

A Year after Treatment



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Home is Reality

This isn't beautiful.

This isn't at all beautiful.
This "poem" is how I feel.
So though the words may sound well,
you will notice that I cannot spell.

Let's say that by "spell"
I mean cope.

Let's say that by "words"
I mean appearance.

I've been to and back,
From hospitals and schools
That were made to make me better.

And I was getting better.
Not to say that I've gotten worse.
Just to say I've lost a wheel
Or two,
Or three.

Ok, four.
That's how many there's supposed to be right?
Four?
I'm not sure I know.

Through the six months were hard,
Being away and all,
They also moved a lot slower.
I had the knowledge that I could leave
In a week if I was ready.
I also had the knowledge that
A week
May not be enough.

Being home is reality again.

The Blame is on me, because of you

I don't hate her for what she did to me.

I hate her for what she did to you.

It's all wrong,
the way things have happened.
I never did understand why.
Why you meant more to me than others,
But I think I get it now.

I trusted you with more than my heart,
I trusted you with all of me.
My secrets,
soft spots,
scars,
even my self confidence.

And why?
Because you still talked to me after everything you know?
Because I thought I saw a beautiful soul wrecked by my disaster of a family?

Well,
yes,
I guess both of those are true.
I thought I was saving myself from the pain of speaking my past alone.
In all reality I was trying to save you.

Because I do that,
I care too much.

I spent six months,
learning how to love and care for myself
more than others.
But you hit me deeper than some boy wasting my time.
You hit me harder because you were screwed by the same people I was.
And I know how it feels,
I know what she can do.

But I guess I'm the one to blame.

I shut down so many guys for you.
I started spending more time wanting to
see you,
talk to you,
more than anyone else.

Cigarettes

My confused heart- December

You're like a lit cigarette. I pick you up, breathing in to light you. I click the lighter, hoping the wind won't put it out. I take a drag, I see the dead air across the distance of the street. I exhale, I can't see the light from the lamp in front of my eyes. I breathe you in and I'm alright. I let you out and my tears cloud every inch of my sight. The smoke swirls, dancing handsomely. The end of the stick burning in a rose shaped fire. You seem very popular to me. "One more, then we'll go inside." really means "Let me smoke until I get too cold." I've smoked you for so long. One pack, two packs, more every day. But it has started to rain now, so I might as well be too cold. I'll go inside. You can stay in the car, but please don't come in if you have no intentions of being relit.

And I just want you to know, I have never smoked a cigarette. But I feel as though I understand the struggle of "Just one more."

My shattered heart- February

I bought another pack. Of lighters that is. With flames as the lyrics from the songs you played. Beautiful reds, oranges, and whatever other colors. The ones that you don't know I know the name to. The ones that have been burned on my heart since you showed me the sound of their light. And once this pack is gone, the flames will still burn through my heart to my tears. Because heaven forbid, I should drop this lighter in your words of gasoline.

I knew you were going to be trouble when you came into my life, I just didn't realize it would be this kind of trouble. The kind that only the extreme of harsh words or all together silence can produce with such pain.

My conscious heart- April

I'm the cigarette now. The bad habit you quit cold turkey. It was so easy for you, you weren't addicted. So, now I'm burnt out on the floor, while you've already lit a new one.

And as your collection of burnt out cigarettes grows, so does your collection of those who hate you.

Gramma and Grandpa

I have had two people die in my life.
Two funerals attended.
One was about a year ago, Holly.
The other was about two weeks ago, Danielle.

Soon I will attend two more.
Soon to be, Gramma.
And soon to be Grandpa.

(July 11, 1954,
Was the day she was born.)
(March 1, 2018,
Will be the day she will die.)

"Die" means "Death"
But "Death" does not mean "Demise"
Maybe loss of sight of her,
But never loss of her.

When we soon lose sight of her,
She will be with us again,
In a few days,
To a week.

Her ashes, physically in our rooms.
Her spirit, everywhere we go.
You may hear her love, and I may too.
You may not hear her words, and I may not
also.

A penny was on the floor today.
I picked it up and didn't let it go.
Pennies from heaven,
One or the other, is looking over me.

And if a rose so happens to come
Lying on our doorstep,
That special day shall not be forgotten.
Death or birth.

(March 16, 1946,
Was the day he was born.)
(July 26, 2018,
Will be the day he will die.)

"Die" means "Death"
But "Death" does not mean "Demise"
Maybe loss of sight of him,
But never loss of him.

When we soon lose sight of him,
He will be with us again,
In a few days,
To a week.

His ashes, physically in the ground.
His spirit, everywhere we go.
You may hear his love, and I may too.
You may not hear his words, and I may not
also.

His boots were on his feet,
I know he died with dignity.
A veteran and a cowboy,
I know I'll be safe and under his watch.

And if a puzzle so happens to come
Lying on our doorstep,
That random day shall not be forgotten.
Death or birth.

Black Roses

Roses as black as your soul. But darling, black is beautiful to me.

Black was the color I associated with my pain.
the color of my fear of being hurt.
the color of my seclusion.
the color of my flinch every time someone was near.
the color of my thoughts.
the color of my paper ridden tears.

But only because black is the color of me.

Black is now the color I associate with you.
the color of my fear of being hurt.
the color of your company.
the color of my longing to hug you when you're near.
the color of my thoughts.
the color of my paper ridden heart.

But only because black is the color of you.

I know where they have black roses.
You know too.

I want to go, but I want to go with you.