

Poetry Series

Taylor Petty
- poems -

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Taylor Petty(April 11,1991-Still Kickin')

Hey, I'm Taylor. Poetry keeps me honest. If it weren't for the art, I would be the most mendacious person in Texas, and the thought of that does not appease me. Everything that I write is heart-felt, so if you have any comments, in good taste or not, give me a holler. I hope that my writing inspires you to be honest with me. Thank you.

5 Fragments For Christopher Landi

You were making so much progress.
You were clean for five months.
And now your cleanliness rests with your soul.
You were cared about.

You were prayed for, right along with Riley.
I knew you were better than your addiction.
The world shouldn't have taken you down with it.
You were much stronger.

You were intelligent.
You knew what to say and how to say it.
You believed what you understood, you questioned what you didn't.
You were genuine.

You were a father.
Riley was the luckiest daughter in the world.
She has a part of you that the rest of us don't.
You were HER father.

Did you know you would be leaving her behind?
She's never going to know what we knew.
We'll do our best to let her know...
You were amazing.

R.I.P. Christopher Lloyd Landi
November 3,1990-April 15,2009
I Love You, Chris

Taylor Petty

Carb-Free Conformism, Anyone?

My struggle to be like everyone else was like...

Being a string less guitar

Useless.

I was hoping to make a sound, or even a difference.

But in reality, I thought I was missing something that made me functional.

My struggle to be like everyone else was like...

Being a mannequin.

Everyone knew I was not like them

I stood still, praying that people would think I was real.

But in reality, I was just posing for appearance.

My struggle to be like everyone else was like...

Being school on Saturday morning.

Classless.

I was hoping some will stay when I came about.

But in reality, no one really wanted to be there.

My struggle to be like everyone else is like...

Manufacturing bricks.

Only as hard as I make it.

I've spent all my time trying to find a perfect shape, size, weight.

But in reality, every shape, size, and weight has a purpose.

Taylor Petty

Do Glasses Have Volition?

My glasses.
They gave me vision.
They let me see the world for what it really is.
They were a great help.

I misplaced them three months ago.
I became oblivious to the peril that normally wouldn't go unseen.
I wasn't able to function properly.

To my success, found them two weeks ago.
The problem was, they were sitting on someone else's nose.
She had them.
I didn't.
Story of my life

Taylor Petty

Friend To All, Yet Friendless

There was spark ignited in my backyard.
My neighbor had the same ailment.
She asked me to help her.
Hey, she said please.
I ignored my yard to go and save hers.
My other neighbor also has a small flame in her yard.
The magic word, again.
I put my backyard on the back burner.
I helped put out a fire.
Exhausted from the days events, I went home
My backyard was ablaze!
Help! Please, f-ing help! Please!
I said, the magic word, twice.
No help.
They will not be getting Christmas cards.
Btches.

Taylor Petty

How Glad Am I You Didn'T Walk In Earlier

His laughter played itself over and over again in my mind,
Like a broken record player.
His beautiful brown eyes were engraved in my memory.
His smile danced in my thoughts.
Behind closed lids, I saw his face.
I parted them, and there he was.
And he was just as remarkable as I had remembered him.
I love him.

Taylor Petty

Illusory Break-Up

I can't help but wonder, would we be any different had I told you exactly how I felt about you.

Maybe it was all just in my head that you cared about me.

I might have invented another you in my mind to make me feel a little bit better about liking, no, scratch ~~that~~, loving you.

It sucks cause now I have realized that I have wasted so much time and energy on you.

Now I'm all out of both, left with nothing.

It's rather depressing.

I just hate the fact that through all of the times of me being angry at you, cursing you out, crying over ~~you~~, and etc., I couldn't see that maybe I was just delusional, and I was putting myself through all of this.

I can't keep doing this to myself, or I feel I might hurt myself even more than now.

So I am deleting your number, for the very last time, I am going to avoid you in any way possible.

Don't take it personal.

It's not you, it's me.

Taylor Petty

Jered's Courage

I didn't say, 'Kiss me, you confidence lacking zero! '
I didn't see it coming.
I didn't know he had the courage.

I said, 'I don't want you to be late to class, you'd better go.'
I saw him move closer until our lips met.
I knew, then, that his courage was in existence.

Taylor Petty

Just When I Thought Dennis Was The Menace, I Checked Out Mr. Wilson

The words about you won't come to my mind.
I want to write exactly what I feel.
But I don't know how I feel.
You make me happy, yet you make me sad.
You make me confident, yet you make me nervous.
You give me answers, yet you leave me wondering.
You are awful and amazing.
I can tell you anything, but I don't trust you.
Everything that I love about you, I hate about me.
Why is that?

Taylor Petty

New York

I've been trying to figure out ways to tell you.
I think I'm going to just come out and say it.
It pissed me off when I helped you and you didn't even say thank you.
That's all I needed was a f-ing thank you.
This was just confirmation that I need to just let you go.
I deserve way better than you on a good day.
You only want to talk to me when it's convenient or you need something.
Well, I'm done.
If you ask me to call you, I'll forget, three minutes later.
As a matter of fact, I'm deleting your number.
I'm going to avoid you in the halls.
I won't come and talk to you after school.
I'll act like I don't even know you.
Then you can see how I feel.

Taylor Petty

New York Part 2

It felt good to tell you exactly how I feel.
But know that's it out, I don't think you took me seriously.
I don't even think I took me seriously.
The truth is, though I did delet your number, it's not the first time.
Five times.
All the other four times, I found myself talking to you again.
And all those times, you made me feel like sh- when you didn't talk back.
And then you had some nerve to ask me why we don't talk anymore.
Really?
Were you seriously asking me that?
Well, let's see, I'm the only one that makes an effort.
Do you know how that feels.
You probably don't.
I haven't given you the chance.
So, with that being said, here you go.
It's your turn.
Have fun.
A-hole.

Taylor Petty

New York Part 3

You make me so sick.

I am already reconsidering myself.

Should I have, or shouldn't I have.

The truth is, I don't really know.

I can't decide whether I was serious, or if I just spoke out of anger.

I hate you, I love you, 'pick one, Taylor Renee, ' I tell myself.

I can't.

Every time I try hating you, you manage to pull me back, without saying a word.

Every time I try loving you, you push me away because you aren't saying a word.

Where the f*ck do you stand?

It's sad that I have to ask, hell, you would think I would know.

But the fact of the matter is... I don't.

You keep me guessing, all the time.

That's what I hate about you.

In fact, that's the only thing I hate about you.

You're never just simple.

Everything has to be super complex.

One day, you're blowing up my phone, the next day, I don't exist.

How do you sleep at night?

Do I even seep into your conscience?

I'd guess not, because I'm just Taylor Renee Petty.

And as hard as it will be, you will be just New York

Taylor Petty

New York Part 4

So I decided to give you another shot.

You said, "Talk to you later."

When you said later, did you mean later this year or later today.

Hell, I can't tell.

It's been almost four hours since I last talked to you.

This really bites, you know.

I really thought that I could possibly like you again.

Turns out, I was wrong.

But what's new.

I'm still the same old me.

Insular.

You're still the same old you.

Nonchalant.

Why haven't I come to embrace your personality and just move on?

I hate loving you, but I can't help it.

I'm sick.

Why can't I be detached like you?

I don't like you, yet I love you.

Pretty.

F*cking.

Odd.

Taylor Petty

New York Part 5

It's for the best, it think I should just avoid talking to you.
Did you know I added your number back to my phone?
And for what?
The same bullshit routine, that's what.
Usually I would be right back where I am today.
Back where you want me, vulnerable.
I'll tell you something, mister.
If I see you in the hallway, I'll walk the other way.
If I see you and I can't walk away, I'll be cordial.
Not charismatic.
I am going to try and make you what you've made me.
I know I've said this so many times.
And so many times, I have gone back on my words.
I can't do this anymore.
I'm on the verge of losing my mind over you.
Now its time for me to choose, my mind or you?
Good riddance.
Jack*ss.

Taylor Petty

Pessimistic/Dead On

Was that a wink,
Or did you have something in your eye?

When you hug me,
Did you suffer defeat in a bet?

When you tell me I'm one in a million,
Are you reciting that same line to the other 6,000?

When you stare,
Do I have something on my face.

When you smile,
Of courtesy, perhaps?

When you talk to me,
Am I the only one accessible?

You should be more unambiguous.

Taylor Petty

The Cruellest

What is love?
Is it a feeling?
Is it an emotion?
Is it the thing that turns our stomachs
Into room and board for unwelcomed pixies?

I knew what love was once.
But, you see, love has a 'cocaine-esque' way of getting you addicted. Just when
you grow accustomed to the sweet intoxication,
Your supply is snatched from under your nose,
Leaving you stranded on the road marked with abandonment
Leading to the point of self-destruction.

Some say love is the greatest, but I say...
It can be the cruellest.

Taylor Petty

The Valentine (2009)

Crazy, how, on some level, you have to know.
Sh-t, I'm bad at hiding it.
For, I, Sir, am a terrible actress.
Yes, I know, shocked your socks off, right?
Is my sarcasm making you laugh?
To see that smile of yours is my only aim.
To be close to you is my desire.
Not an opportune moment to say this.
Seeing as how I'm not the only one who feels this way.
I know you feel the same about her.
It kind of hurts...

Unavailable love, that is.
My heart can no longer hold this in.
You are so mind-bottling.
I'm feeling like my mind is trapped in a bottle.
But that is in a good way.

A hostile writer's block is a thing of the past.
My future is only affable, thanks to my muse.
You inspire me to let on the pages of my diary.
They're all about you and how you make me feel.
My single question is, do I have the courage to let you read?

Taylor Petty

This Is What Your Twisted Perception Of “friendship” Has Caused Me To Write

Sometimes, when you ditch me to fix your hair,
I want to put glue in your conditioner.

Sometimes, when you cut off our conversation to talk about your make-up,
I want to replace that white eye-shadow that you love so much with itching powder.

Sometimes, when I see you take advantage of a great person,
I want to tell him what happened to the other great people you took advantage of.

Sometimes, when call yourself “going of on me, ”
I want to tell you why I can’t stand to be around you.

Sometimes, when you act so irresponsible,
I want to spread rumors about you so bad, that you will have no more friends to piss off.

Sometimes, when you come down on me about my faults,
I want to remind you of your “little habit” (or I think cry for attention)

Sometimes, when you make everything into a pity party for yourself,
I want to tell you how much I don’t care about him standing you up at the school dance.

Sometimes, when you take a breath near me,
I want you to choke as you read this.

But only sometimes...

Taylor Petty

What You Did To Me

I am the only person in the world that lives with a broken heart.
I wake up every morning hoping that I haven't lost a piece.
I carry it around with caution.
Until I find some glue.
Or tape.
I go through the day, covering it.
Acting like it isn't broken.
If no one asks, I don't have to tell.
I go to bed, hoping that it will be repaired in the morning.
Then I wake up...
Hoping that I haven't lost a piece

Taylor Petty