

# **i wish i had the words**

1/23/23 10:30 pm

i am no longer passionate about the passions that made up my being.

they take my ideas and make it something beautiful and i wish i had the same mind to create the words that sounded just as sweet.

my own writing is nauseating to endure and the thought of another seeing my words is enough to make me second guess every character i place onto my desolate screen.

i see the words appear and i recoil at the obvious attempts at being special.

being just another amazing poet.

as if my hands could ever touch someone with the same intensity. as if they could leave any trace of a changed mark.

as if the weight of my words could make as much of a difference as the thousands of others before me.

i've never seen a poet hate their own work, and yet i doubt i'm the first to do so.

i wish to grapple my readers with each sentence, leave them hanging by a string that i can pull to make them feel whatever i choose.

i wish to make my readers malleable, to have them see in between the lines and become subject to a sight that is different from the others.

i wish to be more than the poets before me, to reach into the body of the reader and dig into their heart.

to constrict their lungs and control their breath.

to contrast the conscious from the unconscious thought and make them question their every move.

i want to become an influence that is haunting in spirit and makes parents forbid their children from reciting my words.

i want to be known as something so beautifully unhinged that it creates chaos in the mind of the living.

my words can never hold the weight of the world, and they never will.

they will never reach out to the ones who need them most.

for they remain trapped in my head and on my screen, forever floating, waiting to be released.

i second guess every action my hands perform.

i dream of opportunities to create uncertainty of what was once beautiful.

of wilted roses with thorns that prickle the skin of the pages that readers turn.

of the ability to manipulate the meaning of beauty altogether, and change the minds of those who recite me.

but i know that i never find the beautiful words.

i know it will be silenced by the peers who are better.

i know that what i write will always be a copy of those i found who already succeeded.

it will be unoriginal and the choice of words will be poor.

the features of my work will be nothing more than a phase that i hastily quit.

i would argue that sanity is what makes the words dull.

i hope the poets would agree.

## **self destruction**

8/6/22 10:46 pm

treat me like the hurricane i am, destroying everything in my path.

i am inconsolable, and uncontrolled.

i am the natural disaster that parents call their loved ones to warn about.

the category 10 that has you running to kiss your children before they go to bed

each night.

i am not a good person, i am not even human.

i am simply a message from earth telling the people that inhabit it about what is to come.

the day of reckoning, the apocalypse, the final wave of chaos.

i am no longer a person, i am only an object of mens highest and darkest desires.

i am no longer a person, i am only a toy for you to play with when you are bored.

i am no longer a person, i am only a diary for you to scratch your most pained confessions onto.

i am a thing to be destroyed, before i destroy those around me.

i create a wreckage and watch as people post go fund me's to pay for their broken lives in need of repair.

i destroy because i see too many things that are already broken.

i steal peoples secrets from their mouths and put them on my list of promises not to spill as the venom of their honesty wraps it's fangs around my tongue and poisons my head.

i feel reminded of the guilt as i know something the others don't.

my need for chaos trickles down my cheek as i scream for another opportunity to gain a connection through the list of secrets that don't belong to me.

i am a radioactive wave of lies as i use and use and never reciprocate.

the hurricane grows closer to my home as i continue to gain more information painted in a crimson confidential lettering on my skin.

i don't deserve to know how to help you.

i'll only use you before you use me first.

i am dangerous to those around me, and deadly to those i love.

i am the hurricane.

i am the waves thrashing at your home and cracking the glass of your windows.

i wash away any trust you had for me.

i am the hurricane, the ocean full of murky waters polluted by my own judgement.

i am the undiscovered science experiment that experts are terrified of exploring.

i am the sea as you are the shore.

the water only continues to rise as i continue to learn how to avoid the question  
but gain an answer all the same.

the water grows deeper as my questions lure you in like a siren lures the sailors.

if only i knew how to stop.

if only someone could pull me out.

*but i never did learn how to swim.*

## **any last words?**

11/21/21 5:32 pm

as i look down at the people walking along the dull skyline, i feel the hesitation  
creeping up my spine.

not expecting any answers, but hoping for one all the same.

with slow doubt and empty promises of improvement i know better than to get my  
hopes up.

and yet there is still a part of me that is afraid.

afraid of what could happen if i take that final step.

*afraid of what could happen when i don't.*

who would i hurt? why does it matter? why do i still care?

*even standing on death's door you still yearn for approval. preen at the idea of*

*praise.*

*you never could let that go could you?*

the paranoia eats away at any ideas i had. crushing them down like it did the rest of my hope. hope for the future that is just too far away.

if only i was confident. prepared for whatever and willing to accept the things i don't know.

*but you never were pleased with the love you received, were you?*

*always craving more. that possessive grip never left you, did it?*

so much has changed and *you still stay stuck in your world.*

the guilt crawls back up with a hand on my neck and i'm reminded of the reason i came up here.

it digs a clawed hand into my hair as if it were showing me comfort in my decision.

but i'm afraid.

i've always been afraid.

*and that fear will be your downfall.*