

Poetry Series

Naomi Lumba
- poems -

Publication Date:
2019

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Naomi Lumba()

To Circumstance

I hope you're not expecting a thank you from me
After constantly putting me in places I wish not to be
From you, I constantly pray to be free
I'm tired of being a victim of thee
How long shall I cry 'fore you hear my plea
I'm fatigued of your nonexistent consideration for my withering soul
I'm thirsting for freedom from my pit of turmoil
This coiling maze of confusion you have put me in is driving me insane
You're the one guilty here
Why am I the one with hands in cuffs behind my back?
Why am I the one suffering for your injustice?
Why does the world label your sins as mine?
You are disgusting me for using me this way
Did you not know that you couldn't drive?
Or is it that you'd known all along?
You purposely drove me into the wall while you, in perfect time, escaped my
drastic fate
I don't want to be your stunt double
Which actions of mine brought me behind these bars
I'm tired of being a victim of thee
No longer shall I cry for you to hear my plea
It's about to I was accused of sins of my own
And they on their own, are already unbearably heavy

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To My Suicidal Thoughts

It's society's fault I feel this way
that I'm ashamed to be me
that I don't feel that I deserve another day
making me fall in love with blades,
knives, pills my body doesn't need,
illegal drugs I get to inhale, smoke
and even inject into my body.
I am a hurting artist
and my body is my canvas
and with swift strokes of joyful pain
I paint beautiful cuts onto myself
but that's only the beginning.
as satisfied as I may be,
the pain inside me is brewing
so it craves for more -
more relieving pain
it craves for the distances between
the world, my soul, heart, and mind to increase
So that I may drift further into my own personalisation of euphoria

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