

Poetry Series

What Iff - poems -

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What Iff(24/08/91)

Bottled Breakdown

your trying hard to repress the things you cant deal with
YOUR TRYING YOUR TRYING
but its not good enough to cope with the shit!
you smashed that day

people say your copeing
COPEING COPEING
everyones copeing
but they don't know

their not hear often
but i sofen the blow

when was the last time you answered someone honestly....
..someone questions you with
'are you alright? '
you brush them off with 'im ok'
I bet you
wished you answered honestly that day

the building of an emotion on top of another
it's too much to handle
your cracking at the seems reaching for air
wishing someone was there

and i'm watching you suffocate
i do nothing your slipping away
and i'm watching, WATCHING

I don't care you've broken me
.....I'll break you
what did u expect me to do

What If

Broken Girl

I lie alone on the floor,
no point in living anymore.
NO one listens,
NO one cares. They
just feed me empty stares.

The
black figures argue and
shout, They
pressure me and push me out. Out
of mind, Out
of body, Out
of soul, Till I'm nobody

Why
say something you really mean,
when they look at me, I'm not seen.
Words
never seem to catch the air, Why
listen when I'm not there.

I'm broken
and torn.
Just like a thorn, I'm missing
my rose,
My body.
i need to be loved by
somebody

What If

Just To Listen! (Old)

I'm sick of feeling like a freak,
Feeling too afraid to speak.
In case i mutter a wrong word,
In case when i speak I'm not heard.

Why do i feel like i constantly need to cry,
When you ask me that I HAVE to lie?
Whats the point in telling everyone?
If I can't tell you but.....I need someone!

I HATE being pathetic and feeling sad!
I HATE them thinking that I'm, Bad!

You ask me why i cant tell you whats
going through my brain.....
WHY i twitch and shake and go insain...

But if I did that you'd think me a freak,
And then I'd be terrified to speak.

And the words i mutter would be in fear,
And the truth would be, just too hard to hear.

I don't know whats wrong with me.
It's just that no one can see!
that i need somebody!
JUST TO LISTEN TO ME!

What If

Longing For Limbo

the top and the bottom draw
the top and the bottom shelf
the ins and the outs
the back and the front

why cant I be in the middle draw?
where everything is just..ok
no loss of feeling
no gain of pain

why cant I be the shelf in-between?
where im niether here nor there
not on top feeling big
not below feeling small

why cant I be half way in and half way out?
where im undecided but fine
no pressure to be something else
no pressure to feel alright

why cant I be turned to the side?
where im balanced and free
not facing isolation
not facing ecstasy

NO top and bottom draw!
NO top and bottom shelf!
NO ins and outs!
NO back and front!

why cant i just be free?
im longing for limbo!

What Iff

No Words!

Anger, Frustration, Elation, Sadness, Pain, Suffering, Tears, Fears, Black, Touch, Reasons, Red, Normal, Limbo, Grief, Happy, Confident, Broken, Unhappy, Alone, Smothered, Covered, Speak, PANIC, Anxiety, Needles, High, Low, Hard, Soft, Torn, False, Lucky, Unlucky, Swinging, Ticking, Twitching, Overwhelmed, Loved, Un-Loved, Forgotten, Overlooked, Burned, Scared, Screaming, SILENT, Controlled, Unbalanced, Unhinged, Somber, Late, Unprotected, Pressured, No-point, Living, Listen, Care, Stares, Argue, Push, Pull, Fall, Calling, Nothing, Bored, Wrong, Ringing, Right, Answers, Tired, Scattered, War, WHY?

Everything i feel is wrong it breaks the rules, and yet it makes perfect sense to me.

However there are NO WORDS to describe IT, just associations things we are supposed to feel but not all at once.

My feelings are contradictions they don't match up they don't make sense.

so you see, there are NO WORDS to describe me!

What If

Nothing Like Normality

who says whats real
who says whats OK
who says what we feel
is supposed to be that way

when someone goes 'insain'
who says their not realising the reality
who says when you feel all that pain.
your not facing NORMALITY.

when you feel like your not natural
and everyones pressuring you
and to them your just not normal
you hate them for hurting you

and although your burning inside
with the torment of your sanity
your finding it harder to hide
your CRAVING their 'normality'.

What If

Suffer In Silence

I'm Blank
I'm Pale
I'm Cold
I'm Hollow
I'm Silent

Theres a thing inside of me and it's alive!
i shall sit in silence
every time you repress, pressure, criticize, question, order, demand something of
me..
your feeding it,
and it grows
and grows
And it wants to get out.
It screams, cries, Seethes, burns, itches, fights, kicks.
It's clawing it's way out of of the pit of my stomach.
It's sliding it's way up my throat.
I can't control it anymore,
Everything has made it too strong.
It jumps into my mouth
and SCREEEEEEAMS it's way out.

only theres no sound, so swallowed it goes back down....
in silence.

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