

Poetry Series

**Anya Nikolaevna**  
**- poems -**

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# Anya Nikolaevna(August 1997)

I am a person  
whose identity  
is purposefully unknown.

I am a person  
who is living their life  
just like everybody else.

I have a story,  
which I have decided to share  
unlike the rest.

And through this story,  
I might finally discover  
who I am.

My name will not be revealed unless I truly am motivated to share it to the public. I might be called Anya or L for luciform but each have a hint as to what my name is.

I am here on this website writing about my feelings and my stories, you will notice a shift in my way of thinking and my journey. If this truly is successful, I will sell exact photocopies of my journals which include more than just poems.

I have been through many heartbreaks, but this one stands out the most.  
PS: A is the deadly letter.

# Addicted

I feel the smoke  
enter my lungs,  
poisoning me and slowly  
bringing me closer to my  
death.

I feel the blade  
caress my skin,  
cutting it open and slowly  
draining the blood out  
of my body.

I feel love  
engulf my heart,  
suffocating it and stopping  
its pulse.

I am addicted.  
Addicted to pain

I will be the cause  
of my own death.

There is no way out.  
If you are reading this,  
I am sorry.

Anya Nikolaevna

# Am I Enough?

I don't want my love  
to go to waste.  
I hope you appreciate  
everything I've given you  
because  
I offered you  
my heart  
and soul.

I hope that is enough for you  
to be satisfied  
because  
I cannot offer you  
more, since  
there isn't more to offer.

Anya Nikolaevna

# Am I Who You Think I Am?

When the night sky  
lit up his room,  
and his eyes  
wandered from one star  
to the other,  
the voice appeared.

The same familiar  
incomprehensible whispers;  
almost from a dream.  
He started the same chase.  
He could feel her voice get closer.  
But he would not find her.

She was sobbing.  
Dark and thick clouds gathered.  
It was raining, pouring.  
He could hear her screams,  
accompanied by  
by lightning and  
thunder,  
getting  
louder,  
getting  
stronger.

The world was spinning as  
he fell on the damp grass.  
Looked up to the sky,  
just clouds.

He sat there wondering  
if he will ever find her;  
whoever is calling him,  
the person, he thought,  
could light up his world.

Little did he know  
that she was the storm;

the drops of rain  
caressing his skin  
are her tears,  
every lightning came from  
every punch to the floor,  
and the thunder  
came from her screams.

I am the storm...  
Do not get closer.

Anya Nikolaevna

# Beautiful But Misunderstood

I think I saw  
the most beautiful girl  
as I was walking down the street.  
There she was  
on her balcony  
with a cigarette in her hand,  
the sun caressing her caramel skin  
and the wind brushing her wavy hair.

She seemed to be lost  
in her thoughts,  
which I long to understand.  
Her eyes gave away  
the pain she felt inside,  
for she was misunderstood  
by society.

I pray for the moment  
where I will be able  
to gather my strength  
and tell her  
that i love her.

Anya Nikolaevna

# Blessed Starts With B And So Does His Name

In a world full of selfishness,  
hatred and jealousy,  
a kind heart is almost  
impossible to find.

But he offers everything  
that could possibly make me  
fall in love with him  
even more.

I've grown  
and flourished,  
like a wild plant would  
at the banks of a lake.

I've been taken care of  
with such delicacy  
and love;  
something I never imagined.

He fills every void  
that was ever created  
throughout my life,  
and I finally feel whole again.

I don't have the words  
to express the extent  
of my gratitude  
but I know that  
he is the best thing  
that's ever happened to me.

Anya Nikolaevna

# Block Them & Chill

'Block them and chill',  
she says.

My best friend  
of almost seven years,  
gone just like that.

I never knew  
you could lose someone  
who has always been  
a constant in your life  
from one pure misunderstanding.

Maybe I'm better off without her,  
but all I know is that  
I truly loved her  
and gave her my everything.

She's so blind,  
she thinks  
she got rid of  
a dishonest friend.  
But all I wanted  
was the best for her.

It's selfish of her  
to leave me like that.  
I didn't deserve this,  
but she lost  
the realest friend  
she has ever had.

Honesty is the best policy  
when the other party  
is mature enough  
to handle it.

It's time for me  
to move on.

But how is that possible  
when endless memories  
I have with her  
are engraved in my head?

If only she could see  
who truly looked out for her,  
who never lost faith in her,  
who always encouraged her  
to do better.

She only focuses on  
who encourages  
her destructive behavior,  
who agrees  
with her decisions,  
regardless of how  
irrational they may seem.

I hope blocking me  
and indiscreetly tweeting about me  
still seem like some of  
the right decisions  
you've made in your life.

It would suck for you  
if you realized  
how loyal I actually was  
to you.

Anya Nikolaevna

# Blood & Tears

These four lonely walls  
have seen far too much  
when the night  
engulfs the light,  
and darkness  
is all I feel.

I can see my body  
dripping out  
blood and tears.

I take a look at my hands  
and find a blade  
cutting through my skin;  
the same skin  
my lover has kissed.

But I have no control  
over myself anymore.

More blood,  
more tears  
when the night appears.

Anya Nikolaevna

# Calling Out

Is anyone listening?  
I am desperate.  
My heart is sinking,  
my mind is intricate.

I am a slave  
to my own chain of thought.  
I find myself digging my own grave  
when happiness was all I sought.

I am paralyzed with fright.  
For when the night sky immerses  
the last drop of light,  
my cataclysmic demon awakens.

Can you hear me  
calling out for help?  
Can you see  
my pain as I yelp?

Anya Nikolaevna

# Candles

Once the wind blows

the bigger they are,  
the more they move.

When they are small,  
they stay still.

The bigger ones are baffled  
'How are they able to be immobile?  
The wind doesn't seem to affect the.  
Oh, I wish I was as strong.'

It's a shame  
they don't know that  
once the wind stops blowing

They shine the brightest.

Anya Nikolaevna

# Changes

It's funny  
how things  
can change in one day.  
A lot has happened,  
and you hurt me  
in a way  
I've never been hurt before.

If I am to be blamed  
for selfishness  
then I am not  
the person I thought  
I was.

If I am to be blamed  
for disrespecting someone,  
especially you,  
the person I love,  
then I do not deserve  
to be alive right now.

I am lost.  
I don't know  
what to think,  
how to feel,  
what to do,  
how to act,  
who to trust.

You see,  
you thought  
so highly of me  
at some point.  
You understood  
who I am.

But now,  
things have changes.  
The others would

rip my heart out,  
break it in tiny pieces  
and I'd still pick it up  
because I believed  
in myself.

But with you,  
you did so much more  
than that.  
You stripped me  
of my identity,  
you made me  
believe I'm a person  
that I am not.  
You've caused more damage  
than the rest  
combined.

Because of you,  
I lost myself  
and I don't know  
who I am  
anymore.

It truly is funny how things can change in one day.

Anya Nikolaevna

# Choose

You won more over  
so easily,  
that's why I sometimes wonder  
if you appreciate  
what you have  
because you got it effortlessly.

I've given you my all,  
I hope it doesn't scare you  
when I tell you  
that my heart is at the palm  
of your hands,  
and you get to choose  
whether you want to  
crush it  
or embrace it.

Anya Nikolaevna

# Don't Bring Tomorrow

Drifting away  
with time  
and when the sun comes up  
I'll be nothing but dust.

Don't bring tomorrow  
cause I already know  
I'll lose you.  
Dry your tears  
there's no need to cry;  
I will no longer be on your mind.  
You will forget me  
just like everyone did.  
I'll just be  
another girl  
you met  
and that's okay.

I will be okay.

Anya Nikolaevna

# Dying

Why did you  
invade my mind;  
where I can find  
every memory of you?

Why did you  
suffocate my heart;  
where every thought goes to?

I was screaming,  
begging for mercy,  
I felt the life  
being drained  
out of my weak body.

So why did you do it?

Why are you still here?

Leave me alone. Leave me.  
Let me breathe.

I can't keep you  
in my head anymore,  
you no longer  
comfort me.

You scare me.

You hurt me.

I cannot feel anything  
towards anyone.  
That's the only  
good I could do;  
I could love anyone  
and anything.  
You took that away from me.  
Snatched it out of my hands

and ran away with it.

That was my heart  
you stole, you see?  
Now I am dying,  
and you are living your life  
as if nothing happened.

You told me you'd protect me.

Little did we know...  
I need to be protected from you.

Anya Nikolaevna

# Fake Love

He was like a shadow  
that lurked in the darkness.  
All he did was follow,  
waiting to tame me with his harness.

I'd forget about his existence,  
but he kept me on standby  
regardless of the silence  
I was being occupied by.

Love should be kind,  
honesty is the best policy,  
but with his primitive mind,  
it was not that easy.

Nowhere to run.  
I can still hear my cries.  
He was just having some fun.  
Don't forget, he has red eyes.

I am feeling uneasy  
by his constant thirst for malevolence  
lingering in this sleazy  
mind of his.

But I stay composed,  
and pray the fakes get exposed.

Anya Nikolaevna

# Foolishly In Love

Your mind is  
buzzing  
racing  
bustling  
rushing  
battling  
running  
with thoughts.  
Thoughts that drain  
the life out of you.

You feel empty.  
You are numb.  
You have holes in your heart  
left by past lovers  
who you don't recognize anymore.

It's funny, isn't it?  
One day, someone is your everything,  
the next, he is a stranger.  
Just another person you offered  
your heart to.  
Just another person  
who destroyed it.

But you keep picking it up,  
dusting it off,  
and offering it to someone else,  
hoping they would treasure it  
and keep it warm and safe.

That poor heart of yours  
will no longer exist  
if you keep believing that  
'the next one will be different'.

You are so full of love,  
passion, tenderness,  
naivety and stupidity.

That poor heart of yours  
will rot, decay, deteriorate,  
if you keep believing that  
'love exists'.

You are foolish.

Anya Nikolaevna

# Grim Starts With G, And So Does His Name.

I still feel  
his scent  
lingering on my skin  
when I close my eyes.

This is not  
a romantic poem.

This is regarding  
a dark time in my life,  
when one person  
stripped me  
of my pride.

Taking advantage  
of my drunken soul  
and touching  
my everywhere,  
making his print  
on my paralyzed body.

Words failed me.

I could not utter  
a single letter  
as I felt him getting harder,  
I was mortified.

'What would he do next? '.

By the time  
I asked myself this question,  
he grabbed my wrist  
and, in no poetic word,  
he wanted to finish it off.

I miraculously gathered  
some sort of force  
to make me act

like I was awakening.  
This caused him  
to jump back  
and resort to the restroom.

As I went back to sleep,  
I could not comprehend  
the extent of weakness  
that took place  
from my part.

I knew this would haunt me  
for the rest of my life.

I am writing  
about this incident  
6 months later,  
and I still cannot  
get this name,  
scent,  
touch,  
breath  
out of my mind.

Anya Nikolaevna

# Hello, Goodbye

You're new here,  
I see.  
I'll give you a tour:

Here are all the 7 heartbreaks,  
here is the percentage of trust  
she has,  
you know what?  
You don't need to know,  
you don't need to be perfect for her,  
don't act stupid,  
don't be a pussy,  
have manners,  
pay for once,  
have respect and self-respect,  
be spontaneous,  
be sweet,  
be funny,  
be considerate,  
be generous,  
be caring,  
be responsible.

You can't just walk in  
and do your 'best',  
because you will be immediately kicked out.

We have high standards  
and don't have time for pussies.

Anya Nikolaevna

# I Am A Wreck

I am a wreck.  
I told you this  
from the start.

I've been  
used and abused,  
literally.  
I've had my heart broken  
far too many times  
to count.

I've been beaten  
physically and emotionally  
by numerous people.

I truly am  
a wreck,  
I am broken,  
I am lost,  
I am hurt,  
I am  
nothing.

Anya Nikolaevna

# I See Right Through You

A simple kiss from the devil  
nourishes the depths of the  
darkness inside you to  
revive it.  
Everything slowly gets infected by him.

Knowingly, I did not  
hand my heart  
out to the demon  
undercover; seen as  
really just a broken boy,  
yearning to be loved.

Anya Nikolaevna

# L.O.V.E

Love runs in my blood  
Love is all I see  
Love is all I feel  
Or even better; hear  
Or worse; think about  
Oh God what have I done?  
Violent words  
Violet is all I see  
Vultures roaming around me  
Every second of  
Every day...  
Escape!

Anya Nikolaevna

# Make Me Whole

Enveloping me  
with your love,  
embracing me  
with your touch,  
are all I need  
to get through my day.

I've never wished  
for a love  
this liberating.

I feel secure  
completely secure  
for the very first time.

I am here  
to make you happy.  
I underestimated you  
because, you see,  
my heart has been  
crushed, stepped on,  
spat on, disregarded  
and you just barged  
into my life,  
grabbed my hand  
and pulled me out of  
my misery  
and the dark.

You filled my life  
with joy  
and calmness.  
I will forever  
be grateful.

You are gathering  
even the tiniest pieces  
of my heart that are  
remaining on the floor.

You're making me whole.

I never imagined  
being whole again,  
let alone,  
have someone do it for me.

Thank you.

Anya Nikolaevna

## More

I've been counting the hours  
since you left me  
to do what seems to be  
more important  
more entertaining  
more more more.

Everyone seems to be wanting  
more than what they have.  
When what they have  
is more than enough,  
when what you have  
should be all that you need.

I guess  
I am not what you need,  
but you are what I need  
to keep my heart beating,  
my blood flowing,  
to keep me  
sane.

Anya Nikolaevna

# Remember

Remember how to love  
the same way  
you loved me.

I am leaving  
to a different place,  
where you do not  
exist.

I am letting you go,  
for love is the deadliest  
poison.

I know you love me,  
you know I love you,  
but let it go,  
live your life,  
be happy  
and  
free.

Anya Nikolaevna

# Sad Poet

I am Scared,  
I am Anxious,  
I am Depressed.

I am Paranoid,  
I am Overwhelmed,  
I am Emotional,  
I am Terrified.

I am a sad poet.

Anya Nikolaevna

# Shattered Soul

Why is it that everyone  
is turning against me  
when all I try to do  
is avoid problems?

What type of person am I  
in my family's eyes?

Where do my real friends lie?

Who are you  
to judge me?

Which voice  
Should I listen to?

Whoever underestimates  
the pain I feel  
should leave.  
My body  
is getting weaker  
every day.

Anya Nikolaevna

# The Beauty Of Love

They say the universe is infinite  
But they also say  
Nothing lasts forever.

We could either be  
the biggest mystery of mankind  
or  
nothing.

If we are the universe,

I think the stars  
should symbolize  
our little moments  
of happiness.

I think the sun  
should symbolize  
our love that lights us up  
no matter what.

I think the moon  
should symbolize  
another part of our love  
with its craters  
and its imperfections  
that makes it  
even more beautiful.

However,  
if we are nothing

We are inexistent.

Anya Nikolaevna

# The Meaning Of 'i Love You'

I love you means  
I love you more than anyone  
loves you,  
has loved you,  
or will ever love you.

It also means,  
I love you in a way  
that no one loves you,  
has loved you,  
or will ever love you.

And finally,  
I love you in a way that  
I love no one else,  
and will never love anyone else.

I am brutally,  
desperately,  
pathetically,  
and utterly  
in love with you.

Anya Nikolaevna

# The Monster Behind The Lies

The only light,  
was his happiness.

His lips  
gave me life.  
His touch  
made me feel invincible.

It seemed too perfect at first:  
he ticked all the boxes,  
and I could not believe  
I had actually found 'the one'.

Time is all I needed  
to discover the monster  
behind that angelic smile.

One lie followed the other  
until I questioned every word  
coming out of his mouth.  
Regardless, I was constantly blinded  
by this 'perfect relationship'  
that I had,  
that everyone wanted,

that I wanted.

He knew every spot,  
every move,  
every word,  
to make me weak at my knees.

It's scary  
being manipulated to stay like that.

I was warned about him,  
but I rejected all arguments  
against my beloved boyfriend.

Not knowing what is true

and what isn't  
is draining the life out of me:  
'Did he cheat? '  
'Was it actually him  
who texted that woman on Instagram? '  
'What else could he have lied about? '

I am terrified of him.  
It's getting too quiet.  
What is his next move?  
Will he be attempting  
to get more of my friends  
against me?

Anya Nikolaevna

# To My Dearest Mother

I am your first child.  
You carried me in your womb,  
you fed me,  
you kept me warm,  
you offered me unconditional love,  
you kept me safe.

I am your first child.  
You were inexperienced,  
you were nervous,  
you were clueless,  
everything you learned  
about being a mother  
was through me.

That's why it's hard for me  
not to sympathize  
with the mistakes  
you've committed,  
which shaped most of my personality today.

You and dad  
were like gods  
in my little eyes.  
You were my heroes  
and my role models.

It's difficult for me  
to think about the hard moments  
I've faced caused, unfortunately,  
by you.

I know you wanted  
the best for me.  
I know you wanted me  
to be the best.  
But that's the problem mom,  
I can't always be that.  
But it was hard for you

to accept it.

Physical and emotional abuse,  
that's what it's called,  
what you did.  
And it scarred my little heart  
until this very day.

I learned how to lie  
to my friends  
and teachers  
about the bruises,  
the cuts, and my depressed  
state.

Dad asked me  
to blame my baby brother,  
and claim it was an accident.

Didn't you see  
that my little heart broke  
and got shattered  
every time I lied?  
Because I knew what happened,  
I could see it,  
clear as day,  
I could imagine it all  
in my mind, as I lied,  
and I still can.

I loved you then,  
I still love you now  
as I am writing this poem,  
and I will always love you.

But it's hard,  
it's so hard  
to forgive and forget  
when it comes to this.

I wholeheartedly believed  
that I was a disappointment

in your eyes.  
I believed I was  
a failure,  
that no matter  
how hard  
or how many times  
I tried, I would never  
be the daughter  
you wanted me to be.

It broke my little heart.  
It really did.

Anya Nikolaevna

# Xi

The night  
engulfed us all  
in its deepest  
and darkest secrets.  
One house.  
Six people.  
It was all that mattered to us.  
As uncontrollable  
cries of laughter  
filled our souls  
with warmth,  
we felt  
as though we entered  
a whole new realm.

Our eyes met,  
and we knew from then,  
that things would never be the same.

But what do we do  
when, in one moment,  
one shared glance,  
our 'reality' dissolved  
in our vibrant attraction?

We immersed ourselves  
in each other,  
electrified our senses,  
and became unquestionably oblivious  
about anything else.

Anya Nikolaevna

# You Love Me, You Say?

'Love' is fake.

'Love' is just an idea  
that makes people  
want to seek it  
to be able to feel it.

I believe that 'love'  
was made up  
to give people hope.  
Because without hope in this world,  
there is no point in living.

I have been pursuing love  
and I have been living  
in a fairytale world  
for as long as I can remember.

'Love' taught me a lot  
in the past few years.  
From one boyfriend to the other,  
from heartbreak to heartbreak,  
it all has to stop  
now.

Relationships are useless,  
they waste your time,  
you end up heartbroken  
every single time,  
and if you're lucky,  
you'll get away with it once.  
That would be the person  
you will spend the rest of your life with.

I doubt that person will show up.

My only advice  
regarding 'falling in love'  
is:

do not bother.

Anya Nikolaevna

# You Saved Me From Myself

You pulled me  
out of the dark.

I was one step  
away from falling  
into the void;  
from losing myself.

You lit up  
my world  
and saved me  
from myself.

All I could see  
was anger,  
all I see now  
is calmness.

All I could feel  
was loneliness,  
all I feel now is warmth.

Anya Nikolaevna