

Poetry Series

Anita Grassrope
- poems -

Publication Date:

2007

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Anita Grassrope()

Blind Love

Why is it so blind for me to see
what life really means
the entire class is terrified,
please just tell me what to do
my pathetic life is changing
and so confusins how stressful,
this can be for me
can you see
and when i'm with him i always thought we were meant to be,
but he's miles away from my heart this not his fault or mine,
our hope and my love for him
never dies it lastest forever
i try to look for someone new,
but no one could compare to him
it he were mine
just one more time
we could of had change the past
and have made us last,
but most of all i will never forget him
the one thing i thought was true
he always accepted what i did
no matter how much he didn't approve,
i wish, i hadn't lied all those tymes
for what i did i have to hide,
i tremble an shiver to think of those who came before
hearing the heart tear once more.

Anita Grassrope

Confuse

where do i take place
in this hatred case
blinding my thoughts,
blinding to see how life can be
destroying my life
finding the darkness i cause,
causing light to fade
extremely driving my self insane
looking forward tearing my insides
blowing my fuccin' brains.

Anita Grassrope

Heart And Soul

Every blood that sheds
every pain that aches
every soul has this energy
to break free from this horror of life
to bleed in this very deed
crying out loud
saying pain is life,
so devastated everytime.

Can't explain the meaninglessly
heart breaking soul
i shut my eyes just to scream it all out,
i have to break free from pain,
but every corner i turn
the pain aches
trying to run from my heart and soul
this pain inside me can't be explained
it rots, it feeds
running through my veins
nobody hears
nobody cares
all it does is torture me,
the one thing that i can't hide from
it finds me, just wanting to destroy me
to see tears flowing each night,
loosing the hope that came and left again.

The rage of determination
the sound of lifetime souls,
cursing every dream i have
thinking death is the only answers to my questions,
the moment i do something about it,
it crushes down my confidence
going where no one else goes,
feeling eager to cut & bleed,
dripping, and trapped of thinking
these suicide episodes
that runs through my brain cells,
time is ticking
all the f***ing creeps staring at me
the anger inside me indeed,

of the blood flowing deep,
ripping myself control being.

By: Anita M. Grassrope
(aka)
Twisted Confuse Freak

Anita Grassrope