

Poetry Series

Ruby James
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Ruby James()

There is a lot going on in our world. I write because there is too much in my head, I write to help and show to yall that you are not alone. I hope you are doing alright and things will get better.

Thanks for being here- my love to all of you.

-Rj



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Lionhearted

what does brave mean?

how do i be brave

is it brave to ask for help

is it brave to be the one to help

is it brave to save someone

is it brave to love someone

is it brave to speak out

is it brave to come out

is it brave to share your feelings

is it brave to listen to the world's feelings

is it brave to die?

do i have to die to be brave

Ruby James



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It Was His Choice But We Should've Helped More

how dare you say that i didn't try hard enough
how could you throw the words at me that if only i was around more... the 'if
only' will never fix this

don't you think that if i had the power to go back and save him from himself- i
would. I'd trade my life for his every day. if i could save his soul from this messy,
fragmented world,
if i could i'd do it in a heartbeat

please don't put this on me
he was hurting too much inside and he had to go
he made this choice and it wasn't right but... we cant fix this now

don't push me to hurting that much too- we all should've noticed- don't blame
me for him being gone. i blame myself too but it won't help. instead lets talk and
be sure that we won't follow him to closely

I know it hurts. im sorry.

Ruby James

She Is Her Fathers Laugh And Her Mothers Tears

she surrounds herself with things she's done to prove to the world that she is worth the attention and love.

she laughs loudly and often to show that she can take up space and to tell the world that she is still here.

she collapses on her bed at the end of the day to try and rest, the façade she puts up is tiring to hold.

she cries herself to sleep and when she slips into a dream, she cries there too.

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I Was In That Boat- until I Was Rescued

most people don't know what it's like to be not just lonely but truly alone. most have never known what it is like to be nothing.

to those who know that feeling like it's an old friend, always there around the corner, only poking its head out when you start to smile and have a good day-
i say sorry.

i know what its like

but it does get better once you find your people to pull you out of the reach of that old friend

sometimes there is comfort in being nothing, hiding in the shadows can be safe, the shadows can hide imperfections

in the arms of another its so much safer and life gets easier when your imperfections are loved.

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Let Me Hold You

I see every side of you.

The broken inside with jagged edges- the hurt that sometimes tracks down your cheeks on rough days- the kind soul that tries to put on a brave face each day.

I notice it all- the downward slope of your shoulders holding the weight of other people's problems- the tiny smiles, real ones that rarely show- how you wring your hands when you're worried

I want to intertwine our fingers and hold you tight until you relax. Let me show you to remember how to breathe.

All of you- the broken the damage and the hurt

I know it all

I choose you

Ruby James



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Love Me Perfectly

Why do i spend so much of my time,
when there is so time in my life,

trying to be a perfect person for folks who will love me no matter what i do?

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I Couldn't Bring Myself To Answer

She asked me while I was sobbing- what makes you happy?
I didn't have an answer I could say

My heart screamed one-hundred different things

But my mouth stayed shut as I looked away

I started crying harder because I know that I can't be happy- I can't say what I
need- I'll never find what makes me whole.

I suppose I'll just have to live with that.

Ruby James



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Let Me Help You Walk Tall

I see you trying so hard each day

I notice how you hold your head up even as you carry the weight of everything on your back

I know you are doing your best and its good enough

Please rest and take care of yourself

It's important to do the hard work, but sometimes the hard work is to delegate and share the burden.

I see you giving your all and constantly being there for everyone.

I want to be like you- please let me help you and share the weight

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The Truest Lie

'im scared. it hurts too much' two lies were said. both are true.
hes not exactly right but not painfully wrong either.

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.afterlove

loving you after all of everything isn't easy. but its easier than everything else i try.

i consider myself so lucky to have something that hurts so much to say goodbye to

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This Is What Happens After

im told often- you have to love yourself before you can love others

but i need to make an amendment

sometimes it takes someone else to love you for you to realize that you can love yourself and to understand that you are worthy of love

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Left Shoulder

its only pain whispers the worse version of me who sits on my left shoulder. i
listen and push through.

pain doesn't kill she says it'll eventually fade she tells me

i always listen

i dont know why

the pain can't kill me but im still suffocating and struggling under the weight of it
all.

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If?

If I kiss you will you kiss me back?

If I call at 3am will you answer?

If I tell you you're pretty will you believe me?

If I whisper 'I love you' could you feel the same?

If I commit to you will you go steady?

If I reach out my hand will you thread your fingers through mine?

If I hear a waltz on the radio will you dance with me?

If I trust you will you deserve it?

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Written By A Past Self

flirting is good for mental health
the playful banter
the blush and look-away
the smiles just for her
not worrying about what comes next
<3

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Where Can I Find Them

are there soulmates? one person thats meant just for me?
there cant be, because who could love me at my worst?

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I Give You My Word

In time this hurt will pass. Scars will forever stay- but the wound will heal.
I promise

Ruby James



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This Is My Why

poetry is not meant for a audience. my version of true poetry is honest and unedited. its best when only put on paper to get it out of my head so i can think again

i post to let yall know maybe youre not alone and just possibly you feel the same, it might help you to know you will make it through your hardships.

i write for me. i share my work to be there for you.

Ruby James



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What Happens Next?

I'm always told that the first step to find love is to love myself, but i'm just so empty and i don't think i can.
what do i do now?

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Only The Rain Whispers Back

I whisper 'I love you' to the sky. I feel the rain start to fall in response

I keep trying with the hope that one day someone will be there to clasp my hand
and as our fingers intertwine, they can whisper back

'I love you too'

Ruby James



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Scars

Heartbreak leaves a scar on the broken.

The scars from love are deep and never fully heal. Your first love is always loved a little bit.

Every break will be a bruise and forever sore, no matter how long since.

The scars aren't ugly- they make the next love stronger and beautiful. A testament of how you'll risk another scar for them and you just are so overwhelmed by the love you risk more scars just for them

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Foreshadowing

lonely and alone are different nightmares cut from the same cloth

when she wakes she realizes that both are true and the nightmare was a premonition

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Writing In The Margin

you're a writer too
you tell me about the story turning around your head
your deep brown eyes light up and you animate
you don't notice me hanging off your every word
I just nod, silently encourage you to keep talking.

I love reading your work but it's so much better to be near you and feel your excitement and read you as you explain the detailed plot

<3

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Background

I am not a star.

I do not shine like they do. I can't

I chose to be the inky black

I am what holds up the stars and make them sparkle

this is my job

to fade into the backdrop

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Breakable

all my relationships are fragile- like walking on a glass bridge that could crack and snap any minute.

Breakable

Could break apart or break me any second

Is it best to avoid relations overall?

I ask myself the age old question

do i risk all the hurt for a bit of happy?

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Guarded

My heart is guarded
Blocked from the world

My trust doesn't come easily. Not after you.
Don't think that I can't love but I just need to be sure that the next will truly
deserve it

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Frailty

Frail, weak, sad, grey, alone, lonely, me?

So many of your words hurt.

Why is it that i can only remember the ones that sting and burn? I know we had
goo times but the sounds you fling at me in anger lodge deep in my soul and no
matter how hard i try i know that your words will never leave me

always weighing down my shoulders with your hate

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Freeze

Stop- Wait- Hold on- Don't go

Just take a moment, and look around you

Really see all the details

Find the reasons to stay

I want you here

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Escape

this is a hot mess
when asked how im doing
i confess im not okay
life sucks right now
and i feel less than worthy

-

i catch a glimpse of the other side
i beg to escape
i only ever confide in the stars
the world doesn't need me

just let me go

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Always Acting

trying to blend in
putting on a show
trying to act like me

its just a façade
i'm not me
i'm not like this

i'll never get to take a final bow
i'll never get my curtain call

i wish i could duck out and let my understudy shine
but life isn't like that

i can never stop being who they want me to be

always acting

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Off The Trail

I am lost. No one cares

'Too bad' they say
it's worse when they don't notice at all.

I help others find their way and when my path leads to darkness. The unknown is worse so I go back to where it is bad and uncomfortable and I always return to where it hurts.

I am forgotten

But its how its meant to be- help others first

As long as i'm needed I can stay on the road

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The Tear Tracks

I cry most nights.

Sometimes I sob myself to sleep from a day that i cant take anymore
Otherwise it's a nightmare that wakes me

Or the loud angry voices, they yell out loud, or in my head,
i'm never sure

Crying never helps-the problem always rears its ugly head as soon as I wake

But i can't seem to stop

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Why Is She Like This

Karma-
who gives her the right?

To make or break my day

To choose what I've done and what my actions mean.
She won't let me take back my power, my life, she's judging constantly.
Her choices my life

Ruby James



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Truly

It's scary-Life is

We al can have adventure.

It's possible to be bold.

Just as soon as you find your thing that thing you care about more than the fear
Then it just clicks and you become one of the lionhearted

Ruby James



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Sail Headfirst

Try and escape

The small craft advisory

Blares in the radio

The storm is coming

Just give in

And wash away.

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Bottled Up In Glass

Tears sting my chapped lips, as my silent sobs wreck me from the inside-> out.

The wall I have been putting up for so long, is crumbling under the pressure of life. An earthquake comes by, and the bottled-up emotions fall to the ground feelings I've locked away for years.

Broken glass everywhere to remind me, what comes back around to hurt me. Why can't I hold on for a bit longer? I try so hard- at home- at school- with dance - and friends. Why can't that just be enough? I have nothing else to give.

why can't you see that

It feels like my soul is fading slowly. I crumble bit by bit, piece by piece, until there's nothing left. I feel that quake pass and it left me in shambles.

But my spine holds me up and I don't let you on the outside see the broken of the inside. My bones hold me up enough to look like I have everything pulled together. I smile without my eyes, and I leave out the fraction of a heart I have left intact. I rebuild my wall once again.

Is this enough for you yet?

Ruby James

Unlearning Hate

Joy is not something to be learned.
Happiness is a gift from others to you
Be sure to give light to others so they can give as well

This is your reminder to do something selflessly for someone else today.

Ruby James



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Wished

wish on the star, hope for just a bit.
even if the star is dead by the time the light gets to your eyes.
it can't hurt to believe for a little while

Ruby James



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Possibility And Probability

It's scary- Life is

We can all be adventurers. It's possible to be bold. Just as soon as you find your thing that you care about more than the fear that creeps in.

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Overnight

I cry at night. I sob myself to sleep. It never helps-the problem rears its ugly head as soon as I wake.

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There Isn't Light

In a black hole there isn't hope. there doesn't need to be
there isn't light
there isn't life.

But, there is possibility
there is mystery, intrigue
there is finality.

A black hole pulls me in to look and wonder
it pulls my spine straight and holds my chin up
it teaches me to hold strong under pressure

light can't escape its fate
then again neither can we as humanity
escape if futile

when even the act of hoping is hopeless and too much
we can find resilience in ourselves

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Looking Up

as eyes turn skyward for prayer
or listlessness
or hope
for inspiration

I gaze up for poetry
surrounded by stars

writing what i see but when i reread my work there are only emotions on the
page

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Seconds

analog watch always ticks

I notice this when im falling asleep, the dark quiet settles in, the tic tic tic
resounds and I set my heartbeat to match it. In my dreams my foot steps as I
walk away, from whatever horror plagues me tonight, match the cadence. of that
perfect second

Ruby James



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- Fine - Everything Is Fine.

fine - a satisfactory or pleasing manner; very well

I'm fine. thats my standard response. every hows life, how are you, hows it going,

I say one of three without fail.

(its) (im) alright

It is what it is

(its) (im) fine.

upon reflection I'm such a shitty liar. everyone who knows me knows that it is a defense. they all know that if I ever admit how hurt I am id just break and it'd be the end.

So im fine! right? Now you know too.

it's all right

I'm fine

everything is fine and I can keep going. for a bit longer

Ruby James



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Nov 9th 9: 55 Am

My blood runs hot as I freeze in my tracks.
The news that befalls my ears hurts, it hurts deep
'a teenager - with a gun shot another person at school'"
when the inevitable tears trace their tracks down my cheeks
I am not sad
I cry tears of anger
my tears are warm with fury
I am mad that kids have guns at School
I am upset that our society let that happen
I am scared - that could've been me or my friends.
It was someone, someone's friend
So I let myself cry tears of anger as I go to protests to try and change the world

Ruby James



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Quieting

Quiet house

Loud mind

footsteps in wool socks quieted on the rug

then sounding impossibly loud on the hardwood

thoughts not able to stop

sitting still, mind going a mile a minute

book open to a distraction, it's not working

clock keeps ticking

quiet outside

finding quiet inside

Ruby James

Soreness

There are two types of sore-

The first being the good pain;

the feeling of accomplishment

Knowing that you're building muscle

and strengthening from this

It's the feeling (reward) that comes with grit and determination

This sore-- Is the feeling of growth.

Then we have the sore that feels like bags of rocks,

-and shame, maybe...

That pain is the pain of being hurt and vulnerable

When you fall, and it almost hurts too much to just get up

The added stress and pressure you carry

There are periods of this but it shouldn't be a constant

It shouldn't always be like this

The body invariably keeps score

In life, we must have a balance

The second soreness demands to be felt so the first can be appreciated.

But wait, there is a third-

a mental sore

being overworked

And that sore is a tired pain that comes in waves, wanted or not;

The mental fatigue that bores you through leaving you empty..

The soreness you can feel but not hold

Step back and take a breath

Recognize your soreness and keep going

Ruby James

Hello Monday

In the morning, a fresh start. Bright eyed and bushy tailed. Born ready for whatever the day has planned for me.

The rain falls and the sunrise lights the drops on my window, the colors of warmth—energy, and happiness.

Through the open door, the smell of dew-- rain, and a new chance waft in. Sweet—cold, and promising.

At the threshold, I look out at the familiar, then a little further, past what I'm used to-- the everyday, the reliable.

Consider all the people going home from the long night shift. Silently send my thanks to all of the hard workers. The quiet din of the far away traffic lets me know

message received.

Being outside the wind wraps me like a chilly hug that envelops my entire being and I feel connected, grounded to my earth. The same earth that is for all of us. But now, I choose to forget that and imagine it's here for me, just me.

Karma lets me know today will be mine for the taking, if I dare, I have a habit of not turning down dares.

Head held high in the rain. Welcoming challenge and ready to give my all.

Warm socks to support bold steps- I feel a shift, conflicting feelings seep in, toeing the line. But I know this is my place too.

Focus on the present, I tell myself. Ignore the doubt creeping around the edges like a vignette.

The wind hears me whisper my promises for the future into open space and like the raindrops sparkling, I see myself shine, I choose to shine.

With my preparation for whatever the day has planned for me, I smile.

Take a step, then two more. And just go for it.

Hello, Monday- Your move.

Ruby James

Fluttering

Up in the air

Above all the heads of

Old people unknowing what possibility

Distantly flutters above them

A note full of love/hope/dreams

The dreams of lovers

The hope of dreamers

The love of people filled to the brim with aspirations



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That note full of possibility rustles

High above all the hats of

all the businessmen plugging away busy at work

The note flutters in the gusty air

Until it's just a little speck in the distance

To inspire the little-ones

Who are brave enough to

Look

Up

Through the rain and the clouds

To

Believe

Ruby James