

Poetry Series

**Angel Hackbarth**  
**- poems -**

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# Angel Hackbarth()

I GET TEASED ALOT AND I REALLY LOVE WRITING POEMS. THEY MAKE ME FEEL BETTER THAN CUTTING MYSELF USED TO.

# Dead And Gone

She cant take this anymore,  
Her heart is so broken its sore,  
Nobody can see how she is,  
She thought she was his,  
She hates her life,  
She holds a knife,  
Against her soft skin,  
Blood starts to pour out,  
Everyone wants her to die no doubt,  
She knows if she takes her life she cant see what her future holds,  
But everyday it keeps getting cold.  
Everyone wants her to die,  
Everyday she cries,  
"Everybody hates me! " she calls,  
Then she starts to fall,  
She got hurt way to many times,  
She didnt do any crimes,  
Nobody sees who she actually is,  
Why did god give her this?  
Everyday she doesnt eat,  
Instead she hides in her sheet,  
Everything is so broken,  
Her words are unspoken.  
Everyday's the same,  
She hates her name,  
She bleeds to the point she goes away,  
She doesnt want to stay,  
Its not okay,  
Its not okay...  
Goodbye world she speaks as she is dying,  
Her thoughts are flying,  
Down, Down, down she goes,  
she cant feel the flows,  
Down her soft skin,  
Its fading away,  
She isnt going to stay,  
Goodbye world,  
Goodbye.



# Faces

I see everyone.  
They give me dirty faces,  
Why are they looking at me?  
I break all the vases.  
Everyday I have a death wish,  
I cry everyday,  
I keep wishing,  
That I would die,  
People care about me?  
Haha I guess I didn't see,  
All these faces,  
Haunting my mind,  
What are you trying to find?  
By hurting every piece in my body,  
Why all these faces...

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# Forget

Did you really forget what me and you had?  
How could you forget?  
You said you and I were perfect together,  
But then you went and for another,  
You said we would last,  
so why did you lie?  
i hate my life,  
cant you see i already took a knife,  
you said you loved me.  
do you really?  
your name will always be on my hand,  
you and me were gonna be a band,  
darkness is filling me rapidly,  
all because of you,  
i cry day and night,  
but all we do is fight,  
you were everything to me,  
to me i trusted you when you said it was meant to be,  
baby how could i be so blind?  
i couldn't even see the signs,  
and yet you said i cared,  
you forget everything that meant the most to you,  
why is life such a fail?  
i am fucking sick of getting hurt all the time.  
what ever i will never forget what we had,  
and it hurts me the most that you would forget,  
what he had.  
but what ever ill be dead soon,  
just dont forget what we had.  
-Angel Hackbarht-

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# Hurt

Hurt is what i feel,  
Whenever I hurt i kneel,  
Cry and Cry,  
Ohh my, my, my,  
What happened when i was a child,  
beaten and raped,  
cheated on and brused,  
Hurt is what i feel,  
not even a single meal,  
not do i hurt,  
but horrible ways,  
every stupid day,  
please help god please,  
i hope i no longer hurt.

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# I Miss

I miss the way we were,  
I miss everything about and I cant believe I still want you,

I miss your blue eyes,  
I miss everything about you,  
I never told you what I should have said,  
After all the things we've been through I miss everything,  
The feeling I had for you,  
I miss you,  
I miss your blue eyes,  
I miss that feeling we had and it might have been my fault,  
That I miss you,  
You had me feeling like a child,  
You always made me have those feelings going in a funny place,

You made me smile,  
You made me feel this way,  
And you made me feel wanted in everyway you showed,  
It was a tragedy when we fell apart,  
I cried and cried and cried,  
Weeks on end,

When I was with you something always had me thinking of you,

I still have that feeling me and you had,  
But with you its so complicated,  
I loved you with all i had,  
but you used me and it hurt so much,  
You dont understand what we had,  
Because your a player like every boy on this earth,  
This is so complicated,  
But its time to say good bye,  
and just always remember,  
I miss you.

-Angel Hackbarth-

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# Try

My happy place is nothing,  
I can't see myself there,  
I keep suffering,  
Then I don't care,  
Why do I even try,  
If I keep being depressed,  
Why don't I die,  
And stop living in this distress,  
My life is fucked up,  
Im living a goddamn lie,  
When people ask me if im fine I say "Yup."  
Then when I get home I cry,  
People don't see the real me,  
I don't show and they don't know,  
That im not who i once used to be,  
I put on a fake smile,  
But it only last for a while,  
People call me a freak,  
This isnt what I seek,  
Yes, I self harm,  
No, I don't show my arms,  
They just don't understand,  
My life is so.. so bland...  
So im going to stop trying,  
Because nothing happens when I try,  
So ill continue crying,  
Wishing for the day that I die.

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# Why

Why is it life can be a blast?  
Then you remember the past.  
Why do we feel sad,  
Then the next day we are mad.  
Sometimes its like you feel hated,  
Then you have stated,  
What your inner emotions are.

Why do people hate on others,  
When we're all the same,  
in one way or another,  
my heart gets smothered,  
when you say you hate me more than one time,  
you were the shining star in the night,  
shining so bright,  
you were a beautiful sight,  
but now your just the night.

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# You

You are a jerk,  
You never work,  
You always bully people,  
You are a jerk to a lot of people,  
And yet your still liked,  
You make people sad,  
You also make people mad,  
You dont understand what you do,  
You say this is just you,  
Whatever there has to be someone who cares in this world,  
People like you,  
Just hurt people like us,  
And you wonder why i cut,  
You should see now,  
You can also take a bow,  
For your, only your happiness,  
You will be celebrating alone,  
Because your just a jerk.

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