

Mediocre.

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Father -

Thank you

For sticking around on days

You honestly didn't have to.

For putting up with the terrible twos

And all the bratty attitudes.

For consoling me every time I needed you.

These poems wouldn't be written

And this dream wouldn't be a thing

If you hadn't been encouraging me.

Anxious -

When you read these words,
You're reading a part of me.
I'm filled with all these pieces of someone
I don't wanna be.
An anxious bloodstream,
Lack of sleep.
Please, don't let this take over me.

Nelly Furtado -

When you're
Promiscuous and a hopeless romantic,
The difference of what you need
For a long term fling
And what you want in that moment
Can get lost in the heavy breathing
And meaningless touching.
Afterwards comes questioning,
"What are we?"
Which is followed by nothing
But awkward laughing while exiting.

Lay Here -

When you allow strange boys
To trace your skin,
They assume you'll let them in again.
Once you are in their hands
You are no longer a person.
Their needs, their wants,
Always trump yours.
Their voice,
Always trump yours.
"Lying with them,
You're essentially a whore."

Gold -

I've been told

I deserve gold.

So if you're going to treat me like silver

Then please take a number.

I will get to you eventually.

You boys in line will mean a lot to me.

But there's more to me than the outline of my hips.

I can't allow you to treat me like this.

Tahoe Blues -

My favorite place
Will always be
Nights spent fast asleep
Lying next to you
In the back of your mother's Tahoe.
When you whispered,
"You're beautiful"
That's when I thought,
I was ridiculously in love with you.

What You Refuse To Say -

This boy should come with a warning;

“Hey I’m kind of boring.

I traded in all my good qualities for weed.

Then eventually traded all that in for things-

Something that can get me higher.

Faster.

Longer.

My mind is not a place you want to be.

Drugs help me escape from the things echoing inside me.

I don’t bother committing to someone *real*.

She prevents me from feeling.

I love *her* more than anything.

And eventually *she’ll* kill me.

But don’t all great love stories end in tragedy?”

Things I Need To Hear -

“Your optimism

Shines out of your eyes

Like the sun in the middle of the afternoon.

Happiness will be promised to you.”

Bones (An Iffy Spoken Word) -

Some nights,
I really hate sleeping alone.
Between the insecurities and pointless anxiety
Having another body beside me
Eases it all.
But no matter how bad I might get,
Sleeping alone is still better than
Another unwanted boy trying to jump my bones.

Pluto -

You're starting to look like a skeleton,
Decaying from the outside in.
No matter how many times you guide the needle,
You will not truly be alive.
I tried to revive you,
To make you see,
You mean the earth and the moon to me.
But I was only Pluto in your universe of issues.

Breakdown (spoken word) -

Breakdown

This bed,

Your bones,

Your breath.

Take these pieces to those who know

Who you are

And where you've been.

Keep pretending we hadn't been.

Like this wasn't something you wanted;

Something you liked.

Breakdown these walls you have so high,

Let someone see the weak little boy you hide inside.

Cigarettes -

I looked down and there was a wind underneath me.

You

Left the taste of cigarette breath

Between my teeth.

I wasn't expecting a campfire love song.

You weren't expecting your life to last this long.

153 days and we were caught in the flames.

Burned by the passion we couldn't create.

Like a puff of air,

you disappeared.

I felt you gone,

You still seemed to be here.

Pulling the trigger, *bam*.

I wear a new skin-

Vulnerability.

Aftermath -

The night I am at my worst

I still feel waves

Of you running through me.

Those nights I mistake my pillow for your chest;

Both without a heartbeat.

Behavior -

Self love is a learned trait,
But all I've learned is self hate -
When you never get taken out
But instead get taken back to their bed;
When just as soon as you rest on his chest
It's seen as an invitation for pleasure-
His pleasure to begin.
This is when your mind starts to race,
"He doesn't even care about me in the first place."
But when these two father like strangers walk in,
They start to make you whole again.
You start to love the greatness they see.
You learn self destruction is a trait you don't need.

Things I Couldn't Tell You So You Wouldn't Kill Yourself (spoken word) -

The most self destructing thing I could do

I allow myself to keep *loving* you.

I can picture our memories

Vividly out loud.

These blues and pretty hues

Are turning into grey and fuzz.

You've managed to wreck me

Without even speaking to me.

I've ripped apart my personality

Hoping to find some kind of issue.

But Sherlock's latest discovery told me

To tell you,

Fuck you.

You should have been destroyed from the inside out.

You should have laid in bed for days on end.

Praying I would come back.

You should shudder at another girls touch.

Because not even your needles will *love* you as much as *I do*

Dating a Ghost (Spoken Word) -

Five months with you
Was like staring at the same stars every night,
Amazed by how dull they shine.
The first time we kissed,
You apologized for getting a boner.
We made out for three hours like horny teenagers afraid to go further.
Ever since that kiss,
I vanished inside you.
Whenever your lips grazed mine after that night,
It still felt like that first time.
I had you and you had me.
And we were content briefly.
A few weeks later, you began to unpack your soul.
Always leaving it at home.
This beautiful body was walking around filled with bones.
But you still managed to be
Completely hollow. Ghost like.
My friend said one day, "You talk about him as if he's already deceased."
Everyday you became more like a machine.
We ended up developing a normal routine with limited speaking.
Even after life escaped you,
Your brown eyes still shimmered.
Your hands still felt filled with blood.
Your body was still able to create a beautiful rhythm
That damaged me every time someone tried to mimic it.
And even though you are the walking dead
The most alive I've felt
Was when your body was next to mine.

Statistic -

Typically,
Children of Divorce don't love so easily.
We have a tendency to find your flaws;
Your baggage,
Your family problems
And paint you in them.
We cannot see you without this cloak on.
You will learn to hate yourself and feel our pain.
We will try our damndest to not love you.
Even after we train you.
However, I decided,
"I don't wanna be that way"
I grew up seeing Mom in her room,
Dad on the couch.
I thought,
"All parents slept this way.
We're all in the same house, everything is okay!"
Despite growing up in the "non traditional broken home",
I don't want to love and be loved
By dancing on eggshells.

Mother (spoken word) -

There are certain moments
When a daughter needs her mother.
However, in these moments,
Mine couldn't be bothered.
When the first unwanted boy walked in,
I needed her motherhood to begin.
When there was a bruise on my bottom lip,
She didn't even glance at it.
My mother,
I want so badly to love her,
Completely.
And I've been dreading writing these rhymes,
Cause I don't want these words to hurt you,
You were doing the best you could.
But mother,
Why did you let this go unfixed?
Why did you let me stay like this?

Casting -

I've always modeled myself after
The stereotypical female lead -
Someone people genuinely enjoy.
Not the girl who gets thrown away
Like a cheap, dollar store toy.

Closure -

These poems are meant to get personal.
And if you know me personally,
Please accept my apology.
These rhymes aren't meant for you to carry my burdens.
These phrases and run-on sentences
Aren't meant for you to look at me differently.
Because honestly,
I am happy.
These anxieties only live between the pages.
They're not carried with me everyday.
"Life isn't meant to be lived that way."