigy.
Deep cherry where sky
meets civilization,
placid orange,
and dark - but
unsettlingly serene -
purple-black creation.
And the people of Here
sleep to not see beauty arise;
they are engulfed in the depths of
shadow
and are dazed by warm bed sheets.
And I watch the
colors spread like wildfire across
my fogged imagination;

6 AM really does
exist.

Melissa Joy Chesky

A Letter To God

Dear God,
I tried to talk to you in a different way.
But I think the Christian Prayer Messaging
Isn't working for me.
So now I hope you're reading this letter
Over my stooped shoulder,
Because I don't know how to get this letter to you.

God, I think that you are disappearing
From my view that is already so blurred.
I can't hear the reassuring voice telling
Me to keep moving forward.
Truthfully, it scares me to say it.
Maybe blurred vision plagues me?

God, I lost the track of life I used to
Live by.
Bitterness is now the path I walk upon
On this very sullen, ash-colored morning.
Destruction lies upon this path,
Chaos is all I hear.
Will you turn me into a bird, so I can fly far away
From this once upon a nightmare?

God, my faith in you is fading
Before me.
The presence of you by my side
Where you used to stand is now
Vacant.
Did you finally give up on me,
The basket case?

God, please give me a sign to
Reassure me that you are
Very much present
At my side.
Instill faith in me once again
As I believed in before.
Stray me away from the path

Of bitterness and despair.
Have me be rid of this
Blurred life.
Convince me you have never left
My side, only quieted your
Advice.

Melissa Joy Chesky

A Lie For A Love

All of it is a lie

As I thought I loved you,
Until all you did was make me cry.

I voice to you a quiet 'why'

And all you did was walk right through;
I felt my heart echo your lie.

I tried to get myself by,

But my mind drifts to you two,
And I break down and cry.

And then I feel your hand on my thigh,

And I think of us too-
Followed by the mantra of the lie.

And there's that look in your eye,

Then I forget that you made my eyes dew;
But then I recall that you lived the lie
All just to make me cry.

Melissa Joy Chesky

A Vision

Itching to get out
is a vision.
a vision I see
in every midnight's dream,
in every day's thought,
a vision is itching to
be seen.

A lift of a paintbrush,
dazzling vivid color
threatens to dive onto the page.
the paintbrush does a tango,
a twist,
it dances across the page with ease.
it flows with the grace of a swan.

Colors fly onto the page
as if being thrown.
lines mesh to create an image.

I look at the page
first realizing the content of
this art.
it's the vision that I see
in every midnight's dream,
in every day's thought.
I gaze intently,
and...it's you I see.

Melissa Joy Chesky

About You, About Us

I'm trying not to write about you, about us
I'm drawing long, dark blanks,
Like long dark hospital halls
This is just a ramble
Since I can't toy or gamble
With our promise.

I'm trying not to write about you,
So I just draw blanks
I'm at a loss
You made my writing pen silent
But not enough to make the wells dry.
No, not enough to dry my mind.

I'm trying not to write
I guess I failed
But it's not sad
It's just a typhoon of relief
So the itch doesn't infect and spread
I itch the scratch to prevent a rotted epidemic.

I'm trying
The blanks start to flush with color
But whiteout can cure that
As duct tape cures a mouth
And blindfolds cure an eye or two
...I can't help it. I'm sorry.

Melissa Joy Chesky

All

All of your lies,
I hear.
All of your games
I see.
All of your moves
I feel.
All of your hurt
I taste.
All of your wants
I smell.
All of your intentions
I know.
All of your words
They pulsate.
All of your fingertips
They burn.
All of your kisses
They infect.
All of your touches
They radiate.

But you
All of you
Just sickens me.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Alzheimer's

I knew she wasn't well,
That forgettable 6 years ago.
She would forget dates,
And other minor things of that sort.
What I didn't know,
Was she was suffering unimaginably.

She wasn't getting any better,
That blurry 5 years ago.
She would forget where she was,
And other things of that matter.
What I did know,
Is she was getting sicker as each day passed,
With the horrible disease that plagued her mind.

I knew she was getting worse,
That fuzzy 4 years ago.
She would forget names,
Like family and friends.
I thought inside she would get better,
And it would just be a dream,
The last 2 years.

I could notice her suffering,
That unforgettable 3 years ago.
She would sit on her bed,
In a new nursing home every couple of months,
Her stare as blank as the walls
Surrounding her.
Inside I knew,
She was dying slowly.

I could see her fading,
That distant 2 years ago.
I could see her slowing,
Forgetting more and more.
Her voice slowly ebbing,
Until words slur into babble.
I refused to have the

Reality finally hit.

I knew she was long gone,
That dispiriting 1 year ago.
She held a stare that went forever.
A thought of her passing haunted
My conscience.

I watched the nurses feed her
The mashed up food that didn't
Resemble food.
I watched her being wheeled down
The hall way, something she once did
With her own patients.

And now,
As I lay in my bed,
I finally realize I can't do anything
To heal her pain.
I can't help her remember
The ones that loved her most.
I can't teach her how to
Chew,
Walk,
Speak.
I can't do anything to stop
Her 6 year struggle.

Melissa Joy Chesky

And He's Taken

He sees me and
Oh, I see him.
His eyes so intense
And bright aqua sea;
It's like he's looked at
Me for the longest time,
Like he had his eye
Set on me and I just noticed
Instead of a split second.

How can he do this to me?
I can't stop thinking about him,
Because if I do, I just stop
Thinking forever.

He gives me a flirtatious wink.
And he's taken.
Well then what is a wink
If he's already someone else's?

Oh, and the smile that
Just makes me want to die.
A smile so contagious should be
Broadcasted over the news,
And everyone could be just as happy
As him and I.

Melissa Joy Chesky

And I Cried, Too

I love my father.
I always will.

We used to play
'The rocket game'.
He lifted me up
High above his head,
Tossing me for a split
Second,
But I always ended up safe.

We did that when
I was four,
Before he told me
He had to help make
The world safe
For everyone we knew.

He got dressed all nice
In a crisp uniform.
It was rainy when
He got into the cab.
He didn't see my tears.
He only saw his little girl
Being strong.
And then, he drove.

I had hope;
I believed my hardest,
Harder than any four-year-old
Could possibly do.

But that got lost
and faltered
The day mommy sat in the
Living room
With another man in daddy's
Crisp uniform.
He was uncomfortable.

Mommy was crying.
I was oblivious to
Context,
And I cried, too.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Anesthetic

"Okay, you'll only
feel a slight
sting as it
moves through."
It should have
been a warning to
how he would make
me feel.

You coursed through,
not stinging—
very under described—
no, like gasoline-doused
nerves lit bright
and majestically,
painfully beautiful.
Every pain intensified
and doubled,
completely agonizing
to the point of incoherent screaming.

Like fireworks in
my veins,
ricocheting around with
nowhere to vent,
nowhere to explode
except under the skin.

And then it slowly drowned
in abyss,
my eyes crossing from
instant delirium,
dazed by how the suffering
left me so quickly.
My breath comes shallow
as my eyes are struggling
to focus,
to ward away the blackness
that awaits,

my fears illuminated
in the daylight
beneath my closed lids.

And your forced confused state
upon me
slowly slipped away eventually,
a blanket of restless unconsciousness
falling lightly to the floor.

And I check
to see if you've
done any damage;
oh yes, I'm ravaged.

Parts of my body
still unwilling to feel,
numb from the initial pain
you brought me
in a glass vile
on a silver platter.

And still,
my throat clenches
when in thought
of the indifference
you induced me with.
It is this drug
that is still pumping through,
still tainting,
and it does not want to lift,
not wanting to feel that same
fiery pain once again;
trying to shelter like no one can.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Angel Song

Angel song,
angel pose,
human pain?
These angel wings
crumble at the
touch of man.
On this pedestal
she sits.
Awaiting-
longing-
for that one
which she doesn't
crumble for.

Fair skinned,
eyes like
personified innocence,
golden drops of sun for hair-
the epitome of
perfection.

And her angelical whim
runs through my veins.
Somewhere.

She sees,
she finds,
she has-

she loses.

And his touch
crumbled these wings
like weakened stone;
she didn't see Hell
rocketing towards,
didn't see it coming
to its end.
All she saw was

the demise
and after the fact.

Her pedestal oldened,
she sits below,
and her tears burn
as she sings her
dreadful, mourning
angel song.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Another Teen Statistic

I don't want to be
Another teen statistic;
Don't want people that know
Nothing about me to tell
Me how I'm running
My life.

I wear all black
Sometimes;
So they say I am
A goth.

I have problems to
Deal with;
So they say I
Am depressed.

I am a young
Teen;
So they say I
Am irresponsible;
Good-for-nothing.

I write my poetry
From other peoples
Experiences;
So they say I need
To go to a shrink.

I don't want to
Be judged anymore;
By more shrinks
Making up how I live;
Like another teen statistic,
From tests they take,
From how other people turn out.
Well, guess what?
You're wrong,
I'm not like other people;

I am me,
Not a lab rat to
Be tested on.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Army Man

His dusty breath is arid,
His inhalation tastes like the clay ground.
It's humid, he's baking in the Sahara.
All alone in the desolation,
With a bullet-ravaged SUV.
Sunglasses hiding his thoughts,
Vest as his shield,
Artillery as his friend,
Helmet hard and unfaltering.
As he stands alone in the desert
He is at peace with the scorch of day.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Autumn

And when the flame-colored leaves
Finally descend
To God's green earth,
I know that they have rebelled
From the sunny disposition
Of July,
And have moved on
To the beautiful season of transition;
Autumn.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Bad Decisions

Hissed whispers in the dank dusk
Come follow, come follow murmurs he,
And hesitantly hovering along the way
He sees, he sees, he sees he chose wrongly.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Beat Beat

Beat Beat

goes this weakened heart
trembling in my ribcage
reverberating pathetically
irregularly screaming for remedy
for synthetic hypnosis
for obvious diagnosis

Blink Blink

go these desolate eyes
aching in my skull
searching without looking
watching without certainly seeing
harboring fiber glass tears
harboring the guaranteed fears

Bang Bang

goes the hollow door
shaking in my thoughts
warding off the good
sheltering the dangerous mood
protecting the wrong things
protecting the devil with wings

Boom Boom

goes this menacing lever-action
twitching in my hands
searching for the mark
shooting anxiously in the dark
aiming to the despair
aiming at the line of hair

and everything goes silent.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Blood Tears

Crying
always starts
in your throat.

You try to gulp air,
to shove it down
like shots at
happy hour
to keep
control.
But it gets
stuck and burrows,
lodging it deeper to choke you.

It always
follows
to your nose.

Your nose starts to tingle,
annoying little twinge,
and your eyes start to
water,
but they don't overrun;
not yet.

And then you try
to make your
eyes sponge
the tears
back in
- flinging your head
back in defiance -
to suppress
all the pent-up
emotion that ricochets
inside your gut.

And you can't help not
seeing anything...

blink.
Down goes on tear.
And it feels so cold,
feeling extra-terrestrial
on your skin.
But you can't help to
shed another.
Silently,
secretly,
your own sadistic
inside joke.

And with two
down,
why not all?
They slide down,
slowly,
always painstakingly slow.

The breath you hold
bursts out,
expels with an eruption.
Your body shakes with the
force the exhalation has used.
And you gasp for breath

And it hurts to breathe;
the tears flow more vigorously
than before.
Then you can't concentrate on
anything,
and your brain leaves you,
leaving you to convulse.

Your so clogged by this
point
you have to get
a tissue.

You glance at a passed
mirror:
especially your eyes.

Pure red.
Not an ounce
of white purity.

And the tears that
cling,
the stubborn ones that refuse
to plummet,
take on the quality of
dark red berries,
making it seem you have
enough stabbing,
painful emotion to cry
blood tears.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Blue Moon

Of course, of course it's you that made the call
Because it's only you that thinks of me in this pitch dark.
Only you, only you desire, or are unaware, of this passivity.
Only you can so quickly break my bars and morals.
But it has been so long - so many nights - since the last...
Is it wrong to blame you on the blue moon?

But it's not only that you call to me in light of the moon,
And when you want something, someone, it's not always that you call.
And when this is the case, I'm certainly not first, certainly not last,
But, certainly, when I hear your voice or name, my heart turns dark.
It only turns so because of my bruised morals;
It doesn't feel too wrong to turn to passivity.

But, oh the changes you've made in me; my first option turning to passivity
I ask how this could've happened to my Self to the sliver of moon,
And all along I know it's because I've turned my back on my own rules, on my
own morals.
These rules, I find, are not so foolish when I plummet as I wait, waiting for your
next call
I should've known better of the worst that was to come, my depression getting
dark
This certainly wasn't the first time, nor will it be the last.

I've tried to push you into my past, wanting to make you less than last
Trying to embrace this metamorphosis, this passivity;
But this place let me tell you, it gets cold and dark
For ages, it is black on black, no shine comes from the new moon.
It's only garishly light when my name escapes your breath, one breath, your
whispering call,
You summon me to come out and play after dusk, telling me to leave behind my
morals.

I tell you they need to come with, I'm nursing these flimsy morals, my few
morals
But you know yourself, it's half a lie; they always came last.
You pull my guise from my center, from my head and toes, dragging me with no
force, you call
It's when I realize that it's not the possession of but the lack of passivity

Lacking in the way it always seems to scurry at the sight of the moon.
But this place let me tell you, it's better with gasps of light than centuries of dark.

But in this horror, these monsters call out louder than the last
They know no morals, they perceive no passivity;
These monsters know centuries of dark, and I have seen; is it wrong to blame
you on the blue moon?

Melissa Joy Chesky

Blur

I still try to make sense of how it happened.
A trip, a stutter, a falter
An accidental lunge, a misstep;
My ineffectual bricks for feet couldn't find ground
Even under good circumstances.
All I remember was the sick twinge before falling.
The realization that it's all over.
Hands flew out to grab a beam
But they went through like a mirage.
Ten step skip,
So quick to be face down
On cold sawdusted concrete,
Trying to breathe through debris and coagulation.
Trying to keep calm in my hysterics
While my aluminum strongholds scatter like discovered mice.
As she runs, unabashed of her franticness,
I watch as vermillion runs like molasses down my nose
And plops into this plush puddle which is my pillow.
Eerily calm and detached by this display of my vulnerability,
Self-aware of my mortality,
Alone in my silence, I started to scream.
It clicked.
I still try to make sense of how it happened.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Body Language

Your touch
makes my skin tingle.
Why am I still
reacting this way?

My thoughts churn
with excitement
when you whisper
to me.
Nothing special is said,
but the wisps of
your breath on my neck
say otherwise.

My heart jumps
when your arms
clutch me tight.
I feel vulnerable
being this close;

you know what
I'm thinking,
feeling,
have felt,
and have been through
just by my awkward,
but desperate,
body language.

My throat clenches
when you ask what's wrong.
I breathe "nothing, "
but my brain screams
"everything".
Especially you and I.

The "what if's"
haunt me,
the "why's"

do too...

haven't I had enough?

Melissa Joy Chesky

Bonfire

Dancing like monarchs
The sparks are alive with glee
As they are raised up
From the ashes of fire
To celestial afterlife.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Breaking

It's not fair that you are so far from near
Because I still have those days where your words fall on my ears
And most heavily on few fragile memories.
It's not fair that I have to shut out and darken the present, the reality, the
constants in my life
Just to see your face, just to see a smile, just to see the past.
It's like choosing between food and water; I crave life, but I thirst for nostalgia.
I yearn for the feelings and the caress again, whether gentle or not.
It's not fair that a simple parting of your lips makes me break my own promises,
My will breaking at every promiscuous word and temptation,
Breaking at every chance of a change in you,
Breaking at every glance of a chance for me.
You offer up the world to me and only give me oceans of regret.
But nonetheless, you still appear to me like a blasphemous Holy Grail.
Why do you only hide in my non-descript words?
Why do you only live behind my eyes?
Why do you only speak to me in wayward dreams with unraveling seams?
Why do you only haunt me?
Why does this only hurt me?

Melissa Joy Chesky

But's

You are here
But you're not
You can see
But you don't
You can hear
But not everything
You can feel
But only in sporadic
And you can touch
But only when you twitch
But are you here
When you're not "here"?

Melissa Joy Chesky

Cannot Wash My Shirt

I can still feel your palm on my waist
Your hands on my stomach
Your body melded against my back
Your fingers between mine.
I can still touch the web of your thumb with my thumb
Your bristled cheek grazing against my smooth
Your powerful arms as my steady hold
Your ear brushing past my murmuring lips.
I can still see your shy smile in the pitch dark
Your slight head bang to pulsating music
Your stance completely unmoved by the melody's vibrato
Your eyes piercing mine as the lights seize around us.
I can still smell the booze and drugs
Your sweat mixing with mine so sweetly
Your heat pressed strongly against me
Your breath dancing across my neck.
I can still taste the stale atmosphere
Your aura peppering the air with such unique qualities
Your scent mixed with all these
Your essence with mine sensual and unexperienced.

And this is why I cannot
Cannot
Wash my shirt.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Can'T Explain It

I can't explain it
But my heart wrenches
 When he is around
But my lungs collapse
 When he is around
And it's like the whole world is imploding around me
 When he is around.
Maybe he is just my fault
 He is just my disease
 He is just my demise
 The cancer that morbidly rests
 In the base of my spine
 The thing that will never be cured
 The thing that radiation can never excise
"Miss, you have cancer."

Melissa Joy Chesky

Cigarette

Want to inhale death?
Dancing pathogens – like plagues –
Want to take your chance?
Now that the risks are explained,
Would you entice the Reaper?

Melissa Joy Chesky

Clone

He looks like you, and I can't bear it.
He wears your clothes, and has your scent as well.
He sits and smiles, and it stings deep to see your clone.
His face is so like yours; how peculiar.
No namesake does he share with you, but I would be fooled.
He sits here, and I can't help but imagine it's you.
Even though I resist you, I never wanted to force you out of my heart.
But, I just had to.

And the healing falls to pieces as your twin pierces my presence.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Come...

Come my messiah,
I'm waiting for you
To defend me.

Come save me
From this constant
Pain I have ached
Upon for so long.

Come tear me
Away from the
Danger I'm in.

Come ward off
My agony until
I am no more.

Come evaporate
My tears away
Until there's nothing
Left to dry.

Come save me
So I can't suffer from
Pain for the rest of
My long days.

Come...
Come because
I need you here
More than
Ever right
About now.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Comfortable

How can I be so comfortable?

How?

I don't understand, Doc.

Explain it for me.

How can I be so comfortable

Around him?

Him of all people?

I just don't get it.

Explain it a little slower.

How can I be so comfortable

In that situation?

Of all situations...

I'm more comfortable with him in that situation

Versus being comfortable in a normal situation –

Not to mention – clothed in the latter?

Man, it doesn't make any sense.

Really, it doesn't.

No awkwardness or uncomfortable feelings –

None at all –

Washed over me.

Is it just right?

Or am I just immune now?

Now of all times?

I've never really been comfortable around anyone,

So why – how – does he ease my anxious mind?

Melissa Joy Chesky

Dance

I pull you closer
It's been too long
My body feels your pulse
And answers with the pulse of my hips
So fluent it seems
So naturally rhythmic
That our bodies stand perfectly meshed
In sync with the heat of the moment.
No need for hands
When we match such each other's desires impeccably.
I move deeper with my hips
And I know you don't mind too much.
Your deep breaths are my incentive
My encouragement to be more open
To unleash tension through our lustful dancing.
And we both know
We unabashly don't mind this sexual release.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Depression

Gnawing at my bones
Biting my flesh
Ripping my being
Your voraciousness is never sufficed.
How do I feed you, O Hungry Master?
Groping my sense of self
Violating my core
Grabbing my last breath of life
Your violent punishment is felt well.
How do I serve you, O Selfish One?
Tearing limb from clavicle
Hearing silent wails escape
Watching my suffering with lust
Your enjoyment is never fulfilled.

How will depression dismember me tonight, O Power-parched Liege?

Melissa Joy Chesky

Desire

Where to turn
When the wind howls
And chill digs in your bones:
Desire fire.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Dissonance

I hear your tone
float across the room
with dissonance mournfully
ringing.
I couldn't help but hear
what sadness has become of you
and what your tale might be.

Who took your smile?
Your giddy conversation?

I turn to see your sorrowed face,
that was once filled with
enlightenment,
and I know who took it away,
and you look to me
with the utmost hate
and cold jealousy.
My heart worsens
and lead seeps in through
transparent skin to make me
burdensome with misstep.

I feel the guilt running through
again and searing,
fiery hot.
And, oh, I do regret what I did to you.

And I wish I could take it away,
to just stitch up your wounds
with a simple needle and thread;
but the pain will always be there,
whether I try to mend it or not.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Don'T Make Me

Don't make me say
My last good-bye to you;
No farewell is a
Good one.

Don't make me have to forget
All we had;
What we had is all
I had.

Don't make me forget you;
You were the best
Thing that happened
To me.

Don't make me say
Good-bye;
Don't make me forget
All the good times;
Don't make me forget
You.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Don'T You See?

Don't you see?
My life is
A living
Disaster.

Don't you see?
My black eye
Keeps on
Reappearing like
Houdini.

Don't you see?
The blood on
My face,
My arms,
My cross.

Don't you see?
My music
Up so loud
So you can't
Hear me crying
Away my pain.

Don't you see?
The eyeliner
Caked on my
Cheeks from crying.

Don't you see?
My life
Spinning out
Of control;
Too hard to go on.

Don't you see?
Can you see
It now?
Can you see

ME now?

Look at me! !
Baggy eyes,
Bruised face,
Bloodshot eyes,
Tear-stained
Face.

Look at me! !
Gothy clothes,
Black eyeliner,
Black nails reflecting
The soul.

No, look at me! !
My voice almost
Gone-just
Like I am;
And so much
Blood everywhere,
Scarred up arms,
Bullet to the head,
Rivers of blood
Pouring from my
Pleading eyes.

If you could see
Then and got
Me help,
Everything would
Be O.K.

But you turned
A blind eye
To the naked
Truth;
And now it's
Too late to
Fix it.

Don't you see?

See me in
This suffocating
Coffin.

Don't you see?
See me going
Into the ground
As my final
Resting place.

Of course you see me now;
you want to hold
The memory
Of me;
Not a very good
One,
I might say.

The last time
You saw me
I was pleading to
You in my
Pool of
Blood;
Dying more
Every plead
I made to
You.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Dreams And Reality

Darkness blankets my eyes,
I feel dazed,
Almost detached...
And then I'm twisting into
A spinning vortex.

Spinning and spinning,
Round and round,
Then my feet are on the ground.
I was not in my bed,
I wasn't even in my room anymore.
I didn't know exactly where I was,
But I knew what was happening.
It was that kind of dream.

I was standing in front of him.
My hands started to sweat,
My head getting clammy.
Then he starts walking towards me,
I look around feverishly,
Not wanting him to see me like this,
All nervous and fidgety.
Too late though.

He grabs my hands,
Gently though,
Never hard enough to hurt.
He pulls me in close,
His warm hands on my back,
I hesitate,
But I give into his gentle,
Almost glowing eyes.

Then he does the unthinkable,
He leans in towards me,
I start to pull back thinking,
'Yeah right this is just a scam,
He would never fall for me, '
But my conscience says,

Go for it,
So I did.
I leaned in willingly,
A little scared but excited at the same time.

We start to get closer,
We're closing the gap between us,
Slowly but still...
He's so close to me
His smell overpowers me.

But then something else happens,
I hear my conscience saying,
No, no don't do it,
I ignore it,
And lean to him.
But an invisible hand pulls me
Away from him.
I was so close.
The figure of him is fading rapidly,
A look of confusion crosses his face.

Then, I am back in my bed,
The dream is gone,
Trapped in my unconscious mind.
The dream left only
A lump of longingness in my heart,
A handful of disappointment,
And a glistening tear escaping my eye,
Onto my cheek,
Then my arm,
Then soaking into my pajamas,
Too sad to catch it.

I lay back on my bed
Studying my almost white ceiling,
Exactly where I was before,
Except I'm wide awake,
Wondering what if...

Melissa Joy Chesky

Dreamt Nirvana

I love thee in too many ways to know.
I count them on my fingers, on my toes,
And still not enough all the ways
How I love thee; it's insurmountable.
If only thou knew, if only thou knew;
How I feel for that man, not t'all a boy.
Eyes like grains descended from the Heavens,
Hands made to keep young hoping hearts at bay.
I wish, I wish age was but a number,
And wasn't the ailment of patient love.
The glints in his eyes are the galaxies,
So rare and exhilarating t'mine eye.
And the woe weighs on my heart to give in,
To know I'm not the grateful girl for thou.
I wish he was Romeo, and I Juliet,
Living in dreamt nirvana; Verona.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Drugged

My wells are dry, my hands unfeeling
While this toxin runs through my system, stealing
Everything that I've built, everything that I've sown,
This happy pill is now adding to my heart of stone,
Where my cold soul once faced-off a pistol.
I met a Hell unbeknownst to me in the barrel
Of my cute thirty-odd six,
To make it go there aren't any magic tricks,
Just Click, Bang, Fin.
Quick to jump, nearly unseen.
This Serotonin spin has me in tethers mellowed
As I try to find an Alternate Happiness it bellows
It beats me down and keeps me hostage,
Throws me in my closet and makes my Blade Hand itch.
There's no way out, this is domestic violence,
Subtract a partner and add the ambulance.
I'm abusive and half submissive,
I can't ever walk away from myself, I'm too permissive.
The pain is just another casualty, the mind games another test,
But when a flame tempts my wrist, what's best?
Yes, the relationship with myself and I are, indeed, fucked.
But it's impossible to get out now, we're stuck.
Together miserable, separately invisible
Until Serotonin moves out to make my shadows divisible.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Duplicates

I'm the one who hates
Christmas
and Thanksgiving
and birthdays.
There is always
two of them.

I'm the one who hates
the thought of home
or numbers
or addresses.
There is always
two of them.

I'm the one who hates
the thought of parents
and schedules
and my day.
There is always
two of them.

Mom and Dad
didn't and couldn't
love each other.
So, I got duplicates when
I didn't order them.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Early Courting

I'm just a zygote in a zygote
When this was a close memory.
I was just a distant possibility,
Maybe an improbability,
When they twined themselves together,
Reached out a backwards-facing camera
And said, "Cheese";.
I was not concrete
Because they were not concrete.
They were free falling carelessly
But with finesse,
Because nothing was concrete.
All they knew was the smile on each other's lips,
And the glints of forest in mirrored eyes.
They just stare happily through
This black-and-white nostalgia,
Never knowing I'm the one staring right back,
Watching in on this private exchange of affection,
Watching myself become definite with their embrace.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Easy

It's so easy
The distance
So easy for me
The vagueness
There's no weight
Ball and chain doesn't exist
I come and go
And you stay and wonder
This is easy...
No wonder it was so simple for you before.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Erase Him

everytime i write a poem
such as this
a little part of him
disappears and
i am capable of healing the
damage.

every poem,
like an eraser to memory,
heals the eternal
wounds.

but i don't know
if that's a good
thing to forget what had
happened.

but also,
as you may have heard,

ignorance is bliss.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Escape From Memory

I am escaping,
Escaping from this
Memory that confines
Me here,
That keeps me here
Like a starving prisoner,
Starving for...something
In a world of hate.

I need to get out of here,
I am running away from my life,
Running around trying to find an exit sign
To guide me to somewhere better;
So much for a perfect life.

I thrive on anger,
On your anger you take out on me,
The words you say
That pummel me;
Nevermind, those are your fists
Colliding with my stomach,
My head,
My face.

Is this life suffocating me?
Nope,
Those are your fingers
Intertwined on my neck.

Those are your eyes,
Breath-catching eyes,
But not any good way.
Those eyes could
Stop me just by
Themselves.
Those deep brown
Eyes go on forever
Like a bottomless black
Hole.

They glare into
My soul,
Knowing what I
Fear most;
All of my secrets being uncovered
By those eyes.
Watching me squirm inside,
Watching me fade away.

Is it over now?
I dream I
Fall and feel nothing;
Numb to the world left behind.
Nope, no more choking now,
Just some kicking while I'm
Defenselessly lying
On the ground
Looking up towards
The heavens;
If there is one.

I get up,
I get pushed back down,
Like dirt being packed into
The ground,
Small and insignificant.

There's kicking,
But no screaming.
The scream is loud
Nonetheless;
It is making
Me deaf.
It is so loud
Inside of me;
Echoing silently,
Ricocheting in
The walls of my
Body,
My head.

I am the rabbit and your

The fox in
This game we play.

You get closer,
My heart pitter-patters
Faintly;
I know what's about to happen
In this game that
Has gone so awry.

Thanks for making this memory
For me as my childhood,
I thought I couldn't get
More messed up than this,
But no, I guess you proved
Me wrong.

No wonder I'm trying
To escape from this memory.
How about I just cower
In this corner
For a while
In my mind so no one can find me here,
So no one can
Get to me,
To set me off.
To get me into something like this;
I was only trying to defend
Myself,
To make them go away;
So much for that.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Etched

Your razor
Cuts deeply;
It etched
My arms.

Your the
Only thing
That saved
Me from
Myself.

Your love
Scars me;
It etched
My heart.

The poisoned
Love I have
Is not there;
Non-existent.

Your words
Penetrate;
It etched
My mind.

Your hurtful
Words echo
In my
Hollow head.

Your bruises
Hurt more
Than ever;
They etched
My skin.

Your angry
Outbursts

I will
Never forget.

My tears
Silently fell;
They etched
My cheeks.

I hide in
My room,
Vacancy filling
It up.

My pain
Torches;
It etched
My insides.

It courses
Through my
Veins,
Burning me
From the
Inside out.

My mind
Flashes back;
It etched
My memory.

Remembering
You is still
So painful
For me.

My body
Aches with exhaustion;
It etched
My confidence.

You reject
Me so harshly,

Too hard to
Think about you
Anymore.

You leaving
Was the worst;
It etched
My life.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Falling Apart

Your voice suddenly
sounds faint to
my ears.
Your eyes suddenly
look dull and
lifeless to me.
Your smile suddenly
feels cold and
forced when you look to me.
Your presence suddenly
feels ever more distant
than before.
Your touch suddenly
seems harsh and
unmeaningful now.
Is this the end?
Are we finally falling apart?

Melissa Joy Chesky

Familiar

It's so natural
So easy and familiar
 To my senses.
It's just too repetitive
 I've done this before.
It's just too easy
 To reenact this again.

So smoothly
 So lithefully
I remember the motions I make
 Remember the implications you make
It feels right
 But it's not
It's too easy to disregard mortality.

To do this
 Will be physically
 And emotionally
 Satiating.
My hunger, your hunger
 Will be filled
No strings attached.

So is it still wrong after all?

Melissa Joy Chesky

Fates

Through love do I seek you by choice?
Or by nature are you assigned?
With fate aside, do rules apply?
Or do the free of heart survive?

Melissa Joy Chesky

Fear

It feeds upon the
Cries of a child.
It feeds upon the
Tears of a mother.

It feeds upon the
Wide-eyed expression of
A father.
It feeds upon the
Helpless thoughts of
The fearless.

It feeds upon the
Memories of the paranoid.
It feeds upon the reason to
Escape of the outcast.

Fear;
An infectious disease.
Fear....
Is in everyone.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Fearing

How do you breathe so slow, so placid?
So calmly, so cool and collected?
Don't you know there's a war at your door?
It's knocking – persistent – they seek blood.
Clarified: innocent's screams will do.
So run, hide – they come on soft feet.
Breathe lightly, or they'll hear your last gasp.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Feel

I want you to feel
what I feel.

I want you to suffer
and cry from the
undeserved wounds.

I want you to choke
on your breath
as I have on screams.

I want you to plead
for me to stop,
to tell me you'll do anything.

Be me when you
hurt me,

and you'll feel
what I feel.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Fire

Fire, fire
dancing across the
candle's wick.
I see your true
beauty;
your blue, red, orange
entrances some.

Fire, fire
dancing along
shadowed walls.
I see your true
beauty;
your blue, red, orange
intimidates some.

Fire, fire
dancing on my
supple skin.
I see your true
beauty;
your blue, red, orange
burns some.
But never I.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Fire And Ice

Fire

Voracious, aggressive

Smoldering, licking, unforgiving

In the end, destruction ceases all

Freezing, numbing, but replenishing

Quiet and also evil

Ice.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Fitting In

My dad:
He thinks I don't try hard enough to
fit in
with others.

What he didn't know was how much
abuse
I look just for them to accept me,
just to see me as an equal in
their eyes.

My dad:
He thinks that I try not to
fit in
as an excuse.

What he doesn't know is that I don't want to
fit in
with people who drink too much, or smoke too much pot,
or think it's funny to beat up a thirteen-year-old
girl.

Ha. No.

My dad:
He thinks that I do actually
fit in
with these people, but don't realize it yet.

But,
I don't.
I really don't.
And he doesn't know about me drinking.
Or them driving me home when they were in the clouds
by the stars.
Or them beating me up,

when I was thirteen.

Note to dad:

I tries to fit in, I really did.

So don't be disappointed when
they turn out to be hopeless drunks
or potheads living on the streets
when I'm not.

Sorry dad, but fifteen years was just too long to try
and impress the people that I truely hated.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Forever Happy

You grab with hands so strong
The welts are still here
You didn't choke my throat
You choked my innocence
It was already so feeble
Why did it deserve to die, J?
Was it in your jurisdiction
To kill the last pure part of me?
Your convictions of punishment
Are nothing short of harsh.
Why did I deserve this?
I said no
And my voice was smothered by your desires
Why was I your carefully chosen victim?
Was it either me or my cousin,
And I the weaker?
I dreamed of your return
Inevitable it seems
Your intimidation worked
And now I don't dream
But rather scream.
I hope you're proud,
I hope you're forever happy
With your filthy deed.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Forget

They can't understand
that they are
destroying me.

They can't understand
that they all
make me want to
rip hair,
tear skin,
yell obscenities.

They can't understand
that I need
you to be by
me.

They say your
older
and your intentions
are not right.

They can't understand
that we like each
other a lot.

They can't understand
that you aren't the
type to hurt me.

They can't understand
why you'd want
to hang out with
people my age.

But most of all,
Their ignorance
blinds them
from understanding
that you help me

forget.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Free Me...

I'm caged,
In a zoo,
Everyone gawks
And points at
Me just
Because I'm different.

I'm caged,
In a pen,
Pacing back and
Forth in frustration
In my enclosed space.

I'm caged,
In a jail,
A convict,
But one who
Didn't do the
Crime.

I'm caged,
In my head,
My thoughts stirring
And boiling
Until I lose myself
In them.

I'm caged,
In my body,
I can't get out,
I can't be free
From the awful
Reality I'm in.

I'm caged,
In my life,
Isolated from all
That I know
And I thrive

On.

I'm in a cage,
I'm fading away,
I'm lost today,
Seize the day.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Fuzzy

My head got fuzzy
And my body tingled
When you touched my hand.
My euphoria spiked
And my brain ignited
When you clasped tighter.
My heart spilled
And my mind danced
When you kissed my hand.
My body flushed pink
And my face did as well
When you held me close.
My heart gushed
And my soul exploded with emotion
When you pressed on my lips.
But the odd thing is
I don't recall
How we got to my house;
By flight or by car?

Melissa Joy Chesky

Gasp

The stars
Completely glow
In eyes full of skepticism,
Thrusting me into forced hesitation,
Cutting off the airflow –
Catch my gasp –
Before I have to admit;
You're breathtaking in the moonlight.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Ghost

Today, I saw a ghost
And he didn't even know who he was.
Age didn't affect his features;
His hands are the exact way I left them years before.
The hair never moved, never grew,
A smile still plastered
Eyes of the same hue.
Predictable you.
In that black car.
With that same piercing smirk.

Today, I re-met my ghost, my nightmare,
And he ordered a chocolate shake
Then drove on by
Not knowing what horror he was to me.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Goodbye

I knew if I
let go;
you would really
be gone.
You would just
float away
and I would never hear
from you again –
unlike you promised.

I held on
tightly;
I relived every
single moment
every single glance
every single hug
every single touch
every single detail.

And the details
consumed me
and swelled in
my eyes.

And I left with you
a gift
I was to give you
a year before.

Then,
I left you to float
I left you to the world ahead.

I gazed into
the familiar eyes
that have looked to me
for so long

and I never

looked back
as the people around
swallowed you up.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Goodbye, My Dear Friend

I never thought you could die twice,
my dear friend.
You never deserved such a bad life,
my dear friend.
I'm sorry I cannot heal the persistent wounds
that always seem to bleed,
my dear friend.
I thought bad events have been passed and disregarded,
my dear friend.
Please don't perish on this cold asphalt,
my dear friend.
Ask God to cease your bleeding,
my dear friend.
Your hands are cold and shaking,
my dear friend.
Don't let the light escape from your eyes,
my dear friend.
I so immensely regret to not realize this,
my dear friend,
but you can die twice.
You read my grave expression engraved on me,
my dear friend.
You take the last of your strength to incline your pale face,
and whisper hoarsely,
'Goodbye, my dear friend.'
Your hand goes limp.
Your pulse is nonexistent.
Your eyes flutter closed to hide the lost soul inside.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Great-Aunt Pam

It was unfortunate
that you passed Christmas morning.
I really wish I could've seen you,
just one more time would've been enough.

Cancer is what took you prematurely,
and I will never be able to forget it.
I was so young, and had so
much that I could've learned.

Your experiences couldn't have been duplicated;
Nationalization, living in Cambodia,
cooking foreign food, understanding different cultures,
and most of all understanding your life.

But, I only eight, wouldn't understand
you untimely departure.
And, oh, how confused I was as to
why God took you.

And, mostly, I wanted to say
that I still, after 7 years,
miss you terribly,
and I turned out to be an OK person.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Guilt

Don't stand at my grave and weep
because I know you don't mean it.

An act to show like you've ever cared
won't go past me-and you know it.

You never said sorry or showed
that you actually cared,
and now you never will.

But now, I lay here dead
on account of the things you said,
and that will be on your conscience
forever.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Gullible Me

Everything screams,
"I told you so."
I walk back
Defeated in my own game
Bitterness hidden in the syllables of his name
But I know I'll be walking this path again.
Cursing and spitting venom from the thought of his presence
Wanting a different alias,
And thus being anyone but gullible me.
From the music to the biting wind,
The heavy step by step
Clomping along,
Disappointment riddling their faces,
Apathy in their tone,
Oh yes.
They told me so.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Heard It All Before

I can't believe I trusted you

Echo echo

I can't believe I lied for you

Echo echo

I can't believe I defended you

Echo echo

When you'd never do the same for me.

I can't understand how I put faith in you

Echo echo

I can't understand why I pursued you

Echo echo

I can't understand how I let this happen again

Echo echo

I will just blame (doubtful)

Hypnosis.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Helios

Helios

Tearing through the forested horizon
Slapping the sky with a plethora of colors
An artwork from a child prodigy
So beautiful the hushed glow of day
So greatly brought in
By the chariot's ride.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Him

I'm falling for him,
hard.
I'm already falling,
I don't know how I would get out.

He likes me,
I like him back,
what's the issue then?

Me being
the cautious one.

I don't want to get hurt,
but I know I will anyway,
even if I stop now.

He makes me feel special,
and it makes me want to
hug him and cry.

But I don't,
I just enjoy the warmth of his
hugs.

I don't know what to do,
he's the first guy who's liked me.

I don't know how to feel,
I think it's deep affection (maybe
love?)

Eh, I guess I'll fall for him
some more

because if I hit the bottom
I guess I can nurse my
broken bones.

Melissa Joy Chesky

His Angel

I see the one he loves
Across the foyer;
His angel.
And I think:
'How can I compete? '
The graceful wings with
Precisely glossed feathers
Can almost be glanced upon.
And civility becomes of me,
And I say,
'Hello, nice to meet you.
I've heard a lot about you
From him.'
And so on.
Frustration is benevolent,
And comes in small doses.
She doesn't love him,
He loves her,
And I love him.
But I'm just a close friend.
A sister, he said.
If he were to get married,
I would be the Maid of Honor,
He said.
But I would rather be the bride,
The first place prize,
Than be the best friend.
And it hurts
When he tries to find
Another to care for him, and love him,
When he's got one,
Right here.
And I'm overlooked
Once again.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Honey Or Dear

Don't call me honey or dear,
You've lost that privilege some time ago.
You don't have the right,
No, the permission,
To say those words to me.
You've shown me your ugly side,
You've shown me your harshness,
And you no longer have my trust.
You no longer have me wrapped around your finger.
I'm not at your beck and call.
You don't charm me anymore.
I'm not your ally,
I'm not your friend,
Don't dare call me honey or dear.

Melissa Joy Chesky

How Could I

Daddy

how could I make this up?

how could I make these non-existent wounds seep with puss?

how could I make my own psyche so mottled?

how could I cry if it isn't true?

how could I feel so much pain, the pain you claim I fathomed?

how could I, daddy?

how?

why can't you believe what you've seen?

aren't I your little girl?

how could I make up such an accusation?

how, daddy?

how could I not think your "love" is a fraud?

how could I trust you again?

how, daddy?

but most importantly:

how could you believe them?

Melissa Joy Chesky

Human

So I guess this makes me
A little more human than I wanted to be,
To let someone hold on and wish for you;
This is something I never thought I'd have to do.
Never been in this position
To make someone crawl into this disposition-
Never thought anyone would hold to me like a rope,
Like I was their very last hope.
I never thought this would be it,
Because this makes me a little more human than I would like to admit.
Breaking someone is just as hard as letting yourself shake,
Breaking them could ultimately be their make;
The brand on their soul,
Damaging them as a whole -
Never thought I would meet someone just like me
So I could see how simple breaking can actually be.
Victims and perpetrators
The perspective is skewed, I need some demonstrators
This is something I can't go about to start.
Because in being a victim, I never had to learn the other part;
I'm a single-plane character as you could say,
I never had to step into the Hurter's shoes and flip it the other way.
I wish I was a little less human than I was made to be,
Because it would make it less painful for both parties if I could flee.
But, I'm a little more human than I admit to be
And that's something that I'll eventually have to see.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Humane Euthanasia

The sight of him
it's overwhelming
i want him to be mine
but thats not possible
and that kills me
even slower.

The gods must hate me
for desiring such a love
such security from a
mortal soul.
I can't let go
even though i know
he won't love me back
and i persist on destroying myself
for him, because just maybe....
(he'll be able to love me back)

So with woeful eyes
and a heavy soul,
i keep on loving him

and that kills me even slower,

humane euthanasia to take away
feeling

THATS BULLSHIT!

Melissa Joy Chesky

I Am

I am her hand

Her trembling hand

Tracing his face

His clammy hands

Speed-bumping across veins

Coursing across a coarse chin and cheek

The feeling itchy and pleasant.

I am her beating heart

Her strong, fluttered heart

Thumping in muffled ears

Racing, racing (because life's a race)

Moving ribs in accordance

Flesh crawling to the quake

The feeling irritating and wanted.

I am her lips

Her fast-moving lips

Tracing lines unseen

Outlining spaces of traces

Speaking over-spoken things

Peking and moving and brushing

Kissing and talking and teasing

The feeling known well; the art practices and over-practiced.

I am her conscience

Her buzzing conscience

Analyzing the wrong

Re-analyzing the right

Watching and thinking moves

Planning and re-planning

The feeling redundant but artsy.

I am her muscles

Her creaking muscles

Burning at every motion

Igniting at every joint inched

Bit with passion for him

The feeling painful; but I love it.

The feeling tiring; but I can't live without.

I am her body

Her unsure body

Shaking without cold

Shivering on command
Moving under no one's control
Gliding lithely over surfaces
But
I am her hand
Don't forget her hand
Writing this poem
This ridiculous poem
Dotted on a therapy reminder note
On command, under no influence
Writing in scratches and scars
The feeling messy but... complete.

Melissa Joy Chesky

I Dare You

I dare you.
C'mon.
I'm being serious.

Make me ticked
and I get malicious.
This isn't the day
to piss me off, man.
You have no idea
what the hell
I am capable of.

Hell's really gonna
light on fire when
I walk through their
ashen gates.

I dare you.
C'mon.
I'm being serious.

You wanna fight?
Hit me then!
Don't get your sister
to fight your battles.

You have no idea
what force I can
lay on your head.

I dare you.
C'mon.
I'm being serious.

I'm lookin' for a
fight

so let's go,
do the tango,

and I'll have you
walkin' away with
a real limp,
and some blood, too.

Melissa Joy Chesky

I Hate Myself

I can't believe this;
why aren't you capable
of loving me?
I read your words
of your goodbye,
of my demise.
Please tell me what
I have to do.
Should I stop eating?
Should I act slutty?
What?
Tell me....
Please,
I want to know,
I want to be better,
I want you to love me,
because I don't

I hate myself.

and as I read your
message on Myspace
I cannot breathe,
All I say is 'no, no, this is not happening',
And all I can do is cry my heart out.

Melissa Joy Chesky

I Just Can'T...

I just can't keep
my mind off you;
you're consuming every thought.

When I run my hands
through my curled hair,
I just can't keep
my thoughts from flitting
back to you—your fingers
running through my hair.

And when I pinch my lip
with thumb and index,
I just can't keep
the memories from rushing
back to you—your teeth
biting my lip.

And when I press my fingers
to my eyelids,
I just can't keep
my recollections from racing
back to you—your eyes
blazing into mine.

And when I rub my skin
to keep the chill away,
I just can't keep
my feelings from floating
back to you—your hands
in mine, on my skin.

And when I arch my back
from exhaustion,
I just can't keep
my reactions from pulling
back to you—your touch
contorting my spine, chilling my nerves.

And every single time
this happens,
I wonder if you still
think of me, too;
and it becomes harder
to resist your face.

Melissa Joy Chesky

I Know What You Want

"I know what you want, " you said confidently.
But no, you sir, fail to fully understand.
What I want, not that I told you, is a tale.
A fairy tale older than the times of sand.

I want the foolish, boy-girl love, with held hands.
That silly romance where one can be themselves.
But no, you boy, cannot ever comprehend;
It's not a place where your heart truly delves.

But that place – that place you daren't ever enter,
That's where my heart frolics and foolishly waits.
Waits for the never-coming, waits for nothing –
Because it stills for you, it only awaits its fates.

Melissa Joy Chesky

I Miss You Way Too Much

It's hard to hear
the clock tick on
and to not hear your voice.
I'm so accustomed to it,
this is the worst thing I've endured.
It's hard to not have a phone,
nonetheless not talking to you
throughout my otherwise pointless day.

Did you know that you made
my every day?
Just by saying the littlest things
you made me gleam in happiness.
Did you know that you made
my every hour?
Just by saying the littlest things
you pulled me out of my personal hell.
Didn't you know?

Did you know that I love it
when you say my name?
Even when your voice
is jittery and riddled with worry
it always sounds like an angel breathed it
in my longing ear.

I know when I was out of it,
but I also associate that with you holding my hand;
did you know that you made me so happy?
Did you know I meant it when I said,
"I feel so comfortable around you"?

Did you know that I wanted to tell you
how great you smelled?
My sheets still have your essence –
Did you know that I was
trying to bring back your voice,
your presence,
by smelling your quickly fading scent?

Did you know that I never felt
any of these?
Never felt comfortable with a guy.
Never ever.
But you, God, I could say anything to you.

Did you know that no one has
treated me like you do?
I was pleasantly taken aback
every single time you replied to my messages.
But you, you haven't failed me yet.

Did you know that the only thing
I really want to think about is you?
How can I not think of you?
When the morning comes I know
if I had my phone, you'd be the first
to make me smile with "good morning".
When the night settles I know
you'll be the last to talk to me,
the last to lull me to sleep with "goodnight".

Honestly, I can't lie about this.
I meant it, wholeheartedly,
When I said,
"Only for Cody, I'm only for Cody."

I don't want to be wrong about you,
No, I don't want that at all.

But mostly, what I wanted to say most was, "I miss you way too much."

Melissa Joy Chesky

I Still Remember...

I still remember
Your light brown
Eyes that glittered
When you glanced
My way.

I still remember
The scent that
You have;
That scent that
I thrive on every
Single day;
Brushing past you
On purpose just so
I can keep it with me
The whole day.

I still remember
That melt-your-heart
Smile that you flashed,
That made my
Pulse quicken;
My blood flowing
Faster every second
I look.

I still remember
The jokes we made;
The laugh we shared
In unison;
Casual laughs.

I still remember
When we first laid
Eyes upon each other;
One, two, three seconds
As we look into each
Other's souls.

I still remember
When I tripped
In front of you,
My face instantly
Flaming up a deep
Burgundy color.

I still remember
When I had a
Crush on you;
Walking cautiously
On my toes so
You wouldn't see
Me,
Not wanting to be
Seen by you.

I still remember...
Do you remember?

Do you remember....
Anything?

Melissa Joy Chesky

I Swear On My Soul...

I swear on my soul...
I once said,
That I'll always help you get through
The hard times in your life...
I swear on my soul...
I once said,
That I'll always be there
For you when you need it most...
I swear on my soul....
I once said,
When you think the world is
Coming to an end and you have
No one to turn to for help,
I'll be there always and forever...

This was broken a long time ago
It might have been broken
The night you
And your mom got into a
Huge fight.

It might have been broken
The night when you
Cut yourself
In your arms so deep,
You could feel the pain again.

It might have been broken
The night when you shot
Yourself three times;
Twice in the stomache,
And once in the head
To finally stop the ongoing
Pain I said I would ward off.

I swore on my soul...
I promised...
And now I'm right by you,
In the City Morgue

Rotting away,
Waiting to be buried...

I swore on my soul...
I once said,
And I paid my greif
For you with my
Life; the ultimate price...

Melissa Joy Chesky

I Thought You Were Dead

Are you the zombie
I dream of?
I thought you
were dead.
They carried you off
in a white blanket.
Did you hear me
yelling for you
crying for you
in my drunken stupor?
They refused to tell me.
They shrugged off my pleas
pertaining to your health.
I shouldn't have let you
drink that much.
This situation wouldn't be
as haywire.
Relationships would still
be relationships,
tight friendships just as they were.
Lives wouldn't have been
ravaged and broken.
Things would be as they were
if I just hid the bottle
from both of us -
from both of our hungers -
and I wouldn't have to think you were the undead.

Melissa Joy Chesky

I Tried

I tried to hold
Back these tears;
The tears that are
Threatening to fall.

I tried to cover
My emotions;
The emotions that
Are growing strong
As I grow weak.

I tried to act
Strong and brave;
The fake strong
That isn't there
Anymore.

I tried to put on
A fake smile;
Pretending to be
Alright.

I tried to fit in,
To blend in;
Blend in with all
Of these fakes.

I tried not to
Look so bad;
At least look as
Bad as this.

I tried to keep my
Head up high;
Not trying to look at
My shoes clapping
The floor.

I tried not to

Cower in a corner;
My feelings and
Emotions flooding
My mind,
Infecting what I do.

I tried not to
Yell in pain;
Scream out
Loud while
Being beaten.

I tried not to
Show my pain;
The pain searing
Through my body,
Coursing through
My veins like
Lava.

I tried not to
Let your words
Get the best of me;
Looking in
The mirror judgementally
At myself.

But they did,
They did.

Melissa Joy Chesky

I Trusted A Vampire

Anyone could've been your host,
your victim of preference;
But me? Me of all people?
Oh yes, you must've smelled my essence—

The waft of vulnerability,
the perfume of the weak.
And to get what you need?
The odds for you aren't bleak.

You can have whatever needed,
I'd give you that and more.
I will give and ask for nothing,
nothing to fill my core.

But, all the while I know I wanted this,
wanted to fulfill your every desire.
I didn't want to sustain my thirst;
ignoring my ever-persistent fire.

And, it's like the tick I wanted.
The parasite I wanted to feed.
A leech clutched on my neck;
my vein satiating your every greed.

Like the monsters and trustworthy vampires;
like old myths, a horror fable;
How could I trust so quickly? So willingly?
Am I really that unstable?

And, on the event of your fleeing—
oh, how the situation is turning.
Me desiring you to need me?
My emotions are desperate and yearning.

Could I not see the inevitable train wreck,
the point where everything goes utterly wrong?
Could I not see the unintentional bond,
the attachment I knew I would hold for long?

Should I wait for you to come back?
To come back when you're hungry once more?
I will keep the bites on my neck fresh,
as if you had never left before.

Melissa Joy Chesky

I Wish You Knew

I wish you knew,
I really did.
It tears me apart that I can't
tell you what's on my mind.
All those times I passed
with only a quick glance.
I wish I could tell you,
I wish you knew.
I wish you knew that
when I passed you the other day
with a guy latched on my arm,
I didn't hear a word he said
and saw you out of the corner
of my eye.
I wish you knew that
you're tearing me apart.
I want you to be with me,
but you have a girlfriend that,
in my opinion,
doesn't treat you right.
And I wish you knew that
I wouldn't do that to you.
You would be my beacon of light,
the hope in my day.
I would be true to you,
and never sneak around
like she does.
And,
lastly, I wish you knew
that you're what I think about
when the sun is lively
and also when it's dormant.

Melissa Joy Chesky

If

If I were his tear
 able to nestle under
 his blue-green iris
I would hope not to plummet
 down his pristine skin
 gliding past a pronounced cheek bone
 to be ended on soft lips
 the lips I dream of touching as of late

If I were his laugh
 able to be buried
 deep in the chest
I would be expelled from within him
 rocketing out in the open
 the endorphin rush he needed
 the epitome of his happiness?

If I were these things
 the great emotions possessed
 so powerful, so enchanting
I would hope they would be
 out of ecstasy, out of joy
 nothing falsified
 nothing acted out on my behalf

Melissa Joy Chesky

I'M Addicted

You
are like an addiction:
Hard to get over it
When it's in my veins,
When it's in my thoughts.
Each time I see you,
around you,
I change.
I'm a different person.
Lively,
happy.
But, right after:
withdrawal.
Depressed,
nauseated;
I want you back so bad.
I want you there to
soften the crash
when I hit bottom.
And after a while,
when I'm almost clean,
washed of your
heartbreak;
of your infinit grasp,
here you turn back up.
And that's when your
therapy
works so well on me.
And,
oh,
I hate being
dependant, especially on you,
but, I gotta tell the truth.
I'm hooked,
I'm addicted,
and the climb will be
agonizing once
again,
just like it always is.

Melissa Joy Chesky

I'M Not So Sure

I'm not so sure
this wound will fix.
I'm not so sure
I will forget.
I'm not so sure
my poetry is good (only 'cause you said it was)
I'm not so sure
I'm not sure
Not sure at all.

That's all I wanted to say
right now.

Oh yeah,

and sorry I'm just so fucking horrible
you just HAD to walk away
when all I was doing
was seeing if
you were ok.

I'll think harder about it next time.

Hope I don't disappoint.

'For Sarah, I'm sorry we fought...'

Melissa Joy Chesky

Insane

What do you want from me?
Why are you still the source of my pain?
Please, stop crushing my heart,
You're making me insane.

You are still the only
Person that I think about.
Please, stop invading my mind,
You're only deepening my doubt.

Why did you say you liked me,
And then lie to my face?
Please, stop your excuses,
Hurting me should not be the case.

Why are you going out
With my best friend?
Please, stop your lies,
Now my friendship might have to end.

How do you have the power
To keep me in your grip?
Please, stop the games,
End your power trip.

You don't know that you're
Destroying me, do you?
Please, end my demise,
I don't know what else to do.

You drive me insane,
You're killing me inside.
Please, stop the charade,
I want to be done with the roller coaster ride.

You act like nothing's happened to me
When you crush every hope.
Please, leave my broken heart to
perish, and let me cope.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Insomniatic Tendencies

I don't want to close my
eyes to rest tonight
for the dread of forgetting him
is upon my mind.

And if I wake to not remember
him,
I have to fall back in love
with him,
and hit everything on the way
down,
and I'm the one possessing
the wounds.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Intervention

Two aunts and a sister
gather 'round me.
They know that I'm stuck, again,
on you.
A drug.
An addiction.
They say that you will only cause
more pain for me.
That you don't care
about me.
And,
that's like my heart
climbing
out of my throat,
suffocating
and squeezing
through a narrow rusted
drain hole.
Tears well in my eyes;
The ghosts of past memories
and heart shatters.
And the ghosts trace the
contours
of my tensed face.
And,
it hurts that they
think
I should give up the
only guy I am able
to trust.
The only guy that
treats me
like I'm not a shadow.
The only guy that
notices
that I'm a woman,
and not just a silly girl.
The only guy-the only person-
that

hugs me
like he cares in the slightest.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Is It Enough To Pray For Rain?

My last strand of straw has been laid,
My last piece of thread has been frayed,
And everything falls, like glass pricks
As I sink low and defeat sticks.

And I wonder how I've fallen.
I've been callin'...callin'...callin'...
But no words from you reach my ear.
And it DOES sear, my greatest fear.

And what's more; your exquisite pain.
So much hurt that I pray for rain.
To chill the flame, douse the fire—
The way to stop this desire.

But the wild blaze spreads like venom,
Igniting veins so I am numb,
It's the best to build tolerance,
But your dose puts me in a trance.

And your presence is slightly much.
It's slightly too much, you're my crutch.
And those faint eyes make me dizzy
While my heart gets dazed and fizzy.

See the impact you make on me?
Will it do to fill me with glee?
Please say this is what you're feeling
See as you send my soul reeling.

Can't you hear my heart singing love?
Like the tune from a lonesome dove?
Such a risk to speak of bold words,
But less so in the talk of birds.

And – what if I'm willing to risk?
To give in so easy – some tisk.
But you might be my true Healing.
See, my heart is (again) feeling.

Melissa Joy Chesky

It Broke

Oh my
It broke.
I look at it on the floor
Its pathetic little pulse
Its desperate attempt at revival.

I ... I did that?
It broke
He lays at my side
With his eyes to the floor
His desperate attempt at survival.

I'm ... I'm sorry.
It broke.
It lays on the floor, at my side
Its slight little pulse
Its desperate attempt at forgiveness.

I'm sorry
It broke.
As did mine long before.
An eye for an eye.
My vengeance and bold heart
Sewn again.

So, indeed.
It feels –
DID feel –
For your suffered state.
But not now.

It's your time to bleed out.

Melissa Joy Chesky

It's Been A While

He gives me the
first hug,
a good hug,
in a long time;

not since we split,
and decided to be

just friends.

Not since he started
going out with my
best friend.

They are friendly hugs,
but it feels like

more than that,
and it starts to bug me;

like there could ever be 'us'?
After all the shit that
happened in the past

month?

Four hugs in two
days could

kill someone...

if they were me.

I guess I should
accept the hug with
what it actually means:

We are just friends.

It's Confusing

In light, I see you at your best
Your bright eyes and your broadened chest.
Your voice is sensual, so craved.
And my heart is so bold, so saved.

And when the hands I love ripped me,
I didn't mind it; I let it be.
Do I lust the craft of your pain?
Or am I persistent, ne'er slain?

Melissa Joy Chesky

It's Hard

It's hard to realize
that you're the only thing I look forward to.
It's hard to know
that you're in complete control
of my emotions.
It's hard to forget
that I feel too much for you.
It's hard to think
that you're not picking up
because you're done with me.
It's hard to breathe
when your voice reaches
my eager ears.
It's hard to think
when you speak to me.
But, triumphant over all,
it's hard to realize
that I won't get over you easily
when this ends.

Melissa Joy Chesky

It's Nothing

It's nothing
I tell them.
My dog did it,
we were playing and he
accidentally scratched me.
I falter when I say this.
They say
ok, whatever you say,
and half-believe me.
But...
I shouldn't have blamed
my dog
because I was the one

holding the glass
between index and thumb.

the one that made my
skin pucker up to the jagged tip
of translucent shards.

the one that made skin scab
and said 'it's nothing', and blamed my dog.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Jeil Li

If this is how it must go –
How it must be written,
I will follow accordingly.

I will cry
Yes, I will cry
But, for you, only one tear will be shed
It's all yours
Only shed on your behalf.

It will be a good one
This one's just for you, Jeil Li.

But—only one
Only one I can handle
Only one piece I can rip from my being
And give to you
For you to have
For you carry.

And then—
I will ne'er shed more
Ne'ermore see a glisten in my eye
Of your presence
Of your infliction.

Emotions hid for the best
You will not hear your name from my lips
Not in my voice
Certainly not an echo in my heart.

But most surprising
You're the successful heartbreak
You hurt more than the blade
No—not the glint on wrist—
The blade the boy holds
He foolishly, foolishly wields.

I love you...

Still.

I'm sorry

This is how it must be written.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Just Can'T Get Enough

I'm hungry
for your sweet touch.
I've been starved
much too long—
a child with
no food.
I've been starved
much too long—
an addict
without their high.

And you do
make me feel
so high,
I don't ever
need a drug.

I'm hungry
for your succulent taste.
your lips
nourish everything
that I,
nor anyone else,
could ever suffice.

I yearn for
that caress;
my heart lies
dormant
until it arrives.

Oh, it hurts
so much to
wait for you:
the boulder
in the bottom
of my stomach,
the constant
reminder;

my mind and gut
in a constant
bind,
a permanent cringe
from your prolonged silence.

Oh, it's so hard to
want you,
but desperation
and instinct
drive me back to you.
I just can't
get enough
of the mental paralysis
you give me
with only a
flash
of your azul eyes:
the deepest and most
dangerous of seas—
the perfect pick-me-up.

And I don't
know why,
but I just can't get enough
of you,
even if you do
cause me pain.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Leave

I want to leave you be
I want to leave you and see
If the pain heals itself
If the rain stops its plummet.
I want to leave you
I just want to let go
No more will I want your hue
No more shall I desire you.

If it were that easy
Pain wouldn't exist.

But do I truly want the suffer?

Melissa Joy Chesky

Listen, And You Will Hear

Whisper in my ear, dear Heart
Let me mend your bloodied abrasions
Hush your tormented wails
And tell me – what ails you?
Why for so long have you been fragmented?
Who has committed these treacherous acts?
Who so belligerent, so recklessly, ruined you?
Softly, tell me your tale, weak one.
I won't judge, I will see you in no differed light.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Live

Live the life you'd love to live
As if you could never have another chance.
Sing the songs that make you glow
And dance, please, for your sake, dance.
Write the words you'll never remove from yourself
As if you'd lose them on the tongue.
Speak them vividly, speak them strong,
For they are parts of you; what your mind has sung.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Love

Powerful

Unnerving and overbearing

Fearful, dangerous, yet so enticing

In the heart, unmoving its defiant stance

Swiftly, unknowingly

Overtakes.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Love Me, Too

Maybe
Just for me
Your words have ran a penny short
Maybe just for me
You don't mean the niceties

But
If you say the words
Maybe I'll just have to start believing

Maybe
If you said those three words
I would have to take it to heart

Possibly
If you said "I love you"
Maybe – Just maybe – I could begin to love me, too.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Love The Butterflies

You want him to
keep staring;
You love his eyes.

You want him to
hold you;
You love his touch.

You want him to
be forever;
You love his presence.

Butterflies float
and frolick inside;
You love the feeling.

You need him to
keep staring;
You love the butterflies.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Lusts

It's you that makes my mind explode,
That flushes my body in exuberance.
My eyes flush green, when they are truly blue.
But it's mostly because of you, you, only you.
And gentility is dead, chivalry is done
But it's a quality you possess so fluently.
And the way your hand touches my face
You cradle my busy mind so gently for such strong hands;
Making my mind frenzied and my heart quicken.
You bite so soft for a mouth usually so sharp
So sensual, all teeth and partial lip grazing;
You kiss so sweetly for a man so experienced.
So gentle, so soft for someone so coarse.
I don't understand these mixes, so help me to.
Harsh words usually go with a brute.
But, is it possible that needles for speech can coincide with a gentle soul, too?
But, maybe this is a game, a pawn in your natural sport
If you're like this, maybe it'll be okay to be moved in accordance to your lusts.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Malevolence

Paint a sun on
A gray tinted sky.
Plaster a smile on my face
So they can't see me cry.

Rules too confined,
I just have to defy.
Actions so absurd,
I just have to deny.

They disperse on with a
Hope and a dream;
Life wans before me
And unravels like a seam.

I hear their fiery laughs,
And I hear my faltering sighs,
Too ignorant to see all the
Hurt I consume in my eyes.

Emotional scars are seen
Still after years past.
They never seem to ebb,
They always seem to last.

The thing that hasn't killed me
Yet is all the pain,
But it seems as though my
Hope has all been slain.

The anguish from my childhood,
The damage has been done.
You've ruined my life,
I hope you had your fun.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Mi Amor, Tienes Mi Corazon

Where might you bee
(FOR I AM THE HONEY BEE)
Where R U
I know here you R
Where in my heart, in the core of self-
Pero, mi amor, tienes mi Corazón.
Mi corazón tiene mi Corazón.
But, where, is the?
Donde esta?
Necesito, mucho
Oh, yes, a necessity to B R E A T H E
Pero, me duele. Me duele demasiado.
Your niceties are too much to hear
Too much for here.
The throb, I cannot take
I cannot accept your giving gesture
I cannot take it back
With its mangled self.
I do judge,
And I can't possess such an ugly being.
No, no puedo.
Me duele siempre.
I can't handle the temperament
Guárdelo. Por siempre.
Mi amor tendrá para siempre mi Corazón.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Mr. Recycler

You're just a recycler you say
But your words are just over used
Dust falls off your phrases
Creases riddling its true meaning
You've stuffed them in your pockets
It's worn and holey
Stuffed carelessly in jeans, in wallets
You've given no care to age or condition
And when used
I know it's been used before
So, Mr. Recycler,
Save the planet from clichés for today
And put your pick-up lines away.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Muse

You, Muse, are harder to extract from my present than thought possible.
The inspiration from your inflicted pain is both addicting and agonizing,
You are like cocaine as I write about you,
But after the inscribed I come down from my clouds and crash hard
On an empty bed, an empty love, an empty life.
You give my words a body, a heartbeat and a genuity
But these resurrected words have a price on the soul, and especially on the
heart,
And I've paid the devil handfuls and more from my deficit I can't crawl out from.
Debt cannot describe the tons I owe
It's digging a twenty foot hole when you have no ladder,
Drowning when you never learned to swim,
Finding yourself unattached when true love lies next to you, your arms tense and
guarding
When theirs are warm and inviting.
All this for words, all this for the complication simply known as you and I,
Poet and Muse.

Melissa Joy Chesky

My Addiction

You're not just anybody,
You're my everything.
You're not just someone,
You're someone I think about constantly.
You're not just something I want,
You're something I NEED.
You're not just someone I like,
You're someone I love.
You're not just my heartache,
You're my pain deep inside.
You're not just my tears,
You're the person who wipes them away.
You're not just my antidote,
You're my addiction.

Melissa Joy Chesky

My Black Dove

When I start to fall for you again
It's just a matter of time before the bargaining begins
A bet on how far down I'll go
And hoping I can just finally say "no"
And whenever I'm around you I have to hide my face
Because the words of confession on my forehead are evident, engraved like my
race
It's plain to see that you've meant so much to me
And I'm so oblivious to admit that I can't see
The indifference you feel towards my liking
But I can't help but trip and stutter when your eyes are striking
Into my heart, breaking apart my barriers and walls
The frontiers trying to block you out didn't thwart you at all
From pursuing, from using and abusing
My life and my soul is beaten and more confusing
After you waltz in, bursting through my door
I'm just a mess and an eyesore
After you rip on through the gates
Of my eventual fates.
But who the hell knew that my end would be you?
By someone that could be mesmerizing but truly cruel?
Who knew your home was here in my head, my eyes and my dreams?
You haunt my soul so successfully,
Not a day goes by without a "Where might he be?"
My mind never stops, never stutters or misses a beat
With the thoughts of you rushing my floodgates.
My body never recognizes you as a threat to my health,
You're the cancer in me that grows,
That multiples and throws
My heart in an inevitable twist.
Blah, blah, blah; ya'll get the gist
Of my heartache, it's all been said and re-said before
From the cynics and hopefuls, to the rich and the poor.
We've all had an unwanted love,
And you're mine; my cursed black dove.

Melissa Joy Chesky

My Confession

My confession to you,
to myself:
I've liked you ever since I saw you.

I knew that you had a
girlfriend prettier than I,
But I didn't care about that.

I didn't care about age,
I didn't care about what others thought;
I only cared about you, and you only.

And I don't know if you feel the
Same kind of feeling I have for you,
But I sure hope that you do from the way you look at me.

And, have some faith that these
Emotions are true,
And not just a fluke.

The list I could write
About what I adore about you
Is insurmountable and I could write a novel about it.

Your blonde hair, your blue eyes;
Your smile and fantastic humor,
I wish you knew how much I love it.

I wish you knew that I like you a lot
And that I want a chance to be with you;
Just one chance would make me a thousand times happier.

Even with this confession, you still won't know how
Much I feel for you;
And that makes me sad because I want you to know...

that I might be in love with you.

And I really do want you to know,

So I write this confession; my confession to you.

Melissa Joy Chesky

My Feeble Attempt

I'm scared to
hear your voice,
because I know I
jump on the inside;
my feeble attempt
to detach unwanted bonds
completely blown
as my muscles
under my skin with tension and ache.

I'm scared of
when our eyes meet,
because I know I
gasp when you notice me;
my translucent cover
completely looked through
as my brain shuts down
and my heart beats alive and vigorously.

I'm scared to
say anything,
because I know I
cringe at familiar words
said to you;
my hurried concealer
completely wiped away
as my stomach squirms away from
"our" familiarity.

I'm scared to
shelter myself off,
because I know I
do not want to be fortified;
my weakened frontier
completely dilapidated
as my unarmored, uncensored self
walks near you, everything exposed.

Am I scared of you?

Truly—
your eyes, your voice—
things I craved before?

Or am I afraid of
what I am, or what
I can be,
around you?

Or am I wary and
vulnerable,
because what I told you,
everything I told you,
was the complete truth
and I'm horrifically aware of it?

Melissa Joy Chesky

My Glass Heart

I've bled crimson
and blue;
hemorrhage of the heart,
bleeding from this
sinless myth: emotion.
Dregs of the reaping flowing through
my already lacerated veins;
all could have been avoided
by ducking from
Cupid's soaring arrow.

What was Cupid's arrow tip made
of that could break this
glass heart of mine?
Who knew a heart could
be this fragile to the touch?
So cold to fingertips?
How much can this glass heart
endure before abhorrence of self?
Before complete self-annihilation?

No one knew,
until it was too late
to save me;

before my glass heart
was, indeed, my demise.

Melissa Joy Chesky

My Skin Crawls

One step in the
Glassy door.
My skin crawls.

Breathing stops,
Nervousness climbs.
My skin crawls.

He looks at me,
Fear escalates.
My skin crawls.

He walks behind me,
He tugs at a lock of my hair.
My skin crawls.

I get my food,
I want to run out.
My skin crawls.

He's gone,
Air is wonderful.
My fear flees.

I look back,
His dark eyes meet my blue.
My skin crawls.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Need

I watch as one flower blooms
Out-shining all the rest
Much more grand
More beautiful
Than all the other flowers
Gorgeous enough to overlook
All the others dying of its... need
Nutrient – sucking, greedy soul; you killed
Pretty Rose.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Never

You were never
my hope;
just my escape.
You were never
my love;
just my infatuation.
You were never
my dream;
just my myth.
You were never
my rebirth;
just my recollection.
You were never
my reality;
just my fantasy.
You were never
my weakness;
just my susceptibility.
You were never
my opiate;
just my torment.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Newton

The inevitable;
 this is more than the Laws of Newton.
You'll always pull me back in - the Foolish Fish,
 the center of my existence.
You pull me out of my Dream Clouds
 my Abyss
 back to that bed; its plaid gushing with memories buried.
 Root me to that spot, Old Friend.
Dare to dream of breaking unseen seams,
 because it seems
 it'll never happen for me.
I'll try to repel from your grips,
 but I know I'll be back
In Hell, soon held by Tethers Invisible.
To dream without you,
 to be able to float above the fog,
is more than Newton could permit me
 when you became Gravity
 and I began to have
Substantial Weight - my Heavy heart
 anchoring me to yours.

Melissa Joy Chesky

No Stranger

No
I'm no stranger
to misfortune

We've become
well-acquainted
in the last eight months.

It has become
my friend
my reliant
my secret
my lover, perhaps

Yes, well-acquainted
like two-year friends
it knows most of my secrets
and I theirs.

Yes, well-acquainted
like a happy couple

I've slept with devastation.

Melissa Joy Chesky

No, Dream

Whoa.
I didn't do this.
Not to myself.
The sticky plush isn't mine.

But then, whose?

No.
No, I dare not do this.
These lacerations are not of my doing.
No, fake, they don't feel, I deny their existence.

But then, how?

I fell to sleep.
This is not of my doing.
How could this have happened?
I couldn't...not when in dream...

But then, where?

And that's when I awoke.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Non-Existant Pain

Hitting me,
Kicking me
And all I do is...
Laugh.

I don't know why I'm laughing,
It might be because I don't feel anything.
Or I'm in a different place,
Far away from that place where I lay
On the cold, hard ground.

I don't know why I can't feel anything.
I know they're trying to hurt me,
Hitting me hard,
Harder than usual.
I thought it would hurt more,
The pain,
Nobody helping me
Just staring at me like I am a lunatic,
While I lay there laughing.

I feel the thumps of them kicking me,
Hitting me with two-by-fours,
But no pain comes.
I don't know why,
But I just laugh.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Notebook Mantra

I feel the wrath
between the ripped crevices.
The malice goes deeper than
what's on its skin.
Its depth unmeasured,
and the mantra is always
screaming over any other
harmonious silence.
Wave after wave of
cynical feelings bind me
to the mantra.
It grows off of any memories,
and the pain spreads like icy fire.
I don't know how to cease
the voice,
the mantra.
So loud, blood wrenching;
the mantra lacerating the insides
of my skull.
Dying to be heard.
To make it stop,
the only way;
Dig, scratch, rip
into the paper.
It felt so rewarding,
and with the pressure of the pen
on paper,
I thought it would start to
slip vermilion through the ripped abrasions.
And I couldn't help but do it
again,
three times,
again, again, again.
Rip, dig, scrape, scratch,
cut, slice
into the paper.
After the persistence,
the mantra dug deep,
deeper in some places:

"Hate" showed through many
pages afterwards.
Then, the realization:
an engraved mantra is no different
than drugged masochism.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Oh, Heart

Oh, heart:
don't make a
nuisance
of this.
Bury these emotions
deep inside,
and don't let anyone through
your fortress doors.
You've borne enough,
too much,
and if
exposed
any longer
you will feel heartbreak
once again.
Make yourself non-existent,
your presence dead;
you can't hurt what
isn't there.
Bury these tears
so no one will
find the
weak spots.
Turn your heart
to stone,
cold as winters.
Barracade your soft spots,
and destroy the past.
Annihilate the incubi that
haunt your pitted soul.
But most of all,
forget him:
the one with you
cradled in his unabashed touch.

Melissa Joy Chesky

One Bloody Rose

One rose admired
delicately by
a goddess of one's heart.
given by a man
deeply lost in a goddess's heart.
misty dew still fresh on it's
crimson petals; a glittery touch.
a sign of love,
but not yet discovered.

One rose kept
close to heart,
but not to mind.
once forgotten; twice recalled
the man that presented a
crimson colored beauty.
velvety soft to the touch;
a dream yet to reach,
a longing yet to endure.

One rose preserved
over long years passed,
misty dew fresh on it's
dream-like petals.
Love at last, one union,
one delicate rose in one goddess's
gentle touch.

One rose adored
over decades passed,
the dream-like velvet never
subsided or faded.
the vivid crimson always
unwavering in brilliance.

Another rose received
many, many years after.
exceeding in color and brilliance,
looking as fresh as the first.

a touch from a goddess's fragile hold;
a tragedy to not be forseen.
the rose in her hands;
covered in crimson tears.
a look to her one love;
glittering liquid crystals escape
from a place once dubbed
'an endless fiery sea'.

One rose lies
with one goddess.
the endless fiery sea kept from the world.
one bloody rose
rests with its crimson tears
fresh on it's petals.
with one last gift from
her love;
a gift never to perish;
one bloody rose.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Only For You

My eyes are only for you,
Never doubt that.
My lips are only for you,
Never forget that.
My thoughts are only of you,
Never lose sight of that.
I don't look at anyone like I look at you,
Please realize that.
My laugh is only for your ears,
Please remember that.
My smile is because of you,
Please believe that.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Onslaught

You threw it away,
And it made my heart sigh in discontent.
You brushed it off,
And it made me clench my throat.
You disregarded it,
And it made me tremor in frustration.

You threw ME away
And I wish I could care less
You brushed ME off
And I wish it didn't kill me
You disregarded ME
And I wish I could catch the onslaught of tears.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Or Am I Just Confused?

Every tear I shed from
innocent eyes are for you.

Every thought I have
races traces of you
through my mind.

Every beat of my
heart is because of you.

This feeling;
so new and odd,
so unfamiliar,
like those the thoughts
of love,

or am I just confused?

Melissa Joy Chesky

Perfect Guise

I see right through you
I know your true intentions
You're not dieting
You're anorexic.
Even standing next to your 120-pound friends
You feel like the blimp
So when you're hungry
You lie to your stomach
And trick it with water.
Can't you see that your cover isn't working?
I see right through you.
You're not just watching the shopping bags
While your friends go find sustenance
To be kind
You're just disgusted of food
But mostly of yourself.
Can't you see me seeing right through your guise?
Everyone else may not see it
Or not want to believe they see truth in your protrusions
But pounds are falling off your skin
I - in third person perspective - can see you're ill
You can't fake 65 pounds and a brittle structure
You're not fooling me.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Perseverence

The fire pulses
Like the many young hearts
Across the universe of tragedy.
And the wind sighs and moans
Like the many weakened beings
Harboring their past existences.
And the clouds move hesitantly away
Like the many disappointed persons
Looking for their miracle.

But, even with that pain
Their fire still pulses
Their breath still enlivens
Their clouds still disappear
Just as the passing of time does.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Phillip

Oh, little baby Phillip.
Such a sad thing to know
that we won't witness
your first signs of life
and your little baby coo.

Your first little steps
will never be looked upon
by anyone but God,
and nonetheless no caught sight
of your little baby feet
with your little baby toes.

Such a horrid thing to feel
a strong connection to you and your mother's womb.
And, oh, how you'll never grow
more than the size of an apple
but you'll be the apple we cherish,
the fruit of our hope.

And, baby, such sadness to know
we'll never look upon your face to see
those Blue Stairs' eyes gazing back,
just like Granny's.

Your round face crinkling into a smile
will never be photographed and praised upon.
Oh, such sadness to know
that we'll never watch you play
we'll never hear you speak
not even a laugh or cry.
We'll never hear your heart beat
neither fast, nor slow.

Oh baby Phil,
we'll never see you succeed
or see your fight in life.

We'll never see a graduation

nonetheless no wedding in your name,
Phillip Jay.

Oh baby Phillip, you made me cry purple.

But if life's so short –
the body of an angel cutting your life –
at least you lived in the temple of hope,
the epitome of Light.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Playtoy

Tease me
Please me
any way you need me for a little bit.
Choose me
Use me
any way you want to abuse me for a long while.
Shake me
Take me
any way you'll quake me forever.

I'm just everyone's
little playtoy;
Dolls don't retaliate
their personal injustices.

So join in the abuse
I won't mind
I'm already shattered.
C'mon everyone,
take a piece,
it's not worth much anyway.
It's ok,
I don't feel a thing
After the candy Vicodin.
I'll just sleep some more
let dollie rest from playtime.
Just one little nap that lasts forever.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Please

Please,
I beg of you,
handle my heart with care
and honesty.
I cannot take anymore
disappointments,
and I can't bear to
imagine what will happen to me
if you hurt me once again.
Be true to me,
tell me the straight truth,
and don't make me wait for a moment
that will never come.
I've cried five month's worth of tears
and it will take a great toll on me
again if I fall.
I cannot cry for you anymore.
If one more tear is shed for you,
my heart will break,
shatter,
and all my effort to get over you
will be five month's of wasting my time.
Please,
Please,
I don't want anymore pain,
If you don't want me,
I don't want to wait forever.
So tell me the truth,
and don't play with
my head,
and play the games
like you did before.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Presence

I can't see you,
but I can feel your
presence
ever so near.
I was told to
put forth
blind faith
in your works,
even though I have never
experienced one.
I've read about
you,
your miracles,
but how do I know?

How can I believe
in something
I can't see if
I don't believe in
the things that are so
unbelievably real?

Melissa Joy Chesky

Putty

I am the
Self-righteous
Self-loathing ingrate
Because strong soldiers can't be
Weak lovers
Can't be a woman with a
Weak soul
Let's mole me like putty
Be whatever you want me to be
I am a shape-shifter to you.
The obedient woman
One who was strong
Bows to you
Inflexible to others
But no,
Unprotesting to you
So willing to bend
To break
Yes master, I bow to you
You are the ruler for me.
What a ruined strength
What a waste of such fire.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Random

I don't know who to be mad at,
Me for loving you so deeply
Or you for giving me a reason to love again.
But now those reasons seem so pointless
For you are losing the hold against me.
What I thought was truth seem too good to be true,
And now I know why I had that gut feeling to run in the beginning.
I wanted your love so bad,
I thought it was long-lasting;
But it might just end as self-abhorrence.
And no proof of love left behind.
She's still in your heart, in your head...
I see that now.
I can't ever replace her, can I?

Melissa Joy Chesky

Reminder

This is just a reminder
That I couldn't let you in.
You knocked and burned at my gates,
But you never once won.
Despite the pain,
This is just a reminder
That you never deserved it.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Returning

I'm returning
To you, Keeper of Life
I'm making my way
To you, to vengeance
I'm coming back
To you, to right the wrongs
Feel my wrath?
Get my point?
Hear the steps?
See the fury?
With a clear head
To you, I will exact revenge
Oh placid, serene revenge
Written on palm.
The look of awe
Will fill my thirst.
To you, I don't need you to be in pain
To get on even ground.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Sestina

Cologne, coffee, cigarette
They mix so intrinsically with one another
Spray, sip, puff; mist, sip, sigh
Just rhythmic and metrical in style
A beat of your own, unlike beating of a heart
To me, just sing your song silently.

Just hiss your violences silently
As I sneak another cigarette,
As I pussyfoot around your broken heart
Your personalities do not coincide with one another
Because it's just not in your style
To sit all the while soaking up a sigh.

But the only breath coming to me is a sigh.
The only fragment of my strength, so silently
Escaping with finesse and style
The wheezes melting away through my cigarette
You've got me confused between my heart and mind; identity crises with another
You really had a way of playing my violin heart—

What used to be a heart.
All that's left in its place is the memory of a sigh.
Either of relief or pain, I know not one from another.
My only guarantee is the time passing silently
I try to remember your taste in my lonely cigarette
But each one has a different style.

How it curls, how it tastes, how it feels; it's all a varied style.
Not one thing is similar to you when questioned to my heart,
So maybe it's me chasing my dragon—you—that I'm addicted to, not this
cigarette
And this revelation only brings me a sigh,
Even so, I think about you silently
Simply because I cannot think of another.

It's not the same to write of another,
It would be false in style.
I rather sit with my guilty vices silently

Than write of untruths in my heart.
And, with one more pathetic sigh,
I know I need to chase my dragon—you—my cigarette.

I just wish this cigarette, and the next, could remind me of another.
And as the smoke scatters in my sigh, I know it's me dying in style,
All the while my heart beating slowly, calmly, silently.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Shame On Me

You won't ever sweep me off my size ten feet once more
Oh baby no you sure as hell can't do it again
'Cause you can't play me like Baseball
One strike and you're out—not three
Because my momma always told me
Fool me once shame on you
Fool me twice shame on me
Wait, shame on me?
Shame this free falling
Spitballin' feeling whenever I hear that
Slow drawlin', deep kinda brawlin' voice.
Rumble rumble
It's the atmospheric effect of a thunderstorm
Tumble tumble
Creating this electricity
Rolling sparks of fired darts
I burn this place down with the heat you've given me
And this awkward radiation pulsates
Bum bum, bum bum
And makes me fumble and stumble against my words
I'm drunk and dumb from this swelter
I'm reckless and numb from this stroke of heat
In sheets across my frame
Weighing me down
Anvils hung from my fingernails
Just a little limp and lifeless
Eyes just a little more glazed than usual
Because with you I'm a little more high and dazed, it's unusually
Just a bitch when you deprive me of a drag,
Just one drag,
Just one *sigh* breath of life.
Hah, how ironic.
To live I have to slowly die
And it accurately describes this predicament quite well
Because when the end comes, it feels quite swell
One last adrenaline rush
Crushing every single hurt you've ever had to feel
Every obliteration of your happy day now getting the bomb,
Because bitch, I don't have to deal with your fickle ass anymore once I clock out.

Melissa Joy Chesky

She's Not The Only One

It's 11: 30
and you're not home.
Mum called
and you didn't answer.
That hurt her,
but she's not the only one
left with the pain.

It's midnight,
and still no word.
Mum worries what you
might be doing with him,
and that hurt her.
But she's not the only one.

You still haven't
called,
and she starts to
cry from the
sting of reality
that you might leave her.

But she's not the only one.

I, too, feel the sting,
along with anguish,
as I give her part of my soul
to heal her weakened one.

And now my soul
is wasted away,
and I finally ran out of light
to give-I'm burned out.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Should I?

It's just too risky.
Should I tell you my past?
The odds of you leaving
are too great from me to conceive.
Should I?
Should I believe you
when you say you won't flee?
You have the right
As my cherished friend
to know of my wounds, my scars.
But you are so much MORE than that.
Can't you see?
Should I tell you that I would
most likely
break to pieces if you turned your back?
Should I keep these thoughts
bottled and muted from your ears?
I don't want to hold back,
but the risk
the risk of you leaving
of me breaking
are all too great.
I would be stupid to let you
walk free through my memories
through my heart and soul.
Should I, anyway?
Will you believe me?
Should I tell you of the things
that make me unassured
of your kind presence?
Should I tell you of all the hate
thrown upon my shoulders?
Should I tell you of all the secrets
that I've kept muffled?
Should I tell you of the things
I've tried to suffocate -
the things I'm ashamed of -
the things that make me who I am today?
Should I tell you before Saturday?

Should I drop the bomb
before we become closer
or after the fact?
I don't want to hear
your threats to my past offenders.
Should I let you curse them?
I don't want you to
put yourself out there to defend me.
Should I let you fight for my sake?
I don't want to hear
your apologies of the unchangeable.
Should I let you comfort me?
Should I let you whisper,
'It will be ok'?
Something said so many times before,
would it work if you said it?
Should I let everything go?
I don't know if it will leave me.
It still haunts me.
Can you see it in my eyes?
Are the ghosts lurking in the blue?
Should I tell you that the spirits
are the reason I drank so much?
I wanted to forget
I wanted to smother.
I wanted to ignite
the horrible movie memoir of my life,
turn memories to ash
have the past finally lay dead.
Should I tell you all of this?
This has woven my insides with knots.
I would surely cry.
Should I tell you?
Everything could change
for the worst
if it escapes my lips.
Should I tell you?
Should I tell you wh
I hate beaches?
Should I explain why I don't like
people to touch my hair?
Should I tell you why

I can't stand parks?
Should I explain why
I don't like some people's touch?
Should I tell you why the word
'vodka' makes me cringe?
Should I explain in depth
why I hate daytime?
Should I tell you why
my father and I don't see eye to eye?
I want to tell you,
I want you to know.
But, should I?

Melissa Joy Chesky

Simply Divine

Your touch gives me shivers,
some people may think it wrong
but my skin surely quivers
as I hear your heart beat in song.
And your hands are warm,
but my spine and skin turn icy cold
although feelings for you are a sultry storm;
I hope secretly this night won't turn old.
All I believe is that it can't be real,
but indeed it is – your hand completely intertwined with mine –
escalating intensity overcoming all I feel;
an emotion never exposed – how simple this is, nevertheless divine.
My mind swirls with all the possible complications –
Can this heart persevere and become unscathed? –
But you show some flirtatious implications;
from you should I keep my heart barred?
But the intensity cools, and hinders my emotions
as we both remember your brother; his fleeing and my hasty devotions.
Could this ever work – breaking both laws and the unwritten rule?
It will be pondered – but I will come out as the only fool.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Sinful

It's all she thinks,
You can see it in her eyes.
She smiles lustfully,
She leans provocatively,
Sin is on the brain.

She's damned to hell, and
She knows it.
As a matter of fact,
She feels the tempting lick of
Flame across her flesh,
Searing what has already been destroyed
By so many fires before.

But she doesn't care,
Live life to the fullest,
As she always said.
But, is her fully lived life
Destroying her inside
In the now?
Does anyone see that
The thoughts are in hysterics?
Her mind is distorted by acid,
And the thoughts run deranged
Leaving her in a smogged daze.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Sleep

The only type of relaxation
I wait for.
And I lust for it
In the day,
But when night finally
Pulls around,
I have no intention of
Sleeping.
And my eyes become
Pink with exhaustion.

But I cannot sleep;
Not ever,
There are always
excuses to support me,
And they won't leave me be.

Melissa Joy Chesky

So Cleverly

So blind
So blind-sighted
By the person you were trying so cleverly to hide
I'm fed up with me
Yes—not you, ME.
How ironic.
I'd sacrifice, and give, and bleed until my wells are bare
But for one ounce of give on your end?
No, not a single budge
Your cleverly armored shield stays hold.
If only I took the advice while I could
If I wasn't so BLINDED by the brightness you set within me
You set me on fire
And I think I liked it until your burn reached its peak.
So cleverly
You wielded your way throughout my heart
Threading your way through my soul—my veins;
What I thought was the adrenaline alit was weeds and falsities
Growing and weaving
While my heart unknowingly keeps throbbing and beating
Suffocating
Thinking the high is from joy instead of the lack of life
The tightening of translucent threads
And, after all you dragged me through
I'm fed up with you, finally
Yes—not me, YOU.
So cleverly
You tricked my heart.
So cleverly
You made me feel.
So cleverly
You made me learn better next time.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Something That Had To Be Said

I'm just trying to find the right words to say
I'm seeing which game I can counter-play
Against your own- these curve balls you toss—I'm thrown
For a loop, just a circus act trying to juggle
The sanity, the victory, the memories, the struggle
They are all colliding and dividing my odds
This complication has me praying to someone else's God
Asking just to get over it
To build a bridge and cross through this bullshit
For the love of anything I want to get out of your tangle
Because your game is numbing and too much to take from any angle
I'm not strong enough to take it like a champ and fall to my knees
For you and your fucking needs
Because in my head I know what I need,
But in my heart I don't care that I'm draining, leading myself into your greed
This isn't little sandbox love anymore,
No young heart to soar,
No more middle school crush,
No innocent adrenaline rush,
This is grown-up, complicated stuff
It's the sex and the cheating, the strings that weren't supposed to be knotted,
the ugly and the rough
It's no longer a friendship to a courtship and a white wedding
It's whether or not you're gonna walk away with your heartbeat steady or weak
and thready,
It's loving that you got the chance to be a glimpse in their eye
But hating yourself for letting go of everything sturdy, just so you could have a
chance to fly.
It's loving their core,
But hating the hole they bore
In your soul, making you hard and more coarse than ore.
You want to blame them, they're the reason why you trust so few,
But you know that statement isn't 100% true.
I just wish my feet could get back to ground
Because this regret is something I wish I never found.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Sometimes

Sometimes, I want to run away,
From life,
From reality,
From everything,
And anything.

Sometimes, I just want to disappear,
Go into a pocket of darkness,
And never come back out,
Ever.

Sometimes, I want to feel pain,
Just to know,
For sure,
If I even exist.

Sometimes, I wondered if anyone cared,
At all,
Even just a little bit,
Would be O.K.

Sometimes, I wondered why you treated me
The way you did,
Acting as though
You can treat me
However you please to do so.

Sometimes, life takes over,
Reality takes over,
And I'm trapped in it,
No matter what I do,
No matter how hard I try.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Still Smiling

Waiting for it
Waiting
for the suspected
I've thought it before -
mere suspicion
paranoia

But
with the
deadening of my thoughts;
like a slap across
the face
with the splintered panel -
snapping cords
exploding blood vessels
shattering cranial bone
and moltening vertabrae,
like a Mack truck
head on
knocking me off
my unstable feet
thirty thousand pounds
of the truth
squared on my
empty lungs
caving feeling
crumbling confidence,
like reaching
through my body
from miles away
and ripping out
my gaping heart;

this is how it feels
to be vulnerable.
Your heart exposed
to all elements -
all hell.
completely on the spot.

And oddly
with fragility
racking my frame

I'm still smiling

Melissa Joy Chesky

Stop

I feel so empty inside.
Do you know why?
Neither do I.
It sounds like my breath
comes in rattles.
My body shakes and shivers
dance along my spine.
He wants me to
look at him but there's
no way that I can.
He's evil,
I can feel it.
I can see it.
It suffocates.

I didn't know
'stop' was the
hardest thing to
say.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Suppress

We all learn to
suppress an
emotion,
a feeling,
a thought.
Suppress tears,
love and opinions.

Everyone walking
among us;
Tears covered
with the black cloth
of secrecy,
love unshared
and used bitterly,
opinions meaningful
gone to waste.

Make a change
and live with
nothing left
choked and
smothered by resistance.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Sweet Demise

I'm hanging by a thread,
the thread you unknowingly dangle above the lion,
and I have to choose
either death by you
or death by the fall
and it's just too hard to decide
my sweet, sweet demise.
So benevolently I ask,
I ask of you,
please just live on
live on without me
for I feel I'm the one that drags you down,
drags you down and drowns you in the sea.
So hopefully I plead,
I plead to you
let loose the thread you hold,
the thread I hold as well,
so I won't hurt anymore,
nevermore forcing a connection to you, and you to me.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Take Her

Please just take her and give her peace of mind.
This healing is beyond humanity and human hands.
She needs celestial hands, supernatural repair.
She is going without purpose.
Without reversal.
And for how many lives she's brought in, she needs her God.
She needs her Messiah's healing hands.
She needs her eternal Heaven.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Taking

I'm stealing from you, and you from me,
We are equal thieves of each other's needs,
We're unselfish in our selfish ways,
Taking and giving and taking everyday
Tearing nothing from the heart
Not ripping something of importance apart
I just take from you, as equally as you from me.
As simple as any heartless relationship could be.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Teenage Years

No...

"We shouldn't have..."

I know, but...

"I'm sorry..."

Don't...please...

"This was bad."

Yes.

And no.

"Call me as soon as you know..."

You'll be the first to know.

But what if...

What if you...

"I'm not that kind of person. I wouldn't hurt you."

But...what would happen?

."

...

"We hope."

Jesus.

I'll be praying.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Test

Test, test, test... one... two...
Check check
Graveled laugh
Smokey gestures
Sit and fester
In my mind
Swollen lips
Across the tips
Caress barely felt
Pain evenly dealt
To every nerve
Along every curve
It feels horribly superb
To remember every verb
Every syllable, every clause,
Riddled by every labored pause.
Every nicety
Is jaded and icy.
Those Japanese violins
Give me concentric downward spins.
Your unique taste
Floods my nose and face,
Wafting a sweet nausea unexplained.
Feelings feigned.
Pain uncontained.
But, I try to refrain from the disdain
Your presence brings me.
Until my mind's levees break free...
These memories will never leave me be.

Melissa Joy Chesky

That Girl I Envy

Green with envy
i am,
that girl i envy
she's a star in the
sky.

Respect she does
receive
that girl i envy
she's compared to
royalty.

Millions of dollars
she looks
that girl i envy
she looks like a
million and one.

Charisma she does
carry
that girl i envy
she has everyone
dazzled.

Popularity she does
have
that girl i envy
she's friend-full
no doubt.

Green with envy
i am
that girl i envy
i wish i was
that girl.

Melissa Joy Chesky

That's How You Hurt Me

You put these salty
Tears into my eyes.
When I blink and
You're not there,
They roll down my
Face, burning me
As though it were
Raining acid crystals
From the dark clouds.
That's how you hurt me.

You shoot these silver
Bullets into my heart.
When I blink and
Figure out your only
Spewing lies,
My heart aches,
My heart bleeds,
My blood pours
Silently down into oblivion.
That's how you hurt me.

You crush my heart
Into a million pieces.
When I blink and
You say your last and
Final goodbye,
My heart breaks,
My heart doesn't
Want to let go,
Even though I have to.
That is how you hurt me.

The tears silently
Pour down,
Like they have never
Even existed;
The blood silently
Pours into the

Nothingness
That this is;
My heart silently
Breaks,
And no one stops it
From destroying the owner
Of it.
Thats how you hurt me.

Melissa Joy Chesky

That's Our Society

Cries,
Screams,
Tears,
Anarchy.
That's our society.
Pure hate,
Heartless souls,
Numb,
Prejudice.
That's our society.
Unwanted,
Vacant,
Deserted,
Plain.
That's our society.
Conformity,
Pain,
Death,
War.
That's our society.
It makes it seem like it's
Not where you'd want to
Be placed, doesn't it?

Melissa Joy Chesky

The Beat

It echos
And goes
On carrying
It's powerful
Message.

The beat
Echos off
The walls,
The ceiling,
And rocks
The floor.
I am
Overpowered
By it's enduring
Beat,
The perfect
Rythm it
Holds.

The beat
Is my heartbeat,
It sounds
Like a war drum
Sounding the
Alarm in my
Body.

The beat
Replaces my
Mood as
It goes on;
Slow beat,
Fast beat;
My heartbeat
Follows.

Melissa Joy Chesky

The Best Heart Attack

You buzz through
my static-like mind;
my heart stops
because I know it's you.
Your written words
make my heart
jump-start
back to life
and your breath
enlivens my lungs
once more.

If I knew electrocution jolts
from your messages felt so
euphoric...
Please, shock me once more.

Your words
put my breathing
into tremors;
it's like my brain
disconnected from
my lungs,
it's like your the
best heart attack.

And I dare not breathe,
with your arms around me
I wouldn't be able to anyway
with me crushed against your frame.

If I knew suffocating
in your grasp felt so
exhilarating...
Please, let me die twice.

It's like you've got a
clutch on my thoughts.
My eyes can't hide

anything from yours.
You KNOW,
you know
and you comfort and soothe
my restless mind
with those chocolate eyes
and I lull in painless waters-
Like Novocain,
like the best heart attack.

And I just want more.

Melissa Joy Chesky

The Blade Of Truth

I think it's
Better not to
Know anything;
The truth hurts
Too much to bear
Right now.

You didn't care,
You just shoved
That double-sided
Blade into my gut,
Ripping my insides
Out and I was
Torn apart.

That 13-inch
Blade is doing
It's job,
It's giving me the truth,
Something I don't
Want to hear at all.

I am in denial,
No you're lying,
Stop making up
These horrible lies,
They're not true,
You don't know
Anything about her,
Shut up!
Your making me nauseous
With your words.

You don't stop though,
You keep on talking,
The truth is numbing
My body away;
Like novacaine flowing
Through my body.

My throat has a lump
In it so I can't talk,
That blade is going
Deeper and deeper
Into my gut,
Tears threaten to
Engrave my cheeks
The water clouding
My vision so all
I can do is listen.

I don't need to
Know the truth,
I don't want to
Know the truth
Right now,
I'm too young to
Carry such a
Burden of
Information on
My shoulders.

I fall to the cold,
Unforgiving floor,
Colder than my
Body as I lie there
In a pool of blood,
While the blade of
Truth is still in me.

Take it out! ! !
I scream at you.
Take it out so
I don't feel anymore,
Until I am no more,
Until I won't bleed,
Until I drop my
Last tear.

Melissa Joy Chesky

The Broken Mirror

Don't you think that
A mirror should show
How the person feels?
That's what I thought.

I had a mirror in my
Room one day,
I stood right in front
Of it one day
And thought to myself
This is not right.

I leaned against it,
Staring into the cruel
Dark eyes staring back
At me,
Challenging me in a way.

Fierce intensity of feelings
Flooding my mind,
Memory clouding my head
That are unwanted.

I thought of my family
How broken it is
Like a fragile doll
Smashed to the floor
In carelessness.
Broken...

I thought of my friends
How they cover up
Mental pain with
Physical pain,
Even though I can't
Imagine how it feels
I feel their exact same
Pain inside my
Suddenly pitless

Stomache.

Broken.

I thought of the
Physical pain I
Have been put through,
My body now visibly shaking
As I remember that
Night when I was lying
On the cold cement,
Too scared to cry
Out for help
Or to cry to my
Stockstill sister who
Said she would be there,
But now just looking
Down at me after
Me and her friend got
Into a huge fight,
I've been kicked to
The ground
But I struggled to fight
Back in defense to leave
Me alone...
She just said you
Had it coming...
Broken.

I thought of my
Pointlessly shedded
Tears that were wasted
On my self pity,
Thinking of all of the
Things people have
Said to me,
My self-esteem brought
Down so much,
I wanted to end it.
Broken.

I thought of all of
The times I have been

Stabbed in the back
With blood already on
The knife...
Broken.

I hated the mirror,
It didn't show any
Truth to it at all,
Just lies bundled
Up all together.

I clenched my fists
Then balled them
Into violent wrecking
Balls.
They came up,
Then back down.

There came a
Dull crinkling and
A crack showed
Where my fists landed
On the untruthful mirror.

My sister came into my
Room glancing at the
Mirror and saying
At least I won't have to
Pick up the pieces.

As she walked away,
I thought to myself
I hope someone
Would have done that
For me a long time ago.

At least it now tells the
Truth as I face it now...
Broken in everyway
Possible.

The Girl In The Corner

The girl in the corner
Writes her story
In her notebook
With her blood red pen.
She pours out her feelings,
As well as her tears.

The girl in the corner
Drowns in her ocean of regret;
Being sucked under it's
Chilling black waves,
It's depressing waters.
It's powerful undertow
Is depriving her from life.

The girl in the corner
Is an actor;
She puts on a fake smile
When she plays
The part of being happy,
Although she is
Scarcely happy.

The girl in the corner
Has electric blue eyes;
They look cold,
Emotionless,
Merciless.
They bore into your eyes;
Searching frantically for something
That doesn't exist;
Acceptance.

The girl in the corner
Has her heart shattered
In two;
Broken by the only
Person she trusted.
Her heart is far

From repairing.

The girl in the corner
Has a powerful voice,
A meaningful message,
But is never heard,
Nonetheless seen.
She blends in unseen
By anyone.

I know so much
About this girl,
The girl in the corner;
But how?
I am the girl in the corner,
And this is how I speak.

Melissa Joy Chesky

The Hypocrisy Of It All

I hate that I can't see
the flaws in you.
I hate that I don't know
if you lie straight to my face
with no regard to my heart.
I hate that look in your
eyes that makes me want you
to stare more.
I hate that glint in your
smile.
I hate that feeling
deep inside:
the pain, but also the passion;
the aching hunger.
I hate your hugs,
and your laugh,
and the many things that
brings my mind back to you,
and the pain,
and the persistent yearning sensation.
But really,
most of all,
I hate that I don't-
and can't-
hate any of those things.

Melissa Joy Chesky

The Lobotamist

I really do hate you,
but I also love you.

You're the only thing
I have lived for

and it's so tragic
that you were just a fluke.

So tragic that I have
to leave your side,

give you up to her,
admit final defeat,

and forget the unforgettable.

Please, lobotamist,
be gentle as you scramble my memories...

Melissa Joy Chesky

The Phoenix

The phoenix tail
dragged across the rainbow-colored sky
in a summer's midnight fantasy,
Oh my, oh my
I wish I possessed that grace
and could make the phoenix jealous.
With its ignited feathers;
Does it ever feel the burn?
Does it ever feel the heat
of its death as it
turns to ash?
Does it ever feel the confusion
after the third day of its
fate when it is reborn
from its remains?
Oh my, oh my
I wish I could fly
like the phoenix can.

Melissa Joy Chesky

The Remedy

Tears could no longer suffice
my pain
Cutting is what everyone does-
a fad,

so liquid fire was the last
option.

Shot after shot the pain
slowly ebbed
hairs prickled on end as
my throat seared,

But I ignored the pain and
kept going.

My pain finally doused with
the remedy
Numb from the pain
I soaked in the tempting waters.

Tolerance built up
The remedy yeilded
to suffice,

Now I'm back to
tears and blood.

Melissa Joy Chesky

The Shakes

I get the shakes
I get jittery
My hands tremble
I try to speak
But what comes up
Is not words
nor song
And in my eyes
There is no
Confidence
But something else

Tears

Because I stand
Where they can

Judge.

Melissa Joy Chesky

The Spot

There was a spot
It was on my wrist
I didn't know what
It could be

I scratched at it
To see if it would
Come off
It didn't

I scrubbed at it
To see if it would
Come off
It didn't

It got bigger
And bigger
Others noticed it
Too

A crappy night came
And I did more than
Scratch or scrub
I dug

My skin opened
First by the edge
Of the blade
It was still there

Veins, muscle and
Arteries got the feeling
Of the chilled blade
It was still there

It was then I realized
As I lay in my
Crimson river
It was you all along

Melissa Joy Chesky

The Truth

I want the sharp,
belligerent truth
instead of a blunted
lie.
I want it to tear through,
once and for all,
so I can fix the laceration myself.
Blunted wounds
like lies
are harder to mend.
Because you don't know
how long they've been lying,
or
who knows that you don't know,
or
why they lied in the first place.
So give me the truth,
where it can
rip me open or
pierce me shut;
a manacle safety pin.

Melissa Joy Chesky

The Truth About You

You're just wicked.
I tried to lie through the bitter truth in my stomach,
The chalk in my mouth trying to prevent the self-regret
But they could even see through the guise I've built for you;
It's your anarchic monument-
The deceptions you've instilled are my only excuse in your defense,
They stand tall and spew false honesties-
It's there and it disintegrates my Self
The more I uphold you, the more I dissolve
I tried to play it off as if you were nothing
But they could even see it
I was itching in my skin from your indifference
I was convulsing in my soul from your coldness
I was burning in my placidity from your façade;
They speak your name and I just shake
That pine needle scent digging into me so harshly
The truths aren't shrouded from that bittersweet Bitter in my core
And even they could see it,
My monster, my plague, my secret
I couldn't even hide the Bitter I hold for you
Even if I lied to the end of the end
Because it's not about convincing my heart that you didn't drag me down,
It's about convincing everyone else that I was invincible from your lies.

Melissa Joy Chesky

They Call Me Dedicated

They call me dedicated

They call me loyal

They call me all these things

Except for the most true of all:

Foolish

Blind

Naïve

I just go with a smile

Mechanically holding hands

Submissively following

And return with porcelain flippers

Just imagine the secrets behind those perfect teeth.

Because who can really smile anymore?

It's just a lie.

I'm just an actress.

They call me loyal.

They call me dedicated.

Melissa Joy Chesky

This Is All I Know Now

I hate your nimble fingers and your soft caresses.
I hate your hair and your pronounced cologne.
I hate your eyes and your five o'clock shadow,
And I hate your voice and the words only you could say to make me feel so alone.
I hate your music.
I hate your stories.
I hate your laugh, and that slight smile.
That knowing smile.
I hate that you're observant and smart
But so very, very blind.
I hate the games and I hate the shame you make me feel
I hate the persuasiveness and the thoughts you shove in my mind.
I hate so much, it makes me shake,
Just a bad reaction from a homegrown catalyst.
Because if I should dare say that I hate you...
Well, I'd know that would be an outright lie.
And the rest are just the roots I've grown to crave
And also the things that end up crumbling my stability, my ground.
This all I know now.

Melissa Joy Chesky

This Love

I'm grabbing strength from where none exists.
My deficit is growing.
I want to fall
But to fall is to lose
I want to win —
But at the expense of your love?
I want to make a point —
But at the expense of your voice?
To break, to unravel in the light
Is too much to sacrifice.
But to fall apart in the dark
Is where the bravery truly starts;
Where dreams mutate in this dimmed reality
Where you turn to stone,
Your heart to ice
And your voice dies in my ears
And to not have this love, THIS LOVE
It's devouring me,
You took more than your fair share of my heart
My insides are concave,
I'm wasting away without this nourishment,
THIS love, this nourishment...
That's all I have...

Melissa Joy Chesky

Those Awkward Moments

I live for
those awkward moments.

Where you look
at that one person for a while,
and they turn towards you,
and you're in their thoughts-
for a second at least-
but you quickly look away
at something other than them.
And still you manage
to keep them in your sights.

Where you play fight
with them for a while,
and you realize through your
unisoned laugh,
that you happen to be holding each other;
hand in hand,
or just completely enfolded in one another.
What seemed so natural before
you skirt away from when its noticed.
And you quickly break away.

When you sneak
a coy smile,
your inner feelings finally
showing through to the world,
and they know it's because of them.
So you quickly swipe it
from their view,
holding true emotion hostage, again.

And it's not the
normal moments
I remember,
but the awkward ones.

I never really forget.

They never really leave
my thoughts.

I live for
those awkward moments....
I really love
those awkward moments.

Melissa Joy Chesky

'Thought' Being The Operative Word

With 'thought' being the operative word,
I thought this year would be better than others.
I thought this year would be better without the
hardships of being beaten up.
I thought this year would go as I imagined it
in wishful dreams.
I thought that I could believe everything
I heard.
I thought he liked me back.
I thought, maybe for one year, I could go without
complete embarrassment of myself.
I thought maybe I wouldn't be so ashamed of myself.
I thought that someone liked me for who I was, finally.
I thought that freshman year was going to be the time
of my life.
I thought you couldn't experience heartache at such an
'innocent' age.
I thought...
and once again I was so very wrong.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Time

The year misfortune dies
And is forever set in its grave.
The month luck is met
And is looked upon as a celestial fate.
The week anticipation heightens
And is the best thing felt.
The day everything slows
And is swept into lull.
The hour my life excels
And is caressed by perfection.
The minute my heart flits
And is thoroughly healed.
The second his voice reaches my ear
And is arrogantly confident he won't leave.

Melissa Joy Chesky

To Not Be Alive

I don't know how to feel.
What is happiness again?
What is this optimism you speak of?
I don't know what to say to you.
I can't even look at you
for I am ashamed -
truly and deeply disgusted -
of myself, of my actions and feelings.
What is there to tell?
Not one thing I can say to make this better.
What the hell am I to do?
It's not a changeable situation,
you're committed for life,
but emotions don't just erase for me.
They have to be excised out of my veins,
Like demons riddling my body:
removed forcibly and excruciating;
always traumatizing, always present in future times.
Nothing goes away,
so how can I expect you to?
How can I forget how to feel about you?
You've done it so easily,
please teach me the ways.
Is there a way to stop the beating of my heart
and still live and breathe with blood immobile in my veins?
With no blood surging to my brain
I can get past this.
To not be alive,
I can live again.
I can start over if I can just stop the feeling.
Can I please get a daily dose of Vicodin, Dr. Cupid?
With arrows so sharp, wings so celestial;
could you administer it, please?
Just right at the base of my skull
so it can run south down my spine,
trickling down so numbingly warm,
a comforting anesthetic fire.
Can you, please?
I just don't want to feel anymore.

Not if he won't be there to receive my feelings.
No, for no one else's pleasure.
It can never be another's.

Melissa Joy Chesky

To You

My head's about to meet a fate,
My heart's going to disintegrate.
My eyes have been brought to tears,
My mind has succumbed to its worst fears.
My mouth is saying goodbye,
My legs are walking out the door;
My body is fed up,
It physically cannot take your pain anymore.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Tomorrow

Patiently
I waited
Tomorrow
You said
I'll talk to you tomorrow
And foolishly
I believed.
Tomorrow came
Tomorrow left
And surely I thought
Tomorrow would be tomorrow
And naively
It wasn't tomorrow that came
It was just another day.
But, surely, I thought it would come along
But for us, tomorrow never came.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Too Much To Ask

Just walking hand in hand
Barefoot amongst the sand
Dancing in the moonlight
Such as a candle in the night
Whispers between romantics
Giggling about different antics
Secretly passing possibilities
Each other's endless curiosities
Simply being
And seeing
A glow in their eyes
That they couldn't ever find in childhood fireflies.
A slow dance or maybe two
With many eyes following or only few
A hidden glance
With possibly, a chance
Not either face behind a false mask;
Since when was this too much to ask?

Melissa Joy Chesky

Trapped

I'm trapped in my cavernous mind;
It goes on forever and eternity.
It keeps me here like a
Sullen prisoner;
Imprisoned by my
Childhood fears and
Memory beyond
My own reasoning.

I'm trapped in this world;
This world that's so pointless.
I was convicted of being
Myself;
Now I pay the price,
I guess.
The colorless walls are
Filled with empty words,
Not full like normal.

I'm trapped in this war;
The war is me against
The world.
I stand alone in this
Battle.
I look over to the
Other side;
Emotionless eyes,
Expressionless faces,
Mocking smirks.

I'm trapped in life;
Escaping from this is
Impossible to do.
I'm locked up,
They won't let me out
To be free,
Free from you,
Free from them,
Free from...

Everything,
Detatched.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Traveler To Destiny

I used to cry
Myself asleep
Each night that
Approached;
Now I am rocked
Asleep on your
Clouds of
Eternity;
Faint music lulls
Me into dreams
Of bliss.

I used to walk
In the dark,
A world blinded
By worst case
Scenarios;
Now I see clear,
Like how it
Was meant to
Be.

I used to dwell
On the past,
Repeating,
Reliving it over
And over like
A recurring nightmare;
Now I look to
The future;
You direct me
On my path
Of life.

Show me the way;
Lead me to what
Is to await me;
For I am the
Traveler to Destiny.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Try

I try to truly care;
I ward off the despair,
I try not to stare
For as long as I can bear –
But the question: Do I dare?

Melissa Joy Chesky

Undecided

Two people I want to be with;
One I can only choose.
The other guy I will,
Unfortunately, have to lose.

One goes with one group;
The jocks and the pretty girls.
The other belonging to another;
Shy, and his mystery never unfurls.

They both share the same trait,
As they may not have noticed.
They catch my eye;
But to choose, I am still undecided.

They pull at my heart;
Each one a different way.
One makes me smile and laugh,
The other surprises me everyday.

My heart cannot decide,
On which I love more.
My heart stays undecided,
My heart is even sore,
Because I stay undecided.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Undiagnosed

I deviated
from the plan.
The laws are there
to be followed
for normal life.
But I break them.
Just for
the fun of it.
I need to see
the reactions
of dangerous behavior.
I speed,
just to see
how long g-forces
can hold
my restless soul down.
I j-walk,
just to see
if the cars
headed towards me
will speed up.

Heh.

You don't even know
what goes through
my morbid-thinking mind
sometimes.

I think things
that shouldn't be
pondered,
I do painful things
redundantly,
I obsess
maliciously over the
insignificant;
my genes
deviated from

a normal human,
'the plan'.
And I sneak
among normalcy
undiagnosed
because -
who can deny
a sweet smile?

Melissa Joy Chesky

Unfamiliar

Your voice is
unfamiliar to my ears-
a hiss, a squeal
rather than a hum,
a low rumble in the distance.
What was once
smooth like black coffee-
some thing I could
swill and engulf in-
now like chalkboard scratches,
hissing teapots,
screeching tires.

How could something
sensuous sounding
become disfigured and horrid
in my ears?

Melissa Joy Chesky

Unfortunate

Cody

Strong, only one for me

Wanted, needed, adored

Arby's, Mitsubishi Eclipse – restaurant, mini van

Second job, children, farmhouse

Young, parent

Father.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Unknown Being

I'm not what you think
or see
because inside,
here under these clothes,
is a dying human.
I look alive,
put together,
but for the last time
the glue has failed to hold.
My saity has fell off
the edge again,
and my hand reaches
for the blade again.
'He is only a friend'
is what I carved,
and all the crimson makes
up for the tears I haven't
cried.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Unmarked

Before my life
Was concluded,
I was unmarked.

No scars,
No pain,
Nothing to blame.

My life was a
Blank piece of
Paper;
No writing,
No erase marks to
Disguise the
Mistakes,
Just plain and
Mundane.

I had a life
Anyone would
Dream of;
Like a perfect
Surreal world,
Where nothing
Went wrong,
And everything
Went my way.

Then my life
Decided to make
A U-Turn;
Look where I am
Now.

I was depressed
All the time for no
Reason.

I cut all

The time;
Sometimes because
I was more morbid
Than usual,
Or I wanted to
See if I have died
Yet;
Seeing if I
Could feel anything.

My life then
Was a ripped up,
Black pile of
Shreds burned by
my ongoing pain;
My life's beyond
Repairing.

Before I left
This world,
I said my last and
Final say in life.
It said why I was
To leave.

It said how unhappy
I have been;
And I wanted to
Not cause anyone
Anymore pain.

I dotted the I's
And I crossed
The T's,
Then it was time.

I left this world
But I broke everyone's
Heart as I died
In the hands of
Greif.

Now look at my life,
Erase marks,
Scribbled on,
Shredded up,
Ripped to bits
And pieces
Beyond anyone
Could mend back
Together again.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Victim

Huddled;
Arms enfolding her legs
To keep her psyche together.
The thoughts:
Sharp, belligerent.

Their presence is left behind
Psychologically and physically.
Where their fingers travelled-
Prodded, penetrated-
Are bruises,
Like their touch against
Her arms and legs left
The ugly mark of sin upon her,
Her innocence spent.

Everything hurts within
Every molecule that occupies
Space.
Everything yearns for
Evasiveness of what happened,
Truth is only held in to
Rot her psyche.

Dysphoria is all she feels now,
Fault is all upon her.
All alone,
To curl up and shrink away.

And now she has to be the
Housewife of her psyche-
Something she's never wanted to do-
And gather all the ripped pieces,
Trying to puzzle them back together-
Like the fixer she always was.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Waiting

I wait by my phone late at night,
He said he would call; he even promised.
Maybe I'm just pathetic.

The silence of the house tires me,
But I sit by the phone, believing the lie,
Waiting for
The call that's non-existent.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Warmth

I want to enfold
myself in the
sheets of your
voice;
the warmth engulfing
my frame
and your breath
cascading across my
skin;
the tenor whispering
silent secrets
into my ear-
all the things
I've wanted to
hear.

Melissa Joy Chesky

We Were Flying

Down a side street,
80 miles an hour,
my mouth distorts into a grin
thinking about how illegal
this is perceived by normal people.
My heart pounds as the
familiarity flies past wide eyes.
Cobain is screaming through the
busted speakers, Lithium,
I scream along with my
sister, forgetting the previous month,
who now holds my life in her hands.
Her drawing skill are shown with the tires,
zig-zags decorate the asphalt,
she laughs as I flop around like a rag doll
in the passenger seat, and I do, too.
We come to a slow, it's the end of the street,
I crave to go faster, to be louder, to cause anarchy,
my heart races, my arm gets an impulsive twitch,
and she laughs and says, 'That was fun, right? '
Breathless, 'Yeah.'

Melissa Joy Chesky

When Will It Stop?

When will it stop?
This constant pain,
This dark coldness
That never goes away.

When will it stop?
This evil voice inside
Saying cut, cut
Slice, slice
Over and over again
Until my breaking point.

When will it stop?
The constant shedding
Of tears of hatred
And of fear.

When will it stop?
This disgusting cycle
That people says helps
But only destroys.

When will it stop?
This constant betrayal
That spreads like an
Infectious disease.

When will it stop?
These constant reminders
Of my flaws
In my head
Repeating like a
Broken record.

When will it stop?
As the light fades
From view,
As darkness defeats
The light,

As all pain ebbs away
Into a nothingness,
As death embraces me
In its cold, deadly grasp.

Melissa Joy Chesky

When You Were Here

Using the notes blared to cover the void,
Swiftly, quickly, I erase your presence.
But, naïve as I, past lives aren't destroyed.
And my mind – frantic – floats in your essence.
Alive and pulsing are my ghosts that haunt –
They never found me when you were around –
The ghost with steel hands – again makes me gaunt.
Swirling and snatching my youth – they surround.
Should I've given you his forsaken name?
You being valiant in protection;
Should I hide my face from this wicked shame?
Or wait for personal resurrection?
Everything was complicated with you,
But since you've vanished, nightmares have swept through.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Where Are You Now?

When you laugh,
I get warmth
Rushing down through
My body.
That warmth could
Protect me when
I get cold inside.
Your laugh is like
A blanket.

When you sit
Next to me,
I get loneliness
Smothering my soul.
I miss you because
I know I can't have you.
Your kindness is a
Constant reminder of
What I don't and can't have.

When you touch
My neck,
I get shivers
Bolting up my spine.
I shiver not because I'm
Scared of you,
It's because it's a
Surprise how soft
Your touch can be.

When your around,
I get mixed emotions
For you;
Love, because I can
Never stop loving you.
Hatred,
For you rejecting
Me.

Where are you now?
I'm getting colder
And colder as the
Seconds pass.
My heart is as cold
And frozen as a glacier.

Where are you now?
I feel loneliness
Building inside,
But you're no where
To be seen.

Where are you now?
I can't feel your soft touch;
I'm numb to the
World without you here.

Where are you now?
My mixed emotions
Have summed up to only
One emotion;
Regret for letting
You leave.

Where are you now?
Come melt my glaciated heart.
Come tear down my wall
Of loneliness.
Come give me an antidote
For this novacaine.
Come and take away
My regret for
Letting you leave.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Who Knew

You burn my dreams to ashes and sticks
Your flames are in my smoldering ruin, you lick
Across my skin, my thoughts, my pain,
And I pray to an unknown that it'll wane
Into some kind of alter abyss, in some kind of alter hell
Because, well, although tantalizing, your sulfuric smell
Is no longer welcome, no longer wanted, no longer needed,
Because you're no longer constant, no longer heard, no longer heeded
Like before,
Praised once you grace your presence on the floor
No, I won't bow to you
Your puppet strings on me are so few
So weak and so brittle
Because your wants are too great and too fickle
Who knew you'd come back after destroying my walls?
After my falter and falls
Who knew you'd come back so soon?

Melissa Joy Chesky

Whore

I'm a whore to the pain;
I just want more of the specific hurt you inflict.
I like being rejected by your stare,
And that's probably why I'm still around.
That's why I still talk
Even though you've sewn your mouth shut.

I'm a whore to the pain;
I just want more of the games you play so fluently.
I like being told I am your only,
That you want this, that and the other,
Only to come up empty-handed on my end.
I'm just so used to it, babe,
Without it my existence is haywire.

I'm a whore to the pain;
I just want you to have every part of me.
I like trying my hardest,
Wanting to finally do things right,
Only to be told, "Sorry, Liss" for the nth time.
It's truly okay, I barely feel anymore.

I'm a whore to the pain;
I just want more gut-wrenching agony.
I like your non-responsive, uninterested attitude,
And I just delve into it deeper –
Relishing in how much it might hurt.
I just play this game to get injured,
Not to actually compete for the trophy.

I'm a whore to the pain;
I just want you to rip out my mottled "heart".
I like how you tear from the root,
Trying to leave no evidence of your presence,
Except for memories and scar tissue, of course.
That's how I like it to hurt.

I'm a whore to the pain;
I just want you to numb me in the most horrible of ways.

I like it when you place your hands on my face –
Ah, aren't they so warm? –
Only to snap my neck.
It hurt less than I was hoping for.

I'm a whore to the pain;
I just want one more dose of confusion.
I like being dazed and blind sighted,
I love being caught off-guard by your sharp words –
The daggers digging in so pleasantly.
I will be your masochist any day.
So,
Will you be my sadist?

Melissa Joy Chesky

Why?

Why am I not what you expect?
Why do I have to be exactly what you want?
When I can only be myself,
Why do you ask me to be someone else,
Something that is not normal to me?

I can't be someone else,
Something that I am not,
So why keep trying?
You know yourself...
Words aren't going to change me,
So what's the point of wasting your breath,
And my time?

Don't waste my time
By giving me a lecture about
Who I should be
Or who I'm going to be.
Do I tell you who you should be
Or tell you what to become?
No...I didn't think so.
If you have a problem with me,
Then...leave me alone! !

You don't have to talk to me,
Or even look at me for that matter.
Don't worry..
It's a relief for me not to talk to you...
It's not like I would want to anymore anyways
Because of you pushing,
Pushing to be more like you,
More like society.
Why would I want to do that anyways?
I wouldn't want to be like you at all...
Treating people like their below you
Instead of treating people decently.
You could do that...
Make other people feel
Good about themselves,

Well...that's probably too big
Of a task for you to accomplish.

I'm sick of what you do;
Treating me and other people
Like a piece of old gum
Stuck on the bottom of
Your shoe...
Lower than scum.
I don't know why you are that way,
So heartless of someone...
And I will never know
Why you do what you do,
But all I can do now
Is wonder and ask why.

Melissa Joy Chesky

With A Straight Face

All a girl wants
is to be told she's pretty
that she's wanted
that she's loved
especially with her imperfections.
That mistakes are okay
that it doesn't matter how she looks
that someone wants to be with her
that someone will be there for her
despite her sometimes manic babble.

Thanks for lying
with a straight face.
You were convincing
right to the very end.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Yes, Again

I would willingly say,
"Yes, again"
to your supple lips.

Oh, does your lip tingle
when it brushes mine?

And, I would undoubtedly say,
"Yes, again"
to your hungered touch.

Oh, does your skin burn
with electrifying heat like mine?

And, I would, of course, say,
"Yes, again"
to your sultry breath.

Oh, does your skin dance
across your nerves like mine?

And, I would unabashedly say,
"Yes, again"
to your thirsty words.

Oh, does your heart jump
when gasps escape from me?

And, I would excitedly say,
"Yes, again"
to your rugged frame.

Oh, does your shiver
send sparks to the mind, like mine?

And, I would unhesitantly say,
"Yes, again"
to your memorable phrase. "Why are you always laughing at me? "
"Why are you always so funny? "

Oh, does your lips curl into☐..Because I can be.")
a smile at the internal meaning like mine?

And, I would love to say,
☐Yes, again"
to your soul-costly desires.
But, to heal these wounds
I might have to say, "No."
"Not again."
"Not ever."

The question is:
When that time comes,
can I?

Melissa Joy Chesky

You

So cold the nights alone,
So deep the vermillion marks,
And it's because of you,
My love.

The one that lifted spirits
To the highest,
And then threw them off the
Highest peak,
Like the charitable penny
Into the hopeless wishing pond.

I await your touch
Across my face
Your sight on me,
But it comes distantly;
Why do you make me
Feel so unloved?
Why do you stand there
And let me suffer?
Temptation is too great,
Want turns into lust;
Why watch me as I
Dismantle myself?
Why watch instead of stop
This anguish?

Melissa Joy Chesky

You And Me; Give No Mercy

You are pretty,
I am ugly.

You are a blonde,
I am a brunette.

You are skinny,
I am fat.

You are dumb,
I am a geek.

You get whistles,
I get curses and anything sharp...mentally.

You talk about your nail being broken,
I talk about EVERYTHING being broken.

You get 'honored' with what you do,
I get stomped to the ground.

You fit in,
I am an outcast.

You are a prep,
I am a goth.

You give up without a fight,
I fight until the day I go 6 feet under.

You are on top of the world,
I am where the fire burns and hisses.

You are admired,
I am overlooked.

You cry,
I laugh at you.

You question all the things I do,
I say back off of what I do.

You write about flowers growing,
I write about flowers dying.

You say you have been through everything,
I say 'yeah....try me.'

You talk about your minor cases,
I talk about the excruciating pain of my
Now gone and only true friends.

You say 'I need sympathy for my pain, '
I say 'I give no mercy to people like you, '

You say I need help,
I say I am perfect the way I am.

You say I'm messed up,
I say I just deal with things a different way.

You say you scream,
I say I shed my blood.

You are normal,
I am a freak.

You dress up,
I don't really care.

You are here to help me,
I have a 10-foot brick wall.

You try to get inside my head,
I say be careful you might get lost in there.

You don't care about my issues,
I don't care about yours either...

At least we have one thing in common,
We both hate each other.

Melissa Joy Chesky

You Didn'T Know

It was a predictable shock
A déjà vu sting
The familiar pain
Rushing back so readily
So suddenly it's real again
I can't believe you were my fairytale
How stupid of me to trust
Obvious lies fell from your mouth
And I gorged.
It fed me
It built me up, bricked my immunity
So you couldn't hurt me much
You didn't know
But my core grew stronger
Stonier
At every cold word
Every sharp stab
I was gone before you left
You didn't know
That I would – overall
Be happy when you left
You parasite.
You tapeworm.
I'm done with you draining me.

Melissa Joy Chesky

You Don'T Know What It's Like

I wake up
Every morning
Wondering if
Someone is thinking
The same thing I
Am;
Does anyone care
For me?

I go to bed worrying
If someone I
Care for
More than ever
Is not going to
Be there
When I wake.

I walk the day
Companionless;
Loneliness piling
Inside my ungrateful
Soul,
Choosing to
Walk alone.

I walk the day
With smoldering
Jealousy boiling
Up my insides.

I walk the day
In fear of
The people
That walk beside
Me everyday.

You don't know what it's like,
Living my life.
You don't know what it's like,

Walking in my shoes.
You don't know what it's like,
How hard it is
To be me.

Melissa Joy Chesky

You Played God

January 25th, 11: 34 AM –

Your voice rips through the lonesome static;
The blade of grass that lacerates the sky,
Opening unknown gore onto our profane world.
It's you that speaks, you that destructs so beautifully.
Your anarchy is so enchanting.
I can't stop myself from fixing my glazed eyes
On your strong hands desecrating my once calm existence;
Ahh, you kill me so humanely.

Melissa Joy Chesky

You Tell Me

Cradled in stone hands
You tell me to hold still
And I know it's an impossible request.
Tracing across my skin
The pads of your fingers
Caressing
Molding
Searching
Smoothing away my mind.
You tell me to hold still
And I know I don't remember my name
I know breathing isn't a necessity
As I look into you -
As you look into me -
Do you see your face when you glance into my soul?
You tell me to hold still
But still I part my lips
At the feel of the ridges of your fingerprints;
Your code is the key
And still you tell me, "No."
You tell me to hold still
As you hold my face
Erasing all of matter.
And then you say, as a matter of fact
So shocked:
"You have a spark."
I sit there dumb,
Pondering your thought,
Searching for an answer in your eyes,
Knowing a shortage just happened in my head.

Melissa Joy Chesky

Yum Yum, Sip Sip

I want to drink you all away,
All of your words and implications,
The intoxication of asphyxiation
Is too delicious.
Yum yum
Sip sip
I'm daddy's little girl,
Love the sauce more than people
More than family and friends
I like the feeling of a gallon of vodka in my veins more than company.
I love the indifference,
The lack and the carelessness
I'm free, I'm free
Yum yum
Sip sip
Tastes much better than blood and forged bonds.

Melissa Joy Chesky