

Poetry Series

**Diane Catherine Kordas**  
**- poems -**

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## Diane Catherine Kordas(18 April 2000)

Hey I am Diane, my parents are divorced, I have two brothers and two step sisters and I am with disorders such as; Depression, Anxiety, Borderline Personality, Bulimia and so on, I have named my disorders Susan as they are one part of me and not my whole self, having any form of disorder or mental illness should never stop you from trying to express yourself through on of the most amazing art forms.

Thank you for choosing my poetry to read and put into your head, I am honored that you have chosen my poems. If you notice a grammar error feel free to comment my mistake and help me improve my work. If you feel the need to comment your opinions on my work please do as it can only help my poetry get better. Enjoy my poetry. &lt; 3

# Alone

I feel so alone,  
so ignored,  
So hated.  
All from the people around me.  
Do I belong?  
I don't feel I do...  
I feel used.  
They just use me,  
Then throw me in the dirt.  
I just want to understand,  
Be understood,  
and not feel so ALONE.

Diane Catherine Kordas

# Anxious

It's overwhelming me,  
Being alone helps...  
When I'm around people,  
I feel judged, like Demons are there,  
In their bodies judging me,  
Hurting me...  
I'm always anxious now...  
My habits - not eating properly, playing with my jewellery, having stomachaches,  
biting my pen, etc.  
Is what I do now...  
When there's too many people...  
I get scared...  
I get anxious I guess...  
What's wrong with me?  
Why do I want to be alone?  
I want to be around no one...  
Why am I feeling this?

Diane Catherine Kordas

# Blame

Was it my fault?  
Like you made me believe...  
or can I say,  
'It's your fault'  
You did break us,  
and what we had...  
Now we are just playing,  
the 'BLAME GAME'  
I still believe,  
it's your fault.

Diane Catherine Kordas

# Bother

I am just a bother,  
I am always in the way,  
I end up causing problems,  
EVERYWHERE!  
I want to give up,  
But I would still be a bother,  
I bother everyone,  
If I was never here,  
Everything would be fine,  
I wouldn't be a bother,  
Yet,  
I am a bother,  
Why am I a bother?  
What is a bother?  
Why a bother?  
I am just a bother...

Diane Catherine Kordas

# Candlelight

My candle is small,  
My candle is brown,  
It might be small BUT,  
The flame of my candle  
Dances like a beautiful ballerina.

So beautiful and gentle,  
Lighting up the room,  
My candle's fire moves so  
Gently when you blow a little  
My candle has a pretty pattern.

It flickers with joy and  
Hopefully for my friends  
Who sit by the light,  
That shines so beautifully bright.  
When the wax melts

On the inside it is  
Green and when I move  
By my candle it flickers  
With joy I hope or  
Is it fear it jumps with?

The shadow around my candle  
Is a circle just like  
My small, brown candle  
Just waiting to be filled  
By hot wax or so?

Diane Catherine Kordas

# Dark Smile

I've been told,  
'You need help! '  
'What's wrong with you? '  
'You're useless...'  
And so on...  
I can smile,  
Through the pain,  
To help others,  
In need of a friend.  
Maybe I do need help...  
But proper help to stop,  
The blood dripping  
And the sorrows I have...

Diane Catherine Kordas

# Depression Is A Sickness

No one knows my pain,  
The tears I cry before I sleep,  
I always seem happy...  
'Cause I know what depression does to one,  
NO ONE deserves to suffer from it.  
But someone does to keep happiness there.  
To stop the sickness.  
Depression is a sickness no one should ever know the pain of...  
But SADLY I do know the pain...  
very well...too well.

Diane Catherine Kordas

# Eating At Me

I feel stupid writing this but,  
I miss feeling needed...  
All of the days I was,  
I've been replaced...again,  
They are starting to come back,  
I'm scared to say anything...  
I don't want to see her cry again,  
I don't want to cry...  
Could my arm cry for me?  
It would hurt less...  
This feeling went away  
But it's back and  
it's eating at me...

Diane Catherine Kordas

# I Am

I am lost, seeking myself.  
I am in hiding, unwilling to be hurt.  
I am searching, for a reasonable meaning.  
I am a river, rushing down my own face.  
I am an ocean, in HIS eyes.  
I am alone, wanting to be found.  
I am a broken heart, waiting for a home.  
I am a mistake, which is me!  
I am imperfect, which is why I am me.  
I am strong, my time of weakness is now.  
I am the one, who doesn't belong.  
Of course I am going to be the odd one out.  
I am a bird, who has no flock.  
I am out of tears.  
I have lost hope.  
But...I am becoming happy at last.  
I am making friends, a few will stay.  
I am accepting my lost self.  
So what if I am lost that is just,  
Who I am, I am myself.  
I am my own person.  
I am unique, and that makes me strong.  
I am a lost ballerina missing her stage.  
I am a piece of art with no wall to hang on,  
Or no frame to be in.  
I am never going to be perfect.  
I am not made to be perfect.  
I am my own kind of perfect.

Diane Catherine Kordas

# I Can't Do Anything Right

I can't do anything right,  
Even if it's a slight mistake.  
It feels like the world collapses,  
Onto me,  
I can't take it,  
I don't like it,  
It's too heavy,  
It's crushing me,  
The weight of everything,  
That I do wrong,  
It's going to kill me,  
Only if I could do something right...

Diane Catherine Kordas

# I Feel

I feel as if someone is trying  
To kill me, but slowly.  
One day I'll be hurt physically and  
Then the next emotionally.  
I am not belonging  
I feel like no one will ever  
Want me as their friend even  
Though I have many...  
Why do I feel like this?  
I don't like it!  
I feel like taking a chance  
At jumping off a building...  
I wonder what it feels like right  
Before you jump...

Diane Catherine Kordas

# I Miss You!

I miss you,  
It's hard to write this down,  
you're so amazing...  
Will it be good enough?  
I miss you,  
Your smile,  
Your eyes,  
Just you...  
Is what I miss...  
I don't want you to move...  
I'll miss you lots...  
I miss you!

Diane Catherine Kordas

# I See It

I see it,  
Why people leave,  
They don't feel loved,  
They might be loved?  
No one shows it,  
They don't care,  
Until you're gone.  
Don't you see it?  
I see it,  
That girl with scars,  
That boy with scars,  
It got to them,  
No one cared,  
And now they're gone.  
I see it.

Diane Catherine Kordas

# I Want Answers

Do you really care?  
Do I deserve this?  
To be hurt...yet again?  
Why do I still like you?  
What's wrong with me?  
Why do you want my body and not me?  
You're not like the rest...you're WORSE!  
My questions...  
I want answers!  
Please I need answers...  
I am lost,  
I am confused,  
I am scared.

Diane Catherine Kordas

# I Wonder

I wonder if you had planned this...

I wonder if you ever really cared about me...

I wonder if I was right and this is all one big game to you.

Have you ever cared?

Will you ever care?

I'm sitting here with my book,

Writing...

CRYING!

I know you haven't won,

I am strong enough not to let you win!

Diane Catherine Kordas

# Ignored

I feel so ignored,  
Every time I talk...  
It's like I'm not there...  
No one hears me...  
I'm so ignored,  
So left out.  
Why am I here?  
What's the point when no one cares?

Diane Catherine Kordas

# It's Obvious

It's obvious,  
I'm not wanted  
Or needed here.  
It's obvious,  
You don't like me...  
Is it obvious?  
The fact I don't care?  
Or want to be here?  
It would make things,  
Easier....  
For you, I mean...  
Yes,  
It's obvious.

Diane Catherine Kordas

# Just A Bother

Is there something wrong with me?  
Am I just a bother to you?  
I'm sorry,  
Must I leave?  
I guess no one wants me here anyway,  
I am just a pest to you.  
I'm sorry,  
Am I meant to be here?  
'Cause I don't feel to be.  
I guess there is something,  
I am just a bother.  
I need a hug,  
I am in need of a long hug...

Diane Catherine Kordas

# Just A Pest

I am a pest,  
I am not needed,  
I am just causing problems,  
I am sore,  
I just want to be better,  
I just cause issues everywhere,  
I am sure I am not meant to be here,  
I don't belong,  
I am an alien,  
Unwanted by the eye,  
Unneeded mentally,  
No one would notice if I was gone,  
Because I am just a pest.

Diane Catherine Kordas

# Left Out

I feel left out,  
Unwanted by anyone.  
I feel left out,  
Because I am left out.  
No one, wants me by them.  
I just get sent away again.  
I tried to fit in but I just  
Got left out..  
Why?  
Because I am always left out...

Diane Catherine Kordas

# Make The Pain Go

Today I was sad,  
I was sore  
I'm so tired...  
I'm tired of hiding it  
My sadness....  
I just want to cry  
Until it doesn't hurt anymore,  
Can I sleep,  
Until it's gone?  
I want to sleep,  
To make the pain go.

Diane Catherine Kordas

# Music For Me

Music is there to express yourself.  
Music helps you to find yourself.  
Music completes me somehow.  
Music is my milestone.  
Every song is a different milestone.  
I remember everything with music.  
I love music.  
Music is my best friend.  
Music understands me, like no one else.  
Music is the only one...  
Music for me  
Is this...

Diane Catherine Kordas

# My Dreams

My dreams,  
Are they telling me something?  
I'm confused,  
I'm spoken to, but not in person,  
In my dreams by a demon?  
Is that possible?  
Am I crazy?  
Am I insane?  
I must be,  
My dreams,  
They confuse me,  
They scare me.

Diane Catherine Kordas

# My Headphones Help...

I sit here,  
Alone and unnoticed,  
By anyone who passes,  
So I put my headphones on,  
And ignore those ignoring  
And judging me.  
Sometimes it's easier...  
To be alone  
No one continuously trying to hurt me,  
I know I'm not wanted here,  
I'm left out...  
Pushed away...  
My headphones help,  
They send me to my own,  
Amazing world.

Diane Catherine Kordas

# My Special Stone

My special stone,  
It is gone,  
It is missing,  
My special stone,  
Had all my luck...  
Now I have none.

Diane Catherine Kordas

# My Tears Run

My tears run like rivers down my face,  
No one sees,  
It's hard to hide,  
My tears that run,  
BURNING my eyes,  
Leaving SCARS down my face...  
My tears run like rivers,  
It feels like a poison...  
Wait...more like acid...  
It burns and I can't stop it!  
I must be happy.  
But it is so hard to fake a smile,  
Now...  
My tears run...

Diane Catherine Kordas

# No Escape

The pain from inside,  
It creeps up,  
Trying to get out,  
Slowly,  
Painfully,  
But I shall not give in,  
I shall not shed a tear.  
I have no tears to shed...

Diane Catherine Kordas

# No One Cares

No one cares about me,  
Siblings are ignoring me,  
Mother is too busy to see my tears or to care.  
I don't like this,  
I can't be alone for longer than two hours,  
Because I am alone,  
I can think,  
I can feel,  
I can cry...  
Not that anyone cares,  
Nor will anyone want to...  
I want the pain and misery gone...

Diane Catherine Kordas

# Pain

The pain inside me bubbles  
Like a pot of water.  
The pain must go, it must  
Leave and never return to me.  
I have felt the pain so many times.  
Why am I always Pain's victim?  
Yes, I SEEM happy but that's to hide the pain.  
I have to keep my mind from the pain...  
Nothing works, it's killing me from the inside.  
Breaking my heart, tearing me limb from limb,  
Yet I have no tears, to cry.

Diane Catherine Kordas

# Played

You made it feel so,  
So...REAL!  
Only for me to be hurt...  
by the truth,  
that is you've played me...  
I loved you...  
And you used me...  
You PLAYED me!

Diane Catherine Kordas

# She Wants To Help

Sometimes when you fall,  
You just want to stay down,  
Because you know,  
When you finally stand back up...  
Someone will make you fall all over again.

When someone breaks you it seems easy,  
Either way you end up with a giant scar.  
The scars are inside of you...  
They are also outside.

You are too afraid to admit,  
Your sorrows so you have a smile,  
That is not real.

You know the happy girl,  
Everyone knows and loves?  
Yea...Well she cries herself to sleep,  
She has scars down her arm.

Yet she wishes not for happiness,  
nor for it to end,  
She wishes, no one to ever  
Know her pain.

She cares more for the boys  
That bully her everyday.  
She knows you're sad,  
She wants to help!

But you wont let her,  
You watch her painfully go  
Through life everyday.

Diane Catherine Kordas

# The Blood And Flames

The blood we shed,  
and the flames we burn,  
are of the loss and pain,  
we have and share.

The blood we shed,  
comes from the wars,  
in which we fight.

The flames we burn,  
comes from the candles,  
we light for those,  
who have left us.

We must live with,  
the mistakes everyone makes...  
has made as a group.

Diane Catherine Kordas

# The Cuts Aren't Deep Enough

The cuts...  
Aren't deep enough...  
They need to go deeper,  
I want to show you...  
How deep my pain goes...  
You don't care...  
Like everyone else,  
I don't actually care...  
I want to cut deeper...  
I can cut deeper...  
Because the cuts...  
AREN'T DEEP ENOUGH!

Diane Catherine Kordas

# The Darkness Is There

The darkness is there,  
Growing,  
Spreading,  
Plotting inside of me,  
Being happy too hide it,  
The darkness it's hard,  
But good and light  
Will break it one day!  
The darkness is there,  
It always will be,  
Darkness is in everyone,  
You cannot rid yourself,  
Of this...  
It will just be there.  
The darkness is there.

Diane Catherine Kordas

# The Reason It Is There

I said I wouldn't,  
But they got to me...  
The fighting,  
Being ignored,  
Unloved,  
Hated.  
I have scars not only on the inside,  
But the outside too.  
Thanks to them.  
I wanted to talk,  
Saw you were sad tried to help,  
You hurt me instead.  
Saying you hate me,  
Guess you'll never want to talk to me now,  
When you see the blood,  
Drop from my wrist to the ground,  
Just know you're  
THE REASON IT IS THERE!

Diane Catherine Kordas

# They Won't

I don't feel loved,  
It's getting worse...  
I'm scared of loosing everyone,  
I will try save all of them,  
But I won't have time to save myself,  
I know they won't miss me,  
They won't ever think I'm good enough,  
Because I will never be good enough,  
I'm not worth it...  
I never have been or will be,  
I don't want to live anymore.  
They won't miss me.

Diane Catherine Kordas

# Thinking Is Dangerous

I sit here...alone,  
Thinking...  
Thinking is bad...NO...it is DANGEROUS!  
It ends with my blood...or fire...sometimes both.  
I need a new escape.  
The blood is dripping down my chest, arms and legs...this comforts me.  
If I am lucky it will drip onto paper...  
I will then burn it and watch my blood burn.  
I feel alone with my thoughts...  
It hurts me...  
I want to leave and end this pain  
It's too much...my music isn't helping.  
Perhaps I am too far gone, too lost, too broken...  
End it all now...

Diane Catherine Kordas

# Thinking\*

I sit thinking,  
'Would I be missed? '  
'Do I matter? '  
'Why am I here? '  
'Let me free? '  
'What did I do wrong? '  
'Why am I the odd one out? '  
'Should I give up? '  
'Why do I try? '  
'What's wrong with me? '  
I want to leave,  
Go somewhere safe,  
To get away from here!  
I can't do this anymore...  
I want to leave!  
But I wouldn't,  
I couldn't do that,  
To the people I love and care about...

Diane Catherine Kordas

# Troubled

Why am I here,  
Hurting myself,  
Unable to do anything right?  
I just mess everything up...  
I shouldn't be here,  
Hurting myself  
And others  
I don't make a difference  
I am just a waste if matter,  
Giving up means  
They have won  
But staying means  
I have to smile  
Through the pain...

Diane Catherine Kordas

# Unwanted

Unwanted,  
Unwanted to the human eye,  
Unwanted mentally to humankind,  
Do I really exist?  
Do WE really exist?  
Are we real?  
This is why I have to ask...  
What did I do to become so,  
So...unwanted?

Diane Catherine Kordas

# When

When I am alone,  
I become lonely,  
I receive the gift of boredom,  
On the odd day it will be nice,  
Maybe even peaceful,  
But NO!  
When I am alone,  
I think,  
When I think,  
I feel,  
When I feel,  
I'm sore,  
When I'm sore,  
I cry,  
I hate to cry,  
It burns my eyes,  
Make it stop?

Diane Catherine Kordas

## When You...

When you look at me,  
I feel to be the only one you see,  
You love me,  
I love you too.

When you hold me tight,  
I love it with all my might,  
You care for me,  
I care for you too.

When you are yourself,  
I am lucky to know you,  
You are there for me,  
I love you even more for that.

When you hug me,  
I don't want to let go,  
Are you planning to leave?  
I will be sad if you do...

Diane Catherine Kordas

# Why

I'm hurt...

Why?

Did you plan this?

Why did you do it?

I put trust in you...

You broke the trust,

My heart and me...

All at the same time...

Why?

Didn't you know?

I really do feel something,

I do have feelings...

Why?

I now have scars on my arm,

'Cause it was my fault...

Diane Catherine Kordas

# Why Am I So Dumb

He doesn't want me,  
He wants my body.  
I mustn't trust him,  
Yet I am so dumb I do.  
This isn't the first time,  
He's hurt me.  
I would do better on my own,  
But society finds it wrong,  
For one to be alone.  
He has my heart,  
He is breaking me slowly.  
I don't want this!  
Yet, I do...  
Why am I so dumb?

Diane Catherine Kordas

# Your Goal

What was it?  
Your goal?  
To make me cry?  
To make me feel worse than death?  
Was it just to see me suffer?  
Was it for your entertainment?  
Well,  
Seems to me to be all f the above,  
'Cause I feel like it is.  
I may be unharmed on the outside,  
But the truth is...  
Your goal?  
IS KILLING ME ON THE INSIDE.

Diane Catherine Kordas